

My intercession likewise steads my foe.

Fri. Be plain, good son, and homely in thy drift :
Riddling confession finds but riddling shrift.

Rom. 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 combin'd, 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.

Fri. 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 fallow cheeks for *Rosaline* ?
How much salt water thrown away in waste,
To season love, that of it doth not taste !
The sun not yet thy sighs from heaven clears,
Thy old groans ring yet in my ancient ears ;
Lo, here upon thy cheek the stain doth sit
Of an old tear that is not wash'd off yet :
If e'er thou wast thyself, and these woes thine,
Thou and these woes were all for *Rosaline* ;
And art thou chang'd ? pronounce this sentence then,
Women may fall, when there's no strength in men.

Rom. Thou chid'st me oft for loving *Rosaline*.

Fri. For doting, not for loving, pupil mine.

Rom. And bad'st me bury love.

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

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

Fri. O, she knew well