

**BLOCK 4.5a**

*Alarum. Excursions. Enter old Talbot led.*

**TALBOT** Where is my other Life? mine owne is gone.  
O, where's young Talbot? where is valiant Iohn?  
Triumphant Death, smear'd with Captiuitie,  
Young Talbots Valour makes me smile at thee.  
When he perceiu'd me shrinke, and on my Knee,  
His bloodie Sword he brandisht ouer mee,  
And like a hungry Lyon did commence  
Rough deeds of Rage, and sterne Impatience –  
But when my angry Guardant stood alone,  
Tending my ruine, and assayl'd of none,  
Dizzie-ey'd Furie, and great rage of Heart,  
Suddenly made him from my side to start  
Into the clustring Battaile of the French:  
And in that Sea of Blood, my Boy did drench  
His ouer-mounting Spirit; and there di'de  
My Icarus, my Blossome, in his pride.

*Enter with Iohn Talbot, borne.*

**2SERVANT** O my deare Lord, loe where your Sonne is borne.

**TALBOT** Thou antique Death, which laugh'st vs here to scorn,  
Anon from thy insulting Tyrannie,  
Coupled in bonds of perpetuitie,  
Two Talbots winged through the lither Skie,  
In thy despight shall scape Mortalitie.  
O thou whose wounds become hard fauoured death,  
Speake to thy father, ere thou yeeld thy breath,  
Braue death by speaking, whither he will or no:  
Imagine him a Frenchman, and thy Foe.  
Poore Boy, he smiles, me thinkes, as who should say,  
Had Death bene French, then Death had dyed to day.  
Come, come, and lay him in his Fathers armes,  
My spirit can no longer beare these harmes.  
Souldiers adieu: I haue what I would haue,  
Now my old armes are yong Iohn Talbots graue.

*Dyes*

**BLOCK 4.5b**

*Enter Charles, Rainier, Burgundie, Bastard, and Pucell.*

**DAUPHIN**

Had Yorke and Somerset brought rescue in,  
We should haue found a bloody day of this.

**BASTARD**

How the yong whelpe of Talbots raging wood,  
Did flesh his punie-sword in Frenchmens blood.

**BURGUNDY**

Doubtlesse he would haue made a noble Knight:  
See where he lyes inherced in the armes  
Of the most bloody Nursser of his harmes.

**BASTARD**

Hew them to peeces, hack their bones assunder,  
Whose life was Englands glory, Gallia's wonder.

**DAUPHIN**

Oh no forbear: For that which we haue fled  
During the life, let vs not wrong it dead.

*Enter Lucie.*

**LUCY**

I come to know what Prisoners thou hast tane,  
And to suruey the bodies of the dead.

**DAUPHIN**

But tell me whom thou seek'st?

**LUCY**

But where's the great Alcides of the field,  
Valiant Lord Talbot Earle of Shrewsbury?  
Great Marshall to Henry the sixt,  
Of all his Warres within the Realme of France.

**JOAN**

Him that thou magnifi'st with all these Titles,  
Stinking and fly-blowne lyes heere at our feete.

**LUCY**

Is Talbot slaine, the Frenchmens only Scourge,  
Your Kingdomes terror, and blacke Nemesis?  
Oh, that I could but call these dead to life,  
It were enough to fright the Realme of France.  
Giue me their Bodyes, that I may beare them hence,  
And giue them Buriall, as beseemes their worth.

**JOAN**

For Gods sake let him haue 'em to keepe them here,  
They would but stinke, and putrifie the ayre.  
Go take their bodies hence.

*Exit.*