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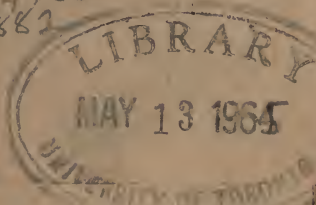
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- 24 Naught e'er should Seve
- 25 'Tis but a little Faded Fl
- 26 My Mother bids me Blind
- 27 Coming thro' the Rye (
- 28 Beautiful Isle of the Sea
- 29 Tell me, my Heart (Song)
- 30 I know a Bank (Duet)
- 31 The Minstrel Boy (Irish
- 32 Hommage au Genie
- 33 See what Pretty Broom
- 34 Tom Bowling (Song)
- 35 Tell me, Mary, how to V

- 36 When the Swallows Homeward Fly (Song)
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- 40 A Life on the Ocean Wave (Song)
- 41 Underling here I pray?
- 42 ... (Song)
- 43 ... (Song)
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JOAN OF ARC.

THE MAID OF ORLEANS.

A HISTORICAL ROMANCE, IN TWO ACTS.—BY THOMAS J. SERLE.



D.H.F

Dramatis Personæ.

[See page 11.]

First performed at the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, Tuesday, November 28th, 1837.

CHARLES, KING OF FRANCE ...	Mr. Serle.	GAOLER ...	Mr. Bender.
COUNT DUNOIS ...	Mr. Pritchard.	COLAMBERT (The Wizard of Chalons) ...	Mr. Meadows.
LA HIRE ...	Mr. Roberts.	THE FIEND KNIGHT ...	Mr. W. H. Payne.
ARNAUD ...	Mr. Tilbury.	THE ABBOT ...	Mr. Holmes.
MONTFORT ...	Mr. Howe.	ISABEL (Queen - Mother of France) ...	Mrs. Clifford.
THIBAUT ...	Mr. G. Bennett.	JOAN OF ARC ...	Miss Huddart.
GRAVELLE ...	Mr. C. J. Smith.	MADELON (her sister) ...	Mrs. East.
COLBERT ...	Mr. Yarnold.	AGNES ...	Miss. E. Phillips.
RAYMOND ...	Mr. Diddear.		
TALBOT ...	Mr. Waldron.		
LIONEL ...	Mr. Anderson.		
OFFICER ...	Mr. Collett.		

C O S T U M E .

THE KING.—*1st dress.*—Tunic of cloth of gold—armhole robe purple velvet—ermine and gold trimmings—coronet cap.—*2nd dress :* Full coronation robes. *3rd dress* same as *1st*.

DUNOIS, LA-HIRE, AND FRENCH KNIGHTS.—Armour, with surcoats, and shields of their arms.

ARNAUD.—Complete armour suit.

MONTFORT.—Plate armour shirt over a brown one—boots—red leggings.

ABBOT.—White ecclesiastical robes, trimmed with gold, scarlet, and lace.

THEBAUT.—*1st dress :* Brown and black shirt and hose. *2nd dress :* Rich crimson silk shirt.

TALBOT, LIONEL, & C.—Armour, with surcoats, and shields of their arms.

WIZARD.—Grey long tunic marked with characters.

FRENCH KNIGHT.—Complete suit of black armour.

SENTINELS, GAOLER, & C.—Shirts—breastplates—leggings—boots.

N.B.—All the armed wear helmets, the prevalent colour among the French attendants is the blue with silver lillies, and among the English scarlet with gold lions. Soldiers of each party breastplates and shirts.

ISABEL.—Blue dress trimmed with ermine, over which scarlet velvet and gold tissue tunic, trimmed with white ermine—coronet—chain piece of jewels.

JOAN.—*1st and 3rd dress :* Black and brown striped cloth gown. *2nd dress :* Suit of armour—silver with blue surcoat well covered with silver lilies.

LOUISE AND DADELON.—Rustic dresses.

LADIES OF THE COURT.—Trains—jackets—caps of the time.

S T A G E D I R E C T I O N S .

EXITS AND ENTRANCES.—R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; D. F. *Door in Flat*; R. D. *Right Door*; L. D. *Left Door*; S. E. *Second Entrance*; U. E. *Upper Entrance*; M. D. *Middle Door*; L. U. E. *Left Upper Entrance*; R. U. E. *Right Upper Entrance*; L. S. E. *Left Second Entrance*; P. S. *Prompt Side*; O. P. *Opposite Prompt*.

RELATIVE POSITIONS.—R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; C. *Centre*; R. C. *Right of Centre*; L. C. *Left of Centre*.

R.

RC.

C.

LC.

L.

❖❖ The Reader is supposed to be on the Stage, facing the Audience.

JOAN OF ARC.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Sunset. The Courtyard of an Hostel. Buildings on each side. The background, towards which a court is open, is formed of a landscape, in which are visible the Favy Oak, a tree of large proportions, grotesquely wreathed, and a ruined chapel. On one side of the buildings are sheds for cattle.*

Enter RAIMOND, and two or three Peasants, R.

Rai. Here, say you?

1st Peasant (Colbert.) Yes, I'm sure I saw him steal by these buildings, about this time last night.

2nd Peasant (Gravelle.) Then 'tis like if we watch half an hour he may come forth again.

Col. Let's search for him—let's drag him forth; this Englishman. I owe him a death for my poor murdered father's sake!

Gra. But one relation lost to urge your vengeance! The invaders have reft me of all; from a man with kin and friends around me, I stand a solitary ruined outcast!

Rai. Who among us but owns such wrongs! Tush! they are the burden of every tongue. Fire, famine, and the sword are all that labour now in our hapless land, and desolation is their harvest; the dead lie unburied, for they outnumber the living! Curses on the tyrants that drive their hirelings on to slaughter the innocent—Yes, let us search, my friends, there will be one devastating fiend the less on earth if we slay one of Isabel's warhounds.

Col. Search all round—you that way.

Rai. I heard something stir here—the door is fast—(Trying the door of the stables or cattle sheds.)—your mattock, Gravelle—Colbert, your staff, to wrench it from its hinge! The invader shall die!

(As they are forcing down the door, JOAN enters from the back, carrying buckets of water.)

Joan. Why, how now, masters!—would you rob me of my young lambs, sheltered here? Why ye are as fearful plunderers as the English!

Rai. It is one of these plunderers we seek,—this Englishman.

Joan. You seek him here?

Rai. Pardon, dear girl. It would be mine to guard you and yours from wrong, but Colbert has seen him.

Joan. Seen him!

Col. Aye, last night—let's search. Down with the door!

Joan. Stay, friends, that is my charge. It is not my will that you shall enter there!

Col. What, would you save?—

Joan. I will guard my own committed trust, and I can do so without your aid.

Col. Will you tell us then? Do you know anything?

