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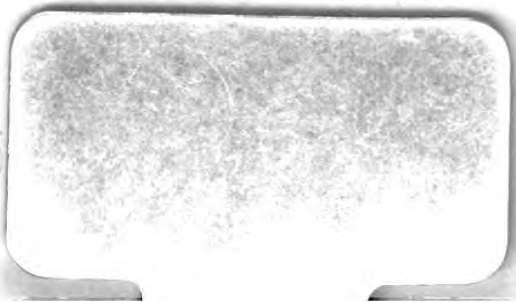
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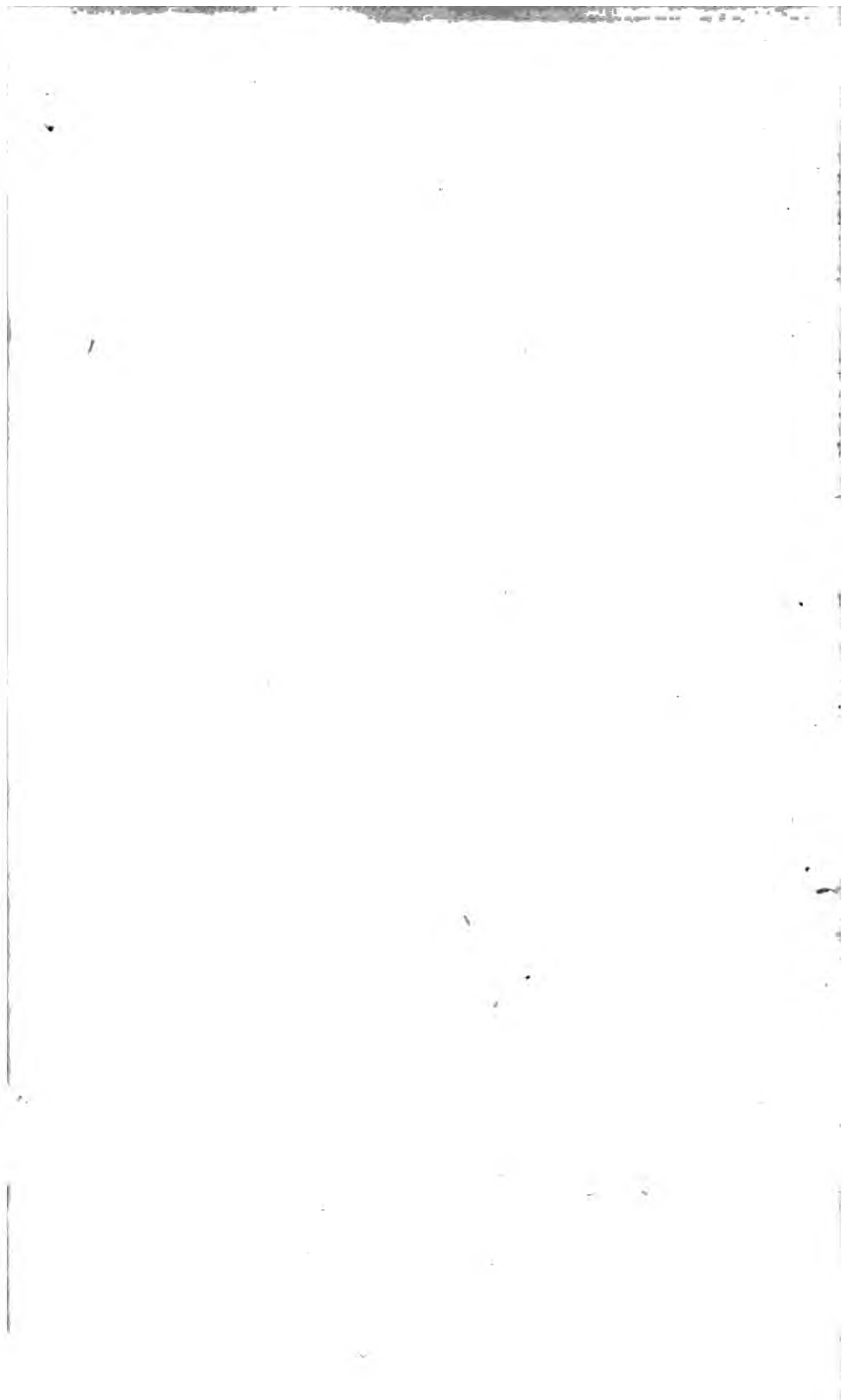


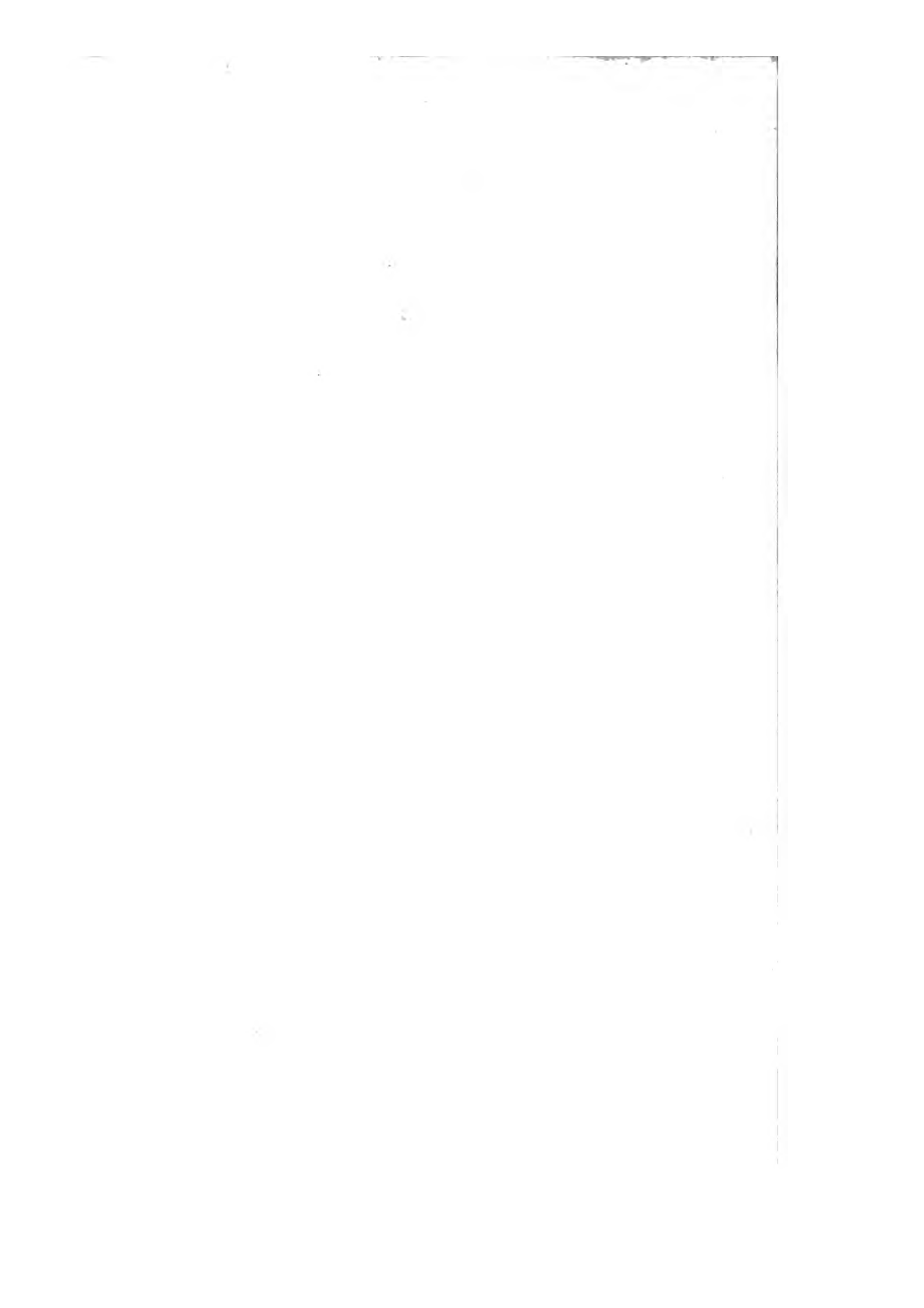


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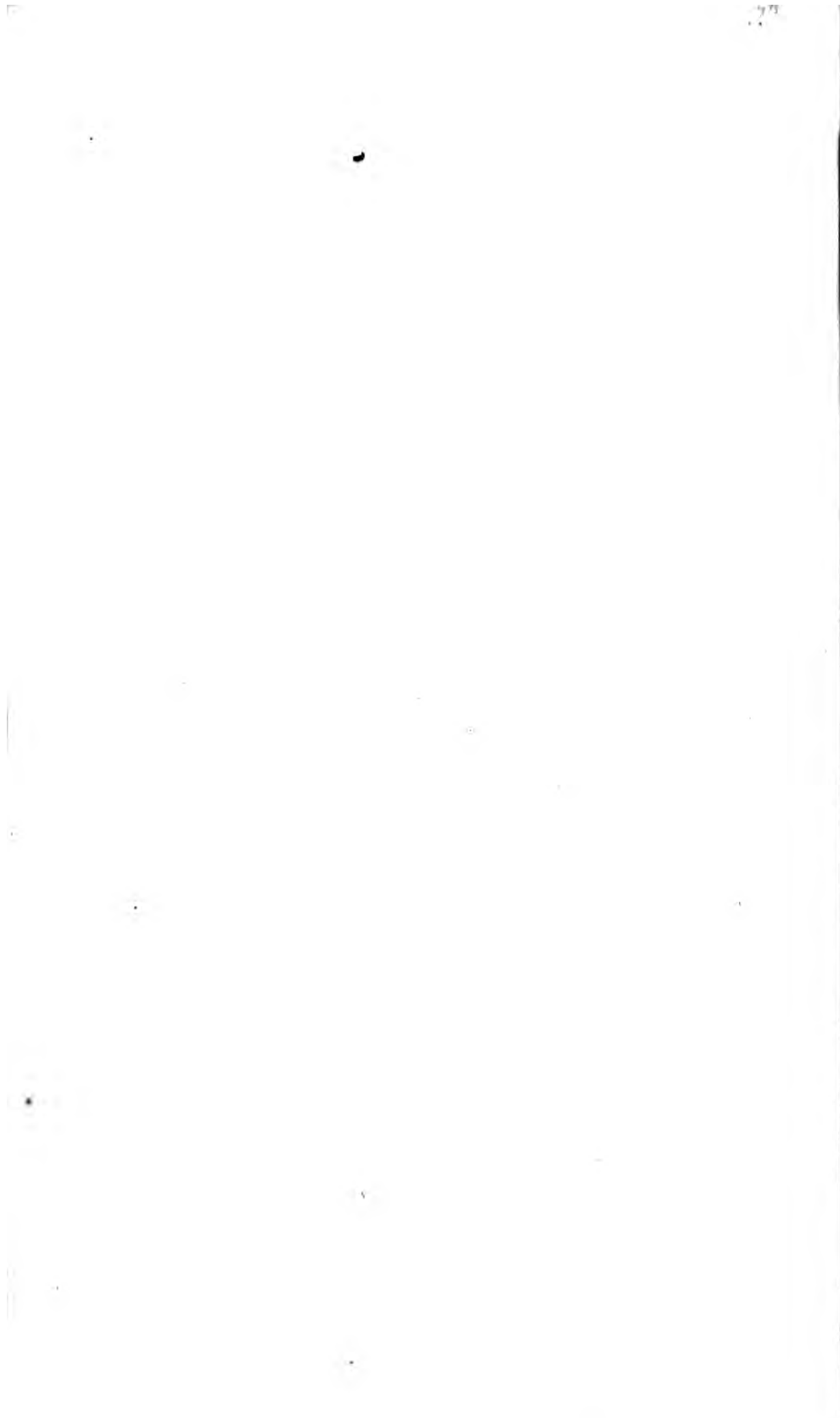


Presented to the library by
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THE
MAID OF ORLEANS,
• AND OTHER POEMS.



THE
MAID OF ORLEANS,
AND OTHER POEMS.

Translated from the German,

BY E. S. AND F. J. TURNER.

~~~~~  
“Of translations, the better I acknowledge that which cometh  
nearer to the very letter of the very original verity.”—HOOKER.  
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LONDON:
SMITH, ELDER AND CO. 65, CORNHILL.
1842.

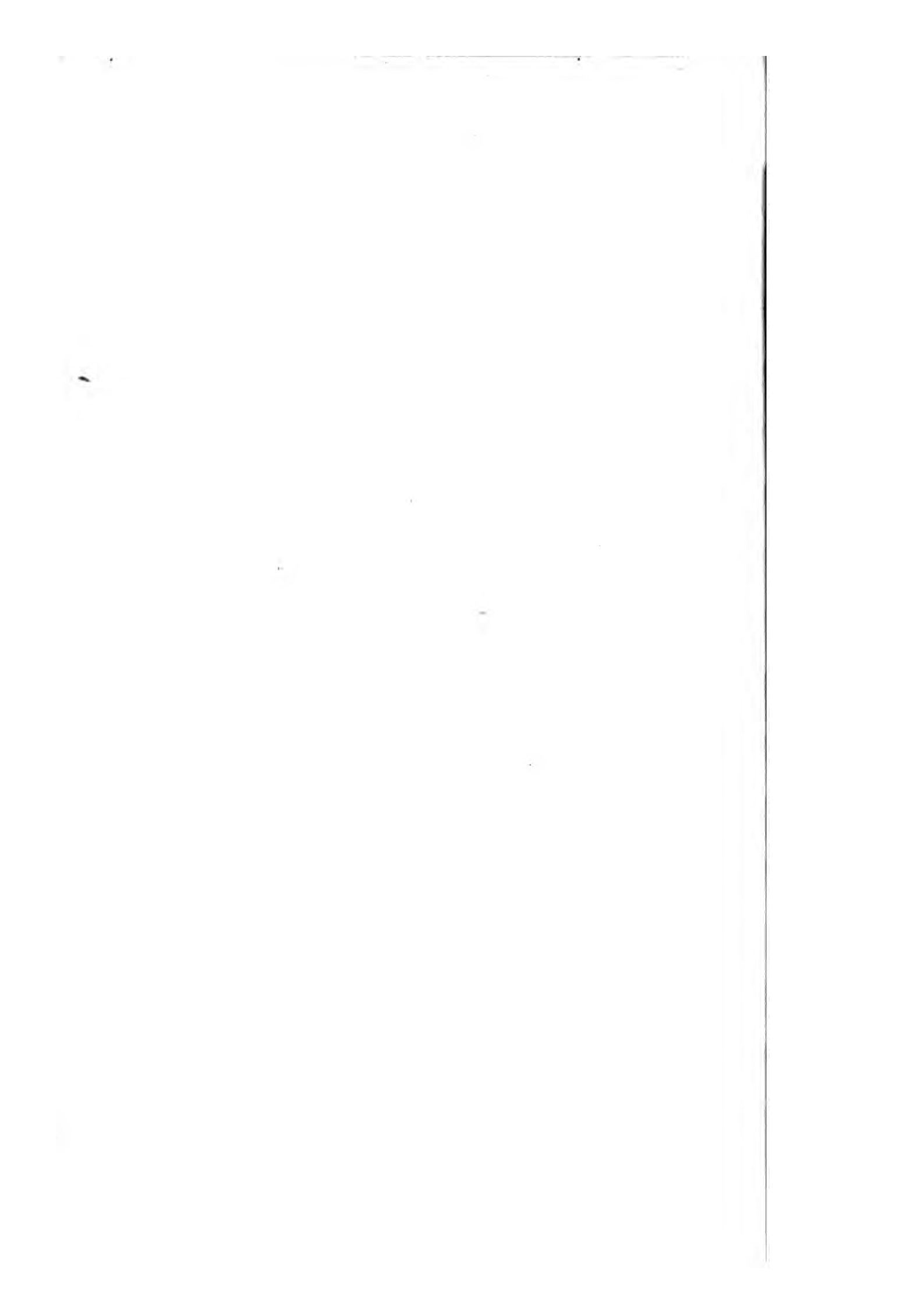


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PREFACE.

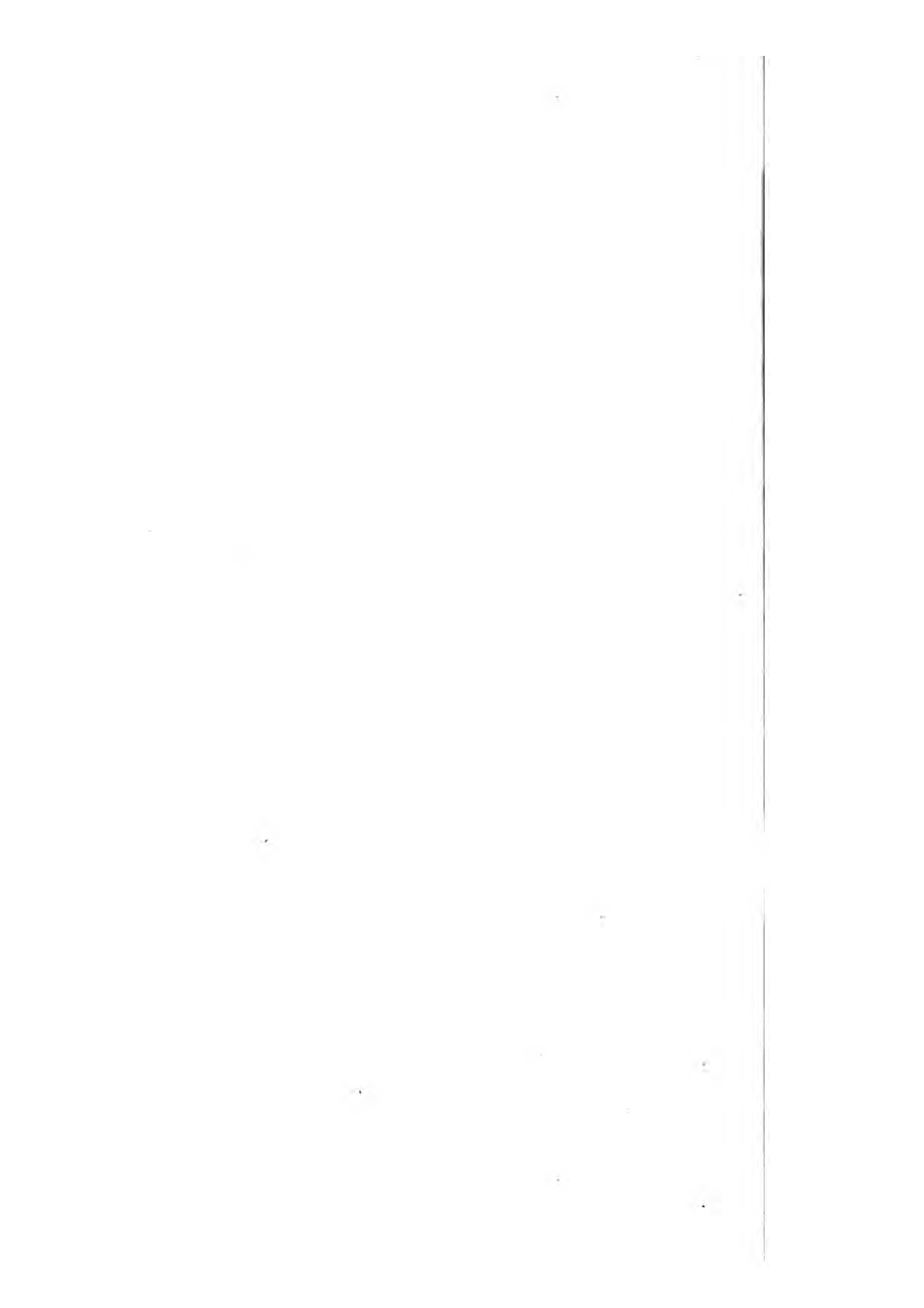
THE Authoresses of the present work have been grieved to observe that, in a recent translation of the "Maid of Orléans," Schiller's meaning has been misunderstood in some instances, and obscurely expressed in others. To render the German into English as literally as possible, has been the chief aim in the present translation of the drama. The rhymed parts of the tragedy, and the Miscellaneous Poems, are necessarily less exact: more attention having been paid to the regularity and smoothness of the lines.

Severndroog,
March 8th, 1842.



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THE MAID OF ORLEANS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

CHARLES VII.—*King of France.*
QUEEN ISABEL—*his mother.*
AGNES SOREL—*his mistress.*
PHILIP THE GOOD—*Duke of Burgundy.*
COUNT DUNOIS—*the Bastard of Orleans.*
LA HIRE } *Royal Officers.*
DU CHATEL }
Archbishop of Rheims.
CHATILLON—*a Burgundian Knight.*
RAOUL—*a Knight of Lorraine.*
TALBOT—*General of the English.*
LIONEL } *English Captains.*
FASTOLF }
MONTGOMERY—*a Welshman.*
Aldermen of Orleans.
An English Herald.
THIBAUT D'ARC—*a rich Farmer.*
MARGOT }
LOUISON } *his Daughters.*
JOANNA }
ETIENNE }
CLAUDE MARIE } *their Suitors.*
RAYMOND }
BERTRAND—*another Farmer.*
The Ghost of a Black Knight.
A Woodman and his Wife.
Soldiers and People.
Royal Attendants, Bishops, Monks.
Marshals, Magistrates, Court Retainers, and other
mute personages in the royal retinue.

PROLOGUE.

*A Country Scene—on the right, in the foreground,
an image of the Virgin, in a niche—on the left,
a high oak.*

SCENE I.

THIBAUT D'ARC. *His three Daughters. Three
young Shepherds, their suitors.*

THIBAUT.

YES, my good neighbours! we are yet to-day
Frenchmen, yet free-born citizens, and lords
Of the old soil, which our forefathers ploughed.
Who knows who may to-morrow be our lords?
For over every spot the Englishman
Waves his victorious banner, and his steed
Stamps his proud hoof o'er France's blooming fields.
Paris has yielded to the conqueror,
And with the ancient crown of Dagobert

Adorned the scion of a foreign stem ;
 And the descendant of our ancient kings,
 A landless exile, through his kingdom strays ;
 While in the hostile hosts of England, fight
 His nearest kinsman and his greatest peer—
 Ay, and his vulture-mother leads them on.
 Around us villages and cities burn,
 Nearer and ever nearer rolls their smoke
 To these calm valleys, that yet rest in peace.
 —Therefore, dear neighbours, with the help of God,
 Have I determined, while 'tis in my power,
 For these my daughters to provide ; since woman
 Needs a protecting arm in time of war,
 And true love helps to lighten every care.

(To the first Shepherd)

—Come, Etienne! You woo my daughter Margot ;
 Our acres join together neighbourly,
 And well your hearts accord, I know—that forms
 A lasting bond of union !

(To the second Shepherd)

Claude Marie !

You speak not, and my Louison looks down !
 Think you that I will sever two fond hearts,
 Because you do not offer riches to me ?
 Who now *has* riches ? House and barns are but
 The prey of fire, or of the enemy—

The only shelter in these troubled times
Is the true heart of an undaunted man.

LOUISON.

Father !

CLAUDE MARIE.

My Louison !

LOUISON (*embracing JOANNA*).

Belovèd sister !

THIBAUT.

Thirty good acres I bestow on each,
A house, a stable, and a flock of sheep.
God has blessed me, and so may He bless you !

MARGOT (*embracing JOANNA*).

Rejoice our father ! follow our example !
Let this day bind three happy unions !

THIBAUT.

Go, and prepare ! To-morrow is the wedding,
And the whole village shall rejoice with you.

[*Exeunt the two couples arm-in-arm.*]

SCENE II.

THIBAUT, RAYMOND, JOANNA.

THIBAUT.

Joanna, thy two sisters wed to-morrow :
I see them happy, they rejoice my age ;
But thou, my youngest-born, mak'st sad my heart !

RAYMOND.

Say, what has happened? Why rebuke your daughter?

THIBAUT.

This gallant youth, whose equal there is not
In the whole village, offers thee his love.
'Tis the third year that he has sued for thine,
With silent wish, but with sincere endeavour;
Yet coldly thou repellst all his love,
Although no other of the village youths
Can win the grace of a kind smile from thee.
—I see thee blooming in the pride of youth;
It is thy spring—it is the time of hope,
Unfolded is the beauty of thy form,
Yet vainly do I wait to see the flower
Of gentle love burst the enclosing bud,
And ripen smiling to the golden fruit.
This does not please me, daughter!—this betokens
A strange mistake of Nature's gentle hand!
That heart is little worth, that, proud and cold,
Closes itself in the bright years of feeling.

RAYMOND.

Leave her her own time, prythee, Father D'Arc;
For well I know that my Joanna's love
Is a most precious fruit of heavenly growth,
And precious things mature by slow degrees.

On the free hills she loves as yet to roam,
And from their heath-clad tops she fears to step
To the low huts of men, where sorrows dwell.
When in the valleys, often do I gaze
In silent wonderment, to see her stand,
(Her flock surrounding her) with noble form,
And thoughtful glance cast downward on the earth.
She seems to dream of higher things, and oft
I think that other times have given her birth.

THIBAUT.

That is the thing which so displeases me !
She shuns her sisters' gay companionship ;
She seeks the summits of the barren hills ;
She quits her nightly couch ere morning dawns,
And in the silent hour of dread, when men
Court the society of other men,
She glides in secret, like th' ill-omened bird,
Into the fearful spirit-realm of night,
Frequents the crossways, and is wont to hold
A lonely converse with the mountain air.
Tell me, why seeks she evermore *this spot* ?
Why hither leads she evermore her flocks ?
I see her sit for whole hours, lost in thought,
Yonder, beneath the lofty Druid's tree,
Which innocent and holy creatures shun :
For 'tis an unblest spot ; an evil spirit

Has fixed his dwelling-place beneath that tree,
 Since the dark by-gone times of Pagan worship.
 The old men of the village can relate
 Tales full of horror of the Druid's tree ;
 And murmurings of strange unearthly voices
 Are often heard amid its gloomy shade.
 As I myself, in the late twilight, once
 Passed by the way which leads beneath this tree,
 I saw sit there a ghost-like female form,
 Who stretched her withered hand from her wide
 robes,
 And beckoned to me ; but I hastened on,
 Commending tremblingly my soul to God.

RAYMOND (*pointing to the image in the niche*).

It is the hallowed influence of the image,
 That sheds a heavenly peace around this spot,
 And not an evil power, that leads her here.

THIBAUT.

Oh no ! no ! not in vain have fearful visions
 Haunted me in my sleep. Thrice have I seen her
 Seated at Rheims upon the royal throne,
 A gleaming diadem of seven stars
 Upon her head, the sceptre in her hand,
 From which three snow-white lilies rose—and I,
 Yes—even I, her father, her two sisters,
 And princes, counts, archbishops, e'en the king

Himself, all bent the knee before her.—
Why comes so bright a vision to my hut?
O surely it foreshadows a sad fall!
This warning dream shows to my spirit's eye
The vain ambitious longing of her heart.
She blushes for her low estate, she knows
God has adorned her form with wondrous beauty,
And blest her mind with gifts of higher worth,
Than any of the maidens of the vale;
And thus her heart is filled with sinful pride:
Pride was the sin, by which the angels fell,
By which the evil spirit holds mankind.

RAYMOND.

Who is of gentler or more virtuous spirit,
Than is your pious daughter? Serves she not
Her elder sisters with a glad content?
She is the highest gifted of them all,
Yet does she most obediently discharge
The hardest duties; and beneath her hand,
The herds and plants, and all that she directs,
Do flourish with a most unwonted fortune.

THIBAUT.

Yes, truly, with a most unwonted fortune!—
This very blessing is a source of pain!—
No more of this—I am, I will be silent;
Shall I accuse my own belovèd child?

I can do nought but warn and pray for her !
 Warn her I must.—My daughter, shun this tree !
 Stay not alone, and cull no charmèd herbs
 At dead of night ; prepare no charmèd drink,
 And write no magic figures in the sand !
