



SCENE 6 *Friar Laurence's cell.*

Friar Laurence cautions Romeo to be more sensible in his love for Juliet. When she arrives, the two confess their love to each other and prepare to be married by Friar Laurence.

[Enter Friar Laurence and Romeo.]

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
5 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
10 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.
15 Therefore love moderately: long love doth so;
Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow.

[Enter Juliet.]

1-2 **So smile . . . us not:** May heaven bless this act and not blame us for it in the future (after-hours).

3-8 **come what . . . mine:** No future sorrow can outweigh (countervail) the joy Juliet brings me. Once we're married, I don't even care if I die.

9-16 **These . . . slow:** The Friar compares Romeo's passion to gunpowder and the fire that ignites it: both are destroyed; then to honey, whose sweetness can destroy the appetite. He reminds Romeo to practice moderation in love. How likely is it that Romeo will follow this advice?

RSJ

Here comes the lady. O, so light a foot
Will ne'er wear out the everlasting flint.
A lover may bestride the gossamer
20 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.

25 **Juliet.** As much to him, else is his thanks too much.

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

Juliet. Conceit, more rich in matter than in words,
Braggs of his substance, not of ornament.
They are but beggars that can count their worth;
35 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
40 Till Holy Church incorporate two in one.

[*Exeunt.*]

19–21 **A lover . . . vanity:** A lover can walk across a spider's web (**gossamer**), almost like walking on air.

22 **ghostly confessor:** spiritual advisor.

25 **As much to him:** The same greeting to Romeo that he offers to me.

26–31 If you are as happy as I am and have more skill to proclaim it, then sweeten the air by singing of our happiness to the world.

32–33 **Conceit . . . ornament:** True understanding (**conceit**) needs no words.

39–40 **you shall . . . one:** Until I have performed the wedding ceremony, I will not allow you to be alone together.