Rai. Nay, tax her not with such foul treason! She harbour an Englishman! why, a maiden of France would as soon shelter a wolf in her lamb-fold! And do you suspect her? her whose prayers and hopes have cheered you when all else was terror? You have the key, Joan?

Joan. I have!

Rai. And you know all that is within?

Joan. I do!

Col. She may be mistaken—I will go on!

Gra. Down with the door if she will not open it.

Rai. Mark ye, my masters, if you dream of force against her, you have me to encounter. You don't expect me to stand by and see the girl I adore ill-treated, because you suspect that an Englishman has glided like a spirit through the keyhole? Why, has she not the key? has she not told you? Come, come, women have wilful ways! If you had asked her, she would have let you pass; but now—well—well—away with you, and we'll make better search for this spirit. (He gets them away a little.) Joan, you are not anger'd with me?

Joan. Oh, no, no, you are ever kind—ever—Raimond.

Rai. Bless you for that smile, they shall not vex you. Come this way, Colbert, come, Gravelle, let us away to the road, and watch; he cannot escape if we post ourselves upon the hillock, I warrant me. Forgive me, Joan, good even.

[Exit with Gravelle and Colbert R.]

Joan. Frank, noble Raimond! Indeed, you merit all the love 'tis woman's to bestow; but my heart can never be for thee. It is given entirely—fatally! Till I saw Lionel, I thought only on the wrongs of my poor country, they were my nightly dream, my daily vision! Ah, is it a wonder that they should be so? is not the reality around me in every horror war can perpetrate? France, have I not prayed for thee? Peace, have I not wept for thee? And yet—he!—Oh, does not mercy point the road to peace? Is it not vengeance that desolates our country? They are gone!—No one sees!—He must be gone too!—begone, for ever! and I must send him hence! It must be! (Opens the door.) Lionel, come forth, Lionel!

Enter LIONEL from the stable, L., his appearance is somewhat worn and haggard.

Alas! alas! to part with thee now, when thou

need'st more tending yet. I hoped to see full health glow on thy cheek again, and thanks sparkle from unclouded eyes; but we must do our duty without the grudging hope of reward. Your hiding is at length discovered, you must instantly begone!

Lion. Be not unmindful of your reward! Dear, generous girl, name what reward an English noble can pay, and it is yours; earned, not given. Have you not saved my life at the peril of your own, tended me many, many days, with hourly care, healed the wounds that no less than woman's pity could have staid from being mortal to me? Name the worth of an earldom.

Jean. An earldom! No, go, and show like mercy to my countrymen.

Lion. I am the sworn soldier of my King!

Jean. And I should be your foe! but we will not dispute this. Be merciful, Lionel, if you think you owe me aught. It is all that I may ask of you; for you must begone now, they are searching for you, and their revenge is not satisfied with death; the road is clear if you pass yonder, they have not thought of that; hate thinks not so keenly as—as friendship! Go at once!

Lion. Even thus? almost without a word? If it must be, farewell, yet remember, Joan, that should the English ever offer harm to you or yours, call on the name of Lionel, demand of them to see me if I were at my prayers! and you shall find that for your sake I can and will save!

Jean. You are yet weak?

Lion. Strong enough to make an effort for your safety. Joan, heaven send the day that I may show thee that English hearts are grateful!

Jean. I have been very weak! yet could I watch by him, could I sit there and see the life return and know I gave it—know too that it might cost my own? Hear the faint murmur of his thanks in fevered sleep—be all to him, friend, nurse, defender—could I do this and not love? But he is gone! He has passed safely!—they do not see him! No, he is gone!—he is safe!—Oh, heaven, have I deserved to be thus miserable? Can I not rejoice that he is safe? Oh, he is gone for ever! But he is safe! I will be!—I am—I am happy! I had forgotten my task.

(*Goes c. to take up her buckets but stands listlessly by them.*)

Enter THIBAUT, R. bearing MADELON, her hair is dishevelled and her dress bloodstained.

Thi. (c.) Joan, Joan, art deaf or idiot! Look to thy sister!

Jean. (Starting on seeing her.) Madelon!

Thi. Does she breathe still, or have they slain her too?

Jean. No, no, father she lives! Madelon, my Madelon! Who has done this?

Thi. The English! need you ask? She is not dead!

Jean. No, no! The English!

Thi. Poor wretch! perhaps 'twere better she were dead. It would be better all of us were dead! that something universal as the deluge should sweep us all away, than thus to die daily with those around us. He is murdered!

Jean. He, father!—Who?

Thi. Her husband! hers, your sister's husband! One that I've called son—your brother! They have murdered him!

Jean. They?

Thi. Would you ask again—the invaders! It is her husband's blood that she is dyed with.

Jean. Heaven have mercy!

Thi. Mercy! Call aloud for curses, girl, for they are now our only prayers: for deepest curses, the blighting lightning, and the storm of fire, earthquake, and pestilence, and worse than all, man's cruelty; let's pray that they may fall on them; and all that love them, that they love—

Jean. Madelon!

Thi. Do not wake her—bear her in! Here, you, Louise! Louise, I say; is she lost too? Louise!

Enter LOUISE.

Look here, and don't stand wondering, like Joan, but bear in Madelon! (*To Joan.*) Don't touch her, since you're grown so dull, Louise shall tend her, do you hear? Leave her alone.

LOUISE bears in MADELON. Joan stands with her hands clasped and her eyes raised to Heaven, c.

Aye, you were wont in dreams to pray for France, And to see hope in visions—idle, weak thing, Cannot you curse? Cannot you call for vengeance?

Dull dreamer! Hear, and rise with me to curses! Marauding soldiers, hunting for their chief, Beheld her beauty—do you wish to hear From me, her father, what it shames a man To speak? They seized on her, Poor Claude came up,

They slew him! and his last groan was pour'd forth

For his wife's shame—his wife, your sister, Joan! Can you not curse? (*Looks at her tenderly.*) Girl, girl, how deadly pale!

And you weep now. Joan, I have wronged you, Joan!

Oh, Joan! my children, Joan! my son and daughter!

(*They sink into each other's arms, after a moment he starts up.*)

Will you not curse with me?

Jean. Heaven! heaven! have pity!

Enter RAIMOND, R., his sword drawn, and bleeding.

Rai. They have escaped!

Thi. Why need you tell me that?

All who do evil 'scape, the innocent fall Like leaves in autumn—

Jean. Father!

Thi. Silence, Joan!

Anguish must howl, or burst the heart that holds it.

Rai. We have down two of them, the rest were yielding,

When the pale man, that Colbert saw last night, Came up with us, he snatched a sword from one, Held us at bay, and made good their retreat. While as they went they shouted "Lionel!"

Jean. (R.) Lionel!

Rai. Lionel! the man we sought.

Jean. He sav'd them—sav'd the murderers! Lionel!

Rai. Aye!

Thi. He sav'd them! sav'd them, Joan!

Can you not hate? Can you not call for vengeance

On him?

