

1 Henry VI

1.7

Here an alarum again, and Lord Talbot pursueth the Dauphin and driveth him. Then enter Joan la Pucelle driving Englishmen before her and [exeunt]. Then enter Lord Talbot

TALBOT

Where is my strength, my valour, and my force?
Our English troops retire; I cannot stay them.
A woman clad in armour chaseth men.

Enter Joan la Pucelle

Here, here she comes. (To Joan) I'll have a bout with thee.

Devil or devil's dam, I'll conjure thee. 5
Blood will I draw on thee±±thou art a witch±±
And straightway give thy soul to him thou serv'st.

JOAN

Come, come, 'tis only I that must disgrace thee.
Here they fight

TALBOT

Heavens, can you suffer hell so to prevail?
My breast I'll burst with straining of my courage 10
And from my shoulders crack my arms asunder
But I will chastise this high-minded strumpet.
They fight again

JOAN

Talbot, farewell. Thy hour is not yet come.
I must go victual OrleÂans forthwith.
A short alarum, then [the French pass over the stage and] enter the town with soldiers
O'ertake me if thou canst. I scorn thy strength. 15
Go, go, cheer up thy hungry-starveÂd men.
Help Salisbury to make his testament.
This day is ours, as many more shall be.
Exit into the town

TALBOT

My thoughts are whirleÂd like a potter's wheel.
I know not where I am nor what I do. 20

A witch by fear, not force, like Hannibal
Drives back our troops and conquers as she lists.
So bees with smoke and doves with noisome stench
Are from their hives and houses driven away.
They called us, for our fierceness, English dogs; 25
Now, like to whelps, we crying run away.

A short alarum. [Enter English soldiers]

Hark, countrymen: either renew the fight
Or tear the lions out of England's coat.
Renounce your style; give sheep in lions' stead.
Sheep run not half so treacherous from the wolf, 30
Or horse or oxen from the leopard,
As you fly from your oft-subdued slaves.

Alarum. Here another skirmish

It will not be. Retire into your trenches.
You all consented unto Salisbury's death,
For none would strike a stroke in his revenge. 35
Pucelle is entered into Orleans
In spite of us or aught that we could do.

[Exeunt Soldiers]

O would I were to die with Salisbury!
The shame hereof will make me hide my head.

Exit. Alarum. Retreat