

Placing therein some expert officers,
And then depart to *Paris* to the king;
For there young *Henry* with his nobles lies.

Burg. What wills lord *Talbot*, pleaseth *Burgundy*.

Tal. But yet before we go let's not forget
The noble duke of *Bedford*, late deceas'd,
But see his exequies fulfill'd in *Roan*.

A braver soldier never couched lance,
A gentler heart did never sway in court.
But kings and mightiest potentates must die,
For that's the end of human misery.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E VII.

Enter Dauphin, Bastard, Alanfon, and John la Pucelle.

Pucel. Dismay not, princes, at this accident,
Nor grieve that *Roan* is so recovered:
Care is no cure, but rather corrosive,
For things that are not to be remedy'd.
Let frantick *Talbot* triumph for a while,
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 rul'd.

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

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

Alan. We'll set thy statue in some holy place,
And have thee reverenc'd like a blessed saint:
Employ thee then, sweet virgin, for our good.

Pucel. Then thus it must be; this doth *Joan* devise:
By fair persuasions, mix'd with sugar'd words,
We will entice the duke of *Burgundy*
To leave the *Talbot*, and to follow us.

Dau. Ay, marry, sweeting, if we could do that,

France