Joan. Forgive me, and forbear me, father!
I am not undeepest—I am not dull!
I am not unfeeling—I am not, my father!
Let me to Agnes's shrine!

Thé. (L.) To dream anew!

Joan. Father! It is not always by the strong
The victory comes. I know not what I am!
Impulses rise within me—new and strange,
And uncontrollable. Father, dear father!
'Tis not that my brain's wreck'd, for never held it
So much of thought. I know my duty, father!
I can breathe prayers, and they are for my
country—

Alone for it! I have no other thought,
I can hope the destruction of the spoiler,
And yet it scarcely seems a mortal hope.
I feel a minister of solemn wrath.
In my poor sister's fate, and in Claude's death,
And in your agony I see all France,
For thousands weep, as we are weeping, father!
I will not curse! I will strive not to feel!
But I will pray to smite!

(She is going, L.)

Rai. She goes to the shrine.

Joan. (Returns, R., and kneels.) Bless, me, my
father! do not think me wayward!

Oh, love me, father! What are home and country
But kindred's love, and parent's fondness—bless
me!

For these are France to me, although they bid me
Devote myself for France; and do not doubt me,
For the strong suffering strikes out strong deeds,
As the hard trampling of the barbed horse
Beats fire from dullest stones. I suffer, father!
And I will do!—bless me!

Thé. I bless thee, Joan!

(Music.—She rises and goes steadily to-
wards St. Agnes's shrine, L., Thibaut
and Raymond go silently into the
house, R.)

SCENE II.—The Ruined Chapel of St. Agnes—
Moonlight. At the back of the scene a large
window is left standing; on the pillars, and the
statue of St. Agnes on the L., the light falls vividly,
a broken flat tomb, R., in front.

JOAN enters at the L. U. E., and gradually comes
forward.

Joan. I us'd to find peace here—'tis fled from
all,

The world is one wide wreck! I will not think
Of what has been. I have lov'd! and he I loved
Abets my brother's murder!—Guards the spoilers
Of my own sister. I am an accomplice
In all! I spar'd!—I sav'd him! There are things
To show whom mercy is a wicked cruelty—
The snake, the wolf, the man who trades in blood,
There's but one word for "Kill!" they but tempt
heav'n

Who spare them. There are spectres in my eyes,
That will not leave them. Darkness, or the light,
Open, or closed, there is the bleeding Claude,
And there the pale, sham'd, silent Madelon.
How can I sear this horror from my heart?
What offering of life, or more than life,
Can pluck the guilt out? Oh, that by this hand,
Weak, but devoted by my soul, the sword
Of vengeance and protection might be wielded
To guard the future, and revenge the past,
How gladly would I grasp on martyrdom,

And own no thought, no hope, no pain, no fear,
But for my righteous task. Oh, that my will
Could pluck down power, though it crushed my-
self,

To exterminate the invaders!

(Joan returns to C.—A very low, sweet
organ peal is heard.)

Strange! and yet
I have dreamed so sometimes, when I could scarce
Distinguish truth from fancy.

(It swells and then dies away.)

Is it gone?

I could weep for it, 'twas so beautiful!
(She kneels before the statue.)

Oh, do not leave me, holy, happy thoughts
Which these sounds brought to me. Here have I
knelt

Before, and found sweet answers to my prayer;
Be gracious, holy Agnes, to me now.

(She falls asleep—the moon becomes
obscured. A voice is heard from the
statue.)

Voice. Maiden, the prayer thou hast preferred
Is by supernal powers heard;

I can thy inmost wishes see,
Thy thoughts shall answer be to me.

Thou shalt have all that thou dost ask,
If thou dar'st accept the task;
Devoting all thou hast and art,
Even the weakness of thy heart.

High spirits wait on thy command,
All power is thine to save the land;
But if for thine own selfish ends,
Thou usset that which heaven lends;

Thy glory shall depart, thy soul
Fall under evil powers' control;
Thy country perish in the strife,
Unless 'tis ransom'd with thy life.

(A few sustained notes on the organ.)

I read thy heart—the means behold!

(The arched window becomes transparent,
and behind it is presented a Tableau
Vivant of the King's court, with Joan
led in by Dunois.)

CHORUS, invisible.

Maiden! fear not! the bravest knight shall bring
Thee and thy cause before thy country's king.

(The tableau dissolves.)

Voice. Thy arms, the banner thou'lt unfold,
Shall to thy sight now present be;
The sword, which pictur'd thou wilt see
Command be taken from a cell,
In which the mouldering buried dwell,
Beneath St. Katharine's altar stone,
Nor shall the sword be there alone.
As tokens they to thee are given,
Thy country's fetters shall be riven,
And every friend and every foe,
Thee for her great avenger know.
See Orleans, Charles's hope and tower,
From England rescued by thy power.

(The second tableau. Joan on her coat-
black horse before the burning fort
raised against Orleans.)

CHORUS.

Hail to thee, maiden. Hail!
These shall thy triumphs be,
Hail to thee, maiden. Hail,
All shall thy glory see.

Statue. Now to thy grateful country's praise,
Maiden, thy rapt senses raise!
Behold the holiest festival;
The land redeem'd from foreign thrall
By thee: behold thy great reward,
Chosen upon her sovereign lord
To place the French imperial crown.
Behold and joy the unmatched renown.

(Third Tableau. The coronation of
Charles by Joan in the Cathedral of
Rheims.)

CHORUS, invisible.

Maiden, behold thy native country free!
Next Heaven, thy king shall hold his crown from thee.

(The chorus dies away. The tableau
dissolves, the organ peal is heard while
the moon shines out upon the pillars
and statue, and all resumes the appear-
ance of the scene as at its opening.)

Joan (Rushing from her sleep.) I accept, I claim
the task! 'Twas no mere dream!

I feel the strong assurance in my soul—
I am not as I was—the immortal sights
Have made me part of them! Spirits of the slain,
Rejoice ye, for I come in vengeance arm'd
With power to chase your murderers from the
land.

The glow of battle circles in my veins,
Eternal Heavens! I am your instrument!
Up France and strike—I bring deliverance!

[Exit, L.]

SCENE III.—The hall of the Monastery of Fierboys.
An arch, through which is seen the church of St.
Katharine, a noble, cathedral-like structure, nearly
filling the space. Banners of France, suits of ar-
mour, &c., hanging on the walls, within the arch,
indicate a royal residence near the seat of war.

Enter MONTFORT. ARNAUD meets him, R.

Mont. Where is the King?

Arn. He is dismounting.

Mont. Thanks.

Will he come hither?

Arn. Yes, he'll pass this hall.

Mont. He must not pass till I have speech with
him.

Attendants enter R. and L. and range themselves, then
Charles's officers, from the arch, R., lastly the
KING, with LA HIRE, ABBOT, &c.

Charles. Tell me more, La Hire, mine ears are
drunken.

