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THE
MAID OF ORLEANS.

BY

FRIEDRICH SCHILLER.

TRANSLATED BY

JOHN ELLIOT DRINKWATER.

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MDCCCXXXV.

Zueignung.

An Sophie Elller.

Siebzehn Jahre sind beinahe vergangen, seit ich von Dir den letzten Abschied nahm: siebzehn Jahre sind vergangen, seit Du mir das Werk empfahlst, das ich Dir heute überreiche.

Dein ist es; Dir widme ich es; zum Beweise der unvergänglichen Freundschaft, die weder Zeit noch Entfernung zu mindern vermag.

JOHN ELLIOT DRINKWATER.

Londen, 20 April, 1835.



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P R E F A C E.

THIS translation was begun nearly seventeen years ago, but other pursuits interfered to prevent its completion at that time. An accident recently brought to my remembrance my early attempt, of which I had preserved no copy, and I began to write down as much as I could recollect, supplying vacancies as I proceeded. My aim has been merely to give the spirit of the original, and when I thought that this was gained, I took no great pains to make a strictly literal version. I believe, however, that there are few passages in which I have departed very widely from the original, unless in one or two, which I have purposely altered or omitted. I shall be satisfied, if the friends, for whom alone I have printed this volume, derive from its perusal only a small part of the gratification which I have found in its composition.

UNIVERSITY



THE MAID OF ORLEANS.

INTRODUCTORY SCENE.

PERSONS.

THEOBALD OF ARC, *a rich Farmer.*

MARGARET, }
LOUISA, } *his daughters.*
JOHANNA, }

RAYMOND, }
STEPHEN, } *Shepherds, their Suitors.*
CLAUDE, }

BERTRAND, *a Shepherd.*

SCENE.—*The neighbourhood of the Village of Dom Remi.*

THE MAID OF ORLEANS.

INTRODUCTORY SCENE.

SCENE—*A country landscape. On one side a Chapel ;
on the other an old Oak Tree.*

THEOBALD OF ARC, MARGARET, LOUISA, JOHANNA,
RAYMOND, STEPHEN, CLAUDE.

THEOBALD.

Yes, friends and neighbours, we are yet to-day
Frenchmen and freemen ; we are masters still
Of the old ground which our forefathers ploughed :
We know not who may be our lord to-morrow.
On every side the Englishman unfurls
His conquering banner, and his trampling steeds
Tread down and spoil the blooming fields of France.
Paris has welcomed in her conqueror.

And with the ancient crown of Dagobert
Graces the scion of a foreign stem.
The disinherited offspring of our kings
In his own kingdom must be fugitive ;
His nearest cousin and his noblest peer
Fights in the armies of his enemy,
And his unnatural mother leads them on.
Cities and villages are burning round ;
And to these peaceful and retired vales
Still nearer rolls the cloud of desolation.
Therefore, dear friends, my careful thoughts are turned
Towards my daughters, whilst, with the help of God,
I can provide for them ; for woman needs
Protection in the miseries of war,
And love makes sorrow lighter which it shares.—
Stephen, you woo my daughter Margaret :
Our farms lie close ; your hearts are nearer still ;
It is a fitting match——

Claude ! you are silent,

And my Louisa turns away her eyes :
Shall I unknit the union of two hearts,
Because you have no wealth to offer me ?
Who now has wealth ?—Our harvests and our homes

Are given to robbers and devouring flames ;
 A man of true and stedfast heart alone
 Can be a safeguard in these perilous times.

LOUISA.

Dear father !

CLAUDE.

My Louisa !

LOUISA (*embracing* JOHANNA).

Dearest sister !

THEOBALD.

To each I give a farm of thirty acres,
 A cottage, and a flock ; and may a blessing
 Come on my children as it came on me !

MARGARET (*embracing* JOHANNA).

Content our father ; take example from us,
 And let one happy day unite us all.

THEOBALD.

Go and make ready for the marriage day,
 For all the village shall rejoice with me.

[*Exeunt* STEPHEN, MARGARET, CLAUDE, and LOUISA.

Thy sisters hold their wedding feast, Johanna,
 And I am happy when I see their gladness ;
 But thou, my youngest, bringest me grief and pain. /

RAYMOND.

What is this harsh reproof? why chide your daughter?

THEOBALD.

This gallant youth, unequalled in the village
For manly virtues, seeks to win thy favour,
And three long years has wooed thee for his bride,
With patient wishes and true-hearted love.
Coldly and silently thou dost repel him;
And among all our shepherds there is none
Who wins from thee one look, one kindly smile.
I see thee in the fulness of thy youth,
Thy beauty blossoming in life's early spring:
It is the time of hope, but still in vain
I watch to see the tender bloom of love
Burst from the bud, and with its golden fruit
Fulfil the promise of thy ripening years.
Oh! this can never please me; it betokens
The natural feelings fearfully astray,
If, in the kindly years of generous youth,
The stern, cold heart lives for itself alone.

RAYMOND.

Content yourself, sir; let me answer for her:
The incomparable love of my Johanna

Is like the tenderest, richest fruits of heaven,
Which ripen slowly to maturity.
She loves to dwell upon the mountains now,
To wander freely on the open heath,
And dreads to venture down where narrow cares
Are pent beneath the lowly roof of man.
Oft from the valley have I gazed with wonder,
To see her stand amid her grazing herd,
On the steep summit of some beetling brow,
With noble bearing, and with thoughtful eye,
Sunk downwards on the far-diminished fields;
And I have thought she seemed some higher power—
Some mightier creature of the olden time.

THEOBALD.

You speak my sorrow; this is worst of all:
She shuns the happy company of home,
She haunts the barren mountains, and forsakes
Her nightly couch before the dawn of day;
And in the hour of darkness and of fear,
When man seeks gladly fellowship with man,
She steals away, like to the hermit bird,
Into the shadowy kingdoms of the night,
Where spirits and things unholy are abroad.
She loves to wander where the cross-ways meet,

And holds mysterious converse with the air.
Why should she always seek this gloomy spot,
And love to drive her flock to pasture here?
I see her sit and dream the hours away
Beneath yon oak, the well known Druid tree,
From which good Christians shuddering turn aside:
For it is haunted ground: an evil power
Hath dwelt among its melancholy boughs
From the old darkling times of heathendom.
The old men of the village can tell tales,
Full of strange horror, of this ancient tree:
Unearthly voices have been often heard
To moan and rattle in its hollow limbs.
I once myself, when passing home this way,
Saw by the dusky evening's latest light,
A shadowy creature sitting on the ground,
Clothed in wide flowing garments, which stretched out
Its lean and withered arm, and beckoned me;
But with a hasty prayer I hurried home.

RAYMOND (*pointing to the Chapel*).

This holy symbol sheds a blessing round,
And heavenly peace; this draws your daughter hither,
And no communion with unholy powers.

THEOBALD.

No, no ! not fruitlessly have I been warned
In nightly visions and ill-boding dreams :
Three times have I beheld her in my sleep,
Seated at Rheims upon a royal throne ;
A sevenfold diadem of glancing stars
Glittered upon her brow ; a golden sceptre,
From which three lilies sprouted, in her hand :
And I, her father, and her sisters here,
The princes and the prelates of the land,
Even the king himself, bowed down before her.
How comes such splendour to my humble home ?—
Oh ! it forebodes a deep and dreadful fall ;
These warning visions faintly shadow forth
The idle dreams of an insatiate heart.
She thinks with shame upon her lowly state ;
Since God has dressed her body in rich beauty,
And wondrously bestowed his gifts upon her,
Above the shepherd maidens of these vallies,
She nourishes in her bosom sinful pride :
And it was pride by which the angels fell—
By which the spirits of hell seduce mankind.

RAYMOND.

Who is more humble than your pious daughter,

Or who more modestly fulfils her station?
Does she not cheerfully obey her sisters?
She is more highly gifted than them all;
But, like a household drudge, I see her toil
In irksome service to perform their will;
And in her charge, with wonderful increase,
Your flocks, and herds, and harvests multiply;
On all things which concern her seems to come
An overflowing and mysterious blessing.

THEOBALD.

Yes! too mysterious; I shudder at it—
No more—I am silent—I, perforce, am silent.
Can I lay infamy on my dear child?—
I can do nought but warn and pray for her.
But I will warn her. Shun this fearful tree—
Wander no more alone, nor dig for roots
In the dark midnight hour; prepare no potions;
And write no magic symbols in the sand.
The world of spirits is lightly conjured here;
Hovering, they float among us, ill concealed;
The lightest whisper brings them swarming round.
Go not alone, for in the lonely hour
Bad thoughts have power upon the holiest.

Enter BERTRAND, carrying a helmet.

RAYMOND.

Hush ! here comes Bertrand back from Vaucouleurs.
See what he bears.

BERTRAND.

You look astonished on me ;
You marvel at the merchandise I bring.

THEOBALD.

Truly, we do ; say whence you had the helmet ?
Why bring an evil emblem of the war
Into this neighbourhood of peace ?

[*JOHANNA, who hitherto has stood apart and inattentive,
shows signs of interest, and comes nearer.*

BERTRAND.

I scarce can tell how first I came by it :
I had been purchasing at Vaucouleurs
Some iron tools I needed, and I found
There was a throng upon the market-place ;
For fugitives from Orleans had come in,
Bringing bad tidings, and the city rang
With hum of voices hurrying to and fro :
And as I forced my way amid the crowd,
A gipsy woman took me by the arm,

And offered me the helmet which is here.
She held me with a searching look, and said,
“ You seek a helmet, friend ; here I have one :
It shall not cost you dear.” But I replied,
“ Go to the men at arms, I need no helmet ;
I am a peaceful shepherd.” Still she followed,
And still she urged me. “ None can know,” said she,
“ How soon he needs a helmet : in these days,
A roof of iron is safer than of stone.”
So she persisted, following street by street,
Offering the helmet, which I still refused.
I saw its glittering beauty, that it seemed
Worthy the brow of some adventurous knight ;
And doubtfully I poised it in my hand,
Musing upon the strangeness of the adventure :
Scarce had I touched it, when the rushing throng
Forced suddenly the woman from my sight,
And with the helmet I was left alone.

JOHANNA.

Give it to me !

BERTRAND.

What fancy seizes you ?

This is no gear for a young maiden's head.

JOHANNA (*snatching it from him*).

Mine is the helmet—it belongs to me.

THEOBALD.

What ails the girl?

RAYMOND.

Nay, let her have her will:

Full well the warlike ornament becomes her,
For in her bosom beats a manly heart.
Remember how she overcame the wolf,
The fierce and ravenous beast that thinned our folds,
The terror of our shepherds; she alone,
The lion-hearted maid, encountered him,
And snatched the lamb even from his bloody jaws.
If such a prize be worn in right of valour,
The helmet cannot grace a worthier brow.

THEOBALD (*to BERTRAND*).

What is the new disaster of the war—

What evil tidings did those fugitives bring?

BERTRAND.

God help the king, and save this helpless land!
In two great battles we have been defeated:
The enemy is in the midst of France,
And everything is lost beyond the Loire.

Now he has brought his utmost power together,
In preparation to beleaguer Orleans.

THEOBALD.

God shield the king !

BERTRAND.

From all ends of the earth
Are brought the countless implements of war ;
And as the bees cluster in dusky swarms
In the hot days of summer round their hives,
Or like a blight which heavily drops down
In darkness from the thick and mildewed air,
While insect myriads blacken all the land,
So is the cloud of war spread over Orleans.
The hum of unintelligible tongues
Mingles in strange confusion through the camp ;
For mighty Burgundy has summoned all
Who own allegiance to his powerful name ;
From Liege, from Hainault, and from Luxemburg,
The people of Namur, the gay Brabanters,
The haughty, upstart citizens of Ghent,
Parading in their silk and satin trappings,
The Zealanders, whose floating cities stand
Amid the booming waters of the sea ;

The Hollanders have left their milky pastures;
The men of Utrecht, and from far West Friesland,
Who look towards the pole—they all are here,
Beneath the banner of mighty Burgundy,
And bent against devoted Orleans.

THEOBALD.

Oh, most unholy, miserable strife,
That turns the arms of France against itself!

BERTRAND.

And the old queen is there, our monarch's mother,
Proud Isabel, the princess of Bavaria,
Arrayed in steel; and, riding through the camp,
Breathes poisonous words against the son she bore,
And adds new venom to the people's fury.

THEOBALD.

A curse be on her! May her fate be such
As fell upon the haughty Jezebel!

BERTRAND.

The fearful Salisbury leads their army on,
The shatterer of walls; with him brave Mortimer,
And bloody Talbot, whose unsparing sword
Mows down the nations in his murderous hand.
In insolence of triumph they have sworn

To give her maidens up to violence,
And to the sword all who the sword have drawn.
They have built up four towers about the town
Which overlook the walls, and there Earl Salisbury
Scowls sternly down with his bloodthirsty eyes,
And counts the hasty wanderers in the street.
Already, many thousand massy balls
Are hurled into the city; churches lie
In ruins; the royal tower of Notre Dame
Bows down its lofty and majestic head.
They have mined down with subterraneous toil,
And standing on a hellish store of fire,
The quaking city listens for the thunder,
When all flames forth, and all shall burst asunder.

[*JOHANNA listens with eager attention, and puts on the helmet.*

THEOBALD.

Where were the swords of Saintrailles and La Hire?
Or his, the brave Dunois, the shield of France,
The Bastard of Orleans, that the proud foe
Could hurry forwards thus resistlessly?
Where is the king himself? does he see tamely
His cities' danger and his kingdom's ruin?

BERTRAND.

The king holds court at Chinon on the Loire ;
He cannot muster force to keep the field.
What serve the leader's heart, the hero's arm,
When pallid fear unmans their followers?
A panic terror, as if sent from heaven,
Weighs down the courage of the boldest hearts ;
They hear, but heed no more their prince's summons ;
And, like a timorous flock of startled sheep,
When the wolf's howlings have disturbed the night,
Frenchmen, forgetful of their old renown,
Look now for safety only to their walls.
A single knight alone, as I have heard,
Has brought together a weak and scanty force
Of sixteen pennons to support the king.

JOHANNA, (*quickly.*)

Who is the knight ?

BERTRAND.

His name is Baudricour :

Hardly will he escape the hot pursuit
Of the two armies which beset his march.

JOHANNA.

Where holds he now ?

BERTRAND.

He lies a short day's march
From Vaucouleurs.

THEOBALD.

What matters it to thee?
Girl! thou dost ask of things which ill become thee.

BERTRAND.

Now, since the foe's so mighty, and the king
Can give no hope of help, they have resolved
At Vaucouleurs to send to Burgundy
A message of surrender, and so fall
To one whose blood is that of our old kings;
And thus we shall escape the English yoke,
And may come back to the old crown again,
When France and Burgundy are reconciled.

JOHANNA (*with enthusiasm*).

No messenger! no message! no surrender!
The saviour is at hand, prepared for battle;
The fortunes of the foe shall fail at Orleans;
His time is full, and he is ripe for harvest.
The Virgin comes, her sickle in her hand,
Who shall mow down the blossoms of his pride;
Who shall pluck down from heaven the warlike fame

Which he has hanged so high among the stars.
Faint not! fly not! for ere the yellow sheaves
Shall glitter in the fulness of the moon,
No English horse shall wet his thirsty lip
In the glad waters of the princely Loire.

BERTRAND.

Ah! miracles and wonders are gone by.

JOHANNA.

Wonders are not gone by! A milk-white dove
Shall soar aloft, and with an eagle's power
Strike down these vultures that devour the land;
Shall tame the traitorous pride of Burgundy,
The heaven-storming, hundred-handed Talbot,
The shameless, sacrilegious Salisbury;
And drive before her face, like hunted sheep,
This reckless swarm of insolent islanders!
The Lord will be with her—the God of battles!
For he will save his sinking people yet;
And by the hand of a weak, innocent maid,
Will glorify his everlasting name.

THEOBALD.

What frantic spirit seizes on the girl?

RAYMOND.

It is the helmet which inspires her.

Look on your daughter—at her lightning eye—
The glowing fire that glances on her cheek.

JOHANNA.

Shall this crown fall? this land of old renown,
The fairest which the everlasting sun
Sees in his course, the paradise of lands,
Which God loves as the apple of his eye,
Endure the fetters of a foreign yoke?
Here quailed the heathen's power—here first was raised
The cross, the symbol of our holy faith!
The dust of sainted Louis is laid here—
Hence went the victors of Jerusalem!

BERTRAND (*astonished*).

Hear what she speaks! whence is the mighty source
Of her high inspiration? Theobald,
God has bestowed a wondrous daughter on you!

JOHANNA.

Shall we have no more kings, no native lords?
Shall he be lost, the King who never dies?
The guardian of his people's industry,
Who brings a blessing on the fruitful land;
Who leads his vassals on to liberty;
Who builds glad cities round about his throne;
Who helps the weak and overawes the bad;

Who envies none, for he is first of all ;
A gracious angel in a human form,
To bless a suffering world !—Our monarch's throne
Glitters with gold, but there is more than gold :
It is the shelter of the shelterless,
The resting-place where power and mercy meet ;
The guilty tremble, while the just draw near
And fondle with the lion on the throne.
The stranger prince, who quits a foreign shore,
Whose fathers' graves are not digged in this land,
How can he love it ? He was never young
Among our youth ; his tongue is strange to us ;
Our accents wake no echo in his heart ;
How can he be our father and our king ?

THEOBALD.

May God preserve the kingdom and the king !
But we are peaceful peasants, and unskilled
To wield the sword and tame the fiery steed ;
Then let us patiently await the end,
And take the king whom victory shall give us.
The fate of war is in the hand of God,
And he who has received the holy oil
And crown at Rheims, is lawfully our king.

Come to our daily toil ; let every one—
 Think only on those things which most concern him,
 And leave the cares of power to powerful men.
 The princes of the earth cast lots for it ;
 But we may calmly watch the wild uproar,
 The earth still meets our ploughshares as before.
 Our villages may blaze with midnight fire,
 Our harvests rot beneath their reckless ire ;
 New summers bring new crops of waving grain,
 And the frail dwellings lightly rise again.

[*Exeunt all but JOHANNA.*

JOHANNA.

Farewell, ye mountains, and ye much loved paths,
 Ye silent peaceful vallies—fare ye well !
 Johanna now will wander here no more ;
 Johanna bids you now a long farewell !
 Ye meadows that I watered, and ye trees
 That I have planted, flourish as you may !
 Farewell, ye caves, cool springs, and mountain air,
 And echo, thou sweet spirit of the dell,
 Which oft made answer to my lonely songs,
 Johanna goes, and never will return.
 Ye scenes of all my early quiet joys,

I leave you—I shall never find you more.
Stray forth, my lambs, my own familiar charge;
Your shepherdless has now abandoned you:
For I have now another flock to guard,
Amid the bloody fields and din of war;
A mighty spirit has o'ershadowed mine;
It is no idle earthly vanity:

The voice which once on Horeb's holy mount
Was heard by Moses in the bush of fire,
Which bid him stand unawed by Pharaoh's throne,
Which strung the heart of Jesse's shepherd son
To brave the giant might of him of Gath,
Which to the shepherds brought glad news by night,
Has whispered to me from this holy tree,
“Go forth, for thou shalt testify for me.

“Thou shalt gird armour on thy youthful limbs,
And clothe thy tender breast in angry steel;
No earthly passion shall debase thy soul,
No human ties thy destiny control:
The bridal wreath shall never bind thy hair,
No laughing child hang cradled on thy arm,

But in the field of victory and fame
Thou shalt achieve a never-dying name.

“ For when the mightiest men of war give way,
And ruin'd France seems tottering to her fall,
Then shalt thou rear aloft the Oriflamme,
And, like a hasty reaper through the corn,
Thou shalt cut down the haughty conqueror ;
Thou shalt roll back the fortune of the war ;
Salvation to the sons of France shalt bring,
Deliver Rheims, and crown thy lawful king.”

I asked a sign from heaven, and now, behold,
Here is the promised sign, the helm of gold ;
My kindling spirit owns the high command,
The strength of angels nerves my feeble hand,
And, like a whirlwind, with resistless sway,
Bears me amid the storm of war away ;
The sounds of battle ringing round me go,
The war-horse stamps, the brazen trumpets blow !

[She rushes out.]

THE MAID OF ORLEANS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

CHARLES THE SEVENTH, *King of France.*

QUEEN ISABELLA, *his Mother.*

AGNES SOREL, *his Mistress.*

PHILIP THE GOOD, *Duke of Burgundy.*

DUNOIS, *Bastard of Orleans.*

LAHIRE,

DU CHATEL, } *French Knights.*

RAOUL,

CHATILLON, *a Burgundian Knight.*

Archbishop of Rheims.

TALBOT, *General of the English Army.*

MORTIMER,

CLIFFORD, } *English Knights.*

MONTGOMERY, }

Councillors of Orleans.

An English Herald.

