

And we be lords and rulers over *Roan*;  
Therefore we'll knock.

[knocks.]

Watch. *Qui va la?*

Pucel. *Paisans, pauvres gens de France.*

Poor market-folks that come to sell their corn.

Watch. Enter, go in, the market-bell is rung.

Pucel. Now, *Roan*, I'll shake thy bulwarks to the ground.

[Exeunt.]

Enter Dauphin, Bastard, and Reignier.

Dau. Saint *Dennis* blefs this happy stratagem!  
And once again we'll sleep secure in *Roan*.

Bast. Here enter'd *Pucelle* and her partisans:  
Now she is there, how will she specify  
Where is the best and safest passage in?

Reig. By thrusting out a torch from yonder tow'r;  
Which once discern'd, shows that her meaning is  
No way to that, for weakness, which she enter'd.

Enter Joan la Pucelle on the top, thrusting out a torch burning.

Pucel. Behold, this is the happy wedding torch,  
That joineth *Roan* unto her countrymen,  
But burning fatal to the *Talbotines*.

Bast. See, noble *Charles*, the beacon of our friend,  
The burning torch in yonder turret stands.

Dau. Now shines it like a comet of revenge,  
A prophet to the fall of all our foes.

Reig. Defer no time, delays have dangerous ends;  
Enter and cry, *The dauphin!* presently,  
And then do execution on the watch.

[an alarm, Talbot in an excursion.]

Tal. *France*, thou shalt rue this treason with thy tears,  
If *Talbot* but survive thy treachery.

Pucelle, that witch, that damned forcerefs,  
Hath wrought this hellish mischief unawares,  
That hardly we escap'd being prize of *France*.

[Exit.]

SCENE