With the bad tidings. Henry crown'd in Paris!
My cousin Burgundy, the crown's first vassal,
Desert me in my need!

La Hire. That's scarce the worst!

Your mother, sire, the Queen.

Charles. She, too, repels me!

La Hire. With open mocks against you, I beheld
her

Seat your young rival on your throne!

Charles. No more!

Even nature war against us in the breast,
That cradled our young life. The hate she bore
My father, now with more unnatural aim
Strikes me, his son and hers!

Mont. Sire, grant me speech with you.

I come from Orleans.

Charles. Orleans!

Mont. (Kneeling, L.) Send us succour.

We crave it, sire, as men in our extremity.

It is by miracle I've passed the walls.

Built by the English to encircle us;

Which have long barr'd us both from help and
food,

So that if hearts be firm while yet they beat,
By very famine must the English conquer,
For our gaunt warriors drop down in the streets,
And all that we can do to hold the town,
Is that the English find us dead within it.

Charles. Mother of mercy, this is pitiful!
Orleans! the best stay of my cause! Where's
Xantrailles?

Can he not beat them back?

Mont. He's dead, my liege!

Charles. Aye, brave men ever snatch the shield
of death,

To cover them from shame. Would I could die
To save my people, or forget their wrongs.

My all upon this chance! Where are my Scotch,

The brave Earl Donglass and his followers?

Arn. My liege, his bands have mutinied for pay,
And the brave Earl is powerless to help you.

Charles. Shall I not find men even to see me
die?

You hear your answer.

Mont. We must yield the town!

(He retires slowly.)

Charles. And so I yield my kingdom. I'll not
ask

Of them, or any to shed more blood for me.

(Takes off his crown.)

Here is my crown, the last wealth I have left,

I have no longer need of such a bauble,

Part here among you gold and gems, and so

I have given all. Dunois!

(Seeing him.)

Enter DUNOIS, L. c.

Dun. My gracious liege!

Charles. Strange! you speak cheerly! Welcome!
cousin, welcome!

Dun. I bring you tidings worthy of a welcome.

A maid, commissioned by no earthly power,

Demands that she be brought before her King,

Herald of weal and safety to the land.

Of terror and swift vengeance to its foes.

Charles. We cannot jest, the realm is lost. Pray
spare us unseasonable mirth.

Dun. Believe and triumph;

Refuse and fall indeed.

Charles. Your speech is earnest,

What proof hath won your credence?

Dun. I look'd on her.

And saw high purpose brightening on her brow,

Such as no human mission ever bore.

Already from her looks have foeman fled,

Herself unarm'd, unaided, and the people

Throng round her, shout and call her prophetess,

And bring her hither with loud songs of triumph.

Charles. If she bear mission more than mortal to
us

She will know to whom to bear it; if she err

The imposture is declared.

(The first chorus in the vision is heard.)

The King places La Hire upon a seat
which is brought in by two attendants,
he then takes his station in the crowd
of followers. Dunois goes and returns
with Joan, R.)

Joan. That sound speaks certainty. It all shall
happen

As it hath been foretold. (Sees *La Hire*.) Dare you sit there?

To mock the solemn embassy I bear?
Dare you encounter all the wrath I bring?

(*La Hire involuntarily rises, and quits the place.*)

To vindicate my mission? King! your throne!
Nor meet with idle dalliance the fate
That speaks to you in me? Put on your crown,
For crowned I behold you.

(*The King replacing his crown, resumes his seat, and then all arranging themselves in a very different manner from before, form the first Tableau of the vision. Joan kneels at the King's feet.*)

King! all hail! (General acclamation.)

Dun. Most happy omen!

Charles. You have seen me then?

Joan. I've never left till now my native fields
Where you have never been, at *Dom Remi*,
Yet have I seen you; and to look upon you
Assures me of the truth of all to come.

Charles. What art thou?

Joan. But an humble village girl,
That liv'd by tending on my father's sheep.

Abbot. Can such a one work wonders, and restore

With power supernatural the estate of France?

Joan. Lord Abbot, you should know that oft
humility

Is chosen to confound the proud.

Abbot. If so

Give us a sign and proof of such high calling.

Joan. Look round you. See, the land is desolate;

Fire and the sword make earth the reign of hell!
Need you another sign?

Abbot. For the pretence

Of inspiration.

Joan. The pretence: Lord Abbot!

I came as doth the fresh wind, when the pestilence

Stagnates all life; to do the high behests,
Which are my nature, and which are no more
My own will, than that wind's, when it restores
Health to the sick. I come with no pretence
But my devotion to my task.

Charles. She answers

Firmly.

Dun. And truly.

Joan. Pause you yet for signs?

Are they not in your hearts and sufferings?
Is there one here whose blood cries not on murder
Of some dear friend, of parent or of child?
And he is happy if the butcher
Hath struck no deeper? Are these bloods so tame,

That all the shames your sisters, children, wives
Have suffer'd, dooming them to living death,
Will let you pause, and calmly ask for signs?
Such murder have I seen, and such worse cruelty
And I, a woman, sate not tamely down
To wring my hands, but pray'd and arm'd for vengeance,

Wrestled with wishes, till my hopes were signs,
My miseries signs, anguish'd remorse a sign,
And all the agonies that man appeals with,
To heaven, the cry of blood, unerring signs
That vengeance should be granted!

Dun. Wherefore pause we?

Joan. You are wise to palter, when you stake so deeply!

Nobles of France, which of you hath a rood
Of land, or a poor vassal, if the English
Strike but another blow? Are ye not beaten
Till even honour turns her back on you,
And cries "Shame," to the chivalry of France?
Ask of your fathers' bones within their tombs
A sign! and the grim spectres shall rise up
And shout to you "Your house's infamy,"
Where not a man unbeaten, or a maid
Unstain'd, survives to bear that house's name.
Yes, Knights of France, you've time to pause for signs!

Dun. My liege—my friends!

Arn. For France! let our swords answer!

Joan. (Kneels.) King! by the glory of thy crown,
cast down

And trampled on the earth, by all the mockeries
That now await thee from insulting foes,
By thy cold life imprisonment they doom thee—
By the long line extinguished and forgotten—
By all the curses which thy people pour
On him who swore to guard them, yet betrays them,

And as thou'lt answer to the highest crown—
In heaven's and thy country's cause, send forth
Her sons to victory!

All. To victory!

(All strike their swords on their shields.)

Joan. (c.) Hear—hear ye that! ye who demand
a sign,

Look on each eye, behold each swelling breast—
List to the thrilling shout, and take the deeds
That wait on such inspirings for your sign!

Charles. Take thou this sword, the constable of France

Resign'd it but this morn—and now I place it
In thy more worthy hand.

Joan. Not so, my liege!

Go to *St. Katharine's* church—dig up the stone
Before the altar, thence bring sword and armour,
On the sword blade three *fleur-de-lys* are graven;
These only must I bear!