 'Tis easy to disclose the realm of spirits,
 They lie expectant 'neath a flimsy veil,
 And at the slightest call come rushing up.
 Stay not alone, for in the desert came
 The prince of darkness to the Lord of Heaven.

SCENE III.

Enter BERTRAND, (with a helmet in his hand).

THIBAUT, RAYMOND, JOANNA.

RAYMOND.

Hush ! Bertrand comes, returning from the city—
 See what he brings !

BERTRAND.

You look surprised, you wonder
 At my unwonted burden.

THIBAUT.

That we do :
 Tell us, how came you by it, and why bring you
 The evil omen to this peaceful spot ?

[*JOANNA, who has remained silent and apart during the two former scenes, steps nearer and becomes attentive*].

BERTRAND.

I scarce can tell you how it chanced to come
Into my hands. I had been purchasing
Some iron household-tools at Vaucouleurs :
I found a crowd assembled in the market,
For fugitives from Orleans had arrived,
And had brought evil tidings of the war.
The townsmen came together in commotion,
And as I made a pathway through the crowd,
A dark Bohemian woman came to me,
Brought me this helmet, fixed her eyes upon me,
And said ; “ Companion, you seek a helmet ;
I know you seek one—take this, and away !
To purchase it will cost you but a trifle.”
“ Go to the lancers then,” I answered her,
“ I am a countryman, and need it not.”
But she persisted still, and further said,
“ No man can say he does not need a helmet :
A covering of steel to guard the head
Is now far better than a house of stone.”
And thus she led me onward through the streets,
And bade me take the casque I needed not ;
I saw the polished helmet was befitting

A knightly head, and, as I held it, doubting,
 And thinking on the strangeness of the adventure,
 The crowd had borne the woman from my sight,
 And she had left the helmet in my hand.

JOANNA (*hastily and eagerly snatching at it*).
 Give me the helmet !

BERTRAND.

Why, what want you with it ?
 'Tis no adornment for a maiden's head.

JOANNA (*snatching the helmet from him*).
 Mine is the helmet—it belongs to me.

THIBAUT.

What means the girl by that ?

RAYMOND.

Leave her her will !

The warlike head-dress well becomes the maid ;
 She has a manly heart within her breast ;
 Think how she overcame the fierce hyæna
 That slew our herds, the terror of the valley ;
 She all alone, the lion-hearted maiden,
 Strove with the beast, and tore from him the lamb,
 Already seized between his bloody jaws ;
 How brave soe'er the head that casque may cover,
 It can adorn no worthier.

THIBAUT (*to BERTRAND*).

Speak ! say

What new mischance of war has happened now ?
What said those fugitives ?

BERTRAND.

God in mercy help
The King, and have compassion on the land !
We have been fairly beaten in two battles ;
The foe stands victor in the midst of France,
And all is lost up to the river Loire ;
The English forces all are met together,
And now they march to besiege Orléans.

THIBAUT.

God guard the King !

BERTRAND.

They bring artillery
From all sides ; and as a thick crowd of bees
Swarms round the hive upon a summer's day ;
As through the darkened air the locust throng
Descends, and covers terribly the fields ;
So does a crowd of nations spread itself
O'er Orleans' plains, and the camp hoarsely hums
With a confusèd sound of foreign tongues ;
For there the mighty Burgundy has led
His men from Liége and from Luxembourg,
The Hainaulters, those from the land of Namur,
The men of fair Brabant, the proud Ghentese,
Arrayed in silk and velvet ; those from Zealand,

Whose towns rise boldly from the ocean's waves ;
 The boorish Hollanders, the men of Utrecht,
 And of West Friesland, looking towards the pole.
 They all, obedient to the arrière-ban
 Of haughty Burgundy, are marching on
 To conquer Orleans.

THIBAUT.

O unhappy discord,
 That turns the arms of France against herself !

BERTRAND.

And the old Queen, the haughty Isabel,
 The princess of Bavaria, is seen
 Riding in armour through the camp, exciting
 All men with poisonous words to rise in arms
 Against the King, her son—the son she bore !

THIBAUT.

Curses light on her !—may she fall as did
 The haughty Jezebel, by God's own hand !

BERTRAND.

The terrible Salisbury, the city-stormer,
 Leads on the troops with warlike Lionel,
 And Talbot, who mows down in battle nations
 With murderous sword : in wild rage have they

sworn

To bring all maidens to dishonor, and
 Sacrifice to the sword whoe'er has borne it.

Four lofty barbicans have they erected,
To overlook the town, from which the Earl
Of Salisbury can count with murderous glance
The wanderers who quickly cross the streets.
Churches lie ruined, and the lordly tower
Of Notre-Dame has bowed its lofty head.
They have dug mines, and over hell's abyss
The anxious city stands, each hour expecting
The flames to burst forth with a crash of thunder.

(*JOANNA listens attentively, and puts on the
helmet.*)

THIBAUT.

But where were then the mighty swords of France,
Saintrailles, La Hire, and France's strongest bul-
wark,

Th' heroic Bastard, that the foe pressed on,
Raging so unrestrainedly? Where was
The King himself? Can he behold unmoved
His kingdom's misery, and his cities' fall?

BERTRAND.

He holds his court at Chinon; soldiers fail him;
He cannot keep the field; for what avails
The hero's spirit, or the leader's arm,
If pale-faced terror paralyze the host?
A panic, as from the Almighty sent,
Has seized upon the bravest, and in vain

Sounds through the land the chieftain's arrière-ban:
 As when the frightened sheep together run,
 If from afar they hear the wolf's fierce howl;
 E'en so, forgetful of his ancient fame,
 The Frenchman seeks the safety of the towns.
 I heard that but a single knight had brought
 A little company of men, and joined
 The King with sixteen banners.

JOANNA (*quickly*).

What is the knight's name?

BERTRAND.

Baudricour. Yet hardly
 Will he escape the foe's quick vigilance,
 Who now pursues him closely with two troops.

JOANNA.

Where is the knight now? Tell me, if you know.

BERTRAND.

Encamped scarce a day's march from Vaucouleurs.

THIBAUT (*to JOANNA*).

What matters it to thee? Thou askest, girl,
 Of things that ill become thy sex and years.

BERTRAND.

Since now the foe has grown so strong, and that
 No succour can be hoped for from the King,
 The men of Vaucouleurs are all resolved
 To make surrender of the place to Burgundy:

Then shall we bow beneath no foreign yoke,
 But to a branch of the old royal stock.
 If Burgundy and France shall once unite,
 The ancient government may be restored.

JOANNA (*as one inspired*).

Speak not of compacts! talk not of surrender!
 The saviour comes, he arms himself for battle!
 The enemy's good fortune shall be wrecked
 At Orléans: his cup is full, and he
 Is ripe unto the harvest. With her sickle
 The maiden shall come forth, mow down his pride,
 And from the heavens his glory tear, which he
 Had hung upon the stars.—
 O faint not! fly not!—for before the rye
 Is ripened, and before the moon is full,
 The English war-horse shall no longer drink
 The waters of the gently-flowing Loire.

BERTRAND.

Alas! no miracles will happen now!

JOANNA.

Miracles yet shall happen: a white dove
 Shall fly, and with the eagle's courage conquer
 These vultures, that devour our fatherland.
 She shall hurl down the haughty Burgundy,
 The traitor to his king and country; Talbot,
 The heaven-storming, hundred-handed one;

And Salisbury, the temple-desecrator ;
 And these audacious island-dwellers all,
 Drive out before her like a flock of lambs.
 The Lord will be with her, the God of battles ;
 His trembling creature will He choose, and by
 A timid maid will He, th' Omnipotent,
 Be glorified !

THIBAUT.

What spirit has possessed the girl ?

RAYMOND.

It is

The helmet that so martially inspires her.
 Look on your daughter, see ! her eyes flash fire,
 And a bright crimson flush o'erspreads her cheeks !

JOANNA.

This kingdom perish ! this far-bruited land,
 The fairest the eternal sun beholds
 In his career, the paradise of lands,
 That God loves as the apple of His eye,
 Endure the fetters of a foreign nation !
 —Here fell the heathen's power ; here the first cross,
 The blessed sign of mercy, was erected ;
 Here rest the ashes of the sainted Louis !—
 By Frenchmen too Jerusalem was won.

BERTRAND (*astonished*).

Hear you her speech ? from whence has she derived

This lofty revelation ?—Father D'Arc !
 God has vouchsafed you a most wondrous daughter !

JOANNA.

Shall we have no more kings ? no native princes ?
 And shall the king, who never dies, desert
 The world ?—He who protects the sacred plough,
 Who guards the herds, who makes the earth pro-
 ductive,
 Who leads the bondsmen into liberty,
 Who places cities gladly round his throne,
 Who helps the weak, and bids the wicked tremble,
 Who knows not envy, for he is the greatest,
 Who is a man, an angel of compassion
 Upon the warring earth.—For monarchs' thrones,
 Gleaming with gold, are shelters for the helpless—
 Here stand both Might and Mercy, here the guilty
 Tremble ; but let the just draw boldly near,
 And sport him with the lion round the throne !
 Can the strange monarch from a distant land,
 Whose father's sacred relics do not rest
 Within this country—can *he* love it, who
 Passed not his youthful days among our youths ?
 Our language thrills not to his stranger-heart ;
 Can he, O can he act a father's part ?

THIBAUT.

God guard our country and our monarch ! we

Are peaceful countrymen ; we have not learnt
To wield the sword, nor mount the prancing
charger—

Let us in patience and obedience wait
To see whom victory will make our king.
The chance of war is in the hand of God,
And he is our lord who shall be anointed
And crowned at Rheims.—Come, to the work !
let each

Think only of his own ! leave we the great,
The princes of the earth to strive for it ;
We can with calmness look on the destruction,
For firmly rooted is the soil we till.
Let then the flames consume our villages,
And let the charger trample on the crops !
The coming spring will bring new crops with her,
And our small huts will soon be built again.

[Exeunt all except the maiden.]

SCENE IV.

JOANNA (*alone*).

Farewell ye mountains, ye belovèd pastures,
Ye silent smiling valleys, fare ye well !
On you Joanna may no longer wander !
Joanna breathes to you a last farewell—
Ye meadows that my hand has watered, trees

That I have planted, flourish fair and green !
Farewell ye grottoes and ye cooling streams,
Thou echo, gentle language of this valley,
That oft has given an answer to my strain !
Joanna goes, and may not come again !

O ye fair scenes of all my youthful joys,
I leave you far behind for evermore !
Stray forth, ye lambs, upon the spreading heather !
Stray far away : without a guide ye are !
For other herds henceforth demand my care ;
There—in the bloody field of perilous fight.
So bids the spirit that my soul inspires ;
I go not forth for earthly vain desires.

For He who once on Horeb's awful height
Appeared in flame to Moses' dazzled sight,
And bade him boldly before Pharaoh stand,
And lead His people from th' Egyptian land ;
He who commanded Jesse's pious son
To fight for Him, th' Almighty's champion ;
His voice has sounded from this shadowing tree,
“ Go ! thou shalt testify on earth for Me !

“ Thy limbs the weight of armour soon must feel,
That tender breast must soon be clothed in steel ;
That heart of thine must know no earthly love,
But all its thoughts and feelings dwell above.
No bridal wreath must e'er those locks entwine,

No infant smile within those arms of thine ;
And yet beyond all other women's fame,
In warlike honour will I raise thy name.

“ For when the bravest faint in battle's hour,
And France's fate seems ominous to lower,
Then shalt thou bear My oriflamme on high,
And France's haughty foes shall turn and fly ;
Like a swift reaper shalt thou lay their pride,
Thy hand shall turn again their fortune's tide,
Safety to France's heroes shalt thou bring,
Deliver Rheims, and there anoint thy king !”

Heaven has vouchsafed to me a blessed sign,
The casque I bear comes from a hand divine ;
With power resistless shall His sword endue me,
The courage of the cherubim flames through me ;
Forward it leads me with resistless power,
It throws me into battle's fiercest hour ;
I hear the war-cry ringing loudly round,
The charger prances, and the trumpets sound.

[*Exit.*

ACT I.

SCENE I.

The Residence of the king at Chinon.

DUNOIS, DU CHATEL.

DUNOIS.

No, I will not endure it longer. I
Will leave this king who thus ingloriously
Forsakes himself. My heart bleeds in my breast,
And I could weep hot tears to think these spoilers
Should with the sword divide among themselves
Our royal France ;
That noble towns, coëval with the crown,
Should to the foe give up their rusted keys ;
And we the while, in dull inglorious quiet,
Lose here the precious noble time of action.
—I hear that Orléans is menaced, haste
From distant Normandy, and think to find
The King already at his army's head,
And find him — here ! surrounded with mad
maskers

And troubadours, unravelling knotty riddles,
 And giving courtly feasts to Agnes Sorel,
 As though the country were in peace profound !
 The Connétable goes : he can no longer
 Behold these horrors. I will also leave him,
 And give him over to his evil fate.

DU CHATEL.

Here comes the King.

SCENE II.

The same.—King CHARLES.

CHARLES.

The Connétable has returned his sword,
 And has renounced my service. In Heaven's
 name !

We are well rid of a most peevish man,
 Who would imperiously master us.

DUNOIS.

A man is much worth in these pressing times ;
 I would not part with him so carelessly.

CHARLES.

That say'st thou but for contradiction's sake :
 While he was here, thou never wert his friend.

DUNOIS.

He was a proud, morose, and fretful fool,

And knew not where to stop. This time, however,
He knows it—knows the proper time to go,
When honour is no longer to be gained.

CHARLES.

Thou art in one of thy most pleasant moods,
And I will not disturb thee.—Du Chatel !
Ambassadors are here from old King René,
The far-famed lord of song; they must be honored,
And each presented with a golden chain.
(*To DUNOIS.*) Why laugh'st thou ?

DUNOIS.

That thou shakest golden chains
Out of thy mouth.

DU CHATEL.

My liege! there is no longer
Money within thy royal treasury.

CHARLES.

Then find some elsewhere; for these noble minstrels
Shall not depart unhonored from my court.
'Tis they who make our barren sceptre bloom;
They graft th' immortal verdant shoot of life
On our unfruitful throne; they rule as monarchs;
They build their throne on light and harmless
wishes:

Therefore the minstrel with the king shall go,
For they both hold the loftiest heights of earth.

DU CHATEL.

My royal master ! I have spared thine ear
 So long as there was help and counsel for thee ;
 But now necessity has loosed my tongue.
 —Thou hast no more to give. Alas ! thou hast
 No more whereon thou may'st subsist to-morrow.
 The high tide of thy riches is gone down,
 And in thy treasury 'tis lowest ebb.
 The troops have not received their pay ; they
 murmur,
 And threaten to desert. I scarce know how
 Thy royal palace is to be maintained,
 Not princely, but penuriously.

CHARLES.

Mortgage my royal tolls then, and let money
 Be borrowed from the Lombards.

DU CHATEL.

 O my liege !
 They have been mortgaged for three years already.

DUNOIS.

And meanwhile pledge and land will both be lost.

CHARLES.

Many rich lands remain to us.

DUNOIS.

 So long
 As God and Talbot's sword shall leave them to us !

If Orléans is taken, then thou may'st
Go and turn shepherd with thy good King René.

CHARLES.

Thou ever turn'st thy wit upon this king ;
And yet it is this landless prince who e'en
To-day has sent me royal gifts.

DUNOIS.

But not,
For Heaven's sake, his crown of Naples! That,
They tell me, is for sale since he turned shepherd.

CHARLES.

That is a joke, a merry jest, a sport,
That he has granted to his heart, to found
A pure and innocent world amid these stern
And barbarous realities.
Yet does he form a great, a kingly wish,
To introduce again the good old times,
When gentle love and gallantry combined
To rule th' heroic bosom of the knight ;
Where noble ladies sat as arbiters,
Their gentle judgment smoothing every strife.
In those times cheerfully the old man lives ;
And as they yet survive in minstrel-lays,
He fain would bring them on the earth again,
—A heavenly city among golden clouds !
—He has established thus a court of Love,

Where noble knights may stray, and ladies chaste
May reign, and pure devotion may return ;
And me has he elected Prince of Love.

DUNOIS.

I have not quite so much degenerated
As to despise the sovereignty of Love.
I am called by her name ; I am her son,
And all my heritage is in her realm.
My father was the Prince of Orléans,
No woman's heart was able to resist him ;
But yet no castle was too strong for him.
Wilt thou be truly called the Prince of Love ?
Then be the bravest of the brave !—as I
Have read in those old tales, Love ever has
Been paired with deeds of lofty chivalry ;
And those who sat at the Round Table were
Heroes, not shepherds, as they told me.
He who cannot guard Beauty with his sword,
Deserves not to receive her bright reward.
Here is the field ! Fight for thy father's crown !
Guard with thy knightly sword thy heritage,
And noble ladies' honor.
And when thou hast with streams of hostile blood
Won back thine own hereditary crown,
Then is the time when it will well become thee
To crown thee with the myrtle-wreath of Love.

CHARLES (*to a Page, who enters*).

How now ?

PAGE.

The senators of Orléans
Beseech an audience of your Majesty.

CHARLES.

Admit them ! [*Exit Page.*

They are come to ask for help ;
What can I do, helpless myself, for them ?

SCENE III.

The same.—Three Senators.

CHARLES.

Welcome, thrice welcome, my most trusty burghers
Of Orléans ! How fares it with our city ?
And does she yet with her accustomed courage
Oppose the foe, that is besieging her ?

SENATOR.

Ah, Sire ! we are hard pressed, and every hour
Increasing, ruin overhangs the city.
The outworks are destroyed, the enemy
Procures by each assault a firmer footing ;
The ramparts are bereft of their defenders ;
For though the soldiers sally bravely forth,
But few survive to reach the city gates ;
The plague of famine too threatens the town ;

Therefore the noble Count of Rochepierre,
Our governor, has compacted with the foe,
Compelled by dire distress, after old custom,
To make surrender on the twelfth day, if
Within that time, no army should arrive
Numerous enough to save the city.

(DUNOIS *makes violent gestures of anger*).

CHARLES.

The time is short.

SENATOR.

And therefore are we here,
With hostile escort, that we may beseech
Thy princely heart to have compassion on us,
And send us help within the given time,
Else, on the twelfth day will the town surrender.

DUNOIS.

Could Saintrailles give his voice to a surrender
So shameful ?

SENATOR.

No, sir ! while that brave heart lived,
None dared to speak of peace and of surrender.

DUNOIS.

Is he then dead ?

SENATOR.

The noble hero fell
Upon our ramparts, for his monarch's cause.

CHARLES.

Saintrilles dead !—O, I have lost a host
In that one man !

(*Enter a Knight, who whispers some words to
DUNOIS, who breaks forth passionately*).

DUNOIS.

This too !

CHARLES.

What now, Dunois ?

DUNOIS.

Earl Douglas has sent hither. The Scotch troops
Have mutinied : they threaten to desert
If their arrears are not discharged to-day.

CHARLES.

Du Chatel !

DU CHATEL (*shrugs his shoulders*).

Sire, I cannot counsel you !

CHARLES.

O promise all thou hast, pawn half my kingdom !

DU CHATEL.

It will not do ! they have been put off too often.

CHARLES.

They are the bravest troops of all my army,
They shall not *now* desert me—shall not now !

SENATOR (*kneeling*).

O Sire, assist us, think of *our* distress !

CHARLES (*despairingly*).

Think you I can call armies from the earth,
Or shower down corn for Orleans from my hand?
Cut me in pieces, and tear out my heart,
And coin it into money! I have blood
To give you, but not silver, and not soldiers.

(*He sees AGNES SOREL entering, and hastens to her with extended arms*).

SCENE IV.

The same. AGNES SOREL *with a casket in her hand.*

CHARLES.

O, my own Agnes! dearer than my life!
Thou com'st to save me from despair! I have
thee,
I fly to thee, I have lost nothing; for
Thou still art mine!

AGNES.

My beloved monarch!

(*looking round anxiously and enquiringly*).

Dunois, is it true?

Du Chatel!

DU CHATEL.

True indeed!

AGNES.

Are things so bad?
Is money wanting?—Do the troops desert?

DU CHATEL.

Alas, it is so!

AGNES (*showing him the casket*).

Here then, here is gold,
And here are jewels—melt my silver down—
Mortgage my castles—my estates in Provence—
Turn all to money, and appease the troops!—
Come, let no time be lost! (*urges him away.*)

CHARLES.

Now Dunois! now Du Chatel! will you call me
Poor, while I yet possess this queen of women?
She is as nobly born as I myself,
The royal blood of Valois is not purer;
She would adorn the highest throne on earth—
Yet she refuses it; she will but be
My Love, and will receive no higher name.
She never suffered me to offer her
A richer present than an early flower,
Or a rare fruit in winter. She will take
No offering from me, and gives me all!
Ventures her riches, and her whole possession
Magnanimously for my failing fortunes!

DUNOIS.

Yes, she is mad, as thou art, and she throws
All that she has into a burning house,
And pours into the Danaïds' leaky urn.
She will not save thee, but will only ruin
Herself together with thee.

AGNES,

Trust him not !

Ten times for thee he has risked life and limb,
And now is angry that I venture gold.
How? have I not already given to thee
A jewel costlier than gold and pearls,
And shall I now keep treasure for myself?
Come, let us cast all useless ornament
Of life away from us! and let me give thee
A noble proof of self-renunciation!
Change thy court-retinue for troops—thy gold
For iron; all that thou possessest,
Cast resolutely from thee for thy crown!
Come, come! we will share want and danger; let us
Mount the war-charger, give our tender forms
To bear the glowing arrows of the sun,
The cloud our canopy, the rock our pillow.
The roughest soldier will bear his burden
Patiently, if he sees his king endure,
And suffer hardship like the poorest man!

CHARLES (*smiling*).

Yes, now I recollect an oracle,
A nun at Claremont spoke prophetical :
A woman, said the nun, should make me victor,
And win me back again my father's crown.
I sought her far off in the hostile camp ;
I sought to reconcile my mother's heart ;
Here stands the heroine to lead to Rheims,
And by the love of Agnes shall I conquer !

AGNES.

Say, rather, by thy gallant warriors' swords !

CHARLES.

Much hope I from the hostile army's discord ;
For certain information has arrived
That things are not as formerly, between
These haughty lords of England and our cousin
Of Burgundy ; therefore have I despatched
La Hire, with embassy unto the Duke,
To see if I may win the angry peer
Back to his ancient duty and allegiance.
Each hour I am expecting his return.

DU CHATEL (*at the window*).

The knight this moment rides into the court.

CHARLES.

Right welcome messenger ! we soon shall know
If we are conquered or victorious.

SCENE V.

The same.—LA HIRE.

CHARLES (*goes to meet him*).

La Hire! Bringest thou hope to us or not?
Briefly explain. What have I to expect?

LA HIRE.

Expect no more than what thy sword may gain.

CHARLES.

The haughty Duke will not be reconciled!
O speak! how was my embassy received?

LA HIRE.

Before all things, and ere he will consent
To lend an ear to thee, the Duke demands
That Du Chatel shall be delivered to him,
The murderer of his father, as he says.

CHARLES.

And what, if we refuse these shameful terms?

LA HIRE.

Then is the compact broken, ere 'tis formed.

CHARLES.

Then hast thou, as I bade thee, challenged him
To meet me at the bridge of Montereau,
For deadly combat, where his father fell?

LA HIRE.

I threw thy gauntlet down, and said thou would'st

Lay down thy dignity, and as a knight
 Do battle for thy kingdom ; but he answered,
 That there was no necessity to fight
 For what already was in his possession ;
 Yet, if thou hadst so great a wish to fight,
 That thou wouldst find him before Orléans,
 Whither he was minded to proceed to-morrow ;
 Then, with a laugh, he turned his back upon me.

CHARLES.

And was not the unbiassed voice of justice
 Raised in my parliament ?

LA HIRE.

It has been silenced
 By party rage. An act of parliament
 Declares that thou and thy descendants are
 Excluded from the throne.

DUNOIS.

Audacious pride
 Of citizens exalted to be lords !

CHARLES.

Hast thou sought nothing at my mother's hands ?

LA HIRE.

Thy mother ?

CHARLES.

Ay, my mother—what said she ?

LA HIRE (*after a few moments of reflection*).

It was the festival of the coronation
 On which I entered Saint Denis. The people
 Of Paris were adorned as for a victory ;
 Triumphal arches had been raised in all
 The streets through which the English monarch
 passed ;
 The way was strewed with flowers, and loudly
 shouting,
 The people thronged about the car, as though
 France had achieved her noblest victory.

AGNES.

They shouted—shouted when they trampled on
 The generous heart of their own loving king !

LA HIRE.

I saw the youthful Harry Lancaster
 Seated upon Saint Louis' royal throne ;
 Bedford and Gloster, his proud uncles, stood
 Beside him, and Duke Philip bent the knee,
 And rendered homage for his territory.

CHARLES.

Oh, the dishonored peer ! unworthy cousin !

LA HIRE.

The child was afraid, and stumbled on ascending
 The lofty steps conducting to the throne ;—
 “ An evil omen !” murmured all the people,

And then arose a ringing shout of laughter.
Then the old queen, thy mother, rose and stepped
Towards him, and—it angers me to say it!

CHARLES.

Say on!

LA HIRE.

She clasped the boy within her arms,
And herself placed him on thy father's throne.

CHARLES.

Oh, mother! mother!

LA HIRE.

Even the Burgundians
Themselves, the fierce and murder-practised bands,
Reddened with shame to see this spectacle.
She marked it soon, and turning to the people,
She cried with a loud voice:—"Thank me, ye
Frenchmen,
For thus ennobling with a purer graft
The weakened stock, and for protecting you
From the unworthy son of a crazed father!"

*[The King hides his face: AGNES hastens to him
and clasps him in her arms; all the by-
standers express their horror and detestation].*

DUNOIS.

The fierce she-wolf! the passion-mad Megæra!

CHARLES (*after a pause ; to the Senators*).

You hear how matters stand : delay no longer.
Return to Orleans ; tell my faithful city
That I release her from her oath to me.
Bid her consult her safety, and consign
Herself to Burgundy's protection ;
They call him good, and he will be humane.

DUNOIS.

How, sire ? thou wouldest forsake Orléans ?

SENATOR (*kneeling*).

My royal master ! do not draw thy hand
Away from us ! give not thy faithful city
To suffer England's hard dominion.
It is a noble jewel in thy crown,
And none has served with more fidelity
The kings of France, your ancestors.

DUNOIS.

Are we then conquered ? shall we quit the field
Before one blow is struck for Orléans ?
Think'st thou with one light word, ere blood has
 flowed,
To tear from France's heart her noblest town ?

CHARLES.

Enough blood has been shed, and all in vain !
The heavy hand of Heaven is against me ;
In every battle is my army conquered,

My parliament rejects me, my chief city,
 My people, receive my foe with shouts of joy.
 The nearest by the ties of blood desert me,
 Betray me ;—my own mother, in her breast
 Fosters the hostile stranger-race ; we will
 Depart beyond the Loire, and bow beneath
 The mighty hand of Heaven, that fights for
 England.

AGNES.

That God forbid !—that we should turn our backs
 Upon this realm, distrustful of ourselves !
 This speech came not from thy undaunted breast !
 Thy mother's harsh unnatural deed has broken
 My king's heroic heart ; but thou wilt be
 Thyself again, and with a manly courage
 Oppose the fate that fiercely wars against thee.

CHARLES (*lost in gloomy thought*).

Is it not true ? a dark and fearful fate
 Rules over the race of Valois ; it is curst
 Of God : my mother's crimes have brought the
 furies

Into this house.

My father lay in madness twenty years,
 And death has cut down my three elder brothers
 Before me ; for 'tis the decree of Heaven
 That the sixth Charles's house shall be destroyed.

E 3



AGNES.

Renewed to youth in thee, 'twill rise again.
Have confidence in thyself.—O not in vain
Has a kind fate spared thee: called thee, the
 youngest,
From all thy brothers, to the unhoped-for throne.
In thy soft heart has Heaven prepared the balm
For all the wounds which party-rage has given
The land; the flames of civil war shalt thou
Extinguish. My heart tells me thou shalt plant
Peace, and become thy country's second founder.

CHARLES.

Not I! These rough tempestuous times demand
An able steersman at the helm of state.
I might have made a peaceful people happy;
I cannot tame a fierce revolted one;
I cannot open with my sword, the hearts
That coldly close themselves to me in hatred.

AGNES.

A vain delusion blinds the people's eyes;
But this intoxication soon will pass;
For love to their hereditary king,
Implanted deeply in the Frenchman's breast,
Will soon awaken, and the ancient hate
And jealousy awaken too, that keep
The nations ever hostile to each other.

His own success destroys the haughty conqueror.
Therefore leave not precipitate the field
Of battle, strive for every foot of earth ;
With thine own breast defend this Orléans !
Let every boat be sunk, each bridge destroyed,
That over this partition of thy kingdom,
The Stygian waters of the Loire, would lead thee.

CHARLES.

What could be done, I have done. I have offered
To combat for my crown in knightly field—
My challenge is refused, in vain I waste
My people's lives, and all my towns are ruined.
And shall I, like to that unnatural mother,
Suffer the sword to saw my child asunder ?
No ! but that it may live, I will renounce it.

DUNOIS.

How, Sire ? is that the language of a king ?
Thus yield you up your crown ? Your meanest
subject
Will fight for life and goods, for love and hatred.
All becomes faction when the bloody signal
Of civil war has been displayed.
The countryman forsakes his plough, the woman
Her distaff ; children, old men, arm themselves ;
The burgher burns his city, and the farmer
With his own hands his seeds, to injure thee,

Or help thee, and maintain his heart's desire.
 He pities nothing, and expects no pity,
 When at the call of honor, for his gods
 Or for his idols, he goes forth to battle.
 Therefore cast hence this womanish compassion,
 That ill beseems the bosom of a king—
 Let the war rage on as it has begun ;
 Thou hast not kindled it with reckless hand.
 The nation for its king must be devoted ;
 'Tis fate—it is the universal law,
 The French nor know, nor wish it otherwise.
 Unworthy is the nation, that will not
 Joyfully stake its all for honour.

CHARLES (*to the Senators*).

Expect no different determination,—
 God help you ! I can no more.

DUNOIS.

Now may the God
 Of victory ever turn His back on thee
 As thou on thy paternal realm. Thou hast
 Thyself forsaken, now forsake I thee.
 England and Burgundy's united strength
 Has not dethroned thee, but thy cowardice.
 The kings of France are heroes born ; but thou
 Wert born with an unwarlike spirit.

(*to the Senators*).

The king

Gives up your cause ; but I will throw myself
 Into my father's city, Orléans,
 And underneath her ruins find a grave.

(he is about to go, AGNES SOREL holds him back.)

AGNES *(to the King)*.

Oh ! let him not depart from thee in anger !
 His lips speak rough words ; but his heart is true
 As gold ; he is the same who warmly loves thee,
 And oft has bled for thee.—Come, Dunois ! own
 The heat of noble anger hurried thee too far—
 But thou, forgive thy faithful friend's rash speech !
 Oh ! come, come ! let me quickly reunite
 Your hearts, ere hasty anger, ruinous
 Inflames them unextinguishably.

*(DUNOIS gazes fixedly on the King, and seems to
 expect an answer).*

CHARLES *(to DU CHATEL)*.

We go beyond the Loire. Let every thing
 Be put on board !

DUNOIS *(hastily to AGNES SOREL)*.

Farewell !

(turns away quickly and exit, Senators follow).

AGNES *(wrings her hands despairingly)*.

Oh ! if he goes,
 We are indeed forsaken ! follow him,
 La Hire, O ! seek to appease him.

SCENE VI.

CHARLES, AGNES SOREL, DU CHATEL.

CHARLES.

Is then the crown the only good on earth ?
 Is it such bitter pain to part from it ?
 I know what is yet harder to be borne,—
 To suffer oneself to be governed by
 These domineering and rebellious spirits,
 To live upon the favour of audacious
 And self-willed vassals, that is the hard thing
 To a noble spirit, and bitterer than to yield
 To fate.

(to DU CHATEL, *who lingers*).

Do what I have commanded thee.

DU CHATEL (*throws himself at his feet.*)

O my king !

CHARLES.

I am resolved,—not a word more of this !

DU CHATEL.

O make peace with the Duke of Burgundy !
 Or else I see no safety more for thee.

CHARLES.

Dost *thou* advise me this ? and yet it is
 Thy blood with which this peace must needs be
 sealed !

DU CHATEL.

Here is my head ; it has been often ventured
For thee in battle, and I lay it now
Gladly upon the scaffold for thee—appease
The Duke : surrender me to th' utmost rigour
Of his revenge, and let my flowing blood
Heal ancient hatred.

CHARLES.

*(looking at him for a time in silence, and with
emotion.)*

Is it then true ? is it so bad with me,
That my best friends, who know my inmost soul,
Show me the path of shame for my deliverance ?
Yes—now indeed I know how low I am fallen,
For there is no reliance on my honor.

DU CHATEL.

Consider—

CHARLES.

No more !—do not anger me !
Had I to turn my back upon ten kingdoms,
I would not save myself with my friend's life.
—Do what I have commanded—Go, and order
My equipage to be embarked.

DU CHATEL.

'Twill soon

Be done.

(He rises and exit—AGNES SOREL weeps bitterly).

SCENE VII.

CHARLES, AGNES SOREL.

CHARLES (*taking her hand*).

Be not so sad, belovèd Agnes ;
 There lies another France beyond the Loire,
 We go into a happier land :—
 There laughs a bright and an unclouded heaven,
 And softer breezes blow, and gentler customs
 Will there receive us ; 'tis the land of song,
 And life and love bloom with more beauty there.

AGNES.

O must I see this day of bitter woe !
 The king goes into banishment, the son
 Must wander from his father's house, and turn
 His back upon the scenes of infancy.
 O happy land, that we are leaving ! never
 May we with joyful heart re-tread thy soil !

SCENE VIII.

LA HIRE (*returning*). CHARLES, AGNES.

AGNES.

You come alone.—You do not bring him back ?
 (*after regarding him more closely*).
 La Hire ! what is it ? what does that look mean ?

Some new misfortune has occurred !

LA HIRE.

Misfortune

Is now exhausted—it again is sunshine !

AGNES.

What is it ?—I entreat you—

LA HIRE (*to the King*).

Call again

Th' ambassadors of Orleans !

CHARLES.

Wherefore ?—what has happened ?

LA HIRE.

Call them again ! Fortune has turned her scale,
A battle has been fought, and thou hast conquered !

AGNES.

Conquered ! the heavenly music of that word !

CHARLES.

La Hire ! a fabulous report deceives thee,
Conquered ! I can believe no more in victory.

LA HIRE.

O thou wilt soon believe yet greater wonders !
—Here comes the Archbishop. He brings Dunois
Back to thine arms again.—

AGNES.

O lovely flower
Of victory, that bears the heavenly fruits

Of union and of peace !

SCENE IX.

The same.—Archbishop of Rheims, DUNOIS, DU
CHATEL, *with* RAOUL *an armed* Knight.

ARCHBISHOP.

(Leads DUNOIS to the KING and joins their hands).

Princes, embrace !

Let anger and resentment be forgotten,
For Heaven itself has now declared for us.

(DUNOIS embraces the King).

CHARLES.

Relieve me from my doubt and wonderment.
What does this solemn earnestness announce ?
What has produced this change so sudden ?

ARCHBISHOP.

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

Speak !

RAOUL.

We of Lorraine had brought up sixteen banners,
To join thy army.—The Knight Baudricour
Of Vaucouleurs led us. When we had reached
The heights of Vermanton, and were descending
Into the valley through which flows the Yonne ;

There in the plain before us was the foe,
And weapons glittered when we looked behind.
We saw ourselves surrounded by both armies,
There was no chance of victory or of flight.
Then sank the bravest hearts ; and in despair,
All were about to lay their weapons down.
Now when our leaders sought in vain for counsel
Among themselves—behold, a miracle !
For sudden, from the thickest of the wood,
Stepped forth a maid, with helmet on her head,
Both beautiful and terrible to look on.
Around her neck her hair fell in dark ringlets ;
A light from heaven appeared to shine around her,
As thus she spoke :

“ Why do you fear, brave Frenchmen ? To
the charge !

Were your foes more in number than the sand,
God and the Holy Virgin lead you on !”

Then quickly from our standard-bearer’s hand
She snatched the banner, and before our army,
With lofty aspect stepped the mighty one.
We, speechless with astonishment, unconscious,
Followed the lofty standard and its bearer,
And charged our enemies impetuously.
They, in amazement, remained motionless,
Looking, with fixed and wonder-stricken gaze,

Upon the miracle before their eyes.
 But suddenly, as though a fear from God
 Had seized on them, they take to flight; and
 casting
 Their shields and weapons from them, the whole host
 Disperses in confusion o'er the plains :
 No rally to the charge, no leader's shout
 Avails : senseless with fear, not looking back,
 Both horse and rider plunge into the river,
 And yield without a struggle to their fate ;
 Call it a slaughter ! It was not a battle !
 Two thousand of our foes covered the plain,
 Not counting those who perished in the river ;
 And on our side fell not a single man.

CHARLES.

By Heaven, 'tis strange ! 'tis wonderful and strange !

AGNES.

And did a maiden work this miracle ?
 Whence did she come ? Who is she ?

RAOUL.

 Who she is,
 She will declare to no one but the king.
 She calls herself a prophetess, sent of God,
 And promises to rescue Orléans
 Before the moon has changed : the people believe
 her,

And thirst for battle. She is with the army—
She will be here herself immediately.

(Bells and a clang of arms are heard.)

Hear you the uproar and the peal of bells?

'Tis she!—the people hail the prophetess!

CHARLES *(to DU CHATEL.)*

Conduct her hither—

(to the Archbishop.) What shall I think of this?

A maiden brings me victory, and now too

When nothing but a hand divine can save me!

That is not in the common course of nature,

And may I, may I believe a miracle?

MANY VOICES *(behind the scenes.)*

Hail to the maiden, our deliverer!

CHARLES.

She comes!

(to DUNOIS.) Take my place, Dunois!

And we will prove this miracle of maidens.

If she is sent by God, by Him inspired,

She will be able to recognize the king.

[DUNOIS seats himself—the King stands on his right—near him AGNES SOREL. The Archbishop, with the others, opposite; so that the centre remains open.]

SCENE X.

The same.—JOANNA, accompanied by the Senators, and many Knights, who occupy the background. She steps forward with a noble bearing, and looks round the circle of bystanders.

DUNOIS (*after a deep and solemn silence.*)

And art thou she, wonderful maiden?—

JOANNA (*interrupts him, fixing her eyes on him with dignity.*)

Bastard of Orleans! Seek not to tempt God!

Descend from this place, which becomes thee not!

'Tis to this greater one that I am sent.

[*She goes with a firm step to the King, drops on one knee before him, then rises immediately, stepping backwards. All present express their wonder. DUNOIS quits his seat, and room is made before the King.*]

CHARLES.

Thou seest my face for the first time to-day,

From whence then has this knowledge come to thee?

JOANNA.

I saw thee when, save God, none other saw thee.

(She draws near to the King and speaks mysteriously.)

In the last night that has gone by—bethink thee!
 When all around lay buried in deep slumber,
 Then didst thou quit thy couch,
 And offeredst an ardent prayer to God.
 Let these depart—and I will tell thee then
 The substance of thy prayer.

CHARLES.

What I have offered
 To Heaven, I do not need to hide from man.
 Declare to me the substance of my prayer,
 And I will doubt no more that God inspires thee.

JOANNA.

There were three prayers which thou didst offer up;
 Take good heed, Dauphin, if I name them truly.
 In thy first prayer, thou didst entreat of Heaven,
 That if this crown were sullied by possessions
 Unjustly held, or if some heavy sin
 Of by-gone times, uncanceled, had produced
 This mournful war, it would accept thee as
 Thy people's sacrifice, and on thy head
 Alone pour out the vial of its fury.

CHARLES *(stepping back with awe.)*

Who art thou, mighty being? and whence com'st
 thou? *(All testify their wonder.)*

JOANNA.

Thou offeredst this second prayer to Heaven :
 That if it were its high decree and will
 To wrest the sceptre from thy race, and take
 Away from thee all that thine ancestors,
 The monarchs of this kingdom, have possessed,
 Three blessings only then thou didst entreat
 That God would grant thee—a contented heart,
 Thy friends' affection, and thine Agnes' love.

[The King hides his face, weeping passionately.

A great excitement among the by-standers.

After a pause,]

Shall I declare to thee thy third petition ?

CHARLES.

Enough ! I trust thee ! for no human power
 Could do so much !—Th' Almighty God has sent
 thee !

ARCHBISHOP.

Who art thou, wonderful and holy maiden ?
 What happy land produced thee ? Speak ! who are
 The parents, loved of God, who gave thee birth ?

JOANNA.

Most reverend Sir, Joanna is my name,
 I am the humble daughter of a herdsman,
 Born in the king's borough of Dom Remi,
 Which lies within the diocese of Toul ;

And from my earliest childhood I have kept
My father's sheep—and I had often heard
Tales of the island-dwellers far away,
Who came across the sea to make us slaves,
And to subject us to a foreign yoke ;
And that they held already the great city
Of Paris, and were masters of the kingdom.
Then did I call upon God's Blessed Mother,
To turn from us the shame of foreign chains,
And to preserve our native prince to us.
And in the village where I live, there stands
An ancient image of the Virgin, whither
The pious throngs of pilgrims oft resort ;
And near it, stands a sacred oak, renowned
For the blest power of many miracles.
I loved to sit beneath this oak-tree's shade,
Watching my flocks, for my heart drew me there ;
And if a lamb had ever strayed away
Upon the hills, 'twas shewn me in a dream,
When I was sleeping in the oak-tree's shade.
And once, when I had passed the whole long night
Wrapt in devotion, sitting 'neath this tree,
Withstanding sleep, the Virgin came to me,
Bearing a sword and banner, but like me,
Dressed as a shepherdess, and thus she spoke :
" I am she. Rise Joanna. Leave thy flocks,

Thy Master calls thee to another charge !
Receive this banner, gird this sword about thee,
With it annihilate my people's foes !
And lead thy master's son to Rheims,
And crown him with the royal diadem !”
But I replied ! “ How can I do this thing,
A timid maid, unlearned in dreadful war ?”
And she returned ; “ A stainless virgin can
Perform all that is noble upon earth,
If she resists the bond of earthly love.
Think upon me ! Like thee, a stainless maiden,
Was I the mother of the Lord Divine,
Become divine myself.” Then did she touch
My eyelids, and I looked above, and saw
That Heaven was filled with a bright throng of angels,
Who bore white lilies in their hands, and strains
Of sweetest music swelled upon the air.
—And thus, for three successive nights, the Virgin
Appeared to me, and said : “ Arise Joanna !
Thy Master calls thee to another charge !”
And when on the third night she came to me,
Her face was angry, and she spoke these words ;
“ Obedience is a woman's earthly duty,
And patience is her lot through weal and woe ;
Her name must be renowned by painful service,
And she is great above, who serves below !”

And as she spoke, she dropped the humble garments
That she had worn as shepherdess, and stood
As Queen of Heaven, in splendour pure and bright,
And borne aloft on golden clouds, ascended,
Vanishing slowly to the realms of light.

[*All are moved ; AGNES SOREL weeping passionately, hides her face in the King's bosom*].

ARCHBISHOP (*after a pause*).

Before an attestation so divine,
Must doubts of earthly wisdom all be mute.
The deed has proved that she has spoken truly ;
For God alone can work such miracles.

DUNOIS.

I trust her eyes more than her miracles,
And the pure innocence of every look.

CHARLES.

And am I, sinful, worthy of such mercy ?
Infallible, all-seeing God ! Thou knowest
My inmost soul, and my humility !

JOANNA.

The meekness of the great shines bright in Heaven.
Thou humbledst thyself, therefore did He exalt thee.

CHARLES.

Then shall I overcome my enemies ?

JOANNA.

I will lay France subjected at thy feet.

CHARLES.

And Orléans, thou sayest, shall not yield ?

JOANNA.

Sooner shalt thou behold the Loire flow backwards.

CHARLES.

And shall I march a conqueror to Rheims ?

JOANNA.

I lead thee thither through a thousand foes.

[All the Knights present clash their lances and shields together, and give signs of courage].

DUNOIS.

Place but the maiden at the army's head,

We blindly follow, wheresoe'er she leads.

Her prophet-eye shall guide us to the battle,

And this good sword shall be her guard !

LA HIRE.

We do not fear a world in arms, if she

Marches before the troops ; the God of Battles

Is with her—let the maiden lead us on.

[All the Knights make a great clash of arms, and step forward].

CHARLES.

Yes, holy maiden, do thou lead my army ;

And its commanders shall obey thy word.

This sword of highest power in war, returned

In anger by the generalissimo,

Has found a worthier hand. Do thou
Receive it, holy Prophetess, and may
It be from henceforth—

JOANNA.

Not so, noble Dauphin !
Not through this instrument of earthly power
Will victory be granted to my lord :
I know another I must conquer by ;
I will describe it to thee, as the Spirit
Has showed it to me—send and fetch it hither.

CHARLES.

Name it, Joanna !

JOANNA.

Send to the old town
Of Fierboys, and within St. Catherine's church-yard,
There is a vault, wherein is hid much armour,
Heaped up from ancient spoils of war : the sword
That I must use is with them ; 'twill be known
By three gold lilies chased upon the blade,
Send for that sword, for by it thou shalt conquer.

CHARLES.

Let some one send, and do as she has said.

JOANNA.

And let me bear a snow-white banner, broidered
With a purple border ; on this banner let
The Holy Virgin, with her blessed Son,

Be seen hovering above the earthly globe ;
For thus the Holy Mother showed it to me.

CHARLES.

So be it, as thou sayest !

JOANNA (*to the Archbishop*).

Reverend Bishop !

Upon me lay thy priestly hand, and speak
A blessing on your daughter ! (*she kneels*)

ARCHBISHOP.

Thou art come hither blessings to dispense,
Not to receive—go in the power of God ;
But we are sinners and unworthy men. (*she rises*)

PAGE.

A herald from the English leaders comes.

JOANNA.

Let him come in, for he is sent by God !
(*The King gives a sign to the Page, who goes out*).

SCENE XI.

The same.—Herald.

CHARLES.

What bring'st thou, herald ? tell us thy commission !

HERALD.

Who is it that here speaks for Charles of Valois,
Count of Ponthieu ?

DUNOIS.

Unworthy herald!—slave!
Darest thou to disown the king of France
On his own soil? Thy tabard shields thee, else—

HERALD.

France recognises but one lawful king,
And this one now is in the English camp.

CHARLES.

Be silent, cousin!—Herald, thy commission!

HERALD.

My noble leader, grieving for the blood
That has already flowed, and yet must flow,
Holds yet his knightly sword within its sheath,
And before Orléans shall fall by storm,
He offers thee a friendly stipulation.

CHARLES.

Declare it!

JOANNA (*stepping forward*).

Sire, permit me in thy stead
To parley with this herald!

CHARLES.

Do so, maiden!
Thou shalt decide either on peace or war.

JOANNA (*to the Herald*).

Who sends thee hither, speaking by thy mouth?

HERALD.

The British leader, th' Earl of Salisbury.

JOANNA.

Herald, thou liest ! the Earl speaks not by thee.
The living only speak, and not the dead.

HERALD.

My noble leader lives in fullest health
And strength—and lives for all your ruin.

JOANNA.

He lived when thou departedst ; but this morning
A shot from Orleans struck him to the earth,
As from the tower La Tournelle he looked down.
—Laugh'st thou because I speak of things far off?
Believe not then my speech, but thine own eyes ;
For thou shalt meet his funeral procession,
When thou returnest on thy homeward way !
Now, herald, speak, and tell us thy commission.

HERALD.

If thus thou canst discover hidden things,
Thou know'st it ere I have declared it to thee.

JOANNA.

I do not need to know it ; but do thou
Take mine now with thee, and declare these words
To the commanders who have sent thee hither !
Monarch of England, and ye Dukes of Bedford
And Gloster, regents of the nation ! give

Account unto the King of Heaven for all
The blood that has been shed ! Deliver up
The keys of all the towns that you have seized
Against God's law ;—the maiden comes, com-
missioned

By Heaven's high King, to offer to you peace,
Or bloody war.

Choose ! for I tell you now, that you may know it,
France's fair kingdom is not destined for you
By Mary's ever blessed Son ;—but Charles,
My lord and Dauphin, to whom God has given it,
Shall march in royal pomp to enter Paris,
By all the nobles of the land attended.

—Now, herald, go, and quickly haste, for ere
The camp of England can be reached by thee,
The maiden will be far away to plant
In Orléans the sign of victory.

[Exit.—All is in commotion, the curtain falls.]

ACT II.

SCENE I.

The Scenery surrounded with Rocks.

TALBOT *and* LIONEL, English Generals; PHILIP,
Duke of Burgundy, *the* Knights FASTOLF *and*
CHATILLON, *with* Soldiers *and* Banners.

TALBOT.

HALT we, and pitch our tent beneath these rocks,
Perchance we may collect the fugitives
Dispersed in flight upon the first alarm.
Place out good watches, occupy the heights,—
The night is sure to hide us from pursuit,
And if our adversary has not wings,
I fear not a surprise; 'tis well, however,
To employ foresight, for we have to deal
With a bold foe, and we have just been conquered.

[*Exit* FASTOLF *with the* Soldiers.]

LIONEL.

Conquered! O General, name the word no more!
I dare not think upon it, that the French
Have seen to-day the backs of Englishmen.

O Orleans, Orleans, grave of our renown !
The fame of England lies upon thy fields !
Shameful, contemptible discomfiture !
Who will believe it in the days to come ?
The conquerors of Poitiers, of Créci,
And Azincour, were vanquished by a woman !

BURGUNDY.

That must console us : we have not been beaten
By men ; we have been conquered by the devil.

TALBOT.

The devil of our folly !—How, Burgundy ?
Do princes fear this goblin of the mob ?
Your superstition is a sorry cloke
For cowardice—your soldiers fled the first.

BURGUNDY.

None stood their ground ; the flight was universal.

TALBOT.

Not so, Prince ! in your wing the flight began—
You rushed into our camp, exclaiming loudly,
“ Hell is let loose, and Satan fights for France ! ”
And thus you put the others into confusion.

LIONEL.

You cannot contradict it,—your wing wavered
The first.

BURGUNDY.

Because the first assault was there.

TALBOT.

The maiden knew the weak side of the camp ;
She knew where fear was.

BURGUNDY.

How? shall Burgundy
Suffer the blame of the disaster?

LIONEL.

If

We Englishmen had been alone—by Heaven !
We should not have lost Orleans !

BURGUNDY.

No—for you

Would never have beheld it ! who prepared you
A path into this kingdom ? who held out
The hand of faithful friendship to you, when
You landed on this strange and hostile shore ?
Who crowned your Henry at Paris ? who subjected
The Frenchmen's hearts to him ?—By Heaven ! if
This strong arm had not led you in, you never
Had seen the smoke of a French chimney curl !

LIONEL.

If boastful words could do it, Duke, your hand
Alone had conquered France.

BURGUNDY.

You are displeased,
Because you have lost Orleans, and you vent

The gall of anger upon me, your friend
 And your confederate.—Why was Orléans
 Lost to us, but from your avidity?
 It was prepared to yield itself to me;
 You, and your envy only, hindered it.

TALBOT.

'Twas not for your sake we laid siege to it.

BURGUNDY.

How would you stand if I withdrew my forces?

LIONEL.

Not worse, believe me, than at Azincour,
 When we opposed you and all France together.

BURGUNDY.

Yet did you greatly need our friendship's aid,
 And dearly did the Regent purchase it.

TALBOT.

Dearly indeed! at Orléans to-day
 It was most dearly purchased, with our honor!

BURGUNDY.

No more of this, my lord, or you may rue it!
 Did I forsake my lawful leader's standard,
 Brand on my brow the shameful name of traitor,
 To bear these insults from a foreigner?
 Why do I stay here, fighting against France?
 If I must render service to the thankless,
 It shall at least be to my native king.

TALBOT.

You are in correspondence with the Dauphin,
We know it well ; yet we will find the means
To shield ourselves from treason.

BURGUNDY.

Death and Hell !

Am I to bear this patiently ?—Chatillon !
Let all my men be ready to decamp ;
We will return to Burgundy. [*Exit* CHATILLON.

LIONEL.

Heaven speed you !

For never was the fame of England brighter,
Than when she trusted to her own good sword,
And fought without the aid of any ally.
Let each then fight his battles for himself ;
For it remains most certain, that French blood
And English never will agree together.

SCENE II.

The same.—QUEEN ISABEL (*attended by a Page*).

ISABEL.

What language have I heard, Generals ?—forbear !
What planet has turned your brains ? now too,
when nothing
But concord can preserve you, will you thus

Sever in hatred, warring against yourselves,
 Prepare your own destruction ?
 I pray you, noble duke, that you recall
 Your rash command—and you, renowned Talbot,
 I pray you seek to appease your angry friend !
 Come, Lionel ! help me to reconcile
 These haughty spirits, and renew their concord.

LIONEL.

Not I, my lady ; 'tis the same to me,
 For thus I think ;—those who cannot remain
 In peace together, are most wise in parting.

ISABEL.

How ? does th' accursed witchery of Hell,
 So fatal to us in the hour of battle,
 Madly confuse our senses even now ?
 Who first began the quarrel ? speak,—my lord !

(to TALBOT.)

Was't you, who so forgot your interest,
 As to incense your dear confederate ?
 What would become of you, without his arm ?
 He raised the throne to seat your king upon ;
 He keeps him there, and at his pleasure too
 Can hurl him thence—his army strengthens you,
 And his name lends your cause yet greater credit.
 Did England pour forth all her citizens
 Upon our coasts,—yet would they not avail

To overcome this kingdom, when united :
France only can be France's conqueror.

TALBOT.

We know the honor due to a faithful ally ;
Caution against a false one is a duty.

BURGUNDY.

He who will faithlessly refuse his thanks,
Will ever bear the liar's shameless brow.

ISABEL.

How, noble Burgundy ! can you so far
Forget both shame and princely honor, as
To lay your hand in his, who slew your father ?
Or are you mad enough to count upon
An honorable treaty with the Dauphin,
Whom you have driven to the brink of ruin ?
So near destruction would you bring him, and
Madly destroy the work that you have done ?
Here stand your friends ; your only safety lies
In a firm union with England.

BURGUNDY.

I

Am far from thoughts of joining with the Dauphin.
Yet can I not endure the arrogance
Of haughty, overbearing England.

ISABEL.

Come ! pardon him the rashly-spoken word,

The trouble that affects the general
 Is heavy ; and you know misfortune oft
 Makes men unjust. Come, come, embrace, and
 let me
 Close up this breach, before it is eternal.

TALBOT.

How think you, Burgundy ? A noble heart
 Will gladly own itself o'ercome by reason.
 The Queen has spoken wisely ; come, join hands ;
 And let us heal the wounds my hasty words
 Too rashly made.

BURGUNDY.

Madame has spoken well,
 And my just wrath yields to necessity.

ISABEL.

'Tis well ! seal your renewed alliance with
 The kiss of brotherhood, and let the winds
 Blow the dispute away.

(BURGUNDY and TALBOT embrace).

LIONEL (*aside, looking at the group*).

Success attend

The peace the Fury makes !

ISABEL.

We have lost a battle,
 Generals ! Fate was against us ; but let not
 Your noble courage therefore fail. The Dauphin

Despairs of Heaven's protection, and invokes
 The powers of Hell to aid him, but in vain
 Has he surrendered himself to damnation,
 And Hell itself will fail to rescue him.
 A conquering maiden leads the hostile army ;
 I will lead yours, and I will be instead
 Of maiden and of prophetess to you.

LIONEL.

Madame, return to Paris ! we will conquer
 By our good weapons, not by women's help.

TALBOT.

Go ! go ! since you came to the camp, has all
 Gone wrong, no blessing has been on our arms.

BURGUNDY.

Go ! go ! your presence here is not for good ;
 The soldiers are offended by your presence.

ISABEL (*looks from one to the other astonished*).
 Burgundy ! *you* too ? do *you* side against me
 With these ungrateful lords ?

BURGUNDY.

Go ! all the soldiers
 Have lost their courage, now that they imagine
 They fight for you.

ISABEL.

I have scarce made peace between you,
 And you already make a league against me ?

TALBOT.

Go, go in peace, Madame ! We will not fear
Any more devils, when you are away.

ISABEL.

Am I not your true ally ? and is not
Your quarrel mine ?

TALBOT.

But yours not ours. We are
Embarked in a most just and honest cause.

BURGUNDY.

I go to avenge a father's bloody murder,
And filial piety sanctifies my arms.

TALBOT.

But, to speak plain—your conduct to the Dauphin
Is neither just with man, nor right with God.

ISABEL.

May curses light upon him evermore !
He has contemned his mother !

BURGUNDY.

He avenged
A father and a husband.

ISABEL.

He declared
Himself the censor of my actions !

LIONEL.

That

Was not respectful from a son !

ISABEL.

He sent me

Into exile.

TALBOT.

To execute the wish

Of all.

ISABEL.

May I be curst when I forgive him !

And before he shall rule his father's kingdom—

TALBOT.

You will give up the honor of his mother !

ISABEL.

You know not, grovelling souls !

All that an injured mother's heart will do.

I love whoever is my friend, and hate

Whoever harms me ; and if 'tis the son

Whom I have borne, he the more merits hatred ;

Him will I rob of life to whom I gave it,

If he, with bold and reckless arrogance,

Would wound the bosom that has given him birth.

You, who are waging war against my son,

You have no right, no reason to despoil him.

How has the Dauphin ever injured *you* ?

What obligations to *you* has he broken ?

Ambition—common envy guides *your* actions ;

I well may hate him, for I gave him birth.

TALBOT.

Well then, by vengeance does he know his mother !

ISABEL.

Paltry dissemblers ! how I do despise you,
 Yourselves deceiving, as you do the world !
 You English stretch forth your rapacious hands
 To seize this country ; where you have no right
 Nor valid claim to as much earth as even
 A horse's hoof can cover. And this Duke,
 Known by the title of the Good, has sold
 His father-land, the heritage of his race,
 To his country's foe, and to a foreign master.
 The name of Justice suits you all alike.
 I scorn hypocrisy : let the whole world
 Behold me as I am.

BURGUNDY.

'Tis true !

With a bold spirit you maintain your fame.

ISABEL.

I have warm blood, passions like other women,
 And as a queen I came into this land,
 To live, and not to seem :
 Should I then die to joy, because the curse
 Of Destiny bound me in my gladsome youth
 To a crazed husband ?—Dearer than my life

My freedom is, and he who wounds me there—
 But wherefore talk I of my rights to you?
 Heavily flows the thick blood in your veins!
 You know not pleasure, only rage.—This Duke too,
 Who all his life has wavered between evil
 And good, can heartily nor love nor hate.
 —I go to Melun—give me this one here,
(*pointing to LIONEL*).

Who pleases me, for company and pleasure,
 And then do as ye list! I will ask nothing
 Of the Burgundian and the Englishman.
 (*She beckons to her Page, and is about to retire.*)

LIONEL.

Rely on us—the fairest youths of France
 That we take captive, we will send to Melun.

ISABEL (*coming back*).

'Tis well you stake your fame upon your valor,
 The French alone can speak like courtiers. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III.

TALBOT, BURGUNDY, LIONEL.

TALBOT.

What a strange woman!

LIONEL.

Your counsels, Generals!

Shall we pursue our flight yet farther, or
Return, and strive to wipe away the shame
Of this day, by a bold and rapid stroke?

BURGUNDY.

We are too weak ; the people are dispersed ;
The panic in the army is too recent.

TALBOT.

'Twas a blind panic only that o'ercame us,—
The sudden impulse of a fatal moment.
This vision of a terror-stricken fancy
On near approach, will vanish into nothing.
Therefore my counsel is to lead the army
At break of day, again across the river,
To meet the foe.

BURGUNDY.

Consider—

LIONEL.

By your leave,

We must not here consider anything.
We must recover quickly what is lost,
Or we shall be eternally disgraced.

TALBOT.

It is resolved, to-morrow we will fight,
To dissipate this phantom of alarm,
That has so blinded and unmanned our army.
Let us in personal encounter measure

Our courage with this maiden-fiend. If she
 Opposes herself to our gallant swords,
 Then she has injured us for the last time ;
 If not,—and rest assured she will avoid
 The conflict,—then the host is disenchanted.

LIONEL.

So be it! and to *me*, my General, leave
 This bloodless mockery of fearful war.
 For 'tis my hope to take the spectre living,
 And bear her, for th' amusement of the army
 Myself into the British camp, before
 Her lover's eyes, proud Dunois.

BURGUNDY.

Do not promise

Too much.

TALBOT.

If I should capture her, I do not
 Intend to handle her so gently. Come,
 To re-invigorate o'erwearied nature
 By a light sleep, and then to march at dawn.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

JOANNA, *with the banner, wearing a helmet and breastplate, but otherwise in female attire.*

DUNOIS, LA HIRE, Knights, and Soldiers, *show themselves above on the rocks, then retreat silently, and re-appear suddenly on the stage.*

JOANNA.

(To the Knights who surround her, while those from above continue marching.)

The mound is crossed, and we are in the camp !

Cast now the cover of the silent night,

That has concealed your stealthy march, away ;

Unto the enemy make known your presence

By the loud battle-cry, " God and the Virgin ! "

ALL *(cry aloud, with a wild clash of arms)*

God and the Virgin ! *(drums and trumpets.)*

SENTINEL *(behind the scenes).*

Enemies ! enemies !

JOANNA.

Now torches here ! hurl fire among the tents,

And let the raging flames increase the panic !

Let threatening death on every side embrace them !

(The Soldiers hasten on, she is about to follow.)

DUNOIS *(detaining her).*

Thou hast discharged thine office now, Joanna ;

For thou hast led us into th' hostile camp,
And given the enemy into our hand.
But now remain away from the encounter,
And leave to us the terrible decision.

LA HIRE.

Point out the path of victory to the army,
Bearing the banner in thy stainless hand ;
But do not take the fatal sword thyself.
Seek not to tempt the faithless god of war ;
For he rules blindly and unsparingly.

JOANNA.

Who dares to bid me stay ? Who dares restrain
The spirit that inspires my soul ? The arrow
Must fly where'er the archer's hand directs it.
Where danger is, there must Joanna be :
Not *now*, not *here*, is it my fate to fall ;
On my king's head must I behold the crown.
No foe shall take away my life until
I have accomplished all my Maker's will. [*Exit.*

LA HIRE.

Come, Dunois ! follow we the heroine,
And our undaunted bosoms be her shield !

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

English Soldiers *flying across the stage, afterwards*

TALBOT.

1st SOLDIER.

The maiden! in the middle of the camp!

2nd SOLDIER.

Impossible! how came she in the camp?

3rd SOLDIER.

Through the air! the devil helps her!

4th and 5th SOLDIERS.

Fly! fly!—we are all dead men! [*Exeunt.*]

Enter TALBOT.

They hear me not! they will not stand by me!
 All bounds of discipline are broken through;
 'Tis as though Hell had poured her legions forth.
 A mad delusion hurries on the brave
 And cowardly alike, with senseless speed.
 I cannot e'en oppose the smallest band
 To th' hostile torrent, that increasing, swelling,
 Rolls through the camp.
 —Am I the only sober man? Do all
 Around me rage in fever heat? To fly
 Before the fretful Frenchmen we have beaten
 In twenty battles! Who is this resistless one,
 This terror-goddess, who can turn at once

The fate of battles, and transform a herd
 Of timid fearful roes to lions? Shall
 A masquerader, who has learnt to play
 The heroine's part, terrify genuine heroes?
 And shall a woman rob me of my glory?

SOLDIER (*bursting in*).

The maiden!—fly! fly, General!

TALBOT (*stabbing him*).

Fly to hell

Thyself! My sword shall strike him down, who
 dares

To speak to me of fear and coward flight! [*Exit.*]

SCENE VI.

The scene opens — the English camp is seen enveloped in flames — drums — flight and pursuit. After a while, enter MONTGOMERY.

MONTGOMERY (*alone*).

Whither shall I fly? Terror and death surround me.
 Here our fierce leader with his threatening sword,
 Preventing flight, drives us to certain ruin;
 And there the fearful maid, who rages round,
 Fearful as yonder flames; and not a bush
 To hide me, not a cavern's rocky shelter!
 O had I never sailed across the ocean!
 Unhappy me! An idle dream deceived me

To seek cheap glory in the French war. Thus
Destructive fate has hurried me
Into this bloody fight. O were I far
In my ancestral halls, which stand upon
The Severn's blooming banks, where dwell in
sorrow

My mother, and my gentle lovely bride!

(JOANNA *appears in the distance.*)

Woe's me! what see I? 'Tis the fearful maiden!
From the fire's dusky smoke she rises gleaming,
As from the jaws of hell a ghost of night.

Where shall I fly? Already has she seen me!
From her fierce eyes of flame she darts from far
Her never-erring glances to ensnare me.

Firmer and firmer round my feet she twines
Her magic net, that she may hold me bound,
Preventing flight. I must look on her, though
My heart shrinks shuddering from that fatal form!
(JOANNA *takes a few steps towards him, then stands
still.*)

Nearer she draws! I will not wait until
The fearful one assails me; I will clasp
Her knees, and supplicate her for my life.
She is a woman—tears may soften her.

(*As he advances towards her, she steps hastily to
him.*)

SCENE VII.

JOANNA, MONTGOMERY.

JOANNA.

Prepare to die!—a British mother bore thee!

MONTGOMERY (*falling at her feet*).

Stay, fearful maiden!—do not slay th' unarmed;

For I have cast my sword and shield away;

I sink a helpless suppliant at thy feet.

Leave me the light of life—O, take a ransom!

My father dwells in plenty at my home,

In the fair land of Wales, where silvery Severn

Pours its meandering stream through verdant
meadows,

And fifty villages are subject to him.

He will release his son with a large ransom,

When he shall learn that I am kept a prisoner

In the French camp.

JOANNA.

Deluded fool! unhappy! thou art fallen

Into the hand of the destroying maiden.—

Cherish no thoughts of rescue nor of ransom.

If fate had given thee to the crocodile,

Or to the spotted tiger's angry jaws,—

If of her young thou hadst robbed the lioness,

Thou mightest meet with pity and compassion;

But it is death to fall into my hands.
For to th' inviolable spirit-realm,
A fearful oath indissolubly binds me,
To slay all living with the sword, whomever
The God of battles gives into my power.

MONTGOMERY.

Thy words are fearful, but thine eye is soft ;
Thou art not terrible to look on near ;
My heart is drawn towards that lovely form.
O, by the mildness of thy gentle sex,
I pray thee have compassion on my youth !

JOANNA.

Entreat me not by that ! call me not woman !
For as th' eternal spirits, who do not wed
Like mortals, will I never class myself
As human, and this armour hides no heart.

MONTGOMERY.

O, by the powerful holy law of love,
To which all hearts do homage, I conjure thee !
For I have left at home a gentle bride,
Fair as thyself, in youthful beauty blooming,—
Weeping she waits her loved one's home-return.
O, if thou ever hop'st thyself to love,
And to be happy in thy love, divide not
Two hearts united by love's holy tie !

JOANNA.

Thou callest but on earthly deities ;
 To me they are not holy, for I know
 Nought of love's tie, by which thou dost entreat me,
 And never will I know its vain dominion.
 Defend thy life ! for death is calling thee !

MONTGOMERY.

O, then take pity on my hapless parents,
 Whom I have left at home :—yes, surely thou
 Hast quitted parents who are anxious for thee.

JOANNA.

Unhappy ! thou dost put me in remembrance,
 How many mothers in this land are childless,
 How many tender infants fatherless,
 How many affianced brides are widows made,
 Through you !—now too, may England's mothers
 learn

Despair ; now may they learn to shed the tears
 That France's miserable wives have shed.

MONTGOMERY.

O, it is hard to die in a strange land,
 Unwept !

JOANNA.

Who called you into the strange land,
 To waste the produce of these blooming fields,
 To chase us from our native homes,—to cast

War's fatal firebrand into our peaceful towns?
 You dreamt already in your heart's vain fancy
 To bind the freeborn French with slavery's chains.
 You thought to tie this country, like a boat
 To your proud vessel :—
 Fools ! France's royal banner hangs before
 The throne of God ; and sooner will you tear
 A star from Heaven's bright myriads, than a village
 From this united, undivided kingdom !
 The day of vengeance is arrived ; you will not
 Return with life to plough the sacred sea,
 That God has placed a barrier between us
 And you, which you audaciously have crossed.

MONTGOMERY (*drops her hand*).

O, I must die ! already death has seized me !

JOANNA.

Die, friend ! why tremble fearfully at death,
 A fate inevitable ? Look on *me* !
 I was but born a maid, a shepherdess,
 This hand is not accustomed to a sword ;
 It has but borne the peaceful shepherd's crook ;
 Yet, hurried from my native hearth away,
 My father's bosom, and my sisters' hearts—
Here must I, *must*, (by the Divine command,
 Not my own will) wander a ghost of terror,
 Joyless myself, to do you bitter harm,

Far to spread death, and be at last its victim !
 I may not see the day of home-return ;
 Yet many of your nation must I slay,
 Yet many widows make, at length I shall
 Perish myself, and thus fulfil my fate.
 —Fulfil thou thine too ! bravely grasp thy sword,
 And let us fight for the dear prize of life !

MONTGOMERY (*rising*).

If thou art mortal, then, and arms may wound thee,
 My hand too may avail to send thee hence
 To Hell, and finish England's misery.
 I place my fate in God's all-gracious hands,—
 Call thou, accursed ! on thy hellish spirits,
 To be thy helpers—now defend thy life !

[*He seizes his shield and sword, and attacks her.*

Warlike music is heard in the distance.

After a short conflict MONTGOMERY falls.]

SCENE VIII.

JOANNA (*alone*).

Thy own foot led thee to thy death—depart !
 (*She steps away from him and remains standing,
 buried in thought.*)

Mightily, glorious Virgin, dost thou work !
 Thou dost endue the unwarlike hand with strength.

This bosom hast thou armed with ruthlessness.
 My soul in pity melts, and my hand trembles,
 As though it broke into some sacred temple,
 In wounding my opponent's blooming form.
 I shudder at the polished steel, and yet,
 When there is need, due strength is granted me ;
 And never-erring in the trembling hand,
 The sword directs itself, as though it lived.

SCENE IX.

A Knight (with his vizor down), JOANNA.

KNIGHT.

Accursed one ! thine hour is come, I sought thee
 Through the whole battle-field. Hence, vile
 delusion !

Back to the Hell, from whence thou didst arise !

JOANNA.

Who art thou, whom his evil genius sends
 Against me ? Like a prince's is thy form,
 And yet thou seem'st to me to be no Briton,
 For thou dost wear the sash of Burgundy ;
 And before this I drop my sword.

KNIGHT.

Accursed !

Thou shouldst not perish by a prince's hand ;

The headsman's axe should sever from thy trunk
 Thy damnèd head, and not the gallant sword
 Borne by the royal Duke of Burgundy.

JOANNA.

And art thou then that noble Duke himself?

KNIGHT (*raising his vizor*).

I am, unhappy! Tremble, and despair!
 Thy arts satanic will no longer shield thee.
 Thou hast but conquered dastards hitherto:
 A man now stands before thee.

SCENE X.

The same.—DUNOIS, LA HIRE.

DUNOIS.

Turn thee, Burgundy!

Fight against men, not maidens!

LA HIRE.

We will guard

The prophetess's sacred head. This sword
 Shall pierce thy heart before—

BURGUNDY.

I do not fear

This wanton Circe, nor yet you, whom she
 Has metamorphosed so disgracefully.

Blush, Dunois!—shame on thee, La Hire! for
 having
 Debased thine ancient bravery by arts
 Of Hell, and made thyself the mean esquire
 Of this curst witch. Come on! I challenge all!
 He who despairs of God's protection, flies
 To Hell!

JOANNA.

Forbear!

BURGUNDY.

Tremblest thou for thy lover?
 Before thy very eyes shall he—
(attacking DUNOIS.)

JOANNA.

Forbear!

Part them, La Hire! for no French blood shall
 flow,
 And swords shall not decide this difference.
 'Tis otherwise determined in the stars.
 Part! part, I say! Listen, and reverence
 The Spirit that inspires me, that speaks by me!

DUNOIS.

Wherefore dost thou restrain my lifted arm?
 Wherefore forbid the sword's bloody decision?
 The steel is ready drawn, the blow shall fall
 That shall avenge and re unite the land.

JOANNA.

(places herself in the midst, and divides both parties by a wide space—to DUNOIS)

Step on one side!

(To LA HIRE) Stand motionless apart!

I have to speak with the Duke of Burgundy.

(when all is quiet)

What wilt thou, Burgundy? Who is the foe
 That thou dost fix thy murderous eyes upon?
 This noble prince is France's son, as thou art;
 This chief thy countryman and friend in arms;
 And I myself a daughter of thy country:
 All we, whom thou dost strive to annihilate,
 Belong to thee and thine; our arms are open
 To clasp thee to our hearts, our knees prepared
 To do thee homage, and our swords to thee
 Are harmless. Honorable is the face
 To us, though shaded by a hostile helmet,
 That bears the much-loved features of our king.

BURGUNDY.

With the soft words of a deceitful lip
 Dost thou, false siren! seek to allure thy victims.
 Me thou canst not delude: my ear is guarded
 Against thy snares, and from the well-proved
 armour
 That shields my breast, the fire-darts of thine eyes

Glance off. To arms, Dunois! and let us fight
With blows, and not with words.

DUNOIS.

First words, then blows.
Dost thou fear words?—that too is cowardice,
And the betrayer of an evil cause.

JOANNA.

It is not dire necessity's command
That drives us to thy feet; we do not come
As suppliants before thee. Look around!
In ashes lies the English camp; your dead
Cover the field; thou hear'st the French war-
trumpet:

God has decided, victory is ours.
We are prepared to share with thee, as friends,
The fresh-plucked garland of the verdant laurel.
—O come, come to us! brave deserter, come!
Come to the side where right and victory are!
I myself, sent a prophetess from God,
Give thee a sister's hand—to rescue thee,
I fain would draw thee to our righteous side.
Heaven has declared itself for France; its angels,
Although thou seest them not, fight for her king.
They all are crowned with lilies; radiant,
Bright as this banner is our cause; a maiden
Is its chaste symbol.

BURGUNDY.

Ensnaring is the language of deceit ;
But her speech is as simple as a child's.
If evil spirits lend her their assistance,
They imitate innocence successfully.
No farther will I hear. To arms, to arms !
I feel my ear is weaker than my hand.

JOANNA.

Thou callest me enchantress, and ascribest
The arts of Hell to me. Is making peace
And banishing hatred the employ of Hell ?
Does Concord rise from th' ever-burning lake ?
What then is innocent, and good, and sacred,
If fighting for our fatherland is not ?
And when was Nature with herself at war
So much, that Heaven forsook the cause of truth,
And devils guarded it ? But if the words
That I now speak to thee are true, from whence
But from above, could I derive them ? Who
Would visit me in my humble home, and teach
A simple village-girl the affairs of kings ?
I have not stood before the thrones of princes,
The art of eloquence is foreign to me.
But now that it is needed to persuade thee,
Judgment and knowledge of high things is given.
The fates of princes and of countries lie

Sunbright and clear before my childish eye,
And in my mouth are thunderbolts from Heaven.

BURGUNDY

(deeply affected, raises his eyes to her face, and contemplates her with astonishment and emotion.)

What is it thus affects me? Is it a God
That turns the feelings of my inmost heart?
—She is not false, this fair and wondrous maid,
No, no! if *magic* spells such power have given,
'Tis by a heavenly influence I am swayed;
For my heart tells me she is sent of Heaven.

JOANNA.

Yes, he is moved! he is!—I have not prayed
In vain; the thunder-cloud of anger melts
From off his brow, in dewy tears descending,
And from his eyes which beam forth peace, shines
out

The golden sun of feeling.

—Away with arms! let heart to heart be pressed!
—He weeps—my words have conquered—he is
ours!

[She drops her sword and banner, hastens to him with extended arms, and embraces him with passionate transport. LA HIRE and DUNOIS let their swords fall, and hasten to embrace him].

ACT III.

SCENE I.

The Residence of the King at Chalons-sur-Marne.

DUNOIS, LA HIRE.

DUNOIS.

WE have been bosom-friends, brothers in arms ;
For the same cause we have raised our hands in
battle,
And stood through danger and through death
together,—
Let not the love of woman break the tie
That has withstood all Fate's vicissitudes !

LA HIRE.

Prince, listen to me !

DUNOIS.

You love the holy maiden,
And your intentions are well known to me.—
You mean to go before the king, and ask
Joanna at his hand :—the well-earned prize
He cannot to your bravery refuse ;

But know, before I see her in the arms
Of another—

LA HIRE.

Listen to me, Prince !

DUNOIS.

I am not

Attracted to her by a passing fancy,
No woman ever moved my unconquered heart
Until I saw this maid, whom God Himself
Destines for France's saviour, and my bride.
In the first hour I looked on her, I made
A holy vow that she should be my wife.
None but the brave can be the brave man's friend !
This glowing heart must rest upon a bosom
That fully feels and comprehends its strength.

LA HIRE.

How could I venture, noble Prince, to measure
My weak deserts against your glorious name ?
For when Count Dunois enters in the lists,
Must every other rival claimant yield ;
But yet an humble shepherdess cannot
Stand by your side, a consort worthy of you.
The royal blood that flows within your veins
Refuses a companionship so mean.

DUNOIS.

She is the heaven-born child of holy Nature,

As I am, and of equal birth with me :
Her deem you unworthy of a prince's hand,
 Who is the bride of the unspotted angels,
 Who crowns her forehead with a heavenly halo,
 Brighter than any earthly diadem,
 Who sees the greatest, highest of the earth
 Lie insignificant beneath her feet ?
 For, were all princes' thrones together heaped,
 Till they were piled up to the stars of heaven,
 They would not reach the glorious height where she
 Sits in her angel-majesty !

LA HIRE.

The king shall choose between us.

DUNOIS.

No, let her

Decide herself. France has she rendered free,
 And freely must she give away her heart.

LA HIRE.

Here comes the king.

SCENE II.

The same.—CHARLES, AGNES SOREL, DU CHATEL,
 CHATILLON.

CHARLES (*to* CHATILLON).

Say you that he will come to recognize

Me as his king,—to render homage to me ?

CHATILLON.

Here, sire, within his royal town of Chalons,
My lord the Duke, will cast himself before thee ;
He bade me greet thee as my lord and king ;
He follows on my footsteps—soon will he
Be here.

AGNES.

He comes ! O bright sun of this day,
That brings us happiness, peace, and re-union !

CHATILLON.

Two hundred knights accompany my lord,
He is prepared to cast himself before thee,
Yet he expects that thou wilt not permit it ;
But wilt embrace him kindly as thy cousin.

CHARLES.

I long to clasp him to my glowing heart.

CHATILLON.

The Duke entreats no mention may be made
At your first meeting, of the by-gone quarrel.

CHARLES.

For ever sunk in Lethe be the past !
We will but look for bright days in the future.

CHATILLON.

Also that those who fought for Burgundy
May be included in the friendly treaty.

CHARLES. •

Thus will my subjects be increased in number !

CHATILLON.

That the Queen Isabel may be received
Into the peace, if she accedes to it.

CHARLES.

She wages war with me, not I with her,
Our strife is past as soon as she will end it.

CHATILLON.

That twelve knights may be surety for thy word.

CHARLES.

My word is sacred.

CHATILLON.

And that the Archbishop
May give the blessed host to thee and him,
A pledge and seal of reconciliation.

CHARLES.

So be my portion of eternal bliss,
As now my heart and hand are one in purpose !
What other pledge does the Duke yet demand ?

CHATILLON (*looking at DU CHATEL.*)

I see one here, whose presence might empoison
The peace of the first meeting.

(DU CHATEL *is going in silence.*)

CHARLES.

Go, Du Chatel !

Thou may'st remain concealed until the Duke
Can tolerate thy presence.

*(He follows him with his eyes, then hastens to him
and embraces him.)*

My true friend !

Thou would'st do more than this to give me peace !

[*Exit* DU CHATEL.]

CHATILLON.

This instrument sets forth the other points.

CHARLES *(to the Archbishop.)*

Let it be settled—we accept the terms ;

We deem no price too high to gain a friend.

Go, Dunois ! take a hundred noble knights

With you, and courteously receive the Duke.

Let all the troops be crowned with boughs of trees,

To meet their brothers. Let the assembled town

Prepare to feast, and all the bells announce

That France and Burgundy are friends again.

(Enter a Page ; trumpets are heard.)

Listen ! What does the trumpet-call announce ?

PAGE.

The Duke of Burgundy is entering. [*Exit.*]

DUNOIS *(going with LA HIRE and CHATILLON).*

Forward to meet him !

CHARLES *(to AGNES SOREL).*

Thou weapest, Agnes !—almost has my firmness

Given way, unable to support this meeting.
 How many have fallen victims to death's power,
 Before we could again unite in peace !
 Yet has the tempest's wrath at length abated.
 After the thickest night day dawns, and even
 The latest fruits will ripen in their time !

ARCHBISHOP (*at the window*).

The Duke can scarcely extricate himself
 From the crowd, they lift him from his horse, they
 kiss
 His mantle and his spurs.

CHARLES.

'Tis a good people,
 Rash in their love and hate alike—how soon
 Do they forget that 'tis this very Duke
 Who slew their fathers and their sons !—a moment
 Will swallow up a life !—Agnes, be calm !
 Even thy passionate joy might be a thorn
 To prick him to the heart ; and nothing here
 Shall shame or sadden him.

SCENE III.

The Duke of BURGUNDY, DUNOIS, LA HIRE, CHATILLON, and two other Knights of the Duke's suite. The Duke remains standing at the entrance. The King steps towards him. BURGUNDY immediately approaches, and at the moment he is about to sink on one knee, the King receives him in his arms.

CHARLES.

You have surprised us—we had thought that we
Should come to meet you—but your steeds are fleet.

BURGUNDY.

They bore me to my duty.

(He embraces AGNES SOREL, and kisses her on the forehead).

By your leave,

Cousin ; that is our right of seigneurie
At Arras, and the custom is refused
By no fair lady.

CHARLES.

It is said your court
Is the abode of love : that 'tis the mart
Where all that's beautiful must undergo
The staple-right.

BURGUNDY.

We are a trading people ;
What is the costliest in every nation
Is for enjoyment and for show displayed
At our mart at Bruges ; but of all precious things,
The most esteemed is woman's loveliness.

AGNES.

The truth of woman is of higher worth ;
Yet in the market that is never seen.

CHARLES.

There is an ill report of you, my cousin,
That you despise a woman's fairest virtue.

BURGUNDY.

The heresy is its own punishment ;
But you, my sovereign, early have you learned
What a wild life has taught me, all too late !
(*He sees the Archbishop, and offers him his hand*).
Most reverend man of God ! I crave your blessing !
We ever find you in the path of duty ;
He who would meet you, must walk there
himself.

ARCHBISHOP.

Now let my master call me when he will ;
My heart is full of joy. I can depart
Gladly, now that mine eyes have seen this day !

BURGUNDY (*to AGNES*).

They say, that to forge arms against me, you
 Have parted with your jewels ;—are you, then,
 So warlike, so resolved to ruin me ?
 But now our strife is at an end ; and all
 That has been lost is now again restored.
 Your jewels, too, have found again their owner :
 They were designed for warfare against me ;
 From my hand take them as a sign of peace !

[He receives the jewel-casket from one of his attendants, and presents it open to her. AGNES SOREL looks uneasily at the King].

CHARLES.

Receive the present, 'tis a double pledge
 Of faithful love and of re-union !

BURGUNDY (*placing a rose of brilliants in her hair*).

And wherefore is it not the royal crown
 Of France ? With equal pleasure would I place it
 Upon this graceful head.

(taking her hand impressively).

And—count on me

If ever you should need a friend !

[AGNES SOREL bursting into tears, steps aside. The King struggles with deep emotion. All the bystanders gaze on the two princes, much affected].

BURGUNDY.

[After he has looked round the circle, throws himself into the King's arms].

O my king !

[At the same instant the three Burgundian Knights hasten to DUNOIS, LA HIRE, and the Archbishop, and embrace them. The two Princes remain for a time speechless in each other's arms].

How could I hate you ? how could I disown you ?

CHARLES.

Hush, hush, no more !

BURGUNDY.

How could I crown this Briton ?

How could I render homage to a stranger,
And hurry you, my sovereign, to destruction ?

CHARLES.

Forget it ! it is all forgiven ! this moment
Drowns all !—it was a fate, an evil star !

BURGUNDY (*taking his hand*).

Believe me, I will expiate my fault !
And all your sufferings shall be recompensed.
You shall receive all your dominions
Back again, not a village shall be missing !

CHARLES.

We are united—and I fear no foe.

BURGUNDY.

Trust me, it was not with a joyful heart
That I bore arms against you—did you know—
O wherefore did you not send *her* to me?

(*pointing to AGNES SOREL*).

I could not have been proof against her tears.
—No power of Hell shall e'er again divide us,
Now we have once embraced! My proper station
Is found; upon this breast my error ends.

ARCHBISHOP (*stepping between them*).

Ye are united, princes! France will soar
Like a new-risen Phoenix, from the ashes;
A bright futurity is smiling for us.
The deep wounds of the country shall be healed;
The wasted villages, the towns, shall spring
With greater splendour from their desolation.
The meadows shall again be clothed with verdure;
But those who fell the victims of your discord,
The dead, will not arise to life;—the tears
Shed for your contests cannot be unwept!
The *coming* race will bloom; but yet the *last*
Was misery's prey, and the sons' happiness
Will not awake their sires to life again.
These are the fruits of your fraternal discord!
Therefore be warned, and fear the deity
Of the sword, before you draw it from the sheath!

The powerful can let war's demon loose,
But the wild god obeys not man's commands,
As the taught falcon, soaring through the air,
Alights obedient on the sportsman's wrist.
The hand of the deliverer comes not twice
In the right moment from above, as now.

BURGUNDY.

O sire, you have an angel at your side !
—Where is she ? why do I not see her here ?

CHARLES.

Where is Joanna ? wherefore is she missing
At this bright time of happiness, that she
Has given to us ?

ARCHBISHOP.

Sire ! the holy maiden
Loves not th' inactive quiet of a court,
And, when not summoned by the heavenly voice
Into the world, she modestly avoids
The idle stare of curious gazers' eyes !
No doubt her soul holds converse with her God,
If she is not employed for France's welfare ;
For blessings ever follow on her steps.

SCENE IV.

The same.—JOANNA.

(She is in armour, but without a helmet, and wears a wreath in her hair).

CHARLES.

Thou comest like a priestess crowned, Joanna,
To consecrate the peace which thou hast made!

BURGUNDY.

How fearful was the maiden in the battle,
And how has peace surrounded her with mildness!
—Have I redeemed my word, Joanna?—art thou
Contented, and do I deserve thy praise?

JOANNA.

Thou hast done the greatest favour to thyse
Now dost thou shine in blessed light—as once
Thou didst appear, with dusky blood-red glare
Shining, an evil planet in this heaven.

(looking round).

I see here many noble knights assembled,
And every face is beaming with content;
Yet I have seen one mournful one, who must
Remain concealed while all around rejoice.

BURGUNDY.

And who is conscious of so dark a crime,

As to despair of meeting with our favour ?

JOANNA.

May he approach ? O, tell me that he may !

Complete your merit—a reconciliation

Is nothing, if the heart makes it not fully.

A drop of hate remaining in the cup

Of joy, will turn the blessed draught to poison.

—Let no crime be so dark, that Burgundy

Cannot forgive it on this day of joy !

BURGUNDY.

Ha ! now I understand !

JOANNA.

And wilt forgive ?

Thou wilt forgive him, Duke ?—Du Chatel, enter !

*[She opens the door and leads in DU CHATEL,
who remains standing apart].*

The Duke is reconciled to all his friends,

And is so to thee also.

*[DU CHATEL steps a few paces nearer, and
looks earnestly in the Duke's eyes.]*

BURGUNDY.

What dost thou

With me, Joanna ? know'st thou what thou askest ?

JOANNA.

A gracious host will open wide his gates

To every guest ; not one will he exclude :

Free as the firmament surrounds the earth,
 Thy favour must embrace both friend and foe.
 The sun sends forth his blessed beams alike
 Through all the regions of infinitude ;
 Heaven sheds its dews alike on every plant ;
 Whate'er is good, and comes from Heaven above,
 Is universal, and without restraint ;
 But in the heart's recesses darkness dwells.

BURGUNDY.

O she can e'en do with me as she will,
 My heart in her hand is as soft as wax.
 —Embrace me, Du Chatel ! I pardon you.
 Shade of my father, be not wroth that I
 Grasp as a friend's the hand that took thy life !
 Ye gods of vengeance, wreak it not on me,
 That I have broke my vow of enmity.
 With you, who dwell in endless night below,
 There beats no heart—all is eternal there,
 There all remains unchangeable ; but here
 In the clear sunlight, it is otherwise.
 For man, that living feeling being, falls
 An easy prey before a moment's power.

CHARLES (*to JOANNA*).

What owe I not to thee, exalted maiden ?
 How gloriously hast thou redeemed thy word !
 How quickly has my fate been altered by thee !

Thou hast reconciled my friends to me, thou hast
hurled
My enemies to ruin, thou hast snatched
My cities from a foreign yoke, thou only
Hast done all this—speak! how shall I reward
thee?

JOANNA.

Be merciful in thy prosperity,
As in misfortune, sire; and on the summit
Of greatness, do not thou forget how much
A friend is worth in time of need; thou hast
Experienced it in adversity.
Do not refuse mercy and equity
Unto thy meanest subject; for thy God
Called thy deliverer from among the flocks.
All France shall be subjected to thy sceptre;
Thou shalt be ancestor of mighty princes;
Those who reign after thee shall brighter shine
Than those who sat upon the throne before thee;
Thy race shall bloom as long as they retain
The affection of their people's hearts;
Nothing but pride can lead them to their fall,
And from the lowly huts, whence thy deliverer
Went forth to save thee, does destruction threaten
Mysteriously thy criminal descendants!

BURGUNDY.

Exalted maiden, whom the Spirit inspires !
If thine eyes penetrate futurity,
Speak to me also of my race—will it
Spread gloriously, as it has begun ?

JOANNA.

Burgundy ! thou hast placed thy seat as high
As royalty, and thy proud spirit strives
Yet higher, even to the clouds it raises
Th' aspiring structure ; but a hand from Heaven
Shall quickly stay the progress of its growth.
Yet do not fear the downfall of thy house,
For in a maiden shall it brightly live,
And from her bosom sceptre-bearing monarchs,
The shepherds of their people, shall be born.
They shall be rulers over two great nations,
They shall give laws to the discovered world,
And to a new one, which the hand of God
Yet hides behind un navigated seas.

CHARLES.

O if the Spirit has revealed it to thee,
Say if this bond of friendship, which we now
Renew, will bind in amity together
Our future successors ?

JOANNA (*after a pause*).

Ye kings and rulers !

Fear contests ; wake not Discord from the cavern
 Where she lies sleeping ; for when once awakened,
 She is not quickly tamed ! She rears descendants,
 An iron race ; torch lights itself at torch.
 Require not to know more ! rejoice yourselves
 In the present time, let me in silence cover
 The future.

AGNES.

Holy maid ! thou penetratest
 My heart, thou knowest whether it idly strives
 For worldly rank,—deliver to me also
 A happy oracle.

JOANNA.

The Spirit shows me
 The destinies of nations only—*thy* fate
 Rests in thine own heart !

DUNOIS.

But what is thine own destiny to be,
 Exalted maiden, the beloved of Heaven ?
 The brightest bliss on earth for thee must bloom,
 So pious and so holy art thou.

JOANNA.

Bliss
 Dwells in the bosom of th' Eternal Father.

CHARLES.

Thy happiness shall be thy monarch's care

Henceforth ; for I will make thy name illustrious
 In the French realm, the latest generations
 Shall deem thee happy ; even now will I
 Fulfil my promise—kneel !

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

And rise again

A noble of the land !—thy king exalts thee
 Out of the mean dust of thine origin ;
 Thy fathers in the grave will I ennoble,—
 The lily shall be thine armorial bearing ;
 Thy birth shall be as noble as the highest
 In France ; the royal blood of Valois only
 Shall be more pure. The highest of my peers
 Shall feel himself ennobled by thy hand ;
 Mine be the care to wed thee worthily.

DUNOIS. *(stepping forward).*

My heart selected her when she was lowly,
 And the new honours that surround her head
 Do not increase her merit, nor my love !
 Here, in the presence of my royal master,
 And of this holy bishop, do I proffer
 My hand to her, that if she deems me worthy,
 I may receive her as my princely bride.

CHARLES.

Resistless maid ! thou heapest miracle
 On miracle. I now believe that all things

Are possible to thee ; for thou hast conquered
 This haughty heart, that bade till now defiance
 To love's assaults.

LA HIRE (*stepping forward*).

Joanna's brightest grace,
 If I well know her, is her modest heart :
 She is worthy of the homage of the greatest,
 Yet she will never raise her thoughts so high ;
 She does not seek the giddy height of rank ;
 The true affection of an honest heart
 Will satisfy her, and the peaceful lot,
 That with my hand I offer her.

CHARLES.

Thou too,
 La Hire ? Two gallant wooers, equal
 In glory and in warlike fame !—Wilt thou,
 Who hast reconciled my enemies, united
 My kingdom, thus divide my nearest friends ?
 She can but be possessed by one of you,
 And both I deem deserving such a prize ;
 So speak thyself ! here must thy heart decide.

AGNES (*stepping nearer*).

I see the noble maiden is confused,
 And timid blushes overspread her cheeks ;
 Let her have time to commune with her heart,
 To trust her secret to her friend, and break

The seal from her unpenetrated breast.
At length the moment is arrived, when I
Can sister-like approach th' exalted maiden,
And offer her a true heart's confidence.
—First let us woman-like consider what
Refers to woman ; and await until
We have determined it.

CHARLES (*about to go*).

So let it be !

JOANNA.

Not so, my liege ! it was not the confusion
Of timid bashfulness, that tinged my cheeks.
Nought have I to this lady to confide,
That I should be ashamed to say to men.
These noble knights bestow much honor on me,
But I did not forsake my native hills
To seek the empty dignity of earth ;
Nor did I clothe myself in warlike armour
To twine the bridal garland in my hair.
'Tis to a different work that I am called,
And a pure maiden only can perform it.
I am the warrior of th' Almighty God,
And cannot be the wife of any man.

ARCHBISHOP.

Woman is born to be the meek companion
Of man. When she obeys the voice of Nature,

She best accomplishes the will of Heaven ;
And when thou hast fulfilled the whole command
Of the great God, who called thee to the field,
Thou wilt lay by thine arms ; thou wilt return
To the more gentle sex thou hast renounced,
That is not called to battle's bloody work.

JOANNA.

Most reverend Sir, I cannot dare to say
What yet the Spirit may intend me for ;
But when the fit time comes, the sacred voice
Will not be silent, and I will obey it.
But now it calls me to fulfil my work.
The King is yet uncrowned ; the holy oil
Has not bedewed his head ; he has not yet
Been hailed as king.

CHARLES.

We are about to leave

For Rheims.

JOANNA.

Let us not stand still, for our foes
Are busily employed to stop our passage ;
But I will lead thee through the midst of them.

DUNOIS.

But when thou hast accomplished all thy work,
And when we enter Rheims as conquerors,
Then, holy maiden, wilt thou grant at length—

JOANNA.

If Heaven decrees that crowned with victory
 I shall again return from deadly fight,
 Then is my work done, and the shepherdess
 Has no more business in the courts of kings.

CHARLES (*taking her hand*).

The Spirit's voice speaks in thee now, and love
 Is silent in thy Heaven-inspired bosom.
 Believe me, it will not be always silent :
 The clang of arms will cease, and Victory
 Will lead forth Peace. Then gladness will return
 To every heart, and softer feelings wake
 In every bosom—they will wake in thine !
 Tears of sweet fondness from thine eyes shall flow,
 Such as thou hast not wept till then. This heart,
 That now is filled by Heaven alone, will turn
 Affectionately to an earthly friend.
 Thousands thou now hast saved and blessed, and
 thou
 Wilt end by blessing *one*.

JOANNA.

Dauphin ! art thou
 Already weary of the heavenly vision,
 That thou wouldst mar its vessel ? Wouldst thou
 draw

M

The stainless maiden God has sent to thee
Into the common dust? O ye blind hearts!
O ye of little faith! Heaven's glory shines
Around you; it discloses miracles
Before your eyes, and you behold in me
Nought but a woman. Could a woman dare
To clothe herself in steel, and fight with men?
Woe to me, if I bore God's sword of vengeance,
And cherished in my vain heart earthly love!
Better for me that I had ne'er been born!
No more of this, I charge you, if you would not
Excite to wrath the Spirit that inspires me!
The very eyes of those men who desire me,
Are an abomination and defilement to me.

CHARLES.

No more! it is in vain to try to move her.

JOANNA.

Give orders for the trumpet to be sounded;
This rest from arms pains and oppresses me;
I feel driven out of this inglorious quiet,
And hurried onward to fulfil my work,
While Fate imperious beckons to my fate.

SCENE V.

The same.—A Knight (*in haste*).

CHARLES.

How now ?

KNIGHT.

The enemy has passed the Marne,
And is prepared for conflict.

JOANNA (*as one inspired*).

War and battle !

Now is my soul freed from her bonds. To arms !
I in the meantime will draw up the troops.

[*Exit hastily.*]

CHARLES.

Follow, La Hire ! E'en at the gate of Rheims
Will they contest the sovereignty with us !

DUNOIS.

'Tis not true courage, but the last weak struggle
Of powerless, mad despair, that drives them on.

CHARLES.

You, Burgundy ! I need not urge ; this day
Shall expiate the faults of many days.

BURGUNDY.

I hope to satisfy you.

CHARLES.

I myself

Will go before you in the path of glory ;
And in the presence of the city where
My coronation must take place, will I
Do battle for the crown. Belovèd Agnes !
Thy knight bids thee farewell !

AGNES (*embracing him*).

I do not weep
Nor tremble for thee : my confiding trust
Is placed above ! Heaven never would have given
So many pledges of its grace, that we
Should sorrow in the end. My heart assures me
That I shall greet my lord, with victory crowned,
Within the conquered walls of Rheims.

[Trumpets sound loudly, and while the scene is changing, pass into a wild warlike crash.—The orchestra commences at the opening scene, and is accompanied by martial instruments behind the scenes.]

[The scene changes to an open country, bordered by trees.—While the orchestra is playing, Soldiers are seen moving rapidly across the background.]

SCENE VI.

TALBOT, *supported by* FASTOLF, *and attended by*
Soldiers. *Soon after,* LIONEL.

TALBOT.

Here lay me down beneath these trees, and you
Return again unto the field of battle :
I need no help to die.

FASTOLF.

O woe the day !

(*Enter* LIONEL.)

Look what a sight awaits you, Lionel !
Here lies our General, wounded mortally.

LIONEL.

Now, God forbid it ! Noble lord, arise !
'Tis not a time to sink o'erwearied down.
Yield not to death, but master failing nature
By your unconquered will, and bid her live !

TALBOT.

'Tis vain !—the day of destiny is come,
To cast down our dominion in France.
Vainly I strove in battle's desperate clash,
The utmost that I could to avert this hour.
I lie here, shattered by the thunderbolt,
To rise no more for ever. Rheims is lost,
Haste then to rescue Paris !

LIONEL.

Paris has
Surrendered to the Dauphin. Even now
A courier has brought the tidings hither.

TALBOT (*tears off his bandages*).

Then flow out freely, fountain of my blood !
For I am weary of the light of day.

LIONEL.

I cannot stay here. Fastolf, bear the General
To a safe place. We can maintain this post
No longer ; our men are flying on all sides ;
Resistlessly the maiden presses on.

TALBOT.

Madness, thou conquerest, and I must yield !
E'en gods fight vainly with Stupidity.
Reason, bright daughter of the head divine,
Wise foundress of the universe, guide of the stars !
What art thou then, if, bound to the wild horse
Of superstition, powerless, yet conscious,
With that drunk beast thou plungest in th' abyss ?
Cursed is he that hangs his life upon
The great and dignified, and with wise spirit
Contrives deliberate schemes ! The world obeys
The king of folly.

LIONEL.

O my lord ! you have

But a few moments more to live ; then think
On your Creator.

TALBOT.

If as brave men we
Had been by brave men conquered, we could then
Console ourselves by th' universal thought,
That Fortune's wheel is ever changeable ;
But to be conquered by a mummery !
Did then our earnest toilsome life deserve
No graver termination ?

LIONEL (*giving him his hand*).

My lord, farewell ! The mournful debt of tears
After the battle will I duly pay you,
If I should then be living. But now Fate
Beckons me to the field of battle, where
She sits in judgment with a wavering balance.
Farewell ! till in another world we meet !
Brief parting for long friendship. [*Exit.*

TALBOT.

'Twill soon be over, and to th' earth again
And th' everlasting sun, I shall restore
The atoms joined in me for pain and pleasure ;
And of the mighty Talbot, whose renown
In arms once filled the world, nought save a handful
Of light dust will remain.—Thus man departs—
And all the booty that we carry with us

Out of the fight of life, is a conviction
Of its nothingness, and a profound contempt
For all we deemed exalted and desirable.

SCENE VII.

Enter CHARLES, BURGUNDY, DUNOIS, DU CHATEL
and Soldiers.

BURGUNDY.

The bulwark has been carried.

DUNOIS.

The day is ours!

CHARLES (*observing* TALBOT).

See, who is this who to the light of day
Bids his involuntary sad farewell?
His armour shows he is no common man;
Go hasten to him, if help yet avails him.

(Soldiers of the King's suite go towards TALBOT.)

FASTOLF.

Back! keep your distance!—Reverence in death
Him, whom in life you never wished to meet!

BURGUNDY.

What see I? Talbot lying in his blood!
[*He goes up to TALBOT, who looks fixedly on him,
and dies.*]

FASTOLF.

Back, Burgundy ! By the presence of a traitor,
Disturb not the last moments of a hero !

DUNOIS.

Fearful, invincible Talbot ! art thou then
Content to occupy a space so narrow ?
And yet the wide extent of France could not
Appease the strivings of thy giant-spirit !
—Now, for the first time, Sire, I hail you king.
The crown but tottered on your head, so long
As yet a spirit dwelt within this form.

CHARLES (*after looking on the corpse in silence*).

A mightier One has conquered him, not we !
He lies on France's soil, as does the hero
Upon his shield that he refused to quit ;
Bear him away—

(*Soldiers raise the corpse, and bear it off.*)

And peace be with his dust !

A noble monument to him shall rise.
Here in the midst of France, where as a hero,
He closed his course, let his remains repose !
No hostile sword has reached so far as his ;
His epitaph shall be the spot he fell on.

FASTOLF (*gives up his sword*).

I yield myself your prisoner, sir.

CHARLES (*returns his sword to him*).

Not so !

Even fierce battle honours pious duties,
Free shall you follow to your leader's grave !
—Now hasten, Du Chatel!—My Agnes trembles—
Release her from her fear for us, and bear her
The tidings that we live, that we have conquered,
And led her on triumphantly to Rheims.

[*Exit DU CHATEL.*]

SCENE VIII.

The same.—LA HIRE.

DUNOIS.

La Hire, where is the maid ?

LA HIRE.

How ? that I ask
Of you. I left her fighting at your side.

DUNOIS.

I thought she was protected by your arm,
When I sprang forward to assist the King.

BURGUNDY.

But now I saw her snow-white banner wave
Amid the thickest of the hostile ranks.

DUNOIS.

Alas ! my mind forebodes some dire mischance !

Come, let us haste to rescue her!—I fear
 She has been led too far by her bold spirit,
 She fights alone, surrounded by the foe,
 And now is yielding helpless to the press.

CHARLES.

Haste, rescue her!

LA HIRE.

Come on, I follow you!

BURGUNDY.

I too!

[Exeunt hastily.]

[Another desolate part of the field of battle. The towers of Rheims are seen in the distance, illuminated by the sun.]

SCENE IX.

*A Knight in black armour, with his visor down.
 JOANNA pursues him as far as the front of
 the scene, where he stands still and awaits her
 coming.*

JOANNA.

Dissembler! now I see thy artifice!
 Thou hast enticed me from the field of battle
 By a pretended flight, and thus averted
 The hour of death from many a son of Britain.
 But now destruction overtakes thyself.

BLACK KNIGHT.

Why dost thou thus pursue me, following
So fiercely on my footsteps? It is not
My destiny to perish by thy hand.

JOANNA.

I do detest thee in my inmost soul,
E'en as the night, whose livery thou wearest.
I feel an irresistible desire
To take away from thee the light of day.
Say, who art thou? Lift up thy visor.—If
I had not seen the warlike Talbot fall
In battle, I should say that thou wert Talbot.

BLACK KNIGHT.

Is the prophetic spirit silent in thee?

JOANNA.

It tells me loudly in my inmost breast,
That some misfortune is at hand.

BLACK KNIGHT.

Joanna d'Arc! Upon the wings of victory
Hast thou been borne unto the gates of Rheims.
Content thee with thy present glory; free
The fate that hitherto as slave has served thee,
Before she raging frees herself.—She hates
Constancy, and serves no one to the end.

JOANNA.

Why dost thou bid me in my mid-career

Stand still, and leave my mission unaccomplished?
I will fulfil it, and discharge my vow!

BLACK KNIGHT.

Nought can withstand thee, thou all-powerful one!
In every battle thou art conqueror—
But go no more to battle—hear my warning!

JOANNA.

This sword shall never leave my hand, until
I have seen haughty England prostrate lie.

BLACK KNIGHT.

Look yonder!—there Rheims rises with her towers,
The goal and end of all thy deeds—thou seest
The lofty dome of the cathedral glitter:
There wouldst thou enter in triumphal pomp
To crown thy monarch—to discharge thy vow—
Enter it not; return, and hear my warning!

JOANNA.

Who art thou, double-tongued delusive being,
Who seekest to confound and frighten me?
Wherefore dost thou presume deceitfully
To give false oracles?

*(The Black Knight is about to go; she steps in
his way.)*

No! thou shalt stay,
And answer me, or perish by my hand!

(About to strike him.)

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

Kill what is mortal !

(*Darkness, thunder and lightning. The Knight sinks.*)

JOANNA (*stands at first stupified, but soon recovers herself.*)

'Twas nothing living !—'twas a false appearance
 Of Hell !—It was a contumacious spirit
 Ascended from the burning lake of fire,
 To make my fearless heart irresolute.
 Whom shall I fear, bearing the sword of God ?
 Victoriously will I run my course ;
 Though Hell itself opposed me in the lists,
 Yet shall my courage neither yield nor fail !
 (*She is about to go.*)

SCENE X.

LIONEL, JOANNA.

LIONEL.

Accursed one ! prepare thyself for battle—
 But one of us shall quit the field alive :
 The bravest of my nation hast thou slain ;
 The noble Talbot has breathed out his spirit
 Upon my breast.—I will avenge the hero,

Or share his fate ;—and that thou mayest know
 Who brings thee fame, whether he dies or conquers,
 My name is Lionel, I am the last
 Of all our chiefs—this arm is yet unconquered.
*(He presses upon her, and, after a short conflict,
 she strikes his sword out of his hand.)*

Unfaithful fortune !

(He wrestles with her.)

JOANNA *(seizes him from behind by his plume,
 and forcibly tears off his helmet, so that his
 face is uncovered, and then draws her sword
 with her right hand.)*

Suffer what thou hast sought !

The Holy Virgin slays thee by my hand !

*[At this moment she looks in his face, his look
 strikes her, she stands motionless, and then
 lets her arm sink slowly down.]*

LIONEL.

Why dost thou pause, and stay the stroke of
 death ?

My honor hast thou taken, take my life !

I am in thy hand—I will not be spared.

(She signs to him with her hand to withdraw.)

Shall I escape, and owe my life to thee ?

No, rather will I die !

JOANNA (*with averted face.*)

I will forget
Thy life was ever given into my power.

LIONEL.

I hate thee and thy gift. I will not have
Thy mercy—kill the enemy who hates thee,
Who sought to kill thee!—

JOANNA.

Kill me—and fly!

LIONEL.

Ha! what is this?

JOANNA (*hiding her face.*)

Unhappy me!

LIONEL (*stepping nearer to her.*)

'Tis said

Thou slayest all the English that thou conquerest
In battle. Wherefore dost thou spare me only?

JOANNA (*raises her sword against him with a sudden movement, but quickly lets it drop again, as she looks in his face.*)

Holy Virgin!

LIONEL.

Wherefore namest thou the Virgin?
She knows nought of thee; Heaven has no part in

JOANNA (*in the deepest anguish.*) [thee.

What have I done? Alas, my vow is broken!

(She wrings her hands despairingly).

LIONEL *(contemplates her with sympathy, and steps nearer.)*

Unhappy girl ! I pity thee—my heart
Is moved, for thou hast exercised compassion
To me alone ; I feel my hatred vanish ;
I feel compelled to pity thee ; who art thou ?
Whence comest thou ?

JOANNA.

Away ! depart !

LIONEL.

Thy youth,
Thy beauty, make me feel compassion for thee !
Thy aspect moves my inmost heart. I would
Most gladly save thee—tell me how I may !
Come, come, renounce this horrible compact—
Cast these arms from thee !

JOANNA.

I am no more worthy
To bear them !

LIONEL.

Cast them quickly from thee then,
And follow me !

JOANNA *(with horror).*

Thee !

LIONEL.

Thou mayst yet be saved.
Follow me! I will save thee, but delay not!
A grief unwonted seizes me for thee,
And an unspeakable desire to save thee.—
(*seizes her arm*).

JOANNA.

The Bastard comes! 'Tis they! they seek for me!
If they should find thee!

LIONEL.

I will be thy guard.

JOANNA.

Were they to take thee, I should die.

LIONEL.

Am I

Dear to thee?

JOANNA.

Queen of Heaven!

LIONEL.

Shall I ever

See thee again? hear of thee?

JOANNA.

Never! never!

LIONEL.

This sword as pledge that I again shall see thee!
(*He wrests her sword from her*).

JOANNA.

Madman ! thou darest ?

LIONEL.

Now I yield to force ;
I again shall see thee !

[*Exit.*]

SCENE XI.

DUNOIS and LA HIRE. JOANNA.

LA HIRE.

'Tis she ! she lives !

DUNOIS.

Joanna, do not fear !
Thy friends stand powerful beside thee now.

LA HIRE.

Is not that Lionel ?

DUNOIS.

Let him escape !
Joanna ! the right cause is all-triumphant.
Rheims opens wide her gates ; the people, shouting,
Pour forth to meet their king.

LA HIRE.

Look to the maiden,
She becomes pale—she faints !

(JOANNA totters, and is about to fall).

DUNOIS.

She must be wounded,
Tear off her coat of mail ! it is her arm,
She is but slightly hurt.

LA HIRE.

See, her blood flows.

JOANNA.

Let my life flow forth with it !

(She faints in LA HIRE'S arms).

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

A hall decorated as if for a festival.—The pillars are wreathed with garlands, behind the scenes flutes and hautboys.

JOANNA (*alone*).

THE sound of war and clanging arms is silent,
And song and dance succeed to bloody fight ;
Through every street the joyous throngs are pouring,
Altar and church with festal pomp are bright ;
Triumphal arches of green boughs are spreading,
Around the pillars flow'ry wreaths are bound ;
And Rheims' wide gates can scarce receive the
 numbers,
That shouting forth their gladness, stream around !

And one deep joy in every breast is burning,
One universal feeling thrills each heart ;
And former hatred into love is turning,
And in the common gladness bears a part.

All those who own themselves of France's race,
Now own more proudly the exalted name,
The glory of the ancient crown is heightened,
And France does homage to her monarch's claim.

But yet to me, the author of this gladness,
No pleasure comes, though all around is gay ;
My heart is changed, is filled with woe and sadness,
It turns with loathing from the scene away ;
Alas ! it lingers in the camp of Britain,
To France's enemies my glances steal,
And I must stand apart from joy's glad circle,
My bosom's bitter secret to conceal.

Who ? I ? Shall a mortal's image
In my stainless bosom dwell ?
Shall this heart, inspired by Heaven,
With an earthly passion swell ?
Shall I, the saviour of my land,
Sent by the Almighty's hand,
Love my country's foe ?
How can I dare my sin to name,
And not sink down to earth for shame,
O'erwhelmed with grief and woe ?
*(The music behind the scenes passes into a soft
melting melody.)*

Woe, woe to me ! stealing o'er me,
 Those sweet tones that strike my ear,
 Call his image up before me,
 'Tis his thrilling voice I hear !

Would that spears were round me gleaming !
 Would that it were battle's hour !
 In hot strife my vanished courage
 Would resume its wonted power.—

How those tones ensnare my heart,
 Change my strength to trembling fears,
 Turn it into weak emotion,
 Into sorrow's bitter tears !

(After a pause, more energetically)

Should I have slain him ?—Could I do it, when
 I once had looked upon him ? Slay him !—rather
 Would I have pierced my own breast with the
 dagger !

And am I culpable for being human ?
 Is pity sinful ?—Pity ! Didst thou hear
 The voice of pity and humanity
 For others, whom thy sword has sacrificed ?
 Why was it silent, when the youthful Welshman
 Knelt at thy feet, and pleaded for his life ?

False heart ! thou liest to th' Eternal Light,
It was not pity's pious voice that moved thee !

Why was I fated in his eyes to look ?—
To see the features of that noble face ?
Unhappy ! with that look began thy crime.
Thy God demanded a blind instrument,
And blindly shouldst thou have discharged thy
mission.

God's shield forsook thee, when thou first didst *see* :
Then did the snares of Hell encompass thee !
(*The flutes sound again ; she sinks into a calm
sadness.*)

Pious staff ! O had I never
Changed thee for the warlike blade !
Sacred oak ! O had I never
Sat beneath thy whispering shade !
Queen of Heaven ! O had I never
Seen thee in thy glorious light !
Take the crown I cannot merit,
Take it from my aching sight !

I have seen Heaven's chambers opened,
And the faces of the blest !
Yet on earth my hopes are centred,
Not in heaven's immortal rest.

Wherefore lay on *me* the burden ?
Why to *me* thy will reveal ?
How could I this bosom harden ?
God created it to feel !

Choose the free from earthly feelings,
To declare thy high revealings,
Those who stand before thy sight,
Ever pure and ever bright,
From high Heaven's eternal portal
Send the sinless, the immortal,
Those whose passions ever sleep,
Those who neither feel nor weep !
Give not thy divine command
To a trembling maiden's hand !

What to *me* are monarchs' contests ?
What to *me* the fate of fight ?
I was innocent while wandering
On the silent mountain-height.
Thou didst force me into tumult,
Lead me to the monarch's throne,
There to guilt and ruin leave me—
Ah ! the choice was not my own !

SCENE II.

AGNES SOREL, JOANNA.

AGNES

(enters in violent emotion—on seeing the Maid, she hastens to her, and falls upon her neck—then suddenly recollecting herself, unclasps her arms, and falls down before her.)

No! not so—here in dust before thee—

JOANNA *(attempting to raise her)*.

Rise!

What wilt thou? Thou forgett'st thyself and me.

AGNES.

O suffer me!—it is the weight of joy,
That casts me at thy feet. I must pour forth
My grateful heart to God; and I adore
Th' Invisible in *thee*. Thou art the angel
Who leads my lord to Rheims, who crowns his
brow.

What I had never dreamt of seeing, is
Accomplished; the procession is preparing
For the solemnity; the king is standing
In royal robes; the peers, the highest nobles,
Are met to bear th' insignia; the people
Are pouring forth in streams to the cathedral;
The bells are ringing, and the dance resounds.

How can I bear this tide of happiness?

[JOANNA *gently raises her*—AGNES *pauses for a moment, and looks more closely into JOANNA'S eyes.*]

But thou remainest ever grave and stern ;
 Thou canst create, but not partake our gladness.
 Thy heart is cold ; thou feelest not our joys.
 Thou hast beheld the majesty of Heaven,
 And thy pure bosom feels no earthly gladness.

[JOANNA *seizes her hand passionately, but soon lets it drop again.*]

O that thou couldst feel, and be a woman !
 Put off this armour—there is war no longer—
 And own thyself of our more gentle sex.
 My loving heart flies from thee timidly,
 So long as thou resemblest stern Minerva.

JOANNA.

What dost thou ask of me ?

AGNES.

Disarm thyself !

Put off this armour ! Love fears to approach
 This mail-clad breast—
 O be a woman, and thou wilt know love !

JOANNA.

Now to disarm myself? *Now ?* To the death
 Will I expose my bosom in the battle !

Not now.—O would that sevenfold armour could
Protect me from your festivals—from myself!

AGNES.

Count Dunois loves thee well. His noble heart,
Open before to fame and honor only,
Now glows with love for thee! O it is blest
To have a hero's love—more blest to love him!

(*JOANNA turns away with horror.*)

Thou hatest him!—No, no! the most thou canst,
Is, not to love him—for how couldst thou hate
him?

We only hate him who divides us from
The one we love—but none is loved by thee.
Thy heart is free and calm. If it could feel—

JOANNA.

O pity me!—Bewail my destiny!

AGNES.

What can be wanting to thy happiness?
Thou hast fulfilled thy mission; France is free;
Victoriously hast thou led thy king
Into this city, and hast gained high fame;
A happy people honors and reveres thee;
From every tongue thy praise is overflowing;
Thou art the goddess of this festival;
The king himself, in all his royal pomp,
Shines not more bright than thou.

JOANNA.

O that I could
Hide myself in the bosom of the earth!

AGNES.

What is it that thus strangely agitates thee?
Who may look up with boldness on this day,
If *thou* hast need to cast thy glances down?
It is for *me* to blush, who near thee feel
So little—who can never raise myself
To thy heroic strength and majesty!—
For—shall I then own all my weakness to thee?—
'Tis not the glory of my fatherland,
'Tis not the increased glory of the throne,
The nation's triumph, nor the joy of vict'ry,
That busies this weak heart; it is but one
Who wholly fills it; it has only room
For this one feeling—*he* is the adored,
It is for *him* they shout; 'tis *he* they bless;
For *him* they strew these flowers—and he is mine!

JOANNA.

O thou art happy! I esteem thee blest!
Thou lovest where all love—thou dar'st uncloset
Thy heart—and openly declare thy joy,
And show thy love before the eyes of men!
The nation and thy love rejoice together.
Th' interminable crowds that pour in streams

Within these walls, revere and share thy feeling :
They shout for thee, for thee they weave the
garland ;

One art thou with the universal joy ;
Thou lov'st the sun—the gladdener of all,
And 'tis the glory of thy love thou seest.

AGNES (*falling on her neck*).

O thou enchantest me ! thou know'st my feelings !
I have misjudged thee ! Yes—thou dost know
love,

And thou expressest nobly what I feel.
My heart is freed from its reserve and fear ;
It turns to thee with a confiding trust—

JOANNA (*breaks passionately from her embrace*).

Leave me ! turn from me ! do not stain thyself
With my polluted touch ! Be happy—go !
Leave me, to hide in deepest night my shame—
My woe—my horror—

AGNES.

Thou dost terrify me !
I understand thee not—but never did I—
From me was thy deep being ever hidden.
Who could conceive what shakes thy holy heart,
The tender feelings of thy stainless soul ?

JOANNA.

Thou art the pure—thou art the holy one !

If thou couldst see my inmost heart, thou wouldst
Hurl from thee shuddering the foe, the trait'ress !

SCENE III.

The same.—DUNOIS, DU CHATEL, and LA HIRE,
with Joanna's banner.

DUNOIS.

We come for thee, Joanna. All is ready :
The King has sent us ; he commands that thou
Shalt walk before him with the sacred banner ;
Thy place shall be among the nobles' ranks ;
Thou shalt be next to him in the procession ;
For he denies it not, and all the world
Shall witness, that it is to thee alone
That he ascribes the honor of this day.

LA HIRE.

Here is the banner ! Take it, noble maid !
The princes wait—the people are impatient.

JOANNA.

I go before the King ? I bear the banner ?

DUNOIS.

Whom else does it become ? What other hand
Is pure enough to bear the sacred ensign ?
'Twas in thy hand in battle—bear it now,

As thy adornment on this path of joy.

(LA HIRE *presents the banner to her. She shrinks back shuddering.*)

JOANNA.

Away! away!

LA HIRE.

How? Art thou terrified
At thine own banner? How is this? Behold it!

(*He unfurls the banner.*)

It is the same thou hast borne victoriously.
The Queen of Heaven is painted on it, soaring
Above the earth—as she directed thee.

JOANNA (*looking at it with horror*).

'Tis she herself! So she appeared to me!
See how she looks on me, and knits her brow!
See how her eyes flash wrath through their dark
lashes!

AGNES.

She is beside herself! O calm thy spirit!
Come to thyself—'tis no reality!
That is her earthly, her ideal portrait.
She is in glory 'mid the heavenly quire!

JOANNA.

Fearful one! com'st thou to chastise thy servant?
Chastise—annihilate me—take thy lightnings,
And let them fall upon my guilty head.

I have broke my sacred vow. Thy holy name
Have I profaned and desecrated !

DUNOIS.

Alas ! what unpropitious words are these !

LA HIRE (*astonished, to DU CHATEL*).

Say, can you understand this strange emotion ?

DU CHATEL.

I have my own thoughts.—I have feared it long.

DUNOIS.

How ? What say you ?

DU CHATEL.

I do not dare to say
That which I fear ; would God that it were over,
And that the King were crowned !

LA HIRE.

How ? Has the fear
That went before this banner, turned on thee ?
Before this ensign let the Britons tremble !
'Tis terrible to France's enemies,
But gracious to her faithful citizens.

JOANNA.

Yes ; thou say'st truly ! To her friends 'tis
gracious !

And it sends ruin on her enemies !

(*The coronation-march is heard.*)

DUNOIS.

Then take the banner! take it! They begin
To form the train; we must not lose a moment.

[They compel her to take the banner. She grasps it with the greatest unwillingness, and exit. The others follow.]

[The scene changes to an open space before the Cathedral.]

SCENE IV.

Spectators fill the back-ground; from among them BERTRAND, CLAUDE MARIE and ETIENNE step forward. MARGOT and LOUISON follow them. The coronation-march sounds faintly in the distance.

BERTRAND.

Hear you the music? They are drawing near.
Which is the best place to behold the pageant?
To mount the platform, or break through the
crowd?

ETIENNE.

We cannot break the crowd, for all the streets
Are thronged with men on horseback and in
chariots;

Let us keep by these houses ; here we can
See the procession with convenience.

CLAUDE MARIE.

It seems as if half France had crowded hither ;
So powerful is the tide, that it has borne us
From our retired Lorraine, and cast us hither.

BERTRAND.

Who is there would sit idly by his hearth,
When great events are happening in our country ?
Enough of blood and labour has been spent,
Before the crown adorned the rightful head !
And our legitimate King, whom now we crown,
Shall not be worse attended than the false one,
Whom the Parisians crowned at Saint Denis.
He is no loyal man, who stays away
From this solemnity, nor cries, " God save the
King !"

SCENE V.

MARGOT *and* LOUISON *join them.*

LOUISON.

We are about to see our sister, Margot !
How my heart beats !

MARGOT.

And we shall see her too

In all her pomp and splendour, and can say
 “ It is Joanna !—’tis our sister !”

LOUISON.

I hardly can believe, till I have seen it,
 That this resistless being, whom they call
 The Maid of Orléans, can be our sister,
 Who left her home.

MARGOT.

Yet dost thou doubt ? thou soon
 Shalt see it with thine eyes.

BERTRAND.

See, there they come !

SCENE VI.

Players on flutes and hautboys march first in the procession. Children follow, dressed in white, and bearing branches ; behind them two Heralds, then a troop of Halberdiers. Magistrates in their robes, then two Marshals with the staff. Duke of BURGUNDY bearing the sword. DUNOIS with the sceptre. Other Nobles with the crown, the orb, and the staff of office. Others with the oblations ; behind these, Knights in the habits of their orders. Chorister Boys with the censer, then two Bishops with the holy ampulla. Arch-

bishop *with the crucifix. After him JOANNA with the banner ; she walks with drooping head and uncertain steps. On seeing her, her sisters give signs of astonishment and joy. Behind her comes the King, under a canopy borne by four Barons. Courtiers follow, Soldiers close the procession. When the procession has entered the Cathedral, the music ceases.*

SCENE VII.

LOUISON, MARGOT, CLAUDE MARIE, ETIENNE,
BERTRAND.

MARGOT.

Saw'st thou our sister ?

CLAUDE MARIE.

She in golden armour,
Who walked before the King, bearing the banner ?

MARGOT.

'Twas she ! That was Joanna ! 'twas our sister !

LOUISON.

She recognised us not ! she did not know
How near to her her sisters' hearts were beating !
She looked upon the ground, and was so pale,
That I could not rejoice at seeing her.

MARGOT.

So I have seen our sister now in pomp
And splendour ;—who would even in dreams have
thought,

When she kept sheep upon our hills, that we
Should ever see her in such pride and grandeur ?

LOUISON.

Our father's dream is now fulfilled, that we
Should bow ourselves at Rheims before our sister.
Yonder the church is, that our father saw
When he was dreaming—it is all fulfilled ;
But they were mournful faces that he saw !
Alas ! it grieves me that she is so great !

BERTRAND.

Why stand we idly here ? Come to the church,
To see the sacred ceremony.

MARGOT.

Come !

Perhaps we there again may meet our sister.

LOUISON.

We have once seen her, let us now return
To the village.

MARGOT.

What, before we've greeted her,
Or spoken with her ?

LOUISON.

She belongs to us
 No more—her place is now with kings
 And nobles : who are we, that we should seek
 With empty vanity, to share her honors ?
 She was not of us while she yet was with us !

MARGOT.

Will she despise us ?—be ashamed of us ?

BERTRAND.

The King himself is not ashamed of us,
 He greeted cordially the very meanest ;
 However highly she may be exalted,
 The King is greater still.

(Drums and trumpets sound from the Church)

CLAUDE MARIE.

Come to the church !

*[They hasten to the background, where they are
 lost among the crowd].*

SCENE VIII.

*Enter THIBAUT, dressed in black. RAYMOND
 follows him, and endeavours to hold him back.*

RAYMOND.

Stay, father Thibaut ! enter not the crowd !
 You see that these are all rejoicing throngs,
 And your distress but mars the festival.

Come! let us leave the town with hasty steps.

THIBAUT.

Say, didst thou see my miserable child?
Saw'st thou her plainly?

RAYMOND.

O I pray you, fly!

THIBAUT.

Didst thou take notice how her footsteps tottered?
How pale and agitated was her face?
Th' unhappy maiden feels her situation;
It is the moment now to save my child,
And I will seize it. *[About to go.*

RAYMOND.

Stay! what would you do?

THIBAUT.

I would o'ertake her—I would cast her down
From all her empty greatness; ay, with force
Would I conduct her back unto the God
Whom she has strayed from.

RAYMOND.

O consider well,
Before you plunge your daughter into ruin!

THIBAUT.

Let her soul live, although her body perish!

*[JOANNA rushes from the church without her
banner, the People throng round her, kneel.*

before her, and kiss her garments. She is stopped by the press in the background].

'Tis she herself! Pale rushed she from the church!
Her anguish drives her from the sanctuary;—
It is God's judgment executed on her!

RAYMOND.

Farewell! ask me not to attend you longer!
Hopeful I came, and mournful I depart.
I have beheld your daughter once again,
And I but feel that I again have lost her!

[Exit. THIBAUT retires to the opposite side.]

SCENE IX.

JOANNA, People, *afterwards her Sisters.*

JOANNA.

(Having extricated herself from the People, comes forward).

I cannot stay there—Spirits chase me thence!
The pealing organ sounds to me like thunder,
The vaulted dome seems falling on my head:
I must go forth beneath Heaven's free expanse!
I left the banner in the sanctuary,
And never, never more this hand shall touch it!
It seemed to me as if my dearest sisters,
Margot and Louison, before me glided,

As in a dream. Alas! 'twas but a vision!
 They are far hence, far, far away they are,
 As my bright days of childhood-innocence!

MARGOT (*stepping forward*).

'Tis she! it is Joanna!

LOUISON (*hastening to her*).

O my sister!

JOANNA.

It was no vision then, and I embrace thee
 Once more, my Louison! and thee, my Margot!
 And once more, in this strange and populous desert,
 My sisters' faithful hearts are pressed to mine!

MARGOT.

She loves us yet! she is our own good sister!

JOANNA.

And your true love has led you forth to meet me,
 So far, so far.—You do not scorn the sister,
 Who quitted you without a kind farewell!

LOUISON.

'Twas God's mysterious providence that drew thee.

MARGOT.

The fame of thee, with which the world resounds,
 Which makes the tongues of all men speak of thee,
 Has reached us also in our quiet village,
 And led us hither to this festival.
 We come to see thee in thy dignity,

And we are not alone !

JOANNA (*quickly*).

My father is with you !

Where—where is he ? O wherefore comes he not ?

MARGOT.

Our father is not with us.

JOANNA.

No ? will he

Not see his child ? Do you not bring his blessing ?

LOUISON.

He knows not we are here.

JOANNA.

He knows it not ?

And wherefore not ? — You are confused — and
silent,

And cast your eyes down ! Say, where is my
father ?

MARGOT.

Since thou hast left us—

LOUISON (*giving her a sign*).

Margot !

MARGOT.

Our father has

Grown melancholy.

JOANNA.

Melancholy !

LOUISON.

Cheer thee !

Thou knowest well our father's boding spirit :
He will again be calmed and comforted,
When we return, and tell him thou art happy.

MARGOT.

Art thou not happy ? Yes, thou must be so ;
Thou art so great and honored.

JOANNA.

I am happy,

Now that again I see *you*, hear again
Your voices,—those loved tones that bear me back
Again in fancy to my father's house.
When I kept sheep upon my native hills,
Then was I happy as in Paradise—
And can I not again be so ?—once more ?

[*She hides her face in LOUISON'S bosom. CLAUDE
MARIE, ETIENNE, and BERTRAND, appear,
and stand timidly at a distance.*]

MARGOT.

Come hither, Etienne ! Bertrand ! Claude Marie !
Our sister is not proud ; she is more gentle,
And speaks more kindly than she ever did,
When in the village she yet lived with us.

[*They step nearer, and are about to offer her
their hands. JOANNA looks wildly at them,
and falls into a deep reverie.*]

JOANNA.

Where have I been? Tell me—has it not all
 Been a long dream, and am I not awakened?
 Am I away from Dom Remi indeed?
 Have I not slept beneath th' enchanted tree,
 And been awaked, and you are gathered round me,
 The dear and well-known faces of my home?
 I have been only dreaming of these kings,
 And deeds of arms, and battles;
 They were but shadows that before me passed;
 For dreams beneath that tree are clear and vivid.
 How did you come to Rheims? How came I
 here
 Myself? I never quitted Dom Remi!
 Tell me I did not, and rejoice my heart!

LOUISON.

We *are* at Rheims. Thou hast not merely dreamed
 Of all these deeds, but in reality
 Thou hast accomplished them. Come to thyself!
 Look round thee, feel thy shining golden armour!

(JOANNA *lays her hand on her bosom, recollects
 herself, and shudders.*)

BERTRAND.

'Twas from my hand that you received this helmet.

CLAUDE MARIE.

It is no wonder that you think you dream;

For what has been accomplished by your hand
 Could not occur more wondrously in dreams.

JOANNA (*quickly*).

Come, let us fly! I will return with you
 Unto our village, and our father's bosom.

LOUISON.

O come, come with us!

JOANNA.

All these men around me
 Exalt me far above what I deserve.
 Weak, mean, and childish, have *you* seen me be:
You love me, but you do not worship me.

MARGOT.

And wouldest thou leave all this pomp and splendour?

JOANNA.

I cast it from me,—this detested pomp,
 That keeps your hearts from mine; and I again
 Will be a herd-maid and your lowly servant,
 And by the hardest penance expiate
 My vain desire to raise myself above you.

[*Trumpets sound.*]

SCENE X.

The King comes from the church in his coronation robes. AGNES SOREL, Archbishop, BURGUNDY, DUNOIS, LA HIRE, DU CHATEL, Knights, Courtiers, and People.

ALL VOICES (*shout repeatedly, while the King comes forward.*)

Long live the King! God save King Charles the Seventh!

[*Trumpets sound. On a signal given by the King, the Heralds command silence with uplifted staves.*]

KING.

Thanks for your loving duty, my good people!
The crown that God has placed upon our head,
Was gained by labour, and by battle won;
It is bedewed with true and noble blood;
Yet shall the peaceful olive twine around it.
Thanks be to all who fought for us! To all
Who fought against us, pardon; for our God
Has shewn us mercy,
And our first word as King, be mercy too.

PEOPLE.

God save the King! King Charles the Merciful!

KING.

From God alone, the Ruler of the earth,
All France's kings receive the crown ; but *we*
By visible means receive it from His hand.

(Turning to the Maid.)

Here stands the holy maiden, sent of Heaven,
Who has restored you your legitimate king,
Who has cast off the foreign tyrant's yoke.
Her name shall be accounted equal with
That of the blest Denis, this land's protector,
And to her fame an altar shall be raised.

PEOPLE.

Hail to the maiden ! the deliverer !

(Trumpets.)

KING *(to JOANNA.)*

If thou art born of mortal race, as we are,
Declare the boon that would rejoice thee most ;
But if thy fatherland is Heaven above,
And if thou veilest in this maiden-form
Th' effulgent rays of heavenly origin,
Take then away the film that dims our senses,
And let us see thee in thy glorious shape,
As Heaven sees thee, that, before thee bending
In dust, we may revere thee.

*(An universal silence—all eyes are turned on
the Maid.)*

JOANNA (*exclaims suddenly*).

Heavens! my father!

SCENE XI.

The same.—THIBAUT *steps from the crowd, and stands exactly opposite to her.*

MANY VOICES.

Her father!

THIBAUT.

Yes! her miserable father,
Who gave the wretched girl existence, whom
God's voice calls hither to accuse his child.

BURGUNDY.

Ha! how is this?

DU CHATEL.

'Twill terribly be seen!

THIBAUT (*to the King*).

Thinkest thou that the power of God has saved
thee?

Mistaken prince! Deluded sons of France!
'Tis by the devil's arts thou hast been saved!

(*All recoil with horror.*)

DUNOIS.

Is this man mad?

THIBAUT.

Not I, but thou art mad,
 And these beside thee, and this learned bishop,
 To think that the Eternal God of Heaven
 Would shew His glory by a sinful girl !
 But see if, looking in her father's face,
 She will maintain the lying mockery,
 With which she has deceived both king and people.
 In the dread name of the Eternal Three,
 Art thou the pure and holy ? Answer me !

*[An universal silence. All eyes are fixed in-
 tently upon her ; she stands motionless.]*

AGNES.

Heavens ! she is silent !

THIBAUT.

Ay, at that dread name,
 Fearful to Hell itself, she must be silent !
 She holy, sent of God ?—In haunts accursed
 Was it contrived, 'neath an enchanted tree,
 Where evil spirits have for ages kept
 Their rites accursèd ; to mankind's great foe
 There did she sell her never-dying soul,
 That he might honor her with earthly fame.