THEOBALD, *a rich Farmer.*

MARGARET, }

LOUISA, } *Daughters of Theobald.*

JOHANNA, }

STEPHEN, }

CLAUDE, } *Shepherds.*

RAYMOND, }

BERTRAND, }

Charcoal-burner, his Wife and Son.

Apparition of a Knight.

*Soldiers—Citizens—Officers of State, &c.—Mutes in the Procession
of the Coronation.*

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The Camp of King CHARLES at CHINON.*

DUNOIS, DU CHATEL.

DUNOIS.

No! I will hear no more! I will renounce
This king, who shamelessly forsakes himself.
My heart bleeds—I could weep hot tears of rage,
That robbers, in the midst of royal France,
Carve out their portion; that the stately cities,
Which are grown old with the old monarchy,
Give up their rusty keys, whilst we lie here
And waste the precious irredeemable hours
In helpless, heartless inactivity.
I heard that Orleans was beset, and hurried
From distant Normandy, in hopes to find

The king equipped, and at his army's head ;
I find him here with mimes and mountebanks,
And tinkling troubadours, inventing riddles,
And giving festivals to Agnes Sorel,
As if the deepest peace dwelt in the land.
The Constable is gone, he is worn out
With this foul scandal. I, too, will forsake him ;
I yield him to his fate !

DU CHATEL.

Here is the king !

Enter King CHARLES and Attendants.

CHARLES.

The Constable returns his sword of state,
And has renounced our service ;—be it so :
Then we are rid of a sour, moody man,
Who loved to overbear and thwart our will.

DUNOIS.

One man is precious in these costly times,
And not so lightly could I bear to lose him.

CHARLES.

The spite of contradiction speaks in you ;
While he was here you never were his friend.

DUNOIS.

He was a heavy, proud, and peevish fool,
Who never ended. He has ended now :
He has discerned a fitting time to go,
When honour is not gained by those who stay.

CHARLES.

Cousin, you are in your pleasant mood to-day,
We will not cross you in it.—Du Chatel,
Here are some messengers from old King René,
Renowned masters in the joyous science :
Be it thy care to entertain them well,
And give to each of them a chain of gold.
(*To DUNOIS.*)—Why do you smile?

DUNOIS.

That from your royal lips
You can drop chains of gold so readily.

DU CHATEL.

Sire, there is no more treasure in thy coffers.

CHARLES.

Provide some ! noble minstrels must not go
Unhonoured, unrewarded from my court :
They make the withered sceptre bloom, and twine
Unfading wreaths about the barren crown ;

Lordly they stand among the lordliest ;
Their throne is built on fancy's airy dreams,
Their kingdom is not of this troubled world ;
Therefore may minstrels fitly rank with monarchs,
And fix their dwelling high above mankind.

DU CHATEL.

My royal master, I have spared thine ear
While yet the means of help or hope remained ;
Necessity unties my faltering tongue.
Thou hast no more to give !—alas ! no more
From which thy daily wants can be supplied :
The full tide of thy bounty has flowed on,
And now the ebb is come. Thy troops demand
Their long delayed arrears, and if unpaid
They threaten sullenly to leave thy service.
I scarce have means to keep thy royal house ;
Befitting state has long been laid aside.

CHARLES.

Engage my royal customs, Du Chatel,
And borrow money of the Lombard merchants.

DU CHATEL.

The incomes of the crown, the royal dues,
Are pledged already for three coming years.

DUNOIS.

Ay, and meanwhile we lose both loan and land.

CHARLES.

Many rich fruitful lands are still our own.

DUNOIS.

Yes, while it pleases God and Talbot's sword.

When Orleans has fallen, you may go

And learn to follow sheep with King René.

CHARLES.

You love to try your wit upon this king ;

But it is he, this very landless prince,

Who royally has gifted me to-day——

DUNOIS.

Not with his crown of Naples, for God's sake !

Men say his kingdom is much fallen in price

Since he has taken to the shepherd's trade.

CHARLES.

That is a mirthful game, a holiday

Which he indulges to his cheerful heart,

To show the emblem of an innocent world

In these hard times of sad reality ;

But his great plan, his kinglike aim, is this :

He would restore the good old times, the soft

Supremacy of love, when generous hearts
Of chivalry were trained by love to valour ;
When noble ladies judged their knightly deeds,
And tempered all with graceful courtesy.
The blithe old man lives in those early days,
And, as they still survive in minstrels' songs,
Would fain recal them, like a heavenly city
Wreathed round with clouds of light, on earth again.
He has established a fair court of love,
Where noble knights are nobly entertained,
Where, throned in honour, virtuous dames preside,
Where love and purity may meet again ;
And he has chosen me the Prince of love.

DUNOIS.

I am not yet so rough, so rudely taught,
As not to bow before the shrine of love ;
I am the child of love, and love alone
Is all the heritage that I may claim.
My father was the Prince of Orleans ;
He was the conqueror of female hearts,
But he was conqueror of cities too.
Wilt thou be worthily the prince of love,
Be bravest of the brave ! for I have read

In those old books, that love and chivalry
Went ever hand in hand, and, as I hear,
Heroes, not shepherds, sat by the round table.
He merits not the bright reward of beauty
Who cannot guard it in the hour of need.
Here are the lists; fight for thy father's crown;
Maintain thy birthright and thy lady's fame
With knightly sword and knightly enterprise;
And when amid the streams of hostile gore
Thou hast regained the crown—thy heritage,
Then is the time, then will it best become thee
To twine love's garland round thy royal brow.

Enter a Page.

CHARLES.

How now?

PAGE.

Without are deputies from Orleans,
Who crave an audience.

CHARLES.

Bring them before me.

[Exit PAGE.]

What can I do? They come to ask for aid:
How can I help them?—I am helpless too.

Enter three Councillors.

Welcome, my well-tryed citizens of Orleans !
How fares it yet with my good faithful city ?
Does it continue with its wonted courage
To brave the hostile force around its walls ?

COUNCILLOR.

Ah ! sire, the utmost misery weighs us down,
And hourly deeper flows the tide of ruin :
The outer works are spoiled ; the enemy
With each attack makes good some nearer point ;
The walls are scantly manned, for fruitless sallies
And ceaseless toil have swept away our strength,
And the dread plague of famine threatens us :
Therefore the noble count of Rochepierre,
Who now commands, in this extremity
Has made capitulation with the foe,
And has consented to give up the town,
If in twelve days no succour shall appear
To keep the field, and to prevent its fall.

[DUNOIS *makes a violent gesture of anger.*

CHARLES.

The respite is but short.

COUNCILLOR.

Now we are here,

Escorted by the foe, to pray for aid;
Have, then, compassion on thy faithful city;
Send timely succour ere the appointed hour,
Or in twelve days Orleans will be surrendered.

DUNOIS.

And could Saintrailles consent to such base terms?

COUNCILLOR.

No, Sire; while yet the valiant Saintrailles lived,
None dared to speak of terms or of surrender.

DUNOIS.

Then he is dead?—

COUNCILLOR.

The noble hero fell
Upon our rampart in his prince's quarrel.

CHARLES.

Is Saintrailles dead?—Oh! in that single arm
I lose an army!

Enter a Knight; he whispers DUNOIS.

DUNOIS.

That, too!

CHARLES.

What has happened?

DUNOIS.

Earl Douglas sends me word the Scottish troops
Are mutinous, and threaten to leave the camp,
If they receive not their arrears to-day.

CHARLES.

Well, Du Chatel?

DU CHATEL.

Sire, I have nought to say.

CHARLES.

Pledge, promise what thou wilt, to half my kingdom.

DU CHATEL.

It is in vain; they have been tried too long.

CHARLES.

They are the choicest veterans of my army;
Not now—they must not, shall not leave me now.

COUNCILLORS (*kneeling*).

Oh! help us, sire! have mercy on our need!

CHARLES (*in a tone of despair*).

Can I stamp armies from the earth at will,
Or scatter plenty from an empty hand?
Tear me in pieces—rive my heart away,
And coin it into gold; my blood is yours,
But gold I have none—and I have no soldiers.

Enter AGNES—He hastens towards her—She carries a casket.

My love—my Agnes! treasure of my soul!
Thou comest to rescue me from deep despair:
I have thee—I take refuge in thy arms,
And nought is lost while thou art still mine own.

AGNES.

My gracious monarch!

[Looking round her anxiously.

Dunois, is it true?

Say, Du Chatel.

DU CHATEL.

Too true.

AGNES.

Is there such need?

There is no pay!—the troops are mutinous!

DU CHATEL.

Ay! it is even so.

AGNES (*offering him the casket.*)

Here, here is gold,

And here are jewels: melt my silver down—

Sell all my castles—lay my lands in pawn—

Raise gold on my possessions in Provence:

Turn all to money, and content the troops :
Away, and lose no time.

CHARLES.

Now, Dunois, Du Chatel,
Am I so poor, so destitute of all,
When I possess this pearl of womankind ?
Her blood flows purely as my own ; the race
Of royal Valois is not nobler born.
She would adorn a throne, but she disdains it,
And my beloved one she will be alone.
What costlier gift will she accept from me,
Than some rare fruit, or early winter flower ?
She will take nought from me ; she gives me all,
And offers up, forgetful of herself,
Her riches to sustain my sinking fortunes.

DUNOIS.

Yes ! she is raving : fitter mate for thee !
She casts her all into a burning house,
And pours into the Danaid's empty jar :
She will not save thee ; she will plunge herself
With thee into destruction.

AGNES.

Trust him not :

Has he not staked his life ten times for thee?
And now complains that I should venture gold.
What! I have given thee more than gold or pearls,
And shall I keep my riches for myself?
Come, let us cast superfluous pomp aside,
Let me instruct thee to renounce thy splendour:
Exchange thy royal state for warlike stores,
Thy gold for iron; all thou canst command,
Venture it manfully upon thy crown.
Come, come, your danger and distress are mine:
Together we will mount the warlike steed,
Together will endure the burning sun;
Worn out with toil, unsheltered we will lie,
The earth our couch, our canopy the clouds.
The rudest soldier will not fear to bear
The hardships of the war, when cheerfully
He sees his monarch share them at his side.

CHARLES (*smiling*).

Why, now I see fulfilled the old prediction,
The mystic rhyme, which, in prophetic mood,
The abbess of Clermont pronounced upon me:
For thus it ran: My fortunes should wane low
Until a woman's arm should rescue me,
And make me master of my father's crown.

I sought the riddle in the hostile camp,
And hoped to reconcile my mother's heart.
Here stands the heroine who will conquer for me,
My Agnes' love will lead me on to Rheims.

AGNES.

The swords of your brave friends will lead you thither.

CHARLES.

I have hope, too, from strife among my foes,
For I have certain tidings that these lords
Of haughty Britain and my cousin Burgundy
Regard each other with no looks of love.
Lahire is gone on embassy from me,
To sound the angry duke, if he perchance
May be reclaimed to his old sense of honour,
And hourly I expect him——

DU CHATEL (*at the casement*).

He is returned :

He is dismounting in the court.

CHARLES.

He is welcome.

Now we shall know if we must yield or conquer.

Enter LAHIRE.

What news, Lahire, dost thou bring hope or none?
Say, briefly, what must I expect from Burgundy?

LAHIRE.

Nothing : thy hope is only in thy sword.

CHARLES.

Will not the haughty duke be reconciled ?

Oh, say how he received my embassy ?

LAHIRE.

First he requires, before he can consent
To lend an ear to aught that thou wilt offer,
That Du Chatel shall be delivered to him,
Whom he denounces for his father's murder.

CHARLES.

If we deny this article of shame ?

LAHIRE.

Then is the treaty ended ere begun.

CHARLES.

Didst thou thereon, as I commanded thee,
Defy him to the combat, at the bridge
Of Montereau, on which his father fell ?

LAHIRE.

I threw thy glove before him, and declared
Thou wouldst descend from thy exalted state
And fight, in knightly fashion, for thy crown :
But he replied he had no need to fight

For that which was already in his grasp ;
But if thou hadst so strong a lust of combat,
That surely thou wouldst find him at Orleans,
Where on the morrow he was bent to go ;
And with this sneer he turned himself away.

CHARLES.

Was there no stir among my parliament ?
Was the pure voice of justice overpowered ?

LAHIRE.

Justice is dumb among the rage of party :
The parliament has solemnly proclaimed
Thou and thy race have forfeited the throne.

DUNOIS.

Ha ! insolent pride of upstart citizens !

CHARLES.

Didst thou not seek to touch my mother's heart ?

LAHIRE.

Thy mother !

CHARLES.

Yes : how was the queen's demeanour ?

LAHIRE (*after a pause*).

It was the appointed coronation day
When I approached St. Denis ; all adorned

Paris poured forth her gay inhabitants ;
Triumphal arches rose in every street
Through which the English monarch passed along ;
The way was strewed with flowers, and, shouting loud,
As France had then achieved her fairest triumph,
The people ran in crowds about his car.

AGNES.

They shouted ! shouted whilst they trampled so
Upon the heart of their good, gracious king !

LAHIRE.

I saw the boy, young Harry Lancaster,
Sit on St. Louis's royal seat ; beside him
His haughty uncles stood, Bedford and Gloucester,
And there Duke Philip kneeled before the throne,
Swore fealty, and did homage for his lands.

CHARLES.

Unworthy cousin, and dishonoured peer !

LAHIRE.

The child was shy, and stumbled as it went
To climb the lofty steps before the throne ;
The people whispered, "an unlucky omen,"
And laughter rose among them, when thy mother.
The queen, stept forth——It angers me to tell.

CHARLES.

Say on.

LAHIRE.

The boy she lifted in her arms,
And herself placed him on thy father's throne.

CHARLES.

Oh, mother! mother!

LAHIRE.

Even the murderous troops
Of reckless Burgundy glowed red with shame.
The queen perceived it, turning to the people,
And cried aloud, "Frenchmen, I claim your thanks,
That thus I graft upon a cankered stem
A nobler branch, and from your throne cast off
The spurious son of a distracted father."

[*The King hides his face.*]

DUNOIS.

The wolfish fiend! the wild, unnatural fury!

CHARLES (*after a pause, to the Councillors*).

You see and hear how fortune stands with me:
Delay no more, return to Orleans,
And bear this message to my faithful city:
I do absolve them of their sworn allegiance;

Let them consult their safety—let them trust
The mercy of the Duke of Burgundy,
He is the Good, he will be merciful.

DUNOIS.

What, sire, wilt thou abandon Orleans ?

COUNCILLORS (*kneeling*).

My royal lord, draw not thy hand away
From our distress ; give not thy faithful city
To the hard hearted sway of pitiless England !
It is a noble jewel in thy crown,
And none more sacredly has kept its faith
To thee and to thy royal ancestors.

DUNOIS.

What, are we beaten—shall we quit the field
And yield the city ere a blow is stricken ?
Wilt thou abandon with a little word—
Without one drop of blood wilt thou give up
The noblest city in the heart of France ?

CHARLES.

Blood has been spilled enough, and spilled in vain ;
The hand of heaven weighs heavily upon me ;
From each assault my troops are beaten back ;
My parliament abandons me ; my capital,

Loud shouting, sees my rival enter in ;
My nearest kindred traitorously leave me ;
My very mother has renounced me now,
And clasps my enemy's children in her arms.
We will go o'er the Loire, we will obey
The powerful hand of heaven, which fights for England.

AGNES.

Now, God forbid that we despairingly
Should turn our backs upon this fruitful land !
That thought came not from thy intrepid soul.
Thy mother's cruel and unnatural act
Has momentarily unmanned my hero's heart.
Thou wilt revive, wilt be thyself again,
And bravely strive against the destiny
Which hangs so gloomily upon thee now.

CHARLES (*lost in thought*).

Is it not true?—a dark and fearful fate
Broods o'er the race of Valois:—God rejects it !
My mother's shameful deeds have roused the furies
To work their rage on our devoted house :
My father lay insane for twenty years ;
Three elder brothers death has swept away
Before their time—it is the will of heaven—
The house of the sixth Charles is near its fall.

AGNES.

No: it shall rise again, shall bloom in thee
With renovated youth, trust but thyself.
Oh, not in vain a gracious Providence
Has spared thee from thy brothers' early fate,
And called thee to the unexpected throne.
Thy gentle spirit is ordained by heaven
To heal the wounds which party rage has made.
Thou wilt tread out the flames of civil war:
My heart foresees thou wilt establish peace,
And found the monarchy in France anew.

CHARLES.

Not I: this rough and weather-beaten time
Demands a stronger and a sterner guide.
I could have made a peaceful people happy,
A wild tumultuous one I cannot tame.
The sword is powerless to open hearts
Which hate and passion have closed up against me.

AGNES.

The people are deceived, bewildered, blinded;
But soon the whirlwind will have passed away.
The reverence for their own legitimate king,
So deeply rooted in the hearts of Frenchmen,

Will wake, ere long, within their breasts again,
And jealousy revive the ancient hate
Which parts the nations everlastingly.
Even in his conquest shall the conqueror fall.
Be of good cheer; quit not the field too soon;
But struggle there for every inch of ground.
Defend Orleans as thou wouldst guard thy life;
Destroy the boats behind us; burn the bridges
Which lead thee o'er the threshold of thy throne,
Across the Stygian waters of the Loire.

CHARLES.

What I could do I have already done :
I would have staked my life upon the crown
In knightly combat ; it has been refused.
My subjects waste their lives in vain for me,
And fruitlessly my cities sink in ashes.
Shall I resemble an unnatural mother,
Who would consent to hew her child asunder ?
Rather than see it perish, I will renounce it.

DUNOIS.

How ! sire : is this the language of a king ?
Wilt thou give up a crown so easily ?
Thy meanest subject ventures life and land

To gratify his hatred or his love.
Party is all in all, when once abroad
Is hung the bloody sign of civil war :
The ploughman leaves his plough, the wife her distaff ;
Children and hoary veterans arm themselves ;
The reckless citizen burns his city down,
The peasant fires his fields, to help or harm thee,
And to maintain his fixed and obstinate will :
Spare not himself—expects not to be spared,
When honour bids him suffer, when he fights
Or for his idols or his deities.
Away, then, with this soft, effeminate pity,
Which ill becomes a monarch ; let this war
Storm on, as fiercely as it rages now ;
Thou didst not lightly bid its flames arise.
Still must the people suffer for their king,
That is the law and order of the world :
Frenchmen know nought, and wish nought otherwise.
Vile would the nation be that could refuse
Gladly to venture all to save its honour.

CHARLES (*to the Councillors*).

Expect no other answer : God protect you !
I cannot do so.

DUNOIS.

Then may victory
For ever fly thy side, as thou wilt fly
From thine inherited kingdom! I forsake
Thy fortunes, as thou hast thyself forsaken.
Not Burgundy or England has uncrowned thee,
Thine own tame spirit hurls thee from the throne.
The kings of France are heroes from their birth;
Thou art not born to win a warrior's name.

[*To the Councillors.*

The king abandons you, but I will go
To Orleans, to my father's faithful city,
And bury me beneath its broken wall.

AGNES (*detaining him*).

Let him not part in anger from thee thus:
His words are bitter, but his heart is true—
Is true as gold. He is the same Dunois
Who loves thee warmly, who has bled for thee.
Come, Dunois, own that heat and noble passion
Led you too far; and do thou, too, forgive
Thy well-tried friend the roughness of his speech.
Oh, come, let me unite your hearts once more,

Ere the sharp anger of one hasty word
Inflames unquenchable, destructive hatred.

[DUNOIS *fixes his eye upon the king, and seems to expect an answer.*

CHARLES, (*to DU CHATEL*).

We go across the Loire without delay—
Embark my furniture!

DUNOIS (*quickly*).

Agnes, farewell.

[*Exit, the Councillors follow.*

AGNES.

Oh, if he goes, then are we quite forsaken.
Follow, Lahire, and seek to soften him. [*Exit LAHIRE.*

CHARLES.

Is, then, a crown the first and only good?
Is it so hard and bitter to renounce it?—
I know one thing much harder to endure:
To be o'ermastered by these fiery lords,
To live upon the bountiful obedience
Of these proud, self-willed, domineering vassals—
That is the hardest for a noble heart,
A bitterer lot than evil fortune brings.

[*To DU CHATEL, who lingers.*

Obey my orders!

DU CHATEL (*kneeling*).

Oh, my royal master!

CHARLES.

We are determined: speak not one word more!

DU CHATEL.

Make peace, sire, with the Duke of Burgundy:

I see no other hope of safety for thee.

CHARLES.

Is this thy counsel?—is it not thy blood

Which is to ratify this new alliance?

DU CHATEL.

Here is my head: in the full front of battle

Oft have I ventured it; and now for thee

Upon the block I freely lay it down.

Content the duke: deliver Du Chatel

Unto the savage sternness of his wrath,

And with my blood be the old quarrel ended.

CHARLES (*gazing some time on him in silence*).

Can this be real?—am I then sunk so low

That even my friends, who read my inmost soul,

Point out a shameful way of safety for me?

Oh, not till now did I perceive my fall;

For faith upon my honour is no more!

