

*Pucel.* Decrepid miser, base ignoble wretch,  
I am descended of a gentler blood:  
Thou art no father nor no friend of mine.

*Shep.* Out, out! — My lords, an please you, 'tis not so;  
I did beget her, all the parish knows:  
Her mother living yet can testify  
She was the first fruit of my bach'lorship.

*War.* Graceless, wilt thou deny thy parentage?

*York.* This argues what her kind of life hath been,  
Wicked and vile; and so her death concludes.

*Shep.* Fie, *Joan*, that thou wilt be so obstacle!  
God knows, thou art a collop of my flesh;  
And for thy sake have I shed many a tear:  
Deny me not, I pray thee, gentle *Joan*.

*Pucel.* Peasant, avaunt! — You have suborn'd this man  
Of purpose to obscure my noble birth.

*Shep.* 'Tis true, I gave a noble to the priest,  
The morn that I was wedded to her mother. —  
Kneel down and take my blessing, good my girl.  
Wilt thou not stoop? now cursed be the time  
Of thy nativity! I would the milk  
Thy mother gave thee when thou suck'dst her breast,  
Had been a little ratbane for thy sake!  
Or else, when thou didst keep my lambs afield,  
I wish some rav'nous wolf had eaten thee!  
Dost thou deny thy father, cursed drab?  
O, burn her, burn her, hanging is too good. [Exit.

*York.* Take her away, for she hath liv'd too long,  
To fill the world with vicious qualities.

*Pucel.* First, let me tell you whom you have condemn'd:  
Not me begotten of a shepherd swain,  
But issu'd from the progeny of kings;  
Virtuous, and holy, chosen from above,  
By inspiration of celestial grace,  
To work exceeding miracles on earth.  
I never had to do with wicked spirits:

But