

THE MAIDEN OF ORLEANS
Die Jungfrau von Orleans

FRIEDRICH SCHILLER

Schiller wrote his publisher that this play, subtitled *A Romantic Tragedy*, “came from the heart and should appeal to the heart.” Apparently he felt that feeling and intuition should dominate reason and historical veracity; Schiller consciously departed from the facts about Joan, not only as we know them now, but as he knew them, in order to emphasize the dramatically effective aspects of her struggle with her conscience. The playwright’s imagination has created a mystic world of miraculous and supernatural occurrence which he feels is implicit in the original story.

Schiller’s deviations were not just fanciful; he deliberately exalted Joan in order to repudiate the rationalistic image created by Voltaire in his *LA Times Pucelle d’Orleans*, which Schiller felt reduced Joan below the commonplace. The caricature by Voltaire was so notorious that the duke of Weimar opposed the production of Schiller’s play, fearing that the audience would not take it seriously. Schiller persisted elsewhere and succeeded with the premiere at Leipzig in 1801. The *Jungfrau* became, and for a long time remained, the most popular stage character for German audiences.

John T. Krumpelmann has followed in his translation the verse forms of the original German.

DRAMATIC PERSONAE

CHARLES THE SEVENTH, King of France
QUEEN ISABEAU, his Mother
AGNES SOREL, his Beloved
PHILIP, THE GOOD, Duke of Burgundy
COUNT DUNOIS, Bastard of Orleans
LA HIRE and DU CHATEL, Royal Officers
ARCHBISHOP OF RHEIMS
CHATILLON, a Burgundian Knight
RAOUL, a Knight of Lorraine
ETIENNE, CLAUDE MARIE, and
RAIMOND, their Suitors

TALBOT, an English General
LIONEL and FASTOLF, English Officers
MONTGOMERY, a Welshman
COUNCILMEN OF ORLEANS
AN ENGLISH HERALD
THIBAUT D’ARC, a wealthy Countryman
MARGOT, LOUISON, JOHANNA, his
Daughters
BERTRAND, another Countryman
THE APPARITION OF A BLACK
KNIGHT
CHARCOAL-BURNER, HIS WIFE AND
SON

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

PROLOGUE

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

SCENE I

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

THIBAUT. Yea, my dear neighbors! Still today we are True Frenchmen; still, free citizens and masters Of this old sod, which once our fathers plowed. Who knows who will rule over us tomorrow? For everywhere the Englishman unfurls His triumph-covered banner, while his steeds Are trampling down the blooming fields of France. Already Paris has proclaimed him

victor, And with the ancient crown of Dagobert¹ Adorns the scion of a foreign stem. The offspring of our native kings must wander Through his own realm in flight and dispossessed. Against him in the hostile army fights His closest cousin and his foremost peer; Yea, his own raven-mother leads them on. Around burn villages and towns. And near And nearer rolls the smoke of devastation Into the vales, which still repose in peace. And so, dear neighbors, I've resolved 'fore God, Since I today yet have it in my power, To have my daughters cared for; for a woman, Amid the woes of war, needs a protector; And true love helps to lighten every burden. *(to the first shepherd)* Come here, Etienne! You woo my daughter Margot. Our fields are bound together like good neighbors. Your loving hearts are well attuned -- that yields A happy wedlock! *(to the second)* Claude Marie! You mum? And my Louison casts her glances earthward? Shall I divorce two hearts that found each other, Because you have not troves to offer me? Who now has treasures? House and barns alike Are both the prey of nearby foe and fire. The loyal heart of the good spouse alone Is storm-fast shelter in such times as these.

LOUISON. My father!

CLAUDE MARIE. My dear Louison!

LOUISON. *(embracing Johanna)*. Dearest sister!

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

MARGOT *(embracing Johanna)* O gladden father!

Follow our example! So let this day conclude three happy unions!

THIBAUT. Go! Make your plans! Tomorrow is the wedding. I want the town-folk all to join the feast *(The two couples leave the stage arm in arm.)*

SCENE II

Thibaut, Ramond, Johanna.

THIBAUT. Jeanette,² thy sisters now are going to marry. I see them happy; they make glad my age. But thou, my youngest, giv'st me grief and pain.

RAIMOND. What troubles you? Why do you scold your daughter?

THIBAUT. This honest lad, with whom no one here In all the village can compare, the choicest, He has to thee directed his affections, And woos for thee, already the third harvest, With quiet wish and heartfelt perseverance; But thou dost, cold and resolute, reject him. And yet no one of all the other shepherds Can win from thee one friendly little smile. I see thee in full splendor of thy youth; Thy Spring has come; it is the time for hoping; Unfolded is the blossom of thy body; But yet in vain I tarry that the flower Of tender love shall break from out the bud And joyous ripen into golden fruit. Oh that ne'er pleases me and indicates Some grave perversion in the ways of nature! That heart doth please me not, that, stern and cold, Constricts itself in years meant for emotio.

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

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

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

RAIMOND (*pointing to the image of the saint in the shrine.*) The blessed nearness of this grace-rich image, Which here diffuses Heaven's peace around it, Not Satan's works, attracts your daughter here.

THIBAUT. Oh no! No, not in vain it shows itself To me in dreams and anxious apparitions. It's now three times, I have beheld her sitting At Rheims upon the throne of our royal monarchs, A sparkling diadem of seven stars Upon her head, the sceptre in her hand, From which sprang forth three lilies, totally white;³ And I, her father, and both her sisters too, And all the princes, counts and arch-bishops, The very king himself bowed down before her. How comes such radiance to my humble shelter? Oh, that betokens a most grievous fall! Symbolically this warning-dream presents To me the idle strivings of her heart. She is ashamed of her own lowliness, Since God adorned her body with rich beauty And blessed her too with high and wonderful talents Above all shepherd-maidens of this vale. She nurses sinful pride within her heart, And pride it is through which the angels fell, Through which the spirit of hell takes hold of man.

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

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

SCENE III

Bertrand enters, a helmet in his hand. Thibaut, Raimond, Johanna.

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

BERTRAND. You stare at me; you are
Bewildered at this strange, rare instrument
Here is my hand!

THIBAUT. We are indeed. Speak up,
How came you by the helmet? Why bring us
That evil token to this peaceful region?

(*Johanna, who in both preceding scenes had stood aside in silence and disinterested, becomes attentive and comes nearer.*)

BERTRAND. Scarce I myself can say just how the thing Has got into my hand. I had bought up, At Valucouleurs, some iron contrivances. A mighty throng I found there at the market, For fleeing folk had even just arrived From Orleans with evil war reports. In uproar hastened all the

town together And as I forced my way through the confusion, There comes a brown Bohemian wench to me, She has this helmet, lays sharp eye on me, And speaks: "My lad, you're seeking for a helmet, I know you're seeking one. So here, take this! For but a petty price 'tis yours for keeps." "Go to the mercenaries," I tell her, "I am husbandman and need no helmet." But she did not let up and argued further; "No man may rightly say if I need not A helm. A steel-like roof above one's head Is now worth more than is a house of stone." And so she chased me through the lanes, and urged On me the helmet which I did not want. I saw the helmet was so bright and fair, And worthy of the head of any knight, And as, in doubt, I weighed it in my hand, Reflecting on how strange was this adventure, The wench was quickly gone from out my sight; The stream of folk had snatched her off with them. And in my hands the helmet still remained.

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

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

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

THIBAUT. What's coming o'er the girl?

RAIMOND. Grant her her wish! This warlike ornament befits her well, For in her breast is locked a manly heart. Recall how she subdued the tiger-wolf, That grim, wild beast that so laid waste our herds, And was at once the dread of all our herdsmen. She quite along, the lion-hearted virgin, Fought with the wolf and wrenched the lamb from him, That he was carrying off in bloody jowl. Whatever valiant head this helmet covered It cannot grace one that's more worthy!

THIBAUT. (*to Bertrand*). Speak! What new misfortune of war has come to pass? What tidings brought those fugitives?

BERTRAND. God help The king, and on this land of ours have pity! We have been smitten in two mighty battles, The foe stands in the midst of France, forsaken Are all our lands up to the river Loire. And now his total might he has assembled And with it he beleaguers Orleans.

THIBAUT. May God protect the King!

BERTRAND. Immeasurable Artillery is brought up from every side, And, as the dark'ning squadrons of the bees Swarm 'round the hive throughout the summer-day, As from the blackened air grasshopper hordes Fall down and cloak the fields for miles and miles With teeming masses seemingly unending, So has a warlike cloud of divers nations Poured forth upon the fields of Orleans, And from the unintelligible mix Of tongues, the camp in dull confusion roars. For mighty Burgundy, the ruler, rich In lands, has brought up all his martial men, Those from Liege and those from Luxembourg. Those from Hainaut and from the land Namur, And those who dwell in fortunate Brabant, The sumptuous Ghentians, who in silk and satin Strut proudly on, and those from Zeeland, whose Clean cities rise from out the sea, and the Herd-milking Hollanders, and those from Utecht, Yea, from the outermost West Friesland, those Who look toward the ice-pole -- they all follow The power-wielding Burgundys dread call To war and wish to conquer Orleans.

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

BERTRAND. Her too, the aged queen, proud Isabeau,⁴ A princess of Bavaria, one sees Full clad in steel go riding through the camp, To rouse, with poison-pointed words, to rage All nations here arrayed against her son, Whom she once bore in her maternal womb!

THIBAUT. A curse upon her! And may God some day Destroy her as he did proud Jezebel⁵

BERTRAND. The dreadful Salisbury,⁶ the wall-destroyer, Is leader of the forces of the siege. With him the lion's brother, Lionel, And Talbot, who with murder-dealing sword, Mows down entire nations in the battles. In brazen insolence they now have sworn To dedicate all maidens to disgrace, And to the sword all those who bear the sword. Four lofty barbicans they have built up To overtop the town. Up there spies out Earl Sal'sbury with a murder-greedy eye, And counts the hastening wanderers in the lanes. Full many thousand balls of hundred weight Are

slung into the town. The churches lie There now in rubble and the royal tower Of Notre Dame bows its exalted head. They've dug, and filled with powder, passages. And thus above this hellish realm now stands The frightened city waiting every hour That it was thunderclap the flames devour.

(Johanna listens with tense attention and sets the helmet on her head).

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

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

JOHANNA. *(quickly)*. This knight is called?

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

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

BERTRAND. He stands but scarce removed a single day From Vaucouleurs.