Abbot. That altar stone

This morning hath been mov'd—the arms there
found

Are here by my command. Maiden, go forth
And conquer, for thou speakest truth.

(The sword and armour are brought by his attendants to her.)

Joan. Enough.

Who here will bear a letter to the citizens
Of Orleans, that when they behold our banner
And hear our onset cry, they sally forth.

(*Raimond advances from the throng.*)

Thou!

Rai. (L. c.) I! I came to follow all thy fortunes

Though I may not partake them.

Joan. (R. c.) Thou!—Yet be it so—

The best, and thou art one—are sacrifices
Fit for our freedom's altar. By the letter
Written and given to him. Thy thy life
Thou put'st in peril.

Rai. I know well its danger—

I am prepared, even were the worst assured.

Joan. Such are the hearts we want, for where
such arc,
Freedom and peace, glory, security,
Never desert the land. Give me my arms,

Then all that love their land, their king, their homes,
Follow to Orleans! Follow me, and turn not,
Till you behold me turn!—Follow to Orleans!

(Chorus.—The white banner described in the second vision is brought. Joan receives it with recognition and reverence, she waves it, and all rush off following her, c.)

SCENE IV.—The ground between Orleans and the English lines. On the right extending into the half distance a section of the wall, erected by the besiegers, and strengthened by forts at intervals: On the left the gates of the town. Over the walls on the right are seen the English tents, and the distant hills. The respective flags float from the battlements.

Enter TALBOT and LIONEL R., with English troops, receiving the QUEEN, with her attendants and forces.

Tal. Your Majesty is come in happy time
To see the town of Orleans rendered up.
Safe are you here some minutes by the truce,
But when the bell tolls for the even song,
The dire assault of war once more begins,
Unless their lives be yielded to our mercy.

Isa. (c.) You know what mercy, lords, to show
to traitors,

Let them ask mercy of your soldiery,
Smarting with wounds, and heated by their toil,
And let their wrath reply.

Lion. Madam, in pity—

Isa. (R.) Pity! but you are young and beard-
less boys,

Have thoughts like smooth-checked maidens.

Lion. Gracious madam,

My sword hath not been wielded to deserve
A taunt.

Isa. Then let your heart be tempered like it.

Tal. Rouen and Caen, and many a town have
felt,

That vengeance stays not while it finds a foe

Alive to suffer, and so perish all

Within this Orleans!

Isa. All the town shall be

Their charnel-house, and our hate's monument,

Nor can the poor slaves satisfy the loathing,

My son inherits from the idiot father,

Into whose arms my treacherous fortune thrust
me,

Open you gate. (The Fort.) Show ye the deeds of
men,

Or I'll return and shame you with a woman's

Tal. Double the sentinels, that not one chance

Of an escape be left them. I'll not spare

A man of them.

(Sentinels are placed by the English line, Isabel, Salisbury, and all the party retire L., to the forts, leaving Riamond, who entered in the Queen's train.)

Rai. The truce will end, our friends will hope-
less yield,

These watch, how can I speed the letter?

Sent. Friend,

To stay here is a post of danger, soon

The bell will toll, and then the first are sure

To meet with fatal blows.

Rai. A man must do

His duty, and for that he must not care

What dangers wait on it.

Sent. Well! take your chance.

Rai. Are you a marksman? I would wager
now

I'd hit the pinnacle of yonder tower.

Sent. 'Tis truce, you must not shoot into the
town,

Soon you'll have need enough for all your arrows.

Rai. Only in sport. This arrow's blunt, look
here. (Fires.)

I've miss'd. I'll try again.

Sent. (Turning on his beat.) Peace! Thoughtless
boy,

No more of this; you must learn discipline.

Rai. Now for the letter? (Fixes it on his arrow.

Speed! Thou hope of France!

Sent. I bid thee not to shoot.

2nd Sent. (From the English walls.) He fixed a
paper,

To his last arrow. I'll call up the captains,

This is a traitor.

(Disappears from the wall.)

Sent. Ha! is that the sport?

You'll yield your life still sooner than I thought.

Rai. Why, now, I cannot yield my life too soon,
For its last use is sped.

TALBOT, LIONEL, and some English re-enter, R.

Tal. A spy! an emissary! how now, sirrah!

How came you, hither?

Rai. With the Queen!

Tal. The Queen,

Where are her captains? Say what leader knows
thee.

Whom dost thou serve? Speak!

Rai. France.

2nd Sent. I saw him fix

A letter to his arrow, which he shot

Yonder into the town.

Tal. Thou art a traitor,

Thou did'st not shoot him dead e'er he could fire
it,

Sirrah, we'll place thee as a mark against

Yon walls, and many a wound shall bring thee tor-
ment,

Ere death release thee, if thou tell us not,
All thou hast done, and wherefore, and the tidings

Thou'st sped into the town.

Rai. Lead me to death—

Or to the torture that may make me hope it,

And be my sufferings the first sacrifice

For my regenerate country. Know I've sped

Intelligence of vengeance swift and terrible,

Ready to burst on tyrants. (Thunder.) Listen,
lord,

To this type of an iron storm, Ah, love!

I perish for thee gladly! France, farewell!

Thou wilt be happy, but thou hast no joy

For me to share—'tis fit that I should die.

Lead on!

Lion. Poor youth!

Rai. Your queen, your friends will mock you

And I ask not compassion. I would cast

Burthensome life away, and you make death

A triumph. On! (Bell tolls.)

Tal. To arms! the truce is ended!

Sound parley to the walls.

(Trumpet sounds, Citizens appear in
armour on the wall.)

Now yield ye, villains,

To your liege lord, and proffer him your lives,

Or perish in the assault ye cannot stem.

Citizen. We will not yield, famine or sword may slay us,
But we'll die true to France, and to our king.

Tal. Behold the fate that waits on each of you,
Bind him, and draw your bows, and show your skill

To eke out life in torments. (*Distant shouts to L.*)
Ho! to arms!

They bring more Frenchmen to our willing swords!

(*Battle—Second Tableau of Vision.*)

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The Interior of the Cathedral at Rheims. All the French party attending on the Coronation. The Third Chorus is sung, then great shouts.*

Charles. (*Advancing c.*) This is the solemn seal of our success,
That from the hand that has won back our kingdom;

We shall receive its crown.
And now, look round thee,
Advance! (*To Thibaut and Madelon.*) Behold,
who share thy honours with thee,

Rejoice for them!

Joan. (*Throwing herself into Thibaut's arms, &c.*)

My father!
Thi. My blest child!

Charles. Blest be the daughter in her father's blessing!

Next to our royal house thy house shall be
First in the land, and on thy shield the arms
Of France be borne, that henceforth thy alliance
May add a dignity to proudest nobles.

Choose thou a prince,
Be he the highest, it shall be his glory
To call thee his!

