

Now France, thy glory droopeth to the dust.

BLOCK 5.3b

*Excursions. Burgundie and Yorke fight hand to hand.
Burgundy dieth. French flye.*

YORK Damsell of France, I thinke I haue you fast,
Vnchaine your spirits now with spelling Charmes,
And try if they can gaine your liberty.
*A goodly prize, fit for the diuels grace.
See how the vgly Witch doth bend her browes,
As if with Circe, she would change my shape.*

JOAN *Chang'd to a worser shape thou canst not be:*

YORK *Oh, Charles the Dolphin is a proper man,
No shape but his can please your dainty eye.*

JOAN *A plaguing mischeefe light on Charles, and thee,
And may ye both be sodainly surpriz'd
By bloody hands, in sleeping on your beds.*

YORK Fell banning Hagge, Inchantresse hold thy tongue.

JOAN I prethee giue me leaue to curse awhile.

YORK Curse Miscreant, when thou comst to the stake!

Exeunt.