

O! what advantage bought with such a shame,
 To save a paltry life, and slay bright fame!
 Before young *Talbot* from old *Talbot* fly,
 The coward horse that bears me fall and die!
 And leave me to the peasant boys of *France*,
 To be shame's scorn, and subject of mischance!
 Surely, by all the glory you have won,
 An if I fly, I am not *Talbot's* son:
 Then talk no more of flight, it is no boot;
 If son to *Talbot*, die at *Talbot's* foot.

Tal. Then follow thou thy desp'rate fire of *Crete*,
 Thou *Icarus*! thy life to me is sweet:
 If thou wilt fight, fight by thy father's side,
 And commendable prov'd, let's die in pride.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E VII.

Alarum: excursions. Enter old Talbot led.

Tal. Where is my other life? mine own is gone.
 O! where's young *Talbot*? where is valiant *John*? —
 Triumphant death, smear'd with captivity!
 Young *Talbot's* valour makes me smile at thee. —
 When he perceiv'd me shrink, and on my knee,
 His bloody sword he brandish'd over me,
 And, like a hungry lion did commence
 Rough deeds of rage, and stern impatience:
 But when my angry guardant stood alone,
 Tend'ring my ruin, and assail'd of none,
 Dizzy'-ey'd fury and great rage of heart
 Suddenly made him from my side to start
 Into the clust'ring battle of the *French*:
 And in that sea of blood my boy did drench
 His over-mounting spirit; and there dy'd
 My *Icarus*, my blossom, in his pride!

Enter