 Let her stretch out her arm—behold the brand
 Of Hell !

BURGUNDY.

Horrible ! yet we must believe
The father, who accuses his own daughter.

DUNOIS.

No—do not trust the maniac, who shames
Himself in th' infamy of his own child !

AGNES (*to JOANNA*).

O speak ! and break this evil-omened silence !
We trust thee ! firmly we believe in thee !
But one word from thy lips—one single word
Shall be enough for us—but speak ! deny
The fearful accusation—but declare
That thou art innocent, and we believe thee.
(*JOANNA stands motionless. AGNES SOREL steps
from her with horror*).

LA HIRE.

She is alarmed, astonishment and horror
Have closed her lips—At such a fearful charge
Must innocence herself be terrified.

(*he draws near to her*).

Joanna ! be collected—feel thy power,
Innocence has a voice—a victor-glance,
Resistlessly to hurl down calumny !
In noble anger raise thyself, look up,
Silence and punish the unworthy doubt
That slanders thy unspotted virtue.

[JOANNA stands motionless. LA HIRE steps back horrified. The universal agitation increases.]

DUNOIS.

Why do the people and the nobles tremble ?
 I pledge myself that she is innocent—
 I pledge my princely honor for her virtue !
 There lies my knightly gauntlet—who will dare
 To say that she is guilty ?
 (*A violent clap of thunder. All stand horrified.*)

THIBAUT.

Answer, by Him who thunders from above !
 Say thou art innocent, deny that Satan
 Dwells in thy heart, and give the lie to me !
 (*A second and louder clap. The people fly on
 all sides.*)

BURGUNDY.

May God protect us ! What a fearful omen !

DU CHATEL (*to the King*).

Come, come, my liege ! Fly from this fatal place !

ARCHBISHOP (*to JOANNA*).

In God's great name I ask thee, art thou silent
 From consciousness of innocence or guilt ?
 If *for* thee this loud thunder witnesses,
 Embrace this holy cross, and give a sign !

[JOANNA remains motionless. Again loud claps
 of thunder. Exeunt the King, AGNES SOREL,

Archbishop, BURGUNDY, LA HIRE *and* DU
CHATEL.]

SCENE XII.

DUNOIS, JOANNA.

DUNOIS.

Thou art my wife—When first I looked on thee,
My heart believed thee, and it does so still :
I trust thee more than any of these omens,
More than the thunder that resounds on high.
It is in noble anger thou art silent ;
Enveloped in thy sacred innocence,
Thou scornest to repel these vile suspicions.
—Scorn then to do so, but confide in *me* ;
I never doubted of thy innocence.
Speak no word to me—give me but thy hand,
As pledge and sign that thou confidest firmly
In my strong arm, and in thy righteous cause.

[*He offers her his hand. She turns away from
him with a convulsive motion. He remains
standing in speechless horror.*]

SCENE XIII.

JOANNA, DUNOIS, DU CHATEL, *afterwards* RAYMOND.

DU CHATEL (*returning*).

Joanna d'Arc ! the king has given permission
 For you to leave the city unmolested.
 The gates stand open to you—do not fear
 Hindrance; the king's safe-conduct will protect you:
 Count Dunois, follow me—'Tis not for you
 To stay here longer—What a termination !

[*Exit.*—DUNOIS *recovers from his stupor, casts one more look on JOANNA and exit. She stands for a moment quite alone. At length RAYMOND appears, stands for a while at a distance, and contemplates her in silent sorrow, then goes to her and takes her hand.*]

RAYMOND.

The streets are empty—Seize the earliest moment,
 Give me your hand, and I will lead you hence.

[*At sight of him, JOANNA gives the first signs of emotion, looks at him fixedly, and turns her eyes to heaven, then seizes his hand passionately and exit.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.

*A wild Wood. In the distance woodmen's huts.
It is quite dark. Violent thunder and lightning.
In the intervals shots are heard.*

A Woodman and his Wife.

WOODMAN.

IT is a cruel and a murderous tempest :
Heaven seems to threaten to pour down on us
In flaming torrents—and in broad mid-day,
It is so dark, that one could see the stars.
The fierce storm howls as if all Hell were raging,
Th' earth trembles, and the oldest forest trees
Bow their proud heads to the resistless blast.
And yet this fearful elemental war,
That teaches mildness to the savage beasts,
Who tamely crouch, and hide them in their dens,
Can teach no peace to man.—You hear the bursting
Of shots above the howling wind and thunder,
The armies are so near to us, that only

The wood divides us from them, and each hour
May fearfully decide the bloody conflict.

WIFE.

God be our help ! I thought our enemies
Were beaten and already quite dispersed ;
How is it that they trouble us again ?

WOODMAN.

It is because they fear the king no longer.
The evil spirit helps us no more.—Since
The Maid was proved a witch at Rheims, has all
Gone wrong with us.

WIFE.

Listen ! who comes this way ?

SCENE II.

The same. RAYMOND and JOANNA.

RAYMOND.

Here I see cottages. Come ! they will give us
A shelter from the storm—You can no longer
Keep up your strength—You have already wan-
dered

For three days, flying from the face of man,
And nothing but wild roots has been your food.
They are compassionate, woodmen ; let us enter !

WOODMAN.

You seem to be in need of rest, come in !
All our poor hut affords, is freely yours.

WIFE.

'Tis strange to see a gentle maid in armour !
Truly it is a woful time, when women
Must don the breast-plate ! Lady Isabel,
The queen herself, 'tis said, is seen in arms
In th' hostile army—and a shepherdess,
A maid, has conquered for our lord the king.

WOODMAN.

Why talk you ? Go into the hut and fetch
A cup of water to revive the maiden.

(Wife goes into the hut).

RAYMOND *(to JOANNA)*.

You see that all are not alike unfeeling ;
And there are kind hearts in this solitude.
Be of good courage then ! the storm has passed,
And the sun sets with calm and peaceful lustre.

WOODMAN.

I think you travel to the royal army,
As you are armed—I warn you to be cautious,
The English lie encamped close to the forest,
And their lines stretch through it.

RAYMOND.

Alas !

How can we escape them ?

WOODMAN.

Wait until my boy
Comes from the town—and he shall then conduct you
By hidden paths—so you have nought to fear.
We know the by-ways.

RAYMOND (*to JOANNA*).

Put your armour off,
It may betray, and it cannot protect you.
(*JOANNA shakes her head.*)

WOODMAN.

The maid is very sad.—Hush ! who comes here ?

SCENE III.

*Wife comes out of the hut with a cup. The Wood-
man's Son.*

WIFE.

It is our boy whom we have been expecting.

(*to JOANNA.*)

Drink, noble maiden ! may God bless it to you !

(*to her Son.*)

Com'st thou, Anet ? What tidings bring'st thou ?

BOY

(*has looked stedfastly at JOANNA, who is just
placing the cup to her lips—recognises her—*

goes to her and snatches the cup from her mouth.)

Mother !

Whom are you entertaining ?—'tis the Witch
Of Orleans !

WOODMAN *and* WIFE.

God be merciful to us !

(Cross themselves, and fly.)

SCENE IV.

RAYMOND, JOANNA.

JOANNA *(stedfastly and gently)*.

Thou seest that I am curst, and all avoid me ;
Look to thyself, and do thou also leave me.

RAYMOND.

How ? I forsake you ? Now ? And who shall be
Your attendant ?

JOANNA.

I am not unattended—

You heard the thunder roll above my head.
My fate will lead me. Fear not ; I shall reach
Th' appointed goal without my seeking it.

RAYMOND.

Where would you go ? Here stands the English
army,

Who have sworn to take a bloody vengeance on
you—

Here ours—who banished, cast you from them.

JOANNA.

Nothing

But that which is appointed, can befall me.

RAYMOND.

Who will provide you food? Who will protect
you

From furious beasts, and yet more furious men?

Who care for you in sorrow and in sickness?

JOANNA.

I know the virtues of all herbs and plants;
The sheep I tended taught me to distinguish
The pois'nous from the innocent. I know
The motions of the stars and clouds of heaven;
And I can hear the sound of hidden fountains.
Man wants but little—and in bounty, Nature
Is rich—

RAYMOND (*taking her hand*).

Will you not be yourself again,
Confess to God, and penitent return
Into the bosom of our Holy Church?

JOANNA.

Dost *thou* too think me guilty of that sin?

RAYMOND.

How can I not? Your silent acquiescence—

JOANNA.

Thou, who hast followed me in misery,
The only one who has been faithful to me,—
Who hast clung to me, when the whole wide world
Discarded me—*thou* deem'st me the accurst one,
Who has renounced her God!—

(RAYMOND *is silent.*)

O that is hard!

RAYMOND (*astonished*).

You were not really then a sorceress?

JOANNA.

I a sorceress!—

RAYMOND.

And these miracles—

You have performed them in the power of God,
And of His holy saints?

JOANNA.

In whose but theirs?

RAYMOND.

And you replied not to the fatal charge?
Now you repel it—and before the King,
When it was time to speak, you remained silent!

JOANNA.

In silence I submitted to the fate,

That was appointed me by God, my Master.

RAYMOND.

And you could answer nothing to your father ?

JOANNA.

It came from God, because my father spoke,
And fatherly the trial too will be.

RAYMOND.

Heaven itself bore witness to your guilt !

JOANNA.

Heaven spoke, and therefore I was silent.

RAYMOND.

How ?

You could with one word clear yourself, yet
suffered

The world to be in this unhappy error ?

JOANNA.

It was no error : 'twas a providence.

RAYMOND.

And guiltless you have suffered all this shame,
And no complaint has issued from your lips !

—I stand before you in astonishment ;

My heart is moved within my inmost bosom !

O ! gladly, gladly I believe your words,

For it was misery to think you guilty.

But could I dream that any human heart

Could silently endure the foul aspersion ?

JOANNA.

Should I deserve to be God's messenger,
Unless I blindly revered his will ?
—And I am not so wretched as thou thinkest.
I suffer hunger—that is no misfortune
For my condition.—I am banished—an exile—
But in the desert I first knew myself.—
When pomp and honor cast a halo round me,
There was a conflict in my heart. I was
The most unhappy, when I seemed to men
Most to be envied—that is over now,
And this wild storm in Nature, that appeared
As though it would destroy her, was my friend.
The world, and me too, has it purified,
My heart is now at peace—and, come what will,
I fear no more to yield to any weakness !

RAYMOND.

O come, come ! let us hasten to declare
Your innocence aloud to all the world.

JOANNA.

He who has sent the error will dispel it !
The fruit of fate drops not till it is ripe !
A day will come to prove my innocence,
And those who now despise and cast me off,
Will see their error, and bewail my fate.

RAYMOND.

And shall I wait, in silence, until chance—

JOANNA (*taking his hand gently*).

Thou seest but the surface of the matter ;

Thy sight is covered by an earthly veil.

My eyes have looked upon immortal beings—

Without the will of God no hair can fall

From head of man.—Seest thou the bright sun
yonder

Set gloriously in the heavens ? So surely

As he to-morrow will renew his light,

The day of Truth will dawn in splendor bright !

SCENE V.

QUEEN ISABEL, *with Soldiers, appears in the
back-ground.*

ISABEL (*still behind the scenes*).

This is the way into the English camp.

RAYMOND.

Alas ! the enemy !

[*Soldiers advance. While they are coming
forward, they perceive JOANNA, and rush
back terrified.*]

ISABEL.

What stops the march ?

SOLDIERS.

God be our Helper !

ISABEL.

Do you see a ghost ?

What ! Are ye soldiers ? Cowards are ye ! How ?
*[She presses through the Soldiers, steps forward,
 and draws back on seeing the Maid.]*

What see I ? Ha !

*(She quickly recovers herself, and steps opposite to
 her.)*

Surrender thee ! thou art

My prisoner !

JOANNA.

I am.

*[RAYMOND flies in despair.]*ISABEL *(to the Soldiers)*.

Put her in chains !

*[The Soldiers approach JOANNA timidly. She
 holds out her arm to be bound.]*

Is this the mighty, the resistless Maid,
 Who chased your hosts like timid lambs before her,
 Who is unable now to guard herself ?
 Does she work wonders only when believed ?
 And when she meets a man, becomes she woman ?
(To the Maid.)

Why didst thou leave thy army ? Where is now

Count Dunois, thy sworn knight and champion ?

JOANNA.

I am an exile.

ISABEL (*stepping back astonished*).

What ? How ? Thou an exile ?

And exiled by the Dauphin ?

JOANNA.

Ask not—I

Am in thy power—decide upon my fate.

ISABEL.

Exiled, because thou hast saved him from th'
abyss,

Crowned him at Rheims, and made him King of
France ?

Exiled ! In this I recognise my son !

—Conduct her to the camp. Shew to the army

The terror-phantom that they dreaded so !

A sorceress she ? Her only sorcery

Is your delusion, and your coward-hearts !

She is a *fool*, who for her king has given

Herself a sacrifice ; and now receives

The king's reward. Take her to Lionel—

I send him bound the Fortune of the French ;

I soon will follow you.

JOANNA.

To Lionel ?

Kill me, but send me not to Lionel !

ISABEL (*to the Soldiers*).

Obey my orders, and away with her ! [*Exit.*

SCENE VI.

JOANNA, Soldiers.

JOANNA (*to the Soldiers*).

Englishmen ! Do not suffer me to escape
Out of your hands ! Avenge yourselves !
Draw your swords, plunge them in my heart, and
drag me

Lifeless before your leader—Think, 'twas I
Who slew your bravest,—had no pity on you,
Who poured forth the full tide of English blood,
Who robbed your gallant heroes of the day
Of home-return !—Now take a bloody vengeance !
Kill me ! you hold me now a prisoner ;
You never may again see me so weak.—

LEADER OF THE SOLDIERS.

Do as the Queen commanded !

JOANNA.

Must I then
Be made more wretched than I was before ?
Fearful and holy One ! thy hand is heavy !
Hast thou entirely cast me from thy favor ?

Angelic powers visit me no more,
 Heaven is closed, and miracles are o'er.

(She follows the Soldiers).

SCENE VII.

*The French Camp. DUNOIS between the ARCH-
 BISHOP and DU CHATEL.*

ARCHBISHOP.

Conquer this gloomy sadness, Prince! come with us!
 Turn to the king again! Do not forsake
 The general interest—At this moment too,
 When pressed anew, we need your powerful arm.

DUNOIS.

Why are we pressed? Why does the foe again
 Rise up against us? All had been accomplished,
 France was victorious, and the war was ended.
 Her who delivered you ye banished—now
 Deliver ye yourselves!—but I will see
 The camp no more, since she has quitted it.

DU CHATEL.

Think better of it, prince! Forsake us not
 With such an answer.

DUNOIS.

Du Chatel, be silent!
 I hate you—nothing will I hear from you—

'Twas you who were the first to doubt her truth.

ARCHBISHOP.

Who would not have mistaken her? who would not
Have wavered, on that miserable day,

When every omen witnessed to her guilt?

We were astounded, terrified; the thunder

Struck terror to our hearts: who would have weighed

The merits of the case in that dread hour?

Our recollection now returns to us;

We see her as she acted when among us,

And find her blameless.

We were deceived—we feared we had committed

A grievous crime.—The king is penitent—

The Duke upbraids himself; La Hire is hopeless,

And every heart shuts itself up in sorrow.

DUNOIS.

She a deceiver! If immortal truth

Should ever clothe herself in mortal form,

Her features must she bear! If Innocence

Fidelity, and Purity of heart

Dwell anywhere on earth—upon *her* lips,

In *her* clear eyes, must be their dwelling-place!

ARCHBISHOP.

Would Heaven would interpose, and by a miracle

Clear up this mystery, that we cannot

Penetrate with our mortal eyes!—But let it

Be disentangled by what means it may,
 In one of two things we have erred—for either
 We have used Hell's enchantments as our guard,
 Or banished a saint—and either crime invokes
 Heaven's chastisement upon this wretched land.

SCENE VIII.

The same. A NOBLEMAN, afterwards RAYMOND.

NOBLEMAN.

Your Highness, a young shepherd waits without,
 Requesting earnestly to speak with you ;
 He comes, he tells me, from the maiden—

DUNOIS.

Haste !

Conduct him to us ! He comes from her !

[Nobleman opens the door for RAYMOND.—

DUNOIS goes to meet him.]

Where is she ?

Where is the maiden ?

RAYMOND.

Hail, most noble Prince !

And happy am I, that I find with you
 This holy man ; the friend of the oppressed,
 The father of the poor and destitute !

DUNOIS.

Where is the maiden ?

ARCHBISHOP.

Where is she, my son ?

RAYMOND.

Sir, she is no vile sorceress ! By God
And all His holy saints, I swear she is not !
The people are in error ; you have banished
The innocent, the messenger of God !

DUNOIS.

Where is she ? Speak !

RAYMOND.

I led her in her flight
Through the wood of Ardennes ; there she opened
to me
Her inmost heart—In tortures will I die,
Let not my soul know everlasting peace,
If she, sir, is not free from every sin.

DUNOIS.

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

RAYMOND.

O if your hearts are turned
By God—then hasten ! haste to rescue her !
She is a prisoner in the English camp.

DUNOIS.

A prisoner ! What ?

ARCHBISHOP.

Unhappy maiden !

RAYMOND.

In

The wood of Ardennes, where we sought a shelter,
She was arrested by Queen Isabel,
Who gave her over to the Englishmen.
O rescue her who was your rescuer,
From a most fearful death !

DUNOIS.

To arms ! Sound the alarum ! Beat the drums !
Lead all the army to the battle—let
All France be armed ! Our honor is in pledge :
Our glory, our Palladium is stolen !
Let all our blood be poured out in the fray !
She must be free before the close of day.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX.

A Watch-tower, with an opening above. JOANNA,
LIONEL.

FASTOLF (*entering hastily*).

The people cannot longer be restrained ;
They furiously demand the maiden's death.
It is in vain that you oppose them. Kill her,
And cast her head down from the battlements :
Her blood alone will reconcile the army.

ISABEL (*entering*).

They plant the ladders, and prepare to storm us !
Appease the people ! Would you wait until
In their blind fury they surround the tower,
And we are all destroyed together ? You
Cannot protect her from them—give her up !

LIONEL.

Then let them storm us—let them rage in fury
This tower is strong, and underneath its ruins
Will I be buried, ere their will compels me !
—Joanna, answer ! say thou wilt be mine,
And I will be thy shield against a world.

ISABEL.

Are you a man ?

LIONEL.

Thy countrymen have cast thee

Away from them ; thou 'rt free from every duty,
That bound thee to thy thankless land. The
cowards

Who wooed thee, they too have forsaken thee ;
They dared not to do battle for thine honor.
But I will be thy champion against
My land and *thine*. Once didst thou let me think
My life was dear to thee, and *then* I stood
Opposed to thee in battle as thy foe ;
But now thou hast no friend but me !

JOANNA.

Thou art

My enemy, the hated of my nation.
Between us two can nothing be in common.
I cannot give thee love ; yet if thy heart
Leans towards me, let it bring a blessing then
Upon my country : lead thine army back
From France's shores ; deliver up the keys
Of all the cities that your arms have conquered ;
Restore all booty, make the prisoners free,
Send pledges of the sacred covenant,
And peace I offer you, in the king's name.

ISABEL.

Wilt thou in chains impose conditions on us ?

JOANNA.

Do it in time ; for thou must do it yet !

France ne'er will bear the yoke of England—never,
Never will that be! Rather will she become
Your army's sepulchre. Your bravest men
Are fallen—think of how you may retreat
Safely. Your fame is lost, your power is gone!

ISABEL.

Can you endure the maniac's insolence?

SCENE X.

Enter a Captain hastily.

CAPTAIN.

Haste, General! hasten to draw up the army!
The French are pressing on with flying colors,
And the whole valley glitters with their arms.

JOANNA (*as one inspired*).

The French are pressing on! Now, haughty
England!
On to the field! Now must you bravely fight!

FASTOLF.

Restrain thy exultation, frantic girl!
Thy life will end before this sun has set.

JOANNA.

My countrymen shall conquer, and I shall die!
The gallant heroes need my arm no more.

LIONEL.

I scorn these coward Frenchmen! We have chased
them

Trembling before us, in a score of battles,
Until this heroine became their champion.

I despise all the nation except *one*,
And this one have they banished. Fastolf, come!
We will prepare for them a second day
Of Poitiers and Créci. Do you remain
Within this tower, Queen Isabel, and watch
The maid, until the battle is decided.
I leave you fifty troopers as a guard.

FASTOLF.

What! shall we go to engage the enemy,
And leave this raging maniac behind?

JOANNA.

Do you then fear a fettered woman?

LIONEL.

Give me

Thy word, Joanna, not to free thyself.

JOANNA.

I have but one desire—to free myself.

ISABEL.

Put threefold fetters on her. I will pledge
My life that she shall not escape our hands.

(JOANNA *is bound with heavy chains about her waist and arms.*)

LIONEL (*to JOANNA*).

Thou dost compel us. Still 'tis in thy power,
Renounce the cause of France; bear England's
banner,

And thou art free; and these infuriate men,
Who now desire thy blood, shall be thy slaves.

FASTOLF (*urgently*).

Away, away, my General!

JOANNA.

Spare thy words!

The French are pressing on—defend thyself!

[*Trumpets sound. Exit LIONEL hastily.*]

FASTOLF (*to ISABEL*).

Lady, you know the part you have to act!
If fate decides against us, and you see
Our men discomfited—

ISABEL (*drawing a dagger*).

You need not fear;

She shall not live to see our overthrow.

FASTOLF (*to JOANNA*).

Thou knowest what awaits thee, now implore
Victory for thy people! [*Exit.*]

SCENE XI.

ISABEL, JOANNA, SOLDIERS.

JOANNA.

That I will !

In that I will not be prevented.—Hark !
That is my country's war-march, joyously
Announcing victory,—it thrills my heart !
Despair to England ! Victory to France !
On, gallant Frenchmen, on ! the Maid is near you !
She cannot bear the banner now, as erst,
Before your army—heavy fetters bind her ;
Yet from her prison does her spirit freely
Soar on the pinions of your warlike strain !

ISABEL (*to a Soldier*).

Mount on the rampart there, that overlooks
The field, and tell us how the battle goes.

(Soldier obeys).

JOANNA.

Courage, my country ! it is the last battle !
Yet one more victory, and the foe is crushed !

ISABEL.

What seest thou ?

SOLDIER.

They are engaged already.

A furious warrior, on an Arab horse
Clothed in a tiger-skin, leads on the guards.

JOANNA.

That is Count Dunois,—on, brave champion !
Success goes with thee !

SOLDIER.

The Duke of Burgundy
Assaults the bridge.

ISABEL.

The traitor !—would ten lances
Might pierce his heart !

SOLDIER.

Lord Fastolf gallantly
Opposes him—the soldiers of the Duke,
And ours, are fighting man to man, on foot.

ISABEL.

Dost thou not see the Dauphin ? know'st thou not
The royal ensign ?

SOLDIER.

All is mingled now
In dust. I can distinguish nothing clearly.

JOANNA.

Had he *my* sight, or did I stand above,
The slightest thing would not escape my eye ;
For I can count the wild fowl in their flight,—
I know the falcon in her highest range.

SOLDIER.

There is a fearful struggle at the trenches ;
It seems that there the greatest leaders fight.

ISABEL.

Seest thou our banner yet ?

SOLDIER.

It flaunts on high.

JOANNA.

Saw I but through the crevice of the wall,
I would direct the battle by my look.

SOLDIER.

Woe's me ! what do I see ? Our General
Surrounded !

ISABEL (*pointing her dagger at JOANNA*).

Die, unhappy !

SOLDIER (*quickly*).

He is rescued.

Brave Fastolf has attacked the enemy
In rear—he breaks into their thickest ranks.

ISABEL (*drawing back the dagger*).

There spoke thine angel !

SOLDIER.

Victory ! they fly !

ISABEL.

Who fly ?

SOLDIER.

The French and the Burgundians ;
The plain is covered with the fugitives.

JOANNA.

O God ! my God ! Thou wilt not so forsake me !

SOLDIER.

Yonder they bear away one sorely wounded,
Many are hastening to him—'tis a noble.

ISABEL.

One of our party, or a Frenchman ?

SOLDIER.

They

Unbar his helmet,—it is Count Dunois.

JOANNA (*grasping her chains with convulsive force*).

And I am nothing but a fettered woman !

SOLDIER.

See ! stay ! who is it wears the sky-blue mantle,
Broidered with gold ?

JOANNA (*eagerly*).

That is my lord the King !

SOLDIER.

His horse takes fright—rears—falls—
He extricates himself with difficulty.

(JOANNA *accompanies these words with passionate gestures.*)

Our men approach him with tumultuous speed—
 Now they have reached him—they surround him
 now——

JOANNA.

O are there no more angels left in Heaven ?

ISABEL (*laughing scornfully*).

Now is the time ! now rescue, Rescuer !

JOANNA (*falls on her knees, praying in loud pas-
 sionate tones*).

Hear me, O God, in this my hour of need !

Up to thy throne, in burning supplication,

To thy high Heaven I send my soul.

Thou, Lord, canst make the cobweb's finest thread

Strong as the cable of a ship ; 'tis easy

To Thy Omnipotence to change the bands

Of iron to the cobweb's gossamer.

At Thy command these fetters shall fall off,

This turret-wall shall crack in twain. Thou

helpedst

Samson when he was blind, and bound in chains,

Compelled to endure the bitter mockery

Of his proud foes. Trusting in Thee, he seized

The pillars of his prison mightily ;

He bowed himself, and, thundering down, the

building—

SOLDIER.

Victory, victory !

ISABEL.

How now ?

SOLDIER.

The king

Is prisoner !

JOANNA (*starting up*).

Then God be gracious to me !

[*She has seized her chains powerfully with both hands, and broken them. At the same moment she rushes on the Soldier nearest her, wrests his sword from him, and rushes out. All look after her in stupified wonder*].

SCENE XII.

The same, without JOANNA.

ISABEL (*after a long pause*.)

How was that? Did I dream? How did she escape?
How did she break those ponderous chains? I
would not

Believe it from a world, had I not seen it !

SOLDIER (*on the rampart*).

How? has she wings? has the wind borne her hence?

ISABEL.

Tell me, is she below ?

SOLDIER.

I see her, striding
Among the thickest ranks—her course is swifter
Far than my sight—now is she here—now there—
At once I see her in a thousand places !
She dashes through the lines—All yield before her :
The French are halting—now again they rally !
—Woe's me ! what do I see ? our men are casting
Their arms away from them—our colors sink—

ISABEL.

What ? will she wrest a certain victory from us ?

SOLDIER.

Straight to the king she presses on—She has
Reached him—She bears him boldly from the fight ;
—Lord Fastolf falls—The General is taken.

ISABEL.

I will not listen any more—Come down !

SOLDIER.

Fly, Lady, fly ! They are about to attack us.
Armed men are pressing onward to the tower.
(he leaps down).

