

Enter Scout.

Scout. Success unto our valiant general,
And happiness to his accomplices!

Dau. What tidings send our scouts? I pr'ythee, speak.

Scout. The *English* army, that divided was
Into two parts, is now conjoin'd in one,
And means to give you battle presently.

Dau. Somewhat too sudden, sirs, the warning is;
But we will presently provide for them.

Burg. I trust, the ghost of *Talbot* is not there;
Now he is gone, my lord, you need not fear.

Pucel. Of all base passions fear is most accurs'd. —
Command the conquest, *Charles*, it shall be thine:
Let *Henry* fret, and all the world repine.

Dau. Then on, my lords, and *France* be fortunate! *Exe.*

Alarm: excursions. Enter Joan la Pucelle.

Pucel. The regent conquers, and the *Frenchmen* fly. —
Now help, ye charming spells and periapts;
And ye choice spirits that admonish me,
And give me signs of future accidents: [thunder.
You speedy helpers that are substitutes
Under the lordly monarch of the north,
Appear, and aid me in this enterprize!

Enter Fiends.

This speedy quick appearance argues proof
Of your accustom'd diligence to me.
Now, ye familiar spirits, that are cull'd
Out of the pow'rful regions under earth,
Help me this once, that *France* may get the field.

[they walk, and speak not.

O, hold me not with silence over long!
Where I was wont to feed you with my blood,
I'll lop a member off, and give it you

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