

# THE VIRGIN OF ORLEANS

## A ROMANTIC TRAGEDY

TRANSLATED BY WILLIAM F. WERTZ, JR.

### DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

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| CHARLES THE SEVENTH,<br><i>King of France</i>      | <i>Royal officers</i>                                    |
| QUEEN ISABEAU, <i>his</i><br><i>mother</i>         | LA HIRE  |
| AGNES SOREL, <i>his beloved</i>                    | DU CHATEL  |
| PHILIP THE GOOD, <i>Duke</i><br><i>of Burgundy</i> | ARCHBISHOP OF RHEIMS                                     |
| COUNT DUNOIS, <i>Bastard</i><br><i>of Orleans</i>  | CHATILLON, <i>a Burgundian</i><br><i>Knight</i>          |
|  | RAOUL, <i>a Lorrainean</i><br><i>Knight</i>              |
|  | TALBOT, <i>Field Marshal of</i><br><i>the Englanders</i> |

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Schiller began work on *The Virgin of Orleans*, the dramatic account of the life of Joan of Arc, on July 1, 1800, just one month after completing his drama *Maria Stuart*. The play was first performed in September 1801 in Leipzig, in honor of the Weimar Court. It appeared in print for the first time in October 1801, in the *Calendar of the Year 1802*, published by Schiller's friend Unger in Berlin.

*English leaders*

LIONEL

FASTOLF

MONTGOMERY,

*a Welshman*

COUNCILMEN OF ORLEANS

AN ENGLISH HERALD

THIBAUT D'ARC, *a rich  
countryman**His daughters*

MARGOT

LOUISON

JOHANNA

*Their suitors*

ETIENNE

CLAUDE MARIE

RAIMOND

BERTRAND, *another  
countryman*THE APPARITION OF A  
BLACK KNIGHTCHARCOAL-BURNER *and*CHARCOAL-BURNER'S  
WIFE

SOLDIERS AND PEOPLE.

*Royal Crown-servants,**Bishops, Monks,**Marshals, Magistrates,**Courtiers and other**non-speaking persons**in the retinue of the**Coronation Procession.*

## PROLOGUE

*A country region.*

*Front to the right a holy image in a chapel; to the left a tall oak tree.*

## SCENE I

THIBAUT D'ARC, *his three daughters.*  
*Three young shepherds, their suitors.*

THIBAUT: Yes, beloved neighbors! To this day are we  
Still Frenchmen, still free citizens and masters  
O' th' ancient soil, the which our fathers plowed;  
Who knows, who over us commands tomorrow!  
For everywhere the Englishman doth let  
His victory-laden banner fly, his steeds  
Are trampling on the blooming fields of France.  
Paris hath him as victor now received,  
And with the ancient crown of Dagobert  
Adorns the offspring of a foreign stem.  
The grandchild of our King must wander round  
In flight and dispossessed through his own realm,  
And 'gainst him fights i' th' army of the foe  
His closest cousin and his foremost peer,  
Yes, his own raven-mother it commands.  
Around burn hamlets, cities. Nearer still  
And nearer rolls the smoke of devastation  
Into these valleys, which still rest in peace.  
—Thus, beloved neighbors, I've resolved by God,  
Because today it's still within my power,  
To have the daughters cared for; for the woman  
I' th' throes of warfare needeth a protector,  
And true love helps to lessen every burden.  
*(to the first shepherd)*  
—Come, Etienne! My Margot do you court.  
The acres come together neighborly,  
The hearts are in agreement—that endows

A happy marriage! (*to the second*)

Claude Marie! You're silent,  
 And my Louison casts her eyes to th' ground?  
 Shall I divide two hearts, that found themselves,  
 Since you no treasures have to offer me?  
 Who now *hath* treasures? House and barns are both  
 The spoils of nearest enemy or fire—  
 The faithful breast o' th' upright man alone  
 Is a firm shelter in these stormy times.

LOUISON: My father!

CLAUDE MARIE: My Louison!

LOUISON (*embracing JOHANNA*): Beloved Sister!

THIBAUT: I give to each one thirty acres land  
 And stall and farmhouse and a herd—For God  
 Hath blessed me, and so doth he bless you too!

MARGOT (*embracing JOHANNA*):

Delight our father. Follow our example!  
 Let us this day conclude three happy bonds.

THIBAUT: Go! Make the plans. Tomorrow is the  
 wedding;

I want all in the town to join the feast.

*(The two couples exit wound arm in arm.)*

## SCENE II

THIBAUT. RAIMOND. JOHANNA.

THIBAUT: Jeanette, thy sisters now are getting married,  
 I see them happy, they delight mine age;

But thou, my youngest, giv'st me grief and pain.

RAIMOND: What are you up to? Why do you scold your  
 daughter?

THIBAUT: Here this brave youth, with whom no other  
 can

Compare in all the town, th' excellent one,  
 He hath to thee his inclination turned  
 And sues for thee, already the third autumn,

With quiet wish, with heartfelt energy;  
 But thou dost him reject, reserved and cold,  
 And yet not any other of the shepherds  
 May win away from thee a kindly smile.—  
 I see thee in thy youthful fullness shine,  
 Thy spring is here, it is the time of hope,  
 Unfolded is the flower of thy body;  
 Yet e'er in vain I tarry, that the flower  
 Of tender love shall break from out its bud  
 And joyful ripen to the golden fruit!  
 O that doth please me nevermore and points  
 To grievous error in the ways of nature!  
 The heart doth please me not, that stern and cold  
 Locks up itself i' th' very years of feeling.

RAIMOND: Enough now, Father Arc! Let her alone!  
 The love of my most excellent Johanna  
 Is but a noble, tender heav'nly fruit,  
 And quietly by steps the precious ripens!  
 Now she still loves to dwell upon the mountains,  
 And from the free and open heath she fears  
 To climb down here beneath the lowly roof  
 Of men, where none but narrow sorrows dwell.  
 Oft see I her from this deep vale with still  
 Astonishment, when she on lofty mead  
 I' th' middle of her herd stands towering,  
 With noble body, and her earnest look  
 Sends down upon the little lands o' th' earth.  
 Then seems to me she points to something higher,  
 And oft methinks, she stems from other times.

THIBAUT: That is just it, which is not pleasing to me!  
 She flees her sisters' joyous company,  
 The desert mountains she seeks out, deserts  
 Her nightly bed before the call o' th' cock,  
 And on the hour of terror, when the man  
 So gladly joins with men in confidence,  
 She sneaks, just like the bird with hermit traits,  
 Off to the grayish gloomy spirit realm  
 Of night, treads home upon the crossroads, and

Holds secret dialogue with mountain air.  
 Wherefore selects she always *this* location  
 And drives her herd directly hitherward?  
 I see her pondering entire hours  
 Sit underneath the yonder Druid tree,  
 From which all happy creatures run away.  
 For monstrous is it here: an evil being  
 Hath had its habitat beneath this tree  
 Already since the old, gray heathen times.  
 The eldest in the village tell themselves  
 About this tree such dreadful, shocking tales:  
 Miraculous sounds of most peculiar voices  
 One often hears from out its gloomy branches.  
 E'en I myself, when once i' th' later twilight  
 The way was leading me near to this tree  
 Have seen a ghostly woman sitting here.  
 She slowly stretched from out the wide-spread pleats  
 Of her attire, a barren hand to me,  
 As if she were to beckon; but I hied  
 On by, commended unto God my soul.

RAIMOND (*pointing to the holy image in the chapel*):

The blessed nearness of this gracious image,  
 That here bestrews the Heaven's peace around it,  
 Not Satan's work, doth guide your daughter here.

THIBAUT: O no! no! Not in vain it shows itself

To me in dreams and anxious countenances.  
 On three occasions have I her beheld  
 To sit at Rheims upon our Monarch's throne,  
 A sparkling diadem of seven stars  
 Upon her head, the scepter in the hand,  
 From which three pure white lilies did spring forth,  
 And I, her father, both her sisters too  
 And all the princes, counts, archbishops and  
 The King himself did bow in front of her.  
 How comes to me such luster in my cottage?  
 O that doth indicate a deep fall!  
 Symbolically this warning dream presents  
 To me the futile strivings of her heart.

She is ashamed of her own lowliness—  
 Since God bejeweled her body with rich beauty,  
 With high and wondrous presents her did bless  
 Above all shepherd-maidens of this vale,  
 So feeds she sinful arrogance i' th' heart.  
 'Tis arrogance, whereby the angels fell,  
 Whereby the spirit of Hell takes hold of man.

RAIMOND: Who nurses a more modest, virtuous mind  
 Than your own pious daughter? Is't not she,  
 Who serves her older sisters joyfully?  
 She is most highly gifted of them all,  
 And yet you see her as a lowly maid  
 Perform the hardest tasks in still obedience  
 And through her very hands so wonderful  
 The herds and crops as well do thrive for you;  
 Around all, that she doth create, pours forth  
 An inconceivable effusive bliss.

THIBAUT: Indeed! An inconceivable bliss—O'er me  
 Comes a peculiar horror at this blessing!  
 —No more thereof. I'm mum. I'll say no more;  
 Shall I accuse my very own dear child?  
 I can do nought but warn her, pray for her!  
 Yet I must give a warning: Flee this tree,  
 Do not remain alone and dig no roots  
 At midnight, do not there prepare a potion  
 And write not any symbols in the sand!  
 'Tis easy to tear ope the realm of spirits,  
 They lie in waiting 'neath a scanty cover,  
 And hearing quietly they storm up here.  
 Do not remain alone, for in the desert  
 Came Satan's angel to the Lord of Heaven.

### SCENE III

BERTRAND *enters, a helmet in the hand.*

THIBAUT. RAIMOND. JOHANNA.

RAIMOND: Still! Here comes Bertrand back from out the  
 city.

See, what he bears!

BERTRAND:                You gaze at me, you are  
Astonished by the implement so strange  
Here in mine hand.

THIBAUT:                Indeed we are. Announce,  
How came you by the helm, why bring you us  
That evil symbol in this peaceful region?

*(JOHANNA, who in both preceding scenes stood aside in silence and without taking any interest, grows attentive and steps nearer.)*

BERTRAND: Scarce I myself can say, just how the thing  
Hath fallen in mine hand. I had bought up  
Some iron implements at Vaucouleurs;  
A mighty crowd I found there in the market,  
For fleeing people had just then arrived  
From Orleans with evil war reports.  
In uproar crowded all the town together,  
And as I make my way through all the bustle,  
There steps a brown Bohemian woman toward  
Me with this helm in hand, looks sharply in mine eyes  
And speaks: "Comrade, you're looking for a helm,  
I know, you're seeking one. So here! Take this!  
For but a trifling it is yours to buy."  
"Go to the mercenaries," tell I her,  
"I am a farmer, do not need the helmet."  
But she did not let up and stated further:  
"No man is able to assert, if he  
Not need the helm. A steel roof for one's head  
Is worth more now than is a house of stone."  
So drove she me through all the lanes, on me  
The helmet urging, which I did not want.  
I saw the helm, that was so bright and fair  
And worthy of the head of any knight,  
And as I doubting weighed it in mine hand,  
Reflecting on the strangeness of th' adventure,  
Then was the woman quickly from my sight,  
The stream of people had her swept away,

And in mine hands the helmet did remain.

JOHANNA (*quickly and eagerly grasping thereafter*):

Give me the helm!

BERTRAND:                   What doth it you avail?

That is no jewel for a virgin's head.

JOHANNA (*seizes the helmet from him*):

Mine is the helm, and it belongs to me.

THIBAUT: What's happ'ning to the maid?

RAIMOND:                                 Grant her the wish!

This warlike jewel doth befit her well,

For in her breast is locked a manly heart.

Reflect, how she o'ercame the tiger wolf,

The fiercely savage beast, that did our herds

So devastate, the dread of every herdsman.

She all alone, the lion-hearted virgin,

Fought with the wolf and wringed the lamb from him,

That he already bore in bloody throat.

Whatever valiant head this helmet covers,

It can adorn none that's more worthy!

THIBAUT (*to BERTRAND*):                 Speak!

What new calamity of war's occurred?

What tidings brought those fugitives?

BERTRAND:                                 God help

The King and with this land commiserate!

We have been beaten in two mighty battles,

The enemy stands in the midst of France,

Abandoned are all lands up to the Loire—

Now hath he brought together his whole might,

Wherewith he doth beleaguer Orleans.

THIBAUT: May God protect the King!

BERTRAND:                                 Immeasurable

Artillery is brought up from all sides,

And as the dark'ning squadrons of the bees

Swarm round the basket in the summer days,

As from the blackened air the locust clouds

Descend and cloak the fields for miles on end

In an incalculable teaming swarm,

So hath a cloud of war from many nations

Poured forth upon the fields of Orleans,  
 And from the unintelligible mix  
 Of tongues, the camp in dull confusion roars.  
 For even mighty Burgundy, the lands'  
 Authority, hath brought up all his men,  
 Those from Liege and those from Luxembourg,  
 Those from Hainaut, and from the land Namur,  
 And those who live in fortunate Brabant,  
 The opulent Ghentians, who in silk and velvet  
 Strut proudly, those from Zeeland, whose clean city  
 Arises from the waters of the sea,  
 And the herd-milking Hollanders, and those  
 From Utrecht, yes from outermost West Friesland,  
 Who look toward the ice-pole—they follow all  
 The power-wielding Burgundy's command  
 To arms and wish to conquer Orleans.

THIBAUT: O the unholy pitiful disunion,  
 That turns the arms of Francè against the French!

BERTRAND: Her too, the agèd Queen, proud Isabeau,  
 The princess of Bavaria, one sees,  
 Bedecked in steel go riding through the camp,  
 With poison prickled words to instigate  
 To rage all of the nations 'gainst her son,  
 Whom she had borne in her maternal womb!

THIBAUT: A curse upon her! And may God one day  
 Destroy her as He did proud Jezebel!

BERTRAND: The terrible Earl Salisbury, the wall-  
 Destroyer, leads the forces of the siege,  
 With him the lion's brother Lionel  
 And Talbot, who with homicidal sword  
 Mows down entire nations in the battles.  
 In brazen spirit they have sworn an oath,  
 To consecrate all virgins to disgrace  
 And, who hath borne the sword, to th' sword to  
 sacrifice.

Four lofty watch towers have they constructed,  
 To tower o'er the town; above spies out  
 Earl Salisbury with murder-eager look

And counts the speedy wand'ers on the lanes.  
 Full many thousand balls of hundredweight  
 Are slung into the city, churches lie  
 Below in ruin and the royal tower  
 Of Notre Dame bows its exalted head.  
 They have as well dug powder passages,  
 And thus above a hellish kingdom stands  
 The anxious city, waiting every hour,  
 As it becomes inflamed with thunderclap.  
 (JOHANNA *listens with tense attention and puts the  
 helmet on.*)

THIBAUT: However where were then the valiant swords  
 Saintrailles, La Hire and France's parapet,  
 The hero-minded Bastard, that the foe,  
 All powerful, so tearing forward pressed?  
 Where is the King himself, and looks he idly on  
 The kingdom's need and downfall of its cities?

BERTRAND: At Chinon now the King doth hold his court,  
 In need of men, he can not hold the field.  
 What use the leader's pluck, the hero's arm,  
 When pallid fear doth paralyze the army?  
 A terror, as if sent down here by God,  
 Hath even seized the bosom of the bravest.  
 In vain the princes' summons doth resound.  
 Just as the sheep uneasy crowd together,  
 Whene'er the howling of the wolves is heard,  
 So seeks the Frank, forgetting his old fame,  
 Alone the safety of the citadel.  
 A single knight alone, do I hear tell,  
 Hath brought a feeble troop of men together  
 And goes unto the King with sixteen ensigns.

JOHANNA (*quickly*):  
 Who is the knight?

BERTRAND: He's Baudricour. Yet scarce  
 Can he escape the foe's reconnaissance,  
 Who follows with two armies on his heels.

JOHANNA: Where halts the knight? Inform me, if you  
 know.

BERTRAND: He stands but scarcely one day's trip away  
From Vaucouleurs.

THIBAUT (*to JOHANNA*):

What troubles thee? Thou ask'st  
Of matters, Maiden, which befit thee not.

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 mind  
A resolution, to give up to Burgundy.  
So we shall bear no foreign yoke and stay  
With th' ancient royal stock—indeed perhaps  
Shall we return once more to our old crown,  
If Burgundy once reconciles with France.

JOHANNA (*with inspiration*):

Nought of agreements! Nought of giving up!  
The savior nears, he arms himself for combat.  
At Orleans shall the fortune of the foe be wrecked,  
His measure's full, for harvest is he ripe.  
The virgin with her sickle shall arrive  
And shall mow down the seeds of his pride;  
Down from the Heaven she shall tear his fame,  
Which he hath hung up high upon the stars.  
Despond not! Do not flee! For ere the rye  
Turns yellow, ere the lunar disc is full,  
No English steed will longer drink from waves  
Of the magnificently streaming Loire.

BERTRAND: Ah! Miracles no longer do occur!

JOHANNA: Yes, miracles still happen!—A white dove  
Will fly and will attack with eagle's boldness  
These vultures, who the fatherland tear up.  
It will beat down this proud Burgundian,  
Who hath betrayed the realm, and then this Talbot,  
The heaven-storming hundred-handed one,  
And Salisbury, the raper of the temples,  
And also all these brazen island-dwellers  
Just like a herd of lambs she'll chase before her.  
The Lord will be with her, the God of battles.  
His trembling creature will He then elect,

And through a tender virgin He will choose  
To glorify Himself, for He's Almighty!

THIBAUT: What spirit taketh o'er the wench?

RAIMOND: It is

The helm, that so inspires her martially.  
Look at your daughter now! Her eyes do flash,  
And glowing fire flashes in her cheeks.

JOHANNA: This realm shall fall? This land of such  
renown,

The fairest, that th' eternal sun doth see  
Throughout its course, the paradise of lands,  
That God loves as the apple of His eye,  
Shall bear the fetters of a foreign people?  
—Here ran the heathen's might aground. Here was  
At first the cross, the form of mercy raised,  
Here rest the ashes of the holy Louis,  
From out of here Jerusalem was conquered.

BERTRAND (*astonished*):

Just listen to her talk! Whence did she draw  
This lofty revelation?—Father Arc,  
To you gave God a daughter wonderful!

JOHANNA: No more shall we have monarchs of our own,

Nor shall we have a master native born—  
The King, who never dies, shall vanish from  
The world—he who protects the holy plow,  
Who the flock protects and fruitful makes the earth,  
Who the bonded serf leads to his liberty,  
Who the cities joyfully puts round his throne,  
Who standeth by the feeble and the evil scares,  
Who of envy nought doth know—for he's the  
greatest—

Who a man is and an angel of compassion  
Upon this earth so hostile.—For the throne  
Of monarchs, which with gold doth shimmer, is  
The lodging of th' abandoned ones—here stand  
Both might and heartfelt charity—here quakes  
The guilty one, with trust the righteous one comes  
near

And jesteth with the lions round the throne!  
 The foreign monarch, who comes from abroad,  
 Whose Fathers' holy bones do not repose  
 In this ancestral land, can he it love?  
 He who was never young among our youth,  
 Unto whose heart our words will never ring,  
 Can he a father be to his offspring?

THIBAUT: God fend for France and for its King! We are  
 A peaceful country folk, who know not how  
 To wield the sword nor romp on martial steed.—  
 Obeying quietly let us await,  
 Whom victory will give us as a king.  
 Success in battle is but God's decree,  
 And he's our *master*, who the holy chrism  
 Receiveth and puts on the crown at Rheims.  
 —Come to the labor! Come! And think each one  
 But on the one that's next! And let the grand,  
 The princes of the earth draw lots for land;  
 The devastation we can calmly spy,  
 For firm in storm the soil we till doth lie.  
 In flames our villages may burn to th' ground,  
 The horses' steps may trample down the rye—  
 But the new spring will bring new crops thereby,  
 And quickly do our fragile huts rebound!

