

# The Maiden of Orleans

A Romantic Tragedy

Friedrich Schiller  
translated by  
John T. Krumpelmann

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# **The Maiden of Orleans**

A Romantic Tragedy

Second Edition

JOHANN CHRISTOPH FRIEDRICH VON SCHILLER

TRANSLATED BY JOHN T. KRUMPELMANN

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To the Memory of my Mother  
MARIE LOUISE BERNARD KRUMPELMANN  
NEW ORLEANS  
1865-1921



## PREFACE

The activities in 1949, commemorative of the Bicentennial of the birth of Johann Wolfgang Goethe, seemed to presage a similar display of devotion to the memory of Johann Christoph Friedrich Schiller in the observation of the two hundredth anniversary of his birth in 1959. The centennial anniversary of Schiller's birth in 1859 witnessed a more spontaneous and widespread demonstration of devotion to the German poet of youth and democracy than had been manifested for Goethe's memory in the centenary of his natal year.

Present indications fail to confirm the validity of the prediction. Many forces have contributed to this change in world-attitude towards the two leading poets of Germany. The first centennial of Goethe's birth arrived only some seventeen years after his death. Since that year marked the flood tide of revolution in Europe, the public had not yet come to appreciate the placidity of the Olympian aristocrat Goethe who had never been a popular personality in his lifetime or in posterity. However, when the centenary of Schiller's natal year arrived, the spirit of the revolution, although politically suppressed, was still alive, and youth was still idealistic in its enthusiasm for democracy.

In 1949 the world celebrated the world-figure, the protagonist of World Literature, the Jovian Goethe. In the century which intervened between 1849 and 1949 Goethe's masterpiece, *Faust*, at first regarded as immoral, had become immortal. Now, ten years later, it seems impossible to expect the world to enthuse for the author of "Das Ideal und das Leben," for the poet who lent fame to such democratic revolutionists as Wilhelm Tell, Don Carlos and Jeanne D'Arc, and who, dramatically at least, championed the cause of Mary Stuart against Queen Elizabeth of England. The ideal of democracy has, as must all ideals, ceased with the attainment of its goal. The youth are no longer young idealists, but actualists, who live rather in the facts of today than in the fictions of tomorrow. For them democracy is no longer arrayed in a roseate nimbus of fantasy. Since at least two generations have lived and died for the "ideal" of making the world safe for democracy, it is not to be expected that the youth of today can be too enthusiastic about Schiller, who always created his characters out of idealistic concepts.

After witnessing the solemn tribute paid to Goethe in his native Frankfurt in August, 1949, the present writer resolved

that his native New Orleans might offer no more fitting homage to Schiller in 1959 than to present an American translation of his *Jungfrau von Orleans*, especially since Voltaire's "La Pucelle," the "Joan la Pucelle" of Shakespeare, has since become the "Johanna" of Schiller's drama, the protégée of the quasi-Orleanian, the Iconoclastic Mark Twain, and eventually, the "Sancta Joanna" of the Roman Catholic Church.

The present translation, the result of three renderings completed on December 30, 1951, October 8, 1956 and December 13, 1957, is a labor of love which lays no claim to merit beyond that of an earnest effort to bring to the English reader in his own language the sympathetic poetical romanticism with which the German Protestant poet Schiller clothed the poor peasant girl of Lorraine more than a century before the Catholic Church formally decreed her sainthood.

Striving after a faithful reproduction of the drama in a foreign but kindred tongue, the translator has attempted to preserve the idiosyncrasies of the poet and his age. To this end he has adopted the theory of translation enunciated by Bayard Taylor in the preface to his most successful rendition of Goethe's *Faust* and practiced in that rendition. Taylor quotes Goethe: "There are two maxims of translation, the one requires that the author, of a foreign nation, be brought to us in such a manner that we may regard him as our own; the other, on the contrary, demands of us that we transport ourselves over to him, and adopt his situation, his mode of speaking and his peculiarities." Then Taylor queries: "Where the two languages are kindred, and equally capable of all varieties of metrical expression, may not both of these maxims be observed in the same translation?"

Taylor further observes that "in all discussions upon this subject the capacities of the English language have received but scanty justice" (xii) and that "certain affinities between the two languages have not been properly considered" (xiii). [see my *Bayard Taylor and German Letters*, Hamburg, Cram, De Gruyter, 1959.]

The present translator has also kept in mind Goethe's words in the "Noten und Abhandlungen" to his *West-östlicher Divan*: "So we experienced the third epoch, which can be called the highest and final one, namely that one where one would like to make the translation identical with the original, so that it might be considered not a substitute for the original but might take its place.

"This type [of translation] at first met with the greatest

opposition, for the translator who adheres firmly to the original gives up more or less the originality of his nation, and thus there arises a third creation to which the taste of the populace must gradually be elevated."

Like Taylor I too have given proper consideration to the affinities existing between the *genius* of the German language and that of ours, and have tried to do justice to the capacity of the English language. That I, like Taylor and all other translators, have failed to attain the impossible, a perfect translation, is admitted *a priori*.

I have consulted the standard English translation of this drama, that of Anna Swanwick, made over a century ago, and have, in a few cases, availed myself of assistance therefrom. Much general assistance has accrued to me from my long acquaintance with the school edition of the drama authored by my friend and former colleague, Roe-Merrill S. Heffner (Wisconsin).

To my present colleague, Professor Carl Hammer, Jr., I am indebted for his painstaking reading of the proof sheets and for valuable advice on points of usage. Likewise to Professor Frederic E. Coenen I express my appreciation for kindly criticism and for assistance in seeing this volume through the press. To the Staff of the Graduate School of Louisiana State University, I am grateful for the typing of the manuscript.

The translator alone has been responsible for all final decisions and, therefore, he alone is responsible for all the inadequacies which such a work as this must inevitably contain.

John T. Krumpelmann

Baton Rouge  
April, 1959

## FOREWORD TO THE NEW AND REVISED EDITION

Since the demand has already exhausted the first printing of this translation, we offer a new and revised edition to supply future needs. The translator has taken this opportunity to correct the few typographical errors which intruded themselves into the original edition, to make certain improvements which he deems desirable in the punctuation, the diction and the meter of that edition, to accept some few suggestions for the amelioration of some renditions suggested by kindly and erudite critics. Other suggestions, though appreciated, were deemed too restrictive to the potentialities of the English language. Some were amusing, others, impossible.

Knowing that no translation of a poetic composition can ever be perfect, this translator accepts the principle enunciated by Bayard Taylor concerning his American rendering of Goethe's Faust, "in the original meters," and is eager to receive suggestions for improvement until all possible errors are eliminated. With these words we humbly submit this judicious and circumspect revision to the court of final appeal, the dictum of the reading public.

John T. Krumpelmann

Baton Rouge, Louisiana

March, 1962

## DRAMATIS PERSONAE

CHARLES THE SEVENTH, *King of France*

QUEEN ISABEAU, *his Mother*

AGNES SOREL, *his Beloved*

PHILIP, THE GOOD, *Duke of Burgundy*

COUNT DUNOIS, *Bastard of Orleans*

LA HIRE

DU CHATEL } *royal officers*

ARCHBISHOP OF RHEIMS

CHATILLON, *a Burgundian Knight*

RAOUL, *a Knight of Lorraine*

TALBOT, *an English General*

LIONEL

FASTOLF } *English officers*

MONTGOMERY, *a Welshman*

COUNCILMEN OF ORLEANS

AN ENGLISH HERALD

THIBAUT D'ARC, *a wealthy Countryman*

MARGOT

LOUISON } *his Daughters*

JOHANNA }

ETIENNE

CLAUDE MARIE } *their Suitors*

RAIMOND }

BERTRAND, *another Countryman*

THE APPARITION OF A BLACK KNIGHT

CHARCOAL-BURNER AND HIS WIFE

SOLDIERS AND PEOPLE. *Royal Servants-of-the-Crown, Bishops, Monks, Marshals, Magistrates, Courtiers and other mute persons in the train of the Coronation Procession.*

## PROLOGUE

*A rural Region. Right front, an image of a saint in a shrine;  
to the left a tall oak.*

### FIRST SCENE

*Thibaut D'Arc. His three daughters. Three young shepherds,  
their suitors.*

#### THIBAUT

Yea, my dear neighbors! Still today we are  
True Frenchmen; still, free citizens and masters  
Of this old sod, which once our fathers plowed.  
Who knows who will rule over us tomorrow?  
For everywhere the Englishman unfurls 5  
His triumph-covered banner, while his steeds  
Are trampling down the blooming fields of France.  
Already Paris has proclaimed him victor,  
And with the ancient crown of Dagobert  
Adorns the scion of a foreign stem. 10  
The offspring of our native kings must wander  
Through his own realm in flight and dispossessed.  
Against him in the hostile army fights  
His closest cousin and his foremost peer;  
Yea, his own raven-mother leads them on. 15  
Around burn villages and towns. And near  
And nearer rolls the smoke of devastation  
Into these vales, which still repose in peace.  
And so, dear neighbors, I've resolved 'fore God,  
Since I today yet have it in my power, 20  
To have my daughters cared for; for a woman,  
Amid the woes of war, needs a protector;  
And true love helps to lighten every burden.

*(To the first Shepherd.)*

Come here, Etienne! You woo my daughter Margot.  
Our fields are bound together like good neighbors. 25  
Your loving hearts are well attuned—that yields  
A happy wedlock!

*(To the Second.)*

Claude Marie! You mum?  
And my Louison casts her glances earthward?  
Shall I divorce two hearts that found each other,

Because you have not troves to offer me? 30  
 Who now has treasures? House and barns alike  
 Are both the prey of nearby foe and fire.  
 The loyal heart of the good spouse alone  
 Is storm-fast shelter in such times as these.

LOUISON

My father! 35

CLAUDE MARIE

My dear Louison!

LOUISON (*embracing Johanna*)

Dearest sister!

THIBAUT

I'll give each daughter thirty acres land,  
 And stall and house and then a herd. For God  
 Blessed me, and so may he bless also you.

MARGOT (*embracing Johanna*)

O gladden father! Follow our example! 40  
 So let this day conclude three happy unions!

THIBAUT

Go! Make your plans! Tomorrow is the wedding.  
 I want the town-folk all to join the feast.

(*The two couples leave the stage arm in arm.*)

---

SECOND SCENE

*Thibaut. Raimond. Johanna.*

THIBAUT

Jeanette, thy sisters now are going to marry.  
 I see them happy; they make glad my age.  
 But thou, my youngest, giv'st me grief and pain. 45

RAIMOND

What troubles you? Why do you scold your daughter?

THIBAUT

This honest lad, with whom no other here  
 In all the village can compare, the choicest,  
 He has to thee directed his affections,  
 And woos for thee, already the third harvest, 50  
 With quiet wish and heartfelt perseverance;  
 But thou dost, cold and resolute, reject him.  
 And yet not one of all the other shepherds  
 Can win from thee one friendly little smile.

PROLOGUE

3

I see thee in full splendor of thy youth; 55  
 Thy Spring has come; it is the time for hoping;  
 Unfolded is the blossom of thy body;  
 But yet in vain I tarry that the flower  
 Of tender love shall break from out the bud  
 And joyous ripen into golden fruit. 60  
 Oh that ne'er pleases me and indicates  
 Some grave perversion in the ways of nature!  
 That heart doth please me not, that, stern and cold,  
 Constricts itself in years meant for emotion.

RAIMOND

Let's drop it, father Arc! Let her alone! 65  
 The love of my most excellent Johanna  
 Is, yea, a noble, tender fruit of Heaven.  
 And what is precious ripens still and slowly!  
 Now she still loves to dwell among the mountains  
 And from the care-free heath she fears indeed 70  
 To come down here beneath the lowly roof  
 Of mortals, where restraining sorrows dwell.  
 I often look from this deep dale at her  
 In still amazement, when, on lofty lea,  
 Amid her herd she stands alone, erect, 75  
 With noble stature, and her earnest gaze  
 Sends down upon the little lands of Earth.  
 She then to me portends a higher something,  
 And oft methinks she stems from other ages.

THIBAUT

It is just that that is not to my liking! 80  
 She flees the joyous company of her sisters,  
 Seeks out the desert mountains, and deserts  
 Her nightly couch before the cock's clear call;  
 And in the dread-filled hour, when mere man  
 So gladly joins with trusted fellow-men, 85  
 She steals, e'en like the bird of hermit-habits,  
 Off to the grayish, sombre spirit-realm  
 Of night, advances to the cross-roads, and  
 Holds secret converse with the mountain air.  
 Wherefore does she always select this spot 90  
 And drive her herd on straightway hitherward?  
 I see her brooding there entire hours



As underneath the Druid tree she sits,  
 Which happy creatures all are wont to flee.  
 For there it is uncanny. An evil being 95  
 Has had its dwelling place beneath that tree  
 Already since the gray, old, Heathen times.  
 The ancients in the village tell each other  
 About this tree most shocking, spooky tidings;  
 Mysterious sounds of most peculiar voices 100  
 One oft discerns from out its gloomy branches.  
 E'en I, myself, when once in deepening twilight  
 My way was leading me past this same tree,  
 Have seen a ghostlike woman sitting there.  
 She slowly stretched, out from the wide-spread folds 105  
 Of her attire, a withered hand to me,  
 As if she meant to beckon, but I sped  
 On by, commending unto God my soul.

RAIMOND

*(Pointing to the image of the saint in the shrine.)*

The blessed nearness of this grace-rich image,  
 Which here diffuses Heaven's peace around it, 110  
 Not Satan's works, attracts your daughter here.

THIBAUT

Oh no! No, not in vain it shows itself  
 To me in dreams and anxious apparitions.  
 It's now three times, I have beheld her sitting  
 At Rheims upon the throne of our royal monarchs, 115  
 A sparkling diadem of seven stars  
 Upon her head, the sceptre in her hand,  
 From which sprang forth three lilies, totally white;  
 And I, her father, and both her sisters too,  
 And all the princes, counts and archbishops, 120  
 The very king himself bowed down before her.  
 How comes such radiance to my humble shelter?  
 Oh, that betokens a most grievous fall!  
 Symbolically this warning-dream presents  
 To me the idle strivings of her heart. 125  
 She is ashamed of her own lowliness,  
 Since God adorned her body with rich beauty  
 And blessed her too with high and wonderous talents  
 Above all shepherd-maidens of this vale,  
 She nurses sinful pride within her heart, 130

And pride it is through which the angels fell,  
Through which the spirit of hell takes hold of man.

RAIMOND

Who fosters a more virtuous, humble mind  
Than this your pious daughter? Is't not she  
Who serves her older sisters joyfully? 135  
She is most highly gifted of them all,  
But yet you see her as a lowly maid  
Perform the hardest tasks in still obedience,  
And through her hand in a most wonderous way  
Your herds and likewise too your crops are thriving. 140  
Around whatever deed she does pours forth  
Good fortune passing bound and comprehension.

THIBAUT

Indeed, incomprehensible good luck!—  
Peculiar fear comes o'er me at this blessing!  
No more of this! I cease. I hold my peace. 145  
Shall I accuse my own beloved child?  
I can do naught but warn her, pray for her!  
Yet I must warn: O flee this dreadful tree,  
Remain not there alone and dig no roots  
At midnight, and prepare there no potations, 150  
And write not any symbols in the sand—  
The spirits' realm is easy to tear open.  
They lie there waiting under a thin cover,  
And, hearing quietly, they storm aloft.  
Stay not alone, for in the desert came 155  
The Satan's-angel to the Lord of Heaven.

---

THIRD SCENE

*Bertrand enters, a helmet in his hand.*

*Thibaut. Raimond. Johanna.*

RAIMOND

Still! There comes Bertrand back from out the town.  
See what he bears!

BERTRAND

You stare at me; you are  
Bewildered at this strange, rare implement  
Here in my hand! 160

THIBAUT

We are indeed. Speak up,

How came you by the helmet? Why bring us  
That evil token to this peaceful region?

*(Johanna, who in both preceding scenes had stood  
aside in silence and distinterested, becomes atten-  
tive and comes nearer.)*

BERTRAND

Scarce I myself can say just how the thing  
Has got into my hand. I had bought up,  
At Vaucouleurs, some iron implements. 165  
A mighty throng I found there at the market,  
For fleeing folk had even just arrived  
From Orleans with evil war reports.  
In uproar hastened all the town together,  
And as I forced my way through the confusion, 170  
There comes a brown Bohemian wench to me,  
She has this helmet, lays sharp eye on me,  
And speaks: "My lad, you're seeking for a helmet,  
I know you're seeking one. So here, take this!  
For but a petty price 'tis yours for keeps." 175  
"Go to the mercenaries," I tell her,  
"I am husbandman and need no helmet."  
But she did not let up and argued further:  
"No man may rightly say if he need not  
A helm. A steel-like roof above one's head 180  
Is now worth more than is a house of stone."  
And so she chased me through the lanes, and urged  
On me the helmet which I did not want.  
I saw the helmet was so bright and fair,  
And worthy of the head of any knight, 185  
And as, in doubt, I weighed it in my hand,  
Reflecting on how strange was this adventure,  
The wench was quickly gone from out my sight;  
The stream of folk had snatched her off with them.  
And in my hands the helmet still remained. 190

JOHANNA *(quickly and eagerly grasping at it)*.  
Give me the helmet!

BERTRAND

What avails it you?  
It is no finery for a virgin's head.

JOHANNA *(snatches the helmet from him)*.  
The helmet's mine, and it belongs to me.

THIBAUT

What's coming o'er the girl?

RAIMOND

Grant her her wish!

This warlike ornament befits her well, 195

For in her breast is locked a manly heart.

Recall how she subdued the tiger-wolf,

That grim, wild beast that so laid waste our herds,

And was at once the dread of all our herdsmen.

She quite alone, the lion-hearted virgin, 200

Fought with the wolf and wrenched the lamb from him,

That he was carrying off in bloody jowl.

Whatever valiant head this helmet covered

It cannot grace one that's more worthy!

THIBAUT (*to Bertrand*).

Speak!

What new misfortune of war has come to pass? 205

What tidings brought those fugitives?

BERTRAND

God help

The king, and on this land of ours have pity!

We have been smitten in two mighty battles,

The foe stands in the midst of France, forsaken

Are all our lands up to the river Loire. 210

And now his total might he has assembled

And with it he beleaguers Orleans.

THIBAUT

May God protect the King!

BERTRAND

Immeasurable

Artillery is brought up from every side,

And, as the dark'ning squadrons of the bees 215

Swarm 'round the hive throughout the summer-day,

As from the blackened air grasshopper hordes

Fall down and cloak the fields for miles and miles

With teeming masses seemingly unending,

So has a warlike cloud of divers nations 220

Poured forth upon the fields of Orleans,

And from the unintelligible mix

Of tongues, the camp in dull confusion roars.

For mighty Burgundy, the ruler, rich

In lands, has brought up all his martial men, 225  
 Those from Liege and those from Luxembourg,  
 Those from Hainaut and from the land Namur,  
 And those who dwell in fortunate Brabant,  
 The sumptuous Ghentians, who in silk and satin  
 Strut proudly on, and those from Zeeland, whose 230  
 Clean cities rise from out the sea, and the  
 Herd-milking Hollanders, and those from Utrecht,  
 Yea, from the outermost West Friesland, those  
 Who look toward the ice-pole—they all follow  
 The power-wielding Burgundy's dread call 235  
 To war and wish to conquer Orleans.

## THIBAUT

Oh the unholy, lamentable feud  
 That turns the arms of France against herself!

## BERTRAND

Her too, the aged queen, proud Isabeau,  
 A princess of Bavaria, one sees 240  
 Full clad in steel go riding through the camp,  
 To rouse, with poison-pointed words, to rage  
 All nations here arrayed against her son,  
 Whom she once bore in her maternal womb!

## THIBAUT

A curse upon her! And may God some day 245  
 Destroy her as he did proud Jezebel!

## BERTRAND

The dreadful Salisbury, the wall-destroyer,  
 Is leader of the forces of the siege.  
 With him the lion's brother, Lionel,  
 And Talbot, who with murder-dealing sword, 250  
 Mows down entire nations in the battles.  
 In brazen insolence they now have sworn  
 To dedicate all maidens to disgrace,  
 And to the sword all those who bear the sword.  
 Four lofty barbicans they have built up 255  
 To overtop the town. Up there spies out  
 Earl Sal'sbury with a murder-greedy eye,  
 And counts the hastening wanderers in the lanes.  
 Full many thousand balls of hundred-weight  
 Are slung into the town. The churches lie 260  
 There now in rubble and the royal tower

Of Notre Dame bows its exalted head.  
 They've dug, and filled with powder, passages.  
 And thus above this hellish realm now stands  
 The frightened city waiting every hour 265  
 That it with thunderclap the flames devour.  
*(Johanna listens with tense attention and sets the  
 helmet on her head.)*

THIBAUT

But where were then our own heroic thanes,  
 Saintrailles, Le Hire and France's mighty bulwark,  
 The hero-hearted Bastard, that the foe,  
 All powerful, so rushing forward thronged? 270  
 Where is the king himself? Does he look idly on  
 The realm's dire need and downfall of its cities?

BERTRAND

At Chinon now the king is holding court,  
 Since man-power fails, he cannot hold the field.  
 What use the leader's pluck, the hero's arm, 275  
 When pallid fear makes lame the arméd host?  
 A terror as if sent down here from God  
 Has also gripped the bosoms of the bravest.  
 In vain the summons of the princes peal.  
 Just as the sheep in panic crowd together, 280  
 Whene'er the howling of the wolf is heard,  
 So seeks the Frank, forgetting his old fame,  
 Naught but the safety of his citadels.  
 One single knight alone, so I've heard say,  
 Has brought a feeble troop of men together 285  
 And goes to join the king with sixteen ensigns.

JOHANNA (*quickly*).

This knight is called?

BERTRAND

He's Baudricour. But scarce  
 Can he elude the foe's intelligence,  
 Who follows with two armies on his heels.

JOHANNA

Where does the knight abide? Tell, if you know! 290

BERTRAND

He stands but scarce removed a single day  
 From Vaucoleurs.

THIBAUT (*to Johanna*).

What's that to thee? Thou ask'st  
Of things that are not seemly for thee, maiden.

BERTRAND

Since now the foe's so mighty, and no help  
Is longer hoped for from the king, they have 295  
At Vaucoleurs adopted with one voice  
A resolution yielding them to Burgundy.  
Thus we shall wear no foreign yoke and cling  
To our old, royal family line—perchance  
Return to our own crown itself again, 300  
When once Burgundy's reconciled with France.

JOHANNA (*with enthusiasm*).

Naught of agreements! Naught of giving up!  
The saviour nears, he girds himself for battle.  
At Orleans shall the foe's good fortune shatter,  
His measure's full and he is ripe for reaping. 305  
The virgin with her sickle soon will come  
And mow the products of his pride to earth;  
Down from the heavens she will tear his fame,  
Which he has hung so high upon the stars.  
Despair not! Flee not! Ere the fields of rye 310  
Turn golden, ere the moon's bright disc is full,  
Not any English steed shall longer drink  
The wavelets of our beauteous flowing Loire.

BERTRAND

Oh, miracles don't happen any more!

JOHANNA

Miracles still happen! A snow-white dove 315  
Will fly with eagle's boldness and attack  
These vultures which now rend our fatherland.  
It will beat down this proud Burgundian,  
Betrayer of the realm, and then this Talbot,  
The Heaven-storming, hundred-handed man, 320  
And Sal'sbury, defiler of our temples,  
And all these haughty island-dwellers, all,  
Just like a herd of lambs she'll drive before her.  
The Lord will be with her, the God of battles,  
His trembling creature He will then select, 325  
And through a tender virgin He will choose  
To magnify Himself, for He's Almighty.

THIBAUT

What spirit now comes o'er the wench?

RAIMOND

It is

The helm, that martially inspires her soul.  
Behold your daughter now! Her eyes flash flames, 330  
And glowing fire sparkles on her cheeks.

JOHANNA

This kingdom fall? This country full of fame,  
The fairest that the sun eternal sees  
Through all its course; this paradise of lands,  
That God loves as the apple of His eye; 335  
It bear the fetters of a foreign folk?  
Here the heathen's might was crushed and here  
Was raised the earliest Cross, the sign of Grace,  
Here rest the ashes of the sainted Louis,  
From here was launched the conquest of Jerusalem. 340

BERTRAND (*astonished*)

List to her speech! Whence has she drawn  
This lofty Revelation! Father Arc!  
To you God gave a daughter full of wonders!

JOHANNA

We shall not have our own kings any longer,  
No master more born in our native land? 345  
The king who never dies shall vanish from  
This world—he who protects the holy plough,  
Who the flock protects and fruitful makes the earth,  
Who the chattel slave to freedom leads,  
Who the cities happily groups around his Throne, 350  
Who the weak assists and terrifies the wicked,  
Who of envy knoweth naught, for he's the greatest,  
Who a mortal is, and also mercy's angel  
Upon this hostile earth here. For the throne  
Of monarchs that with gold doth glimmer, is 355  
The shelter of the destitute—Here stand  
Both might and tenderness of heart. Here quakes  
The guilty, while the righteous man comes near with trust  
And jests e'en with the lions 'round the throne.  
The foreign king, who comes here from abroad, 360  
Whose fathers' sacred ashes nowhere rest  
In this ancestral land, can he e'er love it?



