

SHAKESPEARIENCE!

Romeo & Juliet

Friar, Act III scene 2

Holy Saint Francis, what a change is here!

Is Rosaline, whom thou didst love so dear, So soon forsaken? young
men's love then lies Not truly in their hearts, but in their eyes.

Jesu Maria, what a deal of brine Hath wash'd thy sallow cheeks for
Rosaline!

How much salt water thrown away in waste, To season love, that of it
doth not taste!

The sun not yet thy sighs from heaven clears, Thy old groans ring yet in
my ancient ears;

Lo, here upon thy cheek the stain doth sit Of an old tear that is not
wash'd off yet:

If e'er thou wast thyself and these woes thine, Thou and these woes
were all for Rosaline:

And art thou changed?

pronounce this sentence then, Women may fall, when there's no strength
in men.