

# Henry VI, Part 1

by William Shakespeare

Act 4, sc. 6 (line 12 - Verse)

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## Talbot

When from the Dauphin's crest thy sword struck fire,  
It warm'd thy father's heart with proud desire  
Of bold-faced victory. Then leaden age,  
Quicken'd with youthful spleen and warlike rage,  
Beat down Alencon, Orleans, Burgundy,  
And from the pride of Gallia rescued thee.  
The ireful bastard Orleans, that drew blood  
From thee, my boy, and had the maidenhood  
Of thy first fight, I soon encountered,  
And interchanging blows I quickly shed  
Some of his bastard blood; and in disgrace  
Bespoke him thus; 'Contaminated, base  
And misbegotten blood I spill of thine,  
Mean and right poor, for that pure blood of mine  
Which thou didst force from Talbot, my brave boy:'  
Here, purposing the Bastard to destroy,  
Came in strong rescue. Speak, thy father's care,  
Art thou not weary, John? how dost thou fare?  
Wilt thou yet leave the battle, boy, and fly,  
Now thou art seal'd the son of chivalry?  
Fly, to revenge my death when I am dead:  
The help of one stands me in little stead.  
O, too much folly is it, well I wot,

To hazard all our lives in one small boat!  
If I to-day die not with Frenchmen's rage,  
To-morrow I shall die with mickle age:  
By me they nothing gain an if I stay;  
'Tis but the shortening of my life one day:  
In thee thy mother dies, our household's name,  
My death's revenge, thy youth, and England's fame:  
All these and more we hazard by thy stay;  
All these are saved if thou wilt fly away.