Who never was a youth among our youths,  
 Unto whose heart our words are not appealing,  
 Can he for us conceive a father's feeling? 365

## THIBAUT

God fend for France and for our king, for we  
 Are peaceful, rustic folk, who know not how  
 To wield the sword nor wheel the martial steed.  
 Let us await in still obedience  
 Whomever victory gives us as a king. 370  
 The lot of battle is but God's decree,  
 And our lord is he, who first receives  
 The holy chrism and is crowned at Rheims.  
 Come to our labor! Come! And each one think  
 But on his nearest task. And let the great, 375  
 The princes of the earth, cast lots for Earth.  
 The devastation we can calmly witness,  
 The soil we till stands stormfast in its fitness.  
 By flames our towns may to the earth be burned.  
 The chargers' hoofs may trample down our grain, 380  
 But the new Spring will bring new crops again,  
 And soon our fragile shelters are returned.

*(All except the Maiden depart.)*

## FOURTH SCENE

JOHANNA (*alone.*)

Farewell, ye mountains, ye beloved meadows,  
 Ye old familiar, quiet vales, farewell!  
 Johanna will no longer wander o'er you, 385  
 Johanna says to you farewell forever.  
 Ye meadows, which I watered, and ye trees,  
 Which I did plant, grow greener still in joy!  
 Farewell, ye grottoes and ye cooling fountains!  
 Thou, Echo, the dear voice of this loved valley, 390  
 Who oft gave answer to my own refrain,  
 Johanna goes and never comes again!

Ye places, all, of my still, silent pleasures,  
 You now I leave behind for evermore.  
 Disperse yourselves, ye lambs, upon the pastures, 395  
 A flock no longer pastored as of yore,  
 For there's another herd which I must treasure

On danger's fields, that will be wet with gore.  
 Thus has the spirit's call to me been given;  
 Nor by vain, earthly longing am I driven. 400

For Who on Horeb's heights one day descended  
 To Moses in a fiery bush of flame  
 And him to go 'fore Pharoah's throne commended;  
 Who once the pious son of Jesse's fame,  
 The shepherd boy for His own knight intended, 405  
 Who e'er his grace to shepherds did proclaim,  
 He spoke to me from this tree's leafy sweetness:  
 "Go forth! Thou shalt for me on earth bear witness.

With cruel ore thou shalt thy limbs belumber,  
 With steel thou shalt bedeck thy tender breast, 410  
 Nor in thine heart dare love of men e'er slumber  
 With sinful flames of idle, earthly lust.  
 Ne'er shall a bridal wreath thy locks encumber,  
 Nor darling child shall blossom at thy breast.  
 But thee I shall with martial honors high 415  
 Above all women on earth, thee, magnify.

For when in strife the most courageous tarry,  
 When France's final fate doth nearer steal,  
 Then thou my oriflamme shalt forwards carry  
 And, as the nimble reaper clears the field, 420  
 The haughty victor thou shalt reap and harry.  
 And backward thou shalt turn his fortune's wheel,  
 And bring to Gaul's heroic sons salvation,  
 Free Rheims, and crown the king of thine own nation!"

A token Heaven to me has foreordained. 425  
 It sends this helm to me; it comes from Him.  
 Its iron gives me strength, divine, unfeigned.  
 My courage flames like that of Cherubim;  
 It urges me to battle unrestrained,  
 It drives me forth as with a stormwind's vim. 430  
 The battle-cry I hear. With might it's ringing.  
 The war horse rears, the trumpets are all singing.

*(She goes out.)*

## FIRST ACT

*The Court of King Charles at Chinon.*

## FIRST SCENE

*Dunois and Du Chatel.*

DUNOIS

No, this no longer I'll endure. I say  
 I'm finished with this king, who shamefully  
 Deserts himself. Within my bosom bleeds 435  
 My valiant heart, and burning tears I fain would weep,  
 That robbers with the sword are now dividing  
 The royal domains of France; that noble cities,  
 Which with this monarchy have grown old,  
 Hand over to the foes their rusty keys, 440  
 While here in calm and inactivity  
 We waste good time so precious for salvation.  
 I hear that Orleans is threatened, and  
 I rush down here from far-off Normandy.  
 The king, I think, in armament arrayed, 445  
 I'll find already in his army's van  
 And find him—here! surrounded by his band of jesters  
 And troubadours, unravelling captious riddles,  
 And giving gala fêtes for Mistress Sorel,  
 As if serenest peace ruled in his realm! 450  
 His Field Marshal has left. He can no longer  
 Behold the horror.—I'll desert him too  
 And give him over to his evil fate.

DU CHATEL

Here comes the king!

## SECOND SCENE

*King Charles and the preceding characters.*

CHARLES

The Field Marshal sends back his sword to me, 455  
 Refuses me his service. In Heaven's name!  
 So we are rid of one ill-humored man,  
 Who wished to master us beyond endurance.

DUNOIS

A man is worth a lot in such dire times.  
 I should not like to lose him willy-nilly. 460

CHARLES

Thou speakest but through joy in contradicting.  
While he was here you never were his friend.

DUNOIS

He was a proud, vexatious, stubborn fool,  
Who knew not when to stop—this time, however,  
He knows it, knows the time to leave, 465  
When honor is no longer to be had.

CHARLES

Thou art now in thy most engaging humor.  
I'll not disturb thee in it.—Du Chatel!  
Ambassadors are here from the old king,  
René, the master praised for melodies 470  
And famed afar. We must regale them well.  
And give to each of them a golden chain.

*(To the Bastard.)*

And wherefore laughest thou?

DUNOIS

That golden chains

Thou shakest from thy mouth.

DU CHATEL

My lord, there is

No money handy in thy treasury. 475

CHARLES

Then get some! Noble singers never may  
Depart unhonored from this court to roam.  
They make our dry and withered sceptre bloom,  
They weave the never-dying verdant spray 480  
Of life into the else unfruitful crown,  
They place themselves as lords in lords' array;  
Of blithesome wishes they construct their throne,  
And not in space their carefree realm holds sway.  
Hence shall the singer with the king abide,  
They both on mankind's summits shall reside. 485

DU CHATEL

My royal master! I have spared thine ear  
As long as there was counsel still and aid,  
But dire necessity now frees my tongue.  
Thou hast naught more to give; alas, thou hast  
No more wherefrom thou mayst tomorrow live! 490  
The flood-tide of thy riches has run out,

And lowest ebb is now within thy vaults.  
 Thy troops till now have not been paid their hire.  
 They murmur threatening to withdraw. I scarce  
 Know how thine own royal domicile can be 495  
 Maintained in meager, not in princely, manner.

CHARLES

Give as a pledge my royal tolls and customs,  
 And let the coin be loaned thee by the Lombards.

DU CHATEL

My lord, thy royal revenue and customs  
 Are pledged three years already in advance. 500

DUNOIS

And meanwhile pawn and land will both be lost.

CHARLES

To us remain still many fair, rich lands.

DUNOIS

As long as it please God and Talbot's sword!  
 When Orleans is taken, then mayest thou  
 Along with old king René, pastor sheep. 505

CHARLES

Thou ever tryest thy wit against this king,  
 And yet it is this very landless prince  
 Who just today endows me royally.

DUNOIS

Not with his crown of Naples, let us hope!  
 For Heaven's sake no! For it is vendible,  
 So have I heard, since he's been tending sheep. 510

CHARLES

That is a jest, a merry game, a fête,  
 Which he allows himself and his own heart,  
 To found themselves a blameless, pure world  
 'Mid this barbaric, crude reality. 515

But what he wishes, that is great and royal,—  
 He wants to bring again the olden times,  
 When gentle, courtly love prevailed, when love  
 The knightly hearts of heroes elevated,  
 And noble ladies sat in seats of judgment, 520  
 With gentle manner settling all fine points.  
 In those times dwells the cheerful, hoary king,

And, as they live still in the olden ballads,  
 Thus will he set them up here on our earth,  
 Just like a heavenly city in golden clouds. 525  
 He hath established too a court-of-love,  
 To which the noble knights shall fare as pilgrims,  
 Wherein chaste ladies shall majestic reign,  
 Where pure, courtly love shall now return,  
 And me he has elected Prince of Love. 530

## DUNOIS

From my own source I'm not so sore perverted  
 That I should scorn the majesty of love.  
 I take my name from her. I am her son;  
 And all my heritage lies in her realm. 535  
 My father was the Prince of Orleans.  
 To him no woman's heart, but could be stormed,  
 Yet was no hostile fort for him too strong.  
 Wilt thou be called the Prince of Love in truth,  
 Then be the bravest of the brave. As I 540  
 Have read in well-known, olden books, then love  
 Was ever paired with high and knightly deeds,  
 And heroes, I was taught, not shepherd swains,  
 Did seat themselves at Arthur's table 'round.  
 Who cannot bravely be the shield of beauty,  
 Deserves not beauty's golden prize. Here is 545  
 The battle-ground! Fight for thy fathers' crown!  
 Defend now with thine own chivalric sword  
 Thy property and noble women's honor!  
 And when thou hast, from streams of foeman's blood,  
 Made conquest bold of thy inherent crown, 550  
 Then is it time, that fits thee as a prince,  
 To crown thee with the myrtle wreath of love.

CHARLES (*to a Squire who enters*)

What's news?

SQUIRE

Councilmen from Orleans beg a hearing.

CHARLES

Conduct them in!

(*Squire departs*)

It's help they will demand.

What can I do, myself in need of help! 555

## THIRD SCENE

*Three Councilmen join the others.*

CHARLES

Be welcome, my most loyal citizens  
Of Orleans! How fares my goodly town?  
Does it continue with accustomed courage  
To stand against the foe beleaguering it?

COUNCILMAN

Oh, Sire! the utmost threat impends, and hourly waxing, 560  
Destruction surges on toward the town.  
The outer breastworks are destroyed, the foe  
Wins over new terrain in each attack.  
The walls are now denuded of defenders,  
For fighting restlessly our troops make sallies, 565  
But few behold again their home-town's gates.  
A plague of hunger too imperils the town.  
Hence has the noble Count of Rochpierre,  
Who holds command in this our direst need,  
Contracted with the foe, in wonted custom, 570  
To yield himself on the twelfth day from now,  
If in this time no force upon the field  
Appear that's strong enough to save the city.

*(Dunois makes a violent gesture of anger.)*

CHARLES

The respite's short.

COUNCILMAN

And therefore we are here 575  
With hostile escort, that we may implore  
Thy princely heart to pity thy poor town  
And send us help within this stated time;  
Else he surrenders it on the twelfth day.

DUNOIS

And could Saintrailles really lend his voice 580  
To such a shameful contract?

COUNCILMAN

No, my lord!  
So long as that brave man still lived there ne'er  
Could be nor talk of peace nor of surrender.

DUNOIS

So he is dead!

COUNCILMAN

Yea, on our wall he sank,  
The noble hero fighting for his king.

CHARLES

Saintrailles dead! Oh in that single man 585  
Sinks my whole host!  
*(A Knight enters and speaks a few words  
softly with the Bastard, who starts in surprise.)*

DUNOIS

That too!

CHARLES

Well, what is up?

DUNOIS

Count Douglas sends us news. The Scottish troops  
Rise up and threaten to withdraw, unless  
This very day they get the wages due them.

CHARLES

Du Chatel! 590

DU CHATEL *(shrugs his shoulders)*  
Sire, I know no counsel.

CHARLES

Pledge,  
Yea, promise, all thou hast, e'en half my realm—

DU CHATEL

Naught helps! Too often they've been proffered pledges!

CHARLES

They are the finest troops in all my host!  
They shall not now, not now, abandon me!

COUNCILMAN *(falling at the king's feet)*

Oh king, assist us! Of our needs be mindful! 595

CHARLES *(despairingly)*

Can I by stamping on the ground raise armies?  
Will fields of grain grow in my outstretched hand?  
Tear me to pieces, tear my heart from me,  
Mint it instead of gold! My blood I have  
For you, but silver have I not, nor soldiers! 600  
*(He sees Sorel entering and hastens to her with  
outstretched arms.)*



## FOURTH SCENE

*Agnes Sorel, a casket in her hand, joins the group.*

CHARLES

Oh, my dear Agnes! My beloved life!  
Thou com'st to snatch me from my desperation!  
I have thee now; I flee unto thy bosom.  
Naught is yet forfeit, for thou still art mine.

SOREL

My dear, good king! 605  
*(looking around with anxiously inquiring glance.)*  
Oh Dunois! Is it true?

Du Chatel?

DU CHATEL

Sadly!

SOREL

Is the need so great?  
There's lack of pay? The troops wish to withdraw?

DU CHATEL

Yes, sadly this is true!

SOREL *(forcing the casket on him.)*

Here, here is gold.

Here are my jewels! Melt my silver down!  
For purchase or for pawn put up my castles— 610  
Put lien upon my holdings in Provence,  
Turn all to cash and satisfy the troops!  
Away! And lose no time!  
*(Urges him to depart)*

CHARLES

How now, Dunois? Now, Du Chatel? Am I 615  
Still poor, when I the crown of womanhood  
Possess? As noble as myself is she  
By birth. The royal blood of Valois is itself  
Not purer. Daintily would she adorn  
The foremost throne on earth—but that she spurns.  
She will be but my love alone and bear that title. 620  
Has she allowed me e'er to make a gift  
Of higher value than an early flower  
In winter or a seldom fruit? From me  
She takes no sacrifice and brings me all!

Risks her entire riches and possessions 625  
 With noble soul on my submerging fortune.

## DUNOIS

Yes, she's another maniac as thou,  
 And throws her all into a burning house  
 And pours into Danaides' leaky vessel.  
 Thee she shall never rescue, but herself 630  
 She'll bring with thee to ruin.

## SOREL

Believe him not!

He has ten times his life for thee imperiled,  
 And now is wroth that I imperil gold.  
 What? Haven't I for thee with joy surrendered  
 All that is more esteemed than gold and pearls, 635  
 And should I now retain for me my fortune?  
 Come! Let us cast all superficial sham  
 Of life away from us! Let me give thee  
 A noble instance of renunciation!  
 Transform thy noble raiment into soldiers, 640  
 Thy gold to iron; and all, whate'er thou hast,  
 Cast it away, resolved to save thy crown!  
 Come! Come! We'll share alike both want and danger!  
 Let us bestride the war-accoutered charger,  
 Expose our tender bodies to the shafts 645  
 Of glowing sun and take the clouds above  
 To be our coverlet; the stone, our pillow.  
 The hardened warrior will bear his woe  
 In patience when he sees his king just like  
 The poorest churl endure and persevere! 650

CHARLES (*smiling*)

Yea, now an olden word, in saying sooth,  
 Fulfills itself in me, which once a nun  
 In Clermont spoke in a prophetic spirit.  
 A woman, so the nun declared, would make  
 Me victor over all my enemies 655  
 And would reconquer me my father's crown.  
 Far off I sought her in the hostile camp,  
 I hoped to reconcile my mother's heart.  
 Here stands the heroine who leads to Rheims.  
 Through love my Agnes renders I shall conquer! 660

SOREL

Thou shall effect it through thy friends' bold sword.

CHARLES

Much too I hope from discord 'twixt my foes.  
 For sure intelligence to me has come  
 That 'twixt the haughty lords of England and  
 My cousin Burgundy not all now stands 665  
 As formerly. Hence I have sent La Hire,  
 With messages dispatched unto the Duke  
 Attempting to succeed in drawing back  
 That angered peer to his old pledge and duty.—  
 With every hour I await his coming. 670

DU CHATEL (*at the window*)

A knight comes now agallop in the court.

CHARLES

Oh welcome messenger! Now we shall know  
 Quite soon if we shall yield or we shall conquer!

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FIFTH SCENE

*La Hire and the preceding*

CHARLES (*going to meet him*)

La Hire! Bring'st thou hope or bring'st thou none?  
 Explain in brief! What have I to expect? 675

LA HIRE

Expect naught more save from thy trusty sword.

CHARLES

The haughty Duke will not be reconciled?  
 Oh speak! How did he entertain my message?

LA HIRE

Before all else, yea, e'en before he can  
 Unto thee lend an ear, he first demands 680  
 That thou to him deliver Du Chatel,  
 Whom he doth name the murderer of his father.

CHARLES

And what if we deny his shameful terms?

LA HIRE

Then be the bond asunder ere it starts.

CHARLES

Hast thou forthwith, as I commanded thee, 685

Then challenged him to fight me on the bridge  
In Montereau just where his father fell?

LA HIRE

I threw thy gauntlet down 'fore him and said  
Thou would'st forgo thy rights of majesty,  
And as a knight do battle for thy realm. 690

But he replied: To him there ne'er was need  
To fight for that which he already held.  
But if thou wert so longing for a fight  
Then thou wouldst find him soon at Orleans,  
Whereto it is his will to go tomorrow. 695  
Therewith he laughing turned his back on me.

CHARLES

Did not within my Parliament arise  
The pure voice of justice undefiled?

LA HIRE

It has grown mum amid the wrath of parties.  
The verdict of the Parliament declared 700  
Thee and thy line divested of the throne.

DUNOIS

Hah! Brazen pride of commoners turned lords!

CHARLES

Hast thou tried nothing as concerns my mother?

LA HIRE

Concerns thy mother?

CHARLES

Yes, and how did she behave?

LA HIRE

*(After meditating a few moments)*

'Twas just the feast day of the king's coronation 705  
When I arrived at Saint Denis. Adorned  
As for a triumph were the Parisians all,  
In every byway arcs of honor rose.

Through which the Engellander's king made entry.  
Bestrewn with blossoms was the way, and cheering, 710  
As if our France had won its fairest conquest,  
The rabble clamored 'round his coach of state.

SOREL

They cheered—exulted that upon the heart  
Of their most loving, gentle king they trampled!

LA HIRE

I saw the youthful Harry Lancaster, 715  
 The boy, upon the royal seat of our  
 Saint Louis sitting and his haughty uncles,  
 Bedford and Gloucester, standing next to him,  
 And our Duke Philip knelt before the throne  
 And gave the oath of fealty for his lands. 720

CHARLES

Oh peer, forgetting honor! Unworthy cousin!

LA HIRE

The child was terror-struck and stumbled, when  
 The high steps of the throne he did ascend.  
 "An evil omen!" murmured all the folk,  
 And there arose a long resounding laughter. 725  
 Then stepped the ancient queen, thy mother, up  
 To him, and—but it angers me to say it!

CHARLES

Well?

LA HIRE

In her arms she clasped the little boy  
 And set him on thy father's throne herself.

CHARLES

Oh, mother! mother! 730

LA HIRE

E'en the frenzy-mad  
 Burgundians, the murder-wonted bands,  
 Glowed hot with shame to look upon this scene.  
 And she, aware of it, turned to the crowd,  
 And cried in a loud voice: "Thank me, ye Frenchmen,  
 That I graft on this sickly tree so sound 735  
 A scion, and defend you from this mis-  
 Begotten son of a delirious father!"

*(The King covers his face; Agnes hastens to him and clasps him in her arms; all those standing around express their aversion and horror.)*

DUNOIS

The vixen! The terror-breathing, old Megaera!

CHARLES

*(after a pause, to the Councilmen)*

Ye now have heard how matters stand with me.

Delay no longer! Go to Orleans 740  
 Again and notify my loyal town  
 That I release it from its oath to me.  
 It may give heed to its salvation now  
 And yield itself to the Burgundian's mercy.  
 He's called the Good, and he will be humane. 745

DUNOIS

What, Sire? Wilt thou forsake thy Orleans?

COUNCILMAN (*kneels down*)

My royal lord! Do not withdraw thy hand  
 From us! Do not give up thy loyal town  
 Unto the cruel mastery of England?  
 It is a noble jewel in thy crown, 750  
 And none hath to our kings, thine ancestors,  
 Preserved its troth more sacredly.

DUNOIS

Are we

Defeated? Is it meet to yield the field  
 Ere e'en one sword's been thrust to hold the city?  
 With one mere word, before one drop of blood 755  
 Has flowed, dost thou intend to give away  
 The fairest city from the heart of France?

CHARLES

Enough of blood has flowed, and that in vain!  
 The heavy hand of Heaven is against me.  
 Defeated is my host in every battle, 760  
 My parliament rejects me, my chief city,  
 My people hail my foe with jubilation,  
 Those who are nearest me by blood forsake,  
 Betray me; my own mother nourishes  
 The foreign, hostile brood at her own breasts. 765  
 We will withdraw yonside the river Loire,  
 And yield unto the pow'rful hand of Heaven,  
 Which now is with the Englander.

SOREL

May God forbid, that we, of our own selves  
 Despairing, turn our back upon this realm! 770  
 That word came not from thine intrepid breast.  
 His mother's most unnatural, brutal deed  
 Hath broke my sovereign's own heroic heart!

Thou w'lt find thyself again composed and manly  
 And stand against that fate with noble courage 775  
 Which grimly fights against thee now.

CHARLES (*lost in gloomy meditation*)

Is it not true?

A darkly freighted, fearful fate prevails  
 Through Valois's dynasty; it is forsaken  
 By God. My mother's heinous deeds have led  
 The furies' wrath into this very house. 780  
 My father lay full twenty years in madness.  
 Three elder brothers hath grim death 'fore me  
 Mowed down. It is the Heaven's verdict that  
 The house of Charles the Sixth shall be submerged.

SOREL

In thee it will arise renewed in youth! 785  
 Have faith in thine own self! Oh, not in vain  
 Hath gracious destiny preserv'd but thee,  
 Of all thy brothers, thee alone, the youngest,  
 Hath called unto this undesired throne.

Within thy gentle soul the Heaven hath 790  
 Prepared itself a leech for all the wounds  
 Which parties' wrath inflicted on this land.  
 The flames of civil war thou wilt extinguish.  
 My heart doth tell me thou shalt plant the peace,  
 And of the Frankish realm be the new founder. 795

CHARLES

Not I. The rough and storm-bewildered time  
 Demands a helmsman more endowed with strength.  
 I could have made a peaceful people happy,  
 But one that's wild wrought up I cannot tame,  
 Nor open with the sword for me their hearts, 800  
 Which turned away are shut up tight with hate.

SOREL

The folk is blind, delusion numbs its senses,  
 But yet the ecstasy will pass away;  
 There will awake, the day no more is distant,  
 The love for its hereditary king, 805  
 Which is deep planted in the Frankish breast;  
 The olden hate, the jealousy, will waken,  
 Which separates both folks as foes eternal.  
 His very luck will fell the haughty victor.

And so do not desert in too great haste 810  
 The battle field; contest each foot of earth,  
 Defend, as if it were thy very breast,  
 This Orleans! Cause rather to be sunk  
 All ferry boats, all bridges to burn down,  
 Which over this divider of thy realm, 815  
 The Stygian waters of the Loire, would lead thee.

## CHARLES

What I was able, I have done. I have  
 Made offer of myself for knightly combat  
 For my own crown—And they deny me that.  
 My people's lives to no avail I squander, 820  
 And all my cities sink into the dust.  
 Shall I, like that unnatural mother,  
 Let my own child be quartered with the sword?  
 No, I'll renounce my right, that it may live.

## DUNOIS

How, Sire? Is that the language of a monarch? 825  
 Does one thus give a crown away? The worst  
 Of all thy people stakes his land and life  
 To back his point of view, his love, his hate.  
 The party's first, whene'er the bloody sign  
 Of interparty conflict is unfurled. 830  
 The husbandman deserts the plow; his wife,  
 Her distaff; children, gray-beards arm themselves;  
 The townsman burns his town, the countryman  
 With his own hands ignites his growing crops,  
 To injure thee or to promote thy weal, 835  
 And to assert the will within his heart.  
 He spareth naught, and he doth not expect  
 Forbearance, when his honor calls, when he  
 Doth battle for his Gods or for his idols.  
 Hence out with this insipid sympathy; 840  
 That is not seemly to a kingly breast!  
 Let thou the war rage on as it began!  
 Thou hast not lightly kindled it thyself.  
 The folk must sacrifice itself unto its king.  
 That is the fate and law of all the world. 845  
 The Frank nor knows, nor wills it otherwise.  
 Worth nothing is the nation, which will not  
 With joy stake everything upon its honor.



CHARLES (*to the Councilmen*)

Await from me no other resolution.

God shelter you! I can no more. 850

DUNOIS

Then may

The victory-god forever turn his back

On thee as thou dost on thy native realm!

Thou hast forsak'n thyself, so I forsake thee.

Not England's and Burgundy's joined might,

Thine own faint spirit casts thee from thy throne. 855

The kings of France are heroes when they're born,

But thou art not thus martially engendered.

(*To the Councilmen*)

The king surrenders you. But I myself,

To Orleans, my fathers' town, will speed

And underneath its rubble dig my grave. 860

(*He is about to depart. Agnes Sorel detains him.*)

SOREL (*to the King*)

Oh, let him not depart from thee in anger!