DU CHATEL.

Consider——

CHARLES.

Not a word!—urge me no farther!

If I must turn my back upon ten kingdoms,
With my friend's life I will not purchase them.
Do what I ordered! let my armament
Be speedily sent o'er the Loire!

DU CHATEL.

Alas! it is soon done.

[*Exit DU CHATEL, AGNES weeps bitterly.*]

CHARLES (*taking her hand*).

My Agnes, be not sad!

There is another France beyond the Loire:
We hasten to a brighter, happier land.
A mild, unclouded heaven is smiling there,
Soft airs and softer manners wait for us;
It is the home of minstrelsy and song,
And life and love bloom there more happily.

AGNES.

Why am I spared to see this day of sorrow?
The king goes into banishment—the son
Must wander from his father's home—the child
Must leave its cradle! Oh, thou pleasant land

Which we forsake, never shall we return
Again to thee in joy!

Enter LAHIRE.

You come alone—
You bring him not! Lahire! what mean your looks?
What new misfortune have we yet to learn?

LAHIRE.

Misfortune is exhausted, and at length
Sunshine appears again.

AGNES.

Oh, what has happened?

LAHIRE (*to the king*).

Call back the messengers from Orleans.

CHARLES.

Why?

LAHIRE.

Call them again, for fortune smiles on thee:
A battle has been fought, and thou hast conquered.

AGNES.

Conquered! what heavenly music in one word!

CHARLES.

Lahire, some fabling rumour has deceived thee:
Conquered!—I have no faith in conquest now.

LAIHRE.

Thou wilt have faith in greater things, ere long :
Here the Archbishop comes ; he brings Dunois
Back to thy arms.

AGNES.

Fair flower of victory,
Which bears such heavenly fruits, peace and forgiveness.

*Enter the Archbishop of Rheims, DUNOIS, DU CHATEL,
and RAOUL.*

ARCHBISHOP (*leading DUNOIS to the King*).

Princes, embrace ; let rancour and resentment
Be stilled, since heaven declares upon your side.

CHARLES.

Dispel my doubts and my astonishment !
What means this solemn adjuration ; say,
How is this sudden change accomplished ?

ARCHBISHOP (*bringing forward RAOUL*).

Speak !

RAOUL.

We were a company of sixteen pennons,
Men of Lorraine, in march to join thy army :
Our leader was a knight of Vaucouleurs :

But when we reached the heights near Vermanton,
 And looked into the valley of the Yonne,
 There lay a hostile army in the plain,
 And weapons gleamed upon the hills behind us:
 We were encompassed by two mighty hosts,
 And hope seemed none of victory or flight.
 The courage of the boldest fell, and all,
 Despairingly, would fain throw down their arms.
 But whilst our leaders sought in vain for counsel,
 A mighty miracle appeared before us:
 Out of the tangled forest suddenly
 A maid came forth; her head was helmeted,
 Her countenance was fair, but terrible;
 Her dark hair flowed in jetty ringlets down.
 There ^A seemed a light from heaven ^{glowed round her lofty form} upon the hill,
^{As} ~~When~~ she uplifted her clear voice and cried,
 "Why droop ye, valiant Frenchmen? follow me!
 If they were more than sand on the sea-shore,
 God and the blessed Virgin are with you!"
 And with these rapid words she snatched a banner,
 And strode majestically to lead us on.
 We, dumb, astonished, and scarce willingly,
 Followed the banner and the inspired maid,

And like a tempest rushed upon the foe.
They stood awhile, perplexed and motionless,
Awe-struck and gazing on the miracle
Thus visibly revealed before us all;
Then suddenly, as struck with panic fear,
Turned round to flight, cast spear and shield away,
And their whole force was scattered o'er the plain.
There helped no leader's voice, no shout of war,
But, mad with terror, without looking back
Plunged man and horse into the foaming flood,
Or unresistingly were sacrificed.
It was a butchery, it was not a battle:
Two thousand English lay upon the field,
Besides the fugitives swallowed by the Yonne,
And not a single man of ours was lost.

CHARLES.

'Tis strange, by heaven: most wonderful and strange!

AGNES.

And did a woman work this miracle—
Who is she?

RAOUL.

Who she is

She will declare to no one but the king.
She calls herself the messenger of God—

A holy prophetess, and promises ———

To save Orleans before the moon shall change.

The troops believe in her, and thirst for battle:

She follows me—she will be quickly here.

[*Distant shouts are heard, ringing of bells, &c.*

Hark to the shouts, the sounds of joy! 'tis she!

The people greet the messenger of heaven.

CHARLES (*to DU CHATEL*).

Bring her before me!

[*Exit DU CHATEL.*

(*To the Archbishop*).

What must I think of this?

A maiden brings me victory at an hour

When nothing but a miracle can save me.

That is not in the common course of things;

And may I, bishop, may I trust in wonders?

(*Several voices behind the scenes*).

Hail to the maiden, the Deliverer!

CHARLES.

She comes: take thou my royal seat, Dunois;

We will make trial of this wondrous maid;

If her commission be indeed from heaven,

She will not fail to recognize the king.

DUNOIS *seats himself, the King stands on his right-hand, leaving the centre clear. Enter JOHANNA, followed by DU CHATEL, the Councillors, Knights, and Soldiers, who fill up the background. She comes forward and gazes on the King's circle.*

DUNOIS.

Art thou the wondrous maiden——

JOHANNA (*interrupting*).

Bastard of Orleans, why wilt thou tempt God?

Stand up and leave that place, which ill beseems thee;

Here stands one greater; I am sent to him.

[*She walks toward the King; drops on one knee, rises instantly, and goes back a few paces. Signs of astonishment among the others. DUNOIS rises.*

CHARLES.

This is the first time thou hast ever looked

Upon my face; whence is thy knowledge of me?

JOHANNA.

I saw thee when none else but God beheld thee:

Remember yesternight, when all around

Lay in deep slumber, thou didst leave thy couch,

And earnestly preferred thy prayers to Heaven:—

Bid these go forth, and I repeat to thee

The sum of thy petition.

CHARLES.

What I trusted
To heaven, I have no need to hide from man :
Declare to me the purport of my prayers,
And I believe the spirit of God is in thee.

JOHANNA.

Three supplications thou didst offer up ;
Dauphin, give heed if rightly I repeat them :
First, thou didst pray to heaven, if wrongful gains
Enriched the crown, if heavy guilt of others
Done in the olden time, and unatoned,
Had drawn this fearful war upon the land,
To take thee as an offering for thy people,
And pour the cup of wrath on thee alone.

CHARLES (*starting back with terror*).

Who art thou, and whence comest thou, mighty being ?

[*All give signs of astonishment.*]

JOHANNA.

This was the second prayer thou didst put up :
Were it the high decree and will of heaven
To shake the inherited sceptre from thy hand,
To leave thee bare and unpossessed of all
Which in this realm thy royal fathers held,
Three blessings thou didst pray might still be thine,

Content, and friendship, and thy Agnes' love.

[The King hides his face; increasing astonishment among the others.]

Shall I yet need to name thy third prayer to thee?

CHARLES.

Enough! I believe; this is no human power:
Thou art sent here by an almighty hand.

ARCHBISHOP.

Who art thou, holy and miraculous maid?
Where is thy birth-place? say, who are the parents
Favoured by heaven with such a wondrous child?

JOHANNA.

My name, most reverend father, is Johanna;
I am a lowly shepherd's humble daughter
In the king's loyal village of Dom Remi,
Which lies within the diocese of Toul.
There from a child I kept my father's flock:
And much I often heard of Englishmen,
The stranger-island race, who had come hither
Across the sea to bring us into thrall,
And to set over us a foreign master
Who does not love the people: I heard, too,
That the great city, Paris, had received them,

And that they soon would conquer all the land.
Then bitterly I prayed unto the Virgin
That she would save us from this shameful yoke,
And let us live beneath our native king.—
Hard by the village in which I was born,
There stands an ancient chapel of Our Lady,
Much visited by pious pilgrims' love ;
And close beside it is a sacred oak,
For many wondrous miracles renowned ;
And much I loved to sit and tend my flock
Beneath the shadow of this holy tree ;
My heart still led me there, and oft it happened,
If I had lost a lamb on the bleak mountains,
I saw it in my dreams, when I lay down
And slept beneath the shadow of this tree.
And once when I had spent a weary night
In lonely thought, and strove with drowsiness,
The Virgin suddenly appeared before me,
Bearing a sword and banner, in all else
A shepherdess like me, and thus she said :
“ It is I: stand up, Johanna ; leave thy flock ;
For other work the Lord has need of thee.
Take thou this banner, and gird on this sword,

And overthrow my people's enemies ;
Thou shalt lead on thy master's son to Rheims,
And crown him with the royal crown of France.”
I answered her, “how can a helpless girl,
Unskilled in all the bloody arts of war,
Take on herself to do such mighty deeds?”
Then she replied, “All power on earth is given
To a pure virgin, who withstands the thrall
Of earthly love.” With that she touched my eyes,
And I looked up and saw the skies were full
Of angels, who bore lilies in their hands,
And heavenly music floated on the air.
And so three nights successively she came,
And thrice she said, “Johanna, leave thy flock ;
The Lord has need of thee ; stand up, Johanna.”
But when the third time she had thus appeared,
She was displeased, and spoke reprovingly :
“ On earth, obedience is a woman's duty ;
Sorrow and suffering are prepared for thee,
Which thou must purify by zealous service ;
She who serves here shall become great above.”
And at these words her shepherd weeds fell off,
And glorious in the majesty of heaven

She slowly passed away with dazzling clouds
Into the realms of everlasting joy.

ARCHBISHOP (*after a pause*).

Before such supernatural testimony
Each doubt of earthly wisdom must be dumb;
Her acts approve that she has spoken truth,
For heaven alone can work such wondrous deeds.

DUNOIS.

I trust her eye more than her miracles;
Her glance bespeaking her pure innocent soul.

CHARLES.

I am unworthy of this heavenly grace;
All-searching eye of Providence! thou seest
My inmost thoughts and my humility.

JOHANNA.

Humility beseems the mighty well:
Thou humblest thyself—thou art exalted.

CHARLES.

Shall I then once more stand against my foes?

JOHANNA.

I will lay France recovered at thy feet.

CHARLES.

And thou hast said that Orleans shall not fall?

JOHANNA.

Sooner the Loire run backwards to its source!

CHARLES.

And I shall enter Rheims a conqueror?

JOHANNA.

I lead thee thither through a thousand foes.

DUNOIS.

Place but Johanna at our army's head,
We follow blindly where the heavenly maid
Leads on:—her prophet eye shall be our guide,
And this good sword shall ward off danger from her.

LAHIRE.

We shall not fear a world in arms united
When she leads on the squadrons of our host;
The god of victory is at her side,
The mighty maiden, let her be our guide.

CHARLES.

Yes, holy maiden, thou shalt lead my armies;
The princes of the land shall all obey thee.
The constable, in sudden discontent,
Has sent me back his sword of high command;
Now it has found a worthier hand in thine.
Take it, inspired prophetess! from me,
And be henceforward——

JOHANNA.

Not so, noble Dauphin !

The victory has not been promised to me
With arms of earthly dignity like this—
I know another sword wherewith to conquer ;
I will describe it as the spirit showed me,
And do thou send and bring it to me here.

CHARLES.

Name it, Johanna !

JOHANNA.

Send to the old town
Of Fierboys ; there, in St. Catharine's church,
Great store of armour lies within a vault,
The prize of long-forgotten victories ;
There is the only sword which I may use.
It will be known by three gold lilies stamped
Upon the blade—let this be brought to me,
For with this sword I lead thee on to Rheims.

CHARLES.

Let some one go and do as she has said.

JOHANNA.

And let a banner be embroidered for me,
White with a purple fringe, and on the field
Be there displayed the Virgin with the Child,

Floating majestically above the earth ;
For thus the holy vision showed unto me.

CHARLES.

Be it as thou wilt.

JOHANNA.

Now, reverend bishop,
Stretch out thy priestly hand and bless thy daughter.

[*Kneels before him.*]

ARCHBISHOP.

Thou art come hither to bestow a blessing,
Not to receive one : Go, in the might of God !
We are unworthy, miserable sinners.

[*She stands up.*]

Enter a Page.

PAGE.

A herald from the English stands without.

JOHANNA.

Give him admittance ; God has sent him here.

[*The King signs to Page, who goes out.*]

Enter Herald.

CHARLES.

Herald, what bringest thou ? speak thy message freely.

HERALD.

Which of you here replies for Charles of Valois,
The Count of Ponthieu?

DUNOIS.

Dog of a herald!

Presume not on thy painted coat too far.
What! wilt thou dare deny the King of France
On his own ground?

HERALD.

France knows no king but one,
Who lies within the English camp.

CHARLES.

Have patience, cousin. Tell thy message, herald!

HERALD.

My noble master, pitying the blood
Already spilled, and which still yet must flow,
Holds his victorious sword within the scabbard;
And ere his fury falls upon Orleans,
He offers thee fair articles of peace.

CHARLES.

Declare them!

JOHANNA.

Sire, permit that in thy stead
I may make answer to this messenger.

CHARLES.

Do so, Johanna ; speak for peace or war.

JOHANNA.

Who sends thee here ; in whose name speakest thou ?

HERALD.

The English general, the Earl Salisbury.

JOHANNA.

Herald, it is false ; the earl speaks not by thee :
Only the living speak, and not the dead.

HERALD.

My master lives still, in full health and vigour ;
Lives, to the common ruin of you all.

JOHANNA.

He lived when thou departed ; but this morning
A shot from Orleans stretched him on the ground,
As he was looking down from La Tournelle.
Thou smilest that I speak of distant things ;
Trust not my saying, trust what thou wilt see—
His funeral pomp will welcome thy return.
Now, herald, thou mayest speak, and tell thy message.

HERALD.

If thou hast power to see what is concealed,
I need not speak : thou knowest it already.

JOHANNA.

I know it well; take thou my answer back;
 Say to the princes who have sent thee here:
 Thou King of England, and ye brother dukes,
 Bedford and Gloucester, who ^{oppress} ~~lay waste~~ this land,
 You owe a reckoning to the King of heaven
 For all the blood that you have shed in France!
 Give up forthwith the keys of all the cities
 Which against justice you have overpowered;
 The Maiden comes, the chosen one of Heaven;
 She offers peace to you or bloody war.
 Choose! for I tell you, be assured of this,
 France is not given by God to be your portion;
 And unto Paris, Charles, my lawful king,
 Surrounded by the princes of the land,
 Full royally ere long shall enter in.
 Now, herald, hurry back—make no delay!
 Sooner than thou canst reach the English camp
 To bring this message, is the Maiden there,
 And plants the flag of victory in Orleans.

[*General movement.*]

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*An open Foreground, Rocky Scenery behind.*

*Enter TALBOT, MORTIMER, Duke of BURGUNDY,
CLIFFORD, CHATILLOX, and Soldiers.*

TALBOT.

Here let us halt, beside this rocky ground,
And here encamp securely for the night,
If we can bring together the fugitives
Which the first panic-terror has dispersed.
Occupy the heights and keep a careful watch;
The night, indeed, protects us from pursuit,
And if our enemy follow not on wings,
I do not fear attack; yet there is need
Of vigilance, for we have met to-day
A daring foe, and we have been defeated!

[Exit CLIFFORD with Soldiers.]

MORTIMER.

Defeated, general ! name the word no more ;
I dare not think on it, that Englishmen
Have fled to-day before the face of Frenchmen :
Oh ! Orleans, Orleans ! grave of our renown,
Here in thy fields lies buried England's honour.
Disgraceful and ridiculous defeat !
Who will believe the tale in future days ?
The conquerors of Cressy, and Poitiers,
And Agincourt, defeated by a woman !

BURGUNDY.

That must console us ; we have not been beaten
By men, but foiled by devilish sorcery.

TALBOT.

The sorcery of folly ! How now, Burgundy !
Does then this spectre of the populace,
Which fear has conjured forth, scare princes too ?
But superstition is too thin a veil
To hide your weakness ; your troops fled the first.

BURGUNDY.

No one held ground ; the flight was general.

TALBOT.

No, it began at first upon your wing ;

You burst into my camp with shrieks of fear,
Crying, "Hell is loose, and Satan fights for France!"
And so you brought the rest into confusion.

MORTIMER.

It cannot be denied; your wing fled first.

BURGUNDY.

Because the first attack was on that side.

TALBOT.

The Maiden knew the weakness of our camp,
And in which quarter she should look for fear:

BURGUNDY.

What! must I bear the blame of our misfortune?

MORTIMER.

We Englishmen, had we but been alone,
By God, we never would have lost Orleans!

BURGUNDY.

No! for you never would have seen Orleans.
Who paved the way for you into this realm,
Reached out his friendly hand when you first came
And landed on a strange and hostile shore?
Who but I crowned your Henry king in Paris,
And wrought the hearts of Frenchmen to obey him?
By heaven! if this strong arm had not upheld you,

And led you hither, you had never seen
The curling smoke rise from one hearth in France.

MORTIMER.

If mighty words would do it, Burgundy,
Long since you would have conquered France alone.

BURGUNDY.

You are ill-pleased that Orleans has escaped us,
And vent the bitterness of your wrath on me,
Your true ally. Why has Orleans escaped us,
But for your greediness of acquisition?
The town was ready to make terms with me;
Your envy was the only obstacle.

TALBOT.

We were not minded to win towns for you.

BURGUNDY.

How were it with you if I withdrew my troops?

MORTIMER.

Not worse, believe me, than at Agincourt,
Where we were ready for you and France together.

BURGUNDY.

Yet was some value set upon my friendship,
And dearly did the regent purchase it.

TALBOT.

Dearly—too dearly! and at Orleans
We paid the price to-day with England's honour.

BURGUNDY.

Urge me no more, my lord; you may repent it.
Did I forsake my master's rightful banner,
Entail the curse of treason on my name,
To bear such insolence from foreign scorn?
Why am I here—why fight I against France?
If I must choose amongst ungrateful friends,
The thankless one shall be my native king.

TALBOT.

You are in correspondence with the Dauphin;
We know it well, but we will find a way
To guard ourselves from treason.

BURGUNDY.

Death and hell!

Shall I be treated thus?—Chatillon, instantly
Draw out my people and prepare to march:

[Exit CHATILLON.]

We will return.

MORTIMER.

Good fortune go with you;

For British glory never glanced so brightly
As when we trusted to no helper's hand,
But forced our way with our good swords alone :
Let every one fight his own quarrel singly :
For it is sure, that French and English blood
Can never mingle cordially together.

Enter ISABELLA attended.

ISABELLA.

What must I hear, my lords? Stay, Burgundy !
What is this strange and fatal influence,
Bewildering even the wisest in the camp?
Shall hate and bitterness divide you now ;
Just now, when only union can uphold you,
Shall your own feuds accelerate your fall ?
I pray you, noble duke, recal the order
So rashly given ; and you, renowned Talbot,
Appease your friend, not without cause incensed.
Come, Mortimer, help me with these haughty spirits,
To speak content, and to establish peace.

MORTIMER.

Madam, not I ; it matters nought to me ;
My notion is, who cannot suit together,
Do well and wisely when they separate.

ISABELLA.

How! are the blind, deceitful arts of hell,
Which we have found so fatal in the field,
Still busy to delude and baffle us?
Who first began the quarrel? Noble Talbot,
Didst thou so far forget thy interest,
As to insult thy sworn and faithful friend?
What can you do without this helping arm?
He has built up your king's unsteady throne;
He holds him or unseats him when he will;
His army strengthens you, still more his name:
If France be but at union with herself,
Not all the might of England, pouring forth
From all her coasts, avails to master her:
France can be overcome by France alone.

TALBOT.

We are not slow to honour faithful friends;
The wise will guard from false companions too.

BURGUNDY.

When gratitude has once become a pain,
Falsehood is ready to excuse the crime.

ISABELLA.

What! noble duke, canst thou so far forget

All sense of honour, and of princely shame,
That you will clasp in friendly brotherhood
The murderous hand by which your father died?
Are you so mad as to believe in peace
With that same Dauphin, whom you have hurled down,
And brought so closely to the brink of ruin?
So near his fall, wilt thou uphold him still,
Madly destroying what thyself hast done?
Here are your friends; your glory and your gain
Lie in your faithful fellowship with England.

BURGUNDY.

My thoughts are far from union with the Dauphin;
But I can ill endure the proud contempt
And overbearing insolence of England.

ISABELLA.

Nay! take not seriously one hasty word;
The general is oppressed with heavy sorrow;
Misfortune is the mother of injustice.
Come, come! embrace, and let me reconcile,
Ere it takes lasting root, your hasty quarrel.

TALBOT.

What sayest thou, Burgundy? a noble mind
Yields gladly to the master-voice of reason.

The queen has spoken well and prudently ;
Then let the honest pressure of my hand
Efface the wounds my hasty tongue has made.

BURGUNDY.

