

These eyes, that see thee now well coloured,
 Shall see thee wither'd, bloody, pale, and dead. [*drum afar off.*
 Hark, hark! the dauphin's drum, a warning bell,
 Sings heavy musick to thy tim'rous soul;
 And mine shall ring thy dire departure out. [*Exit from the walls.*

Tal. He fables not; I hear the enemy: —
 Out, some light horsemen, and peruse their wings. —
 O negligent and heedless discipline!
 How are we park'd and bounded in a pale?
 A little herd of *England's* tim'rous deer,
 Maz'd with a yelping kennel of *French* curs.
 If we be *English* deer, be then in blood;
 Not rascal-like to fall down with a pinch,
 But rather moody, mad, and desperate stags,
 Turn on the bloody hounds with heads of steel,
 And make the cowards stand aloof at bay.^a
 God, and saint *George*, *Talbot*, and *England's* right,
 Prosper our colours in this dangerous fight! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Another part of France.

*Enter a Messenger that meets York. Enter York with trumpet
 and many Soldiers.*

York. ARE not the speedy scouts return'd again,
 That dogg'd the mighty army of the dauphin?

Mess. They are return'd, my lord, and give it out
 That he is march'd to *Bourdeaux* with his pow'r,
 To fight with *Talbot*; as he march'd along,
 By your espyals were discovered

^a ----- aloof at bay.
 Sell every man his life as dear as mine,
 And they shall find dear deer of us, my friends.
 God, and saint *George*, &c.