His mouth speaks cruel words, and yet his heart

Is true as gold. He is indeed the very one

Who loves thee warmly, oft for thee hath bled.

Now come, Dunois! Confess! It was the fervor 865

Of noble wrath that went too far!—And thou,

Forgive thy loyal friend his hasty speech!

Oh come, come! Let me quickly reunite

Your hearts, ere rapid wrath, unquenchable,

The dread and ruinous, unleash its flames! 870

(*Dunois looks fixedly at the King and seems to be waiting for an answer.*)

CHARLES (*to Du Chatel*)

We'll go across the river Loire. Now let

My goods be brought on board!

DUNOIS (*quickly to Sorel*)

And so farewell!

(*He turns quickly and departs, the Councilmen follow.*)

SOREL (*wrings her hands in desperation*)

Oh, if he goes, then are we quite forsaken!

La Hire, follow him! Seek to assuage him!

(*La Hire departs*)

## SIXTH SCENE

*Charles. Sorel. Du Chatel.*

CHARLES

Is then the crown a so unique possession? 875

Is it so sorely hard to part with it?

I know a thing still harder to endure.

To let one's self by these defiantly

O'er-weening natures be controlled, to live

By grace of haughtily imperious vassals, 880

That is the hardest for a noble heart

And bitterer than to succumb to fate.

*(To Du Chatel who is still hesitating)*

Do what I've ordered thee!

DU CHATEL *(throws himself at his feet)*

Alas, my king!

CHARLES

It is resolved! There'll be no further words!

DU CHATEL

Make peace now with the Duke of Burgundy. 885

Else can I see for thee naught of salvation.

CHARLES

Thou counsel'st this and thine own blood it is

Wherewith I must both sign and seal this peace?

DU CHATEL

Here is my head. Oft I have ventured it

For thee in battles, and I lay it now

For thee with pleasure on the bloody scaffold. 890

Placate the Duke. Deliver me to the

Entire sternness of his wrath, and let

My flowing blood appease his ancient hate!

CHARLES

*(looks at him for some time in silence and in deep emotion.)*

Well, is it true? Are things so bad with me 895

That my own friends, who see right through my heart,

Point out the road of shame for my salvation?

Yes, now I recognize my grievous fall,

Since all reliance in my honor's gone.

DU CHATEL

Bethink—

900

CHARLES

Speak not a word! Arouse me not!  
 Had I to turn my back on ten domains,  
 I will not save me with my friend's dear life.  
 Do what I've ordered thee! Now go and have  
 My armament embarked!

DU CHATEL

It shall at once

Be done.

905

*(He arises and goes. Agnes Sorel weeps violently.)*

## SEVENTH SCENE

*Charles and Agnes Sorel.*

CHARLES *(clasping her hand.)*

Oh, be not sorrowful, my Agnes.  
 Yonside the Loire there also lies a France.  
 We go into a much more happy land.  
 There laughs a milder ne'er beclouded heaven,  
 And gentler breezes blow, and gentler customs  
 Receive us there. And there the songs abide  
 And fairer blossom there both life and love.

910

SOREL

Oh, must I look upon this day of misery!  
 The king must go away in banishment,  
 The son must wander from his father's house  
 And look upon his cradle o'er his shoulder.  
 Oh, pleasant country, that we now are leaving  
 Ne'er shall we more set foot on thee rejoicing.

915

## EIGHTH SCENE

*La Hire returns. Charles and Sorel.*

SOREL

You come alone. You do not bring him back?  
*(While she observes him more closely.)*  
 La Hire! What's wrong? What says your look to me?  
 What new misfortune has occurred!

920

LA HIRE

Bad luck  
Has been exhausted, sunshine comes again!

SOREL

What's that? Oh, please!

LA HIRE (*to the King.*)

Recall the delegates

From Orleans!

CHARLES

And why? What has occurred?

LA HIRE

Oh call them back again! Thy luck hath changed.  
A battle has occurred. Thou hast prevailed.

925

SOREL

Prevailed! Oh heavenly music of that word!

CHARLES

La Hire! Thou art by fabulous report beguiled.  
Prevailed! I have no longer faith in victory.

LA HIRE

Oh, thou wilt soon believe in greater wonders.  
There comes the archbishop. He leads the Bastard  
Into thine arms again.

930

SOREL

Oh fairest flower  
Of triumph bearing heaven's noble fruits  
At once, peace and appeasement!

---

 NINTH SCENE

*Archbishop of Rheims. Dunois.*

*Du Chatel with Raoul, a Knight in armor, joins the preceding.*

ARCHBISHOP (*leads the Bastard to the  
King and lays their hands in each other's.*)

Lords, embrace!

Let all your grudge and discord vanish now,  
Since Heaven itself proclaims that it's for us.

935

(*Dunois embraces the King.*)

CHARLES

Snatch me from out my doubt and my surprise!

What does this solemn seriousness portend?  
 What has effected this quick change?

ARCHBISHOP

*(leads the Knight forward and places him before the King.)*

Now speak!

RAOUL

We had brought up some sixteen companies,  
 Folk from Lorraine to join to thine host, 940  
 And Baudricour, the knight from Vaucouleurs,  
 Was our leader. When we now attain  
 The heights of Vermanton, and in the vale,  
 Through which the Yonne flows, descended,  
 There stood before us on the wide-stretched plain the foe, 945  
 And weapons glistened when we looked arrear:  
 We saw ourselves surrounded by two armies.  
 There was no hope to conquer or to flee.  
 Then sank the heart of even the most brave,  
 And all, despairing, wished to yield their arms. 950  
 Now while our leaders with each other still  
 Were seeking counsel, and were finding none,  
 Behold a seldom wonder met our eyes!  
 For out the forest's depths quite suddenly  
 Stepped forth a virgin, helmet on her head, 955  
 Like to a martial goddess, fair at once  
 And fearful to behold, around her neck  
 In darksome ringlets fell her hair; a gleam  
 From Heaven seemed to light the sky on high,  
 As she raised up her voice and thuswise spoke: 960  
 "Why timid? valiant Frenchmen! At the foe!  
 And were there more of them than ocean's sands,  
 God and the Holy Virgin lead you on!"  
 And quickly from the ensign-bearer's hand  
 She snatched the banner, and before the train 965  
 With valiant bearing strode the mighty maid.  
 We, dumb with wonder, follow, without willing,  
 The lofty banner and the standard-bearer,  
 And on the foe we straightway rush in storm,  
 Who, highly shocked, stands there immobilized, 970  
 With wide-eyed, stony stare, amazed to see  
 The miracle that 'fore his eyes unfolds.

Yet quick, as if God's terror laid its grip  
 Upon them, now they turn and flee  
 And, casting ward and weapons from their persons, 975  
 The total army through the field disperses.  
 No word of power, no call of leader helps.  
 With terror senseless, without looking back,  
 Both horse and man plunge to the river's bed,  
 And let themselves be choked without resisting. 980  
 It was a slaughter, call it not an onslaught!  
 Two thousand enemies bedecked the fields,  
 Not counting those the river swallowed up.  
 And of our troops no single man was missing.

CHARLES

Quite strange, by God! Most wonderous and strange! 985

SOREL

And 'twas a maid who worked this miracle?  
 Whence came she here? Who is she?

RAOUL

Who she is

Will she unto the king alone reveal.  
 She calls herself a seeress and a God-  
 Commissioned prophethess, and she makes promise 990  
 To rescue Orleans ere the moon shall change.  
 The folk believes her and now thirsts for fighting.  
 Thine host she follows; soon she will be here.

*(One hears the pealing of bells and the clashing  
 of arms beaten against each other.)*

You hear the clamor and the peal of bells?  
 It's she. The folk salutes God's emissary. 995

CHARLES *(to Du Chatel)*

Conduct her in—

*(To the Archbishop)*

What shall I think of this?

A maiden brings me victory; and just now,  
 When but the arm of God can rescue me!  
 This is not in the normal course of nature,  
 And dare I now believe in miracles? 1000

MANY VOICES *(behind the scene)*

Hail, hail the virgin, our deliveress!

## CHARLES

She comes!

*(To Dunois.)*

You occupy my seat, Dunois!  
We wish to prove this maid-of-miracles.  
If she's inspired, and is sent from God,  
Then she will know how to detect the king.

1005

*(Dunois seats himself; the King stands at his right, next to him Agnes Sorel; the Archbishop and the others VIS-A-VIS, so that the intervening space remains unoccupied.)*

## TENTH SCENE

*The preceding. Johanna accompanied by the Councilmen and many Knights who completely fill the background of the scene. She advances with noble bearing and scrutinizes those standing around one after the other.*

## DUNOIS

*(After a deep, solemn stillness)*

Is't thou, oh wonder-working maiden—

## JOHANNA

*(interrupts him, looking at him with clearness and majesty.)*

Bastard of Orleans! Wilt thou tempt thy God!  
Arise from this, a seat that seems thee not!  
To this more mighty man have I been sent.

*(She goes with decisive step up to the King, genuflects before him and immediately stands erect again, retiring. All those present express their astonishment. Dunois leaves his seat and space is left vacant before the King.)*

## CHARLES

Thou dost for the first time today behold  
My countenance. Whence comes to thee this knowledge?

1010

## JOHANNA

I saw thee when none else but God beheld thee.

*(She approaches the King and speaks mysteriously.)*

In recently departed night, bethink thee,  
When all about thee lay in deepest sleep  
Interred, didst thou arise from thine own couch

1015

And make a fervent prayer unto thy God.  
 Let these withdraw, and I'll relate to thee  
 The content of thy prayer.

CHARLES

What I to Heaven

Confide, I need not hide from mortal men.  
 Disclose to me the content of my pleading. 1020  
 Then I no more will doubt that God inspires thee.

JOHANNA

The prayers that thou didst pray were three in number.  
 Give heed if I do name them for thee, Dauphin!  
 At first thou didst make plea unto high Heaven,  
 If unjust goods were cleft unto thy crown, 1025  
 If any other grievous guilt, still yet  
 Left unatoned e'en from thy father's time,  
 Had called this tear-filled conflict into being,  
 Then it should claim thee as thy people's offering,  
 And pour upon thine head, and thine alone, 1030  
 The fullest measure of its wrath.

CHARLES (*retreats in awe*)

Who art thou, mighty being? Whence thy coming?  
 (*All show their astonishment.*)

JOHANNA

Thou then didst make to Heaven the second plea:  
 If its high will and resolution be  
 To wrest the sceptre from thy dynasty, 1035  
 To take away from thee all that thy fathers,  
 The monarchs of this realm, had once possessed,  
 Then would'st thou pray it to preserve to thee  
 Three single properties: a peaceful breast,  
 Thy friend's true heart, and then thine Agnes' love. 1040

(*The King conceals his face, weeping violently;  
 great commotion of astonishment among those present.  
 After a pause.*)

Shall I now name for thee thy third petition?

CHARLES

Enough! I credit thee! So much no man  
 Can do! The all-high God has sent thee hither.

ARCHBISHOP

Who art thou, holy, wonder-working maiden?



What happy land did bear thee? Speak! Who are      1045  
The God-belovéd parents who begot thee?

## JOHANNA

Most reverend Sir, Johanna is my name.  
I'm but a shepherd's lowly daughter, born  
In my own sovereign's village, Dom Remi,  
Which lies within the diocese of Toul.      1050  
And I have herded there my father's sheep  
From childhood on. And much and often I  
Have heard them tell of this strange island-folk,  
Who've come across the sea to make of us  
Their slaves, and force on us a master born      1055  
On foreign soil, who does not love our people;  
And that already your great city, Paris,  
They've occupied, and now control our realm.  
Then plaintively God's mother I invoked  
To turn from us the shame of foreign chains,      1060  
And to preserve for us our native king.  
Close to the little town where I was born  
There stands an ancient image of God's mother,  
To which came many pious pilgrim-trains.  
Near by a holy oak tree stands, long-famed      1065  
Through many miracles of sacred power.  
And in this oak tree's shade I liked to sit,  
While tending sheep, for so my heart impelled,  
And if one lamb was lost in these wild mountains,  
My dream would always point it out to me      1070  
When I was sleeping in this oak tree's shade.  
And one time, as I sat a long night through  
Beneath this tree in pious meditation,  
And to the powers of sleep set up resistance,  
There came the Holy One to me, a sword      1075  
And banner bearing, otherwise, as I,  
Clad as a shepherdess, and said to me:  
"Tis I! Get up, Johanna! Leave thy herd!  
The Lord now calls thee to another business!  
Take thou this banner! Gird thee with this sword!      1080  
And extirpate therewith thy people's foes,  
And lead thy sovereign's son with thee to Rheims;  
And crown him with the royal diadem!"  
But then I spake: "How can I such a deed

Dare undertake, I, but a tender maid 1085  
 Untaught in the destructive ways of war?"  
 And she replied: A virgin pure can bring  
 To pass whate'er is glorious on earth,  
 If she doth but resist all earthly love.  
 Just look on me! A maiden chaste as thou, 1090  
 I to the Lord divine have given birth,  
 And I'm myself divine!" And then she touched  
 My eyelid, and, as I looked up on high,  
 There was the heaven full of youthful angels,  
 Who carried pure, white lilies in their hands, 1095  
 And a sweet tone pervaded all the ether.  
 And thus three nights succeeding one another  
 The Sainted One appeared and called: "Get up, Johanna!  
 The Lord now calls thee to another business."  
 And when she on the third night did appear, 1100  
 She was enraged and scolding spoke these words:  
 "Obedience is woman's lot on earth,  
 And stern forbearance is her grievous duty.  
 She must be purified through strictly serving.  
 Who here hath served, is great in the hereafter." 1105  
 And speaking thus she let the herd-girl's garb  
 Fall off and stood there as the Queen of Heaven,  
 Amid the glory of the sun supernal,  
 And golden cloud-banks bore her up on high,  
 Receding slow to lands of bliss eternal. 1110  
*(All are moved. Agnes Sorel, weeping violently,  
 hides her countenance on the bosom of the King.)*

ARCHBISHOP *(after a long silence.)*

In face of such divine accreditation  
 Must every doubt of earthly wit be silent.  
 The deed attests that she doth speak the truth;  
 But God alone can work such miracles.

DUNOIS

I credit not her wonders, but her eye, 1115  
 The pure innocence upon her visage.

CHARLES

Am I, a sinner, worthy of such favor?  
 All-searching eye, that cannot be deceived,  
 Thou seest my inmost heart and knowest me humble!

JOHANNA

Up there the meekness of the high shines brightly, 1120  
Thou hast bent down, so He exalts thee rightly.

CHARLES

Thus shall I to my foes resistance tender?

JOHANNA

Subjected France before thy feet I'm placing!

CHARLES

And Orleans, sayest thou, will not surrender?

JOHANNA

You'll sooner see the Loire its course retracing. 1125

CHARLES

Shall I to Rheims as conquering hero fare?

JOHANNA

Through foes by thousands I shall lead thee there.

*(All the Knights present raise a din with their lances  
and shields and give signs of courage.)*

DUNOIS

Just place the Maiden at the army's head.

We'll follow blindly where the Maid divine

Shall lead! Her seeress-eye shall lead us on, 1130

And this brave sword shall shield and shelter her!

LA HIRE

Not e'en a world in weapons shall we fear

When she goes marching on before our hosts.

The God of victory wanders at her side.

Let her, in battle mighty, be our guide! 1135

*(All the Knights present raise a din with their lances  
and advance.)*

CHARLES

Yes, holy Maiden, lead thou on my host,

And all my princes shall give heed to thee.

This sword of highest martial power, that late,

The crown's field marshal wrathfully returned,

Has found in thee a hand more worthy of it. 1140

Receive it now, oh holy prophetess,

And be henceforth—

JOHANNA

Not so, oh noble Dauphin!

Not through this instrument of earthly power

Is victory vouchsafed unto my lord.  
 I know another sword wherewith I'll conquer. 1145  
 I will describe it thee, e'en as the spirit  
 Instructed me. Send forth and have it fetched!

CHARLES

Name it, Johanna.

JOHANNA

Send to the old town,  
 Fierboys, there in Saint Catherina's churchyard  
 Is found a vault, wherein much metal lies, 1150  
 Heaped up from olden loot of victory.  
 Amid it is the sword, that now shall serve me.  
 By the three golden lilies shall one know it,  
 Which on its very blade have been impressed.  
 Have that sword fetched here for through it shalt thou 1155  
 be victor.

CHARLES

Send someone there and do as she hath said!

JOHANNA

And a white banner thou shalt let me carry,  
 Encompassed in a border-seam of purple.  
 And on this banner let the Queen of Heaven  
 Be pictured with the lovely Jesus-Child, 1160  
 As she doth hover o'er the earthly sphere;  
 For thus the Holy Mother showed it me.

CHARLES

So be it as thou sayest.

JOHANNA

Reverend Bishop,  
 Upon me lay thy sacerdotal hands  
 And speak a blessing over me, thy daughter! 1165  
*(She kneels down.)*

ARCHBISHOP

Thou hast been sent God's blessings to dispense  
 Not to receive them—Go in God's own power!  
 We are but men, unworthy quite and sinners.  
*(She arises)*

SQUIRE

A herald's come from England's High Commander.

JOHANNA

Let him come in, for he is sent by God! 1170  
*(The King beckons to the Squire, who goes out.)*

## ELEVENTH SCENE

*The Herald joins the others.*

CHARLES

What bring'st thou, herald? Say, what is thy charge?

HERALD

Who is it, who for Charles, the Valois,  
The Count of Ponthieu, here doth play the spokesman?

DUNOIS

Thou good-for-nothing herald! low-down boy!  
Art thou so insolent to disavow 1175  
The King of France upon his own terrain?  
The coat-of-arms protects thee, else thou should'st—

HERALD

The French acknowledge but one single king,  
And that one dwells within the English lines.

CHARLES

Be quiet, cousin! Now, thy message, herald! 1180

HERALD

My noble General, who laments the blood  
That has already flowed and still shall flow,  
Still holds his warrior-sword within its scabbard  
And ere by storm fair Orleans shall fall,  
He offers thee a friendly compromise. 1185

CHARLES

Let's hear it!

JOHANNA (*steps forward*)

Sire, let me in thy stead

Speak with this herald.

CHARLES

Do it then, oh Maiden!

Thou shalt decide if it be peace or discord.

JOHANNA (*to the Herald* )

Who sendeth thee and speaketh through thy mouth?

HERALD

The Britains' chief, the Count of Salisbury. 1190

JOHANNA

Thou, herald, lie'st! That lord speaks not through thee,  
Alone the living speak, and not the dead.

## HERALD

My Marshal lives in fulness of sound vigor  
And strength, and lives to bring you all destruction.

## JOHANNA

He lived when thou did'st leave, but just this morning 1195  
A shot from Orleans stretched him to earth,  
As he looked down from tower La Tournelle.  
Thou laughest 'cause I distant things reveal?  
Believe then not my words but thine own eyes!  
His funeral train will soon encounter thee 1200  
When thine own feet have borne thee back from here!  
Now herald, speak, and say what is thy charge.

## HERALD

If thou dost know to lay what's hidden bare,  
Then thou dost know it, ere I tell it thee.

## JOHANNA

I have no need to know it, but now hear 1205  
Thou mine! And then these words of mine make known  
Unto the princes, who have sent thee here!  
Oh King of England, and oh ye, the Dukes,  
Bedford and Gloucester, regents of the realm,  
Give your accounting to the King of Heaven, 1210  
For all the blood spilled wantonly. And give  
To us the keys of all the towns you've taken  
In contradiction to the laws of God!  
The Maiden cometh from the King of Heaven  
To proffer you or peace or bloody war. 1215  
Choose! For I tell you this, that ye may know it:  
To you this beauteous France is not assigned  
By our Virgin Mary's Son, but Charles,  
My lord and dauphin, whom our God awards it,  
Will as the king, make entry into Paris, 1220  
Accompanied by all Grandees of the realm.  
—Now, herald, go! With haste depart from here!  
For ere thou hast once more thy camp attained,  
And brought this news, the Maiden will be there,  
To plant in Orleans the sign of victory. 1225

*(She departs. Everything is in commotion. The curtain falls.)*

## SECOND ACT

*A Region surrounded by Crags.*

## FIRST SCENE

*Talbot and Lionel, English Generals. Philip, Duke of Burgundy. Knights; Fastolf and Chatillon with soldiers and standards.*

## TALBOT

Here underneath these crags now let us make  
 A halt and pitch a well-watched camp,  
 To see if we our fleeing folk can reassemble,  
 Who in the early panic were dispersed.  
 Set up a goodly guard and man the heights! 1230  
 The night, of course, secures us from pursuit,  
 And if the foe does not possess wings too,  
 Then I fear not surprise attack. But yet  
 There's need of caution, for we have to do  
 With an audacious foe, and are defeated. 1235  
*(Knight Fastolf departs with his soldiers.)*

## LIONEL

Defeated, General, say that word no more!  
 I cannot bear to think that men of France  
 Have this day seen the Englishman turn tail.  
 Oh Orleans! Orleans! Grave of our fame!  
 Upon thy fields lies prostrate England's honor. 1240  
 A shamefully ridiculous defeat!  
 Who will believe it in the times to come?  
 The victors of Poitiers, Crecy  
 And Agincourt in flight before a woman!

## BURGUNDY

This must console us: We are not by men 1245  
 O'erwhelmed, but we are conquered by the devil.

## TALBOT

The devil of our folly!—Say, Burgundy?  
 Affrights the rabble's ghost the princes too?  
 This superstition is a sorry cloak  
 For your timidity. Your troops fled first. 1250

## BURGUNDY

Not one stood fast. The flight was common lot.

## TALBOT

No, Sir! On your flank it had its beginning.

You rushed headlong into our camp and screamed:  
 "All hell is loose, and Satan fights for France!"  
 And thus you threw our troops into confusion. 1255

LIONEL

You can't deny it. Your flank yielded first.

BURGUNDY

Because the first attack was levied there.

TALBOT

The Maiden knew the weak spot of our camp,  
 She knew just where our fear was to be found.

BURGUNDY

What? Shall Burgundy bear the blame for failure? 1260

LIONEL

We Englishmen, were we alone, by God,  
 We never would have lost fair Orleans!

BURGUNDY

No,—for you had ne'er beheld fair Orleans!  
 Who cleared the way for you into this realm,  
 Reached out to you the loyal hand of friendship 1265  
 When you did scale this hostile foreign coast?

Who then did crown your Henry in Paris?  
 And did subject to him the Frenchmen's hearts?

By God! If this strong arm had never led  
 You in, you never should have seen the smoke 1270  
 Ascending from a single hearth in France!

LIONEL

If mighty words alone could do it, Duke,  
 Then you alone had conquered all of France.

BURGUNDY

You are displeased that Orleans has slipped  
 Your grasp, and now you vent the venom of 1275  
 Your wrath on me, your allied friend. Why else  
 Did Orleans escape save through your greed?  
 It was prepared to yield itself to me,  
 You, your envy only, hindered it.

TALBOT

We did not lay our siege to profit you. 1280

BURGUNDY

How would it be, if I withdrew my forces?



LIONEL

Not worse, in truth, than once at Agincourt,  
Where we did finish off both you and all of France.

BURGUNDY

But sorely you felt need to win our friendship,  
And dearly your vice-regent purchased it. 1285

TALBOT

Yes, dearly, dearly we today have paid  
For it at Orleans with our prizéd honor!

BURGUNDY

Don't press it further, Lord, or you might rue it!  
Did I desert my sovereign's righteous banners,  
And load upon my head a traitor's name 1290  
To bear such insults from a foreigner?  
What am I doing here, thus fighting France?  
If I must serve a person who's ungrateful,  
Then I desire it be my native king.

TALBOT

You're now engaged in dealings with the Dauphin; 1295  
We know of it. But we shall find the means  
To shelter us from treason.

BURGUNDY

Hell and damnation!

Is thus that we are met? Oh Chatillon!  
Have all my troops prepare them for departure.  
We're going back to our own land. 1300  
(*Chatillon departs.*)

LIONEL

Luck on your way!

Ne'er was the fame of Britain more resplendent  
Than when, with trust in his good sword alone,  
He fought without the help of foreign henchmen.  
Let each one fight his battles all alone  
For it remains eternally true: French blood 1305  
And English blood can never mix with honor.

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 SECOND SCENE

*Queen Isabeau, accompanied by a page, joins the group.*

ISABEAU

What must I hear, my Generals? Call a halt!

What sort of brain-deranging planet is it,  
 That thus befuddles your else normal senses?  
 Now, when only concord can preserve you, 1310  
 Will you in hate disperse, and feuding thus  
 Prepare the way that leads to your own downfall?  
 I beg you, noble Duke, recall your rash  
 Command. And you, our Talbot, crowned with fame,  
 Assuage the friend, whom you have brought to temper! 1315  
 Come, Lionel, help me persuade to peace  
 These haughty souls and bring conciliation.

