

[SCENE V.]

An alarm: excursions. Bedford brought in sick in a chair. Enter Talbot, and Burgundy without; within Joan la Pucelle, Dauphin, Bastard, and Alanfon on the walls.

Pucel. Good morrow, gallants; want ye corn for bread? I think, the duke of *Burgundy* will fast, Before he'll buy again at such a rate: 'Twas full of darnel; do you like the taste?

Burg. Scoff on, vile fiend, and shameless courtezan: I trust, ere long to choke thee with thine own, And make thee curse the harvest of that corn.

Dau. Your grace must starve, perhaps, before that time.

Bed. O, let not words but deeds revenge this treason!

Pucel. What will you do, good graybeard? break a lance, And run a tilt at death within a chair?

Tal. Foul fiend of *France*, and hag of all despite, Encompass'd with thy lustful paramours, Becomes it thee to taunt his valiant age, And twit with cowardise a man half dead? Damsel, I'll have a bout with you again, Or else let *Talbot* perish with his shame.

Pucel. Are you so hot? yet, *Pucelle*, hold thy peace; If *Talbot* do but thunder, rain will follow.

[they whisper together in counsel.]

God speed the parliament! who shall be the speaker?

Tal. Dare ye come forth and meet us in the field?

Pucel. Belike, your lordship takes us then for fools, To try if that our own be ours, or no.

Tal. I speak not to that railing *Hecate*, But unto thee, *Alanfon*, and the rest: Will ye, like soldiers, come and fight it out?

Alan. Seignior, no.

Tal. Seignior, hang then! — base muleteers of *France*! Like peasant footboys do they keep the walls,