

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,
 Tendring 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,
 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:
 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.