LIONEL

Not I, my Lady. To me it's all the same.  
 I think it's thus: Whatever can not stand  
 Together, it does best if it dissolve. 1320

ISABEAU

What? Does the hocus-pocus art of hell,  
 To us so fateful in the fight, here too  
 Still dupe us, sense-befuddled imbeciles?  
 Just who began the row? Speak!—Noble Lord!  
 (*To Talbot*)

Is't you, who so forgot your own advantage, 1325  
 As to offend our worthy allied partner?  
 What hope you to perform without his arm?  
 He built unto your king this present throne,  
 Supports him still, unseats him when he wills.  
 His army gives you strength, e'en more his name. 1330  
 All England, if it poured out all its people  
 Upon our coasts, would not be able to  
 Subdue the realm, if it were but united.  
 For only France alone could conquer France.

TALBOT

We know the way to honor loyal friends. 1335  
 To fend against the false, is wisdom's duty.

BURGUNDY

Who, faithless, will deny a debt of thanks,  
 Fails not to show the liar's brazen front.

ISABEAU

What, noble Duke, could you so far renounce  
 Your princely honor and your sense of shame 1340  
 To lay this hand of yours into the very hand  
 That slew your father? Were you mad enough

To have belief in real conciliation  
 E'en with the Dauphin, whom unto the brink  
 Of his destruction you yourself have hurled? 1345  
 So near his fall would you sustain him now  
 And thus insanely your own work destroy?  
 Here stand your friends. And your salvation rests  
 Alone in a firm bond with England.

BURGUNDY

Far is my mind from peace made with the Dauphin, 1350  
 But this contempt and this high arrogance  
 Of haughty England I can not endure.

ISABEAU

Come! Do not take his hasty word amiss.  
 Grave is the grief that weighs upon the general,  
 And, as you know, misfortune makes unjust. 1355  
 Come, Come! Embrace and let me close this rift,  
 Quick healing it, before it grows eternal!

TALBOT

What think you, Burgundy? A noble heart  
 Admits it gladly when o'ercome by reason.  
 The queen has there a clever word delivered; 1360  
 Come let this hand-clasp heal that wound of yours  
 Which by my tongue in reckless haste was cut.

BURGUNDY

The lady spoke a word quite full of reason,  
 And my just wrath yields to necessity.

ISABEAU

Good! Now let's seal a new-concluded bond 1365  
 With one fraternal kiss and may the winds  
 Waft from our midst all that which has been spoken!  
 (*Burgundy and Talbot embrace.*)

LIONEL

(*observing the group, ASIDE.*)

Luck to the peace established by a Fury!

ISABEAU

One single battle we have lost, my Generals.  
 Luck was against us, but do not, for that, 1370  
 Allow your noble courage to ebb! The Dauphin  
 Despairs of Heaven's protection, and invokes  
 The help of Satan's arts; but yet in vain

Has he surrendered him to his damnation.  
And hell itself shall never rescue him. 1375

A conquering maiden leads the hostile troops,  
Yours I will lead, and I for you shall be  
A substitute for prophetess and virgin.

LIONEL

Madame, go back to Paris! It is our will  
To win with goodly weapons, not with women. 1380

TALBOT

Go, go! Since you are in our camp all goes  
Awry, no blessing more is in our weapons.

BURGUNDY

Go! Here your presence fashions naught that's good,  
The warrior is only vexed by you.

ISABEAU

*(looks at one after the other in astonishment.)*

You too, Burgundy? You take sides with these 1385  
Ungrateful lords and stand opposed to me?

BURGUNDY

Go, Go! The soldier loses his good courage  
When he believes he's fighting for your cause.

ISABEAU

I scarce have reestablished peace 'twixt you  
Ere you form your alliance aimed at me? 1390

TALBOT

Go, go! In Heaven's name, madame. We fear  
No devil more, when you are once away.

ISABEAU

Am I not your own true confederate?  
Is not your cause then also my cause too?

TALBOT

But your cause is not our cause. We are 1395  
Engaged in honorable and goodly strife.

BURGUNDY

I will avenge my father's bloody murder.  
This pious duty blesses son-borne weapons.

TALBOT

But let's be frank! What you do to the Dauphin  
Is neither good 'fore man nor right 'fore God. 1400

ISABEAU

A curse befall him through ten generations!  
For he has sinned against his mother's head.

BURGUNDY

He thus avenged a father and a spouse.

ISABEAU

He set himself to judge me and my morals.

LIONEL

That was quite disrespectful of a son! 1405

ISABEAU

And he has sent me into banishment.

TALBOT

That was to consummate the public's voice.

ISABEAU

A curse befall me if I e'er forgive him!  
And ere he rules in his paternal realm—

TALBOT

You'd rather sell the honor of his mother! 1410

ISABEAU

You know not, timid souls,  
What an offended mother's heart can do.  
I love whoever treats me well, and hate  
Who injures me, and be it mine own son,  
Whom I have borne, the more deserves he hate. 1415

To whom I gave his being, from him I'll rob it,  
If he, with ruthless, daring arrogance,  
Does injury to the womb that carried him.  
You, who are waging war against my son,  
You have no right nor reason to despoil him. 1420

How grievous is the debt the Dauphin has  
Incurred 'gain you? What pledges has he broken?  
The quest for honor, common envy, goads you;  
I have the right to hate him. I have borne him.

TALBOT

Yea, in your vengeance he will feel his mother! 1425

ISABEAU

You wretched hypocrites, how I despise you,  
You, who delude yourselves and cheat the world!

You Englishmen stretch forth your robber-hands  
 To seize our France, where you have neither right  
 Nor valid claim to even so much land 1430  
 As horse's hoof can cover.—And this Duke,  
 Who lets the good man be reviled, sells out  
 His Fatherland, inherited from forebears,  
 Unto his country's foe and foreign master.  
 But yet your each third word is "Righteousness." 1435  
 Hypocrisy I scorn. Just as I am,  
 Let earth's clear eye behold me.

BURGUNDY

It is true!

Your fame you have maintained with robust spirit.

ISABEAU

I have my passions and as fervid blood  
 As any woman, and I came as queen 1440  
 Into this land to live, and not to seem.  
 Should I be dead to joy, because the curse  
 Of fate conjoined my vital, happy youth  
 Unto a consort insane and demented?  
 More than my life I love my independence, 1445  
 And he who wounds me here—and yet why should  
 I quarrel with you here about my rights?  
 Your sluggish blood flows slowly through your veins,  
 You know not aught of pleasure, only wrath!  
 And this Duke here, who through his whole life long 1450  
 Has wavered 'twixt both bad and good, cannot  
 With all his heart and soul nor love nor hate.  
 I'm going to Melun! Give me this man,

*(pointing to Lionel)*

Who pleases me, for company and amusement.  
 And then do what you will! I'll ask no questions 1455  
 Concerning English or Burgundians.

*(She beckons to her pages and is about to leave.)*

LIONEL

Rely on this! The fairest Frankish boys  
 Whom we shall take, we'll send unto Melun.

ISABEAU *(coming back.)*

To slay with sword you are quite competent,  
 The Frank alone can speak a compliment. 1460  
*(She departs)*

## THIRD SCENE

*Talbot, Burgundy, Lionel.*

TALBOT

Oh, what a woman!

LIONEL

Your opinion, Generals!

Shall we flee further, or shall we turn back  
And by a rapid and a daring stroke  
Wipe out the stigma of the present day?

BURGUNDY

We are too weak, our people are dispersed, 1465  
The terror in our army is too recent.

TALBOT

A blind terror only has o'ercome us,  
The sudden imprint of a single moment,  
The fear-impression of imagined terror,  
When nearer seen, will vanish into naught. 1470  
My counsel, therefore, is, we lead our forces  
At break of day again across the stream  
Against the foe.

BURGUNDY

Consider—

LIONEL

If you will

Allow. There's nothing here to be considered.  
We must in haste regain what we have lost, 1475  
Or be disgraced in all eternity.

TALBOT

It is resolved. Tomorrow we attack.  
And to destroy this phantom-cause of terror,  
That has deluded and unmanned our forces,  
Let us in personal encounter measure 1480  
Ourselves against this virgin-feigning devil!  
If she stands up before our valiant sword,  
Well, then, for the last time she's done us harm,  
If she stands not, and surely she will shun  
An earnest fight, our host is disenchanted. 1485

LIONEL

So be it! And to me, my chief, assign  
This easy play of arms, where flows no blood!

For I intend to take that ghost alive,  
 And 'fore the Bastard's eyes, her paramour's,  
 I'll carry her in mine own arms across 1490  
 Into the British camp to cheer our troops.

BURGUNDY

Now promise not too much!

TALBOT

If I get at her,  
 I think not all too gently to embrace her.  
 Now come, to quicken all too tired nature  
 By means of gentle, recreating slumber, 1495  
 And then break camp at morning's reddening glow!  
*(They withdraw.)*

---

FOURTH SCENE

*Johanna with her banner, wearing helmet and breastplate; otherwise attired as a woman; Dunois, La Hire, Knights and Soldiers show themselves above on a road on the crags. They pass by in silence and appear immediately thereafter on the stage.*

JOHANNA

*(to the Knights who surround her, while the procession above continues.)*

The wall is scaled and we are in the camp!  
 Now cast from you the cloak of secret night,  
 Which up to now has veiled your silent march.  
 And to the foe make known your dreaded presence 1500  
 By your loud battle-cry: "God and the Virgin!"

ALL

*(cry aloud amid the wild clang of weapons.)*

God and the Virgin!

*(Drums and trumpets.)*

SENTRY *(behind the scene)*

The foe! the foe! the foe!

JOHANNA

Now torches here! Throw fire in their tents!  
 Let raging flame intensify dismay  
 And, threatening round about, let death embrace them! 1505  
*(Soldiers hasten forth. She wishes to follow.)*



DUNOIS (*holds her back.*)

Thy part thou hast accomplished now, Johanna.  
 Into the middle of the camp hast led us.  
 The foe thou hast delivered to our hands  
 But from the field of strife now stay away  
 And leave to us the bloody consummation! 1510

LA HIRE

The way to triumph show unto our host,  
 Before us bear in your pure hand the banner.  
 But do not take the sword, the deadly sword,  
 Thyself, tempt not the fickle god of battles,  
 For blind and with no mercy he holds sway. 1515

JOHANNA

Who dares to bid me halt? Who dares prescribe  
 Unto the spirit leading me? The arrow  
 Must fly where'er the archer's hand directs.  
 Where danger is, there must Johanna be.  
 Nor now, nor here am I ordained to fall. 1520  
 The crown I first must see upon my monarch's head.  
 This life from me shall not be riven.  
 Till I fulfill the order God has given  
 (*She goes out.*)

LA HIRE

Come, Dunois! Let us track our heroine!  
 And lend our valiant breasts to be her shield! 1525  
 (*They depart.*)

---

FIFTH SCENE

*English Soldiers flee across the stage; then Talbot.*

FIRST SOLDIER

The Maiden! In the middle of our camp!

SECOND SOLDIER

Impossible! No, never! How came she to camp?

THIRD SOLDIER

Through the air! The devil helps her!

FOURTH AND FIFTH SOLDIER

Flee! Flee! We all are marked for death!

(*They depart.*)

TALBOT (*enters.*)

They hear me not—they will not stand with me! 1530

Dissolved are all the bonds of discipline,  
 As if old hell its legions of damned souls  
 Had spewed on us, a reeling madness drags  
 Both valiant men and cowards brainlessly  
 Away; not e'en a petty party can 1535  
 I hold against the flood-tide of the foe,  
 Which waxing wavelike inundates our camp!  
 —Am I the only sober soul, when all  
 Around me must in fever's frenzy rage?  
 Before these Frankish weaklings so to flee, 1540  
 Whom we in twenty battles have o'erwhelmed!  
 Who is she then, this uncontrollable,  
 This terror-goddess, who so quickly turns  
 The luck of battle; and a timid herd  
 Of coward roes transforms to fighting lions? 1545  
 A sorceress who plays her studied role  
 Of heroine, shall frighten proven heroes?  
 A wench has snatched from me all fame of battle?

SOLDIER (*rushes in.*)

The Maiden! Flee! Flee! Flee, General!

TALBOT (*strikes him down.*)

Flee to hell

Yourself! Him shall this very sword transfix, 1550  
 Who speaks to me of fear and faint-heart flight!  
 (*He departs.*)

---

SIXTH SCENE

*The prospect opens. One sees the English camp completely in flames. Drums, flight and pursuit. After a while Montgomery enters.*

MONTGOMERY (*alone.*)

Where shall I flee to? Foes around about and death!  
 Here our enraged leader, who, with threatening sword,  
 Retarding flight, dares drive us straight toward our death.  
 There the Dreadful One, who ruinous 'round herself 1555  
 Like burning fire rages, and around there is  
 No bush to hide me and no cave of sure retreat.  
 Oh were I never shipped across the sea to here,  
 Oh, I, unfortunate! Whom idle dream deranged  
 To search for cheaply purchased fame in Frankish wars. 1560  
 And now destructive destiny is leading me

Into this bloody, murderous fight.—Were I but far  
 From here, at home still on the Severn's blooming bank,  
 Secure within my father's house, wherein my mother  
 In grief remained, and my sweet, tender bride-to-be! 1565

*(Johanna makes her appearance in the distance.)*

Woe's me! What see I? There appears the female terror!  
 From flaming fire-brands dull glowing she mounts up,  
 As from the jaws of hell a spectre of the night  
 Might rise.—Where can I flee? She seizes me already  
 And, with her eyes of fire, casts from afar at me 1570  
 The never-failing captivation of her glance.

Around my feet is firm and faster wrapped a skein  
 Of magic that so fetters them that they deny  
 Me flight! And I must gaze, however much my heart  
 Against it struggles, at that fatal apparition! 1575

*(Johanna advances several steps toward him and then remains standing again.)*

She comes! I will not wait until this form so grim  
 Attacks me first! Imploring, I'll embrace her knees,  
 And for my life I shall beseech; she is a woman;  
 Might I perchance through show of tears cause her to soften!

*(As he is about to approach her, she walks rapidly toward him.)*

#### SEVENTH SCENE

*Johanna.*

*Montgomery.*

JOHANNA

Thou art condemned to death! A British mother 'gendered 1580  
 thee!

MONTGOMERY *(falls at her feet.)*

Desist, thou fearful one! Do not transfix a man  
 Who's undefended! Sword and shield I've cast away,  
 And at thy feet I sink to earth, defenceless, pleading.  
 Leave me the light of life and take some ransom money!  
 Rich in possessions lives at home my father still 1585  
 In beauteous Wales, there, where the Severn's serpentine  
 Doth roll its silver stream amid the verdant meadows,  
 And fifty villages confess his overlordship.  
 With richest gold he will absolve his lov'd son,  
 When he's aware I'm still alive in Frankish camp. 1590

## JOHANNA

Misguided fool! Lost soul! Into the Maiden's hand  
 Thou now art fallen; the destructive hand from which  
 Nor rescue nor redemption is to be expected.  
 If thy ill luck had put thee in the crocodile's  
 Main power, or in the spotted tiger's mighty claws, 1595  
 If thou hadst stolen the mother-lion's new-born brood,  
 Thou couldst perchance have found both pity and com-  
 passion,  
 But deadly is encounter with the virgin.  
 For to the spirit-realm, the strict, inviolable,  
 Am I by awful, binding contract obligated 1600  
 To slaughter with the sword each living thing, whate'er  
 The god of battle fatefully doth send my way.

## MONTGOMERY

Frightful is thy speech, but yet thy look is mild,  
 Not dreadful art thou to behold from close at hand.  
 My heart doth draw me close unto thy lovely form. 1605  
 Oh, by the gentleness of thy mild, tender sex  
 I beg of thee! Have pity on me still a youth!

## JOHANNA

Do not adjure me by my sex! Don't call me woman!  
 Just as the incorporeal spirits, who woo not  
 In human wise, I join me not to any sex 1610  
 Of humans, and this, my armor, covers up no heart.

## MONTGOMERY

Oh, by the holy all-prevailing law of love  
 To which all hearts pay homage, I do adjure thee!  
 At home I left behind a darling bride-to-be,  
 Fair as thou art, ablowing in the charm of youth. 1615  
 She tarries, waiting for her lover's safe return.  
 Oh, if thou ever hop'st that thou shalt love, and hopest  
 Through love to be made glad, then part not cruelly  
 Two hearts that by the holy bond of love are tied!

## JOHANNA

Thou dost invoke but earthly foreign deities, 1620  
 To me not holy, nor to be adored. I know  
 Naught of the bonds of love with which thou'd conjure me.  
 And never shall I learn to know its idle service.  
 Fend for thy life's defense, for death is calling thee!

## MONTGOMERY

Oh, then have mercy on my sorrow-stricken parents, 1625  
 Whom I have left at home! Yea, surely thou hast, too,  
 Forsaken parents who for thee are plagued with sorrow.

## JOHANNA

Unhappy man! And thou remind'st me now of this:  
 How many mothers of this land are childless now;  
 How many tender children, fatherless; how many 1630  
 Expectant brides are widowed by these deeds of yours?  
 So England's mothers too may now experience  
 Despair and make acquaintance with the tears  
 Which France's sorrow-stricken wives ere now have wept.

## MONTGOMERY

Oh, hard it is to die unwept on foreign soil. 1635

## JOHANNA

Who called you to this foreign land to lay in waste  
 The blooming labor of our fields, to chase us from  
 Our native hearth, and throw the firebrands of war  
 Into the peaceful sanctuaries of our cities?  
 Ye dreamed already in your heart's vain phantasy 1640  
 To plunge the free-born Frenchman into serfdom's shame  
 And this great land, as if it were a little boat,  
 To fasten firmly to your haughty ocean vessel!  
 Ye fools! The royal coat-of-arms of France hangs on  
 The throne of God. And sooner ye might tear a star 1645  
 From Heaven's wain than pluck a village from this realm,  
 Inseparably, eternally united. The day  
 Of vengeance has arrived. And ye no more while living  
 Shall e'er retrace the reaches of the holy sea,  
 Which God has set betwixt us as our lands' partition. 1650  
 And which ye have transgressed in your frivolity.

MONTGOMERY (*releases her hand.*)

Oh, I must perish! Groveling now I'm grasped by death.

## JOHANNA

Die, friend! Why tremble thus so timidly 'fore death,  
 The inescapable event?—Behold me! Look!  
 I am but a mere maiden, born a shepherd girl. 1655  
 This hand has never known the wont to wield the sword.  
 The innocent and pious shepherd staff it bore.  
 But torn away from fields, that were my native home,  
 From father's bosom and my sisters' loving breast,

Must I here, I must—a voice divine impells me, not 1660  
 My own desires—a bitter grief for you, for me  
 No joy, a spectre of dismay, athrottling go  
 And scatter death abroad, and be, at last, its victim.  
 For I no day of joyous going home shall ever see.  
 To many of your countrymen I'll still bring death, 1665  
 And many widows shall I make, but finally I,  
 Myself, shall perish and shall thus fulfill my fate.  
 —Fulfill thou likewise thine! With vigor grasp thy sword.  
 And for the sweetest prize of life let us contend.

MONTGOMERY (*arises*).

Well, if thou art a mortal, as I am, and arms 1670  
 Can wound thee, then, it may be destined for my arm,  
 By sending thee to hell, to end all England's woe.  
 In God's all-gracious hands I lay my destiny.  
 Call thou, accurséd one, thy hellish spirits now  
 To stand by thee! And now defend thy right to live! 1675  
 (*He seizes shield and sword and presses in on her.*  
*Martial music resounds in the distance. After a short*  
*duel Montgomery falls.*)

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EIGHTH SCENE

JOHANNA (*alone*).

To death thy foot did bear thee. —Fare thee well!  
 (*She walks away from him and remains standing in*  
*thought.*)

Exalted Virgin, thou in me art working wonders!  
 Thou dost supply my peaceful arm with power,  
 This heart of mine thou armest with unyieldingness.  
 With pity melts my soul, my hand doth quake, 1680  
 As if it broke into a temple's holy pile,  
 To wound the blooming body of my foeman;  
 The shining blade of iron alone makes me to shudder.  
 But when there's need of it, just then I have the power,  
 And, never erring in my trembling hand, the sword 1685  
 Directs itself as if it were a living spirit.

---

NINTH SCENE

*A Knight with a closed visor. Johanna.*

KNIGHT

Accurséd one! Thine hour hath arrived.

I've sought thee on the far-flung field of battle.  
 Destructive phantom! Get thee straightway back  
 To hell, from whence thou hast to us ascended! 1690

JOHANNA

Who art thou, whom thy evil angel sent  
 To 'counter me? Like to a prince's is  
 Thy bearing, nor as British dost thou seem,  
 For the Burgundian badge betrays thy state.  
 In face of it my sword's tip dips to earth. 1695

KNIGHT

Vile outcast, thou deservest not to fall  
 Beneath a prince's noble hand. The ax  
 Of hangman ought to sever from thy torso  
 Thy damnéd head, and not the daring dagger  
 Held by the royal Duke of Burgundy. 1700

JOHANNA

Thou art, forsooth, this royal Duke himself?

KNIGHT (*opens his visor*).

I'm he! Oh wretch, now tremble and despair!  
 Now Satan's arts shall shelter thee no more.  
 Thou hast till now but weaklings overcome.  
 A man stands facing thee. 1705

---

TENTH SCENE

*Dunois and La Hire join them.*

DUNOIS

Turn, Burgundy!  
 Now fight with men and not with virgin women!

LA HIRE

We shall protect the seeress's holy head.  
 First must thy dagger penetrate this breast—

BURGUNDY

It's not this amorous Circe that I fear,  
 Nor you, whom she so shamefully has transformed. 1710  
 Oh, Bastard, blush, and shame on thee, La Hire,  
 That thou thy ancient valor so degradest  
 To arts of hell, and makest now thyself  
 The shield and page-boy of this devil's-wench!  
 Come on! I challenge all! That man despairs  
 Of God's safe shield, who flees unto the devil.

*(They prepare to fight; Johanna steps between them.)*

JOHANNA

Hold up! Hold up!

BURGUNDY

Thou tremblest for thy lover?

Before thine eyes shall he—

*(He presses in on Dunois.)*

JOHANNA

Hold up, I say!

Part them, La Hire! Here no Frankish blood shall flow!

Nor shall this strife by sword-play be decided.

1720

Another way is in the stars decreed.

Now separate, I say!—Hear and respect

The spirit which pervades me, speaks through me!

DUNOIS

Why dost thou stay my now uplifted arm

And halt the bloody verdict of my sword?

1725

The blade is drawn and now it strikes the blow

Which shall avenge and reconcile our France.

JOHANNA

*(Places herself between them and separates the parties by a wide interval.)*

*(To the Bastard.)*

Step to the side!

*(To La Hire).*

Remain there, standing fixed!

I have a word to speak now with the Duke.

*(After all is quiet.)*

What wilt thou do, oh Burgundy? Who is

1730

The foe thy murderous glance with yearning seeks?

This noble prince is France's son as thou,

This valiant is thy native friend and ally,

And I'm a daughter of thy fatherland.

We all, whom thou dost strive to extirpate,

1735

Belong among thy people and, our arms

Are open wide to welcome thee, our knees

Prepared to do thee honor, and our sword

Against thee has no point. And honorable

To us thy visage; e'en in hostile helm,

1740

It bears the loyal features of our king.



## BURGUNDY

With flatt'ring sound of thy sweet eloquence  
 Wilt thou, oh Siren! lure thy victim on.  
 Thou, cunning one, shalt make no fool of me.  
 My ear's prepared against thy speech's snares, 1745  
 The fire-arrows of thine eyes glide off  
 Upon the goodly armor of my bosom.  
 Now, to arms, Dunois!  
 With blows, and not with words, let us fight on!

## DUNOIS

First words, and later blows! Art thou afraid 1750  
 Of words? That too is cowardice, that too  
 Is the betrayer of an evil cause.

## JOHANNA

It's not despotic need that drives us here  
 Unto thy feet, and not as suppliants  
 Come we to thee.—Just look around thee here! 1755  
 In ashes lies the camp of English might  
 And with your dead the field is overstrewn.  
 Thou hear'st the Frankish battle-trumpet sounding.  
 God hath decided, victory is ours.  
 The freshly broken bough of shining laurel 1760  
 We are prepared to share now with our friends.  
 Oh, come to us! Come, noble fugitive!  
 To us, where right and victory prevail.  
 E'en I, God's messenger, extend to thee  
 In sister's wise my hand. I wish to save 1765  
 And draw thee over to our righteous side.  
 The Heavens are for France, and Heaven's angels,  
 Although thou see'st them not, fight for our king.  
 With lilies are they, each and all, adorned.  
 Our cause is shining white, as is this banner. 1770  
 The pure Virgin is our spotless symbol.

## BURGUNDY

Intriguing is the lie's deceptive word,  
 And yet her speech is like that of a child.  
 If evil spirits lend to her their words,  
 Then they triumphant copy innocence. 1775  
 I will no longer listen! To your weapons!  
 My ear, I mark, is weaker than my arm.

