

SCENE VI.

*Near Bourdeaux.**Enter Talbot, and his Son.*

Tal. **O** Young *John Talbot*, I did send for thee
 To tutor thee in stratagems of war,
 That *Talbot's* name might be in thee reviv'd,
 When sapless age, and weak unable limbs,
 Should bring thy father to his drooping chair.
 But, o malignant and ill-boding stars!
 Now art thou come unto a feast of death,
 A terrible and unavoided danger.
 Therefore, dear boy, mount on thy swiftest horse,
 And I'll direct thee how thou shalt escape
 By sudden flight: come, dally not, be gone.

John. Is my name *Talbot*? and am I your son?
 And shall I fly? O, if you love my mother,
 Dishonour not her honourable name,
 To make a bastard and a slave of me.
 The world will say, he is not *Talbot's* blood,
 That basely fled, when noble *Talbot* stood.

Tal. Fly, to revenge my death if I be slain.

John. He that flies so, will ne'er return again.

Tal. If we both stay, we both are sure to die.

John. Then let me stay; and, father, do you fly:
 Your loss is great, so your regard should be;
 My worth unknown, no loss is known in me.
 Upon my death the *French* can little boast;
 In yours they will, in you all hopes are lost.
 Flight cannot stain the honour you have won;
 But mine it will, that no exploit have done.
 You fled for vantage, ev'ry one will swear;
 But, if I bow, they'll say, it was for fear.

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