

*Wounds, friends, and what else dear that is consum'd
In hot digestion of this cormorant war)*

Shall be struck off. — Hector, what say you to't?

Hect. Though no man lesser fears the Greeks than I,
As far as touches my particular, yet
There is no lady of more softer bowels,
More spongy to suck in the sense of fear,
More ready to cry out, *who knows what follows?*
Than *Hector* is. The worm of peace is surety,
Surety secure; but modest doubt is call'd
The beacon of the wise, the tent that searches
To th' bottom of the wound. Let *Helen* go.
Since the first sword was drawn about this question,
Ev'ry tithe soul 'mongst many thousand dimes
Hath been as dear as *Helen*: I mean, of ours.
If we have lost so many tenths of ours
To guard a thing not ours, nor worth to us
(Had it our name) the value of one ten;
What merit's in that reason, which denies
The yielding of her up?

Troi. Fie, fie, my brother!

Weigh you the worth and honour of a king,
So great as our dread father, in a scale
Of common ounces? will you with counters sum
The vast proportion of his infinite?
And buckle-in a waste, most fathomless,
With spans and inches so diminutive
As fears and reasons? fie, for godly shame!

Hel. No marvel, though you bite so sharp at reasons,
You're empty of them. Should not our father *Priam*
Bear the great sway of his affairs with reasons,
Because your speech hath none that tells him so?

Troi. You are for dreams and slumbers, brother priest,
You fur your gloves with reasons. Here are your reasons:
You know an enemy intends you harm;
You know a sword employ'd is perilous,