## JOHANNA

Thou callest me enchantress, unto me

Ascribest hellish arts. Is making peace,  
 Dispelling hate, the work of hell? And from 1780  
 The everlasting pool does concord come?  
 What is there guiltless, holy, humane, good,  
 If not the fight to save the fatherland?  
 Since when is nature so in conflict with  
 Itself, that Heaven doth the righteous cause 1785  
 Desert, and that the devil doth defend it?  
 But if that which I say to thee is good,  
 Where else but from above could I procure it?  
 Who could have come into my fold of sheep  
 To visit me, a childish shepherd maid, 1790  
 And consecrate me to the king's affairs?  
 I've never stood before exalted princes,  
 The art of speech is foreign to my tongue.  
 But now, since I have need thereof to move thee,  
 I have discernment, knowledge of high things, 1795  
 The fate of kings and destinies of countries  
 Lie clear as suns before my childish gaze,  
 And in my mouth I bear a thunderbolt.

## BURGUNDY

*(vividly moved, directs his eyes toward her and observes her with astonishment and emotion.)*

What ails me? What is happening? Is't a god,  
 Who in my deepest bosom turns my heart? 1800  
 She's no deceit, this touching, stirring form!  
 No! No! if I'm through magic's might made blind,  
 Then it is wrought alone through heavenly power.  
 My heart informs me she is sent by God!

## JOHANNA

He's touched, he's moved! I have not pled in vain; 1805  
 The thunder-cloud of anger melts away  
 From off his brow 'mid dripping tears like dew,  
 And from his eyes, emitting rays of peace,  
 The golden sun of feeling now breaks forth.  
 Away the weapons! Press now heart to heart! 1810  
 He weeps, he is persuaded, he is ours!

*(Her sword and banner sink from her hand, she hastens to him with outstretched arms and embraces him with passionate exuberance. La Hire and Dunois let their swords fall and hasten to embrace him.)*

## THIRD ACT

*Royal Headquarters at Chalons on the Marne.*

## FIRST SCENE

*Dunois and La Hire.*

DUNOIS

We were both cordial friends and war-time brothers,  
 We raised our arm to serve the common cause,  
 And held together fast in dearth and death.  
 Let not the love of woman rend this bond 1815  
 That has survived each by-gone change of fortune.

LA HIRE

Prince, hear me speak!

DUNOIS

You love the wondrous Maiden,  
 And I am well aware what you intend.  
 You think to go now hot-foot to the king  
 And there beseech the Maiden as a present 1820  
 Unto yourself. And for your acts of valour  
 He can't deny to you the well-earned prize.  
 But know—e'er in another's arms I shall  
 Behold her—

LA HIRE

Hear me, Prince!

DUNOIS

It's not the eyes'  
 Quick flighty passion that attracts me to her. 1825  
 My own unconquered sense a wench ne'er has  
 Aroused until I saw this wondrous one,  
 Whom a decree of God intends to be  
 A saviour for the realm, a wife for me.  
 And in that moment to myself I swore 1830  
 A holy oath to take her as my bride.  
 For only the strong woman can become  
 The friend of the strong man. My glowing heart  
 Doth yearn to rest upon a breast its equal,  
 One that can 'compass and endure its strength. 1835

LA HIRE

How could I dare it, Prince, my weak deserts  
 With your great name's heroic fame to measure?

Where Count Dunois has entered in the lists  
 There every other challenger must yield.  
 But yet a lowly shepherd girl cannot 1840  
 Stand worthily as consort at your side;  
 The kingly blood that courses through your veins  
 Will surely scorn such lowly intermixture.

DUNOIS

She is a child of holy nature's Gods  
 As I myself, and is by birth my equal. 1845  
 Should she dishonor any prince's hand,  
 Who is herself the bride of pure angels,  
 Who wreathes her head with glowing radiance,  
 Which brighter shines than any earthly crowns,  
 Who sees all greatness, highness of this earth 1850  
 Lie petty underneath her very feet?  
 For all the princely thrones, placed one upon  
 The other, and even to the stars built up,  
 Could not attain the height at which she stands  
 In her angelic majesty. 1855

LA HIRE

The sovereign must decide.

DUNOIS

No, she herself

Decides it! She has liberated France,  
 And she herself must freely give her heart.

LA HIRE

Here comes the king!

---

SECOND SCENE

*Charles. Agnes Sorel. Du Chatel, Archbishop and Chatillon  
 join the others.*

CHARLES (*to Chatillon*)

He comes! He wishes to salute me as 1860  
 His sovereign, as you say, and pay me homage?

CHATILLON

Here, Sire, in thine own, thy royal town,  
 Chalons, my lord, the Duke desires to prostrate  
 Himself before thy feet. He ordered me  
 To greet thee as my master and my king. 1865  
 He follows at my heels and soon draws near.

SOREL

He comes! Oh splendid sunshine of this day,  
Which brings us pleasure, peace and e'en placation!

CHATILLON

My lord will come with full two hundred knights,  
He at thy feet will sink upon his knees; 1870  
But he expects that thou wilt not permit it,  
But as a cousin friendly wilt embrace him.

CHARLES

My heart's aglow to beat against his own.

CHATILLON

The duke requests that of the ancient feud  
There be no mention, even with one word, 1875  
Upon the first return.

CHARLES

Forever sunk

In Lethe be the past. And now we hope  
To see but happy days in times to come.

CHATILLON

Those who have fought for Burgundy shall be  
Included in the terms of the placation. 1880

CHARLES

I shall, in this wise, make my kingdom double!

CHATILLON

And Isabeau, the queen, if she accepts,  
Shall be included in the terms of peace.

CHARLES

She wages war on me, not I on her.  
Our strife shall cease, as soon as she shall end it. 1885

CHATILLON

Twelve knights shall be assurance for thy word.

CHARLES

My word is sacred.

CHATILLON

And the Archbishop

Shall share a sacred host between both you and him  
As pledge and seal of honorable placation.

CHARLES

So be my share of everlasting bliss 1890

As clasp of hand and beat of heart are one.  
What other pledge demands the duke to boot?

CHATILLON (*with a look at Du Chatel*)

Here see I one, whose very presence here  
Could but lend poison to the primal greetings.  
(*Du Chatel departs in silence.*)

CHARLES

Go, Du Chatel! Until the duke can bear 1895  
The sight of thee, canst thou remain concealed!  
(*He follows him with his eyes, then hastens after him  
and embraces him.*)

Thou righteous friend, wert willed to do still more  
Than this to get me peace!  
(*Du Chatel departs.*)

CHATILLON

The other points this instrument doth name.

CHARLES (*to the Archbishop.*)

Bring it to pass! We will approve it all. 1900  
To win a friend we hold no price too high.  
Go, Dunois! Take a hundred noble knights  
Along, and fetch the duke in friendly fashion.  
Our troops shall all bewreath themselves with branchlets  
In order to receive their brethren. 1905  
Let the whole town adorn it for a feast,  
And all the bells ring out the proclamation  
That France and Burgundy are now one nation.  
(*A Squire enters. Trumpets are heard.*)  
Hark! What's the meaning of the trumpets' call?

SQUIRE

The Duke of Burgundy now makes his entry. 1910

(*Exit*)

DUNOIS (*departs with La Hire and  
Chatillon.*)

Up! To meet him!

CHARLES (*to Sorel*).

My Agnes weeps! I, too, do almost lack  
The strength to carry out the coming scene.  
How many victims had to fall in death  
Before we two could meet in peace again! 1915  
But every storm at last abates its wrath,

And day succeeds to deepest night. And when  
The time arrives, the latest fruits grow ripe!

ARCHBISHOP (*at the window*).

The Duke can scarcely in the mighty throng  
Assert himself. They lift him from his horse, 1920  
They kiss his mantle and his very spurs.

CHARLES

It is a goodly folk, that in its love,  
As in its hate, is quick inflamed.—How quick  
Is now forgot that even this same duke 1925  
Hath slaughtered both their fathers and their sons.  
The moment swallows an entire life!  
Be calm, Sorel! For thy intensive joy  
Might be for him a thorn to prick his soul.  
Naught here shall either shame him or aggrieve him.

---

### THIRD SCENE

*Duke of Burgundy. Dunois. La Hire. Chatillon and two additional Knights from the Duke's retinue. The Duke remains standing at the entrance; the King moves toward him; immediately Burgundy comes closer, and at the moment when he is about to kneel, the King receives him into his arms.*

CHARLES

You have surprised us.—It was our intent 1930  
To come to fetch you, but your steeds are fast.

BURGUNDY

They brought me to my duty.  
(*He embraces Sorel and kisses her on the forehead.*)

With your leave,

Fair cousin! That's our lordly right in Arras,  
And no fair woman ever dares deny  
The practice of this rite. 1935

CHARLES

Your court, they say,  
Is seat of chivalry and market place,  
Where all that's beautiful must be in stock.

BURGUNDY

We are a merchandizing folk, my King.  
Whate'er delicious grows beneath the heavens,  
For show and for enjoyment is displayed 1940

Upon our mart at Bruges. The highest though  
Of all our wares is that of woman's beauty.

SOREL

Though woman's fealty rates a higher price,  
But is not seen upon the market place.

CHARLES

You stand in bad repute and libel, cousin, 1945  
That you revile what's woman's highest virtue.

BURGUNDY

Such heresy will be its own worst scourge.  
Hail you, my King! Your heart has early learned,  
What my wild life has taught me only late.

*(He notices the Archbishop and extends his hand to him.)*

Most reverend minister of God! Your blessing! 1950  
One meets you ever in the proper place.  
Whoe'er seeks you must walk in righteousness.

ARCHBISHOP

My Lord may call me when He will; my heart  
Is full of joy, and I can gladly part,  
Since mine own eyes have now beheld this day! 1955

BURGUNDY *(to Sorel)*

They say you have bereft you of your jewels  
To fashion from them weapons aimed at me?  
What? Are you thus so martially intent?  
But now our quarrel is past, and all is found 1960  
Again which once, it seemed, was lost.  
Your jewelry has found its way back home.  
For war against me it was once ordained,  
Now take it from my hand as token of peace.

*(He receives from one of his attendants a jewel-casket and hands it over to her opened. Agnes Sorel looks in astonishment at the King)*

CHARLES

Accept the gift. It is a twofold precious pledge 1965  
Of fairest love to me and reconciliation.

BURGUNDY

*(While fixing in her hair a diamond rose).*

Why is it not the royal crown of France?  
With heart that's even thus inclined I would  
Be glad to fix it on this lovely head.



*(Pressing her hand significantly.)*

And—count on me, if you sometimes should be  
In need of friend! 1970

*(Agnes Sorel, breaking out in tears, steps aside, also the King, struggles against great emotion. All the bystanders look with feeling at the two princes.)*

BURGUNDY

*(after he has looked at them all, one after the other, he throws himself into the arms of the King.)*

Oh, my dear King!

*(At the same moment the three Burgundian knights hasten to Dunois, La Hire and the Archbishop. They embrace each other. Both Princes remain for a time speechless in each other's arms.)*

You could I hate? You could I e'en renounce?

CHARLES

Still! Still! No further!

BURGUNDY

And this Englishman

Could I e'en crown! Swear fealty to this stranger! 1975

CHARLES

Forget it! All is now forgiven! All  
This single moment has wiped out. It was  
Our fate and an unhappy constellation!

BURGUNDY *(clasps his hand).*

I'll make amends! Believe me, that I will.  
For all your suff'ring, you'll be recompensed, 1980  
And your entire kingdom you'll receive  
Again, and not one village shall be lacking!

CHARLES

We are united. I now fear no foe.

BURGUNDY

Believe 'twas not with happy heart that I  
Bore arms against you. If you only knew— 1985  
Why did you not send this one here to me?

*(Pointing to Sorel.)*

Her tears I'd ne'er been able to resist.  
Now shall no power of hell divide us more  
Since we have closed each other to our heart!

I now have found a place that's truly mine; 1990  
 Upon this heart my wandering journey ends.

ARCHBISHOP (*steps between them*).

You are united, Princes! France now mounts,  
 Again made young, a Phoenix, from its ashes.

A pleasant future now smiles down on us.  
 The country's grievous wounds will heal again, 1995

The villages, laid waste, the cities too,  
 Again shall rise more radiant from their rubble,  
 The fields shall deck themselves anew with green,

But those, who fell as victims of your feuding,  
 The dead, arise no more; the tears that flowed, 2000

Because you were in strife, are wept, and thus  
 Remain! The coming generation soon  
 Will flourish, but the past was misery's prey.

The grandchild's joy will not revive his fathers.  
 These are the fruits of your fraternal feud. 2005

Let that give you a lesson! Fear the sword's  
 Divinity, ere from the sheath you draw it!

The mighty man can unleash war; but, not  
 Instructed as the hawk, to fly back from

The air unto the hunter's hand, heeds not  
 That savage god the call of human voice. 2010

Not twice at the right moment as today  
 Comes forth at the saviour's hand from out the clouds.

BURGUNDY

Oh Sire! At your side an angel dwells.  
 Where is she? Why do I not see her here? 2015

CHARLES

Where is Johanna? Wherefore is she missing  
 At this most festal, happy point of time,  
 Which she did grant us?

ARCHBISHOP

Sire! The holy Maiden

Loves not the quiet of the leisure court,  
 And if divine command call her not forth 2020

Into the light of day, then she avoids,  
 Abashed, the idle gaze of common eyes.

Forsooth she doth converse with God, when she  
 Is not in deed concerned for France's welfare;

For in her footsteps always follow blessings. 2025

## FOURTH SCENE

*Johanna joins the others.*

*She is in armor but without helmet, and is wearing a wreath in her hair.*

CHARLES

Thou comest as a priestess 'decked, Johanna,  
To consecrate the bond that thou hast formed?

BURGUNDY

How dreadful was the Maiden in the fight,  
And how, in peace, so radiant with charm!  
Have I redeemed my pledge, Johanna, and  
Art thou content? Do I deserve thy sanction? 2030

JOHANNA

Unto thyself, thou hast done greatest favor.  
Now thou art radiant in a blessed light,  
Who formerly, in blood-red, sombre glow,  
A moon of terror hung there in the heavens. 2035  
*(Looking around.)*

Much noble knighthood find I here assembled,  
And all their eyes are glistening bright with joy.  
One single sad one only I've encountered,  
Who must conceal himself, while others cheer.

BURGUNDY

And who is conscious of such grievous guilt, 2040  
That of our favor he must need despair?

JOHANNA

May he draw near? Oh, answer that he may!  
Make thy deserts complete. Conciliation  
Is naught, unless it free the heart completely.  
One drop of hate, that in the cup of joy 2045  
Remains, transforms the blessed draught to poison.  
So bloody be no crime that Burgundy  
Upon this day of joy might not forgive it!

BURGUNDY

Ah, now I understand!

JOHANNA

And wilt forgive?

Thou wilt, oh Duke?—Come in now, Du Chatel! 2050  
*(She opens the door and leads Du Chatel in; the latter  
remains standing at a distance.)*

The Duke with all his enemies, with all,

Is reconciled, and with thee too.

*(Du Chatel comes several steps nearer and attempts to read the Duke's eyes.)*

BURGUNDY

What makest thou

Of me, Johanna? Knowest, what thou askest?

JOHANNA

A gracious master throws his portals wide  
 For all the guests, and no one is excluded; 2055  
 Free, as the firmament surrounds the world,  
 So must his grace embrace both friend and foe.  
 The sun sends forth its rays impartially  
 To all the reaches of infinity,  
 In equal measure Heaven pours forth its dew 2060  
 On all the thirsting things that wax and grow.  
 Whate'er is good and comes down from above  
 Is meant for all and has no reservation.  
 But in the folds and crooks, there darkness dwells.

BURGUNDY

Oh she can shunt me 'round just as she wills. 2065  
 My heart is weak as wax within her hand.  
 —Embrace me, Du Chatel! I pardon you.  
 Ghost of my father, be not wroth, if I  
 In friendship clasp the hand that murdered thee.  
 Ye gods of death, ascribe not to my reckoning, 2070  
 That I now break my awful oath of vengeance.  
 With you down there in the eternal night  
 No heart beats more, there everything's eternal,  
 All stands immobile, fast—but otherwise  
 Is it up here, within the sunlight's rays. 2075  
 The mortal man, who is alive and feels,  
 Is easy victim of the mighty moment.

CHARLES *(to Johanna)*

What have I not to thank thee for, high Maiden!  
 How prettily thou hast redeemed thy word!  
 How quickly all my destiny transformed! 2080  
 My friends thou hast won back to me, my foes  
 Hast plunged into the dust, and from my cities  
 Torn off the foreign yoke. For thou alone  
 Accomplished all! But speak: What's thy reward?

## JOHANNA

Be ever human, Sire, in fortune as 2085  
 Thou wast in failure. On the peak of power  
 Forget not what a friend avails in need;  
 In thine humiliation thou hast learned it.  
 Deny not to the lowest of thy people  
 Thy mercy nor thy justice, for to thee 2090  
 God called a saviour from the herd. Thou shalt  
 Assemble all of France beneath thy sceptre,  
 And be the seed of great and princely scions.  
 And those who follow thee will shine more brightly  
 Than those who went before thee on the throne. 2095  
 Thy stem shall bloom as long as it preserves  
 Its love within its people's heart.  
 But pride alone can lead it to its fall,  
 And from the lowly huts, whence now has come  
 To thee the saviour, threatens mystically 2100  
 Unto thy guilt-bespotted heirs destruction!

## BURGUNDY

Enlightened Maiden, whom the Lord inspires,  
 If with thine eyes thou peerest in the future,  
 Then tell me too of mine own stem! Will it  
 Extend its majesty as it began? 2105

## JOHANNA

Burgundy! To the level of the throne  
 Hast thou raised up thy seat, and thy proud heart  
 Still higher strives. It lifts into clouds  
 Thy bold-built house. But from above  
 A hand will soon command its growth to halt. 2110  
 But fear not thence the downfall of thy house!  
 It shall live on in brilliance through a maiden,  
 And sceptre-bearing sovereigns, shepherds of  
 Their peoples, shall be the flower of her womb.  
 And they shall lord it on two mighty thrones 2115  
 And write the laws of all the known world  
 And of a new one, which the hand of God  
 Still hides behind the seas unploughed by ships.

## CHARLES

Oh speak, if it the Spirit has revealed,  
 Will this new bond of amity, which we 2120

Renewed, in distant ages too unite  
Our sons?

JOHANNA (*after a moment of silence*).

Ye kings and rulers of the earth!

Have fear of discord! And awake not strife  
Out of its cavern, where it sleeps; for once  
Aroused, it slow reverts again to tameness. 2125

A progeny it gets, a brood of iron,  
And firebrand ignites succeeding brand.  
Demand to know no more! Rejoice now in  
The present! Let me calmly still conceal  
The future! 2130

SOREL

Holy Maiden, thou explorest  
My heart. Thou know'st if it aspires to empty grandeur.  
To me grant too a pleasing oracle.

JOHANNA

To me the Spirit shows but great events.  
Thy destiny abides in thine own breast.

DUNOIS

But what will be the fate of thee, thyself, 2135  
Exalted Maiden, whom high Heaven loves?  
For thee, in sooth, on earth blows fairest fortune.  
Since thou art both so pious and so holy.

JOHANNA

One's fortune dwells in God's eternal bosom.

CHARLES

Thy fortune be henceforth thy sovereign's care! 2140  
For I will make thy name be glorified  
In all of France; and latest generations  
Shall call thee blessed—and at once I shall  
Accomplish it. Kneel down!

(*He draws his sword and touches her with it.*)

And now stand up

A noble woman! I, the King, do raise 2145  
Thee from the dust of thy own humble birth—  
And in their graves thy fathers I ennoble.

The lily in thine armor thou shalt wear,  
And be of equal birth with e'en the best  
In France. None but the royal blood of the 2150  
Valois shall be more noble than thine own!

The greatest of the great shall feel himself  
As honored by thy hand. My care shall be  
To get thee wed unto a noble husband.

DUNOIS (*steps forth*).

My heart elected her when she was lowly. 2155

The new-won honor that shines 'round her head  
Exalts not her deserts nor yet my love.

Here, in the presence of my sovereign lord  
And of this holy bishop, I extend  
To her my hand as to my princely consort, 2160  
If she but holds me worthy to receive her.

CHARLES

Resistless Maiden, wonder thou dost heap  
On wonder! Yes, I now believe that naught's  
Impossible to thee. Thou hast subdued  
This haughty heart, that until now spoke scorn 2165  
To love's great might.

LA HIRE (*steps forward*).

Johanna's fairest gem,

Know I her rightly, is her modest heart.  
The homage of the greatest she deserves,  
Yet ne'er will she raise up her wish so high.  
She strives not giddily for earthly grandeur. 2170  
The true affection of an honest nature  
Suffices her, as does the quiet lot,  
That I now proffer her with this my hand.

CHARLES

Thou too, La Hire? Two distinguished wooers,  
Alike in martial fame and hero's virtues! 2175

Wilt thou, who reconciled my foes to me,  
My realm united, part my dearest friends?  
But one of you alone can e'er possess her,  
And I esteem each worthy of the prize.  
So speak thou, for thine heart must here decide. 2180

SOREL (*comes nearer*).

I see the noble Maiden is surprised,  
And bashful shame lends color to her cheeks.  
Now give her time to ask her heart's advice,  
To speak confiding with some female friend,  
And loose the seal unto her fast-locked breast. 2185  
Now is the moment come, when even I

May sisterly approach this sterner virgin,  
 And offer her my loyal, secret bosom.  
 So let us first deliberate as women  
 The womanly affair; and you await 2190  
 What we shall then conclude.

CHARLES (*about to depart*).

So be it!

JOHANNA

Not thus, my lord! What caused my cheek to color  
 Was my confusion, not my stupid shame.  
 I've naught that I'd confide unto this noble lady,  
 That I would be ashamed to tell you men. 2195  
 I'm highly honored by these good knights' choice,  
 But I did not desert my sheep and pastures  
 To hunt for empty, earthly majesty;  
 Nor yet to twine a bride's wreath in my hair,  
 Did I put on this brazen coat-of-mail. 2200  
 I have been called for quite another work.  
 The pure virgin only can achieve it.  
 I am the warrior of the highest God,  
 And cannot be the spouse of any man.

ARCHBISHOP

To be the loving partner of a man 2205  
 Is woman born; when she to nature harkens,  
 Then she most worthily is serving Heaven.  
 And when thou hast fulfilled the orders of  
 Thy God, who called thee to the field of battle,  
 Then shalt thou lay the weapons far from thee, 2210  
 And turn once more unto the gentler sex,  
 Which thou hast disavowed, for it is not  
 Called on to do the bloody work of arms.

JOHANNA

Oh, reverend Sir, I know not yet to say  
 Just what the Spirit will command me do. 2215  
 But when the time has come, his voice will not  
 Be silent, and to it shall I give heed.  
 But now he bids me to complete my work.  
 My master's brow has still not yet been crowned.  
 The holy oil has not yet wet his head. 2220  
 My master still is not addressed as king.



CHARLES

We are advancing on the way to Rheims.

JOHANNA

Let's not stand still, for busily engaged  
Are foes around about to close thy way.  
But I shall lead thee through their very midst! 2225

DUNOIS

But when it all has been consummated,  
When we have marched as victors into Rheims,  
Wilt thou then grant to me, oh holy Maiden—

JOHANNA

If Heaven wills that I, with victory crowned,  
Return again from out this deadly battle, 2230  
Then is my task fulfilled—the shepherdess  
Has no more business in her sovereign's house.

CHARLES (*taking her hand*).

The Spirit's voice is now impelling thee,  
And love is silent in thy God-filled bosom.  
It will not always be thus mute, believe me! 2235

Our weapons soon shall rest, for by the hand  
Doth victory lead peace; then joy returns  
Again to every breast, and tend'rer feelings  
Once more wake up in each and every heart.  
In thy breast too they surely will awaken, 2240

And tears of gentle longing wilt thou weep,  
Such as thine eyes have never shed—this heart,  
Which now is filled by Heaven alone, will then  
In love unto some earthly friend be wending.  
Now saving many thousand joyful men, 2245  
By bringing joy to one thou shalt be ending!

JOHANNA

Dauphin! Art thou already weary of  
The heavenly vision, that thou would'st destroy  
Its form; the pure virgin sent by God,  
Wilt thou drag down into the common dust? 2250  
Ye blinded hearts! Oh, ye of little faith!  
The majesty of Heaven gleams about you;  
Before your eyes unveils its miracles,  
And ye behold in me naught but a woman.  
Dare woman clothe herself in martial metal, 2255  
And mix herself amid the strife of men?

Woe's me, if I the 'venging sword of God  
 Bore in my hands, and in my selfish heart  
 Did bear a longing for an earthly man!  
 For me 'twere better I had ne'er been born! 2260  
 No more such words, I say to you, unless  
 You wish to rouse to wrath the spirit in me!  
 The eye of men that yearns but to possess me,  
 To me is horror and a desecration.

CHARLES

Desist! It is but vain to try to move her. 2265

JOHANNA

Command the warlike trumpets to be blown!  
 I'm burdened and annoyed when arms stand still,  
 I am impelled to leave this leisure state,  
 And driven on my mission to fulfill,  
 And urged despotically to meet my fate. 2270

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FIFTH SCENE

*A Knight in haste.*

CHARLES

What is't?