(*All except the VIRGIN exit.*)

#### SCENE IV

JOHANNA *alone.*

Farewell, ye mountains, ye beloved swards,  
 Ye quiet and familiar vales, farewell!  
 Johanna will now no more o'er you wander,  
 Johanna says forever fare you well.  
 Ye meadows, which I watered, and ye trees,  
 Which I have planted, green forth merrily!  
 Farewell, ye grottoes and ye cooling springs!

Thou echo, lovely voice upon this vale,  
Which oft an answer gave to my refrain—  
Johanna goes, and she ne'er comes again!

Ye places of mine every silent pleasure,  
You do I leave behind for evermore!  
Disperse yourselves, ye lambs, amid the heather,  
Ye are a flock without a herdsman more,  
For there's another herd which I must pasture,  
On danger's yonder field of bloody gore:  
So hath the spirit's call to me been given,  
I'm not by idle earthly longing driven.

For Who on Horeb's summits once descended  
To Moses in a fiery bush of flame  
And 'fore the Pharoah him to stand commended,  
Who one time Jesse's boy of pious fame,  
The shepherd, as His champion intended,  
Who e'er His grace to shepherds did proclaim,  
He spake to me from branches of this tree:  
"Go forth! Thou shalt bear witness on the earth for  
me.

In rugged ore shalt thou thy limbs enlase,  
With steel thou shalt bedeck thy tender breast,  
Nor love of men thine heart may e'er embrace  
With sinful flames of idle earthly zest.  
The bridal wreath thy locks will never grace,  
No darling child will blossom at thy breast,  
Yet thee with military honors I  
Shall o'er all earthly women glorify.

For when i' th' fight the bravest do despair,  
When France's final destiny draws nigh,  
Then thou mine oriflamme wilt onward bear  
And, as the rapid reaper cuts the rye,  
Shalt thou the haughty conqueror impair;  
Thou wilt his wheel of fortune now defy,  
To France's hero sons salvation bring  
And Rheims set truly free and crown thy King!"

A signal hath the Heaven promised me—  
 He sendeth me the helm, it comes from Him,  
 With godly strength His iron touches me,  
 And through me flames the pluck o' th' Cherubim!  
 Into the martial throng it urges me,  
 It drives me forth with stormy vim,  
 The field-call hear I to me strongly pound,  
 The war horse rears, and all the trumpets sound.  
 (*She exits.*)

## ACT I

### SCENE I

*Court encampment of KING CHARLES at Chinon.*

DUNOIS *and* DU CHATEL.

DUNOIS: No, this no longer I'll endure. I say  
 I've had it with this King, who infamously  
 Forsakes himself. Within my bosom bleeds  
 My valiant heart, and glowing tears I'd like to weep,  
 That robbers in the royal realm of France  
 Are sev'ring with the sword, the noble cities,  
 Which with the monarchy have agèd grown,  
 Deliver to the foe their rusty keys,  
 While here in idleness of rest and peace  
 We waste the precious noble rescue time.  
 —I hear that Orleans is menaced now,  
 I fly down here from distant Normandy,  
 The King I think in warlike manner armed  
 I'll find already at his army's head,  
 And find him—here! Surrounded by his jugglers  
 And troubadours, resolving subtle riddles  
 And giving Sorel gallant festivals,  
 As if profoundest peace ruled in the realm!  
 The field commander leaves, he can no longer  
 Behold the horror.—I forsake him too



They rulingly appear as rulers do,  
 From gentle wishes they construct their throne,  
 And not in space their harmless kingdom lies:  
 Hence shall the singer with the Monarch go,  
 They both on mankind's pinnacle reside!

DU CHATEL: My regal Master! I have spared thine ear,  
 So long as there was counsel and support,  
 But now the urgent need doth loose my tongue.  
 —Thou hast nought more to offer, ah! thou hast  
 No more, wherefrom thou can'st tomorrow live!  
 The high tide of thy riches hath run out,  
 And deepest ebb is in thy treasury.  
 The soldiers have not yet received their pay,  
 They threaten grumbling to desert.—Scarce do  
 I know, how thine own royal domicile  
 But scantily, not princely, to maintain.

CHARLES: Take out a mortgage on my royal tolls  
 And let thee borrow money from the Lombards.

DU CHATEL: My Sire, thy royal revenues, thy tolls  
 Are pledged already three years in advance.

DUNOIS: And meanwhile are the pledge and land both  
 lost.

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

DUNOIS: So long it pleases God and Talbot's sword!  
 When Orleans is taken, mayest thou  
 Then with thy King Renè the sheep protect.

CHARLES: Thou ever try'st thy wit upon this King.  
 And yet is it this very landless prince,  
 Who just today endowed me regally.

DUNOIS: But hopefully not with his crown of Naples,  
 For God's sake no! For it is up for sale,  
 Thus have I heard, since he's been grazing sheep.

CHARLES: That is a joke, a cheerful game, a feast,  
 Which he gives to himself and his own heart,  
 To found himself an innocent pure world  
 In this barbaric, harsh reality.  
 Yet what he that is great and regal wants—  
 He wants to bring again the ancient times,

When tender courtly love did rule, when love  
Did lift the great heroic heart o' th' knight  
And noble ladies sat in judgment seats,  
With gentle sense all subtleties resolving.  
In former ages dwells the gay old man,  
And as they still in olden ballads live,  
So would he set it up on earth, just like  
A heav'nly city in the golden clouds.  
Established hath he there a court of love,  
Whereto the noble knights shall go as pilgrims,  
Where ladies chaste shall be in glory throned,  
Where purest courtly love shall come again,  
And he hath me selected Prince of Love.

DUNOIS: I am not so much stricken from my kind,  
That I'd revile the mastery 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 was invincible,  
Yet was no hostile fort for him too fast.  
Wilt thou be worth'ly called the Prince of Love,  
Then be the bravest of the brave!—As I  
Have read from out those olden books, then love  
Was always paired with lofty, knightly acts,  
And heroes, had one so instructed me,  
Not shepherds sat down at the table round.  
Who can not beauty valiantly protect,  
Deserveth not her golden prize.—Here is  
The battleground! Fight for thy Fathers' crown!  
Defend now with thy mighty, knightly sword  
Thy property and noble ladies' honor—  
And hast thou from the streams of foeman's blood  
Made conquest bold of thine ancestral crown,  
Then is it time and thee it princely suits,  
To crown thee with the myrtle wreath of love.

CHARLES (*to a SQUIRE, who enters*):

What is it?

SQUIRE: Councilmen of Orleans request

A hearing.

CHARLES: Lead them in.

(SQUIRE *exits.*)

They'll ask for help—

What can I do, who helpless is himself!

### SCENE III

*Three COUNCILMEN to the preceding.*

CHARLES: Be welcome, my much loyal citizens  
Of Orleans! How is my goodly city?

Doth it continue, with accustomed courage  
To stand against the foe, who it beleaguers?

COUNCILMAN: Ah Sire! The highest need doth press, and  
hourly grows,

Destruction swelleth onward toward the city.

The outer works are now destroyed, the foe  
Wins over new terrain with every storm.

The walls are now stripped naked of defenders,  
For fighting restlessly the men attack;

Yet few will see their native gates again,

The city's threatened too by hunger's plague.

Hence hath the noble Count of Rochepierre,

Who here commands, in this the highest need

Contracted with the foe, by ancient custom,

To yield himself up on the twelfth day hence,

If in this time no army on the field

Appears, that's large enough, to save the city.

(DUNOIS *makes a violent movement of anger.*)

CHARLES: The term is brief.

COUNCILMAN: And so now are we here

With foe's escort, that we thy princely heart

Implore, thee to take pity on thy city

And to send help to us within this time.

Else he surrenders it on the twelfth day.

DUNOIS: Saintrailles was really able to agree



## SCENE IV

AGNES SOREL, *a casket in her hand,  
to the preceding.*

CHARLES: O my dear Agnes! My belovèd life!  
Thou com'st, to tear me from my desperation!  
I have thee now, I flee unto thy breast—  
Nought hath been lost yet, for thou art still mine.

SOREL: My precious Monarch!  
*(looking around with anxiously questioning glance)*  
Dunois! Is it true?

Du Chatel?

DU CHATEL: Sadly!

SOREL: *Is the need so great?*  
There's lack of pay? The troops would be withdrawn?

DU CHATEL: Yes, sadly is it so!

SOREL *(pressing the casket on him):*  
Here, here is gold,  
Here are the jewels—Melt my silver down—  
And sell, or mortgage all my castles—Put  
A lien upon my holdings in Provence—  
Turn all to cash and satisfy the troops.  
Depart! There is no time to lose!  
*(Urges him to depart.)*

CHARLES: Now, Dunois? Now, Du Chatel! I'm still poor  
To you, when I the crown of womanhood  
Possess?—As noble as myself hath she  
Been born, the royal blood of Valois is  
Itself not purer; she would decorate  
The foremost throne o' th' world—yet she disdains it,  
My love alone she'll be and so be called.  
Did she permit me e'er to make a gift  
Of higher value than an early bloom  
In winter or a seldom fruit? From me,  
Takes she no sacrifice and brings me all!  
Risks her entire riches and possessions  
Magnanimously on my sinking fortune.

DUNOIS: Indeed, she is a maniac like thou  
And casts her all into a burning house  
And scoops into Danaïde's leaky cask.  
Thee she will never rescue, but herself  
Will she with thee destroy—

SOREL: Believe him not.  
He's risked his very life ten times for thee—  
And now is angered, that I risk my gold.  
How? Have I not all sacrificed for thee  
With joy, what's more esteemed than gold and pearls,  
And should I now retain for me my fortune?  
Come! Let us cast all superficial ornaments  
Of life away from us! Let me give thee  
A noble example of renunciation!  
Transform thy courtly finery to soldiers,  
Thy gold to iron; all, that thou dost have,  
Cast it away determined for thy crown!  
Come! Come! We'll share the danger and the want!  
The steed prepared for war let us now mount,  
The tender bodies to the glowing shaft  
O' th' sun expose, the clouds above ourselves  
Receive as blanket and the stone as pillow.  
The rugged warrior will endure his woe  
In patience, if he sees his King just like  
The poorest persevere and do without!

CHARLES (*smiling*):  
Yes, now's fulfilled in me an olden word  
Of prophecy, that once a nun to me  
In Clermont in prophetic spirit spake,  
A woman, did the nun declare, would make  
Me victor over all mine enemies  
And would regain my Fathers' crown for me.  
Far off I seek her in the foeman's camp,  
I hope to reconcile the mother's heart—  
Here stands the heroine, who leads to Rheims,  
Through love mine Agnes renders I shall win!

SOREL: Thou shalt it do through thy friends' valiant  
sword.

CHARLES: I hope much too from discord twixt my foes—  
 For to me sure intelligence hath come,  
 That twixt these haughty lords of England and  
 My cousin Burgundy not all still stands  
 As formerly. And hence have I dispatched  
 La Hire with messages unto the Duke,  
 If I might it attain, in leading back  
 The angered peer to olden faith and duty—  
 With every hour I wait for his arrival.

DU CHATEL (*at the window*):

The knight's now galloping into the court.

CHARLES: O welcome messenger! Now, so shall we  
 Soon know, if we shall yield or we shall win.

## SCENE V

LA HIRE *to the preceding.*

CHARLES (*goes toward him*):

La Hire! Dost thou bring hope to us or none?

Explain in brief. What have I to expect?

LA HIRE: Expect nought more, except from thine own  
 sword.

CHARLES: The haughty Duke will not be reconciled!

O speak! What answer gave he to my message?

LA HIRE: Above all things, and e'en before he could

Unto thee lend an ear, he did demand,

That o'er to him be handed Du Chatel,

Whom he doth name the murd'rer of his father.

CHARLES: And were we to decline this shameful term?

LA HIRE: Then be the bond ripped up, before it starts.

CHARLES: Hast thou thereon, as I commanded thee,

Then challenged him to fight me on the bridge

In Montereau, just where his father fell?

LA HIRE: I threw thy gauntlet down to him and spake,

Thou would'st thy very noble rank give up

And as a knight would battle for thy realm.

But he replied: To him there ne'er were need,  
To fight for that, which he already held;  
Yet if thou didst desire so for a fight,  
So then would'st thou him find at Orleans,  
Whereto it be his will to go tomorrow.

Therewith he laughing turned his back to me.

CHARLES: Did not arise within my parliament  
The undefiled pure voice of righteousness?

LA HIRE: It hath grown dumb before the parties' rage.

An action of the parliament declared  
Divested of the throne, thee and thy race.

DUNOIS: Ha, brazen pride of citizens turned lords!

CHARLES: Hast thou about my mother nought assayed?

LA HIRE: About thy mother!

CHARLES: Yes! And what did she declare?

LA HIRE (*after he reflects a few moments*):

'Twas just the feast o' th' royal coronation,  
When I arrived at Saint Denis. Adorned  
Were the Parisians as if for a triumph,  
In every alley arcs of honor rose,  
Through which the King o' th' Englishmen did march.  
Bestrewn with flowers was the way, and cheering,  
As if our France its fairest victory  
Had won, the rabble sprang around his coach.

SOREL: They cheered—and cheered, that they upon the  
heart

Of their most loving, gentle Monarch trod!

LA HIRE: I saw the youthful Harry Lancaster,  
The boy, sit down upon the royal chair  
Of our Saint Louis, and his haughty uncles  
Bedford and Gloucester stood alongside him,  
And our Duke Philip knelt down at the throne  
And took the oath of fealty for his lands.

CHARLES: O honor-forgetting peer! Unworthy cousin!

LA HIRE: The child was terrified and stumbled, when  
The high steps to the throne he did ascend.  
"An evil omen!" murmured all the people,  
And there arose a peal of ringing laughter.



Before one sword's been thrust to save the city?  
 With one small facile word, before the blood  
 Hath flowed, dost thou intend to give away  
 The best towns from the heart of France?

CHARLES: Enough

Of blood hath flowed already and in vain!  
 The heavy hand of Heaven is against me:  
 Defeated is mine army in all battles,  
 My parliament rejecteth me, my capital,  
 My folk receive my foe with exultation,  
 Those who by blood are nearest me, forsake,  
 Betray me—mine own mother nourishes  
 The foreign foeman's brood at her own breasts.  
 —We will withdraw to th' other side o' th' Loire  
 And yield unto the mighty hand of Heaven,  
 Which now is with the English people.

SOREL: God wills it not, that we, of our own selves  
 Despairing, turn our back upon this realm!  
 This word came not from out thy valiant breast.  
 The mother's most unnatural cruel act  
 Hath broke my Monarch's own heroic heart!  
 Thou'll find thyself again, and manly be,  
 Resist that destiny with noble courage,  
 Which grimly fights against thee now.

CHARLES (*lost in a gloomy state of mind*):

Is it not true?

A darksome, terrifying fate prevails  
 Through Valois' family, it is rejected  
 Of God. The mother's vicious actions led  
 The Furies here into this very house:  
 My father laid in madness twenty years,  
 Three older brothers death before me hath  
 Mowed down—it hath by Heaven been concluded,  
 The House of Charles the Sixth shall be o'erthrown.

SOREL: In thee it will arise made young anew!  
 Have faith in thine own self.—O! not in vain  
 Hath gracious destiny reserved but thee  
 Of all thy brothers, thee the youngest one

Hath summoned to the undesired throne.  
 Within thy gentle soul the Heaven hath  
 Prepared itself a doctor for all wounds,  
 Which parties' rage inflicted on the land.  
 The flames of civil war wilt thou extinguish,  
 Mine heart tells me, that thou shalt plant the peace,  
 O' th' Frankish kingdom be the new creator.

CHARLES: Not I. The turbulent, harsh, stormy time  
 Demands a helmsman more endowed with strength.  
 I could have made a peaceful people happy;  
 A wild rebelling one I can not tame,  
 Nor open with the sword to me their hearts,  
 Which locked in hatred are from me estranged.

SOREL: The folk are blinded, a delusion stuns them.  
 But yet this giddiness will pass away,  
 Awaken will, the day no more is distant,  
 The love for their hereditary king,  
 Which in the Frankish breast is deeply planted,  
 The ancient hate, the jealousy will waken,  
 Which hostilely divides both folk eterne;  
 His very fortune fells the haughty victor.  
 Hence do not leave with overhastiness  
 The battlefield, fight for each foot of earth,  
 Defend, as if it were thy very breast,  
 This Orleans! Let all the ferries rather  
 Be sunk, let all the bridges be burnt down,  
 Which over this divider of thy realm,  
 The Stygian waters of the Loire, lead thee.

CHARLES: What I could do, so have I done. I have  
 Made offer of myself in knightly contest  
 For mine own crown.—This they do me refuse.  
 In vain I squanderèd my people's lives,  
 And now my cities sink into the dust.  
 Shall I just like that unnatural mother  
 Let mine own child be ripped up with the sword?  
 No, I shall abdicate, that he may live.

DUNOIS: How, Sire? Is that the language of a king?  
 Doth one *so* give a crown away? The worst

Of all thy people stakes his land and blood  
Upon his point of view, his hate and love;  
The party's all, whene'er the bloody sign  
Of civil war hath been hung out to see.  
The husbandman deserts the plow, the wife  
Her distaff, children, old men arm themselves,  
The townsman his own town ignites, with his  
Own hands the countryman his growing crops,  
To injure thee or to promote thy welfare  
And to assert the wishes of his heart.  
Nought spareth he 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 effeminate compassion,  
That is not fitting to a regal breast.—  
Let thou the war rave on, as it's begun!  
Thou hast not lightly kindled it thyself.  
The folk must sacrifice itself for its own King,  
That is the destiny and law o' th' world.  
The Frank knows not, nor wills it otherwise.  
Worth nothing is the nation, which will not  
Its all stake joyfully upon its honor.

CHARLES (*to the COUNCILMEN*):

Expect from me no different decision.  
God shelter you. I can no more.

DUNOIS:

Then turn

The victory god his back on thee forever,  
As thou hast on thy father's realm. Thou hast  
Thyself forsaken, so forsake I thee.  
Not Burgundy's and England's might united,  
Thine own small spirit throws thee from the throne.  
The kings of France are heroes at their birth,  
But thou art not thus martially begotten.

(*to the COUNCILMEN*)

The King surrenders you. But I will throw  
Myself to Orleans, my father's city,  
And underneath its ruins dig my grave.  
(*He wants to go. AGNES SOREL detains him.*)

SOREL (*to the KING*):

O let him not in anger go from thee!  
 His mouth speaks brutal words, and yet his heart  
 Is true as gold; he is indeed the same,  
 Who loves thee warm and for thee oft hath bled.  
 Now come, Dunois! Confess, that 'twas the heat  
 Of noble wrath led you too far—But thou  
 Forgive thy faithful friend his fervent speech!  
 O come, come! Let me rapidly unite  
 Your hearts again, before this hasty wrath  
 Unquenchable, the ruinous, inflames!  
 (DUNOIS *stares fixedly at the KING and seems to await  
 an answer.*)

CHARLES (*to DU CHATEL*):

We shall now cross over the Loire. Let all  
 My goods be brought aboard the ship!

DUNOIS (*quickly to SOREL*): Farewell!  
 (*turns quickly and goes, COUNCILMEN follow.*)

SOREL (*wrings her hands full of despair*):

O if he goes, so are we quite forsaken!  
 —Chase him, La Hire. O seek him to appease.

(LA HIRE *exits.*)

## SCENE VI

CHARLES. SOREL. DU CHATEL.

