

# 1 Henry VI

## 4.2

*Enter Lord Talbot with a trumpeter and drummer  
and soldiers before Bordeaux*

**TALBOT**

Go to the gates of Bordeaux, trumpeter.  
Summon their general unto the wall.

*The trumpeter sounds a parley. Enter French  
General, aloft*

English John Talbot, captain, calls you forth,  
Servant in arms to Harry King of England;

And thus he would: open your city gates, 5

Be humble to us, call my sovereign yours

And do him homage as obedient subjects,

And I'll withdraw me and my bloody power.

But if you frown upon this proffered peace,

You tempt the fury of my three attendants±± 10

Lean famine, quartering steel, and climbing fire±±

Who in a moment even with the earth

Shall lay your stately and air-braving towers

If you forsake the offer of their love.

**GENERAL**

Thou ominous and fearful owl of death, 15

Our nation's terror and their bloody scourge,

The period of thy tyranny approacheth.

On us thou canst not enter but by death,

For I protest we are well fortified

And strong enough to issue out and fight. 20

If thou retire, the Dauphin well appointed

Stands with the snares of war to tangle thee.

On either hand thee there are squadrons pitched

To wall thee from the liberty of flight,

And no way canst thou turn thee for redress 25

But death doth front thee with apparent spoil,

And pale destruction meets thee in the face.

Ten thousand French have ta'en the sacrament

To fire their dangerous artillery

Upon no Christian soul but English Talbot. 30

Lo, there thou stand'st, a breathing valiant man  
Of an invincible unconquered spirit.  
This is the latest glory of thy praise,  
That I thy enemy due thee withal,  
For ere the glass that now begins to run 35  
Finish the process of his sandy hour,  
These eyes that see thee now well colour'd  
Shall see thee withered, bloody, pale, and dead.

*Drum afar off*

Hark, hark, the Dauphin's drum, a warning bell,  
Sings heavy music to thy timorous soul, 40  
And mine shall ring thy dire departure out.

*Exit*

**TALBOT**

He fables not. I hear the enemy.  
Out, some light horsemen, and peruse their wings.

*[Exit one or more]*

O negligent and heedless discipline,  
How are we park'd and bounded in a pale!±± 45  
A little herd of England's timorous deer  
Mazed with a yelping kennel of French curs.  
If we be English deer, be then in blood,  
Not rascal-like to fall down with a pinch,  
But rather, moody-mad and desperate stags, 50  
Turn on the bloody hounds with heads of steel  
And make the cowards stand aloof at bay.  
Sell every man his life as dear as mine  
And they shall find dear deer of us, my friends.  
God and Saint George, Talbot and England's right, 55  
Prosper our colours in this dangerous fight!

*Exeunt*