

O, turn thy edged 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 common gore;
 Return thee therefore with a flood of tears,
 And wash away thy country's stained spots.

Burg. Either she hath bewitch'd me with her words,
 Or nature makes me suddenly relent.

Pucel. Besides, all *French* and *France* exclaim on thee,
 Doubting thy birth and lawful progeny.
 Whom 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 fashion'd thee that instrument of ill;
 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 not he in *England* prisoner?
 But when they heard he was thine enemy,
 They set him free without his ransom pay'd,
 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.
 Come, come, return, return, thou wand'ring lord,
Charles and the rest will take thee in their arms.

Burg. I'm vanquish'd: these haughty words of hers
 Have batter'd me like roaring cannon-shot,
 And made me almost yield upon my knees.
 Forgive me, country, and sweet countrymen;
 And, lords, accept this hearty kind embrace.
 My forces and my pow'r of men are yours. —
 So farewell, *Talbot*, I'll no longer trust thee.

Pucel. Done like a *Frenchman*: turn, and turn again.

Dau. Welcome, brave duke, thy friendship makes us fresh.

Bast. And doth beget new courage in our breasts.

Alan.