The queen has spoken truth : my just resentment
Yields to the pressure of necessity.

ISABELLA.

Why, this is well ; a brotherly embrace
Will seal your new-established covenant,
And let the past be given to the winds.

[BURGUNDY and TALBOT embrace.

MORTIMER (*aside*).

A blessed peace, established by a fury !

ISABELLA.

My lords, we have lost a battle—we have found
An adverse fate to-day ; but let not this
Cast down your noble hearts : the reckless Dauphin,
Despairing of the help of heaven, has called
Satanic arts to save him ; but in vain
Has he endangered his immortal weal,
For hell itself is powerless to protect him.
A conquering Maiden leads his army on ;
I will lead yours, and I will be to you
In stead of prophetess and sainted maid.

MORTIMER.

Madam, go back to Paris; trust our swords:
We need no woman to teach us how to conquer.

TALBOT.

Go, go! no blessing is upon our arms,
But all goes wrong since you were in the camp.

BURGUNDY.

Go! for your presence here avails us nothing:
The soldiers are dissatisfied with you.

ISABELLA.

You, also, Burgundy! do you combine
With these ungrateful Englishmen against me?

BURGUNDY.

Go! for the soldier loses half his courage
When he believes he fights upon your side.

ISABELLA.

The words of peace are still upon my tongue,
Whilst thus together you conspire against me.

TALBOT.

Go, madam, go, in God's name, I beseech you!
We fear no sorceress when you are gone.

ISABELLA.

Why, am I not your true and sworn ally?
Your cause is mine——

TALBOT.

And yet yours is not ours.

We have embraced an honourable quarrel.

BURGUNDY.

I would revenge a father's bloody murder ;

My arms are sanctified by filial duty.

TALBOT.

Let us speak plain ; your conduct to the Dauphin
Sins against every law of God and man.

ISABELLA.

May tenfold curses wither up his limbs,

The impious son, who dared insult his mother.

BURGUNDY.

He but avenged a father and a husband.

ISABELLA.

He made himself my judge and monitor.

MORTIMER.

Truly, that was irreverend in a son.

ISABELLA.

He dared to drive me into banishment.

TALBOT.

He but obeyed the general cry against you.

ISABELLA.

May curses fall on me if I forgive him !

Ere he shall reign upon his father's throne——

TALBOT.

Rather you will sacrifice his mother's honour !

ISABELLA.

Your feeble spirits cannot comprehend
The wrath of an offended mother's heart.
I love what does me service, and I hate
What injures me ; and if it be my son
Whom I have borne, my hate is bitterer still.
Shall I then not resent that he, to whom
I gave his life, with saucy arrogance
Dares to insult the author of his being ?
You, you ! who levy war against my son,
You have no cause, no claim to plunder him.
What crimes has he committed against you ?
What duty to you has he disregarded ?
Base envy and ambition bring you here :
I have a right to hate him, for I bore him.

TALBOT.

By her revenge he learns to know his mother !

ISABELLA.

Mean-spirited hypocrites ! how I do despise you,
Who cheat yourselves as you deceive the world.
You Englishmen stretch out your robber-hands

Towards this land of France, where you have not
A title or pretence to so much earth
As lies beneath one horse's hoof. This duke,
Who loves to be nicknamed The Good, he sells
His fatherland, the inheritance of his fathers,
To a strange master and a natural foe ;
And yet is justice ever on your tongue !
I do despise such base hypocrisy,
The world shall see me as I am.

BURGUNDY.

In sooth,
Full gallantly do you redeem this pledge !

ISABELLA.

What ! I have passions ! have I not warm blood
As others have ? I came into this land,
To be in deed, and not to seem, a queen.
Must I be doomed, then, to renounce all joy,
Because the curse of fate had fettered me
In my glad youth to a distracted husband ?
I love my freedom better than my life,
And he who threatens it——But why should I
Dispute with you upon the rights I claim ?
Slow creeps the thick blood in your heavy veins :

You know the wrath of hate, but not the joy;
And this 'good Duke,' whose life has ever been
Midway and halting betwixt right and wrong,
Can neither hate nor love.—I go to Melun. [Exit.

TALBOT.

What a woman!

MORTIMER.

Come, my lords, to counsel:
Must we fly farther, or return again
To wipe away, by some bold enterprise,
The short-lived shame of our defeat to-day?

BURGUNDY.

We are too weak—the troops are in confusion—
The terror is too recent in the camp.

TALBOT.

Only blind panic has subdued us now;
A rapid, momentary, fleeting impulse:
The spectre vision of the frightened fancy
Stedfastly gazed upon, will disappear.
Therefore my counsel is, we lead the army
Across the river, back, at break of day,
To face the foe.

BURGUNDY.

Consider——

MORTIMER.

By your leave,

There is no room for hesitation here :
We must win speedily what we have lost,
Or shame will rest eternally upon us.

TALBOT.

It is determined : we will fight to-morrow,
And dissipate the phantom of our fear,
Which now unmans and blinds our followers.
We will endeavour, in the coming battle,
To meet this virgin devil face to face ;
If she encounters with our sharp-edged swords,
Her powers of sorcery will not save her long :
Or if she shuns us, as she surely will
A real attack, the troops are disabused.

MORTIMER.

Be it so ; and leave to me, my noble lord,
This easy conquest where no blood shall flow :
I trust to seize our goblin foe alive,
And before Dunois' eyes, her paramour,
To bear her in my arms a prisoner,
Amid the army's scoffs, into our camp.

BURGUNDY.

Promise not too boldly !

TALBOT.

If I meet with her,
 I do not think so softly to embrace her.
 Come now ;—exhausted nature needs repose :
 Let us refresh our strength with gentle slumber,
 Then with the break of day to our assault. [*Exeunt.*]

*Enter JOHANNA over the rocks, DUNOIS, LAHIRE, Knights
 and Soldiers : they come down to the front.*

JOHANNA.

The pass is gained, and we are in the camp ;
 Now cast away the veil of silent night,
 Which has o'ershadowed your advance so far :
 Your presence, fraught with terror to your foes,
 Let your loud war-cry tell—God and the Maiden !
 [*Soldiers shouting, with noise of military instruments.*]

God and the Maiden !

Centinels behind the scenes.

Up ! awake ! the foe !

JOHANNA.

Bring torches hither : throw fire among the tents :
 Let the flame's fury multiply their fear,
 And death encompass them on every side.

[*Offers to go.*]

DUNOIS (*holding her back*).

Johanna, thou hast well performed thy part,
Hast led us here amid the English camp,
And given the enemy into our hand.
Stay now aloof, forbear the bloody strife,
And leave to us what yet remains to do.

LAHIRE.

Yes! show the way of victory to the troops,
And wield the banner in thy blameless hand:
Take not the deadly sword into thy grasp:
Tempt not the false uncertain fate of battle,
Which rages blindly and regardlessly.

JOHANNA.

Who shall withhold me? who shall dare withstand
The spirit that drives me on? When once shot forth,
The arrow must fly forward to the goal:
Where danger is, there must Johanna be!
Not now, not here, am I decreed to fall—
On the king's head first I must set the crown.
No enemy has power to work me harm
Till all that God commanded is fulfilled.

[*Exit.*

LAHIRE.

Come, Dunois, let us guard the heroic maid,
And shield her life at peril of our own.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter English Soldiers in confusion.

FIRST SOLDIER.

The Maiden! here in the camp!

SECOND SOLDIER.

Impossible!—how can it be! How came she into the camp?

THIRD SOLDIER.

Through the air; the devil helps her.

FOURTH AND FIFTH SOLDIERS.

Fly, fly! we are all lost!

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter TALBOT.

They will not hear—they will not stand to me!
The bands of discipline are all unloosed,
And as if Hell had vomited its legions
Of damned spirits, one rabble rout of fear
Drives madly forth the coward and the brave.
I cannot rally the smallest troop around me
To face the rushing tide of enemies
Which pours its swelling strength into the camp.
Am I the only sane one in the army?
Does the same fever rage in all but me?
To fly before these French effeminate
Whom we have beaten back in twenty battles!
Who is she then, this Irresistible,
This Queen of Terror, who at once can turn

The fate of battles, and change a coward troop
 Of trembling deer to lion-hearted heroes?
 Shall, then, a cheat, who acts a heroine's part,
 Appal true courage with her mimic valour—
 A woman rob me of my warlike fame!

SOLDIER (*running*).

The Maiden! fly! general, fly!

TALBOT.

Fly thou to hell (*striking him down*)

Thyself! This sword shall pierce the heart of all
 Who speak to me of fear or dastard flight! [Exit.

SCENE II.—*Another part of the Field—the English
 Camp in flames—Alarum.*

Enter MONTGOMERY.

Where shall I fly? death is on every side.
 Here Talbot rages, and, with threatening sword,
 Forbids our flight, and drives us on destruction;
 Yonder the Fearful One, who, like a flame
 Of all-consuming fire, deals death around:
 And near me is no bush, no secret cave,
 Where I may hide my fear. Ah! wretched man!
 Why did I cross the sea, fooled with vain hopes
 That I might buy in France a cheap renown,

And now an evil fate has led me here
Into this field of blood. Oh! were I far,
Where round my father's peaceful dwelling flows
The glittering Severn, where my mother mourns,
And my soft bride grieves for my safe return.
Alas! what see I? yonder the terror comes:
Dimly she rises from the lurid fires
Like some dark demon from the throat of hell.
Where can I fly? even now her eyes of flame
Have fastened on me, and she darts this way
Her fascinating and unerring glance.
My feet are fettered, while the magic charm
With which I feel encircled, hems my flight.
I cannot choose but gaze upon her face,
Though fear and loathing chill my fainting heart.
She comes: I will not wait till savagely
She rushes on her prey; I will fall down,
Embrace her feet, and supplicate for life:
She is a woman—tears perhaps will move her.

Enter JOHANNA.

Thou art lost: a British mother nurtured thee.

MONTGOMERY.

Hold, fearful Maiden! pierce not the defenceless:

See, I have cast my sword and shield away ;
Unarmed and suppliant at thy feet I fall ;
Leave me the light of life—take ransom for me.
Rich and luxuriant is my father's home,
In the fair land of Wales, where, through green vallies,
The winding Severn rolls its silver stream,
And fifty hamlets own him for their lord :
With a rich ransom will he buy my freedom,
When he shall know his son a prisoner.

JOHANNA.

Deluded fool ! thou art fallen into the hand
Of the destroying angel, where no hope
Of ransom or of safety can remain.
Had thy fate thrown thee to the crocodile,
Or to the spotted tiger—hadst thou met
The raging lioness seeking for her young,
Then mightest thou hope for mercy and compassion,
But it is certain death to meet the Maiden.
A fearful task is laid upon my soul :
Bound by a stern, irrevocable vow
To slay all living creatures with the sword
Which destiny has given into my hand.

MONTGOMERY.

Thy words are fearful, but thy looks are mild :

Thou art not terrible when I gaze on thee :
My heart pays homage to thy loveliness.
Oh ! by the tenderness of thy soft sex,
I do adjure thee, spare my youthful life.

JOHANNA.

Call not upon my sex, name me not woman :
Like disembodied spirits, which, unrestrained
By earthly ties, go wandering through the air,
I have no sex, this armour hides no heart.

MONTGOMERY.

Oh ! I implore thee in the name of love,
The universal law which all obey ;
For I have left at home a beauteous bride,
Fair as thyself, blooming in youthful grace,
And tearfully she waits for my return ;
If thou hast ever known the name of love
And hoped for happiness, divide not now
Two hearts united by these holy ties.

JOHANNA.

Thou callest on strange and earthly deities
Which I know not, nor honour : I know nought
Of ties of love, by which thou dost adjure me,
And pay no homage to its idle shrine.
Defend thy life, for death awaits thee now.

MONTGOMERY.

Have mercy, then, upon the wretched mother
Whom I have left at home. Thou surely, too,
Hast quitted parents sorrowing for thy sake.

JOHANNA.

Unhappy wretch!—wilt thou remind me, then,
How many childless mothers in this land,
How many tender infants fatherless,
How many widows you have made desolate!
Let England's mothers taste the deep despair,
And learn to weep the tears which all too long
Have dropped in France unseen and unavenged.

MONTGOMERY.

Oh, it is hard to die unpitied here!

JOHANNA.

Who called you here, into this stranger land,
To waste the blooming produce of our fields,
To drive us from our own domestic hearths,
To hurl the flames of war where holy peace
Had made her sanctuary within our walls?
You dreamed, in your heart's vain imaginings,
To plunge the free-born Frenchman in the shame
Of slavery, and fetter this great land,

As 'twere a boat, to your proud ocean galley !
Vain fools ! the royal shield of France is hung
Fast by the throne of God : as easily
Might you pluck down stars from the firmament
As hold one village of this mighty empire,
Eternal, One, and Indivisible.
The day of wrath is come, and ne'er again
Will you return across the hallowed sea
Which God has set the boundary of your land,
And which you impiously have overleaped.

MONTGOMERY.

The bitterness of death is on me now.

JOHANNA.

Death, friend ! why tremble thus to think of death,
The inevitable fate ? nay, look on me ;
I am a lowly maid, a shepherdess :
This hand, familiar with the peaceful crook,
Is unaccustomed to the bloody sword ;
But borne away from my paternal home,
My father's love, my sister's dear embrace,
Not my own choice, the warning call of Heaven,
Hath brought me hither ; to your bitter loss,
Not to my gain, to wander o'er the field

A phantom of astonishment and fear ;
To scatter death, and then—myself to die :
For I shall see no day of glad return ;
I shall make many widows, shall destroy
Yet many of your nation, but at length
I shall fulfil my destiny, and die.
Fulfil thine also ; grasp thy shield and spear,
And let us struggle for the prize of life.

MONTGOMERY.

Nay, if thou art mortal, and if earthly weapons
Avail to wound thee, mine perchance may be
The appointed arm to send thee to perdition,
And rescue England from her loss and shame.
I trust my fate into the hand of God :—
Creature of hell, call thou thy damned spirits
To help thy impious arm : defend thy life !

(They fight ; MONTGOMERY falls).

JOHANNA.

Thou camest unto thy death : farewell !

[She turns from him and stands musing.]

Oh, mighty Virgin ! thou art strong within me ;
Thou strengthenest my unaccustomed arm,
Thou steelest my heart with unrelenting fury :

My soul melts now with pity, and my hand
Trembles as if its impious violence
Had burst the sanctuary of some holy thing,
When it defaced the handiwork of God.
I shudder but to see this glittering sword :
But when the hour comes, power is on me suddenly ;
And in my faltering grasp the unerring blade
Governs my arm as 'twere a living soul.

Enter BURGUNDY (his visor closed).

Accursed one ! thine hour at length is come :
Long have I sought thee o'er the field in vain.
Thou fatal juggle, turn again to hell,
Whence thou and thy deceitful arts are sprung.

JOHANNA.

And who art thou whom an unhappy fate
Hath sent to cross my path ? thy bearing seems
As of a prince ; thou art no Englishman,
For on thy breast is the Burgundian scarf,
To which my blade is lowered in amity.

BURGUNDY.

Child of perdition ! thou hast not deserved
To yield thy breath beneath a princely hand,

The headsman's bloody axe should strike the head
From thy vile body, not the noble sword
Of royal Burgundy.

JOHANNA.

Then thou art the duke.

BURGUNDY (*lifting his visor*).

I am. Now tremble, wretch, and now despair!
Thy devilish sorcery avails thee not:
Thou hast encountered dastards hitherto:
A man has met thee now.

Enter DUNOIS and LAHIRE.

DUNOIS.

Turn, Burgundy,
And fight with men, and not against a girl.

LAHIRE.

We guard the holy maiden's sacred life,
And first your sword must pierce this heart of mine—

BURGUNDY.

I tremble not to meet this vile enchantress,
Nor you whom she has changed so shamefully.
Blush, Bastard, blush!—Shame upon thee, Lahire!
You have disgraced and stained your old renown

With hellish artifice, and stooped to seem
 The attendant squires upon a sorceress quean.
 Come on; I dare you all: your trust in Heaven
 Is gone, since you have called on help from hell.

JOHANNA.

Hold!

BURGUNDY.

Dost thou tremble for thy paramour?
 Before thy face shall he——

JOHANNA.

Stand back, I say!

Lahire, divide them: no French blood shall flow.
 This strife shall be decided not with swords:
 Another issue is decreed to it.
 Fall back asunder! listen, and obey
 The spirit which now inspires and speaks within me.

DUNOIS.

Why wilt thou thus restrain my lifted arm,
 And stay the bloody judgment of the sword?
 The steel is drawn, the blow is all but stricken,
 Which reconciles and which revenges France.

JOHANNA (*between them*).

Stand on one side! (*to LAHIRE*)—stir not in word or
 deed,

For Burgundy and I must speak together.—
What wouldst thou do? Who is the enemy
Whom thine eyes seek with hot desire of blood?
This noble prince, a son of France, as thou art;
This is thy countryman, thy brother in arms;
I am a daughter of thy fatherland;
We all, whom thou art raging to destroy,
Are of thy friends; our arms are open to thee
To welcome thy embrace, our knees are ready
To do thee homage, our swords are powerless
To harm thee: even when clad in steel against us,
We reverence the lineaments which bear
The sacred impress of our native kings.

BURGUNDY.

False siren, thou wouldst fain entrap thy prey
With the sweet melody of flattering tones:
Deceitful one! thou canst not so delude me.
My ears are deaf to thy ensnaring words;
My breast is armed against thy looks of flame,
Which harmlessly glance by. Stand to your arms,
Dunois, and fight with blows, and not with words.

DUNOIS.

Words first, then blows:—art thou afraid of words?

Even that is cowardice, it is the sign
How feebly guarded is the cause of treason.

JOHANNA.

We are not driven by hard necessity
To tremble at thy feet: we are no suppliants
Who stand before thee. Cast thine eyes around:
The English camp lies smouldering in its ashes;
The field is covered with thy slaughtered friends:
Thou hearest the trumpets of victorious France;
God has decided, and the triumph ours.

So come we to thee, offering now to share
The freshly gathered laurel with our friend.

Be one of us: come, noble proselyte,
Where victory and right go hand in hand.

I offer—I, the messenger of heaven—
The hand of sisterly love: I will deliver thee,
And draw thee over to our holy cause.

Heaven is for France; angels thou canst not see,
Adorned with lilies, combat for the king:
Our cause is pure and snow-white as this banner,
And its chaste emblem is the Holy Virgin.

BURGUNDY.

Entangled ever is the glozing phrase

Of falsehood; but her words are like a child's:
And if foul spirits are speaking by her tongue,
Well do they counterfeit the guise of truth.
I will hear no farther—I demand the combat—
I feel my ear is weaker than my arm.

JOHANNA.

Thou sayest I am a sorceress, accusest me
Of devilish arts: is it the work of hell
To foster peace and to extinguish hate?
Can concord spring out of the bottomless pit?
What can be holy, innocent, and good,
If not the struggle for our fatherland?
And when was nature yet so far arrayed
Against herself, that heaven should now forsake
The rightful cause, and demons should defend it?
If what I utter now is good and true,
Whence can it come to me but from above?
Who could instruct the humble shepherdess,
Among her flocks, upon the mountain paths,
To understand and speak of royalties?
I never stood before the thrones of kings:
My tongue is unendowed with eloquence:
Till now, when I have need to touch thy heart,

My glance dives freely in futurity ;
The destiny of nations and of kings
Lies clearly open to my untaught eye,
And thunderbolts are flashing from my tongue.

BURGUNDY (*astonished*).

What is this new-born feeling? Is it from God,
This sudden change, that works within me now?
There is no guile in that fair countenance :
Oh, no ! if I am dazzled by a charm,
It is the irresistible power of Heaven—
My heart assures me she is sent from God.

JOHANNA.

His heart is touched—it is. Oh, not in vain
My prayers and supplications have gone up ;
The thunderbolt of wrath clears off his brow,
Melting in dewy tears of tender pity ;
And in his eye, which beams with peace once more,
The golden sun of sympathy appears.
Down with your swords ! greet him with heart and hand.
He weeps—he is overpowered—he is ours !

[DUNOIS and BURGUNDY embrace. *Tableau.*

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The Court of King CHARLES at Chalons on the Marne.*

Enter DUNOIS and LAHIRE.

DUNOIS.

We have been friends, Lahire, brothers in arms ;
We have fought side by side in the same quarrel,
In danger and in death knit fast together :
Let not the love of woman burst the ties
Which have outlived the changing lot of fortune.

LAHIRE.

Hear me, Dunois.

DUNOIS.

You love the wondrous Maid :
Well do I guess your purpose ; instantly

You mean to seek the king, and to demand
The Maiden as your bride, nor can he dare
Withhold your well-earned prize; but first know this:
Ere I will see her in another's arms——

LAHIRE.

Prince, hear me!

DUNOIS.

