

In earnest of a further benefit :

So you do condescend to help me now. [*they hang their heads.*

No hope to have redress? my body shall

Pay recompence, if you will grant my suit.

[*they shake their heads.*

Cannot my body nor blood-sacrifice

Entreat you to your wonted furtherance?

Then take my soul; my body, soul, and all,

Before that *England* give the *French* the foil.

[*they depart.*

See, they forsake me. Now the time is come,

That *France* must vail her lofty plumed crest,

And let her head fall into *England's* lap.

My ancient incantations are too weak,

And hell too strong for me to buckle with :

Now, *France*, thy glory droopeth to the dust.

[*Exit.*

Excursions. Pucelle and York fight hand to hand. Pucelle
is taken. The French fly.

York. Damsel of *France*, I think, I have you fast.

Unchain your spirits now with spelling charms,

And try if they can gain your liberty. —

A goodly prize fit for the devil's grace!

See how the ugly witch doth bend her brows,

As if, with *Circe*, she would change my shape.

Pucel. Chang'd to a worser shape thou can'st not be.

York. O, *Charles* the dauphin is a proper man;

No shape but his can please your dainty eye.

Pucel. A plaguing mischief light on *Charles* and thee,

And may ye both be suddenly surpris'd

By bloody hands, in sleeping on your beds!

York. Fell, banning hag, enchantress, hold thy tongue.

Pucel. I pr'ythee, give me leave to curse a while.

York. Curse, miscreant, when thou comest to the stake.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE