

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

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

FRIAR O, she knew well
LAURENCE Thy love did read by rote and 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' rancour to pure love.

ROMEO O, let us hence; I stand on sudden haste.

FRIAR Wisely and slow; they stumble that run fast. (*Exeunt.*)
LAURENCE

SCENE IV

A street.

(*Enter* BENVOLIO *and* MERCUTIO.)

MERCUTIO Where the devil should this Romeo be?
 Came he not home to-night?

BENVOLIO Not to his father's; I spoke with his man.

MERCUTIO Ah, that same pale hard-hearted wench, that Rosaline,
 Torments him so, that he will sure run mad.

BENVOLIO Tybalt, the kinsman of old Capulet,