

A moiety of that mass of moan to come.

Cry, *Trojans*, cry, practise your eyes with tears!

Troy must not be, nor goodly *Ilion* stand:

Our firebrand brother *Paris* burns us all.

Cry, *Trojans*, cry! a *Helen* and a wo:

Cry, cry! *Troy* burns, or else let *Helen* go.

[Exit.]

Hect. Now, youthful *Troilus*, do not the high strains
Of divination in our sister work

Some touches of remorse? or is your blood

So madly hot, that no discourse of reason,

Nor fear of bad success in a bad cause,

Can qualify the same?

Troi. Why, brother *Hector*,

We may not think the justness of each act

Such and no other than event doth form it;

Nor once deject the courage of our minds,

Because *Cassandra's* mad; her brainfick raptures

Cannot distaste the goodness of a quarrel,

Which hath our several honours all engag'd

To make it gracious. For my private part,

I am no more touch'd than all *Priam's* sons;

And *Jove* forbid, there should be done amongst us

Such things as might offend the weakest spleen

To fight for and maintain!

Par. Else might the world convince of levity

As well your counsels, as my undertakings:

For I attest the gods, your full consent

Gave wings to my propension, and cut off

All fears attending on so dire a project.

For what, alas, can these my single arms?

What propugnation is in one man's valour,

To stand the push and enmity of those

This quarrel would excite? yet, I protest,

Were I alone to pass the difficulties,

And had as ample power, as I have will,

Paris