**Side – Helena & Parolles**

**PAROLLES**

Are you meditating on virginity?

**HELENA**

Ay. You have some stain of soldier in you: let me  
ask you a question. Man is enemy to virginity; how  
may we barricado it against him?

**PAROLLES**

Keep him out.

**HELENA**

But he assails; and our virginity, though valiant,  
in the defence yet is weak: unfold to us some  
warlike resistance.

**PAROLLES**

There is none: man, sitting down before you, will  
undermine you and blow you up.

**HELENA**

Bless our poor virginity from underminers and  
blowers up! Is there no military policy, how  
virgins might blow up men?

**PAROLLES**

Virginity being blown down, man will quicklier be  
blown up: marry, in blowing him down again, with  
the breach yourselves made, you lose your city. It  
is not politic in the commonwealth of nature to  
preserve virginity. Loss of virginity is rational  
increase and there was never virgin got till  
virginity was first lost. That you were made of is  
metal to make virgins. Virginity by being once lost  
may be ten times found; by being ever kept, it is  
ever lost: 'tis too cold a companion; away with 't!

**HELENA**

I will stand for 't a little, though therefore I die a virgin.

**PAROLLES**

There's little can be said in 't; 'tis against the  
rule of nature. To speak on the part of virginity,  
is to accuse your mothers; which is most infallible  
disobedience. He that hangs himself is a virgin:  
virginity murders itself and should be buried in  
highways out of all sanctified limit, as a desperate  
offendress against nature. Virginity breeds mites,  
much like a cheese; consumes itself to the very  
paring, and so dies with feeding his own stomach.  
Besides, virginity is peevish, proud, idle, made of  
self-love, which is the most inhibited sin in the  
canon. Keep it not; you cannot choose but loose  
by't: out with 't! within ten year it will make  
itself ten, which is a goodly increase; and the  
principal itself not much the worse: away with 't!

**HELENA**

Not my virginity yet…  
There shall your master have a thousand loves,  
A mother and a mistress and a friend,  
A phoenix, captain and an enemy,  
A guide, a goddess, and a sovereign,  
A counsellor, a traitress, and a dear;  
His humble ambition, proud humility,  
His jarring concord, and his discord dulcet,  
His faith, his sweet disaster; with a world  
Of pretty, fond, adoptious christendoms,  
That blinking Cupid gossips. Now shall he--  
I know not what he shall. God send him well!  
The court's a learning place, and he is one--

**PAROLLES**

What one, i' faith?

**HELENA**

That I wish well. 'Tis pity--

**PAROLLES**

What's pity?

**HELENA**

That wishing well had not a body in't,  
Which might be felt; that we, the poorer born,  
Whose baser stars do shut us up in wishes,  
Might with effects of them follow our friends,  
And show what we alone must think, which never  
Return us thanks.