

Therefore love mod'rately; long love doth so:
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 bestride the goffamour
That idles in the wanton summer air,
And yet not fall, so light is vanity.

Jul. Good even to my ghostly confessor.

Fri. Romeo shall thank thee, daughter, for us both.

Jul. As much to him, else are his thanks too much.

Rom. 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 musick's tongue
Unfold th' imagin'd happiness that both
Receive in either by this dear encounter.

Jul. 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 one half of my wealth.

Fri. Come, come with me, and we will make short work;
For, by your leaves, you shall not stay alone,
Till holy church incorp'rate two in one.

[*Exeunt.*]

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