**MR. MONTAGUE SIDES**

MONTAGUE

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

BENVOLIO

Here were the servants of your adversary,/ and yours, close fighting when I did approach./ I tried to part them. In the instant came the fiery Tybalt.

LADY MONTAGUE

O, where is Romeo? Saw you him today? /Right glad I am he was not at this fray.

BENVOLIO

Ma'am, an hour before the worshiped sun/ peered 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 this city side /so early walking I did see your son.

MONTAGUE

Many a morning has he thee been seen, /with tears augmenting the fresh morning's dew,/ adding to clouds more clouds with his deep sighs.

BENVOLIO

My noble uncle, do you know the cause?

MONTAGUE

I neither know it nor can learn of him.

BENVOLIO

Have you importuned him by any means?

MONTAGUE

Both myself and many other friends;/ But he, his own affections counselor./Could we but learn from whence his sorrows grow,/ we would as willingly give cure as know.

(ROMEO enters playing "The Blues" on his harmonica)

BENVOLIO

See where he comes. So please you, step aside./ I'll know his grievance or be much denied.

MONTAGUE

I would you were so happy by your stay/ to hear true shrift.- Come, let's away