

*Enter General aloft.*

*English John Talbot*, captains, calls you forth,  
Servant in arms to *Harry* king of *England*;  
And thus he would: open your city gates,  
Be humbled to us, call my sovereign yours,  
And do him homage as obedient subjects,  
And I'll withdraw me and my bloody pow'r.  
But if you frown upon this proffer'd peace,  
You tempt the fury of my three attendants,  
Lean famine, quartering steel, and climbing fire;  
Who, in a moment, even with the earth  
Shall lay your stately and air-braving tow'rs,  
If you forsake the offer of our love.

*Gen.* Thou ominous and fearful owl of death,  
Our nation's terrour, and their bloody scourge!  
The period of thy tyranny approacheth.  
On us thou canst not enter but by death:  
For, I protest, we are well fortify'd,  
And strong enough to issue out and fight.  
If thou retire, the dauphin, well appointed,  
Stands with the snares of war to tangle thee.  
On either hand thee, there are squadrons pitch'd  
To wall thee from the liberty of flight;  
And no way canst thou turn thee for redress,  
But death doth front thee with apparrent spoil,  
And pale destruction meets thee in the face.  
Ten thousand *French* have ta'en the sacrament,  
To rive their dangerous artillery  
Upon no christian soul but *English Talbot*.  
Lo! there thou stand'st a breathing valiant man,  
Of an invincible, unconquer'd spirit:  
This is the latest glory of thy praise,  
That I thy enemy dew thee withal;  
For ere the glass that now begins to run  
Finish the process of his sandy hour,

These