

Enter John Talbot, born.

Serv. O my dear lord! lo, where your son is born.

Tal. Thou antick death, which laugh'st us here to scorn,
Anon, from thy insulting tyranny,
Coupled in bonds of perpetuity,
Two *Talbots*, winged through the lither sky,
In thy despite shall 'scape mortality.
O thou, whose wounds become hardfavour'd death,
Speak to thy father ere thou yield thy breath.^a
Come, come, and lay him in his father's arms;
My spirit can no longer bear these harms.
Soldiers, adieu! I have what I would have,
Now my old arms are young *John Talbot's* grave. [dies.]



ACT V. SCENE I.

Continues near Bourdeaux.

Enter Dauphin, Alanfon, Burgundy, Bastard, and Pucelle.

DAUPHIN.

HAD *York* and *Somerſet* brought reſcue in,
We ſhould have found a bloody day of this.

Baſt. How the young whelp of *Talbot's* raging brood
Did fleſh his puny ſword in *Frenchmen's* blood!

Pucel. Once I encounter'd him, and thus I ſaid:
Thou maiden youth, be vanquiſh'd by a maid.
But, with a proud, majeſtical, high ſcorn,
He answer'd thus: *Young Talbot was not born*

^a ----- yield thy breath.

Brave death by ſpeaking, whether he will or no:

Imagine him a *Frenchman*, and thy foe.

For boy, he ſmiles, methinks, as who ſhould ſay,

Had death been *French*, then death had died to-day.

Come, come, &c.