Dun. (*R.*) Before my king and France,
I here proclaim such were my proudest honour;
Nor for the glory only do I seek her,
But as the dearest, gentlest, fondest wish,
Can join with happiness a brave man's heart!

Joan. (*R. c.*) It must not be. Spare me, I am unworthy;

My father, and my king, and brave Dunois,
Pardon me all! Know when the might was given
me,

By which the land is freed, I cast aside
All that could tempt me from the sacred cause
For which my power was given; the weal of
France

Is my vow'd, sole, and all engrossing hope,
There is no love with which this heart can beat,
That were not sin 'gainst that heav'n answer'd
vow,

I am sworn to it!
With me, death, sin, and love are one!

(*A shout is heard without.*)

That shout!
What means it?

Charles. Are the foe on us again?

Joan. It struck upon my heart

With a more fatal fear.

Is't so? Must we to arms?

La Hire. (*Returning from the side.*) 'Tis but the

people!

Incensed with the long cruelties of war,

Striving to wreak their vengeance on a prisoner!

Charles. A prisoner!

La Hire. It is not well now to contend with them,

Nor is it safe—their sufferings have earn'd
The right to slay him!

Charles. Slay! Who is that prisoner?

La Hire. The one (*to Joan*) at Orleans, whom your
mercy spared—

The English leader, Lionel,

Joan. Is't he?

Do none of you feel pity for a youth
Slain cowardly by the hands of ruffians hope-
lessly

Led to the slaughter?

Dun. He's an Englishman!

We must not tempt the people.

Joan. In the church

Of heaven, he says this—King, and you brave
knights,

Say you as he does, or—all silent! all!

Will none go forth?

Charles. The guards will do their duty.

Joan. Have thy guards done their duty, when to
save

Thy kingdom was their office?

Charles. Dost thy heart

Turn from its office? Thou has led us on
With words of vengeance, thou hast told us
slaughter

Became a righteous deed!

Joan. I did! I did!

It was, it is my office. Must this be?

(*Appealing to Heaven. Another shout.*)

How now?

La Hire. They break the prison gates!

Joan. Merciful heaven!

Do no brave hearts oppose them?

La Hire. All are borne

Away in the great tide—the doors are burst;

Joan. They'll slay him! and I have the power

To save! Will none follow me?

Great shouts—LIONEL rushes in followed by COLBERT, GRAVELLE, and the mob, whom ARNAUD and MONTFORT, endeavour to keep back. Joan interposes and stands before him.

Forbear, you stand

Before your king!—before a greater power!

You are within the church!

Col. He slew your brother!

Down with him!

All. Down with him!

Joan. Give me your hand.

Life, death, weal, woe eternal, all for thee!

King, thou hast given me thy royal word

That whatsoever I ask is mine. In recompense.

Of all thou deemest worthy thanks—grant me

His life!

Mob. No, no, he shall not live!—Strike!—Down

with him!

Charles. Silence!—You hear the people—hear

the cry

Of blood that calls for blood to answer it!

For safety and for right he must be yielded.

Joan. Is there no truth, no mercy, justice,

honour,

Left in thy heart great king! Here, Lionel,

Cling to the altar rails—Keep back from him!

He is within the sanctuary of heaven!

Now cower ye whom fear alone can teach,

Or slay us both upon the holy altar.

King, shall the sacred oil that should anoint thee

Be mingled with man's blood? Wilt thou have shrieks
Of death ring where the solemn strain of blessing
Should peal? Wilt thou declare to man
And heaven, a murder, for thy reign's first act?
Or shall a deed of mercy hallow thee
A monarch, consecrate thy rule to peace?

Charles. If we might spare—

Joan. Might! Art thou not a king?

I do not urge what I have have done to save
Thee and thy realm; but if thou dost deny me
My task is done. I lay upon this altar.
The symbols heaven has lent thee—in its name,
No more I lead the bands to victory,
That know not how to spare a fallen foe!

Charles. My people! You and I owe all to her,
Let him be spared, let him pass freely hence.
We must not war with Heaven!

Joan. Bless thee, king!

And blessings on ye all—my countrymen!
Do not your hearts feel blessed in this act?
Cannot you now pour out pure thanks for peace
Restored—upheld by mercy! Take thy crown—
With it all love—Long live the king!

(Chorus.—The King is crowned—the
groups forming Third Tableau in
Vision.)

SCENE II.—A gloomy Cavern. The path is indicated on the upper part of the scene, &c., by a few blighted shrubs, on which the camp fires reflect; further in is seen a subterranean waterfall.

Enter ISABEL and COLAMBERT, R.

Isa. Deny me not—no word of hesitation—I need thy aid.

Col. Thou fearless-hearted woman,
'Tis such as thou control the powers of darkness
And make them slaves to their brave purposes.

Isa. Summon some fiend to wreak my wrath on her—

The prophetess—the wondrous maid of Orleans!
And he shall have the worship of my life;
And thou such guerdon as beseems a queen.

Wizard. The maiden giving all to save her country.

Without one selfish thought to invite temptation,
Smiles at the powers infernal. Yet though it pierce me

With all the agonies of envying malice—
Yet against hope—I'll do thy bidding, queen!
But be prepared to encounter fearful wrath,
From those we summon vainly.

(He collects weeds and makes a small fire before the waterfall, into which he throws a powder; as the smoke passes the waterfall becomes illuminated with a dim, murky redness, and the shadow of Joan appears in an attitude of despair. Low, mournful wild music.)

Ha! is it so?

Isa. What strange joy flashes in thine eyes?

Wizard. Peace, peace!

She thinks in sorrow! if she thinks in sin,
'Tis mine to know her thoughts.

(He throws in another powder, the shade of Lionel appears.)

Her vow is broken

Within her heart if not in very deed!

Dread powers! answer me! Show me the past!

I may not ask the future, but the past
Shall show me that.

(He throws in another powder. Joan is seen rescuing Lionel.)

Look, look! what she hath done!
Against her vow she hath saved her enemy,
The enemy of her land.

(Joan gives him the sword; he departs after leavelaking, as they speak.)

And now, dost see

Isa. She gives a sword.

Wizard. It is the sword she bore,
The gift of miracle. With that she yields
The fortunes of your foes.

Isa. Dost thou speak true?

Wizard. Look at her own despair! She hath cast aside

Her glory and her oath.

(He throws in another powder, the rescue of Lionel is seen, as in the 1st scene, but in the same dim, gloomy firelight.)

Queen! I will call the fiend.

She hath been assisted by supernal powers,
The heart of flesh betrays her now to us.

(Waves his hand, throws in fresh fuel.)

By the evil in man's heart,
Spirit come and do thy part.
Evil from thee no space can sever,
Now obey to rule for ever.

Chorus heard, invisible.

Open the flaming portals wide,
Go forth on the lava tide,
Go! our blessing is a ban,
Go wreak evil upon man!

(Thunder and lightning. The rock bursts with noise and flame. The BLACK KNIGHT with his vizor closed appears before them.)

