

And reason flies the object of all harm :
 Who marvels then, when *Helenus* beholds
 A *Grecian* and his sword, if he do set
 The very wings of reason to his heels ;
 And fly like chidden *Mercury* from *Jove*,
 Or like a star disorb'd ? Nay, if we talk of reason,
 Let's shut our gates, and sleep : manhood and honour
 Should have hare hearts, would they but fat their thoughts
 With this cramm'd reason : reason and respect
 Make livers pale and lustihood deject.

Hecl. Brother, she is not worth what she doth cost
 The holding.

Troi. What is aught, but as 'tis valu'd ?

Hecl. But value dwells not in particular will ;
 It holds its estimate and dignity
 As well wherein 'tis precious of itself,
 As in the prizer : 'tis mad idolatry,
 To make the service greater than the god ;
 And the will dotes, that is inclinable
 To what infectiously itself affects,
 Without some image of th' affected's merit.

Troi. I take to-day a wife, and my election
 Is led on in the conduct of my will ;
 My will enkindled by mine eyes and ears,
 Two traded pilots 'twixt the dangerous shores
 Of will and judgment : how may I avoid
 (Although my will distaste what is elected)
 The wife I choose ? there can be no evasion
 To blench from this, and to stand firm by honour.
 We turn not back the silks upon the merchant,
 When we have spoil'd them ; nor th' remainder viands
 We do not throw in unrespective place,
 Because we now are full. It was thought meet
Paris should do some vengeance on the *Greeks* :
 Your breath of full consent bellied his sails ;
 The seas and winds (old wranglers) took a truce,

And