CHARLES: Is then the crown such a unique possession?

Is it so bitter hard, therefrom to part?  
 I know that which still harder is to bear:  
 To let oneself by these defiantly  
 O'erbearing spirits be controlled, to live  
 By grace of haughtily self-centered vassals,  
 That is the hard thing for a noble heart  
 And bitterer than to succumb to fate!  
 (*to DU CHATEL, who still hesitates*)  
 Do, what I thee commanded!

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

O my King!

CHARLES: It now hath been decided. No more words!

DU CHATEL: Make peace then with the Duke of  
Burgundy,

Else see I no salvation more for thee.

CHARLES: Thou counselest me this, and *thine own blood*

It is, wherewith I shall seal up this peace?

DU CHATEL: Here is mine head. I have it ventured oft

For thee in battles, and I lay it now

For thee with joy upon the bloody scaffold.

Let's pacify the Duke. Deliver me

To th' total sternness of his wrath and let

My flowing blood resolve the ancient hate!

CHARLES (*looks at him for some time, moved and silent*):

Is it then true? Is it so bad with me,

That mine own friends, who look right through mine  
heart,

Show me the road of shame for my salvation?

Yes, now I realize how deep's my fall,

For in mine honor confidence is gone.

DU CHATEL: Bethink—

CHARLES: Speak no word more! Arouse me not!

Had I ten realms to look at with my back,

I will not save myself with my friend's life.

—Do, what I thee commanded. Go and let

Mine armament embark.

DU CHATEL: It shall with speed

Be done.

(*Stands up and goes, AGNES SOREL cries violently.*)

## SCENE VII

CHARLES *and* AGNES SOREL.

CHARLES (*grasping her hand*):

O be not sorrowful, mine Agnes.

Beyond the Loire lies also still a France,  
 We travel to a much more happy land.  
 There laughs a milder, ne'er-beclouded Heaven,  
 And lighter breezes blow, and gentler customs  
 Receive us there, where singing doth abide,  
 And fairer blossom forth both life and love.

AGNES: O must I look upon this day of misery!  
 The King must go away in banishment,  
 The son must wander from the father's house  
 And look upon his cradle with his back.  
 O pleasant country, that we are forsaking,  
 Ne'er shall we enter thee again with joy.

### SCENE VIII

LA HIRE *comes back*. CHARLES *and* SOREL.

SOREL: You come alone. You do not bring him back?  
 (*Whilst she looks at him more closely.*)

LA HIRE! What's wrong? What says your look to me?  
 A new misfortune hath occurred!

LA HIRE: Misfortune  
 Hath been exhausted, sunshine comes again!

SOREL: What is't? I beg you.

LA HIRE (*to the KING*): Call the envoys back  
 From Orleans!

CHARLES: Wherefore? What hath occurred?

LA HIRE: Recall them now. Thy luck hath turned  
 around,

A battle hath occurred—thou hast *prevailed*.

SOREL: Prevailed! O heavenly music of the word!

CHARLES: La Hire! A fabulous report deceives thee.  
 Prevailed! I've no more faith in victory.

LA HIRE: O thou wilt soon believe in greater wonders.  
 Here comes the Archbishop. He leads the Bastard  
 Into thine arms again—

SOREL: O beauteous flower

Of triumph, which like noble Heaven's fruit  
Bears peace and harmony!

## SCENE IX

ARCHBISHOP OF RHEIMS. DUNOIS. DU CHATEL *with*  
RAOUL, *an armored knight, to the preceding.*

ARCHBISHOP (*leads the BASTARD to the KING and lays*  
*their hands in one another's*):

Embrace, ye Princes! Let all the grudge and quarrel  
vanish now,

Since Heaven doth proclaim itself for us.

(*DUNOIS embraces the KING.*)

CHARLES: Pull me from mine astonishment and doubt.

What doth this solemn earnestness announce?

What brought this rapid change about?

ARCHBISHOP (*leads the knight forward and places him*  
*before the KING*): Report!

RAOUL: We had brought up some sixteen companies,

Folk from Lorraine, to join unto thine host,

And Bandricour, the knight from Vaucouleurs,

Was our commander. When we now the heights

At Vermanton attained and in the vale,

Through which the Yonne did stream, hereunder  
climbed,

There stood the foe before us on th' extended plain,

And weapons flashed, when we looked to our rear.

We saw ourselves surrounded by both armies,

There was no hope, to triumph nor to flee;

Then sank the most courageous heart, and all,

Full of despair, already would lay down their arms.

Now while our leaders with each other still

Sought counsel and none found—behold, there did  
appear

A wonder most peculiar to our eyes!

For suddenly from out the forest's depths

Stepped forth a virgin, with behelmèd head  
 Like to a martial goddess, fair at once  
 And dreadful to behold; around her neck  
 In darksome ringlets fell her hair; a glance  
 From Heav'n seemed to 'luminare her highness,  
 As she raised up her voice and thus did speak:  
 "What fear ye, valiant Frenchmen! At the foe!  
 And were there more of them than sand i' th' sea—  
 God and the Holy Virgin lead you on!"  
 And quickly from the ensign bearer's hand  
 She tore the banner, and before the train  
 With daring manner strode the mighty one.  
 We, dumb with wonder, without willing, follow  
 The lofty banner and its carrier,  
 And at the foe we storm without delay.  
*Who*, highly stricken, standeth motionless,  
 With wide-eyed fixèd look amazed to see  
 The wonder, that unfolds before his eyes—  
 Yet swiftly, as if fear of God had him  
 Affected, now he turns around to flee,  
 And casting arms and armor from himself  
 Disbandeth the whole army through the field;  
 Then helps no strict command, no leader's call,  
 'Fore terror senseless, without looking back,  
 Plunge man and steed into the river's bed  
 And let themselves be choked without resistance—  
 A slaughter was it, call it not a battle!  
 Two thousand enemies did deck the field,  
 Those not included, whom the stream devoured,  
 And of our own there was no missing man.

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

SOREL: And did a virgin work this miracle?

Whence came she here? Who is she?

RAOUL:

Who she be,

Will she alone unto the King reveal.  
 She calls herself a seeress and God-  
 Dispatchèd prophetess and promises,

To rescue Orleans, before the moon doth change.  
 The folk believe her and doth thirst for combat.  
 The host she follows, soon will she be here.  
*(One hears bells and a clashing of weapons, which are striking against one another.)*

Hear ye the riot? The pealing of bells?

She is't, the people greet the one dispatched by God.

CHARLES *(to DU CHATEL)*:

Conduct her in—

*(to the ARCHBISHOP)*

What shall I think thereof!

A maiden brings me triumph and just now,  
 When but a godly arm can rescue me!  
 That doth not happen in the course of nature,  
 And dare I—Bishop, dare I miracles believe?

MANY VOICES *(behind the scene)*:

Hail, Hail the Virgin, the Deliveress!

CHARLES: She comes!

*(to DUNOIS)* You occupy my place, Dunois!  
 We want to test this Maid of miracles:  
 Is she inspired and by God dispatched,  
 Then she will know how to discern the King.

*(DUNOIS seats himself, the KING stands to his right, next to him AGNES SOREL, the ARCHBISHOP with the others opposite, so that the middle space remains empty.)*

## SCENE X

*The preceding. JOHANNA, accompanied by the COUNCILMEN and many knights, who fill up the background of the scene; with noble manner she steps forward and looks at the bystanders one at a time.*

DUNOIS *(after a profound, solemn stillness)*:

Art thou the one, most wondrous Maiden—



*(All show their astonishment.)*

JOHANNA: Thou mad'st to Heaven then this second plea:  
 If its high will and resolution be,  
 To wrest away the scepter from thy stock,  
 All to remove from thee, which thine own Fathers,  
 The monarchs in this kingdom, did possess—  
 Three goods alone thou didst entreat of Him  
 To preserve for thee: the contented breast,  
 The heart o' th' friend and then thine Agnes' love.  
*(KING conceals his face, weeping violently. Great  
 emotion of astonishment among those present. After  
 a pause.)*

Shall I thy third request thee now still name?

CHARLES: Enough! Thee I believe! So much no man  
 Can do! Thee hath the highest God dispatched.

ARCHBISHOP: Who art thou then, most holy wondrous  
 Maiden?

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

JOHANNA: Most reverend Lord, Johanna is my name,  
 I am only a shepherd's lowly daughter  
 From out my Monarch's townlet Dom Remi,  
 Which lies within the diocese of Toul,  
 And I have tended there my father's sheep  
 From childhood on.—And heard I much and oft  
 Them tell about the foreign island folk,  
 Who've come across the sea, to make of us  
 Their servants and to force on us the lord,  
 Who's foreign born, who doth not love the folk;  
 And that already the great city Paris  
 They've occupied and now control the realm.  
 Then called I to God's mother pleadingly,  
 To turn from us the foreign chains of shame,  
 And to preserve for us our native King.  
 And 'fore the village, in which I was born,  
 Doth stand an ancient image of God's mother,  
 To which came many pious pilgrimages,  
 And nearby there doth stand an holy oak,

Through many miracles of blessing's power famed.  
 And in the oak tree's shade I gladly sat,  
 The herd there grazing, for mine heart impelled me.  
 And did I lose a lamb i' th' desert mountains,  
 My dream would always point it out to me,  
 When I i' th' shadow of this oak tree slept.  
 —And one time, as I through a lengthy night  
 In pious meditation underneath this tree  
 Had sat and had resisted sleepiness,  
 Then came the Holy One to me, a sword  
 And banner bearing, otherwise like I  
 Dressed as a shepherdess, and she did speak to me:  
 "It's I. Stand up, Johanna. Leave the herd,  
 The Lord calls thee unto another business!  
 Assume this banner! Gird thee with this sword!  
 Therewith annihilate my people's foe  
 And lead thy Master's son thereunto Rheims  
 And crown him yonder with the royal crown!"  
 However then I spake: "How can I such  
 An action dare to take, a tender maid,  
 Unlearnt in the pernicious means of combat!"  
 And she replied: "A virgin pure can bring  
 About each thing that's glorious on earth,  
 If only she resisteth earthly love.  
 Just look on *me!* A maiden chaste like thou  
 Have I the Lord, the godly, given birth,  
 And godly art myself!"—And then she touched  
 Mine eyelid, and as I looked up above,  
 There was the Heaven full of angel boys,  
 Who carried pure white lilies in their hands,  
 And dulcet tone did float throughout the air.  
 —And so three nights one following the other  
 The Holy One appeared and called: "Stand up,  
 Johanna!  
 The Lord calls thee unto another business."  
 And as she in the third night did appear,  
 Then she was wroth, and scolding she did speak these  
 words:

"Obedience is woman's task on earth,  
 Severe forbearance is her heavy fate.  
 Through rigid service she must be refined—  
 Who here hath given service, there above is great."  
 And speaking in this way she let the robe  
 O' th' herdsmaid fall, and as the Queen of Heaven  
 I' th' brilliance of the sun did she there stand,  
 And golden clouds transported her above,  
 Receding slowly, to the blissful land.

*(All are moved, AGNES SOREL crying violently conceals her face on the KING'S breast.)*

ARCHBISHOP *(after a long silence)*:

I' th' face of such divine accreditation  
 Must every doubt of earthly craft be silent.  
 The action proveth, that she speaks the truth:  
 But God alone can work such miracles.

DUNOIS: Not in her wonders, in her eyes I do believe,  
 The virgin innocence upon her face.

CHARLES: And am I sinner worthy of such grace?  
 Unerring and all searching eye, thou seest  
 Mine innermost and know'st mine humbleness!

JOHANNA: Above the humbleness o' th' high shines  
 brightly,  
 Thou didst bow down, hence He hath raised thee  
 highly.

CHARLES: So shall I give resistance to my foes?

JOHANNA: Subjected do I France place at thy feet!

CHARLES: And Orleans, thou sayst, will not surrender?

JOHANNA: Thou'll sooner see the Loire flow in reverse.

CHARLES: Shall I as conqueror then march to Rheims?

JOHANNA: I'll lead thee thither through a thousand foes.

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

DUNOIS: Assign the Virgin to the army's head!  
 We follow blindly, where the godly one  
 Us leads. Her seer eye shall be our guide,



JOHANNA (*to the ARCHBISHOP*): Reverent Bishop,  
 Upon me lay your sacerdotal hand  
 And speak the blessing over your own daughter!  
 (*Kneels down*)

ARCHBISHOP: Thou hast come to us, blessings to  
 dispense,  
 Not to receive them—Go i' th' strength of God!  
 Yet we are but unworthy ones and sinners!  
 (*She stands up.*)

SQUIRE: A herald comes from England's field  
 commander.

JOHANNA: Let him come in, for God hath sent him here!

(*The KING beckons to the SQUIRE, who goes out.*)

## SCENE XI

*The HERALD to the preceding.*

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

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

DUNOIS: Unworthy herald! Thou degraded knave!  
 Art thou so impudent, to disavow

The King of France upon his own domain?

Thy coat of arms protects thee, else thou shouldst—

HERALD: France recognizes but a single king,

And this one dwelleth in the English camp.

CHARLES: Be silent, cousin! Now, thy mission, herald!

HERALD: My noble Marshal, who laments the blood,  
 That hath already flowed and still shall flow,

Still holds his warrior's sword inside its sheath,

And ere collapses Orleans in storm,

Still offers thee a kindly compromise.

CHARLES: Let's hear it!

JOHANNA (*steps forward*):

Sire! Allow me in thy stead

To talk unto this herald.

CHARLES: Do that, Maiden!

Thou shalt decide, if there be war or peace.

JOHANNA (*to the* HERALD):

Who sendeth thee and speaketh through thy mouth?

HERALD: The British Marshal, Count of Salisbury.

JOHANNA: Herald, thou liest! The lord speaks not through thee.

Alone the living speaketh, not the dead.

HERALD: My Marshal lives i' th' fullness of good health

And strength, and lives to bring you all destruction.

JOHANNA: He lived, when thou departedst. But this morning

A shot from Orleans stretched him to th' ground,

As he looked down from tower La Tournelle.

—Thou laugh'st, since I thee distant things reveal?

Believe then not my speech, but thine own eyes!

His corpse's train will then encounter thee,

When thine own feet transport thee back again.

Now, herald, speak and say what is thy mission!

HERALD: If thou know'st how what's hiddden to unveil,

So knowst thou it, before I tell it thee.

JOHANNA: I have no need to know it, but now hear

Thou that of mine! and then these words make known

Unto the princes, who have sent thee here!

—Monarch of England and ye also, Dukes

Bedford and Gloucester, who direct the realm!

Give your account unto the King of Heaven

For all the blood that hath been spilt! And give

To us the keys of all the towns, which ye

Have overcome against the law of God!

The Virgin cometh from the King of Heaven,

To offer to you peace or bloody war.

Choose! For I tell you this, that y<sup>e</sup> may know it:

This beauteous France is not assigned to you

By blessed Mary's Son—but rather Charles,

My Lord and Dauphin, whom God's given it,

Will regally make entry into Paris,

Accompanied by all the great men of his realm.  
—Now, herald, go and get thee quick from here,  
For ere thou may'st attain thy camp once more  
And bring this message, is the Virgin there  
And victory doth in Orleans secure.

*(She goes, everything is in motion, the curtain falls.)*

## ACT II

*Region bordered by rocks.*

### SCENE I

TALBOT *and* LIONEL, *English army officers.*  
PHILIP, DUKE OF BURGUNDY, *Knights* FASTOLF *and*  
CHATILLON *with soldiers and banners.*

TALBOT: Here underneath these rocks now let us come  
Unto a halt and make a solid camp,  
If we perchance our fleeing folk can reassemble,  
Who in th' initial terror were dispersed.  
Establish a good sentry, man the heights!  
Indeed the night secures us from pursuit,  
And if th' opponent hath not wings as well,  
So fear I no surprise attack. But still  
There's need for caution, for we have to do  
With an audacious foe—and are defeated.

*(KNIGHT FASTOLF exits with the soldiers.)*

LIONEL: Defeated! General, say that word no more.  
I can't permit myself to think, that Frenchmen  
Today have seen the backs of Englishmen.  
—O Orleans! Orleans! Grave of our fame!  
Upon thy fields doth England's honor lie.  
Insultingly ridiculous defeat!  
Who will believe it in the coming times?  
The victors at Poitiers, Crecy

And Agincourt o'ertaken by a woman!

BURGUNDY: That must console us: we are not by men  
Defeated, we are conquered by the devil.

TALBOT: The devil of our folly.—Burgundy,  
Affrights this ghost o' th' rabble princes too?  
This superstition is a wicked cloak  
For your own cowardice—Your folk fled first.

BURGUNDY: No one held firm. The flight was universal.

TALBOT: No, Sir! Upon your flank it did begin.  
You plunged straight into our encampment, shouting:  
“Hell's broken loose, and Satan fights for France!”  
And thus you brought our folk into confusion.

LIONEL: You can't it disavow. Your flank was first  
To yield.

BURGUNDY: Because the first assault was there.

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

BURGUNDY: Shall Burgundy bear guilt for this  
misfortune?

LIONEL: We English people, were we all alone,  
By God! we would not Orleans have lost!

BURGUNDY: No—for *you* ne'er had Orleans beheld!  
Who cleared the way for you into this realm,  
Reached unto you the loyal hand of friendship,  
When you did climb this hostile foreign coast?  
Who placed the crown in Paris on your Henry  
And did subject to him the Frenchmen's heart?  
By God! If this strong arm had never led  
You in, then you would never have beheld  
The smoke from out one Frankish chimney rise.

LIONEL: If mighty words could make it happen, Duke,  
Then you alone had subjugated France.

BURGUNDY: You are not pleased, since Orleans escaped  
From you, and now you vent your anger's bile  
On me, the union's friend. Wherefore from us  
Did Orleans escape except your greed?  
It was prepared, to yield itself to me—  
You, your own envy only hindered it.

TALBOT: Not just for you have we beleaguered it.

BURGUNDY: How would it be, did I withdraw mine host?

LIONEL: Not worse, believe me, than at Agincourt,

Where we were finished both with you and with all  
France.

BURGUNDY: Yet of our friendship were you in much  
need,

And dearly your imperial regent purchased it.

TALBOT: Yes, dearly, dearly we today have paid

For it at Orleans with our own honor.

BURGUNDY: Press it no further, Lord, you could regret  
it!

Abandoned I my master's righteous banner,

Upon mine head did load the traitor's name,

To suffer from the foreigner such things?

Why am I here in battle fighting France?

If I must render service to the ingrate,

So would I have it be my native king.

TALBOT: You are in conversation with the Dauphin,

We know of it; yet we shall find the means,

To shelter us from treason.

BURGUNDY: Death and hell!

Encounters one me so?—Chatillon!

Let all my folk make ready to depart.

We are returning to our land.

(CHATILLON *exits.*)

LIONEL: Luck on the way!

Ne'er was the fame o' th' Briton more resplendent,

Than when, entrusting to his goodly sword

Alone, he fought without accomplices.

Let every one his battle fight alone,

For it is true eternally: French blood

And English can ne'er honestly be mixed!

## SCENE II

QUEEN ISABEAU, *accompanied by a page, to the  
preceding.*

ISABEAU: What must I hear, Field Marshals! Call a halt!

What sort of mentally delirious planet

Doth so entangle your else wholesome senses?  
 Now, when but harmony can you preserve,  
 Do you in hatred want to separate  
 And warring ready for your own destruction?  
 —I beg you, noble Duke. Recall your rash  
 Command.—And you, our Talbot, full of fame,  
 Conciliate the 'furiated friend!

Come, Lionel, help me persuade to peace  
 The haughty souls and make them reconcile.

