

I am Charles D'Abret fighting with my men.
Over 1000 men lay dead.
It felt scary to watch the arrows hit my men
in the heart, the head and the neck.
I thought for France we would have to win!
I watched my men fall to the floor with marks from England.
I sent out the next group as group one fell.
I said to my men, *'Defeat King Henry's men!*
Put on your fighting uniform and defeat King Henry's men!'
I watched with a heavy heart and hoped for luck
Still I saw my soldiers fall and this time
I showed an angry look and went out myself.
All I saw were my soldiers laying dead.
I turned around and urged my last group of men,
I walked back and sent my last group of men,
I whispered, *'Good luck my men.'*