Black Knight. (C.) I know my errand. Queen,
I'll to thy leaders.

Stir not to cross me. See here is thy signet,
Which they obey: Stir not and she is thine,
And all that follow her.

[He vanishes, R. U. E.]

Wizard. Thy wish is granted.

Isa. Let her be mine, and all that thou canst wish

Shall be the price. But whither goes that man?

Wizard. That man! already he hath done
what'er

Is needed in thy camp. Already is he
With her.

Isa. With her! what will he do?

Wizard. I cannot

Show thee the future, but whatever is
May be before thee, see.

(Throws powder on the fire.)

(The shadows appear acting the language spoken, to low melancholy music.)

Isa. The knight and she

Converse. Who is that youth dissuading her,
And watching with suspicion him you sent?

Wizard. It is her lover, Raimond.

Isa. See she assents

To the Black Knight.

Wizard. What ear could close itself
Against the melody of his persuasion,
He knows each thought she owns, and answers it,
And guides it to his purpose.

Isa. (In ecstasy.) She comes with him!

Wizard. But the youth looks on high and follows her.

The vision passes.

Isa. More!

Wizard. Cease woman, cease,

He has appealed against us—the event
Must show the rest.

Isa. More!

Wizard. No, my brain is dizzied!

Thou knowest not of these tasks—give me the air—

The fumes we breathe are not the airs of earth,
They madden and destroy. Come, come, I say.

(*He draws her with him from the cave &c.*)

SCENE III.—A Rocky Defile.

The BLACK KNIGHT is discovered *c.*, at the extremity of the pass, he comes slowly forward, followed by JOAN; about half way from the front, she stops.

Joan. (*c.*) Must we pass further on this desolate track?

(*The Black Knight L., points onward.*)

'Tis wild.

(*The Knight motions her to return if she fears.*)

No! no! 'tis my appointed task.

(*They continue to advance to the front of the stage.*)

Here stand and answer me, where is the foe

Whom thou hast promis'd to deliver up?

Thou camest to me, a traitor to thy country,

I have but the pledge of a false word to trust thee,
Speak! show me straight the enemy.

(*The Knight, L., still points onwards.*)

We are here

Alone!—speak to me, but a word—one word,

To break this horrid silence—

Why hast thou brought me hither? In this hand
Death hath ere now been wielded,

(*The Knight points to her sword, and indicates contempt.*)

Thou knowest all—

My shame to change that sword! Mysterious man

Who hath informed thee of that unknown deed!

Thou art not he, for whom that change was made?
(*The Knight answers no.*)

He hath not told thee!

(*The Knight answers no.*)

Thou shalt speak to me,

Be what thou wilt! I'll force my soul to mate
thee—

Speak!—I will cleave thee dead.

(*The Knight advances, and drops his arms, as if to receive the blow.*)

Dost brave my wrath?

My arm was never powerless till now—

My breath came never heavily, nor dews

Clay-cold burst from my forehead. I am weak,

What is there in his presence, that should awe me,

Mute and defenceless as he stands before me!

And yet—thou wilt not speak—show me thy face,

I do adjure thee by—

(*The Knight opens his vizor, she stands for a moment transfixed, c.*)

Or man or demon,

I will not fly thee! Ho, advance! advance!

(*The Knight sounds his bugle, a distant answer is heard.*)

(*The ENGLISH, headed by TALBOT and LIONEL enter, preventing the advance of the French soldiers, c.*)

Joan. The fiend hath conquer'd us.

Yet 'twas foretold, my death should save my country.

Tal. Throw down your arms! the first that strikes a blow,

Dooms not alone himself, but all his fellows
To instant death. Yield all, or all shall die.

Joan. Here is your mark—this breast!

I am the prophethess—the Maid of Orleans!

Tal. No, not upon her!

Let not one

Peril her life, but seize on her and bind her.

Joan. If it must be,

Perhaps it is my lot so to endure,

I can endure for France!

(*The English soldiers advance, the French lay down their arms, Lionel passes silently to Joan.*)

Lion. I will be near thee!

Joan. Away, thou art my bane! it is for thee

That I have sold my country!

Lion. My preserver!

Joan. Leave me!

Lion. I'll never leave the hope to free thee.

(*Goes from her.*)

Joan. On to my death! To shame and death at once!

Why does your vengeance tarry? I shall 'scape you!

There is but one temptation that can slay

My soul, and it is here. Lead to my death!

(*They form to lead up the prisoners, and the scene closes.*)

SCENE IV.—A Prison.

ISABEL enters, with the gaoler and an officer.

Isa. (*c.*) Safe in my power! safe! Now France is mine!

Mine for the very sport of cruelty.

(*To officer.*) Go you from me to the great Earl of Bedford,

Tell him it is my will, our cause's safety,

He urge her fate on with extreme speed.

There are those who pity, we must care for them

Nor have our prey snatch'd from our very clutch.
[*Exit Officer, c.*]

Bring her along. This dungeon be her palace!

Sirrah! (*To gaoler.*) You know your office, or you had not

Been chosen for this task. But guard her safely.

Or all I can devise to quell her soul

Shall be pour'd out on thee.

[*Exit, followed by gaoler, the door is heard to be barred.*]

Enter JOAN, R., guarded.

Joan. It must be borne.

They can but slay,

Yet to be led by stern, malicious butchers,

To the public scaffold!

And to see them gloat

On every thrill of agony. Great heaven!

Must I endure this? He! he promis'd me

He said he would release me. No, no, no!

It must not be. If he could save me, innocent!

But I have perill'd all, I must bear all.

Thi. (*Without.*) You'll give me way,

Joan. My father's voice! Oh, let him

I pray you, let him pass to me. I'll be

Obedient to whatever you exact.

Gaoler. Go in!

Enter THIBAUT, R.

Joan. There yet is mercy, since you come to me

To pray with me, and cheer me.

Thi. Stand from me;

I lov'd thee, honour'd thee, as one whose nature
Was above mine, rever'd the child was born to me

I live to curse the hour thou saw'st the light.

Joan. Father!

Thi. Thou hast traffick'd with the spirits of evil,

They shout it loudly in the market-place,
Even now the nobles, and the holy prelates

Pass judgment on thee. They, and all men say,

Thou hast made a compact to destroy thy soul.

Joan. They are my enemies, they foully lie!

They dare not call me to their court of justice.

One look of truth should wither their hypocrisy?

What have my deeds been?

Father, father!

Thou'lt madden me.

Let the King, let France

Speak for me.

Thi. All believe thou art accurs'd,

Thou led'st the army to the enemy's toils.

Joan. (Kneeling, taking his hand.) And thou! thou

hast known me from my very birth,

Thou hast nurs'd me! seen me as an innocent child,

Thou hast in me a memory of my mother,

I am to thee as part of thy own self.

My thoughts have been thy training. In my prayers

Thou hast knelt by me; thou can'st not believe

Thy child is such a wretch.

