

Till with thy warlike sword, despite of fate,
To my determin'd time thou gav'st new date.

Tal. When from the dauphin's crest thy sword struck fire,
It warm'd thy father's heart with proud desire
Of bold-fac'd victory. Then leaden age,
Quicken'd with youthful spleen, and warlike rage,
Beat down *Alanson*, *Orleans*; *Burgundy*,
And from the pride of *Gallia* rescu'd thee.

The ireful bastard *Orleans* that drew blood
From thee, my boy, and had the maidenhood
Of thy first fight, I soon encounter'd;

And interchanging blows, I quickly shed
Some of his bastard blood; then, in disgrace,
Bespoke him thus: *Contaminated, base,*

*And misbegotten blood I spill of thine,
Mean and right poor, for that pure blood of mine,
Which thou didst force from Talbot my brave boy: —*

Here, purposing the bastard to destroy,
Came in strong rescue. Speak, thy father's care,
Art thou not weary, *John*? how dost thou fare?
Wilt thou yet leave the battle, boy, and fly,
Now thou art seal'd the son of chivalry?

Fly, to revenge my death when I am dead;
The help of one stands me in little stead.

O, too much folly is it, well I wot,
To hazard all our lives in one small boat.

If I to-day die not with *Frenchmen's* rage,
To-morrow I shall die with mickle age.

By me they nothing gain; and if I stay,
'Tis but the short'ning of my life one day.

In thee thy mother dies, our household's name,
My death's revenge, thy youth, and *England's* fame:
All these, and more, we hazard by thy stay;
All these are sav'd, if thou wilt fly away.

John. The sword of *Orleans* hath not made me smart,
These words of yours draw lifeblood from my heart.

O! what