

**FRIAR LAWRENCE**

65 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  
70 Hath washed 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.  
75 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 LAWRENCE**

For doting, not for loving, pupil mine.

**ROMEO**

And badest me bury love.

**FRIAR LAWRENCE**

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

**ROMEO**

85 I pray thee, chide not. Her I love now  
Doth grace for grace and love for love allow.  
The other did not so.

**FRIAR LAWRENCE**

Holy Saint Francis, this is a drastic change! Have you given up so quickly on Rosaline, whom you loved so much? Then young men love with their eyes, not with their hearts. Jesus and Mary, how many tears did you cry for Rosaline? How many salty tear-drops did you waste salting a love you never tasted? The sun hasn't yet melted away the fog you made with all your sighs. The groans you used to make are still ringing in my old ears. There's still a stain on your cheek from an old tear that hasn't been washed off yet. If you were ever yourself, and this sadness was yours, you and your sadness were all for Rosaline. And now you've changed? Then repeat this after me: you can't expect women to be faithful when men are so unreliable.

**ROMEO**

You scolded me often for loving Rosaline.

**FRIAR LAWRENCE**

I scolded you for obsessing about her, not for loving her, my student.

**ROMEO**

And you told me to bury my love.

**FRIAR LAWRENCE**

I didn't tell you to get rid of one love and replace her with another.

**ROMEO**

Please, I beg you, don't scold me. The girl I love now returns my love. The other girl did not love me.

**FRIAR LAWRENCE**

Oh, she knew well

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,

For this alliance may so happy prove

To turn your households' rancor to pure love.

**ROMEO**

Oh, let us hence. I stand on sudden haste.

**FRIAR LAWRENCE**

Wisely and slow. They stumble that run fast.

*Exeunt*

**FRIAR LAWRENCE**

Oh, she knew very well that you were acting like

you were in love without really knowing what love

means. But come on, inconsistent young man,

come with me. I'll help you with your secret

wedding. This marriage may be lucky enough to

turn the hatred between your families into pure

love.

**ROMEO**

Let's get out of here. I'm in a rush.

**FRIAR LAWRENCE**

Go wisely and slowly. Those who rush stumble

and fall.

*They exit.*

**Glossary**

**Chid'st:** chided, told off.

**Bad'st:** bade, instructed.