It is not the sensual charm
Of fleeting beauty that has caught my eye;
No woman yet had touched my untamed heart,
Until it met with this miraculous Maid;
The chosen one of God, decreed of Heaven
To save the empire and to mate with me;
And I have sworn to lead her home a bride.
None but a heroine can a hero love;
My glowing heart pants for an equal soul
Which comprehends and can endure its fervour.

LAHIRE.

How can I dare to match my weak desert
With the proud name of chivalrous Dunois?
Where he thinks fit to enter in the lists
All rivalry is vain; and yet, methinks,
A lowly shepherdess can never stand

Worthily at the altar by your side :
The royal stream which courses in your veins
Disdains the thought of such unequal mixture.

DUNOIS.

She is the child of nature—so am I :
Our births are equal. But shall she be deemed
Unworthy of a prince, who is the bride
Of blessed angels, round whose godlike head
A glory streams brighter than earthly crowns,
Who sees the greatest and the mightiest
Of earthly majesty beneath her feet ?
Take all these thrones and pile them to the stars ;
How far are they below the lofty place
Where in angelic dignity she stands.

LAIHRE.

Let the king choose.

DUNOIS.

No ! let her choose herself :
She has given France its freedom ; freely now
Let her bestow her heart.

LAIHRE.

Here is the king.

Enter CHARLES, AGNES, DU CHATEL, *and* CHATILLON.

CHARLES (*to* CHATILLON).

He comes ! he will acknowledge me as king,
And pay to me his lawful homage here ?

CHATILLON.

Here, sire, within Chalons, your royal city,
The duke, my master, will kneel down before you ;
From him I greet you as my lord and king :
He follows closely and will soon be here.

AGNES.

He comes ! oh, blessed sun of this fair day,
That shines on joy and peace, and on forgiveness.

CHATILLON.

The duke approaches with two hundred knights,
And offers to kneel down before thy feet ;
But he expects thou wilt not suffer this,
But greet him as thy cousin and thy friend.

CHARLES.

My heart burns with impatience to embrace him.

CHATILLON.

The duke requests that in this interview
No word be spoken of the old dispute,
Which now is ended.

CHARLES.

Let the past be sunk
For ever in oblivion ; we look on
In gladness now to days of coming joy.

CHATILLON.

All who have fought for Burgundy shall be
Included with him in this amnesty.

CHARLES.

My kingdom will be doubled : be it so.

CHATILLON.

If the queen Isabella wills it so,
She also shall be party to the treaty.

CHARLES.

She wages war with me, not I with her ;
When she has closed our quarrel, it is done.

CHATILLON.

Twelve knights shall be the hostage for your word.

CHARLES.

My word is sacred.

CHATILLON.

And the archbishop
Shall share the holy wafer betwixt you two,
The pledge and symbol of sincere forgiveness.

CHARLES.

So be my hope of future happiness,
As heart and hand of mine are true to him!
What other pledge does the duke yet demand?

CHATILLON (*looking at DU CHATEL*).

Here I see one whose presence might give pain,
And mar the tone of your first interview.

[DU CHATEL *retires silently*].

CHARLES.

Go, Du Chatel: until the duke can bear
To look on thee, thou mayest remain concealed.

[*He follows him with his eyes, then runs to him and embraces him.*]

True friend! thou wouldest have done much more than this
To give me comfort.

[*Exit DU CHATEL.*]

CHATILLON.

The other articles are in this paper.

CHARLES (*giving it to the Archbishop*).

Set it in order, we agree to all;
No price can be too precious for a friend.
Go, Dunois, take a hundred noble knights
With you, and meet the duke befittingly.

Let the troops decorate themselves with laurel
To welcome in their brother warriors :
Proclaim a festival throughout the city,
And every bell shall ring abroad the news
That France and Burgundy are reconciled.

Trumpets. Enter a Page.

But, hark ! whose are the trumpets that I hear ?

PAGE.

The duke is entering.

DUNOIS.

Let us haste to meet him.

[*Exeunt* DUNOIS, LAHIRE, and CHATILLON.

CHARLES.

Agnes, you weep ; I, too, can scarcely bear
The emotion of our coming interview.
How many victims have been doomed to death
Ere we could meet in peace. But now at length
The fury of the storm is hushed to rest :—
The darkest night is followed by the dawn ;
The tardiest fruits grow ripe in their own time.

ARCHBISHOP (*at the casement*).

The duke can scarcely find a way to pass

The thronging crowd. They lift him from his horse—
They kiss his feet—they hang upon his mantle.

CHARLES.

It is a good people—fiery in their love
As in their hate: they have forgotten now,
How many sons and fathers he has slain:
One moment swallows up a life gone by.
Agnes, be calm; even extravagant joy
Might be a sting to his repentant soul:
Nothing shall shame or discontent him here.

*Enter the Duke of BURGUNDY, DUNOIS, LAHIRE, CHA-
TILLON, and other Knights. The Duke stands still on
entering; the King makes a step towards him; the
Duke immediately advances, and as he offers to kneel,
the King embraces him.*

CHARLES.

You have surprised us, cousin; we had thought
To bring you in; but you have nimble steeds.

BURGUNDY.

They bore me to my duty.

[*He salutes* AGNES.

By your leave,

Fair cousin: in Arras it is our privilege,
And beauty may not dare gainsay the custom.

CHARLES.

Men say your city is the court of love—
The mart whence beauty has its stamp and standard.

BURGUNDY.

Sire, we are traders, and we boast to show,
Upon our fair at Bruges, what men esteem
Most precious and most rare in every clime;
And what should be more highly prized than beauty?

AGNES.

A constant heart deserves a higher praise;
But in your market that is never seen.

CHARLES.

You have an evil reputation, cousin,
That you disdain this brightest female virtue.

BURGUNDY.

The heresy prepares the punishment
Which it deserves. Your heart has early taught you
What a wild life too late has lessoned me.

[*He turns to the Archbishop.*]

My reverend father, let me crave your blessing;
You are encountered ever at your post:
He who would find you, must go near to virtue.

ARCHBISHOP.

I wait with patience till my master calls me :
My heart is satisfied ; I am content
To go, since I have lived to see this day.

BURGUNDY (*to AGNES*).

Men say that you gave up your treasured jewels,
To forge them into weapons against me.
Were you so hotly bent on my destruction ?
But now our strife is ended ; all is found
That had been counted lost, and with the rest,
Your jewels find their owner here again.
Once they were destined to make war against me ;
Receive them now from me in pledge of peace.

[He takes a casket from an attendant and offers it to her ; she looks hesitatingly towards the King.]

CHARLES.

Accept the gift ; the pledge is doubly dear,
Of faithful love, and of a friend restored.
BURGUNDY (*fastening a rose of brilliants in her hair*).
Why is it not the royal crown of France ?
How gladly should I place the diadem
Upon this beauteous brow—and count on me

[Taking her hand.]

If e'er you need a friend.

[AGNES, overcome with emotion, bursts into tears and turns away. After a pause, BURGUNDY throws himself into the King's arms.

Oh, my king!

How could I hate you—how could I renounce you!

CHARLES.

Hush! speak of that no more!

BURGUNDY.

And I could crown

This Englishman—swear fealty to the stranger,

And you, my king, precipitate in ruin.

CHARLES.

Forget it now; all is forgiven and past:

This single moment has atoned for all;

It was our fate—our ill-starred destiny.

BURGUNDY.

I will make it good, believe me; all your sorrow

Shall be removed; your kingdom, unimpaired,

Shall be restored; no village shall be wanting.

CHARLES.

We are reconciled; I fear no enemy now.

BURGUNDY.

Believe me, whilst I stood in arms against you,

My heart was never glad: did you but know—
Why could I not have seen this mediator?

[*Turning to* AGNES.

I had not dared to fight against her tears.
No power of hell avails to part us now,
Since we have met in brotherly embrace:
Now I have found my place and proper home,
And all my wanderings are ended here.

ARCHBISHOP.

Princes, your union is accomplished now;
France rises like a phœnix from her ashes,
And smiles towards a fair futurity.
The deep wounds of our country will be healed;
The desolated villages and towns
Will rise in splendour from their smoking ruins;
The fields will clothe themselves anew with green:
But those who fell, the victims of your hate—
The dead, will not return; the bitter tears
Which flowed upon your quarrel, have been wept;
The coming race will blossom, but the past
Has been the spoil of ruin and despair:
The fathers wake not to their childrens' joy.
These are the fruits of your unhallowed strife,
And let them be to you an awful lesson:



Tremble before the godhead of the sword
Ere you unsheath it : monarchs may cast loose
The flight of war ; but not submissively,
Not like a falcon stooping from the clouds,
Will it return to hear the hunter's cry,
And settle on its master's hand again :
A second time a saviour will not come
To reach the hand of Heaven in mercy to you.

BURGUNDY.

Oh, sire ! you have an angel at your side ;
Where is she—why is she not with us here ?

CHARLES.

Where is Johanna ? how can she be absent
In this fair day of glad festivity,
Which she has given us ?

ARCHBISHOP.

Sire, the holy Maiden
Loves not the idle splendour of a court ;
And when her inspiration calls her not
Into the light of day, she shrinks abashed
Back from the vulgar gaze of curious eyes.
Perhaps she intercedes with Heaven for France,
While resting from her toils of active duty ;
For blessings still attend and follow her.

Enter JOHANNA.

CHARLES.

Thou comest, Johanna, as a priestess now,
To consecrate the union thou hast made.

BURGUNDY.

How fearful was the Maiden in the battle ;
How mildly now peace beams upon her brow.
Have I redeemed my word, Johanna, and art thou
Content with me ? have I deserved thy praise ?

JOHANNA.

Thou hast shown the greatest favour to thyself.
Now thou art beaming in the blessed light ;
Before thou wert a blazing prodigy,
Hung out by heaven to terrify mankind.

[Looking around.]

Here I see many noble knights assembled,
And every eye is bright with cheerful hope :
One mourner I encountered on my way,
Who hides himself amid the general joy.

BURGUNDY.

And who is conscious of such heavy guilt,
That he mistrusts my favour and forgiveness ?

JOHANNA.

May he approach? Oh! tell me that he may;
Complete thy work: there can be no forgiveness
Which does not cleanse the heart from every stain;
One drop of hatred in the cup of joy,
Whilst lingering still behind, infects the whole:
No wrong can be so deep which Burgundy
Will not forgive upon this joyful day.

BURGUNDY.

Ha! now I understand thee.

JOHANNA.

And thou wilt
Forgive him, Burgundy; come, Du Chatel,
*[She beckons to DU CHATEL, who stands irresolute at
the entrance.*

The duke is reconciled with all his foes—
With thee among the rest.

BURGUNDY.

What wouldst thou do,
Johanna? knowest thou what thou askest of me?

JOHANNA.

A gracious master opens wide his gates
To every guest that comes—he turns from none:
Free as the firmament circles round the globe,

Mercy must take in all, both friend and foe :
The sun sends forth his beams alike on all ;
On all alike the dew of Heaven drops down,
On every plant, and tree, and thirsty flower :
That which is truly good, and comes from Heaven,
Knows no exception, keeps no cold reserve ;
But with duplicity is darkness too.

BURGUNDY.

O, she can turn and rule me as she will ;
My heart is moulded wax within her hand.
Embrace me, Du Chatel : I pardon you.
Spirit of my father, frown not on thy son,
Who clasps the hand of him who took thy life ;
Angels of death, reckon it not to me
That I recant my deep-sworn vow of vengeance.
In your dark realms of everlasting night
No heart beats more : all is eternal there,
All is immoveable and fixed ; but here,
In the glad light of day, it is not so :
Man is a living and a feeling soul,
The sport of impulse and of sympathy.

CHARLES.

Do I not owe thee all, miraculous Maid ?
How well hast thou redeemed thy plighted word,

How swiftly changed the current of my fortune :
My friends are reconciled, my foes o'erwhelmed
In dust before me ; from a foreign yoke
My cities are delivered ; all through thee :
Thou hast accomplished all——How can I thank thee ?

JOHANNA.

Be ever merciful in better fortune
As in adversity, and in thy greatness
Forget not all the value of a friend
Which thou hast proved in thy extremity ;
Withhold not justice and deny not mercy,
Even to the humblest, for the shepherd's home
Sent thy deliverer forth. Harmoniously
Thou wilt unite all France beneath thy sway :
Wilt be the ancestor of mighty kings ;
Those who come after thee upon the throne
Surpass in glory those who went before thee ;
Thy race shall flourish and thy kingdom stand,
Whilst it is strengthened in thy people's love :
Pride only threatens and prepares its fall ;
And from the lowly huts, from which even now
Thy safety has gone out, mysteriously
Impends destruction on thy guilt-stained children.

BURGUNDY.

Enlightened Maid ! if thy prophetic eye
Can search the mystery of coming years,
Speak to me also of my race, and say,
Will it still flourish as it has begun ?

JOHANNA.

Thou, Burgundy, hast set thy seat on high,
Even with the throne ; and the unsated heart
Strives to mount higher still, and to the clouds
Tracks its ambitious flight : a mightier hand
Shall curb the impulse of its haughty way.
But fear not, therefore, that thy house shall fall ;
For in a royal daughter it survives,
And sceptre-bearing kings shall spring from her :
Their sway shall be upon two mighty thrones :
All nations of the earth shall hear their law,
And a new world obey them, which lies now
Concealed behind impenetrable seas.

CHARLES.

Oh, if the spirit of prophecy informs thee,
Say, will the friendship which we now renew,
Unite our children ?

JOHANNA, (*after a pause*).

Kings and potentates !

Tremble at discord ; call not from his cave
The demon where he slumbers : once awaked,
Late is it ere his fury sleeps again.
An iron progeny springs up around him :
One brand inflames another as it burns.
Desire to learn no farther, but enjoy
The present hour : let me conceal the future.

AGNES.

Thou holy maiden, thou hast searched my heart,
Thou knowest if idly it aspires to greatness :
Give to me, too, a cheerful oracle.

JOHANNA.

The spirit shows me but the fate of empires,
In thine own bosom is thy destiny.

DUNOIS.

But say, what destiny awaits thyself,
Exalted Maid, thou favorite of Heaven ?
Shall not the purest bliss on earth be thine,
Who art so pure and holy ?

JOHANNA.

Happiness

Is in the hand of Heaven, and Heaven alone.

CHARLES.

Thy fortune be henceforth thy monarch's care,
For I will glorify thy name in France,
And teach our children's children to revere thee.
Kneel down, and rise ennobled; I exalt thee

[He lays the sword on her shoulder.

Above thy lowly birth. I do ennoble
Thy fathers in their graves: thou shalt display
The royal lilies blazoned on thy shield,
And rank with those who are the proudest born
In France: none, save the princely blood of Valois,
Shall be esteemed more noble than thy own:
The mightiest of my peers shall hold himself
Honoured by thy hand; and it shall be my care
To match thee worthily with a fitting mate.

DUNOIS.

My heart selected her when she was lowly,
And this new honour, which encircles her,
Cannot increase my love or her desert.
Here, in the sight and presence of the king,
And of this holy bishop, I offer her
My hand, I take her for my princely bride,
If she esteems me worthy to receive her.

CHARLES.

Resistless Maiden, thou workest wonders still :
Now I believe thou art invincible ;
Thou hast tamed this haughty spirit, which till now
Scoffed at the power and majesty of love.

LAHIRE (*advancing*).

If I have read Johanna's heart aright,
Its brightest ornament is modesty ;
The homage of the mightiest she may claim,
But she will not aspire to soar so high ;
She strives not for the giddy pomp of greatness :
The true devotion of an honest heart
Will better please her, and the peaceful lot
Which, with this hand, I offer to her now.

CHARLES.

Thou too, Lahire !—two honourable wooers,
Equal in valour and in warlike fame.
Wilt thou, who hast appeased my enemies,
My realm united, cause disunion now
Among my friends ! one only can possess thee,
And each is worthy of the high reward.
Speak thou, thy heart alone must here decide.

AGNES.

I see the noble maiden is confused.

And modest blushes rise upon her brow :
Give her a season to interrogate
Her heart, then let her choose some faithful friend
To hear the treasured secret of her choice :
Now is the time, when, with a sister's right,
I venture to draw near to this stern maid,
To earn her love, to ask her confidence.
Leave us alone while we in womanly wise
Take counsel here together, and await
What we shall then determine.

CHARLES (*going*).

Be it so.

JOHANNA.

Nay, sire ! the emotion mantling in my cheek
Was not the timid blush of bashful shame ;
I have no secrets for this noble lady
Which I should hesitate to speak aloud.
These high-born knights have graced me with their choice,
But not in quest of earthly dignity
Have I been called to quit my shepherd home ;
Not to twine bridal garlands in my hair
Did I put on this armour. I must do
The work that has been given me to fulfil,
The maiden mission unto which I came :

I am the chosen warrior of high Heaven,
And may not be the bride of living man.

ARCHBISHOP.

Woman was made to be the loving helpmate
Of man, and when she follows nature's law,
Fulfils most worthily the will of Heaven.
When thou hast satisfied the high command
Which called thee to the field, thou wilt put off
These arms, and to thy softer sex return,
Which now thou hast renounced, which is not called
To be the bloody instrument of war.

JOHANNA.

Most reverend father, at this time I know not
What then the spirit will require of me :
When the hour comes, its voice will not be dumb,
And what it teaches me I shall obey.
But now it calls me to complete my work ;
My master's forehead wears not yet the crown,
The consecrated oil has not been poured
Upon his head—he is not yet “ The King.”

CHARLES.

We are already on our march to Rheims.

JOHANNA.

Let us not tarry, for our enemies

Are busy near thee, and would hem thy path,
But I will lead thee safely through them all.

DUNOIS.

But when at length all shall have been accomplished,
When we victoriously shall enter Rheims,
Wilt thou not then, inspired Maid, vouchsafe——

JOHANNA.

If Heaven hath willed, that, crowned with victory,
I shall return out of this strife of death,
My work is ended, and the shepherdess
In the king's palace has no more to do.

CHARLES (*taking her hand*).

The spirit of thy mission is on thee now,
Love finds no voice in thy inspired bosom;
Trust me, not always will it thus be silent:
At length our toils will end, and in her hand
Victory leads peace, then joy returns to all;
In every heart soft feelings wake anew,
And shall they slumber in thy breast alone?
Then thou wilt weep sweet tears of sympathy,
Which yet are strange to thee; thy changing heart,
Which throbs with heavenly aspirations now,
Will learn to melt with earthly tenderness.

Thou hast given happiness to thousands here,
Then thou wilt learn to live for one alone.

JOHANNA.

Dauphin ! art thou so soon dissatisfied
With the bright apparition thou hast seen ?
The holy Virgin sent to rescue thee,
Thou wouldest degrade from heaven into the dust.
Oh, blinded hearts ! oh, men of little faith !
The Majesty of Heaven shines round about you,
And you see nothing in me but a woman !
Would a mere woman clothe herself in steel,
And mingle in the bloody strife of men ?
Woe, woe ! if while I bear the sword of vengeance
My sinful heart looks down on mortal man :
Better for me I had been never born.
Urge me no more, lest your rash words inflame
The kindling spirit of wrath which burns within me.
The eye of man which looks on me with love,
Is horror and sacrilege upon my soul.

CHARLES.

Break off, it is in vain to urge her now.

JOHANNA.

Sire, bid the trumpets sound ; the calm of peace
Vexes and wearies me ; I pant to end

This idle tarrying; while we linger here,
The spirit of my destiny is abroad,
And sternly beckoning, summons me away.

Enter a Knight hastily.

CHARLES.

What now?

KNIGHT.

The enemy has crossed the Marne,
And offers battle.

JOHANNA (*with fire*).

Now to arms! to arms!

Now soars my soul free from constraint again.
Away! I go to set the troops in order.

[*Exit.*

CHARLES.

Follow her, Lahire! before the gates of Rheims
They venture one more struggle for the crown.

DUNOIS.

True courage leads them not, it is the last
Insane attempt of impotent despair.

CHARLES.

I need not spur you, Burgundy; this hour
You may atone for many days gone by.

BURGUNDY.

You shall be satisfied.

CHARLES.

I will go first

Myself, to lead you in the way of fame,
And before Rheims, my coronation city,
Win, ere I wear, my crown. Farewell, my Agnes,
Thy knight takes leave of thee.

AGNES.

I do not weep—I do not tremble for thee;
My faith is high as Heaven, which has not given
So many tokens of its gracious favour
To let us end in sorrow: my heart knows
I shall embrace thee, crowned with victory,
Within the conquered citadel of Rheims. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—*An open country.—Alarum—skirmish.—
Several parties of Soldiers pass over.*

Enter TALBOT, leaning on CLIFFORD.

TALBOT.

Here set me down beneath these spreading trees,
And turn into the battle once again;
I need no help to teach me how to die.

CLIFFORD.

O, miserable and ill-omened day!

Enter MORTIMER.

To what a sight thou art come hither, Mortimer!
Here lies the general, wounded to his death.

MORTIMER.

Now, God forbid! Look up, my noble lord,
This is no time to falter and to die:
Yield not to death, but with thy powerful will
Control the course of destiny, and live.