LIONEL: I not, my Lady. All's the same to me.

Thus do I think: whatever can not stand  
 Together, doth the best, if it dissolve.

ISABEAU: How? Doth the juggler's art of Hell, which was  
 To us so ruinous in the fight, here too  
 Still, sense-confusing us infatuate?

Who did the row commence? Speak!—Noble Lord!  
 (to TALBOT)

Is't you, who so forgot his own advantage,  
 As to offend the worthy union partner?  
 What wish you to create without this arm?  
 He did construct unto your King his throne,  
 He holds it still and throws it, when he wills;  
 His army strengthens you, still more his name.  
 All England, pours it all its people out  
 Upon our coasts, would not be able to  
 Subdue the realm, if it be unified:

The French alone could overcome the French.

TALBOT: We know that we should honor loyal friends,  
 To guard 'gainst falsehood is discretion's duty.

BURGUNDY: Who faithlessly will gratitude deny,  
 He lacketh not the liar's brazen brow.

ISABEAU: How, noble Duke? Could you so very much  
 Renounce your princely honor and your shame,  
 Into that hand, which murdered your own father,  
 To lay your own? Were you enraged enough,  
 To think of honest reconciliation  
 E'en with the Dauphin, whom unto the edge  
 Of his destruction you yourself have slung?

So near unto his fall would you sustain him  
 And your own work insanely ruin yourself?  
 Here do your friends all stand. Your benefit  
 Doth rest alone in the firm bond with England.

BURGUNDY: Far is my mind from making peace with  
 Dauphin,

And yet the disrespect and wantonness  
 Of haughty England I can not endure.

ISABEAU: Come! Make allowance for a hasty word.  
 Grave is the grief, which presses on the General,  
 And, as you know, misfortune makes unjust.  
 Come! Come! Now both embrace, let me this rift  
 Quick healing close, ere it becomes eternal.

TALBOT: What think you, Burgundy? A noble heart  
 Confesses gladly when o'ercome by reason.  
 The Queen hath spoken a sagacious word;  
 So let this handshake heal the injury,  
 The which my tongue did hastily inflict.

BURGUNDY: The Madame uttered a judicious word,  
 And my just wrath yields to necessity.

ISABEAU: Well! Let's then seal the reestablished bond  
 With one fraternal kiss, and may it be  
 The winds will blow away what hath been spoken.

(BURGUNDY and TALBOT embrace one another.)

LIONEL: (*contemplates the group, to himself*):

Luck to the peace, which Furies do bestow!

ISABEAU: A single battle have we lost, Field Marshals,  
 Luck was opposed to us; but don't therefore  
 Allow your noble pluck to sink. The Dauphin  
 Despaireth of the Heaven's shield and calls  
 For help from Satan's art; but yet he hath  
 In vain surrendered unto his damnation,  
 And Hell itself shall not deliver him.

A conquering maiden leads the host o' th' foe—

I will lead that of yours, I'll be for you

A substitute for prophetess and virgin.

LIONEL: Madame, go back to Paris. We intend

To win with goodly weapons, not with women.

TALBOT: Go! Go! Since you are in the camp, all's in  
Retreat, there's no more triumph in our weapons.

BURGUNDY: Yes go! Your presence here creates nought  
good,

The warrior taketh but offense at you.

ISABEAU: (*looks with astonishment at one after the  
other*):

You also, Burgundy? You're taking sides  
Opposed to me with these ungrateful lords?

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

ISABEAU: I've scarcely reestablished peace 'tween you,  
So you already are allied against me?

TALBOT: Go, go with God, Madame. We shall not fear  
The devil more, so soon as you are gone.

ISABEAU: Am I not your own loyal union partner?  
Is not your cause the same as that of mine?

TALBOT: But yours is not the same as ours. We are  
Engaged here in an honest goodly strife.

BURGUNDY: I will avenge my father's bloody murder,  
The pious filial duty sanctifies my weapons.

TALBOT: But out with it! What you to th' Dauphin do,  
Is neither humanly good, nor divinely right.

ISABEAU: A curse shall meet him to ten generations!  
He hath transgressed against his mother's head.

BURGUNDY: He did avenge a father and a husband.

ISABEAU: He set himself up to adjudge my morals!

LIONEL: That was quite disrespectful of the son!

ISABEAU: And he hath sent me into banishment.

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

ISABEAU: A curse meet me, if I e'er him forgive!

And ere he governs in his father's realm—

TALBOT: You'd sooner sacrifice his mother's honor!

ISABEAU: You know not, feeble souls,

What an offended mother's heart can do.

I love, whoever doth me good, and hate,

Who injures me; and is it mine own son,  
Whom I have borne—the more deserving hate.  
To whom I being gave, will I it rob,  
If he with wicked, brazen wantonness  
Doth harm the very womb, which carried him.  
You, who your war are waging 'gainst my son,  
You have no right nor grounds, to rob from him.  
What heavy debt against you hath the Dauphin  
Incurred? What duties to you did he break?  
The search for honor, common envy drive you—  
I am allowed to hate him, I have borne him.

TALBOT: Well, in your vengeance he doth feel his  
mother!

ISABEAU: You wretched hypocrites, how I despise you,  
Who lie unto yourselves as to the world!  
Ye Englishmen stretch forth your robber hands  
To seize this France, where you have neither right  
Nor valid claim to even so much earth,  
As any horse's hoof doth cover.—And this Duke,  
Who lets the good man be rebuked, sells out  
His fatherland, his forebears' heritage,  
Unto the kingdom's foe and foreign lord.  
—Yet is your every third word righteousness.  
—Hypocrisy I scorn. Just as I am,  
So doth the eye o' th' world see me.

BURGUNDY: 'Tis true!  
That fame you have maintained with forceful spirit.

ISABEAU: I have my passions and mine ardent blood  
As any other, and I came as Queen  
Into this land, to live, and not to seem.  
Should I to joy be dead, because the curse  
Of fate hath joined my lively happy youth  
Unto a husband who is quite insane?  
More than my life I love my liberty,  
And he who wounds me here—And yet wherefore  
Should I dispute with you about my rights?  
The viscous blood flows heav'ly in your veins,





Ascended is the wall, we are i' th' camp!  
 Now cast away the cloak of secret night  
 From you, which hath concealed your silent train,  
 And make known to the foe your dreadful nearness  
 Through clam'rous battle cry—God and the Virgin!

ALL (*cry aloud amidst the wild din of weapons*):

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

SENTRY (*behind the scene*):

Th' foe! The foe! The foe!

JOHANNA: Now torches here! Cast fire in their tents!

The flames of rage intensify the fright,  
 And threat'ning round let death surround them!  
 (*Soldiers hasten forth, she wants to follow.*)

DUNOIS (*holds her back*):

Thou hast thy part accomplished now, Johanna!  
 I' th' midst o' th' camp hast thou conducted us,  
 Thou hast the foe into our hands delivered.  
 However from the contest now stay back,  
 Leave unto us the bloody resolution.

LA HIRE: The road of triumph show thou to the host,

The banner bear in your pure hand before us;  
 But take the sword, the deadly, not thyself,  
 Tempt the deceitful God of battle not,  
 For blind and with no sparing holds he sway.

JOHANNA: Who dares command me halt? Who doth  
 prescribe

To th' spirit, who me leads? The shaft must fly,  
 Whereto its archer's hand impelleth it.  
 Where there is danger, must Johanna be.  
 Not now, not here am I ordained to fall:  
 The crown must I behold upon my Monarch's head—  
 No foe will tear this life away from me,  
 Till I complete, what God doth order me.  
 (*She exits.*)

LA HIRE: Come, Dunois! Let's pursue the heroine

And lend the valiant breast to her as shield!  
 (*Exit.*)

## SCENE V

*English soldiers flee across the stage. After that* TALBOT.

FIRST: The Maiden! In the midst o' th' camp!

SECOND: Not possible! Ne'er more! How came she to the  
camp?

THIRD: Through the air! The devil helps her!

FOURTH AND FIFTH: Flee! Flee! We are all doomed to  
death!

*(Exit.)*

TALBOT *(comes)*:

They hearken not—they will not stand with me—

Dissolved are all obedience's bonds!

As if all Hell its legion of damned souls

Spit out on us, a reeling madness drags

The valiant and the coward brainlessly

Away; not e'en a little band can I

Put up against the flood-tide of the foe,

Which waxing, surging penetrates the camp!

—Am I the only sober one, and must

Around me all in fever's fervor rage?

Before these Frankish weaklings to escape,

Whom we in twenty battles have o'ercome!—

Who is she then, the unsubduable,

The terror-goddess, who the battle's luck

At once reverses and a timid host

Of coward roes transformeth into lions?

A conjurer, who plays her studied role

Of heroine, shall terrorize true heroes?

A woman snatched from me all triumph's fame?

SOLDIER *(rushes in)*:

The Maiden! Flee! Flee, General!

TALBOT *(strikes him down)*:

Flee to Hell

Thyself! This sword shall bore him through,

Who speaks to me of fear and coward's flight!

*(He exits.)*

## SCENE VI

*The prospect opens. One sees the English camp stand in complete flames. Drums, flight, and pursuit. After a while MONTGOMERY comes.*

MONTGOMERY (*alone*):

Where shall I flee to? Foes are all around and death!  
 Here our enraged Field Marshal, who with threat'ning  
     sword,  
 Escape obstructing drives us toward our death.  
 There the dreadful one, who ruinously round herself  
 Like the lust of fire rages—And around no bush,  
 Which can conceal me, nor a hollow of safe space!  
 O were I never shipped across the sea to here,  
 I, most unlucky! Vain delusion dazzled me,  
 To seek cheap glory in the Frankish war,  
 And now pernicious destiny conducteth me  
 Into this bloody, murd'rous fight.—Were I away  
 From here, at home still on the Severn's blooming  
     bank,  
 I' th' safety of my father's house, wherein my mother  
 In grief remained and my sweet, tender fiancée.

(*JOHANNA appears in the distance.*)

Woe's me! What see I! There appears the dreadful  
 one!  
 From flaming fires, dimly shining, doth she rise,  
 As from the jaws of Hell a specter of the night.  
 —Whereto can I escape! Already doth she seize  
 Me with her eyes of fire, casts from afar  
 At me the never-failing glance's snares.  
 Around my feet the magic coil is, firm and firmer  
 Entangled, that so fettered they deny  
 Me flight! Must I look yonder, though mine heart  
 Against it struggles, at that deadly form!

(*JOHANNA takes a few steps toward him and remains standing again.*)

She nears! I will not wait, until the grim one  
 Attacks me first! Imploringly will I her knees  
 Embrace, her for my life entreat—she is a woman—  
 If I perhaps through tears can soften her!

*(Whilst he wants to go up to her, she steps toward him quickly.)*

## SCENE VII

JOHANNA. MONTGOMERY.

JOHANNA: Thou art condemned to death. A British  
 mother thee begot.

MONTGOMERY *(falls at her feet)*:

Desist, thou dreadful one! The undefended man  
 Do not transfix. I've cast away my sword and shield,  
 I sink down at thy feet defenselessly, imploring.  
 Leave me the light of life, accept a ransom payment.  
 Rich in possessions lives my father still at home  
 I' th' beauteous land of Wales, there where the  
 serpentine  
 Severn doth roll its silver stream through verdant  
 pastures,  
 And fifty villages acknowledge his dominion.  
 With ample gold he'll ransom his beloved son,  
 When he hath learned I'm still alive i' th' Frankish  
 camp.

JOHANNA: Deluded fool! Lost one! Into the Virgin's hand  
 Art thou now fallen, the pernicious one, wherefrom  
 No rescue nor redemption more is to be hoped for.  
 If in the crocodile's control misfortune thee  
 Hath given or into the spotted tiger's claws,  
 If thou hast robbed the lion mother's youthful brood,  
 Thou couldst then have discovered pity and  
 compassion—  
 But deadly is't, the Virgin to encounter.  
 For to the spirit realm, the strict, inviolable,

Am I by dreadful binding contract duty bound,  
 With the sword to murder every living thing, the  
 which

The god of battle fatefully doth send toward me.

MONTGOMERY: Frightful is thy discourse, yet thy look is  
 soft,

Not dreadful art thou in proximity to see,  
 Mine heart doth draw me unto thy delightful form.

O by the gentleness of thy most tender sex

I beg of thee: Take pity on me in my youth!

JOHANNA: Do not implore me by my sex! Don't call me  
 woman!

Just as the incorporeal spirits, who don't woo

In earthly wise, I join myself unto no sex

Of humans, and this armor covers up no heart.

MONTGOMERY: O by the holy ruling law of love,

To which all hearts pay homage, I implore thee.

At home I've left behind a lovely fiancée,

Fair, just like thou art, blooming in the charm of  
 youth.

She tarries weeping for her loved one to return.

O if thou ever even hop'st to love, and hop'st

Through love to be made happy—part not cruelly

Two hearts, which by the holy bond of love are tied!

JOHANNA: Thou dost invoke mere earthly foreign deities,

Who to me are not holy nor revered. I know

Nought of the bonds of love, with which thou dost  
 implore me,

And never shall I learn to know its idle service.

Prepare now to defend thy life, for death calls thee.

MONTGOMERY: O so take pity on my parents in their  
 misery,

Whom I have left at home. Yes, certainly thou too

Hast left thy parents, who for thee are pained with  
 sorrow.

JOHANNA: Unhappy man! And thou remind'st me now  
 thereof,

How many mothers of this land are childless now,

How many tender children fatherless, how many  
Expectant brides have widows now become through  
you!

Now England's mothers also may experience  
Despair and make acquaintance with the tears,  
Which France's wives in their great misery have shed.

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

JOHANNA: Who called you to this foreign land, to  
devastate

The blooming labor of the fields, to chase us from  
The native hearth and throw the fire brands of war  
Into the peaceful sanctuaries of the cities?

Ye dreamed already in your heart's vain mania,  
To plunge the freeborn Frenchman into servitude's  
Disgrace and this great land, as if it were a boat,  
To firmly fasten to your haughty ocean ship!

Ye fools! The royal coat of arms of France hangs on  
The throne of God; and sooner do ye tear a star  
From Heaven's carriage than a village from this realm,  
Inseparably forever unified!—The day  
Of vengeance hath arrived; while living ye no more  
Shall e'er again take measure of the holy sea,  
Which God as land's divider 'tween both you and us  
Hath set and which ye have transgressed outrageously.

MONTGOMERY (*lets her hand loose*):

O I must perish! Shudd'ring death now seizes me.

JOHANNA: Die, friend! Why tremble thus so timidly 'fore  
death,

The inescapable fate? —Behold me! Look!

A virgin am I merely, born a shepherdess;

Not to the sword accustomed is this hand,

Which bore the innocent and pious shepherd's staff.

Yet separated from the meadows of mine home,

From father's bosom, from the sister's loving breast,

Must I here, I must—the godly voice impels me, not

Mine own desires—a bitter harm for you, for me

No joy, a ghost of consternation, strangling go,

Death spread abroad and be at last its sacrifice!  
 For I'll ne'er see the day of joyous going home:  
 To many of your folk shall I still fatal be,  
 Still many widows shall I make, but in the end  
 I shall myself be killed and shall my fate fulfill.  
 —Fulfill thou also thine. Now seize thy sword afresh,  
 And for the sweetest prize of life we shall contend.

MONTGOMERY (*stands up*):

Now, if thou mortal art as I and weapons can  
 Thee injure, it can also to mine arm be destined,  
 By sending thee to Hell, to finish England's woe.  
 Within God's gracious hands I lay my destiny.  
 Call thou condemnèd one upon thine hellish spirits,  
 To stand by thee! Now ready to defend thy life!

(*He seizes shield and sword and presses in on her, martial music resounds in the distance, after a brief duel*

MONTGOMERY *falls.*)

## SCENE VIII

JOHANNA *alone.*

Thy foot transported thee to death—Depart!  
 (*She steps away from him and remains standing thoughtfully.*)

Exalted Virgin, thou work'st mighty things in me!  
 Thou dost supply to mine unwarlike arm its strength,  
 This heart thou arimest with inexorability.  
 My soul melts with compassion and mine hand doth  
 shake,  
 As if it broke into a temple's holy frame,  
 The blooming body of th' opponent to do harm;  
 Already 'fore the iron's shining edge I shudder,  
 Yet if there's need, at once the strength is there for  
 me,  
 And never erring in my trembling hand the sword  
 Doth reign itself, as if it were a living spirit.

## SCENE IX

A KNIGHT *with closed visor*. JOHANNA.

KNIGHT: Accursèd one! Thine hour hath arrived,  
I sought thee on th' entire field of battle.  
Injurious deception, travel back  
To Hell, from whence thou hast ascended here!

JOHANNA: Who art thou, whom his evil angel sent  
To challenge me? Just like a prince's is  
Thy manner, nor a Briton seemest thou to me,  
For the Burgundian band thee designates,  
Before which my sword's tip is pointed down.

KNIGHT: Rejected one, deserv'st thou not to fall  
Beneath a prince's noble hand. The axe  
O' th' hangman ought to sever from thy trunk  
Thy damnèd head and not the valiant sword  
Held by the royal Duke of Burgundy.

JOHANNA: So art thou then this noble Duke himself?

KNIGHT (*opens his visor*):

I'm he. O wretch, now tremble and despair!  
Satanic arts shall shelter thee no more:  
Thou hast till now but weaklings overcome—  
A man stands 'fore thee.

## SCENE X

DUNOIS *and* LA HIRE *to the preceding*.

DUNOIS: Turn thee, Burgundy!  
Contest with men, but not with virgin women.

LA HIRE: We'll guard the prophetess's holy head,  
First must thy dagger penetrate this breast—

BURGUNDY: 'Tis not this amorous Circe that I fear,  
Nor you, whom she's so shamefully transformed.  
O blush now, Bastard, shame on thee, La Hire  
That thou the ancient bravery to arts  
Of Hell degrad'st, and the contemptible

Shield-bearer makest of a devil's whore.  
 Come here! I bid you all! He doth despair  
 O' th' shield of God, who flees unto the devil.

*(They prepare themselves to fight, JOHANNA steps between them.)*

JOHANNA: Hold up!

BURGUNDY: Thou tremblest for thy paramour?  
 Before thy very eyes shall he—  
*(presses in on DUNOIS)*

JOHANNA: Hold up!  
 Part them, La Hire—No Frankish blood shall flow!  
 Not by the sword this strife shall be decided.  
 Another way is in the stars resolved—  
 Now separate, say I—Hear and revere  
 The spirit, which moves me, which through me  
 speaks!

DUNOIS: Why dost thou mine uplifted hand restrain  
 And stem the bloody judgment of the sword?  
 The iron hath been drawn, it strikes the blow,  
 Which shall avenge and reconcile our France.

JOHANNA *(places herself in the middle and separates both parties by a wide space in between them; to the BASTARD)*:

Step to the side!

*(to LA HIRE)* Remain in fetters standing!  
 I have to speak a word now with the Duke.  
*(after all is quiet)*

What wilt thou, Burgundy? Who is the foe,  
 For whom thine homicidal glances seek?  
 This noble prince is France's son as thou,  
 This valiant is thy friend in arms and countryman,  
 I am myself the daughter of thy fatherland.  
 We all, whom thou dost strive t' annihilate,  
 Belong among thine own—our outstretched arms  
 Are open wide to welcome thee, our knees  
 Are ready thee to venerate—our sword  
 Against thee hath no tip. And venerable

Thy face is to us, e'en in hostile helm,  
Which bears the precious features of our King.

BURGUNDY: With the cajoling tone of thy sweet speech

Wilt thou, O Siren! lure thy sacrifice.  
Thou, crafty one, delude me not. Mine ear's  
Secure against the snares of thy remarks,  
And fiery arrows of thine eyes slide off  
Upon the goodly armor of my bosom.  
Now to arms, Dunois!

