

*Paris* should ne'er retract what he hath done,  
Nor faint in the pursuit.

*Pri. Paris*, you speak  
Like one besotted on your sweet delights:  
You have the honey still, but these the gall;  
So to be valiant is no praise at all.

*Par.* Sir, I propose not merely to myself  
The pleasures such a beauty brings with it;  
But I would have the foil of her fair rape  
Wip'd off in honourable keeping her.  
What treason were it to the ransack'd queen,  
Disgrace to your great worths, and shame to me,  
Now to deliver her possession up,  
On terms of base compulsion! can it be  
That so degenerate a strain as this  
Should once set footing in your generous bosoms?  
There's not the meanest spirit on our party,  
Without a heart to dare, or sword to draw,  
When *Helen* is defended; none so noble,  
Whose life were ill bestow'd, or death unfam'd,  
Where *Helen* is the subject: then, I say,  
Well may we fight for her, whom, we know well,  
The world's large spaces cannot parallel.

*Heet. Paris*, and *Troilus*, you have both said well:  
But on the cause and question now in hand  
Have gloss'd but superficially; not much  
Unlike young men, whom *Aristotle* thought  
Unfit to hear moral philosophy.  
The reasons you alledge, do more conduce  
To the hot passion of distemper'd blood,  
Than to make up a free determination  
'Twixt right and wrong; for pleasure and revenge  
Have ears more deaf than adders to the voice  
Of any true decision. Nature craves  
All dues be render'd to their owners; now  
What nearer debt in all humanity,

Than