

Full soon the canker death eats up that plant.

(Enter Romeo.)

ROMEO Good morrow, father.

FRIAR Benedicite!

LAURENCE What early tongue so sweet saluteth me?
Young son, it argues a distemper'd 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;
But where unbruised youth with unstuff'd brain
Doth couch his limbs, there golden sleep doth reign:
Therefore thy earliness doth me assure
Thou art up-roused by some distemperature;
Or if not so, then here I hit it right,
Our Romeo hath not been in bed to-night.

ROMEO That last is true; the sweeter rest was mine.

FRIAR God pardon sin! wast thou with Rosaline?

LAURENCE

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?

LAURENCE

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,
That's by me wounded: both our remedies
Within thy help and holy physic lies:
I bear no hatred, blessed man, for, lo,
My intercession likewise steads my foe.