

FRIAR Be plain, good son, and homely in thy drift;
LAURENCE Riddling confession finds but riddling shrift.

ROMEO Then plainly know my heart's dear love is set
 On the fair daughter of rich Capulet:
 As mine on hers, so hers is set on mine;
 And all combined, save what thou must combine
 By holy marriage: when and where and how
 We met, we woo'd and made exchange of vow,
 I'll tell thee as we pass; but this I pray,
 That thou consent to marry us to-day.

FRIAR Holy Saint Francis, what a change is here!
LAURENCE 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.

ROMEO Thou chid'st me oft for loving Rosaline.

FRIAR For doting, not for loving, pupil mine.
LAURENCE

ROMEO And bad'st me bury love.