

When as the victor I command the sold :

SAR—Doubt not, my lord, but rather take a view,
Of what these Britons did in France subdued ;
See what their Edward did on Cressy plain,
Of where at Poitiers he the field did gain ;
Then tell me would these Britons fear your name ?
Tho' I'm their foe, I must endure so far
The English honor is the fate of war ;
To say with glory they would rather die,
Ere they with shame would from confusion fly.

Enter Col. Talbot.

ST. RUTH—Brave Col. Talbot, thy victorious hand
Nurtur'd in arts of war can best command,
Thou Irish Scipio, let your word alone,
Pronounce your thought, say shall we aid Ath-
lons ?

TALB—Pardon me, sir, I fear 'tis past your aid,
For on a rising ground I now survey'd
The British standard on the walls display'd ;
No further confirmation need you crave,
The town is lost which you denied to save.

SAR—Now see, my lord, what English hearts
can do.

ST. RUTH—They dare not, sir, the news can-
not be true.

TALB—'Tis true, by heaven ! you'll find it to
your loss.

I've seen the walls overspread with George's cross,
And with banners, just as a pointed dart
Shot from a thunder-bolt, to pierce my heart ;
This I behold and heard the cannon roar,
I turned my back, and would behold no more.

Enter Major General Derrington

DOR.—Miserable, death, and horror ! Oh the
grief !