THIBAUT. *(to Johanna)*. What's that to thee? Thou ask'st Of things that are not seemly for thee, maiden.

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

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

BERTRAND. Oh, miracles don't happen any more!

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

THIBAUT. What spirit now comes o'er the wench?

RAIMOND. It is The helmet, that inspires her martial soul. Behold your daughter now! Her eyes flash flames, And glowing fire sparkles on her cheeks.

JOHANNA. This kingdom fall? This country full of fame, The fairest that the sun eternal sees Through all its course; this paradise of lands, That God loves as the apple of His eye; It bears the fetters of a foreign folk? Here the heathen's might was crushed and here Was raised the earliest Cross, the sign of Grace, Here rest the ashes of the sainted Louis,⁷ From here was launched the conquest of Jerusalem.

BERTRAND. *(astonished)*. List to her speech! When has she drawn This lofty Revelation! Father Arc! To you God gave a daughter full of wonders!

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

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

SCENE IV

JOHANNA. (*alone*). Farewell, ye mountains, ye beloved meadows, Ye old familiar, quiet vales, farewell! Johanna will no longer wonder o'er you Johanna says to you farewell forever. Ye meadows, which I watered, and ye trees, Which I did plant, grow greener still in joy! Farewell, ye grottoes and ye cooling fountains! Thou, Echo, the dear voice of this loved valley, Who oft gave answer to my own refrain, Johanna goes and never comes again! Ye places, all, of my still, silent pleasures, You now I leave behind for evermore. Disperse yourselves, ye lambs, upon the pastures, A flock no longer pastored as of yore, For there's another herd which I must treasure On danger's fields, that will be wet with gore. Thus has the spirit's call to me been given; Nor by vain, earthly longing am I driven. For Who on Horeb's heights one day descended To Moses in a fiery bush of flame And him to go 'fore Pharaoh's throne commended;⁸ Who once the pious son of Jesse's fame,⁹ The shepherd boy for His own knight intended, Who e'er his grace to shepherd's did proclaim, He spoke to me from this tree's leafy sweetness; "Go forth! Thou shalt for me on earth bear witness.

With cruel ore thou shalt they limbs belumber, With steel thou shalt bedeck thy tender breast, Nor in thine heart dare love of men e'er slumber With sinful flames of idle, earthly lust. Ne'er shall a bridal wreath thy locks encumber, Nor darling child shall blossom at thy breast. But thee I shall with martial honors high Above all women on earth, thee, magnify. For when in strife the most courageous tarry, When France's final fate doth nearer steal, Then thou my oriflamme¹⁰ shalt forwards carry And, as the nimble reaper clears the field, The haughty victor thou shalt reap and harry. And backward thou shalt turn his fortune's wheel, And bring to Gaul's heroic sons salvation, Free Rheims, and crown the king of thine own nation!"

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

(She goes out.)

ACT I

The Court of King Charles at Chinon.

SCENE I

Dunois and Du Chatel.

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

DU CHATEL. Here comes the king!

SCENE II

King Charles and the preceding characters.

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

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

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

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

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

(to the Bastard)

And wherefore laughest thou?

DUNOIS. That golden chains

Thou shakest from thy mouth.

DU CHATEL. My lord, there is No money handy in thy treasury.

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

DU CHATEL. My royal master! I have spared thine ear As long as there was counsel still and aid, But dire necessity now frees my tongue. Thou hast naught more to give; alas, thou hast No more wherefrom thou mayst tomorrow live! The flood-tide of thy riches has run out, And lowest ebb is now within thy vaults. Thy troops till now have not been paid their hire. They murmur threatening to withdraw. I scarce Know how thine own royal domicile can be Maintained in meager, not in princely, manner.

CHARLES. Give as a pledge my royal tolls and customs, And let the coin be loaned thee by the Lombards.¹¹

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

DUNOIS. And meanwhile pawn and land will both be lost.

CHARLES. To us remain still many fair, rich lands.

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

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

DUNOIS. Not with his crown of Naples, let us hope!¹² For Heaven's sake no! For it is vendible, So have I heard, since he's been tending sheep.

CHARLES. That is a jest, a merry game, a fete, Which he allows himself and his own heart, To found themselves a blameless, pure world 'Mid this barbaric, crude reality. But what he wishes, that is great and royal. - He wants to bring again the olden times, When gentle, courtly love prevailed, when love The knightly hearts of heroes elevated, And noble ladies sat in seats of judgment, With gentle manner settling all fine points. In those times dwells the cheerful, hoary king, And, as they live still in the olden ballads, Thus will he set them up here on our earth, Just like a heavenly city in golden clouds. He hath established too a court-of-love, To which the noble knights shall fare as pilgrims, Wherein chaste ladies shall majestic reign, Where pure, courtly love shall now return, And me he has elected Prince of Love.

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

CHARLES. (*to a Square who enters*). What's news?

SQUIRE. Councilmen from Orleans beg a hearing.

CHARLES. Conduct them in! (*Squire departs.*) It's help they will demand. What can I do, myself in need of help!

SCENE III

Three Councilmen join the others.

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

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

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

CHARLES. The respite's short.

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

DUNOIS. And could Saintrilles really lend his voice To such a shameful contract?

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

DUNOIS. So he is dead!

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

CHARLES. Saintrilles dead! Oh in that single man Sinks my whole host!

(A Knight enters and speaks a few words softly with the Bastard, who starts in surprise.)

DUNOIS. That too!

CHARLES. Well, what is up!

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

CHARLES. Du Chatel!

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

CHARLES. Pledge, Yea, promise, all thou hasat, e'en half my realm -

DU CHATEL. Naught helps! Too often they've been proffered pledges!

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

COUNCILMAN. *(falling at the King's feet)*. Oh, king, assist us! Of our needs be mindful!

CHARLES. *(despairingly)*. Can I by stamping on the ground raise armies? Will fields of grain grow in my outstretched hand? Tear me to pieces, tear my heart from me, Mint it instead of gold! My blood I have For you, but silver have I not, nor soldiers!

(He sees Sorel entering and hastens to her with outstretched arms.)

SCENE IV

Agnes Sorel,¹³ a casket in her hand, joins the group.

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

SOREL. My dear, good king!

(looking around with anxiously inquiring glance)

Oh Dunois! Is it true? Du Chatel?

DU CHATEL. Sadly!

SOREL. *(forcing the casket on him)*. Here, here is gold, Here are my jewels! Melt my silver down! For purchase or for pawn put up my castles -- Put lien upon my holdings in Provence, Turn all to cash and satisfy the troops! Away! And lose no time!

(urges him to depart)

CHARLES. How now, Dunois? Now, Du Chatel? Am I Still poor, when I the crown of womanhood Possess? As noble as myself is she By birth. The royal blood of Valois¹⁴ is itself Not purer. Daintily would she adorn The foremost throne on earth - but that she spurns. She will be but my love alone and bear that title. Has she allowed me e'er to make a gift Of higher value than an early flower In winter or a seldom fruit? From me She takes no sacrifice and brings me all! Risks her entire riches and possessions With noble soul on my submerging fortune.

DUNOIS. Yes, she's another maniac as thou, And throws her all into a burning house And pours into Danaides' leaky vessel.¹⁵ Thee she shall never rescue, but herself She'll bring with thee to ruin.

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

CHARLES. (*smiling*). Yea, now an olden word, in saying sooth, Fulfills itself in me, which once a nun In Clermont spoke in a prophetic spirit. A woman, so the nun declared, would make Me victor over all my enemies And would reconquer me my father's crown.¹⁶ Far off I sought her in the hostile camp, I hoped to reconcile my mother's heart. Here stands the heroine who leads to Rheims. Through love my Agnes renders I shall conquer!

SOREL. Thou shall effect it through thy friends' bold sword.

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

DU CHATEL. (*at the window*). A knight comes now agallop in the court.

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

SCENE V

La Hire and the preceding.

CHARLES. (*going to meet him*). La Hire! Bring'st thou hope or bring'st thou none? Explain in brief! What have I to expect?

LA HIRE. Expect naught more save from thy trust sword.

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

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

CHARLES. And what if we deny his shameful terms?

LA HIRE. Then be the bond asunder ere it starts.

CHARLES. Hast thou forwith, as I commanded thee, Then challenged him to fight me on the bridge In Montereu just where his father fell?

LA HIRE. I threw thy gauntlet down 'fore him and said Thou would'st forgo thy rights of majesty, And as a knight do battle for thy realm. But he replied: To him there ne'er was need To fight for that which he already held. But if thou wert so longing for a fight Then thou wouldst find him soon at Orleans, Whereto it is his will to go tomorrow.

Therewith he laughing turned his back on me.

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

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

DUNOIS. Hah! Brazen price of commoners turned lords!

CHARLES. Hast thou tried nothing as concerns my mother?

LA HIRE. Concerns thy mother?

CHARLES. Yes, and how did she behave?

LA HIRE. (*after meditating a few moments*). 'Twas just the feast day of the king's coronation
When I arrived at Saint Denis. Adorned As for a triumph were the Parisians all, In every byway
area of honor rose. Through which the Engellander's¹⁷ king made entry. Bestrewn with
blossoms was the way, and cheering, As if our France had won its fairest conquest, The rabble
clamored 'round his coach of state.

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

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

CHARLES. Oh peer, forgetting honor! Unworthy cousin!

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

CHARLES. Well?

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

CHARLES. Oh mother! mother!

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

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

DUNOIS. The vixen! The terror-breathing, old Megaera!¹⁸

CHARLES. (*after a pause, to the Councilmen.*) Ye now have heard how matters stand with me.
Delay no longer! Go to Orleans Again and notify my loyal town That I release it from its oath to
me. It may give heed to its salvation now And yield itself to the Burgundian's mercy. He's
called the Good, and he will be humane.

DUNOIS. What, Sire? Wilt thou forsake thy Orleans?

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

DUNOIS. Are we Defeated? It is meet to yield the field Ere e'en one sword's been thrust to
hold the city? With one mere word, before one drop of blood Haw flowed, dost thou intend to
give away The fairest city from the heart of France?

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

SOREL. May God forbid, that we, of our own selves Despairing, turn our back upon this realm!
That word came not from thine intrepid breast. His mother's most unnatural, brutal deed Hath
broke my sovereign's own heroic heart! Thou w'lt find thyself again composed and manly And
stand against that fate with noble courage Which grimly fights against thee now.