With blows and not with words let us contest.

DUNOIS: First words and later blows. Art thou afraid

I' th' face of words? That too is cowardice  
And the betrayer of an evil cause.

JOHANNA: 'Tis imperious need that driveth us

Unto thy feet; and not as supplicants  
Do we before thee come.—Around thee look!  
In ashes doth the English camp now lie,  
And your dead ones are strewn across the field.  
Thou hear'st the Frankish battle trumpets sound:  
God hath decided, victory is ours.  
The freshly broken branch of beauteous laurel  
We are prepared to share with all our friends.  
—O come o'er here! Come, noble fugitive!  
O'er here, where there is right and victory.  
E'en I, the God-sent one, extend to thee  
The hand, just like a sister. Rescuing  
I wish to draw thee o'er to our pure side!—  
The Heaven is for France. And Heaven's angels—  
Thou see'st them not—they're fighting for the King,  
With lilies is each one of them adorned;  
Clear white just like this banner is our cause,  
The faultless Virgin is its spotless emblem.

BURGUNDY: Ensnaring is the lie's deceptive word,

And yet her speech is like that of a child.  
If evil spirits lend the words to her,  
So they triumphant copy innocence.  
I will not listen further. To your weapons!  
Mine ear, I feel, is weaker than mine arm.

JOHANNA: Thou nam'st me an enchantress, blamest me  
 For hellish arts—Is making peace, is hate  
 Resolving an affair of Hell? And from  
 Th' eternal pool doth harmony come forth?  
 What is there guiltless, holy, humanly good,  
 If not the battle for the fatherland?  
 Since when is nature so in struggle with  
 Itself, that Heaven doth the righteous cause  
 Desert and that the devil it defends?  
 But if that, which I say to thee, is good—  
 Where else than from above could I it draw?  
 Who would have come to join with me upon  
 My shepherd's sward, the childish shepherd's maid  
 T' initiate to royalty's affairs?  
 I've never stood before exalted princes,  
 The art of speech is foreign to my mouth.  
 Yet now, since I'm in need of moving thee,  
 Possess I insight, knowledge of high things,  
 Before my childlike view lies sunny fair  
 The destiny of countries and of kings,  
 And in my mouth a thunderbolt I bear.

BURGUNDY (*vividly moved, opens his eyes in her  
 direction and observes her with astonishment and  
 emotion*):

What's wrong? What's happ'ning to me? Is't a god,  
 Who in my deepest bosom turns mine heart!  
 She never doth deceive, this touching form!  
 No! No! I am through *magic's* power blinded,  
 So hath it been by a celestial power:  
 Mine heart tells me, she hath been sent by God.

JOHANNA: He hath been moved, he hath! I have not pled  
 In vain; the thunder-cloud of anger melts  
 Away from off his brow like dewy tears,  
 And from his eyes, emitting beams of peace,  
 The golden sun of feeling breaketh forth.  
 —Off with the weapons—clasp now heart to heart—  
 He weepeth, he is overcome, he's ours!

*(Sword and banner sink from her, she hastens to him with outstretched arms and embraces him with passionate impetuosity. LA HIRE and DUNOIS let their swords fall and hasten to embrace him.)*

## ACT III

*Court camp of the KING at Chalons on the Marne.*

### SCENE I

DUNOIS and LA HIRE.

DUNOIS: We were both friends o' th' heart and armèd  
brothers,

To serve a single cause we raised our arm  
And held together fast in need and death.  
Let not the love of women rip the band,  
That hath endured each change of destiny.

LA HIRE: Prince, hark to me!

DUNOIS: You love the wondrous  
Maiden,

And 'tis well known to me, what you intend.  
Unto the King you think immediately  
To go now and request the Virgin as  
A present to you—for your bravery  
He can't refuse the well-deservèd prize.  
But know—before I in another's arms  
Behold her—

LA HIRE: Hear me, Prince!

DUNOIS: It's not the eye's  
Swift fleeting pleasure that attracts me to her.  
Mine own unconquered sense a woman ne'er  
Hath stirred, until I saw the wondrous one,  
Whom the decree of God doth designate  
As savior to this realm and wife to me,  
And in the moment to myself I swore



As his own King, you say, and pay me homage?  
CHATILLON: Here, Sire, within thy royal town Chalons,  
The Duke desires, my Governor, to cast  
Himself unto thy feet.—He ordered me,  
To greet thee as my Master and my King;  
He follows on my heels, soon draws he near himself.

SOREL: He comes! O beauteous sunshine of this day,  
Which joy doth bring and peace and harmony!

CHATILLON: My Lord will come here with two hundred  
knights,  
He'll at thy feet bend down upon his knees,  
Yet he expects, that thou wilt *not* endure it,  
As thine own cousin friendly wilt embrace him.

CHARLES: Mine heart doth glow, to beat against his own.

CHATILLON: The Duke requests, that of the ancient  
strife  
Upon the first return with not a word  
There be a mention!

CHARLES: Sunk eternally  
Let be the past i' th' Lethe. We now desire  
To see but cheerful days in future times.

CHATILLON: Those who have fought for Burgundy, shall  
all  
I' th' reconciliation be included.

CHARLES: I shall, this way, my royal kingdom double!

CHATILLON: And Isabeau, the Queen, if she accepts it,  
Shall also be included in the peace.

CHARLES: She wages war with *me*, not I with *her*.

Our strife is through, so soon as she herself it ends.

CHATILLON: Twelve knights shall be the surety for thy  
word.

CHARLES: My word is holy.

CHATILLON: And the Archbishop  
Shall share an holy host 'twixt thee and him  
As pledge and seal of honest harmony.

CHARLES: So be my portion of eternal weal,  
As heart and handshake are with me as one.  
What other pledge demands the Duke as well?

CHATILLON (*with a glance at DU CHATEL*):

Here see I *one*, whose very presence here  
Could poison the initial greeting.

(DU CHATEL *goes silently*.)

CHARLES:

Go,

Now Du Chatel! Until the Duke thy sight  
Can tolerate, may'st thou remain concealed!  
(*He follows him with the eyes, then hastens after him  
and embraces him.*)

Friend of justice! Thou wishest to do more  
Than this for my repose!

(DU CHATEL *exits*.)

CHATILLON: The other points this instrument doth  
name.

CHARLES (*to the ARCHBISHOP*):

Bring it in order. We approve of all,  
For us no price is too high for a friend.  
Go, Dunois! Take a hundred noble knights  
With you and cordially o'ertake the Duke.  
All of our soldiers shall bewreath themselves  
With branches, that they may receive their brothers.  
Th' entire city for the feast adorn itself,  
And all the bells shall it aloud proclaim,  
That France and Burgundy unite anew.

(A SQUIRE *comes*. *One hears trumpets*.)

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

SQUIRE: The Duke of Burgundy now makes his entrance.

(*Exits*.)

DUNOIS (*goes with LA HIRE and CHATILLON*):

Up! Go to meet him!

CHARLES (*to SOREL*):

Agnes, thou weepst? I also almost lack  
The fortitude, to suffer through this scene.  
How many of death's victims had to fall,  
Until we peacefully could meet again!

Yet every storm abates its rage at last,  
The day grows into thickest night, and comes  
The time, so ripen too the latest fruits.

ARCHBISHOP (*at the window*):

The Duke can hardly in the thronging crowd  
Himself set free. They hoist him from his horse,  
They kiss his very mantle, and his spurs.

CHARLES: It is a goodly people, in its love  
Quick-blazing just as in its wrath.—How swift  
Is it forgotten, that this very Duke  
Defeated both their fathers and their sons!  
The moment swallows an entire life.  
—Compose thyself, Sorel! Thine ardent joy  
Might be for him a prickle in his soul;  
Nought shall him here aggrieve and make ashamed.

### SCENE III

*The preceding.* DUKE OF BURGUNDY. DUNOIS. LA HIRE.  
CHATILLON *and two other knights from the Duke's*  
*retinue. The DUKE remains standing at the entrance, the*  
*KING moves toward him, at once BURGUNDY approaches,*  
*and at that moment, when he wants to lower himself*  
*upon a knee, the KING receives him in his arms.*

CHARLES: You have surprised us—You to overtake,  
Had been our thought—Yet you have speedy steeds.

BURGUNDY: Unto my duty brought they me.

(*He embraces SOREL and kisses her upon the brow.*)

With your

Permission, Cousin. That's our lordly right  
In Arras, and no beauteous woman dares  
Deny the custom.

CHARLES: Your court household is  
The seat of courtly love, 'tis said, and mart,  
Where all that's beautiful must be in stock.

BURGUNDY: We are a merchandizing folk, my King.

Whate'er delicious grows in all the Heaven's regions,  
 For show and for enjoyment is displayed  
 Upon our mart at Bruges, the highest though  
 Of all the many goods is woman's beauty.

SOREL: A woman's faith is still a higher prize,  
 Yet on the market it is never seen.

CHARLES: You are in bad repute and standing, Cousin,  
 That you defame a woman's fairest virtue.

BURGUNDY: Such heresy's its own worst penalty.  
 Hail you, my Monarch! Early hath your heart,  
 What me a savage life but lately, taught!  
*(He notices the ARCHBISHOP and extends his hand to him.)*

Most venerable man of God! Your blessing!  
 One meets you always in the right location,  
 Who wants to find you, must in goodness walk.

ARCHBISHOP: My Master calls, whene'er He wills; this  
 heart

Is full of joy, and I can gladly part,  
 Since mine own eyes have now this day beheld!

BURGUNDY *(to SOREL)*:

'Tis said, you've of your noble stones deprived  
 Yourself, in order to forge arms therefrom  
 Against me? How? Are you so martially  
 Intent? Was it so grave to you, to ruin me?  
 But now our quarrel is foreby; and found  
 Again is everything, which had been lost,  
 Your jewelry even hath its way found back:  
 For war against me was it once prescribed—  
 Take it from mine hand as a sign of peace.  
*(He receives from one of his attendants the jewel  
 casket and hands it over to her opened. AGNES  
 SOREL looks disconcerted at the KING.)*

CHARLES: Receive the gift, it is a twofold precious  
 pledge

Of beauteous love to me and reconciliation.

BURGUNDY *(whilst he inserts a diamond rose in her  
 hair)*:



Us, since we've clasped each other breast to  
breast!

Now have I found my very own true place,  
Upon this heart my wand'ring journey ends.

ARCHBISHOP (*steps between both*):

You are united, Princes! France doth rise  
A newly youthful Phoenix from its ashes,  
Upon us doth a beauteous future smile.  
The country's grievous injuries shall heal,  
The villages, which we've laid waste, the cities  
From their debris shall rise more splendidly,  
The fields shall deck themselves afresh with green—  
Yet, who hath fallen victim to your discord,  
The dead will stand up nevermore; the tears,  
Which from your strife have flowed, *are wept* and so  
*Remain!* The coming generation soon  
Will blossom, yet the past was misery's theft,  
The grandchild's bliss awakes no more the fathers.  
These are the fruits of your fraternal discord!  
Let it serve as a lesson to you! Fear the sword's  
Divinity, ere from the sheath you draw it.  
The mighty one can let loose war; yet not  
Made docile, as the hawk returneth from  
The air unto the hunter's hand, heeds not  
The savage god the call of human voice.  
Not twice in the right moment as today  
Comes forth the hand o' th' Savior from the clouds.

BURGUNDY: O Sire! An angel dwelleth at your side.—

Where is she? Why do I not see her here?

CHARLES: Where is Johanna? Why is she not here

With us in this most festive beauteous moment,  
Which *she* us granted?

ARCHBISHOP: Sire! The holy Maiden

Loves not the quiet of an idle court,  
And if divine command doth not her call  
Into the light o' th' world, so she avoids  
Abashedly the idle gaze of common eyes!  
She certainly confers with God, when she

For France's benefit is not employed;  
For blessings follow every step she takes.

## SCENE IV

JOHANNA *to the preceding. She is in armor, but without helmet, and bears a wreath in her hair.*

CHARLES: Thou comest as a priestess decked, Johanna,  
To consecrate the bond, that thou hast made?

BURGUNDY: How dreadful was the Virgin in the battle,  
And how doth peace around her beam with grace!  
—Have I my word absolved, Johanna? Art thou  
Content, and do I thine applause deserve?

JOHANNA: To thee thyself hast thou the greatest favor  
shown.

Now thou dost shimmer in the blessèd light,  
Since just now thou in blood-red gloomy shine  
A dreadful moon didst in this heaven hang.  
(*looking around*)

I found here many noble knights assembled,  
And all their eyes are shining bright with joy—  
A *single* sad one only have I met,  
Who must conceal himself, where all rejoice.

BURGUNDY: And who is conscious of such heavy debt,  
That of our favor he must needs despair?

JOHANNA: May he approach? O answer, that he may!  
Thy merit make complete. A reconciliation  
There's not, which doth not free the heart in full.  
One drop of *hate*, which in the cup of joy  
Remaineth, turns the blessèd drink to poison.  
—No crime so bloody be, that Burgundy  
Upon this day of joy it won't forgive!

BURGUNDY: Ha, thee I understand!

JOHANNA: And wilt forgive?  
Thou wilt it, Duke?—Come in here, Du Chatel!

(*She opens the door and leads DU CHATEL in, the latter remains standing in the distance.*)

The Duke is with all of his enemies  
Now reconciled, he's with thee too.

(DU CHATEL *walks a few steps nearer and seeks to read the  
DUKE'S eyes.*)

BURGUNDY: What makest thou

Of me, Johanna? Know'st thou, what thou askest?

JOHANNA: A kindly master opens up his portals  
For all the guests, no one doth he exclude;  
Free, as the firmament contains the world,  
So must his grace enclose both friend and foe.  
The sun emits its beams of light alike  
To all the spaces of infinity;  
Like measuring the Heaven pours its dew  
Out on all of the thirsting vegetation.  
Whate'er is good and comes from up above,  
Is universal and without reserve,  
And yet within the folds the darkness dwells!

BURGUNDY: O she can switch with me, just as she wills,  
Mine heart is yielding wax within her hand.  
—Embrace me, Du Chatel! I pardon you.  
Ghost of my father, be not wroth, if I  
The hand, which murdered thee, in friendship seize.  
Ye gods of death, account it not to me,  
That I now break mine awful vengeance vow!  
With you thereunder in th' eternal night,  
Here beats no heart more, here is all eternal,  
All stands immovably fast—yet otherwise  
Is it up here above i' th' solar light:  
The man, who is both lively and hath feeling,  
Is easy victim of the mighty moment.

CHARLES (*to JOHANNA*):

What have I not to thank thee for, high Virgin!  
How beautifully hast thou thy word fulfilled!  
How quickly my whole fate is turned around!  
Thou hast my friends won back to me, my foes  
Hast plunged into the dust and from my cities  
The foreign yoke dispensed with.—Thou alone

Achievest all.—Now speak, how pay I thee!  
JOHANNA: Be always human, Lord, in luck, as thou  
In ill luck wast—and on the peak of greatness  
Forget not, what a friend doth weigh in need;  
In thine humiliation thou hast learnt it.  
Deny thy mercy and thy justice not  
To th' last one of thy folk; for from the herd  
God calls the saviors to thee—thou wilt  
Assemble all of France beneath thy scepter,  
The father and forefather of great princes be;  
Those after thee who come, shall brighter shine,  
Than those who went before thee on the throne.  
Thy stem will bloom, so long as it preserves  
Its love within its people's heart;  
But arrogance can lead it to its fall,  
And from the lowly huts, whence to thee now  
Hath come the savior, threatens mystically  
Destruction to thy guilt-bestained grandchildren!

BURGUNDY: Enlightened Maiden, whom the Spirit  
inspires,  
If thine eyes penetrate into the future,  
So tell me too of mine own stem! Will it  
Expand majestically, as it's begun?

JOHANNA: Burgundy! To the level of the throne  
Hast thou thy chair raised up, and higher strives  
The haughty heart, it lifts into the clouds  
The daring house.—Yet from above a hand  
Will promptly order that its growth be stopped.  
Yet do not fear therefore thine house's fall!  
It lives on in a virgin brilliantly,  
And scepter-bearing monarchs, shepherds of  
Their folk shall blossom forth from out her womb.  
They then shall govern on two mighty thrones,  
The laws compose of all the world that's known  
And of a new one, which the hand of God  
Still hides behind un navigated seas.

CHARLES: O speak, if it the Spir't reveals to thee,  
Will this new bond of friendship, which we've now

Revived, our sons' grandchildren also still  
Unite in later times?

JOHANNA (*after a silence*):

Ye kings and rulers!  
Fear have of discord! Waken not Dispute  
Out of its cavern, where it sleeps; for once  
Aroused, restrains it late itself again!  
Grandchildren it begets, an iron race,  
The fire ignites itself upon the fire.  
—Demand no more to know! Take joy now in  
The present, let me quietly conceal  
The future!

SOREL: Holy Maiden, thou explorest  
Mine heart, thou know'st, if it toward greatness vainly  
strives;  
To me give too a pleasing oracle.

JOHANNA: The Spirit shows me but great world events—  
*Thy* destiny doth rest in thine own breast!

DUNOIS: And yet what will be thine own destiny,  
Exalted Maiden, whom the Heaven loves?  
For sure the fairest bliss o' th' earth doth bloom for  
thee,  
Since th' art so holy and devout.

JOHANNA: One's bliss  
Dwells yonder in the lap of the eternal Father.

CHARLES: Thy fortune henceforth be thy Monarch's care!  
For I will make thy name magnificent  
Throughout all France; the latest generations  
Shall call thee blessed—and at once shall I  
Accomplish it.—Kneel down!

(*He draws the sword and touches her with the same.*)

And now stand up  
As one who's noble! I, thy King, do raise  
Thee from the dust of thine own darksome birth—  
Within their graves thy fathers I ennoble—  
Thou shalt the lily wear i' th' coat of arms,  
Thou shalt of equal birth be with the best  
In all of France; alone the royal blood

Of the Valois be nobler than thine own!  
 The greatest of the great shall feel himself  
 Through thine own hand esteemed; mine be the care,  
 To marry thee unto a noble husband.

DUNOIS (*steps forth*):

Mine heart elected her, when she was lowly;  
 The recent honor, which shines round her head,  
 Increases not her merit nor my love.  
 Here in the countenance of mine own King  
 And of this holy Bishop I extend  
 To her the hand as to my princely consort,  
 If she would hold me worthy, to receive her.

CHARLES: Irresistible Maiden, wonder heapest thou  
 On wonder! Yes, I now believe, that nought's  
 To thee impossible. Thou hast o'ercome  
 This haughty heart, that until now spoke scorn  
 To love's omnipotence.

LA HIRE (*steps forth*):

Johanna's fairest jewel,  
 Know I her rightly, is her modest heart.  
 The homage of the greatest she is worth,  
 Yet ne'er will she her wish raise up so high.  
 She strives not dizzily for earthly highness,  
 The faithful inclination of an honest mind  
 Suffices her, as doth the silent lot,  
 That I do offer to her with this hand.

CHARLES: Thou too, La Hire? Two first-rate challengers,  
 Alike in martial fame and hero's virtue!  
 —Wilt thou, who reconciles my foes to me,  
 My kingdom doth unite, my dearest friends  
 Divide? But *one* of you can her possess,  
 And I esteem each worthy of such prize.  
 So speak thou now, thine heart must here decide.

SOREL (*steps nearer*):

The noble Virgin is surprised I see,  
 And modest shame puts color in her cheeks.  
 Now give her time, to question her own heart,  
 To trust a female friend and to unloose

The seal of her securely fastened breast.  
 Now is the moment come, when even I  
 May sisterly approach this virgin stern,  
 To her present my faithful silent bosom.—  
 Now let us womanly first think thereon  
 That which is womanly and then await,  
 What we shall here decide.