Oh! powers of wrath,

Can I contend with this? What ho! without there

I must not pause! without there!

Enter GAOLER, C.

Speed to Lionel,

Speed to your leader, Lionel! He said

That he would save me. Speed! He'll give thee gold.

Tell him my fate approaches.

Gaoler. It were useless.

The Queen has sent him far from Rouen, he

Will not return to-day.

Joan. (C.) Not! not return.

All's past! There is no hope for me but heaven!

And that I'll palter with no more,

Speak not to me!

No further hope on earth.—I'll make atonement

For the vow I have broken. I'll not die dishonoured!

I will save France, and so renew my glory!

Enter TALBOT with Attendants, C

Tal. Come forth, sorceress!

The insulted power which claiming thou hast mock'd,

Demands thy life be sacrificed, the council

Hath doom'd thy instant death!

Joan. I thank you for the mercy that you show me

In this my instant doom! 'Tis hard to die
With all men's hatred ringing in my ears,
Without one heart believing in my truth,
But by my death the truth shall be declared,
Slay me, and perish by your own injustice!

Tal. Thy threats are vain!

Joan. Now would I have them vain,
If threats you deem them—upon this last trial
I place my fame, my country's gratitude,
My father's love!

Look on me, dear father, does my cheek blanch
As if I fear'd?

Come! Fate has never led me to a glory

Such as ye now prepare for me. Behold
What I am by the event!

[Exit, C.]

SCENE V.—The Market-place of Rouen. Before the Cathedral a pile and stake are raised, C. On the other side, (upper entrances) walls and a gate with portcullis and drawbridge. Guards round the pile. Crowds expecting the execution. ISABEL, L. with the English.

Isa. They loiter!

(Shouts.)

Officer. (L.) They are arriving from the prison,
The people throng about her path to mock her.

(Roar shouts.)

Now, now they bring her on.

Isa. The witch's banner

Place on the pile beside her, let all perish

That speaks a memory of her.

Enter TALBOT, Guards and JOAN, THIBAUT, L.

Tal. Thy minutes

Are few, declare before the assembled people

The justice of thy sentence, and thy torments

The executioner shall shorten—Sorceress!

Confess thy crimes! (She is silent.)

Isa. (R.) Why ask her own avowal? Is she not
Condemned?

Tal. Her tongue is mute. That she may put no
spells

Upon us—to the stake!

Joan. (C.) All, all forsake me,

'Tis well that I should die when not a heart

On earth cleaves to me

Bind me, and bring the brands, and fire the pile!

You, my father,

When you shall see the truth, it will be sweet

To you, to know that even for the wrong

You do me in my death, I had no thought

But pity!

The ingratitude of all I've lov'd and served,

The maledictions even of those I fall for,

Have taught me I have nought to mourn on earth.

Tal. Bind her—to the stake!

LIONEL rushes in, R. U. E.

Lion. (L.) Hold, hold your hands!

Queen, the French press around us, and the
embassy

Thou did'st command, no daring could accomplish,
But well I guess wherefore you framed that
errand,

The intent is frustrate now—Give me her
freedom!

Isa. Not for the crown of France!

Joan. Why do you loiter?

Lion. Thou shalt not die! 'twere shame to
English honour

That she, who twice has spared an English leader,

Cannot by him be saved from a foul death.
Twice has she peril'd all for me. Who now
Will meet the sword which honest thankfulness
Draws to defend her life?

Isa. Love draws that sword,
Aye, love for a foul witch!

Lion. There is no blush,
Proud lady, on my cheek, if love it be,
My passion is my glory!

Tal. Quick, disarm him!

(They approach.)

Petulant boy! think'st thou that England's weal
Waits on thy passions?

Lion. Or in life, or death,
We are henceforth one!

Isa. Poor youth, would'st stain thy lineage
By an alliance with a peasant sorceress?

If so,
We'll spare her for thy sake. Call her thy wife,
Let her become allegiant to our cause,
And wield the sword for us but in one fight,
Her life is spar'd!

Lion. Then break her bonds at once,
I claim her as my own!

(They advance to release her.)

Joan. (L.) Set fire to the pile!

Lion. Thou art free!—thou art mine!—did not
the peril speak
Which thou hast run for me, that thou did'st love
me?

Give me thy hand, and here before my peers
Accept my solemn plight!

Joan. Lead on to death!

Lion. Keep back! Oh, think upon thy fearful
fate,

Think on the heart would gladly meet it for thee,
Hast thou no tender touch of womanly feeling?
Oh, hast thou never thought upon the bliss
Souls fram'd for love receive? Twice hast thou
saved me

Would'st see me perish now in tenfold pain
Because the throes are thine? Speak, do not scorn
me;

I never wept a tear yet for myself,
But thou so young, so innocent, so kind,
To die!

Joan. Thou dost believe me innocent?

Lion. Can'st ask it?

Joan. Thou dost love me!

Lion. All my soul!
Is thine? And thou?

Joan. I have lov'd thee, Lionel,
Even since first I saw thee!

Lion. Blessed words,
She will live for me?

Joan. No, I die the happier,
To hear all that thou say'st. My love was sin,
When it spar'd my country's foe, and broke the
vow

That gave me power. Now it is atonement
When here upon the altar of my country,

I yield even that, and crave death at your hands,
To save my native land!

Lion. It cannot be;

Joan. It will be, you will see it,
Lionel belov'd! Farewell!

Lion. I'll clasp thee thus
And bear thee from their power

(A shout.) Enter OFFICER.

Tal. What noise is that?

Officer. The French come on

Lion. If I can guard thee till they rescue thee.

Tal. Bring brands and fire the pile

Isa. Hence with that boy and loiter not!

Tal. Secure him,

And let her die at once!

(Lionel is disarmed.)

Lion. Bind me beside her,
For henceforth I'm your enemy as deadly
As ever she has been.

(Shouts much louder.)

Tal. Hasten, you slaves,
For while the witch lives, her foul cause may
prosper.

I'll stem the torrent while you speed her fate.

(Nearer shouts.—Talbot rushes to the gate.)

They hew the drawbridge chains. *(Noise.)* It falls!
to arms!

She will be rescued!

Joan. Fear not that. *(Seizes her banner.)* On,
Frenchmen!

Once more I call to victory!

Tal. *(Stabbing her.)* Die, wretch!

(At that moment, all the walls are scaled, the Portcullis is drawn up, and the whole town appears in possession of the French. CHARLES and the French Nobles rush in. The soldiers break down the stake, and seize the burning brands.)

Joan. Fools! slaying me you have destroyed
yourselves,
All is accomplished now—My friends! my country-
men!

Father! you see the event which I foretold!

King, once more France is free, I was but a
woman!

And falter'd in the task I dar'd assume;

But now I am forgiven! I am happy!

My death is the deliverance of France!

(Dies.)

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