CHARLES. (*lost in gloomy meditation*). Is it not true? A darkly freighted, fearful fate prevails
Through Valois's dynasty; it is forsaken By God. My mother's heinous deeds have led The
furies' wrath into this very house. My father lay full twenty years in madness. Three elder
brothers hath grim death 'fore me Mowed down. It is the Heaven's verdict that The house of
Charles the Sixth shall be submerged.

SOREL. In thee it will arise renewed in youth! Have faith in thine own self! Oh, not in vain
Hath gracious destiny preserved but thee, Of all thy brothers, thee alone, the youngest, Hath

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

CHARLES. Not I. The rough and storm-bewildered time Demands a helmsman more endowed with strength. I could have made a peaceful people happy, But one that's wild wrought up I cannot tame, Not open with the sword for me their hearts, Which turned away are shut up tight with hate.

SOREL. The folk is blind, delusion numbs its senses, But yet the ecstasy will pass away; There will awake, the day no more is distant, The love for its hereditary king, Which is deep planted in the Frankish breast; The olden hate, the jealousy, will waken, Which separates both folks as foes eternal. His very luck will fell the haughty victor. And so do not desert in too great haste The battle field; contest each foot of earth, Defend, as if it were thy very breast, This Orleans! Cause rather to be sunk All ferry boats, all bridges to burn down, Which over this divider of thy realm, The Stygian waters of the Loire, would lead thee.¹⁹

CHARLES. What I was able, I have done. I have Made offer of myself for knightly combat For my own crown - And they deny me that. My people's lives to no avail I squander, And all my cities sink into the dust. Shall I, like that unnatural mother, Let my own child be quartered with the sword? No, I'll renounce my right, that it may live.²⁰

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

CHARLES. (*to the Councilmen*). Await from me no other resolution. God shelter you! I can no more.

DUNOIS. Then may The victory-god forever turn his back On thee as thou dost on thy native realm! Thou hast forsak'n thyself, so I forsake thee. Not England's and Burgundy's joined might, Thine own faint spirit casts thee from thy throne. The kings of France are heroes when they're born. But thou art not thus martially engendered. (*to the Councilmen*) The king surrenders you. But I myself, To Orleans, my father's town, will speed And underneath its rubble dig my grave. (*He is about to depart. Agnes Sorel detains him.*)

SOREL. (*to the King*). Oh, let him not depart from thee in anger!

His mouth speaks cruel words, and yet his heart Is true as gold. He is indeed the very one Who loves thee warmly, oft for thee hath bled. Now come, Dunois! Confess! It was the fervor Of noble wrath that went too far! - And thou, Forgive thy loyal friend his hasty speech! Oh come, come! Let me quickly reunite Your hearts, ere rapid wrath, unquenchable, The dread and ruinous, unleash its flames! (*Dunois looks fixedly at the King and seems to be waiting for an answer.*)

CHARLES. (*to Du Chatel*). We'll go across the river Loire. Now let My goods be bought on board!

DUNOIS. (*Quickly to Sorel*). And so farewell! (*He turns quickly and departs, the Councilmen follow.*)

SOREL. (*wrings her hands in desperation*). Oh, if he goes, then are we forsaken! La Hire, follow him. Seek to assuage him!

(La Hire departs.)

SCENE VI

Charles, Sorel, Du Chatel.

CHARLES. Is then the crown a so unique possession? Is it so sorely hard to part with it? I know a thing still harder to endure. To let one's self by these defiantly O'er-weening natures be controlled, to live By grace of haughtily imperious vassals, That is the hardest for a noble heart And bitterer than to succumb to fate. *(to Du Chatel, who is still hesitating)*

Do what I've ordered thee!

DU CHATEL. *(throws himself at his feet)*. Alas, my king!

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

DU CHATEL. Make peace now with the Duke of Burgundy. Else can I see for thee naught of salvation.

CHARLES. Thou counsel'st this and thine own blood it is Wherewith I must both sign and seal this peace?

DU CHATEL. Here is my head. Oft I have ventured it For thee in battles, and I lay it now For thee with pleasure on the bloody scaffold. Placate the Duke. Deliver me to the Entire sternness of his wrath, and let My flowing blood appease his ancient hate!

CHARLES. *(looks at him for some time in silence and in deep emotion)*. Well, is it true? Are things so bad with me That my own friends, who see right through my heart, Point out the road of shame for my salvation? Yes, now I recognize my grievous fall, Since all reliance in my honor's gone!

DU CHATEL. Bethink -

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

DU CHATEL. It shall at once Be done.

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

SCENE VII

Charles and Agnes Sorel.

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

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

SCENE VIII

La Hire returns. Charles and Sorel.

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

LA HIRE. Bad luck Has been exhausted, sunshine comes again!

SOREL. What's that? Oh, please!

LA HIRE. *(to the King)*. Recall the delegates From Orleans!

CHARLES. And why? What has occurred?

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

SOREL. Prevailed! Oh heavenly music of that word!

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

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

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

SCENE IX

Archbishop of Rheims. Dunois. Du Chatel with Raoul,
a Knight in armor, joins the preceding.

ARCHBISHOP. (*leads the Bastard to the King and lays their hands in each other's*). Lords, embrace! Let all your grudge and discord vanish now, Since Heaven itself proclaims that it's for us.

(*Dunois embraces the King*).

CHARLES. Snatch me from out my doubt and my surprise! What does this solemn seriousness portend? What has effected this quick change?

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

Now speak!

RAOUL. We had brought up some sixteen companies, Folk from Lorraine to join to thine hose, And Baudricour, the knight from Vaucouleurs, Was our leader. When we now attain The heights of Vermanton, and in the vale, Through which the Yonne flows, descended, There stood before us on the wide-stretched plain the foe. And weapons glistened when we looked arrears; We saw ourselves surrounded by two armies. There was no hope to conquer or to flee. Then sank the heart of even the most brave. And all, despairing, wished to yield their arms. Now while our leaders with each other still Were seeking counsel, and were finding none. Behold a seldom wonder met our eyes! For out the forest's depths quite suddenly Stepped forth a virgin, helmet on her head, Like to a martial goddess, fair at once And fearful to behold, around her neck In darksome ringlets fell her hair; a gleam From Heaven seemed to light the sky on high. As she raised up her voice and thuswise spoke: "Why timid? valiant Frenchmen! At the foe! And were there more of them than ocean's sands, God and the Holy Virgin lead you on!" And quickly from the ensign-bearer's hand She snatched the banner, and before the train With valiant bearing strode the mighty maid. We, dumb with wonder, follow, without willing. The lofty banner and the standard-bearer, And on the foe we straightway rush in storm, Who, highly shocked, stands there immobilized, With wide-eyed, stony stare, amazed to see The miracle that 'fore his eyes unfolds. Yet quick, as if God's terror laid its grip Upon them, now they turn and flee And, casting ward and weapons from their persons. The total army through the field disperses. No word of power, no call of leader helps. With terror senseless, without looking back, Both horse and man plunge to the river's bed, And let themselves be choked without resisting. It was a slaughter, call it not an onslaught! Two thousand enemies bedecked the fields, Not counting those the river swallowed up. And of our troops no single man was missing.

CHARLES. Quite strange, by God! Most wonderful and strange!

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

RAOUL. Who she is will she unto the king alone reveal. She calls herself a seeress and a god-commissioned prophetess, and she makes promise to rescue Orleans before the moon shall change. The folk believes her and now thirsts for fighting. Thine host she follows; soon she will be here.

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

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

CHARLES (*to Du Chatel*). Conduct her in-(*to the Archbishop*) What shall I think of this? A maiden brings me victory; and just now, When but the arm of God can rescue me! This is not in the normal course of nature, And dare I now believe in miracles?

MANY VOICES (*behind the scene*). Hail, hail the virgin, our deliveress!

CHARLES. She comes! (*to Dunois*) You occupy my seat, Dunois! We wish to prove this maid-of-miracles. If she's inspired, and is sent from God, Then she will know how to detect the king. (*Dunois seats himself; the King stands at right, next to him Agnes Sorel; the Archbishop and the others vis-a-vis, so that the intervening space remains unoccupied.*)

SCENE X

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

DUNOIS (*after a deep, solemn stillness*). Is't thou, oh wonder-working maiden-JOHANNA (*interrupts him, looking at him with clearness and majesty*). Bastard of Orleans! Wilt thou tempt thy God! Arise from this, a seat that seems thee not! To this more mighty man have I been sent. (*She goes with decisive step up to the King*) genuflects before him and immediately stands erect again) retiring. All those present express their astonishment. Dunois leaves his seat and space is left vacant before the King.)

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

JOHANNA. I saw thee when none else but God beheld thee.

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

In recently departed night, bethink thee, When all about thee lay in deepest sleep Interred, didst thou arise from thy own couch And make a fervent prayer unto thy God. Let these withdraw, and I'll relate to thee The content of thy prayer.

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

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

CHARLES (*retreats in awe*). Who art thou, mighty being? Whence thy coming?

(*All show their astonishment.*)

JOHANNA. Thou then didst make to Heaven the second plea: If its high will and resolution be. To wrest the sceptre from thy dynasty, To take away from thee all that thy fathers, The monarchs of this realm, had once possessed, Then would'st thou pray it to preserve to thee Three single properties: a peaceful breast, Thy friend's true heart, and then thine Agnes' love. (*The King conceals his face, weeping violently; great commotion of astonishment among those present. After a pause.*) Shall I now name for thee thy third petition?

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

ARCHBISHOP. Who art thou, holy, wonder-working maiden? What happy land did bear thee? Speak! Who are The God-beloved parents who begot thee?