TALBOT.

It is vain: at length the fatal day is come
Which overturns the English throne in France.
I have dared despairingly one struggle more,
To turn aside the evil, but in vain:
Here I sink down, crushed by the thunderbolt,
Never to rise again. Haste, Mortimer,
To rescue Paris—Rheims is lost to us.

MORTIMER.

Paris capitulates unto the Dauphin:
The tidings are just come into the camp.

TALBOT (*tearing off his bandages*).

Then flow afresh, ye fountains of my blood,
For I am weary of the light of day.

MORTIMER.

I cannot stay: Clifford, do thou provide
Some place of safety for the general:
We can no longer hold our present ground.
Our soldiers fly already on all sides;
Resistlessly the Maiden presses on.

TALBOT.

Folly, I yield, and thou art conqueror:
Even gods dispute the palm with thee in vain.
Exalted Reason, brightest, holiest child
Of Heaven, wise foundress of the steady world,
Directress of the stars, what art thou, then,
When forced to follow in the mad career
Of superstition? struggling to be free,
And impotently shrieking, thou art plunged,
Foreseeing and foreknowing, in destruction.
Accursed is the man whose life is set
On greatness and on honour; who contrives
Wise plans with prudent thought: the reign of folly
Is o'er the world.

MORTIMER.

My lord, the hours are few
Which yet belong to you; think on your Maker.

TALBOT.

Had we been vanquished, brave men by the brave,
Our comfort might have been the common fortune,
Which, ever changing, ever shifts her wheel;
But to submit to such gross mockery!
Did not my earnest life of toilsome honour
Deserve a weightier and a worthier end?

MORTIMER (*taking his hand*).

Farewell, my lord! the tribute of my tears
Shall not be wanting to thy memory,
If I survive this day; Fate calls me now,
Where on the battle-field she sits enthroned,
And shakes the lots of victory and ruin.
Farewell, to meet again in yonder world;
Short is the parting for a long-tried friendship.

[*Exit.*

TALBOT.

It is soon past, and I shall give the earth
And the eternal elements these atoms,
Which have been joined in me for weal and woe:
And of the mighty Talbot, who has filled
The world with his renown, nought will remain
Except a handful of light dust. Thus man

Goes to his end, and all the recompence
Which by the toil of life we have achieved,
Is but an insight into nothingness :
A loathing and contempt of all that seemed
So full of greatness and so full of glory.

*Enter CHARLES, BURGUNDY, DUNOIS, DU CHATEL,
with Soldiers.*

BURGUNDY.

The field is won !

DUNOIS.

The victory is ours !

CHARLES (*observing TALBOT*).

See who lies yonder—who unwillingly
Breathes heavy farewell to the light of day ;
His armour seems not of a common man :
Go help him, if your aid avails him still.

[*Soldiers approach him.*

CLIFFORD.

Back, stand away ! respect the mighty dead,
Whom living, you had dared not come so near.

BURGUNDY.

What sight is this ? Talbot lies in his blood.

[*He goes to him ; TALBOT gazes fixedly upon him and dies.*

CHARLES.

Nay, not so; [*Restoring it.*]

Even rude war can honour pious duty :
Free shalt thou follow Talbot to his grave.
Now hasten, Du Chatel, my Agnes trembles ;
Relieve her fear ; bring her the welcome news
That we are safe—that we are conquerors,
And carry her in triumph into Rheims.

Enter LAHIRE.

DUNOIS.

Lahire, where is the Maiden ?

LAHIRE.

How ! I ask

Of you ; I left her fighting at your side.

DUNOIS.

I thought she was protected by your arm,
And hurried hither to support the king.

BURGUNDY.

Amid the thickest squadrons of the foe,
But now I saw her snow-white banner fly.

DUNOIS.

Alas ! where is she ? I have fatal bodings.

Come, let us haste to help her; for I fear
 Her daring soul has led her on too far:
 Perhaps among the foe she fights alone,
 Unaided, and overpowered by multitudes.

CHARLES.

Fly! save her!

LAHIRE.

Come! I go with you.

BURGUNDY.

All, all!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*Another part of the field; Rheims in the distance.*

Enter JOHANNA, sword in hand, following a Knight in black armour, his visor closed.

JOHANNA.

Deceitful One! I guess thy crafty scheme:
 With subtlety and counterfeited flight,
 Thou hast withdrawn me from the battle-field,
 And turned off death from many an Englishman;
 But now thine own destruction has o'erta'en thee.

KNIGHT.

Why dost thou follow me, and give thyself
With such infuriate rage, to track my course?
My destiny is not to fall by thee.

JOHANNA.

My soul abhors thee utterly, like night,
The colour that thou lovest; a fierce desire
Drives me to blot thee from the face of day.
What art thou?—raise thy visor!—
Had I not seen the valiant Talbot fall
In front of battle, I'd say that thou wert Talbot.

KNIGHT.

Is thy prophetic spirit silent now?

JOHANNA.

Loudly it warns that evil stands beside me.

KNIGHT.

Johanna of Arc! here, to the gates of Rheims,
On victory's wings, thou hast held on thy way:
Let thy success content thee; leave thy fortune,
Which like a slave has followed thee so far,
Before she angrily shakes off thy thrall:
The fickle one serves none unto the end.

JOHANNA.

How canst thou hope to check my mid career,

Bid me stand still and leave my work undone?
My task must be performed, my vow fulfilled.

KNIGHT.

Nought can withstand thy power, thou mighty one!
In every battle thou art conqueror:
But go no more to battle: hear my warning.

JOHANNA.

This conquering sword will never leave my grasp,
Till haughty England is bowed down to ruin.

KNIGHT.

Look forth where Rheims rises with all her towers,
Thy mark and goal; where yon cathedral dome,
Glancing in golden light, gives back the sun:
There thou wilt enter with triumphal songs,
Fulfil thy vow, and crown thy lawful king:
But go not; hear my warning; turn in time.

JOHANNA.

Who art thou, creature of a double tongue,
Who seekest to bewilder and affright me?
Whence is thy daring with deceitful speech
To breathe false oracles of my fate?

[*The Knight offers to go, she crosses him.*

No! stand;

Answer me, or thou diest beneath my sword!

[*She aims a blow at him.*

KNIGHT (*raises his arm towards her ; she stands motionless*).

Kill what is mortal !

[*Darkness, thunder, and lightning. He disappears.*]

JOHANNA (*at first bewildered, collects herself*).

It was no living thing ; a false delusion,

An evil spirit out of the fiery gulf,

Raised up to terrify my dauntless heart.

What fear I when I wield the sword of Heaven ?

I will hold on my course in victory :

Though hell's black legions swarm the lists to fill,

My heart stands fast, my faith unshaken still.

[*As she is going out, enter MORTIMER.*]

MORTIMER.

Accursed one, prepare thyself for battle ;

Both of us will not leave this place alive :

Thou hast destroyed the bravest of my people,

The noble Talbot has breathed forth the life

Of his great soul ; I will revenge his fate

Or share it ; and that thou mayest learn who now,

Conquered or conqueror, will bring fame to thee,

Know I am Mortimer, the last survivor

Of all the leaders of our English host,

And unsubdued is yet this arm of mine.

[*He attacks her. After a short combat, she strikes the sword from his hand.*]

Ha! spite of fortune——

[He struggles with her ; JOHANNA seizes his helmet, and drags it off.]

JOHANNA.

Take the death thou hast sought ;
The Holy Virgin offers thee by me.

[She catches his eye when about to strike ; her arm drops slowly.]

MORTIMER.

Why dost thou thus withhold the stroke of fate?
Take my life, too ; my honour thou hast taken :
I am in thy hand ; I ask no mercy from thee.

[She motions him with her hand to leave her.]

Fly! owe my life to thee? no! rather die.

JOHANNA (*turning away her face*).

I will not know thy life was in my power.

MORTIMER.

I hate thee and thy gift ; I will not have
Mercy at thy hand : destroy the enemy
Who does abhor and sought to have destroyed thee.

JOHANNA.

Do it, and fly!

MORTIMER.

Ha! what is that?

JOHANNA (*hiding her face*).

Woe, woe!

MORTIMER (*approaching*).

Men say that thou dost slay all Englishmen
Whom thou hast vanquished; why spare me alone?

JOHANNA (*lifts her sword, but drops it again*).

Oh, Holy Virgin!

MORTIMER.

How darest thou call upon that sacred name!
She knows thee not: Heaven has no part in thee.

JOHANNA (*in a tone of despair*).

What have I done!

Alas! I have betrayed my deep-sworn vow.

MORTIMER.

Unhappy girl! I feel compassion for thee;
Thou hast touched my heart; thou hast been merciful
To me alone: I feel my hate is gone;
I must have sympathy with thy despair.
Who art thou, and whence comest thou?

JOHANNA.

Go, begone!

MORTIMER.

Thy youth, thy beauty fill my soul with pity;

My heart bleeds for thy fate; how willingly
Would I preserve thee: tell me that I may.
Come, come; renounce thy cursed covenant:
Throw these arms from thee.

JOHANNA.

Alas! I am not worthy
To bear them longer.

MORTIMER.

Throw them quickly from thee,
And follow me.

JOHANNA (*with horror*).

What sayest thou! follow thee?

MORTIMER.

Thou mayest and shalt be saved! away with me;
I will preserve thee, but make no delay;
An overwhelming grief for thy sad fortune
Is come on me, and the fond hope to save thee.

[*Taking her hand.*]

JOHANNA.

The Bastard comes—they are here—they seek for me:
If they should meet thee——

MORTIMER.

I will guard thee from them.

JOHANNA.

I die if thou shouldst fall beneath their hands.

MORTIMER.

Am I then dear to thee?

JOHANNA.

Holy one of Heaven!

MORTIMER.

Shall I again see thee, and hear from thee?

JOHANNA.

No! never.

MORTIMER.

I bear off this sword—this pledge

That we shall meet again. [*He takes her sword.*]

JOHANNA.

Madman! darest thou do this?

MORTIMER.

I yield to numbers now—we meet again.

[*Exit MORTIMER.*]

Enter DUNOIS and LAHIRE.

LAHIRE.

She lives: she is safe!

DUNOIS.

Fear not, thy friends are here.

LAHIRE.

Is not that Mortimer who flies?

DUNOIS.

Let him fly safely.

Johanna, the just cause of France prevails;
Rheims has unbarred her gates: a mighty crowd
Streams out with shouts of joy to meet the king.

LAHIRE.

What ails the Maiden? see, she faints—she falls!

[JOHANNA *totters.*

DUNOIS.

Ha! she is wounded; loose her breast-plate off:
It is her arm; the hurt is not severe.

LAHIRE.

Her blood flows.

JOHANNA.

Let it flow, and let my life

Flow with it.

[*She faints in their arms.*

END OF ACT III.

ACT IV

SCENE I.—*A decorated Hall.**Enter JOHANNA.*

JOHANNA.

The weapons rest, the storm of war is still ;
The bloody slaughter turned to dance and song ;
Each street re-echoes the loud strains of mirth,
Each church, each altar is with pomp adorned :
The gates are garlanded with laurel boughs,
The pillars twined with wreaths of festive flowers :
All Rheims can scarce contain the rushing tide
Which hurries in to this triumphant day.
One lofty feeling of delight prevails,
One thought is throbbing in the hearts of all ;
And those whom bloody hate so newly sundered,

Exchange the greetings of their common joy.
Now every race which France can call her own,
Boasts of its share in her victorious name :
The splendour of the monarchy revives,
And France does homage to her native king.
But I, by whom this glory has been won—
The common joy comes not to comfort me :
My heart is changed within me ; it shrinks back,
And loaths to look on this festivity :
My thoughts are absent in the English camp,
Among the enemies of France and Heaven ;
And I must wander from the sight of joy,
To hide the guilty secret of my soul.
Who? I!—I bear within my spotless breast
A mortal image! Can this heart of mine,
Filled with the majesty of Heaven, find room
For earthly passion! I, love my country's foe!
I, the appointed saviour of the land,
The chosen warrior in the cause of Heaven,
How can I name it in the face of day,
And not feel crushed with agony and shame!

[*Music is heard in the distance.*]

Alas! these tones ; how they seduce my ear!

In each I hear the music of his voice,
And feel again the magic of his eye;
While each high thought, and every stern resolve,
Melts into tears of tenderness and love.
The soothing tones of peace which breathe around me,
Fall soft and enervating on my soul.
Would I were once more in the storm of battle,
'Mid clanging shields and arrows whistling hail,
There I might hope to be myself again.—
Should I have slain him?—could I, when I gazed
Upon his face? Slay him!—I could as soon
Have plunged in my own heart the murderous steel.—
And am I guilty because merciful?
Is pity sin?—Pity!—did I then hear
The voice of pity and humanity
When offering other victims to my sword?
Why was it silent when that gentle youth
Prayed me so bitterly to spare his life?
False heart! thou wouldest deceive the eternal light,
It was no pity that held back thy hand.—
Why did I look upon his countenance,
And see the bearing of his noble brow?
That look was my transgression: Heaven will have

A passive instrument and blind obedience.
When first my eyes were opened, God forsook me,
And I was compassed in the snares of hell.
Oh, had I never changed my peaceful crook
For the red sword of war, or never seen
The mighty visions crowding round my sleep.
High queen of Heaven ! why didst thou come to me ?
I cannot merit it ; take back thy crown.
Alas ! I saw heaven open, and the joys
Of Paradise were manifest in my sight :
The yearnings of my weak rebellious heart
Drag me from heaven earthwards, and shrink back
From the high destiny decreed unto me.
Why must this fearful burden have been laid
On me ?—it is too heavy. How could I
Harden this heart, which God has made to feel ?
Let spirits come, the deathless and the pure,
Who feel not, weep not, doubt not, murmur not,
To do such biddings, and to show such power ;
Not the poor shepherdess, the gentle maid.
The fate of battles and the strife of kings
Concerned me not, whilst free and innocent
I drove my lambs upon our silent hills ;

But I was called into this life of woe,
To these proud palaces and princely halls.
It was not of my choosing, must I bear
The guilt of my transgression?

Enter AGNES. She hastens to JOHANNA and embraces her : then falls at her feet.

AGNES.

Not so; before thee, in the dust——

JOHANNA.

Stand up! (*raising her*)

What do you? you forget yourself and me.

AGNES.

Leave me; it is my overwhelming joy
Which casts me at thy feet. I must pour forth
The swelling transports of my soul to heaven,
And worship the Invisible in thee.
Thou art the angel who hast led my king
To Rheims and crowned him with the royal crown.
All is fulfilled, which I had never dreamed
To see; the coronation is prepared;
The king is ready in his robes of state;
The peers and princes of the land assemble

To bear the ensigns of his royalty ;
The people rush in crowds to the cathedral :
One general shout of gladness rings around—
My joy is full, and I can scarcely bear it.
But thou art still the same, still sad and stern :
Thou canst give joy, canst thou not share it too ?
Thy heart looks coldly on our happiness ;
Thou hast beheld the majesty of Heaven,
And thy pure bosom knows no earthly joy.

[JOHANNA *grasps her hand convulsively, but quickly drops it.*

Oh, couldst thou have the feelings of a woman !
Put off this armour, there is war no more ;
Return into thine own, thy gentler sex ;
My loving heart shrinks back in terror from thee,
Whilst thou art clothed in this unnatural steel.

JOHANNA.

What wouldest thou ask of me ?

AGNES.

Disarm thyself—
Unclasp this breast-plate—love can never dare
To come so near a steel-encompassed heart.
Oh, be a woman, and thou wilt feel love.

JOHANNA.

Now, now disarm myself?—I would in battle
Lay bare my bosom to the welcome sword—
Not now. Oh, that a sevenfold fence of mail
Could shield me from your triumph, from myself!

AGNES.

Count Dunois seeks thy hand; his noble heart,
Which only beats for virtue and for honour,
Glow with a holy spirit of love towards thee.
Oh, it is joy to know thyself beloved
By such a man; more joy it is to love him.

[JOHANNA *turns away.*]

Thou hatest him? No, no! thou canst not hate him,
Only not love him: how could hatred come
Into thy heart? We do not hate, save those
Who sever us from him we love; but thou,
Thou lovest none; thy heart is calm. If thou
Couldst feel——

JOHANNA.

Have mercy—oh, have pity for me!

AGNES.

What can be wanting to thy happiness?
Thou hast redeemed thy promise, France is free;

Thou hast led on the king with victory,
Into the city of his coronation ;
The happy people bless and worship thee ;
By every tongue thy praises are proclaimed ;
Thou art the goddess of this festival :
Even the king, encircled with his crown,
Seems not more glorious.

JOHANNA.

Would I were hid
In the deep caverns of the earth for ever !

AGNES.

What strange emotion vexes and disturbs thee ?
Who can look freely up upon this day
If thou art humbled and dispirited ?
No, let me blush, who feel so weak beside thee,
Who cannot lift my heart to comprehend
And share the heroic nobleness of thine.
Freely to thee let me confess my weakness :
Not all the glory of my fatherland,
Not the recovered splendour of the throne,
Not the high feeling and victorious pride
Of all these multitudes is in my heart,
My feeble heart : there is but one who fills it :

There is no room for other thought than this,
He is the idol—he, the conqueror,
On whose path flowers are strewed and blessings fall,
Is mine, he whom I honour, whom I love.

JOHANNA.

Oh, thou art happy! blessed is thy lot!
Thou lovest where all love; thou mayest openly
Reveal thy heart; thou mayest declare thy joy,
And wear thy gladness in the face of day.
The empire's triumph is thy triumph too;
The never ending, still beginning crowd,
Who pour within these walls unceasingly,
They share thy transport and they hallow it;
They shout for thee, for thee they twine the wreath,
The universal rapture is thine own:
Thou lovest the sun, the fountain of all joy,
And seest in all the glory of thy love.

AGNES.

Oh, excellent! how well thou hast understood me.
I misconceived thee—yes, thou dost know love,
And eloquently hast spoken all I feel:
Free from its fear and timid reverence,
My heart clings to thee confidently now. [*Embracing her.*

JOHANNA (*turning from her*).

Forsake me! fly from me! pollute not thus
 Thy purer nature, shun me as a pestilence.
 Go and be happy, and leave me to hide,
 In the deep gloom of everlasting night,
 My shame, my horror, and my dark despair.

AGNES.

Thy words fall fraught with terror on my ear;
 I understand thee not; but ever thus,
 Incomprehensible and wrapt in gloom,
 Has been the mystery of thy fearful being.
 Who can discern what agitates thee now,
 And awes thy holy heart and gentle nature?

JOHANNA.

Thou art the pure! thou art the holy one!
 Couldst thou but see my heart thou wouldest recoil,
 In horror, from its black and guilty treason.

*Enter DUNOIS, LAHIRE, and DU CHATEL, with
 JOHANNA'S banner.*

DUNOIS.

We look for thee, Johanna, all is ready;
 The king has sent us here: he wills that thou

Shouldest take thy place among the peers of France,
In the procession, nearest to himself,
And bear thy holy banner before him there;
For he proclaims, and before all the land
Will testify, that unto thee alone
Is given the glory of this festal day.

LAHIRE.

Here is thy banner, take it, noble Maid,
The princes wait, the people are impatient.

JOHANNA.

I walk before the king—I bear the banner?

DUNOIS.

Whom else can it become? What other hand
Is pure enough to bear the hallowed sign?
In battle thou hast waved it, wield it now
To grace this day of triumph and of joy.

[LAHIRE offers her the banner, she shrinks from it.

JOHANNA.

Away! away!

LAHIRE.

What ails thee, thus to shrink
From thine own banner? look on it, Johanna,

[Unrolling it.

It is the same which thou hast borne in battle;

The Queen of Heaven is pictured on its folds,
Floating above the dark terrestrial ball,
Just as the Holy Virgin showed to thee.

JOHANNA (*gazing on it with terror*).

It is herself—just so she came to me.
See how she looks in anger on me now ;
How sternly, from the deep-set fringed eye,
Her dark glance glows beneath her frowning brow.

AGNES.

She is entranced. Come to thyself, Johanna,
Collect thyself; thou lookest on nothing real :
This is the likeness of her earthly form,
She is in heaven.

JOHANNA.

Fearful one, art thou come to chide thy creature ?
Condemn, destroy me, take thy lightnings to thee,
And dart them down upon my guilty head :
I have forfeited the vow thou laidest upon me,
Dishonoured and blasphemed thy holy name.

DUNOIS.

Alas ! what means she ?—what unhallowed words !

LAHIRE (*amazed, to DU CHATEL*).

Can you conceive the source of this strange passion ?

DU CHATEL.

I only see what I have feared too long.

DUNOIS.

Ha ! Du Chatel ! how sayest thou ?

DU CHATEL.

What I think

I dare not utter ; but God send that all
Were safely over, and the king were crowned.

LAHIRE (*to JOHANNA*).

How ! has the terror, offspring of this banner,
Returned again at last unto thyself ?
Let England tremble when it sees this sign,
Terrible to the enemies of France,
But of good omen to her faithful children.

