

Revolts from's true birth stumbling on abuse;
 Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied,
 And vice sometime by action's dignified.
 Within the infant rind of this small flower
 Poison hath residence, and medicine power:
 For this, being smelt, with that sense cheers each part;
 Being tasted, slays all senses with the heart.
 Two such opposed foes 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.

Rom. Good morrow, father!

Fri. *Benedicite!*

What early tongue so sweet salutes mine ear? —
 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 lodgeth, 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 uprous'd by some distemp'rature;
 Or if not so, then here I hit it right,
 Our *Romeo* hath not been in bed to-night.

Rom. That last is true, the sweeter rest was mine.

Fri. God pardon sin! wast thou with *Rosaline*?

Rom. With *Rosaline*, my ghostly father? no:
 I have forgot that name, and that name's wo.

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

Rom. I 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 physick lies:
 I bear no hatred, blessed man; for, lo

My