ISABEL *(drawing her sword).*

Then fight, ye cowards !

SCENE XIII.

Enter LA HIRE with Soldiers. At their entrance, the Queen's Soldiers lay down their arms.

LA HIRE (*approaching her respectfully*).

Queen Isabel, surrender
To Omnipotence—Your knights have all submitted.
Resistance would be useless now. Accept
My services—Command whither you wish
To be conducted.

ISABEL.

It is all the same
To me, so that I do not meet the Dauphin.
[*She gives up her sword, and follows him with
the Soldiers.*]
[*The scene changes to the battle-field.*]

SCENE XIV.

Soldiers with flying colors fill the background. Before them the King and the Duke of BURGUNDY. JOANNA lies mortally wounded, without signs of life, in the arms of the two Princes. They step slowly forward. AGNES SOREL rushes on the stage.

AGNES (*throwing herself on the King's breast*).
You are freed—You live—I have you once again !

KING.

I am freed—I have been freed at this price !
(*pointing to JOANNA*).

AGNES.

Joanna ! Heavens ! She dies !

BURGUNDY.

Her course is ended !

There see an angel vanish ! see, she lies
Tranquil and quiet as a sleeping child !
The peace of Heaven plays around her features ;
Breath heaves her bosom now no more, but life
Is lingering in her yet ; her hand is warm.

KING.

Her soul is fled—She will awake no more !
Her eye will look no more on earthly things.
Now does her glorified spirit soar on high,
She sees no more our sorrow and remorse.

AGNES.

She lives ! her eyes are opening !

BURGUNDY (*astonished*).

Will she come

Back to us from the grave, and conquer Death ?
See, she has raised herself, she stands !

JOANNA (*stands quite upright and looks around her*).

Where am I ?

BURGUNDY.

Among thy countrymen—thine own, Joanna !

KING.

In thy friends' arms—thy king's !

JOANNA (*after she has looked fixedly at him for some time*).

I am no sorceress ! assuredly

I am not one.

KING.

Thou 'rt holy as an angel ;

But our dim eyes were covered by a veil.

JOANNA (*looking round her with a bright smile*).

And am I really then among my people,

And am I cast off and contemned no more ?

I am not curst, and gentle looks are on me !

—Yes, now I clearly recognize it all !

That is my king ! and those are France's banners !

But my own banner I see not—where is it ?

I may not enter Heaven without my banner !

It was entrusted to me by my Master,

And I must lay it down before His throne !

I dare present it, for I bore it truly.

KING (*with averted face*).

Give her the banner !

[The banner is given to her. She stands alone quite upright, with the banner in her hand. The sky is covered with a rosy light.]

JOANNA.

See you the rainbow in the glowing sky?
Heaven opens wide its golden portals to me,
There stands she glorious in the quire of angels,
And her immortal Son is on her breast;
She holds her arms towards me graciously.
How is it?—Clouds are raising me on high,
My heavy mail is changed to airy robes:
I rise—the earth is fading from my sight—
Short is the pain, eternal the delight!

[The banner falls from her hand. She sinks down dead. All stand for a long time in speechless emotion. At a gentle signal from the King, all the banners are softly laid over her, so that she is quite covered with them.]

END OF THE MAID OF ORLEANS.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

THE DIVER.

BALLAD.

(From Schiller.)

“SAY, who will venture, squire or knight,
To plunge in the sea below ?
A golden goblet I cast from the height,
And the waves have swallowed it now.
He who will bring it again to me,
His shall that golden goblet be.”

So spoke the king, as he cast from the steep
Of the rock, that fearfully
Hangs frowning over the boundless deep,
The cup in the foaming sea.
“Who is the bold one, again I say,
To plunge, and bear the prize away ?”

And the knights and squires that around him stood,
Hear him, and silence keep ;
Gaze shuddering down in the boiling flood,
And none will dare the leap.
And the king for the third time says, " Will none
Seek for the treasure that may be won ?"

And all, as before, are silent long,
When a page, with gentle pride
Steps from amid the trembling throng,
Casts girdle and cloak aside ;
And all the knights and ladies bright
In wonder gaze on the daring wight.

And now the youth on the high rock stood,
And looked on the sea below,
And heard the roar of the raging flood,
And saw Charybdis throw
From her bosom dark the waves that dash,
With a sound like the distant thunder's crash.

And boiling, and hissing, and roaring, and raging,
Like water when mingled with flame,
It spouts to the heavens, as, fiercely engaging,
Waves dashes upon wave in the horrible game ;
And never exhausted, and never at rest,
Sea bursts upon sea from the whirlpool's dark
breast.

But suddenly see that wild strife subside,
And black 'mid the white foam's swell,
A yawning chasm cleaves open wide,
That seems as it led to Hell !
And the boiling waves, with a crash like thunder,
Are drawn in the whirling funnel under.

But ere the wild tumult again resound,
The youth breathes an inward prayer,
And—a cry of horror is heard around ;
For down in the whirlpool—there—
Its fierce jaws close o'er the swimmer brave,
And he rises not from that living grave.

And above the gulf it is still as death,
And below the whirlpool's swell ;
And all on the cliff cry with quivering breath,
“ High-hearted, fare thee well !”
And still more hollowly howls the sea,
And all is fearful uncertainty.

And didst thou thy crown of empire fling,
And say, he who brought it thee
Should wear it, and rule the land as king,
It should not have tempted me !
No living soul may ever know
What is hid in the howling depths below.

Many a brave ship, by the flood o'ercast,
Has sunk to rise no more,
And nought save shattered keel and mast
Has floated to the shore ;
And like a fierce whirlwind, clearer and clearer,
The waves' fierce rushing sounds nearer and nearer.

And boiling, and hissing, and roaring, and raging,
As water when mingled with flame,
It spouts to the heavens, as, fiercely engaging,
Surge dashes on surge in the horrible game ;
And still with a sound like thunder's crash,
From the whirlpool's dark bosom the billows dash.

And see ! from the deep, in the sun shines clear
A speck of gleaming white,
And an arm and a glancing neck appear,
And steer to the steep cliff's height !
It is he ! and high in his hand he bears
The cup, that with joyful look he rears.

And gladly he greeted the heavenly light,
Breathed long and heavily ;
And the cry bursts forth with wild delight,
" He lives ! behold ! from the boiling sea,
From the whirlpool's jaws, from the roaring wave,
Has the gallant rescued his spirit brave !"

He climbs the rock, and kneeling there,
The cup he gives the king ;
The king gives a sign to his daughter fair,
And the bright wine she doth bring ;
As she pours the sparkling liquor in,
Thus does the youth his tale begin.

“ Long life to our monarch ! thrice blest are they
Who breathe in the rosy light ;
But, oh, it is fearful beneath the sea,
Where nought is warm nor bright ;
And never let man desire to see
What the gods have covered graciously !

“ Down, down was I drawn with the speed of light,
And out of a rocky cell,
A boiling torrent's furious might
Tore me with boisterous swell ;
And in giddy eddies the whirlpool's course
Hurried me round with resistless force.

“ But God, to whom in my need I cried,
In this dread and fearful hour,
Shewed me a coral-rock at my side,
And thus I escaped death's power ;
And there the golden cup I see,
Else it had fallen in the bottomless sea.

“ For under me lay, deep, deep below,
 In purple darkness there,
Things that no mortal was meant to know,
 That I saw with shuddering fear ;
For the monsters fierce that inhabit the sea,
There hold their horrible revelry.

“ There, piled in fearful masses, lay,
 Around and within the cave,
Monsters by thousands—the prickly ray,
 And the rock-fish, rushed through the howling
 wave ;
While threateningly grinned in the cavern dark
The sea-hyena, the fearful shark.

“ And there with horror I lay opprest,
 Far from all human aid,
'Mid those monsters, the only feeling breast
 In that solitude so dread ;
Far from all friendly human tone,
In a world of horrors, I lay alone !

“ As these fearful thoughts passed through my soul,
 Those monstrous forms draw near,
Through their fierce jaws croaking, they onward roll,
 And I, in delirious fear,
Loosed the coral rock, and the whirlpool's might
Cast me above in the free glad light.”

Then wonder sat on the monarch's brow,
And he said, "The cup is thine;
And this ring I will on thee bestow,
Adorned with a jewel fine,
If thou dar'st it once more, and tellest to me
What thou seest in the depths of the raging sea."

The king's fair daughter in silence heard,
And with gentle voice she cried,
"My father! enough has the brave youth dared,
What none has dared beside.
If thy heart still longs for the fearful game,
Let thy knights and lords seek the page to shame!"

Then the king cast the cup in the foaming main,
And said, "Try again thy might!
Bring me the goblet here again,
And I make thee my noblest knight;
And her shalt thou claim as thy bride from me
Who with gentle pity besought for thee."

With a sudden fire do the youth's eyes glow,
And he turns to the gentle maid,
And he sees a bright blush o'erspread her brow,
And sees it as quickly fade.
He will win her—or sigh forth his latest breath!
And he plunges again for life or death.

And they hear the breakers in fury flow,
They hear the thundering crash ;
And with loving glance bends the maid below—
On, onward the billows dash !
And they foam to the heavens from the raging
main,
But they bring not the gallant youth again !

THE COUNT OF HAPSBURG.

BALLAD.

(From Schiller.)

AT the royal city of Aix-la-Chapelle,
In the pride of imperial station,
King Rodolph sat in the ancient hall,
At the feast of the coronation.
The dishes were borne by the Count of the Rhine,
And the King of Bohemia poured the wine ;
And as the planets the sun surround,
So stood the seven electors around,
Busied in serving their royal lord,
Each in his rank, at the festal board.

Without, upon the balcony high,
Stood the people in joyous throngs ;
And above the trumpet's exulting tone
Arose their triumphant songs ;

For after long years of strife and pain,
Peace had resumed her tranquil reign ;
The fearful kingless time was o'er,
And an emperor ruled the earth once more ;
And the weak and the peaceful no more need fear
The wrath of the blindly destroying spear.

“ It rejoices my royal heart to see
The feast so gaily crowned,”
Said the emperor, taking the golden cup,
And joyfully looking round ;
“ But I see not the minstrel, whose lays should
bring
The noble thoughts that beseem a king :
From my earliest youth the minstrel's art
Has filled with exalted desires my heart,
And the emperor now would wish to hear
The strains that delighted his knightly ear.”

And see ! through the circle around the king,
The long-robed bard appears ;
The locks that over his mantle flowed
Were white with the snow of years :
“ A sweet charm sleeps in the golden chord,
The minstrel singeth of love's reward,

Of all that the heart could wish to know,
Of all that is brightest and best below ;
But which of his strains is worthy, say,
To grace the emperor's feast to-day ?”

“ I will not,” the smiling monarch said,
“ Control the minstrel's power :
He obeys a higher command than mine,
The poet's appointed hour.
As the storm-wind rages, and no man knows
From whence it comes, and whither it goes ;
As waves from a hidden fountain roll,
His song flows forth from his inmost soul,
And wakes from their calm untroubled rest,
The passions that slumber within the breast.”

And the minstrel's harp began to sound,
As he struck the mighty chord :—
“ To the hunt, to follow the chamois fleet,
Was riding a noble lord ;
He rode a courser of matchless grace,
And a page behind bore his arms of chace.
As they came to a meadow's gentle swell,
They heard the sound of a tinkling bell ;
’Twas a priest who the holy wafer bore,
His clerk with quick footsteps went before.

“ Then the Knight dismounted, and bowed to the
earth,

With bared head meekly inclined ;
To honor with reverent Christian faith
The Saviour of all mankind :
But through the meadow a streamlet flowed,
And the priest laid down his sacred load,
And straight from his feet his sandals took,
To cross o'er the swiftly-flowing brook,
That, swelled by the mountain-torrent, ran
Across the path of the holy man .

“ ‘ What dost thou ? ’ in wonder exclaimed the
As he gazed upon the Priest ; [Count,
‘ I hasten, Sir Knight, to a dying man,
Who longs for the Holy Feast ;
The bridge that once spanned the streamlet’s course
Is washed away by the current’s force ;
And barefooted now I haste to cross
The torrent, whose swollen billows toss ;
Lest the penitent sinner in vain might pine,
Languishing for the Bread Divine !’

“ And the Knight on his courser has placed the
Priest,
And reached him the broidered rein ;

And, mounted upon his Page's steed,
Is gone to the chace again ;
That the sinner's anguish and fear might cease,
And his trembling spirit depart in peace.—
The holy father pursued his way,
And the morning after, at break of day,
Modestly led by the bridle rein,
He brought the steed to the Knight again.

“ ‘ Now God forbid it ! ’ the Count exclaimed,
‘ That ever, with bow or sword,
For chace or for war, I should mount the steed
That has borne my Blessed Lord !
But, never by knight or squire bestrode,
Be it henceforth vowed to the service of God ;
I give it for evermore to Him,
Of whom I hold both life and limb,
To Him, who my soul and being gave,
My fame and honor, and all I have.’

“ ‘ Then may God, who hears the pray'rs of the
Hear me, while I humbly pray, [weak,
That on Earth and in Heav'n He will honor thee,
As thou honorest Him to-day.
The fame of thy glory is spread afar,
By thy knightly deeds in the Switzer-war ;

May the six fair daughters that round thee shine,
Each bring a crown to thy royal line,
And may thy latest descendants be
Honored through all posterity ! ”

And there sat the monarch with downcast head,
As thinking on former years ;
And he strove in his purple robe to hide
The burst of his falling tears ;
For before the Minstrel's song had ceased,
He knew the face of the aged priest :
And all the nobles around the board
Looked in the face of their royal lord,
And they knew the Count who had given the steed,
And they honored the noble and pious deed.

CASSANDRA.

(From Schiller.)

Joy through Iliion's halls rebounded,
Ere the lofty fortress fell ;
Songs of triumph glad resounded,
Mingling soft with music's swell :
All the weary rest from labour,
E'en the sorrowful are gay ;
For old Priam's lovely daughter
Weds the princely Greek to-day.

And, with laurel garlands gleaming,
The glad bridal-train sweeps by,
In the cheerful sunlight beaming,
To Apollo's altar high ;
Through the streets, with hollow echo,
Swell the tones of mirth and glee ;
There was but one aching bosom,
Lonely in its misery.

Joyless in the hour of gladness,
 When all breathed of mirth and love ;
Did Cassandra rove in sadness,
 Through Apollo's laurel grove.
In the forest's deep recesses
 Did the lonely maiden stray ;
And she cast the priestess-fillet
 From her burning brow away :

“ All around are mirthful voices,
 Breathing forth their joy and pride,
And my father's heart rejoices,
 And my sister walks a bride ;
I alone must rove in sadness,
 Shunned by happiness and joy ;
For I see swift ruin hasting
 To the walls of fated Troy.

“ Yonder, see, a torch is glaring !
 But 'tis not in Hymen's hand ;—
To the clouds I see it flaring !
 But 'tis not an altar-brand.
Joyful feasts are spread around me ;
 But I hear th' Avenger's stride,
Who with ruthless hand destroyeth
 Every scene of mirth and pride.

“ And they chide my sad complaining,
And they make my grief a jest ;
Still in loneliness remaining,
Must I bear an aching breast.
Shunned by all the gay and happy,
And a check to mirth and glee !—
O thou angry god, Apollo,
Thou hast tasked me fearfully !

“ Wherefore, wherefore didst thou cast me,
Thy dread oracle to declare,
In this city of the blinded,—
Blind to coming woe and care ?
Wherefore make my eyes discover
What I cannot turn away ?
Ruin even now doth hover,
And the Fates will have their day !

“ Wherefore lift the veil o’ershading
Coming horrors from my view ?
Life is but a dreary error,
Death alone is knowledge true.
Take, O take, thou stern Immortal,
This dark phantom from my sight !
It is fearful for a mortal
To declare thy godlike might !

“ Give, O give me back the blindness
Of my happy days gone by !
Never sang I gladsome carols
Since I learnt thy prophecy.
Future knowledge full of sadness,
For the present bright and gay,
For life’s hours of mirthful gladness !—
Take thy fatal gift away !

“ Never may the bridal garland
Round my tresses dark entwine ;
Since thou mad’st me at thy altar
Every dream of joy resign.
Every bitter sorrow heaping
Double sadness on my breast ;
All my youth was passed in weeping,
Never knew I peace nor rest.

“ All my gay companions round me,
Live and love in thoughtless glee,
In their dream of youthful gladness ;
Grief alone oppresses me.
All in vain the spring appearing
Paints the earth, and glads the sky ;
Who would deem aught earthly cheering,
Who could see its depths as I ?

“ Happy, happy Polyxena !
In thy bosom’s wild delight !
For the bravest of the Grecians
Hails her as his bride to-night.
Hardly can she grasp the measure
Of her blessedness and love ;
In her maiden-dream of pleasure,
Happy as the gods above !

“ And I too have seen her hero,
And my wretched heart was fired,
As his bright glance rested on her,
With affection’s glow inspired ;
Gladly with that warrior dwelling,
Would I be his loving bride :
But a dark and Stygian shadow
Parts me from the hero’s side.

“ All her pale and grisly phantoms
Sendeth Proserpine to me ;
And where’er my footsteps wander,
Still their ghastly forms I see.
’Mid the happy sports of childhood,
Still I see the fearful train ;
Ever are they thronging onward,
I can ne’er be glad again !

“ And I see the dagger gleaming,
And the murd’rer’s fierce eye glow ;
On the right hand, on the left hand,
Still I see the ghastly show.
To those visions nought may blind me ;
Conscious of th’ approaching time,
I must end the fate assigned me,
Perish in a foreign clime.”—

And her words are yet resounding—
Hark ! a wild confused tone
From the temple’s gates rebounding—
Dead lies Thetis’ mighty son !
Sad Erinnyes shakes her serpents,
All the gods the city shun ;
And the thunder-clouds are hanging
Heavily on Ilion !

THE IDEAL.

(*From Schiller.*)

AND wilt thou, faithless ! from me flee,
With all thy lovely phantasy ?
With all thy pleasures, all thy fears ?
O golden light of other years !
O time of youth and fancy bright !
Will nothing stay thy wayward flight ?
Vain pray'r ! thy waves, with ceaseless motion,
Flow onward to th' Eternal Ocean !

The cheerful suns are set, that shone
So clear my youthful path upon ;
And fled the ideal fancies bright,
That swelled my heart with mad delight.
The brilliant dream of life is fled,
That o'er my youth such lustre shed ;
And all that seemed so fair to be,
A prey to stern reality !

As once Pygmalion flung his arms
Around the marble's sculptured charms,
Until the cheeks began to glow,
And blushes stained the pallid brow ;
So did I cling in wild delight,
To nature's image pure and bright,
Until she broke her tranquil rest,
Reviving on my poet-breast.

Her heart with life began to beat,
She gave me back her kisses sweet ;
Her voiceless soul had found a tone,
That thrilled responsive to my own ;
The falling brook, the rose, the tree,
Instinct with life appeared to be ;
All spoke to me with voices blest,
That found an echo in my breast.

Resistless, in my narrow soul
Revolved a vast and mighty whole,—
A wish to prove by actual strife,
The truth and poetry of life.
While yet the bud of hope was furled,
How mighty then appeared the world !
How little did the flower disclose :
That little, full of cares and woes !

How boldly did th' unthinking boy,
In youthful fancy's boundless joy,
Upon life's treach'rous pathway spring,
Borne on his joyous spirit's wing!
Not e'en the ether's highest star
Could seem too lofty or too far:
The palest of those wand'ring fires
Was not too high for his desires.

How did the happy dreamer rise
On airy pinions, through the skies!
And what companions light and gay
Strewed roses o'er his smiling way!
Fortune her golden crown did wear;
Love with her bright reward was there;
Fame, with her starry circlet beaming;
And Truth, in radiant sunlight gleaming!

Alas! as he pursues his way,
His false companions fade away;
And as the pilgrim wanders on,
They all forsake him, one by one.
Light-footed Fortune from him turned;—
In vain his thirst for Wisdom burned;
And Doubt's black clouds, before his eyes,
To hide the form of Truth, arise!

I saw Fame's holy circlet glow,
Profaned, upon a vulgar brow :
The sun of Love a moment shone,
And then the cheering ray was gone.
As on I trode, my comrades gay
Still lonelier left the dreary way ;
And Hope scarce gave a wandering spark,
To glimmer o'er my pathway dark.

But which of all the fickle train
Remained to share my joy and pain,
That nothing from my constant heart,
Except the darksome grave shall part ?
Thou, Friendship ! that with tender care,
Dost life's sad burdens gently share,
And healest every spirit-wound ;
Thou, whom I early sought and found !

And thou ! blest toil, that never tires,
That calms the spirit's raging fires ;
Although with niggard sparing hand,
It adds but single grains of sand,
To raise above Time's foaming sea
The mountain of Eternity ;
Yet from the debt we have to pay,
Strikes minutes, days, and years away.

“ SEHNSUCHT.”

(ASPIRATION—ARDENT LONGING.)

(*From Schiller.*)

FAR from this o’ershadowed valley,
 Where the fog-clouds hover grey,
 Could I find a path to leave it,
 Gladly would I flee away !
 There the distant sunny mountains,
 Ever fresh and green I see !
 Had I eagles’ airy pinions,
 To those mountains would I flee !

Heavenly harmonies are sounding,
 Wafted sweetly through the air ;
 And the gently-blowing zephyrs
 Hither balmy perfumes bear.
 Glowing through a leafy shadow,
 Golden fruits undying bloom ;
 There immortal flowers are blushing,
 Knowing not the winter’s gloom.

O that ever-beaming sunshine,
 Could I ever hope to see !
And the breezes from those mountains,
 How refreshing must they be !
But before me flows a river,
 And its foaming billows roar ;
Waves that make my spirit shudder,
 Part me from that happy shore.

O'er the waves a boat approaches !
 But no steersman guides the bark.
Onward ! see her sails are swelling !
 On ! nor fear the billows dark !
On ! in patient hope expecting
 To attain that happy strand ;
An Almighty Power can bring thee
 Safely to that blessed land.

TO EMMA.

(From Schiller.)

ALL my vanished hopes and pleasures
Lie in misty distance far ;
Yet my glances fondly linger
On one solitary star ;
But, like that fair planet's light,
It is but a gleam of night.

If the sleep of death had bound thee,
If thou wert in darkness laid ;
From my heart's undying sorrow
Thy loved image would not fade ;
But, though bright I see thee shine,
I may never call thee mine.

Emma ! could that bright affection
False and perishable prove ?
Can a dream so brief and fleeting—
Emma ! say, can this be love ?
Has it faded, love's bright spring,—
Faded—like an earthly thing ?

SONG.

(From Goethe.)

I THINK of thee, when o'er the ocean glancing
 The sunlight gleams ;
I think of thee, when on the fountain glancing
 The pale moon beams.

I see thee, when afar the whirlwind tosses
 The dust-cloud light ;
When the frail bridge the trembling wand'rer crosses,
 At dead of night.

I hear thee, when the rushing billows glisten,
 Raised by the breeze ;
When all is still, I oft go forth to listen
 Among the trees.

I am with thee, though from me thou art riven,
 Still thou art near ;
The bright sun sinks—the stars shine forth in
 Heaven—
O wert thou here !

CONSOLATION IN TEARS.

(From Goethe.)

How is it that thou art so sad,
When all around is gay ?
For by those tearful eyes of thine
Thou must have wept to-day.

“ And if in loneliness I weep,
'Tis for a heavy grief ;
And the sweet tears that I have shed
Will give my heart relief.”

Thy joyful friends invite thee here,
O come to us again,
And tell us all thy heavy grief,
And all thy spirit's pain.

“ You seek in vain—my bitter grief
You may not, cannot know :
For, ah ! 'tis not what I have lost
That makes my spirit's woe.”

Then cheer thee—raise thy drooping soul—
For thou art young in life ;
At thy years man may strive to gain,
And conquer in the strife.

“ Ah no ! I cannot gain my wish,
It is so great and far ;
It shines as bright, and dwells as high,
As yonder blazing star.”

We do not wish to gain the stars,
We love their gentle light ;
And look to Heav'n, in hope and trust,
Through many a lovely night.

“ And I took up, in hope and trust,
Through many a laughing day ;—
O let me, let me weep at night,
So long as weep I may !”

TO ONE FAR AWAY.

(From Goethe.)

HAVE I then for ever lost thee ?
Art thou then for ever gone ?
Memory fondly still recalleth
Ev'ry word and ev'ry tone.

As the wand'rer searches vainly,
Gazing through the air above,
While the lark, in Heaven's blue ocean
Hidden, chants her strain of love,

So my anxious glances wander
Over hill, and grove, and plain ;
All my songs invite thee hither—
Come to me, beloved ! again.

THE MOURNFUL TOURNEY.

(From Uhland.)

SEVEN gallant knights rode forth in arms,
With shields and lances bright ;
For the sake of the monarch's daughter fair,
In the tournament to fight.

They heard the sound of a passing bell,
As they came to the castle-wall ;
And seven tapers were burning there,
In the monarch's stately hall.

And there they saw fair Adelaide
Lie deathly cold and pale ;
And by the couch the monarch sat,
With weeping and with wail.

Out spoke the haughty Degenwerth :

“ I ever must complain,
That I have borne my shield and spear,
And girthed my steed, in vain.”

Then spoke the young Sir Adelbert :

“ We should not for that complain ;
The king's fair daughter is ever worth
The tourney's toil and pain.”

“ Now we will all ride back again,”
The bold Sir Walter said ;
“ For it can gain us but little praise,
To fight for a maiden dead.”

Said Adelbert : “ Though she is dead,
Yet lives there none so fair ;
She wears a crown of roses red,
And a ring of gold doth bear.”

Then in the listed plain to tilt,
Rode forth each gallant knight ;
And six lay dead upon the field,
So fiercely did they fight.

The seventh was Sir Adelbert,
The victor over all ;
But pale he lighted from his steed,
And entered the monarch's hall.

He took the crown of roses red,
The ring of gold took he ;
He fell to the earth by his fair one's side,
As pale and as dead as she !

The king put on a sable robe,
The funeral bells did sound ;
And he bade them follow the six brave knights
To the cold dark burial-ground.

The seventh was Sir Adelbert ;
In the chapel's holy shade,
Together they sleep, in the cloister deep,
The knight and his Adelaide.

THE CASTLE ON THE SEA.

(From Umland.)

HAST thou seen the lofty castle,
The castle upon the sea ?
The clouds are golden and rosy,
That round about it be.

The base of its lofty towers
Is washed by the wave below ;
Their summits are raised to heaven,
'Mid the clouds in the evening glow.

“ I have seen the lofty castle,
The castle upon the sea,
With the moonbeams above it shining,
And the clouds that around it be.”

Did the wind and the waves of ocean
Joyously play around ?
Did the tones of music and feasting
From those lofty halls resound ?

“ The wind and the ocean-billows
Were still and silent all ;
And with streaming eyes I listened
To the dirge within the hall.”

Didst thou see in the ocean-palace
The king and his consort bright,
With their crimson mantles flowing,
And their golden crowns of light ?

Did they lead with fond affection,
A maiden young and fair,
Bright as the sun in his glory,
With tresses of golden hair ?

“ I saw the royal parents
Without their crowns of light,
In the sable garb of mourning ;—
I saw not the maiden bright.”

SONG.

(From Friedrich, Count of Stolberg.)

HOT-scorching is life's sultry breath,
But tranquil is the gale of death ;
Like withered leaves in winter's gloom,
It wafts us to a silent tomb.

And there the moonbeams and the showers
Fall, as upon a bank of flowers ;
Yet there the tears of friends are shed
In hope and love, upon the dead.

And in her bosom, great and small,
Our mother-earth receives us all ;
O could we see her gentle face,
We should not fear her long embrace !

THE END.

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