JOHANNA. Most reverend sir, Johanna is my name. I'm but a shepherd's lowly daughter, born In my own sovereign's village, Dom Remi, Which lies within the diocese of Toul. And I have herded there my father's sheep From childhood on. And much and often I Have heard them tell of this strange island-folk, Who've come across the sea to make of us their slaves, and force on us a master born On foreign soil, who does not love our people; And that already your great city Paris,

They've occupied, and now control our realm. Then plaintively God's mother I invoked To turn from us the shame of foreign chains, And to preserve for us our native king. Close to the little town where I was born There stands an ancient image of God's mother, To which came many pious pilgrim. Trains. Near by a holy oak tree stands, long famed Through many miracles of sacred power. And in this oak tree's shade I liked to sit, While tending sheep, for so my heart impelled, And if one lamb was lost in these wild mountains, My dream would always point it out to me When I was sleeping in this oak tree's shade. And one time, as I sat a long night through Beneath this tree in pious meditation, And to the powers of sleep set up resistance, There came the Holy One to me, a sword And banner bearing, otherwise, as I, Clad as a shepherdess, and said to me: "'Tis I! Get up, Johanna! Leave they herd! The Lord now calls thee to another business! Take thou this banner! Gird thee with this sword! And extirpate therewith thy people's foes, And lead thy sovereign's son with thee to Rheims; And crown him with the royal diadem! " But then I spake: "How can I such a deed Dare undertake, I, but a tender maid Untaught in the destructive ways of war?" And she replied: "A *virgin* pure can bring To pass whate'er is glorious on earth, If she doth but resist all earthly love. Just look on me! . A maiden chaste as thou, I to the Lord divine have given birth, And I'm myself divine! " And then she touched My eyelid, and, as I looked up on high, There was the heaven full of youthful angels, who carried pure, white lilies in their hands, And a sweet tone pervaded all the ether. And thus three nights succeeding one another The Sainted One appeared and called: "Get up, Johanna! The Lord now calls thee to another business. " And when she on the third night did appear, She was enraged and scolding spoke these words: "Obedience is woman's lot on earth, And stern forbearance is her grievous duty. She must be purified through strictly serving. Who here hath served, is great in the hereafter. " And speaking thus she let the herd-girl's garb Fall off and stood there as the Queen of Heaven, Amid the glory of the sun supernal, And golden cloud-banks bore her up on high, Receding slow to lands of bliss eternal.

(All are moved. Agnes Sorel, weeping violently, hides her countenance on the bosom of the King.)

ARCHBISHOP *(after a long silence)*. In face of such divine accreditation must every doubt of earthly wit be silent. The deed attests that she doth speak the truth; But God alone can work such miracles.

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

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

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

CHARLES. Thus shall I to my foes resistance tender?

JOHANNA. Subjected France before thy feet I'm placing!

CHARLES. And Orleans, sayest thou, will not surrender?

JOHANNA. You'll sooner see the Loire its course retracing?

CHARLES. Shall I to Rheims as conquering hero fare?

JOHANNA Through foes by thousands I shall lead thee there.

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

DUNOIS. Just place the Maiden at the army's head. We'll follow blindly where the Maid divine Shall lead! Her seeress-eye shall lead us on, and this brave sword shall shield and shelter her!

LA HIRE. Not e'en a world in weapons shall we fear When she goes marching on before our hosts. The God of victory wanders at her side. Let her, in battle mighty, be our guide!

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

CHARLES. Yes, holy Maiden, lead thou on my host, And all my princes shall give heed to thee. This sword of highest martial power, that late, The crown's field marshal wrathfully returned, Has found in thee a hand more worthy of it. Receive it now, oh holy prophetess And be henceforth-

JOHANNA. Not so, oh noble Dauphine Not through this instrument of earthly power Is victory vouchsafed unto my lord I know another sword wherewith I'll conquer. I will describe it thee, e'en as the spirit Instructed me. Send forth and have it fetched!

CHARLES. Name it, Johanna.

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

CHARLES. Send someone there and do as she hath said!

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

CHARLES. So be it as thou sayest.

JOHANNA. Reverend Bishop, Upon me lay thy sacerdotal hands And speak a blessing over me, they daughter!

(She knee's down.)

ARCHBISHOP. Thou hast been sent God's blessings to dispense Not to receive them-Go in God's own power! We are but men, unworthy quite and sinners.

(She arises.)

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

JOHANNA. Let him come in, for he is sent by God!

(The King beckons to the Squire, who goes out.)

SCENE XI

The Herald joins the others.

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

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

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

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

CHARLES. Be quiet, cousin! Now, they message, herald!

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

CHARLES. Let's hear it!

JOHANNA *(steps forward)*. Sire, let me in thy stead Speak with this herald.

CHARLES. Do it then, oh Maiden! Thou shalt decide if it be peace or discord.

JOHANNA *(to the Herald)*. Who sendeth thee and speaketh through thy mouth?

HERALD. The Britains' chief, the Count of Salisbury.

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

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

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

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

JOHANNA. I have no need to know it, but now hear Thou mine! And then these words of mine make known Unto the princes, who have sent thee here! Oh King of England, and oh ye, the Dukes, Bedford and Gloucester, regents of the realm, Give your accounting to the King of Heaven, For all the blood spilled wantonly. And give To us the keys of all the towns you've taken In contradiction to the laws of God! The Maiden cometh from the King of Heaven To proffer you

or peace or bloody war. Choose! For I tell you this, that ye may know it: To you this beauteous France is not assigned By our Virgin Mary's Son, but Charles, My lord and dauphin, whom our God awards it, Will as the king, make entry into Paris, Accompanied by all Grandees of the realm. Now, herald, go! With haste depart from here! For ere thou hast once more thy camp attained, And brought this news, the Maiden will be there, To plant in Orleans the sign of victory.
(She departs. Everything is in commotion. The curtain falls.)

ACT II

A region surrounded by crags.

SCENE I

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

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

(Knight Fastolf departs with his soldiers.)

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

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

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

BURGUNDY. Not one stood fast. The flight was common lot.

TALBOT. No, Sir! On your flank it had its beginning. You rushed headlong into our camp and screamed: "All hell is loose, and Satan fights for France. " And thus you threw our troops into confusion.

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

BURGUNDY. Because the first attack was levied there.

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

BURGUNDY. What? Shall Burgundy bear the blame for failure?

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

BURGUNDY. No, for you had ne'er be held fair Orleans! Who cleared the way for you into this realm, Reached out to you the loyal hand of friendship when you did scale this hostile foreign coast? Who then did crown your Henry in Paris? And did subject to him the Frenchmen's hearts? By God! If this strong arm had never led You in, you never should have seen the smoke Ascending from a single hearth in France!

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

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

TALBOT. We did not lay our siege to profit you.

BURGUNDY. How would it be, if I withdrew my forces?

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

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

TALBOT. Yes, dearly, dearly we today have paid For it at Orleans with our prized honor!

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

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

BURGUNDY. Hell and damnation! Is thus that we are met? Oh Chatillon! Have all my troops prepare them for departure. We're going back to our own land.

(Chatillon departs.)

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

SCENE II

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

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

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

ISABEAU. What? Does the hocus-pocus art of hell, To us so fateful in the fight, here too Still dupe us, sense-befuddled imbeciles? Just who began the row? Speak! Noble Lord! *(to Talbot)* Is't you, who so forgot your own advantage, As to offend our worthy allied partner? What hope you to perform without his arm? He built unto your king this present throne, Supports him still, unseats him when he wills. His army gives you strength, e'en more his name. All England, if it poured out all its people Upon our coasts, would not be able to Subdue the realm, if it were but united. For only France alone could conquer France.

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

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

ISABEAU. What, noble Duke, could you so far renounce Your princely honor and your sense of shame To lay this hand of yours into the very hand That slew your father? ²¹ Were you mad enough To have belief in real conciliation E'en with the Dauphin, whom unto the brink Of his destruction you yourself have hurled? So near his fall would you sustain him now And thus insanely your own work destroy? Here stand your friends. And your salvation rests Alone in a firm bond with England.

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

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

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

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

ISABEAU. Good! Now let's seal a new concluded bond With one fraternal kiss and may the winds Waft from our midst all that which has been spoken!

(Burgundy and Talbot embrace.)

LIONEL *(observing the group, aside)*. Luck to the peace established by a Fury!

ISABEAU. One single battle we have lost, my Generals. Luck was against us, but do not, for that Allow your noble courage to ebb! The Dauphin Despairs of Heaven's protection, and invokes The help of Satan's arts; but yet in vain has he surrendered him to his damnation. And hell itself shall never rescue him. A conquering maiden leads the hostile troops, Yours I will lead, and I for you shall be A substitute for prophetess and virgin.

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

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

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

ISABEAU. *(looks at one after the other in astonishment)*. You too, Burgundy? You take sides with these Ungrateful lords and stand opposed to me:

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

BURGUNDY. He thus avenged a father and a spouse.

ISABEAU. He set himself to judge me and my morals.

LIONEL. That was quite disrespectful of a son!

ISABEAU. And he has sent me into banishment.

TALBOT. That was to consummate the public's voice.

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

TALBOT. You'd rather sell the honor of his mother!

ISABEAU. You know not, timid souls, What an offended mother's heart can do. I love whoever treats me well, and hate Who injures me, and be it mine own son, Whom I have borne, the more deserves he hate. To whom I gave his being, from him I'll rob it, If he, with ruthless, daring arrogance, Does injury to the womb that carried him. You, who are waging war against my son, You have no right nor reason to despoil him. How grievous is the debt the Dauphin has Incurred 'gain you? What pledges has he broken? The quest for honor, common envy, goads you; I have the right to hate him. I have borne him.

TALBOT. Yea, in your vengeance he will feel his mother!

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

BURGUNDY. It is true'. Your fame you have maintained with robust spirit.

ISABEAU. I have my passions, and as fervid blood As any woman, and I came as queen Into this land to live, and not to seem. Should I be dead to joy, because the curse Of fate conjoined my

vital, happy youth Unto a consort insane and demented? More than my life I love my independence, And he who wounds me here-and yet why should I quarrel with you here about my rights? Your sluggish blood flows slowly through your veins, You know not aught of pleasure, only wrath! And this Duke here, who through his whole life long Has wavered 'twixt both bad and good, cannot With all his heart and soul nor love nor hate. I'm going to Melun! Give me this man, (*pointing to Lionel*) Who pleases me, for company and amusement. And then do what you will! I'll ask no questions Concerning English or Burgundians.

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

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

ISABEAU (*coming back*). To slay with sword you are quite competent, The Frank alone can speak a compliment.

(*She departs.*)

SCENE III

Talbot, Burgundy. Lionel.

TALBOT. Oh, what a woman!

LIONEL. Your opinion, Generals! Shall we flee further, or shall we turn back And by a rapid and a daring stroke wipe out the stigma of the present day?

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

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

BURGUNDY. Consider-

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

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

LIONEL So be it! And to me, my chief, assign This easy play of arms, where flows no blood! For I intend to take that ghost alive, And 'fore the Bastard's eyes, a paramour, I'll carry her in mine own arms across Into the British camp to cheer our troops.

