Original (Act 1, Scene 3):

FRIAR LAURENCE

      Benedicite!

     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

Interpretation:

I bless you.

Why are you here so early?

It says you are upset,

To visit me so early in the day.

However, I care dearly,

And as long as I care, sleep will never lie,

Especially with disheveled youth