

Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow.

(Enter JULIET.)

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

JULIET As much to him, else is his thanks too much.

ROMEO Ah, Juliet, if the measure of thy joy
Be heap'd like mine and that thy skill be more
To blazon it, then sweeten with thy breath
This neighbour air, and let rich music's tongue
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;
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
Till holy church incorporate two in one. *(Exeunt.)*