

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 by myself and many other friends:
But he, his own affections' counsellor,
Is to himself—I will not say how true—
But to himself so secret and so close,
So far from sounding and discovery,
As is the bird bit with an envious worm,
Ere he can spread his sweet leaves to the air,
Or dedicate his beauty to the sun.
Could we but learn from whence his sorrows grow,
We would as willingly give cure as know.

(Enter ROMEO.)

BENVOLIO See, where he comes: so please you, step aside;
I'll know his grievance, or be much denied.

MONTAGUE I would thou wert so happy by thy stay,
To hear true shrift. Come, madam, let's away. *(Exeunt*
MONTAGUE *and* LADY.)

BENVOLIO Good morrow, cousin.

ROMEO Is the day so young?

BENVOLIO But new struck nine.

ROMEO Ay me! sad hours seem long.
Was that my father that went hence so fast?

BENVOLIO It was. What sadness lengthens Romeo's hours?

ROMEO Not having that, which, having, makes them short.