JOHANNA.

Ay, thou sayest true, it smiles upon her friends,
And fills with horror those who have denied her.

[*The Coronation March is heard in the distance.*]

DUNOIS.

Then take the banner, they begin the march ;
Take it, there is no moment for delay.

[*They press the banner on her, she seizes it with convulsive effort, and exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*An open Square near the Cathedral, the back-ground filled with Spectators ; BERTRAND, CLAUDE, and STEPHEN come from among them, afterwards MARGARET and LOUISA. Music in the distance.*

CLAUDE.

Hark to the music ; they are coming now.
Which were the best, shall we climb up again
Upon the platform, or press through the crowd,
Where we shall lose no part of the procession ?

STEPHEN.

We cannot pass that way, the streets are choaked
With carriages, with horses, and with men ;
Let us stand rather here, beside these houses ;
Here we conveniently, as it goes by,
Can see the whole array.

CLAUDE.

It is as if
Half of the kingdom were assembled here ;
Such multitudes pour in from every side ;
Even from the distant borders of Lorraine,
Among the rest, we have been hurried here.

BERTRAND.

Who would sit idly in his chimney nook
When mighty things are done throughout the land?
It has cost labour and cost blood enough
Until the rightful head could wear the crown.
Our king, to whom we give the throne to-day,
Who is the lawful ruler of this land,
Shall not be worse accompanied than he
Whom at St. Dennis the Parisians crowned.
He is no Frenchman who is absent now,
And shouts not with the rest, long live the king!

Enter MARGARET and LOUISA.

LOUISA.

We shall soon see our sister, Margaret:
How my heart beats.

MARGARET.

Yes, we shall see her splendour
And dignity, and whisper to ourselves,
That is our sister—that is our Johanna.

LOUISA.

I cannot yet believe till mine own eyes
Have looked upon her, that this mighty one,

The Maid of Orleans, as men call her now,
Can be Johanna, whom we lost from home.

[*The music comes nearer.*]

MARGARET.

You doubt still—you will see her.

BERTRAND.

See, they come!

Procession.—*Children in white, with wreaths and flowers; two Heralds; Halberdiers; Magistrates in their robes; two Marshalls, each with his staff; the Duke of BURGUNDY with the sword; DUNOIS with the sceptre; other Peers bearing the crown, ball, and staff of justice; others with offerings; Knights in the robes of their order; Choristers with censers; two Bishops; Archbishop of Rheims, bearing the Ste. Ampoule; JOHANNA with her banner—she walks with downcast eyes and faltering steps; the King, under a canopy borne by four Barons; Courtiers; Soldiers. When the procession is within the church the music ceases.*

MARGARET.

Saw you our sister?

CLAUDE.

She in golden armour,
Who walked before the king and bore the banner?

MARGARET.

Yes, she; it was Johanna, was our sister.

LOUISA.

And she did not see us! no sympathy
Informed her heart how near her sisters stood!
She gazed upon the earth, and was so pale,
Trembled and tottered so beneath her banner,
I am not glad since I have looked on her.

MARGARET.

Now I have seen my sister in her power
And her magnificence. Who could have guessed,
Even in a dream who could have thought, while yet
She drove her sheep upon our mountain's side,
That we should see her in such majesty?

LOUISA.

My father's dream is true, that here in Rheims
We should bow down ourselves before our sister.
That is the church which in his dream he saw,
And every thing most strangely is fulfilled.
But he saw melancholy faces, too:
It saddens me to see her grown so great.

BERTRAND.

Why stand we idly here? come to the church
To see the holy service.

MARGARET.

Yes! come, come;
We shall perhaps meet with Johanna there.

LOUISA.

We have already seen her; let us turn
Back to our village.

MARGARET.

What! before we greet—
Before we speak to her?

LOUISA.

She is ours no more;
Her station is with kings and princes now:
And what are we, that we should thrust ourselves
With boastful vanity amid her greatness?
She was strange to us while yet she was at home.

MARGARET.

Will she look proudly on us, and despise us?

BERTRAND.

The king himself is not ashamed of us;
For every one he had a kindly word,
Even for the least; and great as she is now,
The king is greater.

[*Trumpets in the church.*]

CLAUDE.

Come into the church !

[*They return to the background, where they are lost in the crowd.*]

Enter RAYMOND and THEOBALD *in mourning.*

RAYMOND.

Stay, father Theobald, go not in the crowd ;
There are none here but with a cheerful mien ;
Your melancholy mars the festival :
Come, let us hasten home.

THEOBALD.

Didst thou behold my miserable child ?
Didst thou look on her well ?

RAYMOND.

Oh ! let us go.

THEOBALD.

Didst thou not see how tremblingly she went,
How pale and altered was her countenance ?
The wretched creature feels her fallen state :
It is the moment to preserve my child ;
I will not lose it.

[*He offers to go.*]

RAYMOND.

Stay ! what would you do ?

THEOBALD.

I will confound her—will annihilate
Her empty splendour, and with powerful grasp
Will draw her to the God she has renounced
Back from perdition.

RAYMOND.

Think on what you do :
Do not precipitate your daughter's ruin.

THEOBALD.

Perish her body, so I save her soul.

[*JOHANNA rushes out of the church, without her banner ;
the crowd gather round her, with signs of adoration :
she is kept by them in the background.*

She comes—'tis she ! pale from the church she comes ;
Her terror drives her from the holy place :
Heaven's doom declares itself.

RAYMOND.

Old man, farewell !

Ask me no more to bear you company ;
I came in hope, and turn in sadness home :
I have seen your daughter once again to-day,
And feel again the pang of losing her.

[*Exit RAYMOND. THEOBALD retires back, avoiding
JOHANNA ; she comes forward.*

JOHANNA.

I cannot stay ; dark spirits drive me forth :
Like thunder rolls the organ in my ear ;
The vaults bow down to crush my guilty head :
I must have room beneath the open heaven.
I have left my banner in the sanctuary ;
This hand shall never lift or wave it more.—
I felt as if my sisters, like a dream,
My Margaret and Louisa, glided by me :
Ah ! it was only a deceitful dream ;
For they are far from me, beyond my reach ;
Like infancy and innocence, far away.

MARGARET (*coming forward*).

It is she—it is Johanna !

LOUISA.

Oh ! my sister.

JOHANNA.

Was it no dream ? you are here : do I embrace you ?
Thee, my Louisa, thee, my Margaret !
Here, in this strange and populous wilderness,
I rest upon my sister's faithful bosom !

MARGARET.

She knows us yet : is our good sister still.

JOHANNA.

And has your love of me brought you so far,
So far from home; you do not chide your sister,
Who went, without farewell, unkindly from you?

LOUISA.

Thy hidden destiny led thee away.

MARGARET.

The fame of thee, that has stirred all the world,
Which bears thy name for ever on its tongue,
Awakened us in our retired village,
And brought us hither to this festival:
We have come here to look upon thy splendour;
And we are not alone.

JOHANNA (*quickly*).

My father is with you:
Where is he—why hides he thus from me?

MARGARET.

Our father is not with us.

JOHANNA.

No! will he not
Look on his child?—you bring me not his blessing?

LOUISA.

He knows not we are here.

JOHANNA.

He knows it not?

Why not?—you are confused—you will not speak;
You look upon the ground:—where is my father?

MARGARET.

Since you have left us——

LOUISA (*makes a sign to her*).

Margaret!

MARGARET.

My father

Has become gloomy.

JOHANNA.

Gloomy!

LOUISA.

Nay, be comforted:

You know our father's sad foreboding temper;
He will recover—be content again,
When we have told him you are well and happy.

MARGARET.

But you are happy—yes, you must be happy;
So great, so honoured as you are.

JOHANNA.

I am,

Now that I look on you again, and feel
Deep in my heart the dear, familiar tones

Which lead my memory to my father's home :
Oh ! when I kept my sheep upon our mountains,
Then I was happy as in paradise :
So happy I can never be again.

[*She hides her face in LOUISA'S arms.*

Enter CLAUDE, STEPHEN, *and* BERTRAND, *who remain*
timidly in the background.

MARGARET.

Come hither, Stephen, Bertrand, Claude, come hither ;
Our sister is not proud, she is so mild,
And speaks more kind than she was wont to do
While yet she lived among us in the village.

[*They come forward : JOHANNA looks on them fixedly*
and seems in amazement.

JOHANNA.

Where have I been ? say, has it been a dream,
A long, sad dream, and now I wake again ?
Have I left Dom Remi ? is it not true
I have been sleeping by the fairy tree,
And am awake, and you are round me here,
The well-known friendly faces that I love ?
I have but dreamed of all these kings and battles,
And deeds of warlike fame ; they were but shadows,
That floated by my fancy as I slept,

For dreams are lively underneath this tree.
How did you come to Rheims—how came I here
Myself; I never went from Dom Remi?
Confess the truth to me and glad my heart.

LOUISA.

We are at Rheims; you have not only dreamed
Of all those things, you have indeed performed them.
Collect yourself; remember, look around you;
Feel here the bright gold armour that you wear,
[JOHANNA *puts her hand to her breast, recollects herself,*
and starts.

BERTRAND.

It was my hand from which you took this helmet.

CLAUDE.

It is not strange that you should think to dream,
For all you have taken upon you and fulfilled
Could not be more miraculous in a dream.

JOHANNA (*quickly*).

Come! let us fly; I go with you—I turn
Back to our village—to my father's arms!

LOUISA.

Come! come with us, dear sister!

JOHANNA.

All these men

Exalt me far above what I deserve :
 You knew me in my childhood, weak and small ;
 You love me, but you do not worship me.

MARGARET.

Will you forsake all this magnificence ?

JOHANNA.

I throw it from me, this detested splendour,
 Which has such power to keep your hearts from mine ;
 And I will be a shepherdess again,
 Will do your bidding like a lowly servant,
 And with the heaviest penance will atone
 For my vain strivings from my proper station.

[*Trumpets sound.*]

*Enter from the church King CHARLES, wearing the Crown,
 AGNES, Archbishop, BURGUNDY, DUNOIS, LAHIRE,
 DU CHATEL, Knights, Courtiers, and People.*

ALL.

Long live the King of France, King Charles the Seventh !
 [*Trumpets. On a signal from the King, the Heralds
 command silence.*]

CHARLES.

Thanks to my people for their honest love ;
 The crown which Heaven has set upon my head

Has been achieved and conquered by the sword,
And with my subjects' precious blood is stained ;
Yet shall the olive peacefully twine round it :
Thanks be to all who fought upon our side,
And to all those who have withstood our way
Forgiveness---Heaven has mercifully dealt with us,
And our first proclamation is for mercy.

PEOPLE.

Long live the King of France—King Charles the Good !

CHARLES.

The kings of France have ever held their crown
From God alone, the ruler over all,
But we have visibly received it from him ;

[*Turning to JOHANNA.*

Here stands the messenger of Heaven, who gave
Your lineal king back to his native throne,
And burst the chain of foreign tyranny :
Her name should be like that of holy Dennis,
The guardian of this highly favoured land,
And altars should be raised to pay her homage.

PEOPLE.

Hail to the Maiden, the Deliverer. [Trumpets.

CHARLES (*to JOHANNA*).

If thou art formed, like us, of mortal mould,

Say how we best may honour and content thee ;
 But if thy dwelling-place be in the skies,
 If thou concealest thy celestial kind
 In this disguise of maiden purity,
 Unloose the film that hides thee from our sense,
 And let us see thee in thy form of light,
 As thou art seen of Heaven, that we may fall
 And worship at thy footstool.

[*General silence, all gazing on JOHANNA.*

JOHANNA (*suddenly shrieking out*).

God ! my father !

SEVERAL VOICES.

Her father !

THEOBALD (*advancing*).

Ay, her miserable father !

Who reared the wretched creature, who comes now,
 Impelled by Heaven, to denounce his child.

BURGUNDY.

Ha ! what is that ?

DU CHATEL.

Now for a fearful dawning.

THEOBALD (*to the King*).

Thou deemest thyself saved by the power of Heaven :

Deluded prince—deluded people of France,
Thou art delivered by the arts of hell!

DUNOIS.

Does the man rave?

THEOBALD.

Not I, but thou dost rave,
And these around thee, and this holy bishop,
Who think the Lord of Heaven would condescend
To manifest himself by a lowly maid.
See now, if still before her father's face
She will uphold the daring, impious cheat,
With which she has deluded king and people.
Answer me now, if thou art pure and holy,
By all that is most sacred, I adjure thee.

Deep silence, all gazing on her ; she stands motionless).

AGNES.

God! she is silent.

THEOBALD.

She dares not reply:
Conjured by words of such deep reverence,
That they are dreaded in the depths of hell.
She holy—she a messenger from Heaven!
In cursed places, by a haunted tree,

Where hellish spirits have held their festival
 Time out of mind, did she brood o'er her scheme,
 And pledged her soul to the great enemy,
 In compact that he would bestow upon her
 A fleeting recompense of earthly glory.
 Let her stretch forth her arm and show the marks
 By which hell claims its creature.

BURGUNDY.

Horrible !

But who can doubt a father's testimony,
 Who bears unwilling witness against his child.

DUNOIS.

Not so; the madman cannot be believed,
 Who in his daughter would disgrace himself.

AGNES (*to JOHANNA*).

Oh ! speak, Johanna, break this dreadful silence ;
 We will believe thee, we have faith in thee :
 Let thy lips utter but a single word,
 It shall suffice. Oh ! speak : annihilate
 This horrible accusation : only say
 That thou art innocent, and we believe thee.

[*JOHANNA stands motionless ; AGNES turns from her, shuddering.*]

LAHIRE.

She is bewildered; terror and amazement
Have sealed her lips; even innocence must shudder,
When such a fearful charge comes forth against it.

[*He goes to her.*

Collect thyself, Johanna; innocence
Has its own language, and its lightning glance,
Which mightily confounds calumnious tongues.
Rise in thy lofty scorn: look up on us,
Rebuke and put to shame the unworthy doubt
Which dares asperse thy innocent purity.

[*JOHANNA stands motionless; LAHIRE goes back; the confusion increases.*

DUNOIS.

Why shrinks the crowd—why do the princes tremble?
She is not guilty; here I pledge myself;
I set upon her cause my princely honour:
Here, in the midst, I throw my knightly glove:
Who amongst all of you dares call her guilty?

[*A violent clap of thunder; all are in consternation.*

THEOBALD.

Answer me! by the thundering voice of Heaven!
Say thou art innocent, say my words are false,
Say that foul sin is not upon thy soul!

[*Another thunderclap; the people fly in all directions.*

BURGUNDY.

May God protect us ! these are fearful tokens.

DU CHATEL (*to the King*).

Away ! my royal lord ; avoid this place.

ARCHBISHOP (*to JOHANNA*).

I ask, in the name of God, if thou art silent

Beneath the power of guilt or innocence ?

And if these mighty thunderings witness for thee,

Look on this holy cross and give a sign.

[*JOHANNA stands motionless ; more thunderings. Exeunt all but JOHANNA and DUNOIS.*

DUNOIS.

Thou art my bride ; my heart believed in thee

With the first glance, and still I am unchanged ;

I have more faith in thee than all these signs—

Than in the rolling witness of these thunders.

Clothed in the mantle of thy purity,

Silent in noble scorn, thou wilt not stoop

To clear thyself from such disgraceful slander.

Despise it if thou wilt, but trust in me ;

I never doubted in thy innocence :

Speak not a single word ; give but thy hand

In pledge and token that thou wilt rely

On this good arm, and on thy rightful cause.

He stretches his hand to her; she turns away with a shudder; he stands in silent horror.

Enter DU CHATEL.

DU CHATEL.

Johanna of Arc, thou hast the king's safe conduct,
Unquestioned and unharmed, to leave the city:
The gates are open, fear no injury;
The king's protection will ensure thy safety.—
Count Dunois, follow me; you risk your honour
In tarrying longer. What a fearful ending!

[Exit DU CHATEL; DUNOIS rouses himself, glances again at JOHANNA, and exit.]

Enter RAYMOND slowly; he comes forward and takes her hand.

RAYMOND.

Come, lose no time, the streets are empty now;
Give me your hand, and I will be your guide.

[On seeing him, she gives the first sign of consciousness; gazes on him, looks to Heaven, seizes his hand convulsively, and exults.]

END OF ACT IV.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A wild Forest, on one side a Cottage—Thunder and Lightning. Shots are heard. CHARCOAL-BURNER and his WIFE from the Cottage.*

CHARCOAL-BURNER.

This is a fearful, desolating storm !
Heaven threatens to rain itself upon the earth
In streams of fire ; the day is black as night ;
The tempest rages like a hell let loose ;
Earth trembles, and the old majestic oaks,
Groaning, bow down their venerable limbs ;
And yet this fearful elemental war,
Which in the wildest beasts breeds gentleness,
That in their dens they tamely hide themselves,
Is powerless to bring peace among mankind.
Between the gusty howlings of the storm
I hear the sharp and ringing sounds of war :

The armies stand so near each other now,
Only the forest parts them, and each hour
May be the messenger of bloody news.

WIFE.

God help us! why, the enemies were beat
And scattered everywhere throughout the land;
How is it that they trouble us again?

CHARCOAL-BURNER.

That is because they fear the king no more;
For since the Maiden proved a witch at Rheims,
The Evil One helps us no longer now,
And every thing goes wrong.

WIFE.

Hark! some one comes.

Enter RAYMOND *and* JOHANNA.

RAYMOND.

Here I see cottages—here we shall find
Some shelter from the tempest's driving fury.
You can endure no more; three days already
You have wandered onwards, shunning the face of man,
And roots and berries were your only food.

[*The storm ceases, it becomes clear.*

They are compassionate peasants, enter here.

CHARCOAL-BURNER.

You seem in need of shelter and of rest,
You are welcome; all our hut contains is yours.

WIFE.

What will the tender maiden thus in arms?
But, sooth to say, it is a dismal time,
And even women go in armour now.
The queen herself, the lady Isabel,
Rides armed, men say, within the enemy's camp;
And a young girl, a needy shepherd's daughter,
Has fought and conquered for our lord the king.

CHARCOAL-BURNER.

Why stand you talking? go into the hut
And bring refreshment for the lady here.

RAYMOND (*to JOHANNA*).

You see, not all are cruelly minded to you;
Even in the wilderness is found compassion.
Be of good cheer, the storm has ceased to rave,
And beaming peacefully the sun goes down.

CHARCOAL-BURNER.

I think you mean to join the royal army,
Because you travel armed. Look to your road;
The English are encamped and near at hand,
Their parties ramble daily through the forest.

RAYMOND.

How may we best avoid them?

CHARCOAL-BURNER.

Stay with us

Until my son returns home from the town ;
He shall conduct you through the forest paths,
Where you have nought to fear ; we know the passes.

RAYMOND (*to JOHANNA*).

Lay by your helmet and your armour now,
It makes you noticed, and protects you not.

[*JOHANNA shakes her head.*]

CHARCOAL-BURNER.

The maiden is very sad—hush ! who comes here ?

Enter WIFE from the Hut with Refreshments and Boy.

WIFE (*to JOHANNA*).

It is the boy whom we expected home ;
Drink this, and may it cheer you, noble lady.

CHARCOAL-BURNER.

Welcome home—Anet, what news?

BOY (*Notices JOHANNA as she is about to drink,
runs to her and snatches away the jug.*)

Mother ! mother !

What have you done!—whom do you entertain!—
This is the witch of Orleans!

CHARCOAL-BURNER *and* WIFE.

God have mercy on us!

[*They cross themselves and run away.*

JOHANNA (*calmly and mildly*).

You see a curse is on me, all things shun me.
Care for thyself, and leave me to my fate.

RAYMOND.

Shall I forsake thee?—who, then, shall remain
To bear thee company?

JOHANNA.

I am not alone.

Thou hast heard the thunder roll above my head,
My destiny is my guide; fear not for me;
Without my seeking, I shall reach the goal.

RAYMOND.

Where wilt thou fly? the English on one side,
Who, in their wrath, have sworn to wreak on thee
A bloody vengeance; yonder are our people,
Who have rejected, scorned, and banished thee.

JOHANNA.

Nothing will happen which is not decreed.

RAYMOND.

Who shall seek food for thee?—who shall protect thee
From savage beasts, and still more savage men;
Tend thee in sickness and in misery?

JOHANNA.

I know all herbs and every root that grows;
My sheep have taught me how to separate
The poisonous and wholesome; I can tell
The courses of the stars, the driving clouds,
And hear the bubbling of the secret springs.
Man's wants are few, and nature is profuse
Of life.

RAYMOND (*taking her hand*).

Wilt thou not commune with thyself?
Be reconciled to God, and come again,
A penitent, into the church's bosom.

JOHANNA.

Dost thou, too, hold me guilty of this sin?

RAYMOND.

Must I not? was your silence not confession?

JOHANNA.

