

1 Henry VI

1.6

*Enter the Earl of Salisbury and Lord Talbot above
on the turrets with others, among them Sir
Thomas Gargrave and Sir William Glasdale*

SALISBURY

Talbot, my life, my joy, again returned?
How wert thou handled, being prisoner?
Or by what means got'st thou to be released?
Discourse, I prithee, on this turret's top.

TALBOT

The Duke of Bedford had a prisoner, 5
Called the brave Lord Ponton de Santrilles;
For him was I exchanged and ransomeÁd.
But with a baser man-of-arms by far
Once in contempt they would have bartered me±±
Which I, disdainig, scorned, and craveÁd death 10
Rather than I would be so pilled esteemed.
In fine, redeemed I was, as I desired.
But O, the treacherous Fastolf wounds my heart,
Whom with my bare fists I would execute
If I now had him brought into my power. 15

SALISBURY

Yet tell'st thou not how thou wert entertained.

TALBOT

With scoffs and scorns and contumelious taunts.
In open market place produced they me,
To be a public spectacle to all.
'Here', said they, 'is the terror of the French, 20
The scarecrow that affrights our children so.'
Then broke I from the officers that led me
And with my nails digged stones out of the ground
To hurl at the beholders of my shame.
My grisly countenance made others fly. 25
None durst come near, for fear of sudden death.
In iron walls they deemed me not secure:
So great fear of my name 'mongst them were spread
That they supposed I could rend bars of steel

And spurn in pieces posts of adamant. 30
Wherefore a guard of chosen shot I had
That walked about me every minute while;
And if I did but stir out of my bed,
Ready they were to shoot me to the heart.

The Boy [passes over the stage] with a linstock

SALISBURY

I grieve to hear what torments you endured. 35
But we will be revenged sufficiently.
Now it is supper time in Orleans.
Here, through this grate, I count each one,
And view the Frenchmen how they fortify.
Let us look in: the sight will much delight thee.±± 40
Sir Thomas Gargrave and Sir William Glasdale,
Let me have your express opinions
Where is best place to make our batt'ry next.

[They look through the grate]

GARGRAVE

I think at the north gate, for there stands Lou.

GLASDALE

And I here, at the bulwark of the Bridge. 45

TALBOT

For aught I see, this city must be famished
Or with light skirmishes enfeebleÁd.

*Here they shoot off chambers [within] and Salisbury
and Gargrave fall down*

SALISBURY

O Lord have mercy on us, wretched sinners!

GARGRAVE

O Lord have mercy on me, woeful man!

TALBOT

What chance is this that suddenly hath crossed us? 50
Speak, Salisbury±±at least, if thou canst, speak.
How far'st thou, mirror of all martial men?
One of thy eyes and thy cheek's side struck off?
AccurseÁd tower! AccurseÁd fatal hand
That hath contrived this woeful tragedy! 55
In thirteen battles Salisbury o'ercame;
Henry the Fifth he first trained to the wars;
Whilst any trump did sound or drum struck up
His sword did ne'er leave striking in the field.

Yet liv'st thou, Salisbury? Though thy speech doth
fail,

60

One eye thou hast to look to heaven for grace.

The sun with one eye vieweth all the world.

Heaven, be thou gracious to none alive

If Salisbury wants mercy at thy hands.±±

Sir Thomas Gargrave, hast thou any life?

65

Speak unto Talbot. Nay, look up to him.±±

Bear hence his body; I will help to bury it.

[Exit one with Gargrave's body]

Salisbury, cheer thy spirit with this comfort:

Thou shalt not die whiles±±

He beckons with his hand, and smiles on me,

70

As who should say, 'When I am dead and gone,

Remember to avenge me on the French.'

Plantagenet, I will±±and like thee, Nero,

Play on the lute, beholding the towns burn.

Wretched shall France be only in my name.

75

Here an alarum, and it thunders and lightens

What stir is this? What tumult's in the heavens?

Whence cometh this alarum and the noise?

Enter a Messenger

MESSENGER

My lord, my lord, the French have gathered head.

The Dauphin, with one Joan la Pucelle joined,

A holy prophetess new risen up,

80

Is come with a great power to raise the siege.

Here Salisbury lifteth himself up and groans

TALBOT

Hear, hear, how dying Salisbury doth groan!

It irks his heart he cannot be revenged.

Frenchmen, I'll be a Salisbury to you.

Pucelle or pucelle, Dauphin or dog-fish,

85

Your hearts I'll stamp out with my horse's heels

And make a quagmire of your mingled brains.±±

Convey me Salisbury into his tent,

And then we'll try what these dastard Frenchmen
dare.

Alarum. Exeunt carrying Salisbury