Henry VI Part I Act III Scene 3  Joan la Pucelle: Aubrie Bohman

Dismay not, princes, at this accident,

Nor grieve that Rouen is so recovered:

Care is no cure, but rather corrosive,

For things that are not to be remedied.

Let frantic Talbot triumph for a while

And like a peacock sweep along his tail;

We'll pull his plumes and take away his train.

Look on thy country, look on fertile France,

And see the cities and the towns defaced

By wasting ruin of the cruel foe.

As looks the mother on her lowly babe

When death doth close his tender dying eyes,

See, see the pining malady of France;

Behold the wounds, the most unnatural wounds,

Which thou thyself hast given her woful breast.

O, turn thy edged sword another way;

Strike those that hurt, and hurt not those that help.

One drop of blood drawn from thy country's bosom

Should grieve thee more than streams of foreign gore:

Return thee therefore with a flood of tears,

And wash away thy country's stained spots.

Besides, all French and France exclaims on thee,

Doubting thy birth and lawful progeny.

Who joint'st thou with but with a lordly nation

That will not trust thee but for profit's sake?

When Talbot hath set footing once in France

And fashion'd thee that instrument of ill,

Who then but English Henry will be lord

And thou be thrust out like a fugitive?

Call we to mind, and mark but this for proof,

Was not the Duke of Orleans thy foe?

And was he not in England prisoner?

But when they heard he was thine enemy,

They set him free without his ransom paid,

In spite of Burgundy and all his friends.

See, then, thou fight'st against thy countrymen

And joint'st with them will be thy slaughtermen.

Come, come, return; return, thou wandering lord:

Charles and the rest will take thee in their arms.