**NAME: \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ *Romeo and Juliet* Act II Reading & Annotations**

**Act II SCENE iii. Friar Laurence's cell. Annotate while reading:**

*Enter FRIAR LAURENCE, with a basket*

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

The grey-eyed morn smiles on the frowning night,  
Checkering the eastern clouds with streaks of light,  
And flecked darkness like a drunkard reels  
From forth day's path and Titan's fiery wheels:  
Now, ere the sun advance his burning eye,  
The day to cheer and night's dank dew to dry,  
I must up-fill this osier cage of ours  
With baleful weeds and precious-juiced flowers.  
The earth that's nature's mother is her tomb;  
What is her burying grave that is her womb,  
And from her womb children of divers kind  
We sucking on her natural bosom find,  
Many for many virtues excellent,  
None but for some and yet all different.  
O, mickle is the powerful grace that lies  
In herbs, plants, stones, and their true qualities:  
For nought so vile that on the earth doth live  
But to the earth some special good doth give,  
Nor aught so good but strain'd from that fair use  
Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse:  
Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied;  
And vice sometimes by action dignified.  
**Within the infant rind of this small flower****Poison hath residence and medicine power:****For this, being smelt, with that part cheers each part;****Being tasted, slays all senses with the heart.****Two such opposed kings encamp them still****In man as well as herbs, grace and rude will;****And where the worser is predominant,****Full soon the canker death eats up that plant.**

*Enter ROMEO*

**ROMEO**

Good morrow, father.

**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:  
…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 LAURENCE**

God pardon sin! wast thou with Rosaline?

**ROMEO**

With Rosaline, my ghostly father? no;  
I have forgot that name, and that name's woe.

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

That's my good son: but where hast thou been, then?

**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.

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

Be plain, good son, and homely in thy 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 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 LAURENCE**

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  
Hath wash'd thy sallow cheeks for Rosaline!  
…Lo, here upon thy cheek the stain doth sit  
Of an old tear that is not wash'd off yet…

**ROMEO**

Thou chid'st me oft for loving Rosaline.

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

For doting, not for loving, pupil mine.

**ROMEO**

And bad'st me bury love.

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

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

**ROMEO**

I pray thee, chide not; she whom I love now  
Doth grace for grace and love for love allow;  
The other did not so.

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

O, she knew well  
Thy love did read by rote and could not spell.  
But come, young waverer, come, go with me,  
In one respect I'll thy assistant be;  
For this alliance may so happy prove,  
To turn your households' rancour to pure love.

**ROMEO**

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

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

Wisely and slow; they stumble that run fast. *Exeunt*

***Inference Question: How does Friar Laurence feel about this marriage?***

**NAME: \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ *Romeo and Juliet* Act II Reading & Annotations**

**SCENE VI. Friar Laurence's cell.** *Enter FRIAR LAURENCE and ROMEO* **ANNOTATE:**

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

So smile the heavens upon this holy act,  
That after hours with sorrow chide us not!

**ROMEO**

Amen, amen! but come what sorrow can,  
It cannot countervail the exchange of joy  
That one short minute gives me in her sight:  
Do thou but close our hands with holy words,  
Then love-devouring death do what he dare;  
It is enough I may but call her mine.

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

These violent delights have violent ends  
And in their triumph die, like fire and powder,  
Which as they kiss consume: the sweetest honey  
Is loathsome in his own deliciousness  
And in the taste confounds the appetite:  
Therefore love moderately; long love doth so;  
Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow.

*Enter JULIET*

Here comes the lady: O, so light a foot  
Will ne'er wear out the everlasting flint:  
A lover may bestride the gossamer  
That idles in the wanton summer air,  
And yet not fall; so light is vanity.

**JULIET**

Good even to my ghostly confessor.

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

Romeo shall thank thee, daughter, for us both.

**JULIET**

As much to him, else is his thanks too much.

**ROMEO**

Ah, Juliet, if the measure of thy joy  
Be heap'd like mine and that thy skill be more  
To blazon it, then sweeten with thy breath  
This neighbour air, and let rich music's tongue  
Unfold the imagined happiness that both  
Receive in either by this dear encounter.

**JULIET**

Conceit, more rich in matter than in words,  
Brags of his substance, not of ornament:  
They are but beggars that can count their worth;  
But my true love is grown to such excess  
I cannot sum up sum of half my wealth.

**FRIAR LAURENCE**

Come, come with me, and we will make short work;  
For, by your leaves, you shall not stay alone  
Till holy church incorporate two in one. *Exeunt*