

1 Henry VI

3.7

*Enter Charles the Dauphin, the Bastard of OrleÁans,
the Duke of Alenc on, Joan la Pucelle, [and French
soldiers]*

JOAN

Dismay not, princes, at this accident,
Nor grieve that Rouen is so recovere d.
Care is no cure, but rather corrosive,
For things that are not to be remedied.
Let frantic Talbot triumph for a while, 5
And like a peacock sweep along his tail;
We'll pull his plumes and take away his train,
If Dauphin and the rest will be but ruled.

CHARLES

We have been guided by thee hitherto,
And of thy cunning had no diffidence. 10
One sudden foil shall never breed distrust.

BASTARD *(to Joan)*

Search out thy wit for secret policies,
And we will make thee famous through the world.

ALENC ON *(to Joan)*

We'll set thy statue in some holy place
And have thee reverenced like a blesse d saint. 15
Employ thee then, sweet virgin, for our good.

JOAN

Then thus it must be; this doth Joan devise:
By fair persuasions mixed with sugared words
We will entice the Duke of Burgundy
To leave the Talbot and to follow us. 20

CHARLES

Ay, marry, sweeting, if we could do that
France were no place for Henry's warriors,
Nor should that nation boast it so with us,
But be extirpe d from our provinces.

ALENC ON

For ever should they be expelled from France 25
And not have title of an earldom here.

JOAN

Your honours shall perceive how I will work
To bring this matter to the wisheÁd end.

Drum sounds afar off

Hark, by the sound of drum you may perceive
Their powers are marching unto Paris-ward.

30

Here sound an English march

There goes the Talbot, with his colours spread,
And all the troops of English after him.

Here sound a French march

Now in the rearward comes the Duke and his;
Fortune in favour makes him lag behind.

Summon a parley. We will talk with him.

35

Trumpets sound a parley

CHARLES *[calling]*

A parley with the Duke of Burgundy.

[Enter the Duke of Burgundy]

BURGUNDY

Who craves a parley with the Burgundy?

JOAN

The princely Charles of France, thy countryman.

BURGUNDY

What sayst thou, Charles?±±for I am marching hence.

CHARLES

Speak, Pucelle, and enchant him with thy words.

40

JOAN

Brave Burgundy, undoubted hope of France,
Stay. Let thy humble handmaid speak to thee.

BURGUNDY

Speak on, but be not over-tedious.

JOAN

Look on thy country, look on fertile France,
And see the cities and the towns defaced
By wasting ruin of the cruel foe.

45

As looks the mother on her lowly babe
When death doth close his tender-dying eyes,
See, see the pining malady of France;
Behold the wounds, the most unnatural wounds,
Which thou thyself hast given her woeful breast.

50

O turn thy edgeÁd sword another way,
Strike those that hurt, and hurt not those that help.
One drop of blood drawn from thy country's bosom

Should grieve thee more than streams of foreign gore. 55
Return thee, therefore, with a flood of tears,
And wash away thy country's stained spots.

BURGUNDY *[aside]*

Either she hath bewitched me with her words,
Or nature makes me suddenly relent.

JOAN

Besides, all French and France exclaims on thee, 60
Doubting thy birth and lawful progeny.
Who join'st thou with but with a lordly nation
That will not trust thee but for profit's sake?
When Talbot hath set footing once in France
And fashioned thee that instrument of ill, 65
Who then but English Henry will be lord,
And thou be thrust out like a fugitive?
Call we to mind, and mark but this for proof:
Was not the Duke of Orleans thy foe?
And was he not in England prisoner? 70
But when they heard he was thine enemy
They set him free, without his ransom paid,
In spite of Burgundy and all his friends.
See, then, thou fight'st against thy countrymen,
And join'st with them will be thy slaughtermen. 75
Come, come, return; return, thou wandering lord,
Charles and the rest will take thee in their arms.

BURGUNDY *[aside]*

I am vanquished. These haughty words of hers
Have battered me like roaring cannon-shot
And made me almost yield upon my knees. 80
(To the others) Forgive me, country, and sweet
countrymen;
And lords, accept this hearty kind embrace.
My forces and my power of men are yours.
So farewell, Talbot. I'll no longer trust thee.

JOAN

Done like a Frenchman *±± [aside]* turn and turn again. 85

CHARLES

Welcome, brave Duke. Thy friendship makes us fresh.

BASTARD

And doth beget new courage in our breasts.

ALENCËON

Pucelle hath bravely played her part in this,
And doth deserve a coronet of gold.

CHARLES

Now let us on, my lords, and join our powers,
And seek how we may prejudice the foe.

90

Exeunt