

Two mightier troops than that the dauphin led,
Which join'd with him, and made their march for *Bourdeaux*.

York. A plague upon that villain *Somerſet*,
That thus delays my promiſed ſupply
Of horſemen that were levied for this ſiege!
Renowned *Talbot* doth expect my aid;
And I am lowted by a traitor villain,
And cannot help the noble chevalier:
God comfort him in this neceſſity!
If he miſcarry, farewel wars in *France*.

Enter Sir William Lucy.

Lucy. Thou princely leader of our *Engliſh* ſtrength,
Never ſo needful on the earth of *France*,
Spur to the reſcue of the noble *Talbot*
Who now is girdled with a waift of iron,
And hemm'd about with grim deſtruction:
To *Bourdeaux*, warlike duke! to *Bourdeaux*, *York*!
Elſe, farewel *Talbot*, *France*, and *England's* honour.

York. O god! that *Somerſet*, who in proud heart
Doth ſtop my cornets, were in *Talbot's* place!
So ſhould we ſave a valiant gentleman
By forfeiting a traitor and a coward:
Mad ire and wrathful fury makes me weep,
That thus we die while remiſs traitors ſleep.

Lucy. O, ſend ſome ſuccour to the diſtreſs'd lord!

York. He dies, we loſe; I break my warlike word:
We mourn, *France* ſmiles: we loſe, they daily get:
All long of this vile traitor *Somerſet*.

Lucy. Then god take mercy on brave *Talbot's* ſoul,
And on his ſon young *John*, whom, two hours ſince,
I met in travel towards his warlike father!
This ſev'n years did not *Talbot* ſee his ſon;
And now they meet, where both their lives are done.

York. Alas! what joy ſhall noble *Talbot* have,
To bid his young ſon welcome to his grave!

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I

Away!