BURGUNDY. Now promise not too much!

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

(*They withdraw.*)

SCENE IV

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

JOHANNA (*to the Knights who surround her, while the procession above continues*). The wall is scaled and we are in the camp! Now cast from you the cloak of secret night, Which up to now has veiled your silent march. And to the foe make known your dreaded presence By your loud battle-cry: "God and the Virgin!"

ALL (*cry aloud amid the wild clang of weapons*). God and the Virgin.
(*drums and trumpets*)

SENTRY (*behind the scene*). The foe' the foe the foe'.

JOHANNA. Now torches here! Throw fire in their tents! . Let raging flame intensify dismay
And, threatening round about, let death embrace them!

(Soldiers hasten forth. She wishes to follow.)

DUNOIS *(holds her back)*. Thy part thou hast accomplished now, Johanna. Into the middle of
the camp hast led us. The foe thou hast delivered to our hands But from the field of strife now stay
away and leave to Us the bloody consummation!

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

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

(She goes Out.)

LA HIRE. Come, Dunois! Let us track our heroine. And lend our valiant breasts to be her shield!

(They depart.)

SCENE V

English soldiers flee across the stage; then Talbot.

FIRST SOLDIER. The Maiden! In the middle of our camp!

SECOND SOLDIER. Impossible! No, never! How came she to camp?

THIRD SOLDIER. Through the air! The devil helps her!

FOURTH AND FIFTH SOLDIERS. Flee! Flee! We all are marked for death!

(They depart.)

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

SOLDIER *(rushes in)*. The Maiden! Flee! Flee! Flee, General!

TALBOT *(strikes him down)*. Flee to hell Yourself! Him shall this very sword transfix, who
speaks to me of fear and faint-heart flight!

(He departs.)

SCENE VI

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

MONTGOMERY *(alone)*. Where shall I flee to? Foes around about and death! Here our enraged
leader, who, with threatening sword, Retarding flight, dares drive us straight toward our death.
There the Dreadful One, who ruinous round herself Like burning fire rages, and around there is
No bush to hide me and no cave of sure retreat. Oh were I never shipped across the sea to here,
Oh, I, unfortunate! Whom idle dream deranged To search for cheaply purchased fame in Frankish
wars. And now destructive destiny is leading me Into this bloody, murderous fight. Were I but
far From here, at home still on the Severn's blooming bank, Secure within my father's house,
where in my mother In grief remained, and my sweet, tender bride-to-be! *(Johanna makes her
appearance in the distance.)* Woe's me! What see I? There appears the female terror! From
flaming fire-brands dull glowing she mounts up, As from the jaws of hell a spectre of the night

might rise. Where can I flee? She seizes me already And, with her eyes of fire, casts from afar at me The never-failing captivation of her glance. Around my feet is firm and faster wrapped a skein Of magic that so fetters them that they deny Me flight! And I must gaze, however much my heart Against it struggles, at that fatal apparition! (*Johanna advances several steps toward him and then remains standing again.*) She comes! I will not wait until this form so grim Attacks me first! Imploring, I'll embrace her knees, And for my life I shall beseech; she is a woman; Might I perchance through show of tears cause her to soften!
(*As he is about to approach her, she walks rapidly toward him.*)

SCENE VII

Johanna. Montgomery.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

JOHANNA. Unhappy man! And you remind me now of this: How many mothers of this land are childless now; How many tender children, fatherless; how many Expectant brides²² are widowed by these deeds of yours? So England's mothers too may now experience Despair and make acquaintance with the tears which France's sorrow-stricken wives ere now have wept.

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

JOHANNA. Who called you to this foreign land to lay in waste The blooming labor of our fields, to chase us from Our native hearth, and throw the fire-brands of war Into the peaceful sanctuaries of our cities? Ye dreamed already in your heart's vain phantasy To plunge the free-born Frenchman into serfdom's shame And this great land, as if it were a little boat, To fasten firmly to your haughty ocean vessel! Ye fools! The royal coat-of-arms of France hangs on The throne of God. And sooner ye might tear a star From Heaven's wain than pluck a village from this realm,

Inseparably, eternally united. The day Of vengeance has arrived And ye no more while living Shall e'er retrace the reaches of the holy sea, Which God has set betwixt us as our lands' partition. And which ye have transgressed in your frivolity.

MONTGOMERY (releases her hand). Oh, I must perish! Groveling now I'm grasped by death.

JOHANNA. Die, friend! Why tremble thus so timidly 'fore death, The inescapable event? Behold me! Look! I am but a mere maiden, born a shepherd girl. This hand has never known the wont to wield the sword. The innocent and pious shepherd staff it bore. But torn away from fields, that were my native home, From father's bosom and my sisters' loving breast, Must I here, I must-a voice divine impells me, not My own desires - a bitter grief for you, for me no joy, a spectre of dismay, athrotling go And scatter death abroad, and be, ac last, its victim. For I no day of joyous going home shall ever see. To many of your countrymen I'll still bring death, And many widows shall I make, but finally I, Myself, shall perish and shall thus fulfill my fate. Fulfill thou likewise thine! With vigor grasp thy sword. And for the sweetest prize of life let us contend.

MONTGOMERY (arises). Well, if thou art a mortal as I am, and arms Can wound thee, then, it may be destined for my arm, By sending thee to hell, to end all England's woe. In God's all-gracious hands I lay my destiny. Call thou, accursed one, thy hellish spirits now To stand by thee! And now defend thy right to live!

(He seizes shield and sword and presses in on her. Martial music resounds in the distance. After a short duel Montgomery falls.)

SCENE VIII

JOHANNA (*alone*). To death thy foot did bear thee. Fare thee well!

(She walks away from him and remains standing in thought.)

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

SCENE IX

A Knight with a closed visor. Johanna.

KNIGHT. Accursed one! Thine hour hath arrived. I've sought thee on the far-flung field of battle. Destructive phantom! Get thee straight-way back To hell, from whence thou hast to us ascended!

JOHANNA. Who are thou, whom thy evil angel sent To 'counter me? Like to a prince's is Thy bearing, nor as British dost thou seem, for the Burgundian badge betrays thy state. In face of it my sword's tip dips to earth. KNIGHT. Vile outcast, thou deservest not to fall Beneath a prince's noble hand. The ax Of hangman ought to sever from they torso Thy damned head, and not the daring dagger Held by the royal Duke of Burgundy

JOHANNA. Thou art, forsooth, this royal Duke himself?

KNIGHT (*opens his visor*). I'm he. ! Oh wretch, now tremble and despair! Now Satan's arts shall shelter thee no more. Thou hast till now but weaklings over-come. A man stands facing thee.

SCENE X

Dunois and La Hire join them.

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

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

BURGUNDY. It's not this amorous Circe²³ that I fear, Nor you, whom she so shamefully has transformed. Oh, Bastard, blush, and shame on thee, La Hire, That thou thy ancient valor so degradest To arts of hell, and makest now thyself The shield and page-boy of this devil's-wench! Come on! I challenge all! That man despairs Of God's safe shield, who flees unto the devil.

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

JOHANNA. Hold up! Hold up. '

BURGUNDY. Thou tremblest for thy lover? Before thine eyes shall he

(He presses in on Dunois.)

JOHANNA. Hold up, I say! Part them, La Hire! Here no Frankish blood shall flow. ' Nor shall this strife by sword-play be decided. Another way is in the stars decreed. Now separate, I say! Hear and respect The spirit which pervades me, speaks through me!

DUNOIS. Why dost thou stay my now uplifted arm And halt the bloody verdict of my sword? The blade is drawn and now it strikes the blow which shall avenge and reconcile our France.

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

(to the Bastard)

Step to the side!

(to La Hire)

Remain there, standing fixed! I have a word to speak now with the Duke.

(after all is quiet)

What wilt thou do, oh Burgundy? Who is The foe thy murderous glance with yearning seeks? This noble prince is France's son as thou, This valiant is thy native friend and ally, And I'm a daughter of thy fatherland. We all, whom thou dost strive to extirpate, Belong among thy people and, our arms Are open wide to welcome thee, our knees Prepared to do thee honor, and our sword Against thee has no point. And honorable To us thy visage; e'en in hostile helm, It bears the loyal features of our king.

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

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

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

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

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

Who in my deepest bosom turns my heart? She's no deceit, this touching) stirring form! No! No! if I'm through magic's might made blind, Then it is wrought alone through heavenly power. My heart informs me she is sent by God!

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

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

ACT ! II

Royal Headquarters at Chalons on the Marne.

SCENE I

Dunois and La Hire.

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

LA HIRE. Prince, hear me speak!

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

LA HIRE. Hear me, Prince!

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

LA HIRE. How could I dare it, Prince, my weak deserts With your great name's heroic fame to measure? Where Count Dunois has entered in the lists There every other challenger must yield. But yet a lowly shepherd girl cannot Stand worthily as consort at your side; The kingly blood that courses through your veins Will surely scorn such lowly intermixture.

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

LA HIRE. The sovereign must decide.

DUNOIS. No, she herself Decides it! She has liberated France, And she herself must freely give her heart.

LA HIRE. Here comes the king!

SCENE II

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

CHARLES (to Chatillon). He comes! He wishes to salute me as His sovereign, as you say, and pay me homage?

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

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

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

CHARLES. My heart's aglow to beat against his own.

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

CHARLES. Forever sunk In Lethe be the past. ²⁴ And now we hope To see but happy days in times to come.

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

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

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

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

CHATILLON. Twelve knights shall be assurance for thy word.

CHARLES. My word is sacred.

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

CHARLES. So be my share of everlasting bliss As clasp of hand and beat of heart are one. What other pledge demands the duke to boot?

CHATILLON (*with a look at Du Chatel*). Here see I one, whose very presence here Could but lend poison to the primal greetings.

(*Du Chatel departs in silence.*)

CHARLES. Go, Du Chatel, Until the duke can bear The sight of thee, canst thou remain concealed! (*He follows him with his eyes, then hastens after him and embraces him.*) Thou righteous friend, wert willed to do still more Than this to get me peace!

(*Du Chatel departs.*)

CHATILLON. The other points this instrument doth name.

CHARLES (*to the Archbishop*). Bring it to pass! We will approve it all. To win a friend we hold no price too high. Go, Dunois, Take a hundred noble knights Along, and fetch the duke in friendly fashion. Our troops shall all bewreath themselves with branchlets In order to receive their brethren. Let the whole town adorn it for a feast, and all the bells ring out the proclamation That France and Burgundy are now one nation.

