

To be the pillage of a giglot wench.

So, rushing in the bowels of the *French*,
He left me proudly, as unworthy fight.

Burg. Doubtless, he would have made a noble knight:
See where he lies inhered in the arms
Of the most bloody nurser of his harms.

Bast. Hew them to pieces, hack their bones asunder,
Whose life was *England's* glory, *Gallia's* wonder.

Dau. O, no; forbear: for that which we have fled
During the life, let us not wrong it dead.

Enter Lucy.

Lucy. Herald, conduct me to the dauphin's tent,
Who hath obtain'd the glory of the day.

Dau. On what submissive message art thou sent?

Lucy. Submission, dauphin? 'tis a mere *French* word:
We *English* warriors wot not what it means.
I come to know what prisoners thou hast ta'en,
And to survey the bodies of the dead.

Dau. For prisoners ask'st thou? hell our prison is.
But tell me whom thou seek'st.

Lucy. Where is the great *Alcides* of the field,
Valiant lord *Talbot*, earl of *Shrewsbury*?
Created for his rare success in arms,
Great earl of *Washford*, *Waterford*, and *Valence*,
Lord *Talbot* of *Goodrig* and *Urchinfield*;
Lord *Strange* of *Blackmere*, lord *Verdon* of *Alton*,
Lord *Cromwel* of *Wingfield*, lord *Furnival* of *Sheffeld*,
The thrice victorious lord of *Faulconbridge*,
Knight of the noble order of saint *George*,
Worthy saint *Michael*, and the *Golden Fleece*,
Great marshal to our king *Henry* the sixth
Of all his wars within the realm of *France*.

Pucel. Here is a silly, stately stile, indeed:
The *Turk*, that two and fifty kingdoms hath,
Writes not so tedious a stile as this.