

Alan. *Pucelle* hath bravely play'd her part in this,
And doth deserve a coronet of gold.

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

S C E N E IX.

Paris.

Enter King Henry, Gloucester, Winchester, York, Suffolk, Somerset, Warwick, Exeter, &c. To them, Talbot with his Soldiers.

Tal. MY gracious prince and honourable peers,
Hearing of your arrival in this realm,
I have a while giv'n truce unto my wars,
To do my duty to my sovereign.
In sign whereof, this arm, that hath reclaim'd
To your obedience fifty fortresses,
Twelve cities, and sev'n walled towns of strength,
Beside five hundred prisoners of esteem,
Lets fall the sword before your highness' feet:
And, with submissive loyalty of heart,
Ascribes the glory of his conquest got,
First to my god, and next unto your grace.

K. Henry. Is this the fam'd lord *Talbot*, uncle *Glo'ster*,
That hath so long been resident in *France*?

Glou. Yes, if it please your majesty, my liege.

K. Henry. Welcome, brave captain and victorious lord!
When I was young (as yet I am not old)
I was remember'd how my father said,
A stouter champion never handled sword.
Long since we were resolved of your truth,
Your faithful service, and your toil in war;
Yet never have you tasted our reward,
Or been reguerdon'd with so much as thanks
Because till now we never saw your face:

Therefore