

1 Henry VI

1.8

Flourish. Enter on the walls Joan la Pucelle, Charles the Dauphin, ReneÂ Duke of Anjou, the Duke of Alenc on and French Soldiers [with colours]

JOAN

Advance our waving colours on the walls;
Rescued is Orle ans from the English.
Thus Joan la Pucelle hath performed her word.

CHARLES

Divinest creature, Astraea's daughter,
How shall I honour thee for this success? 5
Thy promises are like Adonis' garden,
That one day bloomed and fruitful were the next.
France, triumph in thy glorious prophetess!
Recovered is the town of Orle ans.
More blesse d hap did ne'er befall our state. 10

RENE 

Why ring not out the bells aloud throughout the
town?
Dauphin, command the citizens make bonfires
And feast and banquet in the open streets
To celebrate the joy that God hath given us.

ALENC ON

All France will be replete with mirth and joy 15
When they shall hear how we have played the men.

CHARLES

'Tis Joan, not we, by whom the day is won  
For which I will divide my crown with her,
And all the priests and friars in my realm
Shall in procession sing her endless praise. 20
A statelier pyramid to her I'll rear
Than Rhodope's of Memphis ever was.
In memory of her, when she is dead
Her ashes, in an urn more precious
Than the rich-jewelled coffer of Darius, 25
Transported shall be at high festivals
Before the kings and queens of France.

No longer on Saint Denis will we cry,
But Joan la Pucelle shall be France's saint.
Come in, and let us banquet royally
After this golden day of victory.

Flourish. Exeunt