CHARLES (*about to go*): So be it then!

JOHANNA: Not thus, my Sire! What gave my cheeks their  
 color,

Was not confusion of a silly shame.  
 I've nothing to confide unto this noble lady,  
 Of which I'd be ashamed i' th' face of men.  
 The choice of these good knights doth highly honor  
 me;

But I did not desert my shepherd's mead,  
 To hunt for worldly, idle majesty,  
 Nor yet, to braid a bride's wreath in my hair,  
 Did I put on this brazen armament.  
 I have been called to quite another work—  
 The virgin pure alone can it achieve.  
 I am the warriress o' th' highest God,  
 And to no man can I become a spouse.

ARCHBISHOP: To be the loving partner of a man  
 Is woman born—when she obeyeth nature,  
 She serveth Heaven then most worthily!  
 And hast thou satisfied the orders of  
 Thy God, who summons thee into the field,  
 So shalt thou lay thy weapons far from thee  
 And turn again unto the gentler sex,  
 Which thou hast disavowed, the which is not  
 Called on to do the bloody work of arms.

JOHANNA: Most reverend Lord, I know not yet to say,  
 What will the Spirit order me to do;  
 Yet when the time doth come, his voice will not  
 Be silent to me, and I'll it obey.  
 But now he calls me to complete my work.  
 The forehead of my Master hath not yet

Been crowned, the holy oil hath not yet wet  
His head, nor is my Master yet called King.

CHARLES: We are about to go on th' way to Rheims.

JOHANNA: Let's not stand still, for all around our foes  
Are working busily, to close thy way.

Yet I shall lead thee through their very midst!

DUNOIS: And yet when everything hath been achieved,  
When we triumphant now to Rheims have marched,  
Wilt thou then not permit me, holy Maiden—

JOHANNA: Doth Heaven will, that I in vict'ry crowned  
Return from out this battle to the death,  
So is my work completed—and the shepherdess  
Hath no more business in the Monarch's house.

CHARLES (*seizing her hand*):

The Spirit's voice is now impelling thee,  
Love is now silent in thy God-filled breast.  
It will not always silent be, believe me!  
Our weapons shall soon rest, for victory  
Leads by the hand to peace, then joy returns  
Once more to every breast, and tenderer  
Emotions do awaken in all hearts.  
They will awaken also in thy breast,  
And tears of such sweet longing wilt thou weep,  
As never have thine eyes them shed—this heart,  
Which Heaven wholly now fulfills, will then  
Unto an earthly friend in love be wending.  
Now saving hast thou thousands brought to joy,  
And, to bring joy to *one*, shalt thou thus end!

JOHANNA: Dauphin! Art thou of the divine appearance  
Already tired, that thou its form destroy,  
The virgin pure, whom God to thee hath sent,  
Wilt downward drag into the common dust?  
Ye blinded hearts! O, ye of little faith!  
The Heaven's majesty around you shines,  
Before your eye it doth unveil its miracles,  
And ye perceive in me nought but a woman.  
May any woman 'close herself with martial ore,  
And interfere into the strife of men?

Woe's me, if I my God's avenging sword  
 Bore in the hand and in the idle heart  
 Did bear the inclination for the earthly man—  
 'Twere better for me, were I never born!  
 Such words no more, I say to you, if you  
 Would not arouse to wrath the spirit in me!  
 The eye of men, that longs for me, already  
 To me is horror and a desecration.

CHARLES: Break off. It is in vain, her to bestir.

JOHANNA: Command, that one the warlike trumpets  
 blow!

I'm pressed and grow alarmed when arms are still,  
 It chases me from out this restful state  
 And drives me forth, that I my work fulfill,  
 Commandingly reminding of my fate.

## SCENE V

A KNIGHT *hastily to the preceding.*

CHARLES: What is't?

KNIGHT: The foe hath gone across the Marne  
 And readies for engagement.

JOHANNA (*inspired*): Fight and battle!

Now is my soul delivered from its bonds.  
 Equip yourselves, while I deploy the troops.  
 (*She hastens out.*)

CHARLES: Follow her, La Hire!—E'en at the gates of  
 Rheims

They wish to make us battle for the crown!

DUNOIS: True courage drives them not. It is the last  
 Attempt of feeble raging desperation.

CHARLES: Burgundy, I spur you not. Today's the day,  
 To make amends for many evil days.

BURGUNDY: You shall be satisfied with me.

CHARLES: Myself,  
 I'll go before you on the road of fame

And in the face o' th' coronation city  
 Will battle for my crown.—Now my dear Agnes!  
 Thy knight declares farewell to thee!

AGNES (*embraces him*):

I do not weep, I tremble not for thee,  
 My faith grasps trustingly into the clouds!  
 So many pledges of its favor Heaven  
 Did not bestow, that we i' th' end should mourn!  
 With vict'ry crowned I shall embrace my Lord,  
 Mine heart tells me, in Rheims' o'ertaken walls.

*(Trumpets resound with courageous tone and go, while the scene is being transformed, over into a wild martial turmoil; the orchestra joins in at the scene's opening and is accompanied by martial instruments behind the scene.)*

*The scene changes into an open region,  
 which is bordered by trees.*

*During the music one sees soldiers rapidly draw  
 away across the background.*

## SCENE VI

TALBOT, *supported by FASTOLF and accompanied by  
 soldiers. At once thereafter LIONEL.*

TALBOT: Here underneath these trees now set me down,  
 And you betake yourself back into battle;  
 I do not need assistance, for to die.  
 FASTOLF: O most unhappy miserable day!

*(LIONEL appears.)*

To what a sight you're coming, Lionel!  
 Here lies the General wounded unto death.  
 LIONEL: That God forbid! O noble Lord, stand up!  
 Now is't not time, to sink down wearily.  
 Yield not to death, be master over nature  
 With your commanding will, that it may live!

TALBOT: In vain! The day of destiny hath come,  
 The which shall overthrow our throne in France.  
 In vain in battle full of desperation  
 I bet my very last, it to avert.  
 Crushed by the stroke of swordblade here I lie,  
 No more to rise again.—Rheims hath been lost,  
 So rush, to rescue Paris!

LIONEL: Paris hath made a treaty with the Dauphin,  
 A messenger hath just brought us the news.

TALBOT (*pulls the bandage off*):  
 So stream away, ye brooklets of my blood,  
 For over-weary am I of this sun!

LIONEL: I can not stay here.—Fastolf, bring the General  
 To a secure location, we can not  
 Much longer hold ourselves in this position.  
 Our forces flee already on all sides,  
 The Maid doth push forth irresistably—

TALBOT: Nonsense, thou winnest, and I must succumb!  
 Against stupidity e'en gods contend in vain.  
 Exalted Reason, brightly shining daughter  
 Of godlike head, thou wise establisher  
 Of the world edifice, guide of the stars,  
 Who art thou then, if thou, unto the tail  
 Of foolishness' racing charger bound,  
 And vainly calling, with the drunken one  
 Must seeing plunge thyself into th' abyss!  
 Accursèd be, who turns his life to what  
 Is great and worthy and makes thought-out plans  
 With sapient spirit! To the King of Fools  
 Belongs the world—

LIONEL: Mylord! You have yet but  
 A few more moments worth of life—now think  
 Of your Creator!

TALBOT: Were we as brave men  
 By other brave men overcome, we could  
 Console ourselves with universal fate,  
 Which always-altering revolves its sphere—  
 Yet to succumb to such crude witch's play!

Was our industriously earnest life  
Not worthy of a much more earnest exit?

LIONEL (*extends his hand to him*):

Mylord, farewell! The duty due of tears  
I'll pay you honestly, when battle's through,  
If I am then remaining still. But now  
The Fate doth call me forth, that on the battlefield  
Still judging sitteth and its lots doth shake.  
I'll see you later in another world!  
Brief is the parting for the lengthy friendship.  
(*Exit.*)

TALBOT: Soon is it over, and I'll give to th' earth,  
To the eternal sun the atoms back,  
Which as delight and pain had joined in me—  
And of the mighty Talbot, who the world  
Did fill with his war fame, remains nought else  
Except a handful of light dust.—So goes  
The man unto his end—and the unique  
Advantage, which from our life's struggle we  
Take with us, is the insight into nought  
And heartfelt scorn for everything thereof,  
Which seemed to us exalted and worth wishing—

## SCENE VII

CHARLES. BURGUNDY. DUNOIS. DU CHATEL  
*and* SOLDIERS *enter.*  
TALBOT *and* FASTOLF.

BURGUNDY: The bulwark hath been stormed.

DUNOIS: The day is ours.

CHARLES (*noticing TALBOT*):

See, who it is, who yonder from the light  
O' th' sun takes grave involuntary leave?  
His armor shows me not a wicked man—  
Go, spring to him, if help avail him still.

(*SOLDIERS from the King's retinue go thereto.*)

FASTOLF: Back! Keep away! Respect have 'fore the dead,  
Whom ye in life have never wished to near!

BURGUNDY: What see I! Talbot lies in his own blood!

*(He goes up to him. TALBOT looks at him staringly and dies.)*

FASTOLF: Away, Burgundy! Let the sight o' th' traitor  
Not poison be to th' final glance o' th' hero!

DUNOIS: The frightful Talbot! The unconquerable!

Dost thou make do with such a narrow space,  
And the extensive earth of France could not  
Suffice the striving of thy giant spirit.

—'Tis only now I greet you, Sire, as King:  
The crown was wavering upon your head,  
So long as in this body lived a spirit.

CHARLES *(after he hath silently contemplated the dead)*:

A Higher One hath him o'ercome, not we!  
He lies on France's earth, like to the hero  
Upon his shield, which he would not let go.  
Bring him away!

*(SOLDIERS lift up the dead body and carry it away.)*

Peace be unto his dust!

To honor him a monument shall rise:

Here in the midst of France, where he his course  
As hero ended, shall his bones repose!

So far as he no hostile sword did thrust—

His epitaph shall be the place, where he is found.

FASTOLF *(hands over the sword)*:

Lord, I am now thy prisoner.

CHARLES *(gives him back his sword)*:

Not so!

Cruel war doth also honor pious duty:

Free shall you follow to your master's grave.

Now hasten, Du Chatel—Mine Agnes trembles—

Release her from her fear for us—Bring her

The message, that we live, that we o'ercame,

And her in triumph lead to Rheims!

*(DU CHATEL exits.)*



**BLACK KNIGHT:** Why dost thou me pursue and cling  
thyself

So rage-inflamed unto my heels? It's not  
To me determined, by thine hand to fall.

**JOHANNA:** Abhorred art thou within my deepest soul,  
Just like the night, whose color is thine own.  
Thee to extinguish from the light of day  
Invincible desire impelleth me.

Who art thou? Open up thy visor.—Had  
I not beheld the warlike Talbot fall  
In battle, so I'd say, that thou wert Talbot.

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

**JOHANNA:** It speaks aloud within my deepest breast,  
That at my side misfortune now doth stand.

**BLACK KNIGHT:** Johanna d'Arc! Up to the gates of  
Rheims

Hast thou pressed forward on the wings of victory.  
Suffice thee now acquired fame. Dismiss  
The fortune, that hath served thee as a slave,  
Ere it in wrath itself sets free: it hates  
Fidelity, and till the end serves none.

**JOHANNA:** What mean'st thou that i' th' middle of my  
course

I should stand still and all my work forsake?  
I'll it perform and thus fulfill my vow!

**BLACK KNIGHT:** Thee nothing can, thou mighty one,  
withstand,

In every fight thou conquerest.—But go  
Into no battle more. Hark to my warning!

**JOHANNA:** This sword I shall not lay from out mine  
hands,

Until the haughty England hath succumbed.

**BLACK KNIGHT:** Look there! There Rheims arises with  
its towers,

The aim and purpose of thy drive—the cupola  
O' th' high cathedral thou beholdest shine,  
There wilt thou enter in triumphant pomp,

To crown thy King and thus fulfill thy vow.—

Go not therein. Turn round. Hark to my warning.

JOHANNA: Who art thou, double-tongued, deceitful being,

That wishes to alarm and me confuse?

How darest thou, deceitful one, announce

False oracles to me?

*(The BLACK KNIGHT wishes to depart, she steps in his way.)*

No, thou dost give

Reply to me or perish by mine hands!

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

BLACK KNIGHT *(touches her with the hand, she remains standing motionless):*

Kill but what mortal is!

*(Night, lightning, thunder clap. The KNIGHT sinks.)*

JOHANNA *(stands astonished at the beginning, but soon composes herself again):*

It was nought living.—'Twas a phantom form

From out of Hell, a stubborn-minded spirit,

Who hath ascended from the fiery pool,

To shock my noble heart within my bosom.

Whom fear I with the sword of mine own God?

Triumphant shall I now complete my course,

And came e'en Hell itself into th' arena,

My courage shall not waver and not yield!

*(She wants to exit.)*

## SCENE X

LIONEL. JOHANNA.

LIONEL: Accursèd one, prepare thee for the fight!

Not both of us shall leave this place alive.

The best of all my people hast thou killed,

The noble Talbot hast his mighty soul

Exhaled into my bosom.—I'll avenge

The valiant one or share his destiny.

And that thou knowest, who lends thee thy fame,  
 Though he may die or triumph—I am Lionel,  
 The last among the princes of our host,  
 And still not overcome is this mine arm.  
*(He presses in on her, after a brief duel she takes the  
 sword from his hand.)*

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

JOHANNA *(seizes him from behind by the plume of his  
 helmet and tears his helmet down violently, so that  
 his face is exposed; at the same time she draws her  
 sword with her right hand):*

Suffer, what thou soughtest,  
 Through me the Holy Virgin sacrifices thee!  
*(At this moment she looks at him in the face, his sight  
 seizes her, she remains standing motionless and then  
 slowly lets her arm sink.)*

LIONEL: Why waitest thou and check'st the stroke of  
 death?

Now take my life as well, thou took'st my fame—  
 I'm in thine hand, I do not wish forbearance.  
*(She gives him a sign with her hand, to withdraw.)*  
 Shall I escape? Shall I owe thanks to thee,  
 That I'm alive?—I'd sooner die!

JOHANNA *(with averted face):* Preserve thyself!  
 I wish to know nought of it, that thy life  
 Into my power had been given.

LIONEL: I hate thee and thy gift—I do not wish  
 Forbearance—Kill thine enemy, who thee  
 Abhors, who wished to kill thee.

JOHANNA: Kill me then—  
 And flee!

LIONEL: Ha! What is that?

JOHANNA *(conceals her face):* Woe unto me!

LIONEL *(steps nearer to her):*  
 Thou killest, it is said, all Englishmen,  
 Whom thou i' th' fight o'ercom'st—Wherefore spare  
 me  
 Alone?

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

O, Holy Virgin!

LIONEL: Wherefore nam'st thou  
The Holy One? She knoweth *nought* of thee,  
For the Heaven hath no part in thee.

JOHANNA (*in the most violent anxiety*):

What have

I done! I have my promise broken now!

(*She wrings her hands despairingly.*)

LIONEL (*observes her with sympathy and steps nearer to her*):

Unhappy Maiden! I lament for thee,

Thou movest me, thou hast been generous

To me alone; I feel, that now mine hate

Doth vanish, I must sympathize with thee!—

Who art thou? Whence com'st thou?

JOHANNA: Away! Escape!

LIONEL: Thy youth, thy beauty cause me to lament!

Thine aspect penetrates mine heart. I'd like

To rescue thee—But tell me, how can I?

Come! Come! Renounce this terrible

Connection.—Cast away from thee, these arms!

JOHANNA: I am unworthy, them to bear!

LIONEL: Then cast

Them from thee, quick, and follow me!

JOHANNA (*with horror*): Thee follow!

LIONEL: Thou canst indeed be rescued. Follow me!

I wish to rescue thee, but don't delay.

A monstrous pain takes hold of me for thee

And an unnameable longing, thee to rescue—

(*takes hold of her arms*)

JOHANNA: The Bastard nears! It's they! They're seeking  
me!

If they discover thee—

LIONEL: I'll shelter thee!

JOHANNA: I'll die, if by their hands thou wert to fall.

LIONEL: Am I then dear to thee?

JOHANNA: O Saint of 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 tears her sword from her.)*  
 JOHANNA: Thou, madman, darest it?  
 LIONEL: Now I shall yield to force, I'll see thee once  
 again!  
*(He exits.)*

## SCENE XI

DUNOIS *and* LA HIRE. JOHANNA.

LA HIRE: She lives! 'Tis she!  
 DUNOIS: Johanna, have no fear!  
 Thy friends are standing at thy side in force.  
 LA HIRE: Flees there not Lionel!  
 DUNOIS: Let him escape!  
 The righteous cause, Johanna, overcomes,  
 Rheims opens up its gates, and all the folk  
 Exultingly stream forth to meet their King—  
 LA HIRE: What ails the Virgin? She grows pale, she  
 sinks!  
*(JOHANNA becomes dizzy and wants to sink.)*  
 DUNOIS: She hath been wounded—Tear her armor off—  
 It is her arm, and slight's her injury.  
 LA HIRE: Her blood escapeth.  
 JOHANNA: Let it with my life  
 Stream hence!  
*(She lies unconscious in LA HIRE'S arms.)*

## ACT IV

*A festively decorated hall.*

*The columns encircled with festoons, behind the scene  
flutes and oboes.*

## SCENE I

JOHANNA:

The weapons rest, the storm of war abates,  
On bloody battle follow song and dance;  
Through all the streets gay singing resonates,  
The church and altar shine with festal glance,  
And out of verdant boughs are built the gates,  
And winding wreaths the columns do enhance;  
Wide Rheims contains not each and every guest,  
Who seething streams unto the people's fest.

And exultation of one joy bursts into flame,  
And but one thought now strikes in every breast;  
What bloody hatred recently did maim,  
That shares o'erjoyed the universal zest;  
He's only proudly conscious of his name,  
Who's to his Frankish heritage confessed:  
The glow o' th' ancient crown is now made new,  
And to its royal son France pays his due.

But me, who for this glory hath contended,  
The universal bliss doth me not sway;  
In me the heart is altered and is wended,  
From this festivity it flees away—  
Into the British camp it now hath wended,  
O'er there unto the foe my glances stray,  
And from the ring of joy must I now steal,  
The heavy guilt o' th' bosom to conceal.

Who? I? Within mine own pure breast  
The image of a man do bear?  
This heart, which Heaven's glow hath blest,  
To risk an earthly love shall dare?

I, mine own country's savior,  
 The highest God's own warrior,  
 For mine own country's foe inflame!  
 Dare I to the chaste sun its name,  
 And I not be destroyed by shame!  
*(The music behind the scene passes over into gentle,  
 melting melody.)*

Woe is me! Woe's me! What tones!  
 How they do seduce mine ear!  
 Each one doth recall his voice,  
 Conjures up his image here!

Would the storm o' th' battle seize me,  
 Whizzing spears around me sound  
 In the burning struggle's roar!  
 I'd my courage find once more!

O these voices, O these tones,  
 How they do ensnare mine heart,  
 Every power in my bosom  
 They dissolve in soft desire,  
 Melt to tears in sorrow's fire!  
*(after a pause, more lively)*  
 Should I have killed him? Could I, since I looked  
 Into his eyes? Kill him! I'd sooner have  
 The murd'rous steel upon mine own breast drawn!  
 And am I culpable, since I was human?  
 Is pity sinful?—Pity! Didst thou hear  
 The voice of pity and humanity  
 From others too, whom thy sword sacrificed?  
 Why was it silent, when the Welshman thee,  
 The tender stripling, for his life implored?  
 Deceitful heart! Thou liest to th' light eterne,  
 The pious voice of pity thee did spurn!

