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.*