KNIGHT

The enemy has crossed the Marne  
 And settles down for battle.

JOHANNA (*enthused*).

Fight and battle!

Now is my soul delivered from its bonds.  
 Gird on your arms, while I array the forces.  
 (*She hastens out.*)

CHARLES

With her, La Hire! E'en at the gates of Rheims 2275  
 They wish to make us struggle for the crown!

DUNOIS

Real courage does not drive them. This last try  
 Is merely feebly raging desperation.

CHARLES

I goad you not, Burgundy. But today's 2280  
 The day to mend for many evil days.

BURGUNDY

You shall be satisfied with me!

CHARLES

Myself,

I'll go before you on the road to fame.  
 And in the face of the cor'nation-city  
 Will win the crown in battle. Now, my Agnes,  
 Thy knight bids thee farewell! 2285

AGNES (*embraces him*).

For thee, I do not weep, I do not tremble;  
 My faith extends with trust into the clouds.  
 So many pledges of its favor Heaven  
 Hath not bestowed to make us end in sorrow!  
 With triumph crowned, in Rheims' surmounted walls, 2290  
 My heart tells me, I'll clasp my lord tomorrow.

*(Trumpets resound with inspiring notes, and, while the scenery is being changed, they go over into a wild martial turmoil. The orchestra joins in when the scene opens and is accompanied by military instruments behind the scene.)*

*The scene changes into an open region, skirted by trees. While the music is playing one sees soldiers rapidly retreating across the background.*

---

 SIXTH SCENE

*Talbot, supported by Fastolf and accompanied by soldiers. Immediately thereafter Lionel.*

TALBOT

Here, underneath these trees, just set me down,  
 And ye betake you back into the battle.  
 I need not any aid that I might die.

FASTOLF

Oh, most unhappy, miserable day! 2295  
*(Lionel enters)*

To what a sight you come, oh Lionel!  
 Here lies the marshal wounded unto death!

LIONEL

That God forbid! Oh noble lord, arise!  
 Now's not the time to sink to earth exhausted,  
 Yield not to death, be master over nature 2300  
 With your all-potent will, and make her live!

TALBOT

In vain! The day of destiny is come,  
 Which shall o'erturn our throne in French domains.  
 In vain in battle filled with desperation  
 I waded my last mite to ward it off. 2305  
 Crashed now by lightning I am lying here,  
 No more to rise again.—And Rheims is lost.  
 So rush to rescue Paris!

LIONEL

Paris has made a treaty with the Dauphin.  
 A courier has just brought us the tidings. 2310

TALBOT (*tears off his bandages*)

Then flow away, ye brooklets of my blood,  
 For I am more than weary of the sun!

LIONEL

I cannot stay. You, Fastolf, bring our marshal  
 Into a safe location. Not much longer  
 Can we maintain ourselves in this position. 2315  
 Our troops already flee on every side,  
 Beyond restraint the Maiden presses on—

TALBOT

Thou, Folly, conquerest; I must succumb!  
 Against stupidity e'en gods contend in vain.  
 Exalted Reason, light-dispensing daughter 2320  
 Of godlike brain, oh, wise establisher  
 Of this world's edifice, guide of the stars,  
 Who art thou then, if thou, bound to the tail  
 Of frenzy's insane steed, and calling out  
 In vain, must hurl thyself with open eyes 2325  
 Into the abyss with thy maddened mount?  
 Accurs'd be he who turns his life to what  
 Is great and worthy, and draws up wise plans  
 With sapient spirit! To the king of fools  
 Belongs the world! 2330

LIONEL

My lord, you have now, but  
 A few more moments left to live. —Oh think  
 Now of your Maker!

TALBOT

Were we as valiant men  
 O'ercome by other valiant men, we might

Console ourselves with universal fate,  
 That spins the sphere in ever-changing manner— 2335  
 But to succumb to such a hocus-pocus!  
 Was all our earnest and laborious life  
 Not worthy of a much more earnest exit?

LIONEL (*extends his hand to him*).

My lord, farewell! The wonted toll of tears  
 I'll pay you honestly, when strife has ceased, 2340  
 If I am still around. However now  
 Fate calls me forth, who on the battlefield  
 Still sits there judging as it shakes the dice.  
 Until I see you in another world!  
 Short is this parting after lengthy friendship. 2345  
 (*Exit.*)

TALBOT

Soon it is over and I'll give to earth,  
 To everlasting sun, its atoms back,  
 Those which, for joy and sorrow, were joined in me.  
 And of the mighty Talbot, who has filled  
 The world with his own battle-fame, remains 2350  
 Naught but a handful of light dust. Thus goes  
 The mortal to his end. And the lone spoil,  
 Which from life's struggle we take off with us,  
 Is insight into nothingness, and too  
 A hearty scorn for everything that once 2355  
 Appeared to us exalted and worth wanting.

---

### SEVENTH SCENE

*Charles. Burgundy. Dunois. Du Chatel and Soldiers enter.*

BURGUNDY

The trench is taken by storm.

DUNOIS

The day is ours.

CHARLES (*noticing Talbot*).

See who it is, who yonder from the light  
 Of day is taking grave, reluctant leave.  
 His armor shows me he's no common man. 2360  
 Go, rush to him, if aid avail him still.

(*Soldiers from the King's retinue go to him.*)

## FASTOLF

Stand back! Away! Have reverence 'fore the dead,  
Whom ye in life have never dared approach!

## BURGUNDY

What's this I see? In his own blood lies Talbot!  
*(He goes up to him. Talbot looks fixedly at him and dies.)*

## FASTOLF

Away, Burgundy! Let no sight of traitor  
Be poison to a hero's dying glance! 2365

## DUNOIS

The dreaded Talbot! The invincible!  
Dost thou content thyself with such small space,  
And France's wide terrain could not suffice  
The striving of thy once gigantic spirit. 2370  
—It's only now I greet thee, Sire, as king.  
The crown sat trembling on thy royal head,  
As long as in this body dwelt a spirit.

## CHARLES

*(after he has regarded the corpse in silence)*  
A Higher Being has vanquished him, not we!  
He lies on France's soil as lies a hero 2375  
Upon his shield, which he would not abandon.  
Bear him away!

*(Soldiers lift up the corpse and carry it away.)*

And peace be to his ashes!

A monument shall rise to do him honor.  
Here in the midst of France, where his career  
As hero had its end, his bones shall rest! 2380  
As far as he no hostile sword hath thrust.  
The place where he is found shall be his epitaph.

FASTOLF *(surrenders his sword).*

Sir, I am now thy prisoner!

CHARLES *(returns his sword to him).*

Not so!

Rude war doth likewise honor pious duty.  
Free shall ye follow to your master's grave. 2385  
Now hasten, Du Chatel! My Agnes trembles.  
Release her from anxiety for us.  
Bring her the message that we live, we conquered.

In triumph lead her on to Rheims!

*(Du Chatel exit.)*

---

EIGHTH SCENE

*La Hire, joins the others.*

DUNOIS

La Hire,

Where is the Maiden?

2390

LA HIRE

What? I'll ask you that.

I left her fighting at your very side.

DUNOIS

I thought she was protected by your arm,  
When I rushed off to speed the king my aid.

BURGUNDY

Amid the thickest hostile hordes I saw,  
Not long ago, her snow-white banner waving.

2395

DUNOIS

Woe's us! Where is she? Evil me forebodes!  
Come, let's make haste to set her free!—I fear  
Her daring nature's carried her too far,  
Encircled by the foe she fights alone,  
And, helpless, she succumbs now to the horde.

2400

CHARLES

Quick, rescue her!

LA HIRE

I follow! Come!

BURGUNDY

We all!

*(They hasten forth.)*

*Another desolate region of the battlefield. The towers of Rheims are visible in the distance, illuminated by the sun.*

---

NINTH SCENE

*A Knight in black armor with closed visor.*

*Johanna pursues him even to the forward part of the stage, where he stands still and awaits her.*

JOHANNA

Thou crafty one! I'm conscious of thy cunning!  
Thou hast, deceiving, through pretended flight,

Allured me from the field, and death and doom  
 From many heads of British sons averted. 2405  
 But now perdition has caught up with thee.

BLACK KNIGHT

Why dost thou thus pursue me and cling fast  
 In ardent rage close to my heels? It's not  
 My destiny to perish at thy hand.

JOHANNA

Thou art abhorred by me with all my soul, 2410  
 Just like the night, whose color is thine own.  
 To extirpate thee from the light of day  
 Invincible desire drives me on.

Who art thou? Ope thy visor! Had I not  
 Beheld the warlike Talbot fall in battle, 2415  
 Then would I say, forsooth, that thou wert Talbot.

BLACK KNIGHT

Is thy prophetic spirit's voice now silent?

JOHANNA

It speaks aloud within my inmost breast,  
 That at my side misfortune now is standing.

BLACK KNIGHT

Johanna D'Arc! Up to the gates of Rheims 2420  
 Thou hast pushed forward on the wings of triumph.  
 Suffice thee now the fame that's won. Set free  
 Good fortune, that has served thee as a slave,  
 Ere it in anger frees itself. It hates  
 Fidelity and till the end serves none. 2425

JOHANNA

What biddest thou, that I, in mid-career  
 Should now stand still and all my work forsake?  
 I'll see it through and thus redeem my vow!

BLACK KNIGHT

Naught can withstand thee, oh, thou Mighty One.  
 In every fight thou conquerest. But, go 2430  
 Into no battle more! Now heed my warning!

JOHANNA

This sword I shall not lay from out my hand  
 Till when proud England shall succumb in battle.

BLACK KNIGHT

Look there! There Rheims arises with its towers,



The goal and end of thy career. The dome 2435  
 Of its august cathedral see'st thou shining.  
 There shalt thou enter in triumphal splendor,  
 Shalt crown thy king and thus fulfill thy promise.  
 But go not in! Turn back! Oh heed my warning!

JOHANNA

Who art thou double-tongued, deceitful being, 2440  
 Who seeks to frighten and confuse me too?  
 How darrest thou, deceitful, to announce  
 False oracles to me?

*(The Black Knight wishes to leave. She steps into his path.)*

Oh, no! Thou givest

Reply to me, or die'st by my hand!

*(She wishes to deliver a blow at him.)*

BLACK KNIGHT

*(touches her with his hand. She remains standing motionless).*

Kill what is mortal! 2445

*(Night, lightning and thunder-clap. The Knight sinks into the earth.)*

JOHANNA

*(Stands at first astonished, but soon recovers her composure.)*

'Twas nothing living! 'Twas a phantom form  
 From out of hell, an insubordinate spirit,  
 Who climbed up here from out the fiery pool  
 To shock my noble heart within my bosom.  
 Whom do I fear with God's sword in my hand? 2450  
 In triumph I shall consummate my way,  
 If hell itself into the lists came sneaking,  
 My courage shall not waver, shall not weaken!

*(She wishes to leave.)*

---

### TENTH SCENE

*Lionel. Johanna.*

LIONEL

Accurséd woman, arm thee for a fight!  
 Not both of us shall leave this place alive. 2455  
 The best among my people thou hast slain;  
 The noble Talbot hath his mighty soul

Breathed out into my bosom. I'll avenge  
 That valiant man, or I shall share his fate.  
 And that thou knowest who lends thee thy fame, 2460  
 Though he should die or conquer—I'm Lionel,  
 The last one of the princes of our host,  
 And still unconquered is this arm of mine.

*(He presses in on her. After a short duel she strikes  
 the sword from his hand.)*

Disloyal fortune! *(He struggles with her.)*

JOHANNA

*(seizes him from behind by the plume of his helmet  
 and tears the helmet down violently so that his visage  
 is laid bare. At the same time she draws her sword  
 with her right hand.)*

Suffer what thou sought'st!  
 Through me thou art the Holy Virgin's victim. 2465  
*(At this moment she looks him in the face. His as-  
 pect seizes her. She remains standing motionless and  
 then lets her arm sink slowly.)*

LIONEL

Why tarry and restrain the stroke of death?  
 Take now my life as thou hast ta'en my fame,  
 I'm in thy hands; I do not wish for mercy.  
*(She gives him a sign with her hand that he should  
 depart.)*

Shall I now flee? And owe thee thanks that I'm  
 Alive?—I'd sooner die! 2470

JOHANNA *(with averted face).*

Preserve thyself!

I will know naught thereof, that once thy life  
 Into my power was given.

LIONEL

I hate thee and thy gift; I do not wish  
 For mercy. Kill thy foe, who but abhors thee.  
 And who was willed to kill thee! 2475

JOHANNA

Kill me then,

—And flee!

LIONEL

Ha! What is that?

JOHANNA (*conceals her face*).

Oh, woe is me!

LIONEL (*comes nearer to her*).

Thou killest, I am told, all Englishmen,  
Whom thou subduest in battle. Why spare me  
Alone?

JOHANNA

(*raises her sword with a quick motion over him, but  
lets it sink quickly again when she looks him in the  
face.*)

Oh, holy Virgin!

LIONEL

Why namest thou  
The holy one? She knoweth naught of thee;                   2480  
And Heaven hath no part in thee.

JOHANNA (*in violent anxiety*).

What have

I done? My sacred vow, alas; I've broken!  
(*She wrings her hands despairingly.*)

LIONEL

(*observes her sympathetically and comes nearer to  
her.*)

Unhappy maiden! Now I pity thee;  
Thou movest me, to me alone thou hast  
Been generous. I feel that now my hate                   2485  
Doth disappear. I must now take thy part!  
Who art thou? Whence art come?

JOHANNA

Away! Take flight!

LIONEL

Thy youth, thy beauty cause me to lament!  
Thy look intrudes into my heart. I'd like  
To rescue thee—but tell me how I can?                   2490  
Come! Come! Renounce this terrible connection!  
And cast away from thee these warlike weapons!

JOHANNA

To bear them I'm unworthy!

LIONEL

Throw them, quick,  
Away and follow me!

JOHANNA (*with dismay*).

And follow thee!

LIONEL

Thou canst indeed be rescued. Follow me!  
I'll rescue thee, but now do not delay!  
A mighty pain takes hold of me for thee  
And an untold desire to rescue thee.

2495

(*He takes hold of her arm.*)

JOHANNA

The Bastard comes! 'Tis they! They're seeking me!  
If they find thee—

LIONEL

I'll give thee my protection! 2500

JOHANNA

I'll die if thou shouldst fall before their arms.

LIONEL

Am I then dear to thee?

JOHANNA

Ye saints in Heaven!

LIONEL

Shall I see thee again? Or hear from thee?

JOHANNA

No! Never!

LIONEL

This thy sword as pledge that I

See thee again!

2505

(*He snatches her sword from her.*)

JOHANNA

Demented man, thou darest it?

LIONEL

Now I shall yield to force. Again I'll see thee.

(*Exit*)

---

ELEVENTH SCENE

*Dunois and La Hire. Johanna.*

LA HIRE

She lives! 'Tis she!

DUNOIS

Johanna, have no fear!

Thy friends are standing at thy side in force.

LA HIRE

Is't Lionel who flees?

DUNOIS

Just let him flee!

The righteous cause, Johanna, is the victor! 2510  
 Rheims opens wide its gates, and all the folk  
 Pour cheering forth to go to meet their king—

LA HIRE

What ails the Maiden! She grows pale, she sinks!  
*(Johanna becomes dizzy and is about to collapse.)*

DUNOIS

She has been wounded—tear her armor off!  
 It is her arm, and slight her injury. 2515

LA HIRE

Her blood flows forth!

JOHANNA

Oh let it with my life

Stream out!

*(She lies in a faint in La Hire's arms.)*


---

## FOURTH ACT

*A hall adorned as for a festival. The columns are entwined with festoons, behind the scene music of flutes and oboes.*

### FIRST SCENE

JOHANNA

The weapons rest, the storms of war are stilled,  
 On bloody battles follow song and dance,  
 With cheery roundelay all streets are filled, 2520  
 Both church and altar festal lights illumine,  
 While verdant branches triumph-arches build,  
 Around the columns winding wreaths advance;  
 Wide Rheims holds not the hosts of guests, who teeming,  
 Like pilgrims to the people's feast are streaming. 2525

The rapture of one joy is now inflamed,  
 One thought alone now throbs in every breast;  
 What recently war's bloody hate had twained,  
 That shares once more, enthralled, the common zest.  
 He only who his Frankish birth proclaimed, 2530  
 Is proudly conscious now when so addressed.

Renewed is now the splendor of the throne,  
And France adores its king's son as her own.

But me, who all this glory has performed,  
Me touches not the general lot so gay; 2535  
In me my heart's diverted and transformed,  
And from these festal rites it flees away.  
Into the British camp it now has stormed.  
Far over to the foe my glances stray,  
From friendship-circles I must need be stealing, 2540  
The grievous guilt within my heart concealing.

Who? I? The image of a man  
In my pure bosom deign to carry?  
This heart, which Heaven's glow o'erran,  
Dare it an earthly love now harry? 2545  
I, my fatherland's deliveress,  
The highest God's protectoress,  
For my own country's foe inflamed?  
May that to the chaste sun be named,  
And I not be destroyed by shame? 2550

*(The music behind the scene goes into a soft languish-  
ing melody.)*

Woe! Oh, woe's me! What sweet strains!  
How they lead astray my ear!  
Each recalls his voice again,  
Conjures up his form right here!

Would the storm of battle seized me, 2555  
Sighing spears around me sang  
In the fervid battle's roar!  
I would find my strength once more!

Ah, these voices, ah, these accents,  
How they wind around my heart! 2560  
Every force within my bosom  
They dissolve in tender yearning,  
Melt to tears with sadness burning!

*(After a pause, more vivaciously.)*

Should I kill him? Could I, since I've looked  
Into his eyes? Kill him? I'd sooner have 2565  
The murd'rous steel plunged into mine own breast!  
And am I culpable 'cause I was human?

Is pity sinful? Pity! Didst thou hear  
 The voice of pity or humanity  
 When others too were victims of thy sword? 2570  
 Why was it mum—the while the youth from Wales,  
 The tender youth, was pleading for his life?  
 Oh, cunning heart, who light of truth forgot,  
 The pious voice of pity led thee not!

Why was I forced to look him in the eye! 2575  
 Behold the noble features of his face!  
 'Twas with thy gaze the trespassing began,  
 Unhappy maid! A sightless tool thy God demands;  
 With sightless eyes thou had'st the goal attained.  
 But once thou saw'st, forsaken by God's shield, 2580  
 Thou wert in snares of hell enchained!

*(The flutes are heard again. She sinks into silent melancholy.)*

Pious staff! Oh had I never  
 Thee for battle-sword exchanged!  
 Had a murmur in thy branches,  
 Holy oak, me ne'er estranged! 2585  
 Wert thou, Queen of Heaven, never  
 From on high revealed to me!  
 Take, I can't deserve it ever,  
 Take thy crown! I give it thee!

Oh, I saw the Heavens open 2590  
 And the Virgin's sainted face!  
 But on earth is all my hoping,  
 And in Heaven is not my place.  
 Must thou this upon me burden,  
 This formidable vocation? 2595  
 Could I cause this heart to harden  
 To which Heaven gave sensation?

Wilt thou have thy might proclaimed,  
 Choose but those by sin unblamed,  
 Standing in thy long-lived home. 2600  
 Thine own spirits send to roam,  
 Those most pure, those undying,  
 Those who know not feeling, crying!  
 Do not choose the tender maiden,  
 Shepherdess with soft heart laden! 2605

Should I reckon the lot of battles,  
 Or the sovereigns in their fights?  
 Guiltless once I drove my lambkins  
 On the quiet mountain heights.  
 Thou hast thrust me into living 2610  
 In the haughty princes' hall,  
 Thus to guilt my being giving.  
 Oh 'twas not my choice at all!

---

 SECOND SCENE

*Agnes Sorel. Johanna.*

SOREL

*(enters in vivid emotion; when she catches sight of the Maiden she hastens to her and falls upon her neck; suddenly, realizing the situation, she releases Johanna and prostrates herself before her.)*

No! Not thus! Here in dust 'fore thee—

JOHANNA *(wishes to raise her up).*

Arise!

What ails thee? Thou forgettest thee and me. 2615

SOREL

Let me! It is the urge of joy that casts  
 Me down before thy feet; I must pour forth  
 My overflowing heart before my God,  
 The One Unseen I worship now in thee.  
 Thou art the angel who hath led my lord 2620  
 To Rheims, and there adorn'st him with the crown.

What I had never dreamed I'd see is now  
 Fulfilled! The coronation train makes ready.  
 The King stands there in festal pomp arrayed. 2625

Assembled are the peers, the mighty of  
 The realm, to bear the ornaments of office.  
 Cathedralwards the folk like pilgrims stream.  
 The dance-tunes sound e'en as the church bells peal.  
 The fullness of this joy I cannot bear!

*(Johanna raises her gently to her feet. Sorel is silent for a moment, while she looks the Maiden more closely in the eye.)*

But thou remainest ever grave and stern. 2630  
 Good luck thou canst create but share'st it not.



Thy heart is cold, thou feelest not our joys.  
 Thou hast beheld the majesty of Heaven,  
 No earthly fortune moves the pure breast.

*(Johanna grasps her hand violently, but quickly releases it again.)*

Oh could'st thou be a woman and have feeling! 2635  
 Lay off this armament, there's no war more,  
 Confess thou art one of the gentler sex!  
 My loving heart draws shyly back from thee  
 As long as thou art like the rigid Pallas.

JOHANNA

What dost thou ask of me! 2640

SOREL

Disarm thyself.

Lay off this armament! For love doth fear  
 To draw too near unto this steel-clad breast.  
 Oh, be a woman, then thou shalt feel love!

JOHANNA

Shall I disarm me now? Just now? To death 2645  
 I will lay bare my breast in battle!  
 Not now—oh would that seven folds of bronze.  
 Protect me from your feasts and from myself!

SOREL

Count Dunois's love is thine. His noble heart,  
 To fame alone and hero's virtues open,  
 It glows for thee in holy tenderness. 2650  
 Oh it is fine to see one's self below'd thus by  
 A hero,—but 'tis finer still to love him!

*(Johanna turns away in abhorrence.)*

Thou hatest him!—No, no, thou only canst  
 Not love him, but how couldst thou really hate him?  
 One hates but him who steals from us the one 2655  
 Beloved, but no one is by thee beloved!  
 Thy heart is calm—if only it could feel—

JOHANNA

Oh mourn for me! And weep anent my fate!

SOREL

Oh, what could still be lacking to thy fortune?  
 Thou hast redeemed thy word, and France is free; 2660  
 Into the coronation city thou  
 Hast led the king in triumph and attained

Exalted fame. A happy people praise  
 And worship thee, thy laud from every tongue  
 Doth overflow. Thou art the goddess of 2665  
 This feast. The crownéd king himself gleams not  
 More lordly than thyself.

JOHANNA

Oh, could I but  
 Conceal myself in earth's profoundest bowels!

SOREL

What ails thee? What a strange emotion this!  
 Who dare to look out freely on this day, 2670  
 If thou shouldst earthwards cast thy glances down?  
 Let me blush red, me, who near thee must feel

So small, who cannot raise herself to match  
 Thy lofty height and thy heroic strength!  
 And shall I now confess to thee my one 2675  
 Great weakness? Not the fame of fatherland,  
 And not refurbished glory of its throne,

Not popular elation, joy in triumph  
 Engages this weak heart. There is but one  
 Who fills it to completion. It has room 2680  
 But for this one and solitary feeling:  
 He is the one adored, for him the people cheer,  
 Him do they bless, for him they strew these blossoms.  
 And he is mine, yes, he is my belovéd.

JOHANNA

Oh, thou art fortunate! I call thee blessed! 2685  
 Thou lovest where all love! Thou may'st disclose  
 Thine heart and speak aloud thy rapture, and  
 Display it frankly to the gaze of man!

This feast of empire is thy feast of love.  
 All peoples here, and they are infinite, 2690

Who surge into these walls as 'twere a flood,  
 They share thy feeling, which they sanctify;  
 For thee they cheer, for thee they wind a wreath,  
 And thou art one with all the common rapture!  
 Thou lovest what brings joy to all; the sun, 2695  
 Whate'er thou seest, is thy love's own glow!

SOREL (*falling on her neck.*)

Oh, thou delightest me! Dost understand me!  
 Yea, I misjudged thee; thou art judge of love,

And what I feel thou dost express with force.  
 My heart is freed from all its fear and shyness, 2700  
 And wells with confidence to meet with thee—

JOHANNA

*(tears herself violently from her arms.)*

Forsake me! Turn from me! Do not pollute  
 Thyself with my pestiferous encounter!  
 Be happy! Go! Let me in deepest night  
 Conceal my horror, my disgrace and my 2705  
 Misfortune—

SOREL

Thou dismayest me, I do  
 Not comprehend thee. But I never have—  
 To me thy dark deep being was ever veiled.  
 Who might divine by what thy holy heart,  
 Thy pure soul's soft feeling is affrighted! 2710

JOHANNA

Thou art the holy one! Thou art the pure!  
 Saw'st thou my inmost soul, then, shuddering,  
 Would'st thou reject me, traitress and foe!

