

There is no hope that ever I will stay,  
If the first hour I shrink, and run away.  
Here on my knee I beg mortality,  
Rather than life preserv'd with infamy.

*Tal.* Shall all thy mother's hopes lie in one tomb?

*John.* Ay, rather than I'll shame my mother's womb.

*Tal.* Upon my blessing I command thee go.

*John.* To fight I will, but not to fly the foe.

*Tal.* Part of thy father may be sav'd in thee.

*John.* No part of him but will be shame in me.

*Tal.* Thou never hadst renown, and canst not lose it.

*John.* Yes, your renowned name; shall flight abuse it?

*Tal.* Thy father's charge shall clear thee from the stain.

*John.* You cannot witness for me, being slain.

If death be so apparent, then both fly.

*Tal.* And leave my followers here to fight and die?

My age was never tainted with such shame.

*John.* And shall my youth be guilty of such blame?

No more can I be sever'd from your side,

Than can yourself yourself in twain divide:

Stay, go, do what you will, the like do I;

For live I will not, if my father die.

*Tal.* Then here I take my leave of thee, fair son,

Born to eclipse thy life this afternoon:

Come, side by side together live and die,

And soul with soul from *France* to heav'n shall fly. [Exeunt.

*Alarum: excursions, wherein Talbot's Son is hemm'd about,  
and Talbot rescues him.*

*Tal.* Saint George, and victory! fight, soldiers, fight:

The regent hath with *Talbot* broke his word,

And left us to the rage of *France's* sword.

Where is *John Talbot*? pause, and take thy breath;

I gave thee life, and rescu'd thee from death.

*John.* O twice my father, twice am I thy son:

The life thou gav'st me first was lost and done,

Till