(*A Squire enters. Trumpets are heard.*)

Hark! What's the meaning of the trumpets' call?

SQUIRE. The Duke of Burgundy now makes his entry.

(*Exit.*)

DUNOIS (*departs with La Hire and Chatillon*). Up! To meet him!

CHARLES (*to Sorel*). My Agnes weeps! I, too, do almost lack the strength to carry out the coming scene. How many victims had to fall in death Before we two could meet in peace again! But every storm at last abates in wrath, And day succeeds to deepest night. And when the time arrives, the latest fruits grow ripe!

ARCHBISHOP (*at the window*). The Duke can scarcely in the mighty throng Assert himself. They lift him from his horse, They kiss his mantle and his very spurs.

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

SCENE III

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

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

BURGUNDY. They brought me to my duty.

(He embraces Sorel and kisses her on the forehead.)

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

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

BURGUNDY. We are a merchandising folk, my King. Whate'er delicious grows beneath the heavens, For show and for enjoyment is displayed Upon our mart at Bruges. The highest though Of all our wares is that of woman's beauty.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

CHARLES. Accept the gift. it is a two-fold precious pledge Of fairest love to me and reconciliation.

BURGUNDY *(while fixing in her hair a diamond rose)*. Why is it not the royal crown of France?

With heart that's even thus inclined I would be glad to fix it on this lovely head.

(Pressing her hand significantly)

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

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

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

, my dear King! -

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

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

CHARLES. Still. ' Still! No further!

BURGUNDY. And this Englishman Could I e'en crown! Swear fealty to this stranger!

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

BURGUNDY (*clasps his hand*). I'll make amends! Believe me, that I will. For all your suffering, you'll be recompensed, And your entire kingdom you'll receive Again, and not one village shall be lacking!

CHARLES. We are united. I now fear no foe.

BURGUNDY. Believe 'twas not with happy heart that I bore arms against you. If you only knew - why did you not send this one here to me?

(*pointing to Sorel*)

Her tears I'd ne'er been able to resist. Now shall no power of hell divide us more Since we have closed each other to our heart! I now have found a place that's truly mine; Upon this heart my wandering journey ends.

ARCHBISHOP (*steps between them*). You are united, Princes! France now mounts, Again made young, a Phoenix, from its ashes. A pleasant future now smiles down on us. The country's grievous wounds will heal again, The villages, laid waste, the cities too, Again shall rise more radiant from their rubble, The fields shall deck themselves anew feuding, with green, But those, who fell as victims of your The dead, arise no more; the tears that flowed, Because you were in strife, are wept, and thus Remain'. The Coming generation soon Will flourish, but the past was misery's prey. The grandchild's joy will not revive his fathers. These are the fruits of your fraternal feud. Let that give you a lesson! Fear the sword's Divinity, ere from the sheath you draw it! The mighty man can unleash war; but, not Instructed as the hawk, to fly back from The air unto the hunter's hand, heeds not That savage god the call of human voice. Not twice at the right moment as today Comes forth at the savior's hand from out the clouds.

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

CHARLES. Where is Johanna? Wherefore is she missing

At this most festal, happy point of time, Which she did grant us?

ARCHBISHOP. Sire! The holy Maiden Loves not the quiet of the leisure court, and if divine command call her not forth Into the light of day, then she avoids, Abashed, the idle gaze of common eyes. Forsooth she doth converse with God, when she Is not in deed concerned for France's welfare; For in her footsteps always follow blessings.

SCENE IV

Johanna joins the others. She is in armor but without helmet) and is wearing a wreath in her hair.

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

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

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

(*looking around*)

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

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

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

BURGUNDY. Ah, now I understand!

JOHANNA. And wilt forgive? Thou wilt, oh Duke? Come in now, Du Chatel!

(*She opens the door and leads Du Chatel in; the latter remains standing at a distance.*)

The Duke with all his enemies, with all, Is reconciled, and with thee too.

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

BURGUNDY. What makest thou of me, Johanna? Knowest, what thou askest?

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

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

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

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

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

JOHANNA. Burgundy. To the level of the throne Hast thou raised up thy seat, and they proud
heart Still higher strives. It lifts into clouds Thy bold-built house. But from above A hand will
soon command its growth to halt. But fear not thence the downfall of thy house! It shall live on in
brilliance through a maiden, And sceptre-bearing sovereigns, shepherds of Their peoples, shall be
the flower of her womb.²⁵ And they shall lord it on two mighty thrones And write the laws of all
the known world And of a new one, which the hand of God Still hides behind the seas unploughed
by ships.

CHARLES. Oh speak, if it the Spirit has revealed, will this new bond of amity, which we
Renewed, in distant ages too unite Our sons?

JOHANNA (*after a moment of silence*). Ye kings and rulers of the earth! Have fear of discord!
And awake not strife Out of its cavern, where it sleeps; for once Aroused, it slow reverts again to
tameness. A progeny it gets, a brood of iron, And firebrand ignites succeeding brand. Demand to
know no more! Rejoice now in The present! Let me calmly still conceal The future!

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

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

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

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

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

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

And now stand up A noble woman! I, the King, do raise Thee from the dust of thy own humble
birth - And in their graves thy fathers I ennoble. The lily in thine armor thou shalt wear, And be of
equal birth with e'en the best In France. None but the royal blood of the Valois shall be more
noble than thine own! The greatest of the great shall feel himself As honored by thy hand. My
care shall be To get thee wed unto a noble husband

DUNOIS (*steps forth*). My heart elected her when she was lowly. The new-won honor that shines 'round her head Exalts not her deserts nor yet my love. Here, in the presence of my sovereign lord And of this holy bishop, I extend To her my hand as to my princely consort, If she but holds me worthy to receive her.

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

LA HIRE (*steps forward*). Johanna's fairest gem, Know I her rightly, is her modest heart. The homage of the greatest she deserves, yet ne'er will she raise up her wish so high. She strives not giddily for earthly grandeur. The true affection of an honest nature Suffices her, as does the quiet lot, That I now proffer her with this my hand.

CHARLES. Thou too, La Hire? Two distinguished wooers, Alike in martial fame and hero's virtues! Wilt thou, who reconciled my foes to me, my realm united, part my dearest friends? But one of you alone can e'er possess her, And I esteem each worthy of the prize. So speak thou, for thine heart must here decide.

SOREL (*comes nearer*). I see the noble Maiden is surprised, And bashful shame lends color to her cheeks. Now give her time to ask her heart's advice, To speak confiding with some female friend, And loose the seal unto her fast-locked breast. Now is the moment come, when even I May sisterly approach this sterner virgin, And offer her my loyal, secret bosom. So let us first deliberate as women The womanly affair; and you await what we shall then conclude.

CHARLES (about to depart). So be it!

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

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

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

CHARLES. We are advancing on the way to Rheims.

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

DUNOIS. But when it all has been consummated, when we have marched as victors into Rheims, Wilt thou then grant to me, oh holy Maiden - JOHANNA. If Heaven wills that I, with victory crowned, Return again from out this deadly battle, Then is my task fulfilled the shepherdess Has no more business in her sovereign's house.

CHARLES (*taking her hand*). The Spirit's voice is now impelling thee, And love is silent in thy God-filled bosom. It will not always be thus mute, believe me! Our weapons soon shall rest, for by the hand Doth victory lead peace; then joy returns Again to every breast, and tend'rer feelings Once more wake up in each and every heart. In thy breast too they surely will awaken, And tears of gentle longing wilt thou weep, Such as thine eyes have never shed this heart, which now is filled by Heaven alone, will then In love unto some earthly friend be wending. Now saving many thousand joyful men, By bringing joy to one thou shalt be ending.

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

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

CHARLES Desist! it is but vain to try to move her.

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

SCENE V

A Knight in haste.

}. What is't?

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

JOHANNA. (*enthused*). Fight and battle! Now is my soul delivered from its bonds. Gird on your arms, while I array the forces.

(*She hastens out.*)

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

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

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

BURGUNDY. You shall be satisfied with me!

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

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

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

SCENE VI

The scene changes into an open region, skirted by trees. While the music is playing one sees soldiers rapidly retreating across the background. Talbot, supported by Fastolf and accompanied by soldiers. Immediately thereafter Lionel.

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

FASTOLF. Oh, most unhappy, miserable day!

(*Lionel enters.*)

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

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

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

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

TALBOT (*tears oft his bandages*). Then flow away, ye brooklets of my blood, For I am more than weary of the sun.

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

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

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

TALBOT. Were we as valiant men O'ercome by other valiant men, we might Console ourselves with universal fate, That spins the sphere in ever-changing manner But to succumb to such a hocus-pocus! Was all our earnest and laborious life Not worthy of a much more earnest exit?

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

(*Exit.*)

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

SCENE VII

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

BURGUNDY. The trench is taken by storm.

DUNOIS. The day is ours.

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

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

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

BURGUNDY. What's this I see? In his own blood lies Talbot!

(*He goes up to him. Talbot looks fixedly at him and dies.*)

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

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

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

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

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

FASTOLF (*surrenders his sword*). Sir, I am now thy prisoner!

CHARLES (*returns his sword to him*). Not so! Rude war doth likewise honor pious duty. Free shall ye follow to your master's grave. Now hasten, Du Chatel! My Agnes trembles. Release her

from anxiety for us. Bring her the message that we live, we conquered. In triumph led her on to Rheims!
(*Du Chatel exit.*)

SCENE VIII

La Hire joins the others.

DUNOIS. La Hire, Where is the Maiden?

LA HIRE. What? I'll ask you that. I left her fighting at your very side.

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

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

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

CHARLES. Quick, rescue her!

LA HIRE. I follow! Come!

BURGUNDY. We all!

(*They hasten forth.*)

SCENE IX

Another desolate region of the battlefield. The towers of Rheims are visible in the distance, illuminated by the sun. A Knight in black arm or with closed visor. Johanna pursues him even to the forward part of the stage, where he stands still and awaits her.

JOHANNA. Thou crafty one! I'm conscious of thy cunning! Thou hast, deceiving, through pretended flight, Allured me from the field, and death and doom For many heads of British sons averted. But now perdition has caught up with thee.

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

JOHANNA. Thou art abhorred by me with all my soul, Just like the night, whose color is thine own. To extirpate thee from the light of day Invincible desire drives me on. Who art thou? Ope thy visor. Had I not Beheld the warlike Talbot fall in battle, Then would I say, forsooth, that thou wert Talbot.

