Thou chid’st me oft for loving Rosaline.  
FRIAR LAWRENCE   
For doting, not for loving, pupil mine.  
ROMEO   
And bad’st me bury love.  
FRIAR LAWRENCE Not in a grave  
To lay one in, another out to have.  
ROMEO   
I pray thee, chide me not. Her I love now  
Doth grace for grace and love for love allow.  
The other did not so.  
FRIAR 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 may so happy prove  
To turn your households’ rancor to pure love.  
ROMEO   
O, let us hence. I stand on sudden haste.  
FRIAR LAWRENCE   
Wisely and slow. They stumble that run fast.  
*They exit.*