

Side 5: Montague, Lady Montague, Benvolia

Act 1, Scene 1

All exit except Benvolia.

Enter Montague and Lady Montague DS right (spying to make sure the Prince is gone)

MONTAGUE

Who set this ancient quarrel new abroad?
Speak, nephew, were you by when it began?

BENVOLIA

Here were the servants of your adversary,
And yours, close fighting ere I did approach:
I drew to part them: in the instant came
The fiery Tybalt, with his sword prepared,
Which, as he breathed defiance to my ears,
He swung about his head and cut the winds,
Who nothing hurt withal hiss'd him in scorn.
While he and Mercutio were interchanging thrusts and blows,
Came more and more and fought on part and part,
Till the prince came, who parted either part.

LADY MONTAGUE

O, where is Romeo? saw you him to-day?
Right glad I am he was not at this fray.

BENVOLIA

Madam, an hour before the worshipp'd sun
Peer'd forth the golden window of the east,
A troubled mind drove me to walk abroad;
Where, underneath the grove of sycamore
That westward rooteth from the city's side,
So early walking did I see your son:
Towards him I made, but he was ware of me
And stole into the covert of the wood:
I, measuring his affections by my own,
That most are busied when they're most alone,
Pursued my humour not pursuing his,
And gladly shunn'd who gladly fled from me.

MONTAGUE

Many a morning hath he there been seen,
With tears augmenting the fresh morning dew.
Adding to clouds more clouds with his deep sighs;
But all so soon as the all-cheering sun
Should in the furthest east begin to draw

The shady curtains from Aurora's bed,
Away from the light steals home my heavy son,
And private in his chamber pens himself,
Shuts up his windows, locks far daylight out
And makes himself an artificial night:
Black and portentous must this humour prove,
Unless good counsel may the cause remove.

BENVOLIA

My noble uncle, do you know the cause?

MONTAGUE

I neither know it nor can learn of him.

BENVOLIA

Have you importuned him by any means?

MONTAGUE

Both by myself and many other friends:
But he, his own affections' counsellor.
Could we but learn from whence his sorrows grow.
We would as willingly give cure as know.

Enter ROMEO down the hill stage Left