

Cries out for noble *York* and *Somerſet*,
 To beat affailing death from his weak legions.
 And while the honourable captain there
 Drops bloody ſweat from his war-wearied limbs,
 And, in advantage ling'ring, looks for reſcue,
 You, his falſe hopes, the truſt of *England's* honour,
 Keep off aloof with worthleſs emulation.
 Let not your private diſcord keep away
 The levied ſuccours that ſhould lend him aid,
 While he, renowned noble gentleman,
 Yields up his life unto a world of odds:
Orleans the baſtard, *Charles*, and *Burgundy*,
Alanſon, *Reignier*, compaſs him about,
 And *Talbot* periſheth by your default.

Som. *York* ſet him on, *York* ſhould have ſent him aid.

Lucy. And *York* as faſt upon your grace exclaims,
 Swearing that you withhold his levied horſe,
 Collected for this expedition.

Som. *York* lies: he might have ſent, and had the horſe:
 I owe him little duty and leſs love,
 And take foul ſcorn to fawn on him by ſending.

Lucy. The fraud of *England*, not the force of *France*,
 Hath now entrap'd the noble-minded *Talbot*:
 Never to *England* ſhall he bear his life,
 But dies betray'd to fortune by your ſtrife.

Som. Come, go, I will deſpatch the horſemen ſtraight:
 Within fix hours they will be at his aid.

Lucy. Too late comes reſcue now; he's ta'en, or ſlain:
 For fly he could not, if he would have fled;
 And fly would *Talbot* never, though he might.

Som. If he be dead, brave *Talbot* then adieu!

Lucy. His fame lives in the world, his ſhame in you.

[*Exeunt.*]