---

THIRD SCENE

*Dunois. Du Chatel and La Hire with Johanna's banner.*

DUNOIS

'Tis thee we seek, Johanna. All is ready. 2715  
 The king has sent us. He desires that thou  
 Before him shall thy holy banner carry.  
 Thou shalt attach thyself to ranks of princes,  
 And closest to him thou thyself shalt march;  
 For he denies it not, and all the world  
 Shall witness it, that he to thee alone 2720  
 Attributes all the honor of this day.

LA HIRE

Here is the banner. Take it, noble Maiden!  
 The princes wait, and all the people tarry.

JOHANNA

I march before him! I, this banner carry!

DUNOIS

Whom else doth it befit? What other hand 2725  
 Is pure enough to bear this sacred emblem?

Amid the conflict thou didst make it wave,  
Now bear it to adorn the way of joy.

*(La Hire wishes to hand her the banner; she draws away from it shuddering.)*

JOHANNA

Away! Away!

LA HIRE

What ails thee? Thou afraid  
Of thine own banner! Stand and look at it! 2730  
*(He unfurls the banner.)*

It is the same that thou didst wave in triumph.  
Depicted on it is the Queen of Heaven,  
Who hovers over the terrestrial sphere.  
For thus the Holy Mother showed it thee.

JOHANNA *(looking at it in dismay.)*

It's she! Herself! Just as she looked to me. 2735  
See how she glares and how she knits her brow,  
And peers with glowing rage through lowering lashes!

SOREL

Oh she's beside herself! Come to thyself!  
Collect thyself! Thou seest naught that's real!  
That is her earthly, simulated form, 2740  
Herself, she wanders 'mid the choirs of angels!

JOHANNA

Awesome One, com'st thou to judge thy creature?  
Destroy and punish me, take e'en thy lightning  
And let it fall upon my guilty head!  
My bond I've broken, and I have profaned 2745  
And desecrated thy most holy name!

DUNOIS

Woe's us! What's that? Oh what unholy words!

LA HIRE *(astonished, to Du Chatel).*

Do you this strange emotion comprehend?

DU CHATEL

I see just what I see. 'Tis long that I  
Have feared it. 2750

DUNOIS

What is that you say?

DU CHATEL

I dare

Not speak that which I think. Would God that it  
Were over and the king already crowned!

LA HIRE

What? Has the terror which this banner shed  
Reverted back to fall upon thyself?  
Before this symbol let the Britons tremble, 2755  
To foes of France it is a thing of dread,  
But to her loyal citizens it's gracious.

JOHANNA

Thou speakest right! To friends it is propitious,  
And to the foe it sendeth consternation.

*(The coronation march is heard.)*

DUNOIS

So take the banner! Take it! They begin 2760  
The march, and not one moment may we tarry!

*(They force the banner upon her. She seizes it after  
violent resistance and departs. The others follow her.)*

*The scene changes to an open place in front of the cathedral.*

---

#### FOURTH SCENE

*Spectators fill the background; from among them come Bertrand,  
Claude Marie and Etienne. They come forward, following them  
Margot and Louison. The coronation march resounds muffled  
from the distance.*

BERTRAND

The music! Hark! 'Tis they! They're drawing near!  
What's best to do? Shall we ascend the platform  
Or press our way on through the crowd of people,  
In order to miss none of the procession? 2765

ETIENNE

There is no getting through, for all the streets  
Are thronged with people, mounted and in coaches.  
Let's move up close toward these houses here.  
Here we can see the march, and be in comfort  
When it is passing by. 2770

CLAUDE MARIE

It is as if  
One half of France were gathered here together!  
So overwhelming is the flood that it  
Us too, from our far distant land, Lorraine,  
Has lifted up and washed to here!

BERTRAND

Who will

Sit idly in his corner when within 2775  
 The fatherland a great event transpires!  
 And it has cost us blood and sweat enough  
 Before the crown came to the proper head!  
 And our king, who is the king in truth,  
 On whom we now bestow the crown, shall have 2780  
 No meaner escort than the Parisians' king,  
 Whom they at Saint Denis did crown. That is  
 No well-intentioned man, who from this feast  
 Abstains, nor joins our cry: "Long live the king!"

## FIFTH SCENE

*Margot and Louison join them.*

LOUISON

We shall again behold our sister, Margot! 2785  
 My heart exults.

MARGOT

In pomp and majesty

We shall behold her and shall tell ourselves:  
 It is Johanna, it is our sister!

LOUISON

I can't believe it, till with mine own eyes  
 I've seen that this so mighty maid they call 2790  
 The Maid of Orleans really is our sister,  
 Johanna, who by us was counted lost!

*(The march continues to come nearer.)*

MARGOT

Thou doubtest still? Thine eyes shall yet behold it!

BERTRAND

Give heed! They come!

## SIXTH SCENE

*Flute-players and oboists open the procession. Children dressed in white and with branches in their hands follow. Behind these two heralds. Then a rank of halberdiers. Magistrates in robes follow. Then two Marshals with their staffs. The Duke of Burgundy carrying the sword, Dunois with the sceptre, other dignitaries with the crown, the imperial globe and the staff of*

*justice; others with sacrificial offerings; behind these Knights with decorations signifying their order. Choir-boys with the censor; then two Bishops with the cruets of holy chrism. The Archbishop with the crucifix. Johanna with her banner follows him. She walks with bowed head and uncertain step; her sisters, upon beholding her, give signs of astonishment and joy. Behind her comes the King under a baldachin carried by four barons; courtiers follow, soldiers close the procession. When the procession has entered the church, the music of the march ceases.*

---

SEVENTH SCENE

*Louison. Margot. Claude Marie. Etienne. Bertrand.*

MARGOT

Didst thou see sister? 2795

CLAUDE MARIE

She, in golden armor,  
Who marched before the king and bore the banner!

MARGOT

'Twas she. It was Johanna, our sister!

LOUISON

She recognized us not! She did not feel  
The nearness of the bosoms of her sisters.  
She looked to earth and seemed to be so pale, 2800  
And walked with trembling gait beneath her banner—  
When I beheld her, I could not rejoice.

MARGOT

So, now arrayed in pomp and majesty  
I have beheld our sister. But who would  
Have thought, or e'en in dream suspicioned, 2805  
When she was herding sheep out in our mountains,  
That we should e'er behold her in such splendor?

LOUISON

Our father's dream has been fulfilled, that we  
At Rheims before our sister would kneel down.  
That is the church that father in his dreams 2810  
Beheld, and now is everything fulfilled.  
But father saw to boot sad stories too.  
Oh, I'm distressed to see her thus so grand!

BERTRAND

Why stand we idly here? Come in the church  
To watch the holy office!

2815

MARGOT

Yes, come on!  
Mayhap that we shall meet our sister there.

LOUISON

We have already seen her. Let's return  
Into our native village!

MARGOT

What? Before  
We've greeted and addressed her?

LOUISON

She belongs  
To us no more; her place is with the kings  
And princes. Who are we that we should thrust  
Ourselves with idle pride into her splendor?  
To us she was a stranger when still ours!

2820

MARGOT

Will she be 'shamed of us and even scorn us?

BERTRAND

The king himself is not ashamed of us.  
He greeted friendly e'en the humblest folk.  
Be she extolled, however high she may,  
The king is even greater!

2825

*(Trumpets and kettle-drums resound from the church.)*

CLAUDE MARIE

Come! To church!  
*(They hasten into the background and lose themselves  
in the crowd.)*

---

EIGHTH SCENE

*Thibaut enters dressed in black. Raimond follows him and  
wishes to restrain him.*

RAIMOND

Stay, father Thibaut! Stay without the throng!  
Here you behold but joyous-minded men,  
Your grimness is offensive to this feast.  
Come, let us flee the town with hasty paces.

2830



THIBAUT

Didst thou behold my most unhappy child?  
Didst thou observe her well?

RAIMOND

I beg thee, flee!

THIBAUT

Didst thou remark how all her footsteps faltered,                   2835  
How pale and how distraught her visage was?  
The most unhappy girl feels her condition;  
Now is the nick of time to save my child,  
And I will use it.

*(He wants to leave.)*

RAIMOND

Wait! What will you do?

THIBAUT

I will surprise her, I will plunge her down                         2840  
Out of her idle fortune; yea, with force  
I'll lead her back unto her God, whom she  
Renounced.

RAIMOND

Alas, oh weigh your actions well!  
Plunge not your own dear child into perdition!

THIBAUT

If but her soul survive, her frame may perish!                         2845

*(Johanna rushes out of the church without her banner. The crowd rushes up, adores her, and kisses her garments. She is detained in the background by the crowd.)*

She comes! 'Tis she! She rushes pale from church;  
Her anguish drives her from the sanctuary.  
The judgment of the heavenly tribunal  
Reveals itself in her.

RAIMOND

So then farewell!

Require not that I attend you further!                                 2850  
I came all hope, and now I leave all sorrow.  
I have beheld your daughter once again  
And feel that I have lost her now anew.

*(He departs. Thibaut departs on the opposite side.)*

## NINTH SCENE

*Johanna. The Populace. Later, her sisters.*

JOHANNA

*(has warded off the crowd and comes forward.)*

I can't remain—the spirits here pursue me,  
 The organ's tones resound to me like thunder, 2855  
 Cathedral arches plunging fall upon me.  
 The free expanse of heaven I must seek me!  
 I left my banner in the sanctuary.  
 My hand shall touch it never, nevermore!  
 To me it seemed as if I'd seen my sisters, 2860  
 Dear Margot and Louison, as in dream  
 Go gliding past in front of me. Alas!  
 It was a mere deceptive apparition!  
 They're far, so far and distant from my reach,  
 As happiness of childhood innocence! 2865

MARGOT *(coming forward)*.

'Tis she! It is Johanna!

LOUISON *(hastening toward her)*.

Oh, my sister!

JOHANNA

It was no dream—it's you—and I embrace you,  
 It's thou, my Margot, thou, my Louison!  
 Here in the foreign, richly-peopled desert  
 My arms enfold my pious sisters' breast. 2870

MARGOT

She knows us still, is still the good, dear sister.

JOHANNA

And still your love doth lead you here to me,  
 So far, so far! You're not enraged at me,  
 Who left you without love and without leave!

LOUISON

God's mystical decree led thee away. 2875

MARGOT

The fame of thee, which moves the whole, wide world,  
 Which makes thy name to be on every tongue,  
 Has waked us in our quiet, little village,  
 And led us to this feast's festivity.  
 We come to witness thy magnificence, 2880  
 And we are not alone!

JOHANNA (*quickly*).

And father's with you too?  
Oh, where is he? Why does he hide himself?

MARGOT

No, father's not with us.

JOHANNA

He's not? He does not wish  
To see his child? You bring me not his blessing?

LOUISON

He knows not that we're here. 2885

JOHANNA

He knows it not?  
And then why not? You are confused? You're mute  
And look to earth! Come tell me: Where is father?

MARGOT

Since thou art gone—

LOUISON (*makes a sign to her*).

Oh, Margot!

MARGOT

Father has  
Become depressed in soul.

JOHANNA

Depressed!

LOUISON

Take heart!

Thou knowest father's e'er-foreseeing soul! 2890  
He'll be composed and put himself at peace,  
When we relate to him that thou art happy.

MARGOT

But art thou happy? Yea, thou must be so,  
Since thou art great and honored!

JOHANNA

Yes, I am,

Since I see you again and recognize 2895  
Your voices' well-loved tone that now recalls  
To me the fields of our paternal home.  
There, where I drove the herds upon our highlands,  
There was I happy as in Paradise—  
Can I not once again be or become so? 2900

*(She hides her face on Louison's breast. Claude Marie, Etienne, and Bertrand appear and remain shyly standing at a distance.)*

MARGOT

Come, Etienne! Bertrand! and Claude Marie!  
 Our sister is not proud, she is so tender.  
 And speaks so friendly, as she ne'er hath done  
 When she still lived with us in our small village.  
*(Those addressed approach and offer her their hand. Johanna looks at them with a fixed stare and falls into deep amazement.)*

JOHANNA

Where was I? Tell me! Was it, all of it, 2905  
 But a long dream, and am I now awake?  
 Am I away from Dom Remi? Is't true?  
 I fell asleep beneath the magic tree,  
 Am now awake and you stand 'round about me,  
 You well-beknown and long familiar figures? 2910  
 And this, about these kings and fights and deeds  
 Of war, these I have merely dreamed—They've been  
 But shadows, which went drifting on before me;  
 For underneath this tree one's dreams are vivid.  
 How came you here to Rheims? How came I here 2915  
 Myself? I ne'er forsook our Dom Remi!  
 Confess it frankly and make glad my heart.

LOUISON

We are in Rheims. And of these dreams thou hast  
 Not merely dreamed, thou hast achieved them all  
 In fact. Look 'round thee and know what thou art! 2920  
 Just feel thy gleaming, golden, martial armor!  
*(Johanna passes her hand over her breast, reflects and is startled.)*

BERTRAND

'Twas from my hand that you received this helm.

CLAUDE MARIE

It is no wonder that you think you dream;  
 For what you have accomplished and performed  
 Can happen no more wondrous in a dream. 2925

JOHANNA *(quickly)*.

Come let us flee; I'll go with you, return  
 Into our village, to our father's bosom.

LOUISON

Oh come, come with us!

JOHANNA

All these people here

Extol me far above my own deserts.

But you have seen me childish, small and weak. 2930

You love me, but you do not worship me!

MARGOT

Thou would'st abandon all this pomp and splendor?

JOHANNA

I cast it from me, this detested show,

Which separates this heart of mine from yours.

I will become again a shepherd girl. 2935

And as a lowly maiden I will serve you,

And I'll repent, with all the strictest penance

For having vainly raised myself above you.

*(Trumpets sound.)*

---

TENTH SCENE

*The King comes from the church; he is in his coronation regalia. Agnes Sorel, The Archbishop, Burgundy, Dunois, La Hire, Du Chatel, Knights, Courtiers and the Populace.*

ALL VOICES

*(shout repeatedly while the King advances).*

Long live the King, long live our Charles the Seventh!

*(The trumpets join in. On a sign given by the King, the Heralds command silence.)*

KING

My good, kind folk! Have thanks for all your love! 2940

The crown, which God upon our head has set,

Was won by us and conquered by the sword.

With noble blood of commoners it's wet,

But peaceful shall the olive branch entwine it.

Thanks be to all of you who fought for us. 2945

And all, who stood against us, be forgiven,

For God has shown His mercy unto us

And our first word as king be also—Mercy!

POPULACE

Long live the King! Long live King Charles, the Good!

KING

From God alone, the highest ruling being, 2950  
 The kings of France receive their royal crown.  
 But we in manner visible to sight  
 Received it from his hand.

*(Turning to the Maiden.)*

Here stands the woman, sent by God, who gave  
 You once again your own ancestral king, 2955  
 And broke the yoke of foreign tyranny!  
 Her name shall equal that of Saint Denis,  
 Who is the famed protector of this land,  
 And to her fame an altar shall arise!

POPULACE

Hail, hail, the Maiden, our Deliverer! 2960  
*(Trumpets.)*

KING *(to Johanna).*

If thou art born of human flesh as we,  
 Then tell us what good fortune can delight thee;  
 But if thy fatherland is up above,  
 If thou concealest in thy virgin form  
 The radiance of high celestial nature, 2965  
 Then take the blinding fold from off our senses,  
 And let us see thee by the light transfigured,  
 As Heaven sees thee, that, in adoration,  
 We groveling honor thee.

*(A general silence. Every eye is directed toward the Maiden.)*

JOHANNA *(suddenly cries out).*

Oh God! My father!

---

 ELEVENTH SCENE

*Thibaut steps forth from the crowd and stands face to face with her.*

SEVERAL VOICES

Her father! 2970

THIBAUT

Yes, her miserable father,  
 Who did beget this luckless girl, and whom  
 God's judgment drives to plaint against his daughter.

BURGUNDY

Hah! What is that?

DU CHATEL

Now dawns a dreadful dawn!

THIBAUT (*to the king*).

Thou weenest thou wert saved through God's own might?  
 Deluded prince! Oh blinded Frankish people! 2975  
 Thou hast been rescued through the devil's wiles.  
 (*All draw back in astonishment.*)

DUNOIS

This man doth rave?

THIBAUT

Not I, but thou dost rave,  
 And these men here and this the learned bishop,  
 Who think the Lord of Heaven would indeed  
 Proclaim himself through such a wicked maiden. 2980  
 Let's see if she, right to her father's face,  
 Maintains this trickery of boldest lies  
 With which she has deceived her king and people.  
 Now answer me upon the Trinity:  
 Dost thou adhere to saints and purity? 2985  
 (*General silence; all eyes are fixed on her; she stands  
 motionless.*)

SOREL

Oh God, she's mum!

THIBAUT

She must be 'fore the dreadful name,  
 That in the very depths of hell  
 Is dreaded!—She a holy woman sent  
 By God? Upon a curséd place it was  
 Conceived, beneath the magic tree, where e'en 2990  
 In olden times the evil spirits held  
 Their Sabbath. Here unto the enemy  
 Of man she bartered her immortal soul,  
 That he with brief and earthly fame extol her.  
 Let her lay bare her arm, behold the points 2995  
 Wherewith old hell has marked her for its own!

BURGUNDY

Revolting! But one must believe a father  
 Who witnesses against his very daughter.

DUNOIS

No, not this raving man should one believe,  
 Who in his very child defames himself. 3000

SOREL (*to Johanna*)

Oh, speak! Oh break this unpropitious silence!  
 We credit thee! We firmly trust in thee!  
 One word from out thy mouth, one single word,  
 Shall us suffice. But speak! And render naught  
 This horrid accusation. But declare 3005  
 Thou art not guilty and we'll credit thee.  
*(Johanna stands motionless; Agnes Sorel walks away  
 from her in dismay.)*

LA HIRE

She's terrified. Amazement and dismay  
 Close tight her mouth. In face of such severe  
 Indictment innocence itself must tremble.  
*(He draws near to her.)*  
 Compose thyself, Johanna! Be thyself! 3010  
 The guiltless has a tongue, a victor's eye,  
 Which, with the might of lightning, strikes down slander.  
 In noble wrath arouse thyself, look up,  
 And scourge and put to shame ignoble doubt,  
 That villifies thy holy virtue! 3015  
*(Johanna stands motionless. La Hire retreats af-  
 frightened. The commotion increases.)*

DUNOIS

Why flinch the folk? Why tremble even princes?  
 She is not guilty! I will vouch for that.  
 I vouch for her with all my princely honor.  
 Here on the earth I cast my knightly gauntlet.  
 Who dares now to assert that she is guilty? 3020  
*(A violent crash of thunder; all stand amazed.)*

THIBAUT

Give answer by the God who o'er us thunders!  
 Say thou art innocent! Deny the foe  
 Is in thy heart and brand me as a liar!  
*(A second, more violent clap of thunder. The populace  
 flees in all directions.)*

BURGUNDY

Oh God protect us! What a dreadful token!  
 DU CHATEL (*to the King.*)  
 Come, come, my King! Oh let us flee this place! 3025

ARCHBISHOP

I ask thee in God's name: Art thou now silent



Because thou feelest innocence or guilt?  
 If now this voice of thunder speaks for thee  
 So clasp this crucifix and give a token!

*(Johanna remains motionless. New, violent thunder-claps. The King, Agnes Sorel, the Archbishop, Burgundy, La Hire and Du Chatel depart.)*

---

TWELFTH SCENE

*Dunois. Johanna.*

DUNOIS

Thou art my wife.—I have believed on thee 3030  
 From the first sight, and think the same e'en now.  
 In thee I trust more than in all these signs,  
 More than in thunder speaking from above.  
 In noble anger thou art mum, and scornest,  
 Enveloped in thy holy innocence, 3035  
 To contradict such scandalous suspicion.  
 Resent it, but repose thy trust in me!  
 I've never doubted on thine innocence.  
 Tell me no word, but give thine hand to me  
 As pledge and token that thou dost rely 3040  
 In truth on my strong arm and thy good cause.

*(He extends his hand to her. She turns away from him with convulsive emotion. He remains standing in rigid horror.)*

---

THIRTEENTH SCENE

*Johanna. Du Chatel. Dunois. Finally Raimond.*

DU CHATEL *(returning)*.

Johanna D'Arc! The monarch will allow  
 That you may leave the city unmolested.  
 For you the gates stand open. Fear no harm,  
 No insult; for the monarch's peace protects you— 3045  
 Count Dunois, follow me; you have no honor  
 To linger here.—Oh, what an ending!

*(He leaves. Dunois recovers from his stupor with a start, casts one more glance at Johanna, and departs. She stands for a moment entirely alone. Finally, Raimond appears, remains standing for a while at a distance and regards her with silent pain. Then he walks up to her and clasps her by the hand.)*

## RAIMOND

Oh seize the moment! Come! Oh come! The streets  
Are clear. Give me your hand. I'll lead you hence.

*(At the sight of him she gives the first sign of emotion, looks at him fixedly and glances toward Heaven. Then she seizes him violently by the hand and departs.)*

## FIFTH ACT

*A wild forest. In the distance charcoal-burners' huts. It is completely dark. Violent thunder and lightning, interspersed with shooting.*

## FIRST SCENE

*Charcoal-Burner and his Wife.*

## CHARCOAL-BURNER

That is a dreadful, murd'rous thunder-storm, 3050  
The heaven threatens to pour itself down on us  
In streams of fire, and e'en in brightest day  
It's night, that one might even see the stars.  
Just like all hell let loose the storm does rave,  
The earth does tremble, and the trees of ash, 3055  
Grown old with years, bend down their cracking crowns.  
And this terrific war up there above,  
Which even teaches wild beasts to be docile,  
And makes them tamely hide them in their caves,  
Cannot establish peace among the humans. 3060  
Above the howling of the winds and storms  
You hear the thunder of the cannons' roar;  
Both armies stand so near to one another,  
That but the forest parts them, and each hour  
It can erupt in bloody fearfulness. 3065

## CHARCOAL-BURNER'S WIFE

Oh God assist us still! Our enemies  
Already were rebuffed and caused to flee.  
How comes it that they frighten us anew?

## CHARCOAL-BURNER

That is because they fear the king no more.  
E'er since the Maid became a witch at Rheims 3070  
The wicked fiend no longer helps our cause  
And all goes backward.

## CHARCOAL-BURNER'S WIFE

Hark! Who comes here now?

## SECOND SCENE

*Raimond and Johanna join the others.*

RAIMOND

I here see cabins. Come, here we shall find  
 A shelter from the raging storm. You can't  
 Hold out much longer. Now three days already 3075  
 You've wandered, fleeing from the eyes of men,  
 And rugged roots were all you've had to eat.

*(The storm abates. It becomes bright and clear.)*

They're kindly charcoal-burners. Let us enter.

CHARCOAL-BURNER

You seem to be in need of rest. Come in!  
 Whate'er our humble roof affords is yours 3080

CHARCOAL-BURNER'S WIFE

What wills this tender maiden with these weapons?  
 Of course the present is a grievous time,  
 When e'en a woman clothes herself in armor!  
 The queen herself, Dame Isabeau, they say,  
 Is seen in armor in the hostile camp, 3085  
 A maiden too, the offspring of a shepherd,  
 Has for the king, our master, fought in battle.

CHARCOAL-BURNER

What's that you say? Go in the hut and bring  
 A goblet of refreshment for the maiden!  
*(The Charcoal-Burner's wife goes into the hut.)*

RAIMOND *(to Johanna)*.

You see all humans are not merciless, 3090  
 And in the forest too dwell gentle hearts.  
 Now brighten up! The storm has spent its fury,  
 And beaming peacefully the sun goes down.

CHARCOAL-BURNER

I guess you wish to join our monarch's host,  
 Since you are travelling armed. But be alert! 3095  
 The Englishmen have set up camp near by,  
 And troops of theirs are scouting through the woods.

RAIMOND

Woe's us! How can we then escape?

## CHARCOAL-BURNER

Remain

Until my boy comes back from out the town.  
 On hidden footpaths he will lead you forth, 3100  
 So that there's naught for you to fear. We know  
 The by-ways.

RAIMOND (*to Johanna*).

Lay the helm and armor off.

They mark you out and offer no protection.  
 (*Johanna shakes her head.*)

CHARCOAL-BURNER

The maiden is quite sad.—But hark! Who comes?

---

 THIRD SCENE

*The Charcoal-Burner's Wife comes from the hut with a goblet.  
 The Charcoal-Burner's Boy.*

CHARCOAL-BURNER'S WIFE

It is the boy for whose return we waited. 3105  
 (*To Johanna*)

Drink, noble maiden! May God bless it you!

CHARCOAL-BURNER (*to his son*).

Art come, Anet? What bring'st thou?

CHARCOAL-BURNER'S BOY

*(Has fixed his gaze on the Maiden, who is just raising the goblet  
 to her mouth. He recognizes her, walks up to her and snatches  
 the goblet from her lips.)*

Mother! Mother!