Why had I to behold him in the eyes,  
 To see the features of his noble face!  
 'Twas with thy glance that thine offense began,  
 Unhappy one! A sightless tool demandeth God,

With sightless eyes thou hadst it to attain!  
So soon thou saw'st, God's shield did thee forsake,  
The snares of Hell did thee at once enchain!  
*(The flutes repeat, she sinks into a silent melancholy.)*  
Pious staff! O had I never  
Battle-sword exchanged for thee!  
Had it never in thy branches,  
Holy oak tree, rustled me!  
Wert thou present to me never,  
Lofty Queen of Heaven's sphere!  
Take, I can't deserve it ever,  
Thine own crown, it take o'er there!

Ah, I saw the Heaven ope  
And the Blessed's countenance!  
Yet on earth is all mine hope,  
And i' th' Heaven is it hence!  
Must thou me then with this burden,  
This so terrifying trade?  
Could I this mine heart then harden,  
Which the Heaven feeling made?

Wilt thou thine own might proclaim,  
Choose but those, who free of blame  
Stand in thine eternal home:  
Thine own spirits send to roam,  
Who is pure, who will not die,  
Who feels not, who doth not cry!  
Not the tender virgin hail,  
Not the herdmaid's spirit frail!

Care I for the lot of battles,  
Or the discord of the kings?  
Guiltless did I drive my lambs  
On the silent mountain heights.  
Yet thou rip'st me into living,  
In the haughty Princes' hall,  
Unto guilt my life thus giving,  
Ah! 'twas not my choice at all!

## SCENE II

AGNES SOREL. JOHANNA.

SOREL (*comes in lively emotion; when she catches sight of the VIRGIN, she hastens up to her and falls upon her neck; suddenly she remembers herself, she lets her loose and falls down before her*):

No! Not so! Here i' th' dust 'fore thee—

JOHANNA (*wants to lift her up*): Stand up!

What ails thee? Thou forgettest thee and me.

SOREL: Let me! It is the press of joy, which casts  
Me down unto thy feet—I must pour forth  
My boiling-over heart before my God.

I worship the Invisible in thee.

Thou art the angel, who hath led my Lord  
To me at Rheims and with the crown adorned,  
What I had never dreamt to see, it is  
Fulfilled! The coronation train's prepared,  
The Monarch stands in festive robes arrayed,  
Assembled are the peers, the mighty ones  
O' th' crown, to bear th' insignia of office;  
To the cathedral flowing streams the people,  
The roundelay doth sound, the bells resound.  
O fullness of this bliss I cannot bear!

(JOHANNA *lifts her gently up*. AGNES SOREL *pauses for a moment, whilst she looks the VIRGIN more closely in the eye.*)

Yet thou remain'st e'er grave and stern; thou can'st  
Good luck create, yet sharest thou it not,  
Thine heart is cold, thou feelest not our joys.  
Thou hast the Heaven's majesty beheld—  
No earthly fortune moveth the pure breast.

(JOHANNA *seizes her hand with vehemence, but quickly lets it go again.*)

O could'st thou be a woman and be feeling!  
Lay off this armament, there's no more war,  
Confess that thou art of the gentler sex!

My loving heart flees shyly back from thee,  
So long as thou art like the stringent Pallas.

JOHANNA: What askest thou of me!

SOREL: Disarm thyself!

Lay off this armament, for love doth fear  
To draw near to this steel-becladden breast.  
O be a woman and thou shalt feel love!

JOHANNA: Now shall I me disarm! Right now! To death  
Will I in battle lay my bosom bare!

Not now—O would that seven folds of ore  
Defend me 'fore your feasts, before myself!

SOREL: Count Dunois loveth thee. His noble heart,  
To fame but opens and to hero's virtue,  
It glows for thee in holy sentiment.

O it is fair, to see oneself belovèd by  
A hero—'tis still fairer, him to love!

(JOHANNA *turns away with aversion.*)

Thou hatest him!—No, no, thou canst but him  
Not love—however how shalt thou him hate!

One hates but him, who tears from us the one  
Beloved, but none is the beloved to thee!

Thine heart is tranquil.—If it could but feel—

JOHANNA: Lament for me! Bemoan my destiny!

SOREL: What could be absent still unto thy bliss?

Thou hast thy word fulfilled: now, France is free,  
Into the crowning city hast thou led

The King in triumph and attained high fame;

A happy people thee embrace, thee praise,

From every tongue doth inundating flow

Thy praise, thou art the goddess of this feast;

The King himself with his own crown beams not  
More gloriously than thou.

JOHANNA: O could I but

Conceal myself i' th' deepest womb o' th' earth!

SOREL: What ails thee? What peculiar agitation!

Who'd dare to freely look upon this day,

If thou shouldst cast thy glances down to th' ground!

Let me blush red, me, who nearby to thee

So little feel, myself cannot advance  
 To thine heroic strength, unto thine height!  
 For shall I my whole weakness unto thee  
 Confess?—Not glory of the fatherland,  
 Not the refurbished splendor of the throne,  
 Not popular delight nor joy in triumph  
 Engageth this my fragile heart. There is  
 But one, who wholly it fulfills, it hath  
 Room only for this solitary feeling:  
 He is the one adored, the people cheer him,  
 Him do they bless, for him they strew these flowers,  
 'Tis he who's mine, he's my belovèd one.

JOHANNA: O thou art happy! Bliss exalteth thee!  
 Thou lovest, where all love! Thou may'st thine heart  
 Unlock, express aloud thine own delight  
 And frankly bear it 'fore the gaze of men!  
 This feast o' th' kingdom is thy feast of love,  
 All of the people here, the infinite,  
 Who throng into these walls as in a flood,  
 They do thy feeling share, they hallow it;  
 Thee they do cheer, they weave a wreath for thee,  
 Thou with the universal bliss art one,  
 Thou lovest what brings joy to all, the sun,  
 And thy love's luster is, what thou dost see!

SOREL (*falling around her neck*):  
 O thou enchantest me, thou knowest me full well!  
 Yes, I mistook thee, thou art cognizant of love,  
 And what I feel, thou speakest mightily.  
 Mine heart's released from its own fear and shyness,  
 It seethes with confidence to meet with thee—

JOHANNA (*tears herself from her arms with vehemence*):  
 Forsake me. Turn thyself from me! Pollute  
 Thyself not with my pestilential nearness!  
 Be happy, go, let me in deepest night  
 My horror, my misfortune, my disgrace  
 Conceal—

SOREL: Thou dost alarm me, I do not  
 Thee grasp; yet have I ne'er thee understood.

And always was thy dark deep being veiled to me.  
 Who would conceive, of what thine holy heart,  
 Thy pure soul's tender feeling is afraid!  
 JOHANNA: Thou art the holy one! Thou art the pure!  
 Saw'st thou mine innermost, thou shuddering  
 Didst thrust the foe from thee, the traitress!

## SCENE III

*The preceding.* DUNOIS, DU CHATEL and LA HIRE with  
*the banner of JOHANNA.*

DUNOIS: We search for thee, Johanna. All is now  
 Prepared, the King doth send us, he desires,  
 That thou 'fore him the holy banner bearest;  
 Thou shalt attach thyself to th' princes' ranks,  
 The closest to him thou thyself shalt go!  
 For he denies it not, and all the world  
 Shall witness it, that he to thee alone  
 Awardeth all the honor of this day.

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

JOHANNA: I march before him! I the banner carry!

DUNOIS: Whom else doth it befit! Which other hand  
 Is pure enough, to bear the sanctuary!  
 Thou swang'st it in the fighting; carry it  
 As ornament now on this road of joy.  
 (*LA HIRE wants to hand the banner over to her, she  
 recoils from it shuddering.*)

JOHANNA: Away! Away!

LA HIRE: What ails thee? Th' art afraid  
 I' th' face of thine own banner!—Look at it!  
 (*He unfurls the banner.*)  
 It is the same, which thou in triumph swang'st.  
 Thereon depicted is the Queen of Heaven,  
 Who hovers up above an earthly sphere;  
 For thus the Holy Mother taught it thee.

JOHANNA (*looking thither with horror*):

'Tis she! Herself! Just as she came to me.

See, how she looks this way and knits her brow,  
With glowing ire looks from her dark eyelashes!

SOREL: O she's beside herself! Come to thyself!

Know thyself, thou seest nothing that is real!  
That is her earthly imitated form,  
She walks herself in the celestial choirs!

JOHANNA: Dreadful one, com'st thou to punish thy  
creature?

Destroy me, punish me, thy lightning take  
And let it fall upon my guilty head.  
My bond I've violated—desecrated,  
And thy most holy name have I profaned!

DUNOIS: Woe's us! What is that! What unblestèd speech!

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

Do you this strange emotion understand?

DU CHATEL: I see, what I do see. A long time have  
I feared it.

DUNOIS: How? What do you say?

DU CHATEL: That which,

I think, I dare not say. Would God, it were  
Now over, and the Monarch had been crowned!

LA HIRE: How? Hath the terror, which from out this  
banner

Went forth, reverted back upon thyself?  
Before this symbol let the British quake,  
To enemies of France it's terrible,  
But to her faithful citizens it's gracious.

JOHANNA: Yes, thou say'st right! To friends it is  
propitious,

And to the enemy it sendeth dread!

(*One hears the coronation march.*)

DUNOIS: So take the banner! Take it! They begin  
The march, there's not a moment to be lost!

(*They force the banner upon her, she seizes it with violent  
resistance and exits, the others follow.*)

*The scene changes into an open place before the cathedral.*

## SCENE IV

*Spectators fill the background, from them emerge BERTRAND, CLAUDE MARIE and ETIENNE and come forward. The coronation march resounds muffled from the distance.*

BERTRAND: Hear the music! 'Tis they! They near already!  
What is the best to do? Shall we ascend  
Onto the platform or shall we press through  
The folk, that we lose nought of the procession?  
ETIENNE: There is no way of getting through. All streets  
Are fully thronged by men, on steed and coaches.  
Let us approach up close unto these houses;  
Here we conveniently can see the march,  
When it comes passing by.

CLAUDE MARIE: But 'tis, as if  
One half of France were found together here!  
So overpowering is the flood, that it  
Us too hath lifted up and washed up here  
In the remote Lorrainian land!

BERTRAND: Who will  
At leisure sit within his corner, when  
I' th' fatherland that which is great transpires!  
It hath as well cost sweat and blood enough,  
Until the crown came to its rightful head!  
And our own Monarch, he who truly is,  
To whom we now present the crown, shall be  
Escorted no more meanly than Parisians' theirs,  
Whom they at Saint Denis have crowned! He is  
Not well-disposed, who from this feast remains  
Away nor shouts with us: Long live the King!

## SCENE V

*MARGOT and LOUISON join the preceding.*

LOUISON: We shall again behold our sister, Margot!  
Mine heart doth throb.



Who with the banner went before the King!

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

LOUISON: And she did know us not! She did surmise

The nearness not o' th' bosoms of her sisters.

She looked to th' earth and did appear so pale,

And trembling did she walk beneath her banner—

When I beheld her, I could not rejoice.

MARGOT: So have I now our sister seen in both

Her brightness and her majesty.—Who had

So much as thought or in his dreams surmised,

When she was driving herds upon our mountains,

That we would ever see her in such splendor.

LOUISON: Our father's dream hath been fulfilled, that we

At Rheims before our sister would bow down.

That is the church, which father in his dreams

Beheld, and everything is now fulfilled.

Yet our father also saw aggrieved faces—

Ah, I'm disturbed, her to behold so grand!

BERTRAND: Why stand we idly here? Come in the

church,

To watch the holy rituals!

MARGOT: Yes, come!

Perhaps, that we shall meet our sister there.

LOUISON: We have already her beheld—let us

Return into our village.

MARGOT: What? Ere we

Have 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 crowd

Ourselves with idle pride into her splendor?

Strange was she to us, when she still was ours!

MARGOT: Will she of us be 'shamed and us despise?

BERTRAND: The King himself is not ashamed of us,

He greeted friendly e'en the lowliest.

Be she so highly risen, as she will—

The King is greater still!

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

CLAUDE MARIE:               Come to the church!

*(They hasten to the background, where they lose themselves among the people.)*

### SCENE VIII

THIBAUT *comes, clothed in black, RAIMOND follows him and wishes to hold him back.*

RAIMOND: Stay, Father Thibaut! Stay back from the throng!

Here do you see but men of cheerful mind,  
And your affliction doth offend this feast.

Come! Let's flee from the town with rapid steps.

THIBAUT: Didst thou see mine unhappy child? Hast thou  
Observed her well?

RAIMOND:                   O, I implore you, flee!

THIBAUT: Didst thou take notice, how her paces  
wavered,

How pale and how disturbed her visage was?

The most unhappy one feels her condition;

This is the moment now, to save my child,

I will employ it.

*(He wishes to go.)*

RAIMOND:               Stay! What will you do?

THIBAUT: I'll take her by surprise, will hurl her down

Out of her idle fortune, yes with force

Will I conduct her back unto her God,

Whom she renounces.

RAIMOND:               Ah! Consider well!

Do not plunge your own child into destruction!

THIBAUT: If but her soul doth live, her frame may die.

*(JOHANNA rushes out of the church, without her banner; the people press forward, adore her and kiss her clothing, she is held up in the background by the crowd.)*



I do embrace the trusting sisters' breast!

MARGOT: She knows us still, is still the goodly sister.

JOHANNA: And still your love conducts you here to me

So far, so far! You're wroth not at your sister,

Who loveless without leave departed you!

LOUISON: Thee God's dark providence conducted forth!

MARGOT: The fame of thee, which moveth all the world,

Which carrieth thy name on every tongue,

Hath us awakened in our tranquil village

And led unto this feast's festivity.

We come, that we behold thy majesty,

And we are not alone!

JOHANNA (*quickly*): Our father is with you!

Where, where is he? Why doth he hide himself?

MARGOT: Our father is not with us.

JOHANNA: Not? He doesn't  
want

To see his child? You bring me not his blessing?

LOUISON: He knows not, that we're here.

JOHANNA: He knows it not!

Wherefore then not?—You are confused? You're silent

And look to th' earth! Now say, where is our father?

MARGOT: Since thou art gone—

LOUISON (*beckons her*): Margot!

MARGOT: Our father hath

Become depressed.

JOHANNA: He is depressed!

LOUISON: Take comfort!

Thou knowest Father's e'er foreboding soul!

He will compose himself, he'll rest content,

When we convey to him, that thou art happy.

MARGOT: But art thou happy? Yes, thou must be so,

Since thou so great art and esteemed!

JOHANNA: I am,

Since I behold you once again, your voice

Do recognize, belovèd tone, I am

Reminded of paternal fields once more.

There did I drive the herds upon our summits,

There was I happy as in Paradise—

Can I be not again, nor so become once more!

*(She conceals her face on LOUISON'S breast. CLAUDE*

*MARIE, ETIENNE and BERTRAND appear and remain standing timidly in the distance.)*

MARGOT: Come, Etienne! Bertrand! Claude Marie!

Our sister is not proud, she is so mild

And speaks so friendly, as she ne'er hath done,

When she still in the village lived with us.

*(The former step nearer and want to extend their hands to her, JOHANNA looks at them with a staring glance and falls into a deep astonishment.)*

JOHANNA: Where was I? Speak to me! Was it all but

A lengthy dream, and am I now awake?

Am I away from Dom Remi? Is't not!

I fell asleep beneath the magic tree

And am awake, and you stand round me here,

The well-beknown familiar characters?

I have about these sovereigns and these fights

And deeds of warfare merely dreamt—they were

But shadows, which passed by in front of me,

For vividly one dreams beneath this tree.

How came you unto Rheims? How came I here

Myself? Ne'er, ne'er forsook I Dom Remi!

Confess it frankly and mine heart give joy.

LOUISON: We are in Rheims. Thou hast not merely  
dreamt

About these deeds, thou hast them all indeed

Accomplished.—Know thyself, look round thee here,

And feel thy glowing golden armament!

*(JOHANNA moves her hand towards her breast, reflects and is startled.)*

BERTRAND: From mine own hand you did receive this  
helm.

CLAUDE MARIE: It is no wonder, that you think you  
dream,

For what you have accomplished and have done,

Can not occur more wondrous in a dream.

JOHANNA (*quickly*):

Come, let us flee! I'll go with you, I'll go  
Back to our village, to our father's lap.

LOUISON: O come! Come with us!

JOHANNA: All these people do

Extol me far beyond what I deserve!  
You have beheld me childish, small and weak:  
You love me, yet you do not worship me!

MARGOT: Thou would'st forsake all this magnificence?

JOHANNA: I cast it from me, the detested finery,  
The which your heart divideth from mine heart,  
And I'll become once more a shepherdess.  
Just like a lowly maid will I serve you,  
And I'll repent with strictest penitence,  
That I have vainly raised myself o'er you!  
(*Trumpets resound.*)

## SCENE X

*The KING steps out of the church; he is in the coronation robes. AGNES SOREL, ARCHBISHOP, BURGUNDY, DUNOIS, LA HIRE, DU CHATEL, knights, courtiers, and the people.*

ALL VOICES (*shout repeatedly, during which the KING comes forward*):

Long live the King! Our Sovereign Charles the  
Seventh!

(*Trumpets join in. On a signal, which the KING gives, the heralds impose silence with lifted staves.*)

KING: My goodly people! Thank you for your love!  
The crown, which God hath placed upon our head,  
It was obtained and conquered by the sword,  
With noble blood of citizens 'tis wet,  
Yet peaceful shall the olive branch grow green  
Around it, thanked be all, who for us fought,  
And all of those, who did resist us, be  
Forgiven, for God hath us mercy shown,

And our initial royal word be—Mercy!

PEOPLE: Long live the King! Our Sovereign Charles the Good!

KING: From God alone, the Highest Ruling One,  
Do France's kings receive their royal crown.  
But we have in a way that can be seen  
Received it from His hand.

*(turning to the VIRGIN)*

Here stands the one dispatched by God, who gave  
You once again your own ancestral King,  
The yoke of foreign tyranny hath broken!  
Her name shall equal be to Saint Denis,  
Who is protector of this land of ours,  
And to her fame an altar shall arise!

PEOPLE: Hail, Hail the Virgin, the Deliveress!  
*(trumpets)*

KING *(to JOHANNA)*:

If thou by mankind art begot as we,  
So say, what fortune can make thee rejoice;  
Yet if thy fatherland is there above,  
If thou the brilliance of celestial nature  
Within this virgin body dost conceal,  
So take away the fetters of our senses  
And let us thee behold in thy bright form,  
As Heaven seeth thee, that we adoring  
Shall in the dust thee honor.

*(A universal silence, every eye is directed toward the VIRGIN)*

JOHANNA *(suddenly crying out)*:

God! My father!

## SCENE XI

*The preceding. THIBAUT steps from the crowd and stands directly opposite JOHANNA.*

SEVERAL VOICES: Her father!

THIBAUT: Yes, her miserable father,



SOREL (*to JOHANNA*):

O speak! Break through this most unhappy silence!  
We've faith in thee! Our trust is firm in thee!  
A word from out thy mouth, a single word  
Shall us suffice—However speak! Destroy  
This ghastly accusation—Just declare,  
Thou art not guilty, and we've faith in thee.

(*JOHANNA stands motionless, AGNES SOREL steps away from her with horror.*)

LA HIRE: She is afraid. Astonishment and dread

Lock up her mouth.—Before such horrible  
Indictment innocence itself must quake.

