

10 The earth that's nature's mother is her tomb.
 What is her burying grave, that is her womb;
 And from her womb children of divers kind
 We sucking on her natural bosom find,
 Many for many virtues excellent,
 None but for some, and yet all different.
 15 O, mickle is the powerful grace that lies
 In plants, herbs, stones, and their true qualities.
 For naught so vile that on the earth doth live
 But to the earth some special good doth give;
 Nor aught so good but, strained from that fair use,
 20 Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse.
 Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied,
 And vice sometime's by action dignified.
Enter Romeo.
 Within the infant rind of this weak flower
 Poison hath residence, and medicine power;
 25 For this, being smelt, with that part cheers each part;
 Being tasted, slays all senses with the heart.
 27 Two such opposèd kings encamp them still
 In man as well as herbs – grace and rude will;
 And where the worser is predominant,
 30 Full soon the canker death eats up that plant.
ROMEO
 31 **Good morrow, father.**
FRIAR Benedicite!
 What early tongue so sweet saluteth me?
 33 Young son, it argues a distempered head
 So soon to bid good morrow to thy bed.
 Care keeps his watch in every old man's eye,
 And where care lodges, sleep will never lie;
 37 But where unbruised youth with unstuffed brain

15 *mickle* much 20 *true birth* its true nature 22 *dignified* made worthy; s.d. (this entrance seems premature, but cf. entrance of Nurse at III.3.78) 25–26 *being* . . . *heart* i.e., being smelt, stimulates; being tasted, kills 27 *still* always 30 *canker* the worm in the bud 31 *morrow* morning; *Benedicite* bless you 33 *distempered* disturbed 37 *unstuffed* carefree

Doth couch his limbs, there golden sleep doth reign.
 Therefore thy earliness doth me assure
 Thou art uproused with some distemp'ature; 40
 Or if not so, then here I hit it right –
 Our Romeo hath not been in bed tonight.
ROMEO
 That last is true – the sweeter rest was mine.
FRIAR
 God pardon sin! Wast thou with Rosaline?
ROMEO
 With Rosaline, my ghostly father? No.
 I have forgot that name and that name's woe.
FRIAR
 That's my good son! But where hast thou been then?
ROMEO
 I'll tell thee ere thou ask it me again.
 I have been feasting with mine enemy,
 Where on a sudden one hath wounded me 50
 That's by me wounded. Both our remedies
 Within thy help and holy physic lies. 52
 [CUT LINES] 54
FRIAR
 Be plain, good son, and homely in thy drift. 55
 Riddling confession finds but riddling shrift. 56
ROMEO
 Then plainly know my heart's dear love is set On
 the fair daughter of rich Capulet;
 [CUT LINES]
 I'll tell thee as we pass; but this I pray, 60
 That thou consent to marry us today.
 63

52 *physic* medicine 54 *intercession* request; *steads* benefits 55 *homely* simple; *drift* explanation 56 *shrif* absolution 63 *pass* go along

FRIAR
 Holy Saint Francis! What a change is here!
 Is Rosaline, that 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
 70 Hath washed thy sallow cheeks for Rosaline!
 How much salt water thrown away in waste
 72 To season love, that of it doth not taste!
 The sun not yet thy sighs from heaven clears,
 Thy old groans ring yet in mine ancient ears.
 Lo, here upon thy cheek the stain doth sit
 Of an old tear that is not washed 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:
 80 **Women may fall when there's no strength in men.**

ROMEO
 Thou chid'st me oft for loving Rosaline.

FRIAR
 For doting, not for loving, pupil mine.

ROMEO
 And bad'st me bury love.

FRIAR
 Not in a grave
 To lay one in, another out to have.

ROMEO
 I pray thee chide me not. Her I love now
 86 Doth grace for grace and love for love allow.
 The other did not so.

FRIAR
 O, she knew well
 88 Thy love did read by rote, that could not spell.
 But come, young waverer, come go with me.
 90 In one respect I'll thy assistant be;

72 *season* preserve, flavor; *doth not taste* i.e., now has no savor 80 *strength* constancy 86 *grace* favor 88 *by rote* . . . *spell* like a child, who cannot read, pretending to read by learning by heart

For this alliance may so happy prove
 To turn your households' rancor to pure love.

ROMEO
 O, let us hence! I stand on sudden haste. 93

FRIAR
 Wisely and slow. They stumble that run fast. *Exeunt.*
 *

♪ II.4 *Enter Benvolio and Mercutio.*

MERCUTIO
 Where the devil should this Romeo be?
 Came he not home tonight? 2

BENVOLIO
 Not to his father's. I spoke with his man.

MERCUTIO
 Why, that same pale hard-hearted wench, that Rosaline,
 Torments him so that he will sure run mad.

BENVOLIO
 Tybalt, the kinsman to old Capulet,
 Hath sent a letter to his father's house.

MERCUTIO A challenge, on my life.

BENVOLIO Romeo will answer it. 9

MERCUTIO Any man that can write may answer a letter. 10

BENVOLIO Nay, he will answer the letter's master, how
 he dares, being dared.

MERCUTIO Alas, poor Romeo, he is already dead, stabbed
 with a white wench's black eye, run through the ear with
 a love song, the very pin of his heart cleft with the blind 15
 bow-boy's butt shaft; and is he a man to encounter 16
 Tybalt?

BENVOLIO Why, what is Tybalt?

93 *on* in need of

II.4 A public place in Verona 2 *tonight* last night 9 *answer it* accept the challenge 15 *pin* peg in the center of a target, a bull's-eye 16 *bow-boy's butt shaft* Cupid's arrow (a butt shaft was an unbarbed arrow, suitable for children and hence for Cupid)