**REVEREND LAWARENCE**

ROMEO

Good morning, reverend.

REVEREND LAWRENCE

Young son, it argues a mistempered head/ so soon to bid good morrow to your bed./ Therefore your earliness does me assure/ you are uproused with some disemperature;/ or if not so, there I hit it right,/ our Romeo has not been in bed tonight.

ROMEO

The last is true the sweeter rest was mine.

REVEREND LAWRENCE

God pardon sin! Were you with Rosaline?

ROMEO

With Roaline, my ghostly reverend? No,/ I have forgot that name and that name's woe.

REVEREND LAWRENCE

That's my good son; but where have you been then?

ROMEO

I'll tell you ere you ask it me again. /I have been feasting with my enemy,/ where on a sudden one has wounded me/ that's by me wounded. Both our remedies /with your help and holy physic lies./ I bear not hatred, blessed man, for lo /my intercession likewise steads my foe.

REVEREND LAWRENCE

Be plain, good son, and homely in they drift, /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 you must combine by holy marriage.

REVEREND LAWRENCE

Holy Saint Francis, what a change is here. /Is Rosaline, that thou did love so dear, so soon forsaken?

ROMEO

You chid'st me oft for loving Rosaline.

REVEREND LAWRENCE

For doting, not for loving, pupil mine.

ROMEO

I pray thee, chide me not. Her I love now /does grace for grace and love for love allow. /The other did not so.

REVEREND LAWRENCE

O, she knew well /thy love did read by rote, that could not spell./ But come, young waverer, come, go with me./ In one respect I'll thy assistant be, /for this alliance many so happy prove,/ to turn your households rancor to pure love.

ROMEO

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

REVEREND LAWRENCE

Wisely and slow, they stumble that run fast.