BLACK KNIGHT. Is thy prophetic spirit's voice now silent?

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

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

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

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

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

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

JOHANNA. Who art thou double tongued, deceitful being who seeks to frighten and confuse me too? How darest thou, deceitful, to announce False oracles to me?

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

Oh, no! Thou givest Reply to me, or die'st by my hand! *(She wishes to deliver a blow at him.)*

BLACK KNIGHT *(touches her with his hand. She remains standing motionless)* Kill what is mortal!

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

JOHANNA *(stands at first astonished, but soon recovers her composure)*. 'Twas nothing living! 'Twas a phantom form From out of hell, an insubordinate spirit, who climbed up here from out the fiery pool to shock my noble heart *within* my bosom. Whom do I fear with God's sword in my hand? In triumph I shall consummate my way, If hell itself into the lists came sneaking my courage shall not waver, shall not weaken!

(She wishes to leave.)

SCENE X

Lionel. Johanna.

LIONEL. Accursed woman, arm thee for a fight! Not both of us shall leave this place alive. The best among my people thou hast slain; The noble Talbot hath his mighty soul Breathed out into my bosom. I'll avenge That valiant man, or I shall share his fate. And that thou knowest who lends thee thy fame, Though he should die or conquer - I'm Lionel, The last one of the princes of our host, And still unconquered is this arm of mine.

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

(He struggles with her.)

JOHANNA *(seizes him from behind by the plume of his helmet and tears the helmet down violently so that his visage is laid bare. At the same time she draws her sword with her right hand)*. Suffer what thou sought'st! Through me thou art the Holy Virgin's victim.

(At this moment she looks him in the face. His aspect seizes her. She remains standing motionless and then lets her arm sink slowly.)

LIONEL. Why tarry and restrain the stroke of death? Take now my life as thou hast ta'en my fame, I'm in thy hands; I do not wish for mercy.

(She gives him a sign with her hand that he should depart.)

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

JOHANNA *(with averted face)*. Preserve thyself! I will know naught thereof, that once thy life Into my power was given.

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

JOHANNA. Kill me then, And flee!

LIONEL. Ha! What is that?

JOHANNA *(conceals her face)*. Oh, woe is me!

LIONEL *(comes nearer to her)*. Thou killest, I am told, all Englishmen, Whom thou subduest in battle. Why spare me Alone?

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

LIONEL. Why namest thou The holy one? She knoweth naught of thee; And Heaven hath no part in thee. JOHANNA *(in violent anxiety)*. What have I done? My sacred vow, alas; I've broken!

(She wrings her hands despairingly.)

LIONEL *(observes her sympathetically and comes nearer to her)*. Unhappy maiden! Now I pity thee; Thou movest me, to me alone thou hast Been generous. I feel that now my hate Doth disappear. I must now take thy part! Who art thou? Whence art come?

JOHANNA. Away! Take flight!

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

JOHANNA. To bear them I'm unworthy!

LIONEL. Throw them, quick, away and follow me!

JOHANNA (*with dismay*). And follow thee!

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

JOHANNA. The bastard comes! 'Tis they! They're seeking me! If they find thee-

LIONEL I'll give thee my protection!

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

LIONEL. Am I then dear to thee?

JOHANNA. Ye saints in Heaven!

LIONEL. Shall I see thee again? Or hear from thee?

JOHANNA. No! Never!

LIONEL. This thy sword as pledge that I See thee again!

(*He snatches her sword from her.*)

JOHANNA. Demented man, thou darest it?

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

(*Exit.*)

SCENE XI

Dunois and La Hire. Johanna.

LA IRE. She lives! 'Tis she!

DUNOIS. Johanna, have no fear. Thy friends are standing at thy side in force.

LA HIRE. Is't Lionel who flees?

DUNOIS. Just let him flee! The righteous cause, Johanna, is the victor! Rheims opens wide its gates, and all the folk Pour cheering forth to go to meet their king

LA IRE. What ails the Maiden! She grows pale, she sinks!

(*Johanna becomes dizzy and is about to collapse.*)

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

LA HIRE. Her blood flows forth! .

JOHANNA. Oh let it with my life Stream out!

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

ACT IV

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

SCENE I

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

The rapture of one joy is now inflamed, One thought alone now throbs in every breast; What recently war's bloody hate had twained, That shares once more, enthralled, the common zest. He

only who his Frankish birth proclaimed, Is proudly conscious now when so addressed. Renewed is now the splendor of the throne, And France adores its king's son as her own.

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

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

(The music behind the scene goes into a soft languishing melody.)

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

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

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

(after a pause, more vivaciously)

Should I kill him? Could I, since I've looked Into his eyes? Kill him? I'd sooner have The murd'rous steel plunged into mine own breast! And am I culpable 'cause I was human? Is pity sinful? Pity! Didst thou hear The voice of pity or humanity When others too were victims of thy sword? Why was it mum - the while the youth from Wales, The tender youth, was pleading for his life? Oh cunning heart, who light of truth forgot, The pious voice of pity led thee not! Why was I forced to look him in the eye! Behold the noble features of his face! 'Twas with thy gaze the trespassing began, Unhappy maid! A sightless tool thy God demands; with sightless eyes thou had'st the goal attained. But once thou saw'st, forsaken by God's shield, Thou wert in snares of hell enchained!

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

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

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

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

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

SCENE II

Agnes Sorel. Johanna.

SOREL (*enters in vivid emotion; when she catches sight of the Maiden she hastens to her and falls upon her neck; suddenly, realizing the situation, she releases Johanna and prostrates herself before her*). No! Not thus! Here in dust 'fore thee-

JOHANNA (*wishes to raise her up*). Arise! What ails thee? Thou forgettest thee and me.

SOREL. Let me! It is the urge of joy that casts me down before thy feet; I must pour forth My overflowing heart before my God, The One Unseen I worship now in thee. Thou art the angel who hath led my lord to Rheims, and there adorn'st him with the crown. What I had never dreamed I'd see is now Fulfilled: The coronation train makes ready. The King stands there in festal pomp arrayed. Assembled are the peers, the mighty of The realm, to bear the ornaments of office. Cathedralwards the folk like pilgrims stream. The dance tunes sound e'en as the church bells peal. The fullness of this joy I cannot bear!

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

But thou remainest ever grave and stern. Good luck thou canst create but share'st it not. Thy heart is cold, thou feelest not our joys. Thou hast beheld the majesty of Heaven, No earthly fortune moves the pure breast.

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

Oh could'st thou be a woman and have feeling! Lay off this armament, there's no war more, Confess thou art one of the gentler sex! My loving heart draws shyly back from thee as long as thou art like the rigid Pallas.²⁶

JOHANNA. What dost thou ask of me!

SOREL. Disarm thyself. Layoff this armament! For love doth fear to draw too near unto this steel-clad breast. Oh, be a woman, then thou shalt feel love:

JOHANNA. Shall I disarm me now? Just now? To death I will lay bare my breast in battle! But now! Oh would a seven-fold ore Protect me from your feasts and from myself!

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

(*Johanna turns away in abhorrence.*)

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

JOHANNA. Oh mourn for me! And weep anent²⁷ my fate!

SOREL. Oh, what could still be lacking to thy fortune? Thou hast redeemed thy word, and France is free; Into the coronation city thou Hast led the king in triumph and attained exalted fame. A happy people praise And worship thee, thy laud from every tongue Doth overflow. Thou art the goddess of This feast. The crowned king himself gleams not more lordly than thyself.

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

SOREL. What ails thee? What a strange emotion this! Who dare to look out freely on this day, if thou shouldst earthwards cast thy glances down? Let me blush red, me, who near thee must feel So small, who cannot raise herself to match Thy lofty height and thy heroic strength! And shall I now confess to thee my one Great weakness? Not the fame of father-land, And not refurbished glory of its throne, Not popular elation, joy in triumph Engages this weak heart. There is but one Who fills it to completion. It has room But for this one and solitary feeling: He is one adored, for him the people cheer, Him do they bless, for him they strew these blossoms. And he is mine, yes, he is my beloved.

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

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

SOREL (*falling on her neck*). Oh, thou delightest me! Dost understand me? Yea, I misjudged thee; thou art judge of love, And what I feel thou dost express with force. My heart is freed from all its fear and shyness, And wells with confidence to meet with thee-

JOHANNA (*tears herself violently from her arms*). Forsake me! Turn from me! Do not pollute Thyself with my pestiferous encounter! Be happy! Go! Let me in deepest night Conceal my horror, my disgrace and my Misfortune-

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

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

SCENE III

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

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

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

JOHANNA. I march before him! I, this banner carry!

DUNOIS. Whom else doth it befit? What other hand Is pure enough to bear this sacred emblem? Amid the conflict thou didst make it wave, Now bear it to adorn the way of joy.

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

JOHANNA. Away! Away!

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

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

JOHANNA (*looking at it in dismay*). It's she! Herself! Just as she looked to me. See how she glares and how she knits her brow, And peers with glowing rage through lowering lashes!

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

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

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

LA HIRE (*astonished, to Du Chatel*). Do you this strange emotion comprehend?

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

DUNOIS. What is that you say?

DU CHATEL. I dare not speak that which I think. Would God that it Were over and the king already crowned!

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

JOHANNA. Thou speakest right! To friends it is propitious. and to the foe it sendeth consternation.

(*The coronation march is heard.*)

DUNOIS. So take the banner! Take it! They begin the march, and not one moment may we tarry!
(*They force the banner upon her. She seizes it after violent resistance and departs. The others follow her.*)

SCENE IV

The scene changes to an open place in front of the cathedral. Spectators fill the background; from among them come Bertrand, Claude Marie and Etienne. They come forward, following them Margot and Louison. The coronation march resounds muffled from the distance.

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

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

CLAUDE MARIE. It is as if one half of France were gathered here together! So overwhelming is the flood that it Js too, from our far distant land, Lorraine, has lifted up and washed to here!

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

SCENE V

Margot and Louison join them.

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

MARGOT. In pomp and majesty we shall behold her and shall tell ourselves: it is Johanna it is our sister!

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

(The march continues to come nearer.)

MARGOT. Thou doubtst still? Thine eyes shall yet behold it!

