

# 1 Henry VI

## 4.4

*Enter the Duke of Somerset with his army*

**SOMERSET** *(to a Captain)*

It is too late, I cannot send them now.  
This expedition was by York and Talbot  
Too rashly plotted. All our general force  
Might with a sally of the very town  
Be buckled with. The over-daring Talbot 5  
Hath sullied all his gloss of former honour  
By this unheedful, desperate, wild adventure.  
York set him on to fight and die in shame  
That, Talbot dead, great York might bear the name.

*[Enter Lucy]*

**CAPTAIN**

Here is Sir William Lucy, who with me 10  
Set from our o'ermatched forces forth for aid.

**SOMERSET**

How now, Sir William, whither were you sent?

**LUCY**

Whither, my lord? From bought and sold Lord Talbot,  
Who, ringed about with bold adversity,  
Cries out for noble York and Somerset 15  
To beat assailing death from his weak legions;  
And whiles the honourable captain there  
Drops bloody sweat from his war-wearied limbs  
And, unadvantaged, ling'ring looks for rescue,  
You his false hopes, the trust of England's honour, 20  
Keep off aloof with worthless emulation.  
Let not your private discord keep away  
The levied succours that should lend him aid,  
While he, renowne'd noble gentleman,  
Yield up his life unto a world of odds. 25  
Orleães the Bastard, Charles, and Burgundy,  
Alenc on, Rene , compass him about,  
And Talbot perisheth by your default.

**SOMERSET**

York set him on; York should have sent him aid.

**LUCY**

And York as fast upon your grace exclaims, 30  
Swearing that you withhold his levied horse  
Collected for this expedition.

**SOMERSET**

York lies. He might have sent and had the horse.  
I owe him little duty and less love,  
And take foul scorn to fawn on him by sending. 35

**LUCY**

The fraud of England, not the force of France,  
Hath now entrapped the noble-minded Talbot.  
Never to England shall he bear his life,  
But dies betrayed to fortune by your strife.

**SOMERSET**

Come, go. I will dispatch the horsemen straight. 40  
Within six hours they will be at his aid.

**LUCY**

Too late comes rescue. He is ta'en or slain,  
For fly he could not if he would have fled,  
And fly would Talbot never, though he might.

**SOMERSET**

If he be dead, brave Talbot, then adieu. 45

**LUCY**

His fame lives in the world, his shame in you.  
*Exeunt [severally]*