

HENRY VI PART 1

William Shakespeare

Alarum. Excursions. Enter JOAN LA PUCELLE.

JOAN LA PUCELLE: 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 enterprise.

Enter Fiends. This speedy and quick appearance argues proof
Of your accustom'd diligence to me.
Now, ye familiar spirits, that are cull'd
Out of the powerful 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
In earnest of further benefit,
So you do condescend to help me now.

They hang their heads No hope to have redress? My body shall
Pay recompense, if you will grant my suit.

They shake their heads. Cannot my body nor blood-sacrifice
Entreat you to your wanted 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.