BERTRAND. Give heed! They comet

SCENE VI

Flute-players and oboists open the procession. Children dressed in white and with branches - in their hands follow. Behind these two heralds. Then a rank of halberdiers. Magistrates in robes follow. Then two Marshals with their stags. The Duke of Burgundy carrying the sword, Dunois with the sceptre, other dignitaries with the crown, the imperial globe and the staff of justice; others - with sacrificial offerings; behind these Knights with decorations signifying their order. Choir boys with the censor; then two Bishops with the cruet of holy chrism. The Archbishop with the crucifix. Johanna with her banner follows him. She walks with bowed head and uncertain step; her sisters, upon beholding her, give signs of astonishment and joy. Behind her comes the King under a baldachin²⁸ carried by four barons; courtiers follow, soldiers close the procession. When the procession has entered the church, the music of the march ceases.

SCENE VII

Louison. Margot. Claude Marie. Etienne. Bertrand.

MARGOT. Didst thou see sister?

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

MARGOT. 'Twas she. It was Johanna, our sister!

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

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

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

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

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

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

MARGOT. What? Before We've greeted and addressed her?

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

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

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

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

CLAUDE MARIE. Come! To church!

(They hasten into the background and lose themselves in the crowd.)

SCENE VIII

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

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

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

RAIMOND. I beg thee, flee!

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

(He wants to leave.)

RAIMOND. Wait! What will you do?

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

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

THIBAUT. If but her soul survive, her frame may perish!

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

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

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

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

SCENE IX

Johanna. The populace. Later) her sisters.

HANNA *(has warded off the crowd and comes forward)*. I can't remain - the spirits here pursue me, The organ's tones resound to me like thunder, Cathedral arches plunging fall upon me. The free

expanse of heaven I must seek me! I left my banner in the sanctuary. My hand shall touch it never, never-more! To me it seemed as if I'd seen my sisters, Dear Margot and Louison, as in dream Go gliding past in front of me. Alas! It was a mere deceptive apparition! They're far, so far and distant from my reach, As happiness of childhood innocence!

MARGOT (*coming forward*). 'Tis she! It is Johanna!

LOUISON (*hastening toward her*). Oh, my sister!

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

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

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

LOUISON. God's mystical decree led thee away.

And makes them thermally hide them in their caves, Cannot establish peace among the humans. Above the howling of the winds and storms. You hear the thunder of the cannons' roar; Both armies stand so near to one another, That but the forest parts them, and each hour. I can erupt in bloody fearful.

CHARCOAL-BURNER'S WIFE. Oh God assist us still Our enemies Already were rebuffed and caused to flee. How comes it that they frighten us anew?

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

CHARCOAL-BURNER'S WIFE Hark! Who comes here now?

SCENE II

Raymond and Johanna join the others

RAIMOND I here see cabins. Come here we shall find A shelter from the raging storm. You can't. How out much longer. Now three days already. You've wandered, fleeing from the eyes of men, And rugged roots were all you've had to eat. And rugged roots were all you've had to eat. (*The storm abates. It becomes bright and clear.*) There kindly charcoal-burners. Let us enter.

CHARCOAL-BURNER. You see to be in need of rest. Come in! What'er out humble roof affords is yours.

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

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

RAIMOND (*to Johanna*) You see all humans are not merciless, And in the forest too dwell genteel hearts. Now brighten up! The storm has spent its fury, And beaming peaceful the sun goes down.

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

RAIMOND Woe's us! How can we them escape?

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

RAIMOND *(to Johanna)* Lay the helm and armor off. They mark you and offer no protection. *(Johanna shakes her head)*

CHARCOAL-BURNER. The maiden is quite sad. - But hark! Who comes?

SCENE III

The charcoal-burner's wife comes from the hut with a goblet. The charcoal-burner's boy.

CHARCOAL-BURNER'S WIFE It is the boy whose returned we waited. *(to Johanna)* Drink noble maiden! May God bless it you!

CHARCOAL-BURNER *(to his son)* Art come, Art? What bring'st thou?

CHARCOAL-BURNER'S BOY *(Has fixed his gaze on the Maiden, who is just raising the goblet to her mouth. He recognized her, walks up to her and snatches the goblet from her lips)* Mother! Mother! What art thou doing? Who's thy guest? That is the witch or Orleans!

CHARCOAL-BURNER and CHARCOAL BURNER'S WIFE Oh God have mercy on us! *(The make the sign of the cross and flee.)*

SCENE IV

Raimond. Johanna.

JOHANNA *(composed and gently)* Thou seest, a curse pursues me and all else flees me; Care for thy self and leave me to my fate.

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

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

RAIMOND Where will you go? Here stand the Englishmen, Who grimly swear to your a bloody vengeance. There stand our troops, who have rejected you, An exile -

JOHANNA Naught befalls me but what must be.

RAIMOND Who shall seek out your food? And who protect you from savage beasts as till more savage humans? Who care for you, when you are sick and wretched?

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

RAIMOND *(clasps her by the hand)* Will you not survey your soul, be reconciled with God and turn repenting Back into the bosom of the Holy Church?

JOHANNA Thou too dost hold me guilty of grave sin?

RAIMOND Must I not? Through silence your confession -

JOHANNA Thou, who hast followed me into my exile, the only being who was staunch and true who chained himself to me, when all the world rejected me, thou too regards me an outcast spurning God? (*Raimond remains silent*) Oh, that is hard!

RAIMOND (astonished) You mean you really are no sorceress?

JOHANNA I a sorceress?

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

JOHANNA Then, with what power else?

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

JOHANNA In silent I submitted my fate Which God, my Master, over me imposed.

RAIMOND You could make on reply unto your father?

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

RAIMOND You could have cleared yourself with but one word, and yet You left the would in this unhappy error?

JOHANNA It was no error, but a visitation.

RAIMOND You suffered all this shame though innocent, and not one plaint was uttered by your lips! I am amazed at you and stand unstrung. My heart convulses in my deepest bosom! Oh, gladly I accept your word as truth, For it was hard for me to think you guilt. But could I dream that nay human heart would suffer such a monstrous charge in silence?

JOHANNA Did I deserve to be his emissary Unless I blindly did my Master's will? And I am not so wretched as you think. I suffer what, but that is not misfortune For my estate. I'm fugitive and banned, But in the desert learned to know myself. There, where the gleam of honor shone around me, There, was there strife within my heart; I was The most unfortunate maid when to the world I seemed to most fit for envy. - Now, I now Am healed. This storm in nature, threatening it With dire destruction, was to me a friend. I purified the world, and with it, me. In me is peace - and, come whatever will, I no longer conscious of weakness.

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

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

RAIMOND I should endure in silence, till by chance -

JOHANNA (*gently taking him by the hand*) Thou seest but the natural course of things, Because an earthly bond beshrouds thy gaze. But with mine eyes I've seen things undying. Unless the Gods so will, no single hair Shall fall form head of man - Seest thou the sun descending in the

heavens? Just as surely As it returns in glory in the morning, So surely will the day of truth be dawning!

SCENE V

Queen Isabeau with soldiers appears in the background.

ISABEAU *(still behind the scene)* This is the way into the English camp!

RAIMOND Woe's us! The enemy! *(Soldiers enter. As they approach they notice Johanna and reel back in terror.)*

ISABEAU What stops the march?

SOLDIERS God be our aid!

ISABEAU A ghost has frightened you? Well, are you soldiers? Ninnies! That you are! *(She forces her way through them, comes forth, but startles when she beholds the Maiden.)* What do I see? *(She quickly gains control of herself and advances towards her)* Surrender! Thou art now My prisoner!

JOHANNA I am *(Raimond flees with signs of despair.)*

ISABEAU *(to the soldiers)* Put her in chains! *(The soldiers timidly approach the Maiden. She extended her arms and is fettered.)* Is that the mighty woman, the much feared, who chased your hordes like flock of little lambs, Who now cannot protect her very self? Does she work wonders only where there's faith, And, when she met a man, become a woman? *(to the Maiden)* Why didst thou leave thy army? Where is now cone Dunois, thy knight-errant and protector?

JOHANNA I'm banished

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

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

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

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

ISABEAU *(to the soldiers)* Give heed to my commands! Away with her!

SCENE VI

Johanna. Soldiers.

JOHANNA *(to the soldiers)* Ye Englishmen! don't suffer that alive I slip from out your hands. Avenge yourselves! Draw forth your swords and plunge them in my heart, Drag me unsoiled, before your general's feet! Think! It was I who killed you most distinguished, Who never carried pity in my heart, Who caused entire streams o English blood To flow, and robbed your brave heroic sons Of the glad day of going home again! Take now a blood vengeance! Murder me! You have me now. Not always shall you thus Behold, me weak -

LEADER OF THE SOLDIERS Do what the queen commanded!

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

SCENE VII

The French camp. Dunois between the Archbishop and Du Chatel

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

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

DU CHANTEL Accept out better council, Prince. Dismiss Us not with such an answer!

DUNOIS Hush, Du Chantel! I hate you bad from you wish naught to hear. 'Twas you who first expressed your doubt in her.

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

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

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

the banner in her hand. The heavens are illuminated by a rose-colored light.)

JOHANNA. Do you behold the rainbow in the sky? There Heaven opens wide its golden gates Amidst the choir of angels she radiant stands. She holds her Son eternal to her breast, And smiling stretches out her arms to me. What comes o'er me? Light clouds bear me on high - my coat-of-mail's a winged garb of feather, And upward-upward-Earth doth backward fly-Short is all pain, and joy endures for ever!

(The banner falls from her /?and. She sinks down upon it in death.-All stand far a long time in speechless emotion. Upon a quiet gesture from the King all banners are laid gently over her, so that she is completely covered b)' them.)

[²¹ Although he did not kill Burgundy's father, John the Fearless. with his own hands, Charles was implicated for his followers, led by Du Chatel, committed the assassination.]

[²² That is, future brides.]

[²³ Circe was an enchantress who could change her lovers into swine.]

[²⁴ The Lethe was the river of forgetfulness or oblivion in Hades.]

[²⁵ The maiden, Maria (or Mary) of Burgundy (1457-82), married Archduke Maximilian, who became Holy Roman Emperor (1493-1519). Their descendents occupied the "two mighty thrones" of Spain and Germany.]

[²⁶ Pallas, the thunder-maid of Pallene in southern Greece, came to form a joint personality with Athene, the maiden goddess of Athens.]

[²⁷ That is, concerning or regarding.)

[²⁸ A canopy of rich brocade used in regal and church processions.]