Thou, who hast followed me in misery,
The only one who has been true to me,

Linked thyself to my fate when all beside
Had cast me off—thou thinkest me cursed too,
Renounced of Heaven?—oh, that is hard to bear!

RAYMOND (*astonished*).

And art thou truly then no sorceress?

JOHANNA.

Am I a sorceress!

RAYMOND.

These miracles,
Hast thou performed them by the power of God
And of his saints?

JOHANNA.

I had no other aid.

RAYMOND.

Yet you were dumb beneath the dreadful charge,
Now you speak out; but then, before the king,
When speaking had availed you, you were silent.

JOHANNA.

I followed silently the destiny
Which God, my master, had prepared for me.

RAYMOND.

You had no answer for your father then.

JOHANNA.

What from my father came, came from God too,
And fatherly the chastening will have been.

RAYMOND.

Even Heaven itself proclaimed your guiltiness.

JOHANNA.

Heaven spoke, and I was silent.

RAYMOND.

How! one word

Had then sufficed to clear you, yet you left
The world in this most miserable error.

JOHANNA.

It was no error; it was my destiny.

RAYMOND.

You suffered innocently all this shame,
And dropped no sound of murmur from your lips!
I stand astonished and awe-struck before you;
My heart is moved deep in my inmost soul.
Oh, gladly would I take your words for truth,
For it was hard for me to think you guilty;
But could I dream that human fortitude
Could bear such dreadful things and answer nothing.

JOHANNA.

Should I deserve to be the Chosen One

Unless I blindly honoured His decree?—

And I am not so wretched as I seem.

I am in want: that is no strange misfortune
To my condition. I am a fugitive,
But in the desert I have proved myself:
When the false glare of glory was around me,
Then was the struggle in my feeble heart;
I was most miserable when I seemed
A mark for the world's envy—I am healed,
And this wild tempest in the natural world,
Threatening destruction to it, has been my friend:
The air is purified, and my heart too.
Peace is upon my soul, and, come what may,
My heart is free of weakness and of shame.

RAYMOND.

Oh, come, come, let us hasten to proclaim
Your innocence loudly, in the face of day.

JOHANNA.

He who has sent confusion, He will end it;
And when the hour is ripe the fruit will fall.
The day will come to justify my name;
And those who now condemn and cast me out
Will sadly recognize their blind delusion,
And tears of pity will drop down for me.

RAYMOND.

And must I wait in silence till some chance——

JOHANNA (*gently taking his hand*).

Thou seest but the outside of natural things;

An earthly curtain wraps thy sight around;

But I have looked on immortality:

There's not a single hair falls to the ground

Without the will of God. Seest thou yon sun

Go down in heaven? as surely as to-morrow,

The brightness of his beauty will return,

So sure the truth will one day be revealed.

[*Queen ISABELLA with Soldiers behind.*]

ISABELLA.

Is this the way into the English camp?

RAYMOND.

Alas, the foe!

*Enter SOLDIERS; on perceiving JOHANNA they fall back
in confusion.*

ISABELLA (*entering*).

Now, what stays the march?

SOLDIERS.

May Heaven protect us!

ISABELLA.

Have you seen a spectre?

Call yourselves soldiers—you are dastards. Ha!

[She passes through them, sees JOHANNA, and starts back.]

Whom do I see! *(recovering herself)*. Thou art my
prisoner.

JOHANNA.

I am.

[RAYMOND escapes with signs of despair.]

ISABELLA *(to the SOLDIERS)*.

Lay chains upon her!

[The SOLDIERS approach JOHANNA timidly, she reaches out her arms to them, and is chained.]

Is this the mighty one, the terrible,
Who chaced your armies back like hunted sheep,
Who has no power to guard herself from harm?
Can she work miracles only where is faith,
And a mere woman when a brave man meets her?

[To JOHANNA.]

Why hast thou left the army of the Dauphin?
Where is thy knight and guardian, Count Dunois?

JOHANNA.

I am banished.

ISABELLA.

How! what! banished!

Banished by the Dauphin?

JOHANNA.

Ask no farther now;

I am in thy power, conduct me where thou wilt.

ISABELLA.

Banished! because you saved him from despair,
Because you set the crown on him at Rheims,
Because you raised him to be king of France;
Banished! how well I recognize my son.
Bring her into the camp, and show the army
The phantom which has caused their fear so long.
She a sorceress! her only sorcery
Has been your folly and your cowardice.
She is a fool, who offers up herself
In her king's quarrel, and who now receives
A king's reward. Bring her to Mortimer:
I send the fate of France in fetters to him;
I follow straight myself.

JOHANNA.

To Mortimer!

Kill me here—send me not to Mortimer.

ISABELLA (*to the Soldiers*).

Obey my orders!—carry her away!

[*Exit.*

JOHANNA.

Englishmen, suffer not that I should go
Alive out of your hands; revenge yourselves,
Draw forth your swords and plunge them in my heart;
Let Mortimer see a bloody corpse before him.
Remember it was I who slew your bravest,
Who showed no mercy to you, who have shed
Rivers of English blood, who have deprived
Your valiant Talbot of his glad return!
Take, then, a bloody vengeance—kill me here—
You have me in your hands. I may not be
Always so feeble as you see me now.

CAPTAIN.

Do as the queen commanded!

JOHANNA.

Must my fate
Become more wretched than it yet has been?
Thy hand is heavy on me, fearful Virgin!
Hast thou for ever hid thy face from me?
No angel hears, no pitying saint descends;
Wonders have ceased, and heaven is closed against me.
[*Exit with Soldiers.*

SCENE II.—*The French Camp.* DUNOIS, ARCH-
BISHOP, DU CHATEL.

ARCHBISHOP.

Prince, overcome your angry discontent,
Return with us, come to your king again ;
In this emergency, do not forsake
The common cause, when France, distressed anew,
Now, more than ever, needs your warrior arm.

DUNOIS.

Distressed ! why are we so ? why does the foe
Raise up his front again ? was not all done ?
France was victorious, and the war was ended.
You have rejected your deliverer,
Deliver now yourselves ; I will not go
Into the camp where she is found no more.

DU CHATEL.

Take better counsel, Prince ; dismiss us not
With such an answer.

DUNOIS.

Du Chatel, be silent.

I hate you ; nothing will I hear from you ;
You were the first to breathe a doubt of her.

ARCHBISHOP.

Who had not doubted? who was not misled,
And wavered on that miserable day,
When every sign appeared to point against her?
We were astonished, stupified; the blow
Struck on our hearts too straightly. Who could weigh
Reasons and proofs in that wild hour of terror?
Reflection has returned to us again:
We see how she has lived and dwelt among us,
And find no fault in all that we have known.
We are perplexed; we fear that we have done
Bitter injustice. The king is penitent,
The duke reproachful of himself, Lahire
Is comfortless, and every heart is sad.

DUNOIS.

She a deceiver! If the time should be
That truth must come in a corporeal form,
It must put on such lineaments as hers.
If innocence, if truth, if purity,
Have ever dwelt on earth, they have appeared
In her bright eye, on her ingenuous tongue.

ARCHBISHOP.

May Heaven, by some miraculous dispensation,

Dispel the darkness of this mystery,
Which earthly wisdom cannot penetrate :
But be the riddle read on either side,
We must be burthened with the weight of sin.
We have renounced the Messenger of Heaven,
Or have been helped by hellish sorcery :
And both will call down wrath and punishment
From Heaven, upon this sad, distracted land.

Enter a Nobleman.

NOBLEMAN.

A shepherd seeks admission to your highness,
Imploring earnestly to speak with you.
He comes, so says he, from the Maiden.

DUNOIS.

Haste

And bring him hither—he comes from her.

[*Enter RAYMOND.*

Where is she?—where is the Maiden ?

RAYMOND.

Hail, renowned prince !

And well for me, who meet this holy bishop,
This pious man, the shelter of the oppressed——

DUNOIS.

Where is the Maiden?

ARCHBISHOP.

Tell us where, my son?

RAYMOND.

My lord, she is no hellish sorceress.

I testify by God and all his saints

The people are deceived; you have cast out

The chosen one of Heaven, banished the innocent.

DUNOIS.

Where is she? speak!

RAYMOND.

I have been her companion

To guide her wanderings through the Ardennes forest,

There she confessed her utmost soul to me;

And may I die in torments—be my soul

Shut out eternally from heavenly bliss,

If she be not as pure as innocence.

DUNOIS.

The sun in heaven is not more pure than she.

Where is she? speak!

RAYMOND.

Oh, if your hearts are changed,

And you believe her guiltless, haste to save her:

She is a prisoner in the English camp.

DUNOIS.

A prisoner!—ha!

ARCHBISHOP.

O, most unhappy fate!

RAYMOND.

In the Ardennes, where we were seeking shelter,
She was encountered by Queen Isabel,
And is delivered to the Englishmen.
Save her, who was a saviour to you,
From an impending miserable death.

DUNOIS.

To arms! up! up! alarm the camp, beat drums,
Call every man to battle; let all France
Rush to the field; our honour lies in pawn,
The crown, the sanctuary is endangered:
Venture your blood, your life, your all, to save her;
She must be free before the day is ended. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—*The interior of a Watch-tower, open above;*

JOHANNA, MORTIMER, CLIFFORD.

CLIFFORD.

It is not possible to stay the troops,
They mutiny, and ask the Maiden's death;

Resistance is in vain; do justice on her,
And throw her head from these high battlements;
Her blood alone will satisfy the soldiers.

ISABELLA (*entering*).

They set up ladders; they prepare to storm:
Appease the people. Will you tamely wait
Till, in their frantic rage, they overturn
The tower, and we shall perish altogether?
You cannot guard her longer, give her up.

MORTIMER.

Let them storm on; let their wild fury rage;
This tower is strong, and I will bury me
Beneath its ruins, ere they shall control me.
Answer, Johanna—say thou wilt be mine,
And I protect thee against all the world.

ISABELLA.

Are you a man?

MORTIMER.

Thine own have driven thee out;
Thou art released from every duty now
To thine unworthy land. The dastard souls
Who sought thy favour have forsaken thee,
They dared not struggle to uphold thy fame;

But I preserve thee against mine and thine.
Thou badest me once believe my life was dear
To thee, and then I was thy enemy ;
Now, in the world thou hast no friend but me.

JOHANNA.

Thou art my foe, my country's enemy,
Nought can be common betwixt thee and me :
I cannot love thee ; but if thy heart turns
To me in kindness, let it bring a blessing
Upon my people ; lead thine army home,
Far from the borders of my fatherland ;
Render again the keys of all the cities
Which you have mastered ; set your prisoners free ;
Restore your booty ; give us hostages
That thou wilt rightfully perform thy part,
And in the king's name here I offer peace.

ISABELLA.

Even in thy fetters wilt thou give us laws.

JOHANNA.

Do it betimes, you will be brought to it ;
For France will never wear the yoke of England
While time endures ; sooner shall it become
A yawning sepulchre to swallow you.

Your mightiest are fallen : think betimes
How safely to escape on your return ;
Your fame is blighted, and your power is gone.

ISABELLA.

Canst thou endure her raving insolence ?

Enter Officer hastily.

OFFICER.

My lord, you must haste to form the troops for battle,
The French are drawing nigh with flying banners,
The valley gleams with armour on all sides.

JOHANNA (*with enthusiasm*).

The French are drawing nigh ! Now, haughty England,
Out to the battle-field ; now hold your own.

CLIFFORD.

Misguided creature, curb thy senseless joy ;
Thou wilt not live to see the closing day.

JOHANNA.

My people will be conquerors ! I shall die :
The valiant need my arm no longer now.

MORTIMER.

I mock at these effeminate ! have we not
Chaced them before our face in twenty battles,
Before this heroic Maiden fought for them ?

I do despise the nation, all but one,
And they have banished her. Come, Clifford, come,
We will prepare for them a second day
Such as they saw at Cressy and Poitiers:
The queen will stay to guard the Maiden here,
Within this tower, until the fight is over.—
I leave with you a guard of fifty knights.

CLIFFORD.

Shall we, then, go against the enemy,
And leave this furious one behind us here?

JOHANNA.

What! does a fettered woman make you tremble?

MORTIMER.

Promise, Johanna, not to free thyself.

JOHANNA.

To free myself is now my only wish.

ISABELLA.

Lay threefold fetters on her. I pledge my life
To guard her safely; she shall not escape.

[*JOHANNA is heavily fettered.*]

MORTIMER.

You will this; you compel this; still is time.
Renounce thy country, and bear England's banner,

Then thou art free, and all these raging bands
Who thirst now for thy blood, will worship thee.

CLIFFORD (*impatently*).

General, away !

JOHANNA.

Waste not thy words on me ;
The French are drawing nigh, look to thyself.

[*Trumpets. Exit MORTIMER.*]

CLIFFORD (*coming back to the Queen*).

Lady, you know what will remain for you,
If fortune goes against us, if you see
Our people turn to flight——

ISABELLA (*showing a dagger*).

Be without fear,

She shall not live to triumph in our fall.

CLIFFORD (*to JOHANNA*).

You know the fate that waits you, now implore
A blessing on your army.

[*Exit.*]

JOHANNA.

That I will :

Who can have power to hinder me ? Hark ! hark !
That is my people's march ; how full of life
And victory it thrills into my heart ;

Ruin to England, victory to France !
On, my brave countrymen, the Maiden's near you,
And though she cannot wave her banner now
Before your front, though heavy chains are on her,
Yet from her prison soars her spirit free,
On the glad pinions of your warrior song.

ISABELLA (*to a Soldier*).

Mount yonder tower which overlooks the field,
And give us tidings how the battle goes.

JOHANNA.

Courage, my people ! it is the last encounter ;
One victory more and they are lost for ever.

ISABELLA.

What dost thou see ?

SOLDIER.

The armies close already ;
A furious knight, on an Arabian steed,
Clothed in a tiger skin, leads on the lances.

JOHANNA.

That is Dunois. On, gallant gentleman,
Victory is with thee.

SOLDIER.

The Duke of Burgundy
Assails the bridge.

ISABELLA.

Would that ten lances met
In his false heart, the doubly perjured traitor.

SOLDIER.

Lord Clifford manfully opposes him.
Now they dismount—now they fight hand to hand,
Our people and the duke's Burgundians.

ISABELLA.

Where is the Dauphin! Canst thou not discern
The royal ensigns?

SOLDIER.

All is hid in dust :
I can distinguish nothing in the field.

JOHANNA.

Had he my eye, or if I stood where he stands,
There's not a motion should escape my sight.
I count the wild fowl in their airy flight,
And track the falcon when he soars the highest.

SOLDIER.

There is a fearful struggle at the ditch,
The first and greatest seem to combat there.

ISABELLA.

Seest thee our standard?

SOLDIER.

Fluttering in the breeze.

JOHANNA.

Could I pierce through these walls, but through a chink,
I would control the battle with a glance.

SOLDIER.

Alas! what must I see! our general
Is hemmed about.

ISABELLA (*drawing a dagger*).

Die then, unhappy one!

SOLDIER (*quickly*).

He is free:

The valiant Clifford falls upon their flank;
He breaks into the thickest hostile strength.

ISABELLA (*drawing back the dagger*).

There spoke thy angel.

SOLDIER.

Victory! they fly!

ISABELLA.

Who fly?

SOLDIER.

The Frenchmen, the Burgundians fly;
The field is covered o'er with fugitives.

JOHANNA.

God! God! wilt thou abandon me so far?

SOLDIER.

There goes a prisoner, wounded heavily ;
A crowd is round him, and he seems a prince.

ISABELLA.

One of our leaders, or a Frenchman ?

SOLDIER.

His helmet is unbraced—it is Dunois.

JOHANNA (*seizing her chains violently*).

And I am nothing but a fettered girl !

SOLDIER.

Stay : who is this who wears the sky-blue mantle
Bordered with gold ?

JOHANNA (*aloud*).

That is my lord the king !

SOLDIER.

His horse is startled—stumbles—now he falls ;
He labours onwards, slowly and painfully ;

[JOHANNA *accompanies these words with sympathetic gestures.*

Our men are following him in hot pursuit—
Now they have reached him—they surround him now.

JOHANNA.

Angels of heavenly mercy, where are ye !

ISABELLA (*laughing scornfully*).

Now is the time—deliver now Deliverer.

JOHANNA *kneeling—agitated*).

Hear me, O God! in my extremest need:

I send my soul to thee in passionate prayer,

Before the footstool of thy heavenly throne.

Thou canst make strong the thin and filmy web

As the tough cable; thy Almighty power

Can change to silken threads these iron bands:

Thou wilt it, and these chains shall fall away,

These walls shall crumble. Thou didst succour Sampson

When he lay blind and fettered among his foes,

And bore the bitter taunts of their proud scorn;

He put his faith in thee, and mightily

He grasped the pillars of that spacious hall

And bowed himself, and tore the temple down—

SOLDIER.

Victory! triumph!

ISABELLA.

Quick! what can you see?

SOLDIER.

The king is taken!

JOHANNA.

Then God have mercy on me!

[*She seizes her fetters with both hands and dashes them off; at the same moment she rushes on a Soldier, snatches a sword from him, and runs out. All look after her in astonishment.*

ISABELLA (*after a long pause*).

What was that?—do I dream—how went she hence?
How did she burst those massive heavy chains?
A world in witness I would not believe,
Had I not seen it with these eyes myself.

SOLDIER (*on the Tower*).

What, has she wings! what hurricane has borne her
Down to the fight!

ISABELLA.

Already!

SOLDIER.

Yes: she strides

Amid the battle—she flies more rapidly
Than sight can follow: now she is here, now yonder;
I see her in one moment every where.
She bursts the throng; all yields before her way;
The French are checked—are rallying anew.
Alas! what sight is this! our troops give back,
They cast their weapons down, they sink their banners.

ISABELLA.

Ha! will she wrest our certain triumph from us?

SOLDIER.

Straight on the king she drives—she reaches him—

She drags him mightily from out the throng.

Lord Clifford falls, Lord Mortimer is surrounded.

ISABELLA.

I will not hear thee farther; come away.

SOLDIER.

Fly, madam, fly! or you will be surprised:

A troop of knights are hurrying to the tower.

[*He comes down.*]

ISABELLA (*drawing a sword*).

Then, cowards, fight!

Enter LAHIRE with Soldiers; the Queen's party surrenders.

LAHIRE (*approaching her respectfully*).

Lady, submit yourself

To overpowering force: your soldiers yield,

And all resistance is impossible.

Accept my services, and signify

Where you will be escorted.

ISABELLA.

Every place

Is equal, where I shall not meet the Dauphin. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*The Field of Battle. Soldiers, with flying Colours, fill up the back-ground. In the front, the KING and BURGUNDY supporting JOHANNA, who lies wounded in their arms without signs of life.*

Enter AGNES hastily.

AGNES (*throwing herself into the King's arms*).

You live! you are free! I see you once again.

CHARLES.

Yes, I am free and safe: but at this price.

[*Pointing to JOHANNA.*]

AGNES.

Johanna! God! she dies!

BURGUNDY.

She is dead already.

So should depart an angel: see, she lies
 Quiet, without pain, and like a slumbering child.
 The peace of heaven smiles upon her face;
 No breath is in her bosom, but the warmth
 Of life is still in her relaxing hand.

CHARLES.

She is gone, and never will she wake again;
 Her eye will look no more on earthly things:
 She hovers now a blissful saint in heaven,
 And sees no more our grief and our repentance.

AGNES.

She lifts her eyes!—she lives!

BURGUNDY.

Will she return
Back from the grave!—will she o’ermaster death?
She raises herself up!—she stands!

JOHANNA (*standing unsupported*).

Where am I now?

BURGUNDY.

Among thy people—with thy friends, Johanna.

CHARLES.

Supported by thy friends and by thy king.

JOHANNA (*gazing fixedly on him*).

Oh, no, I am no sorceress: indeed
I am not.

CHARLES.

Thou art holy as an angel:
Our eyes were darkened with a fearful cloud.

JOHANNA (*looking round cheerfully*).

And am I truly among friends again,
And am no more rejected and despised.
They do not curse me, they look kindly on me—
Yes, now I clearly recollect it all:

These are my friends, and these are France's standards :
 But mine I do not see.—Where is my banner ?
 I must not go without my banner hence ;
 The Lord has trusted it into my care,
 And I must lay it down before his throne :
 I may, for faithfully I have borne it here.

CHARLES (*hiding his face*).

Give her the banner !

[*It is given her—she unrolls it—she stands upright
 with it in her hand, gazing on it.*]

JOHANNA.

Look on the rainbow in the rosy sky ;
 The golden gates of heaven are lifted up.
 How bright she stands amid angelic choirs,
 And clasps the heavenly infant in her arms.
 How lovingly she stretches out her hand
 To aid my flight. Light clouds are lifting me—
 The heavy armour turns to buoyant robes.
 Away ! heaven opens, and earth disappears ;
 Short is the pain, eternal is the joy.

[*She drops the banner and falls dead on it. On a sign
 from the King all the banners are lowered.*]

THE END.



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