

# 1 Henry VI

## 4.3

*Enter a Messenger that meets the Duke of York.  
Enter Richard Duke of York with a trumpeter and  
many soldiers*

**RICHARD DUKE OF YORK**

Are not the speedy scouts returned again  
That dogged the mighty army of the Dauphin?

**MESSENGER**

They are returned, my lord, and give it out  
That he is marched to Bordeaux with his power  
To fight with Talbot. As he marched along, 5  
By your espials were discovereÁd  
Two mightier troops than that the Dauphin led,  
Which joined with him and made their march for  
Bordeaux.

**RICHARD DUKE OF YORK**

A plague upon that villain Somerset  
That thus delays my promiseÁd supply 10  
Of horsemen that were levied for this siege!  
RenowneÁd Talbot doth expect my aid,  
And I am louted by a traitor villain  
And cannot help the noble chevalier.  
God comfort him in this necessity; 15  
If he miscarry, farewell wars in France!

*Enter another messenger, Sir William Lucy*

**LUCY**

Thou princely leader of our English strength,  
Never so needful on the earth of France,  
Spur to the rescue of the noble Talbot,  
Who now is girdled with a waste of iron 20  
And hemmed about with grim destruction.  
To Bordeaux, warlike Duke; to Bordeaux, York,  
Else farewell Talbot, France, and England's honour.

**RICHARD DUKE OF YORK**

O God, that Somerset, who in proud heart  
Doth stop my cornets, were in Talbot's place! 25  
So should we save a valiant gentleman

By forfeiting a traitor and a coward.  
Mad ire and wrathful fury makes me weep,  
That thus we die while remiss traitors sleep.

**LUCY**

O, send some succour to the distressed lord. 30

**RICHARD DUKE OF YORK**

He dies, we lose; I break my warlike word;  
We mourn, France smiles; we lose, they daily get,  
All 'long of this vile traitor Somerset.

**LUCY**

Then God take mercy on brave Talbot's soul,  
And on his son young John, who two hours since 35  
I met in travel toward his warlike father.  
This seven years did not Talbot see his son,  
And now they meet where both their lives are done.

**RICHARD DUKE OF YORK**

Alas, what joy shall noble Talbot have  
To bid his young son welcome to his grave? 40  
Away±±vexation almost stops my breath  
That sundered friends greet in the hour of death.  
Lucy, farewell. No more my fortune can  
But curse the cause I cannot aid the man.  
Maine, Blois, Poitiers, and Tours are won away 45  
'Long all of Somerset and his delay.

*Exeunt all but Lucy*

**LUCY**

Thus while the vulture of sedition  
Feeds in the bosom of such great commanders,  
Sleeping neglect doth betray to loss  
The conquest of our scarce-cold conqueror, 50  
That ever-living man of memory  
Henry the Fifth. Whiles they each other cross,  
Lives, honours, lands, and all hurry to loss.

*[Exit]*