What art thou doing? Who's thy guest? That is the witch  
 Of Orleans!

CHARCOAL-BURNER and CHARCOAL-BURNER'S WIFE

Oh, God have mercy on us!

*(They make the sign of the cross and flee)*

---

 FOURTH SCENE

*Raimond. Johanna.*

JOHANNA (*composed and gently*).

Thou seest, a curse pursues me and all else flees me; 3110  
 Care for thyself and leave me to my fate.

RAIMOND

I should desert you? Now? And who would be  
Your escort?

JOHANNA

I am not without an escort.  
The thunder over me thou too hast heard.  
My fate doth lead me. Worry not! I shall  
Attain my goal without my seeking it. 3115

RAIMOND

Where will you go? Here stand the Englishmen,  
Who grimly swore to you a bloody vengeance.  
There stand our troops, who have rejected you,  
An exile— 3120

JOHANNA

Naught befalls me but what must be.

RAIMOND

Who shall seek out your food? And who protect you  
From savage beasts and still more savage humans?  
Who care for you, when you are sick and wretched?

JOHANNA

I know both all the herbs and all the roots.  
'Twas from my sheep I learned how to distinguish 3125  
The healthful from the poisonous ones. I know  
The courses of the stars, the flight of clouds.  
I hear the rushing of the hidden waters.  
Man needs but little, and rich life abounds  
In nature. 3130

RAIMOND (*clasps her by the hand*).

Will you not survey your soul,  
Be reconciled with God and turn repenting  
Back into the bosom of the Holy Church?

JOHANNA

Thou too dost hold me guilty of grave sin?

RAIMOND

Must I not? Through silence your confession—

JOHANNA

Thou, who hast followed me into my exile, 3135  
The only being who was staunch and true,  
Who chained himself to me, when all the world  
Rejected me, thou too regardest me  
An outcast spurning God?

*(Raimond remains silent.)*

Oh, that is hard!

RAIMOND *(astonished)*

You mean you really are no sorceress? 3140

JOHANNA

I, a sorceress?

RAIMOND

These miracles?

You have accomplished them with power from God  
And all his saints?

JOHANNA

Then, with what power else?

RAIMOND

And you kept silent to the terrible  
Indictment? Now you speak, but then before the King— 3145  
When speaking had availed, you held your tongue!

JOHANNA

In silence I submitted to my fate  
Which God, my Master, over me imposed.

RAIMOND

You could make no reply unto your father?

JOHANNA

Since it from father came, it came from God. 3150  
The proving, likewise, will be fatherly.

RAIMOND

The Heaven itself bore witness to your guilt!

JOHANNA

The heavens spoke, hence I was mum.

RAIMOND

You could

Have cleared yourself with but one word, and yet  
You left the world in this unhappy error? 3155

JOHANNA

It was no error, but a visitation.

RAIMOND

You suffered all this shame though innocent,  
And not one plaint was uttered by your lips!  
I am amazed at you and stand unstrung.  
My heart convulses in my deepest bosom! 3160

Oh, gladly I accept your word as truth,  
 For it was hard for me to think you guilty.  
 But could I dream that any human heart  
 Would suffer such a monstrous charge in silence?

JOHANNA

Did I deserve to be his emissary 3165

Unless I blindly did my Master's will?  
 And I am not so wretched as you think.  
 I suffer want, but that is not misfortune  
 For my estate. I'm fugitive and banned,  
 But in the desert learned to know myself. 3170

There, where the gleam of honor, shone around me,  
 There, was there strife within my heart; I was  
 The most unfortunate maid when to the world  
 I seemed most fit for envy.—Now, I now  
 Am healed. This storm in nature, threatening it 3175  
 With dire destruction, was to me a friend.  
 It purified the world, and, with it, me.  
 In me is peace—and, come whatever will,  
 I am no longer conscious of a weakness.

RAIMOND

Oh, come, come, let us hasten to reveal 3180  
 Loud, loudly to the world your innocence!

JOHANNA

He, who has sent confusion, will dispel it!  
 The fruit of fate falls only when it's ripe!  
 A day will come when I'll be purified.  
 And those who now reject me and condemn me, 3185  
 They will be rendered conscious of their folly,  
 And tears will flow for what has been my fate.

RAIMOND

I should endure in silence, till by chance—

JOHANNA (*gently taking him by the hand*).

Thou seest but the natural course of things,  
 Because an earthly band beshrouds thy gaze. 3190  
 But with mine eyes I've seen the things undying.  
 Unless the Gods so will, no single hair  
 Shall fall from head of man.—Seest thou the sun  
 Descending in the heavens? Just as surely  
 As it returns in glory in the morning, 3195  
 So surely will the day of truth be dawning!

## FIFTH SCENE

*Queen Isabeau with soldiers appears in the background.*

ISABEAU (*still behind the scene.*)

This is the way into the English camp!

RAIMOND

Woe's us! The enemy!

*(Soldiers enter. As they approach they notice Johanna and reel back in terror.)*

ISABEAU

What stops the march?

SOLDIERS

God be our aid!

ISABEAU

A ghost has frightened you?

Well, are you soldiers? Ninnies! That you are!

3200

*(She forces her way through them, comes forth, but startles when she beholds the Maiden.)*

What do I see?

*(She quickly gains control of herself and advances towards her.)*

Surrender! Thou art now

My prisoner!

JOHANNA

I am.

*(Raimond flees with signs of despair.)*

ISABEAU (*to the soldiers.*)

Put her in chains!

*(The soldiers timidly approach the Maiden. She extends her arms and is fettered.)*

Is that the mighty woman, the much-feared,  
Who chased your hordes like flocks of little lambs,  
Who now cannot protect her very self?

3205

Does she work wonders only where there's faith,  
And, when she meets a man, become a woman?

*(To the Maiden.)*

Why didst thou leave thy army? Where is now  
Count Dunois, thy knight-errant and protector?

JOHANNA

I'm banished.

3210



ISABEAU

What? How's that? Thou sayest "banished"?  
Art banished by the Dauphin?

JOHANNA

Ask me not!  
I'm in thy power, so now decide my fate.

ISABEAU

Art banished 'cause thou saved him from the depths,  
And set the crown upon his brow at Rheims,  
And over all of France hast made him king? 3215  
Art banished! There I recognize my son!  
—Lead her to camp and show unto our troops,  
This dreaded spook 'fore whom they all have trembled!  
Is she a sorceress! Her only magic  
Is your delusion and your coward hearts! 3220  
A fool she is, who sacrificed herself  
To save her king and now for that receives  
The king's reward.—Bring her to Lionel—  
The fortune of the Franks I send him bound!  
I'll follow fast.

JOHANNA

To Lionel? Oh slay 3225  
Me here, before I'm sent to Lionel!

ISABEAU (*to the soldiers*).

Give heed to my commands! Away with her!

---

SIXTH SCENE

*Johanna. Soldiers.*

JOHANNA (*to the soldiers*).

Ye Englishmen! don't suffer that alive  
I slip from out your hands. Avenge yourselves!  
Draw forth your swords and plunge them in my heart, 3230  
Drag me, unsouled, before your general's feet!  
Think! It was I who killed your most distinguished,  
Who never carried pity in my heart,  
Who caused entire streams of English blood  
To flow, and robbed your brave heroic sons 3235  
Of the glad day of going home again!  
Take now a bloody vengeance! Murder me!

You have me now. Not always shall you thus  
Behold, me weak—

LEADER OF THE SOLDIERS

Do what the queen commanded! 3240

JOHANNA

Should I then  
Become more wretched than I was before?  
Oh, awful saint, thy heavy hand smites sore!  
Hast thou cast me from favor once revealed?  
No god appears, nor comes e'en angel more.  
All wonders cease and Heaven's gates are sealed. 3245  
*(She follows the soldiers.)*

---

THE FRENCH CAMP

SEVENTH SCENE

*Dunois between the Archbishop and Du Chatel.*

ARCHBISHOP

Control your melancholy temper, Prince!  
Come with us! Turn unto your king once more!  
Do not desert our general, common cause  
Just in this moment when, hard pressed anew,  
We stand in need of your heroic arm. 3250

DUNOIS

And why are we hard pressed? Why does the foe  
Rise up again? Already all was done.  
France was triumphant and the war was ended.  
The saviour you have banished. Now, just save  
Yourselves! But I will never see 3255  
The camp again, when she's no longer there.

DU CHATEL

Accept our better counsel, Prince. Dismiss  
Us not with such an answer!

DUNOIS

Hush, Du Chatel!  
I hate you and from you wish naught to hear.  
'Twas you who first expressed your doubt in her. 3260

ARCHBISHOP

Who did not wax uncertain and not waver  
In faith in her on that unhappy day,  
When all the signs bore witness dead against her?

We were astonished and benumbed. The blow  
 Befell our hearts too shattering. Who could, 3265  
 In that distressing hour, weigh and prove?  
 But now cool-headedness returns to us.  
 We see her as a wanderer in our midst,  
 And find in her not any fault at all.  
 We are confused; we fear we have committed 3270  
 A grave injustice—E'en the King repents.  
 The Duke now blames himself. La Hire despairs,  
 And every heart now veils itself in mourning.

DUNOIS

She a deceiver? If e'er truth desires  
 Embodiment in form that's visible, 3275  
 Then it must wear her features as its own.  
 If purity of heart, faith, innocence,  
 Dwells anywhere on earth,—upon her lips,  
 Within her placid eyes, there it must dwell!

ARCHBISHOP

May Heaven through a miracle project 3280  
 Itself into our midst and clear this secret,  
 Which our own mortal eyes can't penetrate.  
 Howe'er it be unraveled and dissolved,  
 One of two faults we have been guilty of:  
 We have defended us with magic arms 3285  
 Of hell, or else a saint of God we've banned!  
 And each calls down the Heaven's wrath and harms  
 Upon this most unhappy fatherland.

#### EIGHTH SCENE

*A Nobleman joins the others, later Raimond.*

NOBLEMAN

A youthful shepherd asks about thine Highness.  
 He urgently demands to speak with thee. 3290  
 He comes, he says, sent by the Maiden—

DUNOIS

Hasten!

Bring him to us! He comes from her!  
*(Nobleman opens the door for Raimond. Dunois has-*  
*tens toward him.)*

Where's she?

Where is the Maiden?

RAIMOND

Hail, my noble Prince!

And hail to me that I this pious bishop,  
The holy man, the shield of the oppressed, 3295  
The father of the orphaned, find with you!

DUNOIS

Where is the Maiden?

ARCHBISHOP

Tell us where, my son!

RAIMOND

Sir, she is not a doer of black magic!  
By God and all his saints I vouch for that.  
The folk's in error. Innocence you've banished; 3300  
A woman sent by God you have cast out!

DUNOIS

Where is she? Speak!

RAIMOND

I was her only comrade

Upon her flight into the Ardennes forest.  
There she confessed her inmost thoughts to me.  
In torture I will die, and may my soul 3305  
Of everlasting bliss enjoy no share,  
If she's not pure, my lord, and free from guilt!

DUNOIS

The sun in heaven itself is not more pure!  
Where is she? Speak!

RAIMOND

Alas, if God hath changed

Your heart—so hasten now and rescue her! 3310  
She's now held captive by the Englishmen.

DUNOIS

Held captive? What?

ARCHBISHOP

Oh most unhappy maid!

RAIMOND

Out in the Ardennes, where we sought for shelter,  
There she was taken hold of by the queen,  
And then delivered into English hands. 3315  
Oh rescue her, as she once rescued you,  
From a most fear-provoking death!

## DUNOIS

To arms! Arise, and give alarm! And roll your drums!  
 Lead all our people to the fight! All France  
 Now arm yourself! Your honor is suspended, 3320  
 The crown and the palladium expended.  
 Set all your blood and all your life at stake!  
 Free must she be before the day is ended!  
 (*They depart.*)

*A Watch Tower with an opening above.*

## NINTH SCENE

*Johanna and Lionel*

FASTOLF (*entering hastily*).

The people can no longer be restrained.  
 In fury they demand the Maid must die. 3325  
 Resistance is in vain. Put her to death  
 And throw her head down from this tower's top!  
 Her flowing blood alone will soothe the horde.

ISABEAU (*comes*).

They're laying ladders on. They storm the walls.  
 Come, satiate the mob! Will you still wait 3330  
 Until in blind rage they overturn  
 The tower totally and all shall perish?  
 You can not now protect her, give her up!

LIONEL

Let them attack! Let them in fury rage!  
 This castle's firm, and underneath its ruins 3335  
 I'll bury me, before their will prevails.  
 Reply to me, Johanna! Be thou mine,  
 And I'll protect thee, e'en against a world.

ISABEAU

Are you a man?

LIONEL

Rejected thou hast been  
 By thine own folk; art free of every duty 3340  
 To thine unworthy fatherland! The cowards,  
 Who wooed thee once, have now forsaken thee.  
 They dared not wager battle for thine honor.  
 But I, against thy people and my own,  
 Stand up for thee.—Thou once didst let me think 3345

My life was dear to thee! And at that time  
I stood as foe opposed to thee in battle,  
And now thou hast no friend but me!

JOHANNA

Thou art

To me a foe, one hated by my people.  
'Twixt thee and me there can be naught in common. 3350  
I cannot love thee, but if still thy heart  
Inclines to me, then let it bring a blessing  
To both our peoples: Lead thy troops away,  
From off the soil of my dear fatherland,  
The keys of all the cities you've subdued 3355  
Give back to us, make good all depredations,  
Set all our prisoners free, send hostages  
As sign of sacred treaty, then to thee  
I'll offer peace, and in my monarch's name.

ISABEAU

Wilt thou, in shackles, set up laws for us? 3360

JOHANNA

Do it betimes, for thou in time must do it.  
France will never England's fetters carry.  
No, never shall that happen! Sooner will  
It be a vasty grave for all thine hosts.  
The best of all thine heroes now have fallen; 3365  
Think on thy safe return! Thy fame, forsooth,  
Is surely lost and all thy power gone.

ISABEAU

Can you endure this raving girl's defiance?

---

TENTH SCENE

*A Captain enters in haste.*

CAPTAIN

Haste, General, haste! Array your host for battle!  
The Franks are moving up with flying banners, 3370  
And all the valley glistens with their arms.

JOHANNA (*enthused*).

The Franks are moving up! Now, haughty England,  
Into the field! One now must fight with fervor!

FASTOLF

Oh, witless woman, moderate thy joy!  
Thou wilt not see the ending of this day. 3375

JOHANNA

My folk will triumph and I shall succumb.  
My valiant comrades need my arm no more.

LIONEL

I scoff at all these weaklings for we have  
In twenty battles scared them on before us  
Before this hero-maiden fought for them. 3380  
The total nation I despise—save one  
And that one they have banished. Come, Fastolf!  
We will prepare for them a second day,  
As that at Crecy and at Poitiers was.  
You, Queen, remain here in this tower, and guard 3385  
The Maiden till the contest is decided.  
I'll leave you fifty horsemen for protection.

FASTOLF

What? Shall we march to meet the enemy  
And leave this raging woman in our rear?

JOHANNA

A fettered maid affrights thee? 3390

LIONEL

Give to me

Thy word, Johanna, not to free thyself!

JOHANNA

To free me is my one, my only wish.

ISABEAU

Put on her threefold chains! And I shall pledge  
My life that she shall not escape from us.  
*(She is fettered with heavy chains around her body  
and arms.)*

LIONEL *(to Johanna)*.

Thou wiltst it thus! Compellest us! It rests with thee! 3395  
Renounce this France! And carry England's banner,  
And thou art free, and all these raving foes,  
Who now demand thy blood, shall serve thy will!

FASTOLF

Away, away, my General!

JOHANNA

Spare thy words!

The Franks are moving up, defend thyself! 3400  
*(Trumpets resound. Lionel hastens away.)*

FASTOLF

You know what you now have to do, my Queen!  
 If luck declares itself against us, if  
 You see our people fleeing—

ISABEAU *(drawing a dagger)*

Have no care!

She shall not live to witness our defeat.

FASTOLF *(to Johanna).*

Thou knowest what awaits thee. Now implore 3405  
 Good fortune for thy people's arms! *(He departs.)*

## ELEVENTH SCENE

*Isabeau. Johanna. Soldiers.*

JOHANNA

I will!

In that no one shall hinder me.—But hark!  
 That is my nation's battle march! How stirring  
 It echoes in my heart, presaging triumph!  
 Destruction unto England! Triumph France! 3410  
 Arise, my valiants! Up! The Maid is close  
 To you. She cannot, as of yore, unfurl her flag  
 Before you.—Heavy chains now fetter her.  
 But free from out her prison soars her soul  
 Upon the pinions of your martial song. 3415

ISABEAU *(to a soldier).*

Climb up the tower there, that looks toward  
 The field, and tell us how the fight is going.  
*(Soldier climbs up.)*

JOHANNA

Be brave, my people! 'Tis the final fight!  
 Just this one triumph and the foe succumbs.

ISABEAU

What dost thou see? 3420

SOLDIER

They are already met.



A raging fighter on a Barbary steed,  
In tiger's skin, springs forth with armed men.

JOHANNA

That's Count Dunois! Go to it, worthy warrior!  
The victory is thine!

SOLDIER

Duke Burgundy 3425

Attacks the bridge.

ISABEAU

Would that ten lances might  
Embed themselves in his false heart, the traitor!

SOLDIER

Lord Fastolf gives him robust opposition.  
They both dismount. They combat man to man,  
The ducal forces and our warriors.

ISABEAU

The Dauphin see'st thou not? Nor recognizest 3430  
The royal emblems?

SOLDIER

Everything is mixed  
In dust. And I can now distinguish nothing.

JOHANNA

Had he my eye, or if I stood up there,  
The smallest thing would not escape my gaze!  
Wild partridges I count while they're in flight, 3435  
And recognize the falcon high aloft.

SOLDIER

Along the moat there is a fearful throng.  
The chiefs, it seems, the princes, combat there.

ISABEAU

Waves our banner still?

SOLDIER

It flies on high.

JOHANNA

Could I but peer through fissures in the wall, 3440  
I would control the conflict with my gaze!

SOLDIER

Woe's me! What do I see? Our general is  
Surrounded!

ISABEAU (*draws her dagger on Johanna*).  
Die, unhappy wench!

SOLDIER (*quickly*).

He's freed.

The gallant Fastolf from the rear attacks  
The foe, and breaks into his serried host. 3445

ISABEAU (*withdraws her dagger*).

There spoke thine angel!

SOLDIER

Victory! They flee!

ISABEAU

Who flees?

SOLDIER

The French and those from Burgundy,  
And all the field with fugitives is covered.

JOHANNA

My God! so sorely wilt thou not forsake me!

SOLDIER

One gravely wounded they are leading off. 3450  
Much people spring to aid him. It's a prince.

ISABEAU

One of our own or one of those of France?

SOLDIER

They loose his helmet. It is Count Dunois.

JOHANNA

(*grasps at her chains with spasmodic exertion*).  
And I am nothing but a fettered woman!

SOLDIER

Lo! Wait! Who wears the sky-blue mantle trimmed 3455  
With gold?

JOHANNA

It is my lord; it is my king!

SOLDIER

His steed is shy—it somersaults—it falls.  
He writhes and, struggling hard, stands up again—  
(*Johanna accompanies these words with violent ges-  
tures.*)

Our forces now approach in full career—  
They now have reached him—now encircle him— 3460

JOHANNA

Oh has the Heaven no more angels left?

ISABEAU

Now is the time! Now, saviour, save thyself!

JOHANNA

*(falls to her knees, praying with a violently irascible voice).*

Hear me, Oh God, in my extremest need!

In fervent, suppliant wish, to thee on high,

Up to thy Heavens, I do send my soul.

3465

Thou canst the fibrils of a spider's web

Make strong as hawsers holding fast a ship.

For thine omnipotence it's naught to change

These iron bonds into thin spider-webs—

But will it and these chains will fall from me,

3470

This tower's wall will rend itself. Thou didst

Send help to Samson, when both blind and chained,

He bore the bitter scorn of his proud foes—

Then placing all his confidence in thee,

He grasped with might the pillars of his prison,

3475

And bowed him low and plunged the structure down—

SOLDIER

Oh triumph! Triumph!

ISABEAU

What is that?

SOLDIER

The King

Is captured!

JOHANNA *(springs up).*

God grant me Thy grace!

*(She has seized her chains violently with both hands and broken them asunder. In the same moment she throws herself on the soldier standing nearest to her, wrenches his sword from him and hastens away. All stare at her in rigid astonishment.)*

---

TWELFTH SCENE

*The preceding characters without Johanna.*

ISABEAU *(after a long pause).*

What was that? Did I dream? Where did she go?

How did she break this hundred-weight of bonds? 3480  
 For all the world I never would believe it,  
 Had I not seen it with my very eyes.

SOLDIER (*on the watch-tower*).

What? Has she wings? Or has a storm-wind carried  
 Her quite away?

ISABEAU

Is she down there?

SOLDIER

She strides

Amid the combatants—her course is quicker 3485  
 Than is my sight—and now she's here, now there—  
 I see her at one time in many places!

She splits the hosts—and all fall back before her.  
 The Franks now halt and take their stand anew!

Woe's me! What's this I see? Our people throw 3490  
 Their weapon from them, and our banners sink—

ISABEAU

What? Will she snatch sure victory from our grasp?

SOLDIER

She presses onward straight toward the King.  
 She has attained him—drags him from the fight.  
 Lord Fastolf falls—our general has been captured. 3495

ISABEAU

I will no longer listen. Come down here!

SOLDIER

Oh, flee, my Queen, for now you are attacked.  
 An arméd troop is pressing to the tower.

(*He descends from the tower*).

ISABEAU (*drawing her sword*).

Then fight, you ninnies!

---

### THIRTEENTH SCENE

*La Hire enters with soldiers. Upon his entry the soldiers of the  
 Queen lay down their weapons.*

LA HIRE (*approaches her respectfully*).

Queen, submit yourself

To the almighty. Since your knights have all 3500  
 Surrendered, all resistance is in vain!

Accept my services, and order me  
To where you will be ushered.

ISABEAU

Any place,  
It's all the same, where I won't meet the Dauphin.  
*(Surrenders her sword and follows him with the sol-  
diers.)*  
*The Scene changes to the Battle-field.*

---

FOURTEENTH SCENE

*Soldiers with flying banners fill the background. In front of  
them the King and the Duke of Burgundy. In the arms of the  
two princes lies Johanna mortally wounded, giving no sign of  
life. They walk slowly to the front of the stage.*  
*Agnes Sorel rushes in.*

SOREL *(throws herself on the King's bosom.)*  
You are now freed—You live—Again I have you. 3505

KING

I'm free—I am, but only at this price!  
*(points to Johanna).*

SOREL

Johanna! God! She dies!

BURGUNDY

Yes, she has finished!  
Behold an angel passing! See how she there lies,  
Both calm and pain-free like a sleeping child!  
The peace of Heaven plays about her features, 3510  
No breathing lifts her bosom any more,  
But life can still be felt in her warm hand.

KING

She's gone—She never will awaken more.  
Her eye will nevermore behold what's earthly.  
E'en now she floats on high, a radiant spirit, 3515  
She sees no more our pain, nor our repentance.

SOREL

She opens wide her eyes! She lives!

BURGUNDY *(astonished).*

Comes back

To us from out the grave? She conquers death?  
She rises up! She stands!

JOHANNA

*(stands quite erect and looks around).*

Oh, where am I?

BURGUNDY

Amid thy folk, Johanna! 'Mid thine own! 3520

KING

Held in thy friends', yea, in thy monarch's arms!

JOHANNA

*(after she has looked at him long and fixedly).*

No, I am not a sorceress. Indeed  
I'm not.

KING

Thou art as holy as the angels,  
But our eyes were with dark night bedecked.

JOHANNA *(looks around smiling cheerfully).*

And I am really now among my folk, 3525  
And am no more rejected and despised?

They curse me not, they look on me with kindness?

—Yes, now I recognize all things quite clearly!

That is my King! and those are France's banners!

But mine own banner see I not.—Where is it? 3530

Without my banner I dare not arrive.

It was entrusted to me by my Master,

And I must lay it down before his throne.

I dare display it, for I bore it true.

KING *(with averted countenance).*<sup>1</sup>

Give her the banner! 3535

*(The banner is handed to her. She stands erect entirely without assistance, the banner in her hand. The heavens are illuminated by a rose-colored light.)*

JOHANNA

Do you behold the rainbow in the sky?

There Heaven opens wide its golden gates

---

1. He gives the command to his men in a subdued voice so as not to interrupt Johanna's touching and solemn words.

Amidst the choir of angels she radiant stands.  
 She holds her Son eternal to her breast,  
 And smiling stretches out her arms to me.

3540

What comes o'er me? Light clouds bear me on high—  
 My coat-of-mail's a winged garb of feather,  
 And upward—upward—Earth doth backward fly—  
 Short is all pain, and joy endures forever!

*(The banner falls from her hand. She sinks down upon it in death.—All stand for a long time in speechless emotion. Upon a quiet gesture from the King all banners are laid gently over her, so that she is completely covered by them.)*

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