(*He draws near to her.*)

Compose thyself, Johanna. Feel thyself.  
The guiltless hath a tongue, a victor's view,  
Which strikes down slander with the force of lightning!  
In noble wrath arouse thyself, look up,  
Rebuke and put to shame unworthy doubt,  
Which doth abuse thine holy virtue.

(*JOHANNA stands motionless. LA HIRE steps back in shock, the commotion increases.*)

DUNOIS: What fears the folk? Why tremble even  
princes?

She is not guilty—I will vouch for that,  
Myself, for her with all my princely honor!  
Here do I cast my knightly gauntlet hence:  
Who dares, to name her as a guilty one?

(*A violent thunder clap, all stand in dread.*)

THIBAUT: Give answer by the God, who up there  
thunders!

Speak, thou art guiltless. Disavow it, that the foe  
Is in thine heart, and give the lie to me!

(*A second, stronger clap; the people flee to all sides.*)

BURGUNDY: Protect us God! O what a dreadful sign!

DU CHATEL (*to the KING*):

Come! Come, my Sovereign! Flee from out this place!

ARCHBISHOP (*to JOHANNA*):

I th' name of God I ask thee: Art thou silent

From out of feeling innocence or guilt?  
 If doth this voice of thunder speak for thee,  
 So seize this crucifix and give a sign!

(JOHANNA *remains motionless. New violent thunder claps. The KING, AGNES SOREL, ARCHBISHOP, BURGUNDY, LA HIRE and DU CHATEL exit.*)

## SCENE XII

DUNOIS. JOHANNA.

DUNOIS: Thou art my wife—I have believed on thee  
 Upon first sight, and just so think I still.  
 I've faith in thee more than in all these signs,  
 Than in this thunder e'en, which speaks above.  
 In noble wrath th' art mute, disdainest it,  
 Embedded in thine holy innocence,  
 So scandalous suspicion to refute.  
 —Disdain it, but entrust thyself to me,  
 Upon thine innocence have I ne'er doubted.  
 Tell me no word, thine hand alone give me  
 As pledge and token, that thou dost rely  
 Upon mine hopeful arm and thy good cause.  
 (*He extends his hand to her, she turns away from him  
 with a convulsive motion; he remains standing in  
 rigid terror.*)

## SCENE XIII

JOHANNA. DU CHATEL.

DUNOIS. *Finally* RAIMOND.

DU CHATEL (*coming back*):

Johanna d'Arc! The Monarch will permit,  
 That you depart the city unimpaired.  
 The gates stand open to you. Have no fear  
 Of an offense. The Monarch's peace protects you.—

Count Dunois, follow me! You have no honor,  
To tarry longer here.—O what an ending!

*(He leaves. DUNOIS starts up from his numbness, casts another glance at JOHANNA and exits. The latter stands all alone for a moment. Finally RAIMOND appears, remains standing a while in the distance and looks at her with quiet pain. Then he steps up to her and seizes her by the hand.)*

RAIMOND: Take hold o' th' moment. Come! O come! The  
streets

Are clear. Give me your hand. I'll lead you hence.

*(At his sight she gives a first sign of feeling, she looks at him stiffly and glances to the Heaven; then she seizes him violently by the hand and exits.)*

## ACT V

*A wild forest.*

*In the distance charcoal-burners' huts. It is entirely dark, violent thunder and lightning, shooting therebetween.*

### SCENE I

CHARCOAL-BURNER *and* CHARCOAL-BURNER'S WIFE.

CHARCOAL-BURNER:

That is a gruesome, murd'rous thunderstorm!  
The Heaven threatens to pour down on us  
In fiery brooks, and in the brilliant day  
It's night, that one the stars above might see.  
As if all Hell had been let loose the storm  
Doth fume, the earth doth quake, and trees of ash  
Grown old with years bend low their cracking crowns.  
And this horrific war up there above,  
Which even teaches gentleness to savage beasts,

That makes them tamely hide themselves within their  
caves,

Among mankind can not establish peace—  
From out the howling of the winds and storm  
You hear the thunder clap of cannon fire;  
Both of the armies stand so near the other,  
That but the forest parts them, and each hour  
It can explode in bloody dreadfulness.

CHARCOAL-BURNER'S WIFE:

God stand by us! Our enemies indeed  
Already were defeated and dispersed—  
How comes it, that they frighten us anew?

CHARCOAL-BURNER:

That is, because they fear the King no more.  
E'er since the Maid became a witch at Rheims,  
The evil foe no longer helpeth us,  
All now goes backwards.

CHARCOAL-BURNER'S WIFE: Hark! Who neareth here?

## SCENE II

RAIMOND *and* JOHANNA *to the preceding.*

RAIMOND: Here see I shelters. Come, here do we find  
A lodging 'fore the raging storm. You can't  
Endure much longer, for three days already  
You've wandered 'round, escaping human eyes,  
And savage roots were your sole nourishment.  
(*The storm abates, it becomes clear and calm.*)  
They're friendly charcoal-burners. Come inside.

CHARCOAL-BURNER:

You seem to be in need of rest. Come in!  
Whate'er our wretched roof provides, is yours.

CHARCOAL-BURNER'S WIFE:

What doth the tender virgin want with arms?  
Of course! The present is a grievous time,  
Where e'en the woman puts herself in armor!

The Queen herself, Dame Isabeau, 'tis said,  
Is seen in armor in the foeman's camp,  
As well a virgin, maiden of a shepherd,  
Hath for the King, our Lord, engaged in battle.

CHARCOAL-BURNER:

What do you say? Go in the cottage, bring  
A beaker of refreshment to the virgin.

(CHARCOAL-BURNER'S WIFE *goes to the cottage.*)

RAIMOND (*to JOHANNA*):

You see, not every human being's cruel,  
E'en in the wilderness dwell gentle hearts.  
Now lighten up! The storm hath ceased its raging,  
And beaming peacefully the sun doth set.

CHARCOAL-BURNER:

I think you wish to join our Monarch's host,  
Since you set out in arms—Be on your guard!  
The Englishmen have set up camp nearby,  
And troops of theirs patrol throughout the woods.

RAIMOND: Woe's us! How are we to escape?

CHARCOAL-BURNER: Remain,

Until my boy returneth from the city.  
He shall conduct you forth on hidden paths,  
So that there's nought for you to fear. We know  
The by-ways.

RAIMOND (*to JOHANNA*):

Lay the helm off and the armor;  
They make you known and give you no protection.  
(JOHANNA *shakes her head.*)

CHARCOAL-BURNER:

The virgin is quite sad—Be still! Who comes there?

### SCENE III

*The preceding.* CHARCOAL-BURNER'S WIFE *comes out of the cottage with a beaker.* The CHARCOAL-BURNER'S BOY.

CHARCOAL-BURNER'S WIFE:

It is the boy, for whose return we wait.

(to JOHANNA)

Drink, noble Virgin! May God bless it you!

CHARCOAL-BURNER (*to his SON*):

Com'st thou, Anet? What bringst thou?

CHARCOAL-BURNER'S BOY (*hath looked the VIRGIN in the eye, who just then raises the beaker to her mouth; he recognizes her, steps up to her and tears the beaker from her mouth*):

Mother! Mother!

What do you do? Whom do you host? That is the witch

of Orleans!

CHARCOAL-BURNER *and his WIFE*:

God grant us mercy!

(*They cross themselves and flee.*)

#### SCENE IV

RAIMOND. JOHANNA.

JOHANNA (*composed and gentle*):

Thou see'st, the curse pursues me, and all flees me;  
Care for thyself and also me forsake.

RAIMOND: I you abandon! Now! And who should your  
Companion be?

JOHANNA: I am not unaccompanied.

Thou hast the thunder clapping heard o'er me.  
My fate conducteth me. Care not, I shall  
Attain my goal, without my seeking it.

RAIMOND: Where will you go? Here stand the  
Englishmen,

Who to you swore a wrathful, bloody vengeance—  
There stand our forces, who have you expelled,  
Have banished—

JOHANNA: Nought occurs to me, but what must be.

RAIMOND: Who shall seek out your food? Who you  
protect

From savage beasts and still more savage men?

You care for, if you're ill and miserable?

JOHANNA: I know all of the herbs, all of the roots;  
From mine own sheep I learned how to discern  
The healthy from the poisonous—I know  
The orbits of the stars and drift o' th' clouds,  
And I do hear the rush of hidden springs.  
A man needs little, and all nature's rich  
In life.

RAIMOND (*seizes her by the hand*):

Will you not look into yourself?

Will you not reconcile with God—return  
Repenting to the Holy Church's womb?

JOHANNA: E'en thou dost hold me guilty of grave sin?

RAIMOND: Must I not? Your own taciturn confession—

JOHANNA: Thou, who hast followed me into my misery,  
The only being, who to me stayed true,  
To me did chain himself, when all the world  
Me did expel—thou too holdst me an outcast,  
Who disavows her God—

(*Raimond is silent.*) O that is hard!

RAIMOND (*astonished*):

You were then really not a sorceress?

JOHANNA: I a sorceress?

RAIMOND: And these miracles

You had performed them with God's power and  
That of his holy saints?

JOHANNA: How otherwise!

RAIMOND: And you kept silent to this terrible

Indictment?—You are speaking now, and 'fore the  
King,

Where speaking would have mattered, you were  
silent!

JOHANNA: I did submit in silence to my fate,  
That God, my Master, over me decreed.

RAIMOND: You could give no reply unto your father!

JOHANNA: Since it from father came, so came't from  
God,

And fatherly will also be the proof.

RAIMOND: The Heav'n itself attested to your guilt!

JOHANNA:

The Heaven spake, hence I was silent.

RAIMOND: How? You could

Have cleansed yourself with but a word, and left  
The world in this unfortunate mistake?

JOHANNA: 'Twas no mistake, it was a dispensation.

RAIMOND: You innocently suffered all this shame,

And no complaint did issue from your lips!—

I am amazed at you, I stand in shock,

Mine heart takes heed within my deepest bosom!

O gladly do I take your word for truth,

For hard it were for me, to think you guilty.

Yet could I dream, that any human heart

Would bear in silence this monstrosity!

JOHANNA: Do I deserve, to be the one dispatched,

If blindly I did not my Master's will esteem?

And I am not so wretched, as thou thinkst.

I suffer want, yet that is no misfortune

For my condition; I'm in flight and banned,

Yet in the desert learn to know myself.

There, where the glow of honor circled me,

There was the strife within my breast; I was

The most unhappy one, when to the world

I seemed the one most to be envied—Now

I have been healed, and this strong storm in nature,

Which threatened its destruction, was my friend,

It hath the world made pure and also me.

In me is peace—Now come, whatever will,

I am no longer conscious of my weakness!

RAIMOND: O come, come, let us hie, your innocence

Loud, loud 'fore all the world to manifest!

JOHANNA: Who this confusion did dispatch, will it dispel!

Save when it's ripe, doth fall the fruit of fate!

A day will come, which will me purify.

And who've me now rejected and condemned,

They shall become aware of their delusion,

And tears will flow then for my destiny.

RAIMOND: I should endure in silence, till perchance—  
 JOHANNA (*seizing him softly by the hand*):  
 Thou seest but the naturalness of things,  
 For by the earthly band thy view is veiled.  
 I have what is undying with mine eyes  
 Beheld—without the gods no hair doth fall  
 From head of man—Dost thou the sun see there  
 Descending in the heavens? So indeed  
 It will return i' th' morning in its clarity,  
 So shall the day of truth come ineluctably!

## SCENE V

*The preceding. 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 foemen!  
 (*SOLDIERS enter, as they enter notice JOHANNA and reel back terrified.*)  
 ISABEAU: Now! what halts the march!  
 SOLDIERS: God stand by us!  
 ISABEAU: A ghost affrightens you?  
 Are you all soldiers? Cowards are you!—How?  
 (*She presses through the others, steps forward and comes back, as she perceives the VIRGIN.*)  
 What see I! Ha!  
 (*Quickly composes herself and steps towards her.*)  
 Surrender! Thou art now  
 My prisoner.  
 JOHANNA: I am.  
 (*RAIMOND flees with signs of desperation.*)  
 ISABEAU (*stepping back astonished*):  
 Put her in chains!  
 (*The SOLDIERS timidly approach the VIRGIN, she extends her arms and is fettered.*)  
 Is that the Mighty One, the Terrible,

Who scared away your troops as were they lambs,  
 Who now her very self cannot protect?  
 Doth she work wonders but, where one hath faith,  
 And when a man meets her, become a woman?

(*to the VIRGIN*)

Wherefore departest thou thine host? Where is  
 Count Dunois, thy knight and thy protector?

JOHANNA: I have been banned.

ISABEAU (*stepping back astonished*):

What? How? Thou hast been banned?  
 Art banned by Dauphin!

JOHANNA: Question not! I am  
 Within thy power—now decide my fate.

ISABEAU:

Art banned, since thou hast saved him from th' abyss,  
 Hast placed the crown upon his head at Rheims,  
 Hast made him Monarch over all of France?  
 Art banned! Therein I recognize my son!  
 —Lead her to camp. Display unto the army  
 The dreaded ghost, before whom they so trembled!  
 She a sorceress! Her only magic  
 Is your delusion and your timid heart!  
 She is a foolish maid, who sacrificed herself  
 To save her King and now receives the King's  
 Reward therefor.—Bring her to Lionel!  
 The fortune of the Franks I send him bound.  
 I'll follow soon.

JOHANNA: To Lionel! Here murder me  
 At once, before thou sendest me to Lionel.

ISABEAU (*to the SOLDIERS*):

Now harken to mine order. Hence with her!  
 (*Exits.*)

## SCENE VI

JOHANNA. SOLDIERS.

JOHANNA (*to the SOLDIERS*):

Ye Englishmen, endure not, that alive

I from your hands escape! Avenge yourselves!  
 Draw forth your swords, submerge them in mine heart,  
 Drag me unsouled unto your General's feet!  
 Think, that 'twas I, who your most excellent  
 Hath murdered, who no pity bore for you,  
 Who made entire streams of English blood  
 To spill, who hath your brave, heroic sons  
 Deprived the day of joyous going home!  
 Now take a bloody vengeance! Murder me!  
 You have me now; not always may you me  
 So weak behold—

LEADER OF THE SOLDIERS:

Do, what the Queen commanded you!

JOHANNA:

Shall I

Become yet more unhappy, than I was?  
 O dreadful Saint! thine hand is so severe!  
 Hast thou thy grace towards me in full repealed?  
 No God appears, no angel is still here!  
 The wonders rest, the Heaven hath been sealed.  
 (*She follows the SOLDIERS.*)

## SCENE VII

*The French camp.*

DUNOIS *between the* ARCHBISHOP *and* DU CHATEL.

ARCHBISHOP: Subdue your ominous ill temper, Prince!

Come with us! Turn again unto your King!

Do not forsake the universal cause

Within this moment, when we, once again

Oppressed, have need of your heroic arm.

DUNOIS: Wherefore are we oppressed? Wherefore arises

The enemy again? All had been done,

France was triumphant and the war was ended.

You have expelled the savior—now save

Yourself! However I will not behold

The camp again, when she's no longer there.

DU CHATEL: Accept our better counsel, Prince. Dismiss

Us not with such an answer!

DUNOIS: Silence, Du Chatel!

I hate you, from you wish I nought to hear.

You are the one, who first hath doubted her.

ARCHBISHOP: Who had not erred about her and would not

Have wavered on this most unhappy day,

When every sign against her testified!

We were astonished, stupified; the blow

Befell our hearts too violently—Who could

In this alarming hour testing weigh?

Now self-possession doth return to us:

We see her, as she wandered in our midst,

And we discover no reproach in her.

We are confused, we fear that we have done

A grave injustice. E'en the King feels rue,

The Duke doth blame himself, La Hire is comfortless,

And every heart enwraps itself in grief.

DUNOIS: She a deceiver! If the Truth desires

To be embodied in a form that's visible,

So must it bear her features in itself!

If Innocence, Faith, Purity of heart

Dwell anywhere on earth—upon her lips,

Within her lucid eyes it must needs dwell!

ARCHBISHOP: May Heaven through a wonder intervene

Into our midst and lunate this mystery,

The which our mortal eye can't penetrate.

Howe'er it be unraveled and resolved,

One of the two have we been guilty of:

Ourselves with hellish magic arms have we

Defended—or a holy saint we've banned!

And both call down the Heaven's penalty

And wrath upon this most unhappy land!

## SCENE VIII

A NOBLEMAN *to the preceding, hereafter* RAIMOND.

NOBLEMAN: A youthful shepherd asketh for thine  
Highness,

He urgently demands, to speak with thee,  
He comes, he saith, from the Virgin—

DUNOIS: Hasten!

Bring him in here! He comes from her!

(NOBLEMAN *opens the door for* RAIMOND, DUNOIS  
*hastens toward him.*)

Where is she?

Where is the Virgin?

RAIMOND: Hail, my noble Prince,

And hail to me, that I this pious Bishop,

The holy man, the shield of the oppressed,

The father of th' abandoned, find with you!

DUNOIS: Where is the Virgin?

ARCHBISHOP: Tell it us, my son!

RAIMOND: My Master, she is no black sorceress!

By God and all the saints I do declare.

In error is the folk. The innocent

You've banned, whom God hath sent have you cast out!

DUNOIS: Where is she? Speak!

RAIMOND: I was her fellow traveler

Upon her flight into the Ardennes forest,

To me hath she her inmost there confessed.

In torture will I perish, may my soul

No share have in eternal happiness,

If she not pure is, Lord, of every guilt!

DUNOIS: The sun itself i' th' Heaven is not purer!

Where is she? Speak!

RAIMOND: Alas if God your heart

Hath altered—so make haste! so rescue her!

She is imprisoned by the Englanders.

DUNOIS: Imprisoned! What!

ARCHBISHOP: The most unhappy one!

RAIMOND: Within the Ardennes, where we sought for  
shelter,

Hath she been apprehended by the Queen

And then delivered into English hands.

O rescue her, who hath once rescued you,

From a most horrifying death!

DUNOIS: To arms! Arise! Sound the alarm! Roll the drums!

Lead all the folk into the fight! All France  
 Equip yourself! Your honor is extended,  
 The crown, and the palladium expended—  
 Set all your blood, set all your life at stake!  
 Free must she be, before the day is ended!  
 (*Exit.*)

## SCENE IX

*A watch-tower, above an opening.*

JOHANNA and LIONEL, to them FASTOLF, then ISABEAU.

FASTOLF (*entering hastily*):

The people can no longer be subdued.  
 In rage they're urging, that the Virgin die.  
 In vain is your resistance. Murder her  
 And cast her head down from this tower's peak!  
 Her flowing blood alone the host appeases.

ISABEAU (*comes*):

They're laying ladders on, they're charging now!  
 Come, pacify the people. Will you wait,  
 Till in blind rage they fully overturn  
 The tower and we're all destroyed therewith?  
 You could not her protect—surrender her!

LIONEL: Let them attack! Let them in frenzy rage!

This castle's firm, and underneath its wreckage  
 I'll bury me, ere me their will compels.  
 —Respond to me, Johanna! Be thou mine,  
 And I shall thee protect against a world.

ISABEAU: Are you a man?

LIONEL: By thine own folk art thou  
 Rejected, thou art free of every duty  
 To thine unworthy fatherland. The cowards,  
 Who once thee wooed, have now deserted thee,  
 They ventured not to battle for thine honor.  
 But I, against my people and thine own  
 Avouch for thee.—Once thou didst let me think,



JOHANNA: My folk will be victorious, and I shall die—

The valiant now require mine arm no more.

LIONEL: I ridicule these weaklings! We have them

Before us scared away in twenty battles,

Before this hero-maiden fought for them!

All of the folk I do despise but one,

And this one they have banished now.—Come,

Fastolf!

We will for them a second battle day

At Crecy and Poitiers prepare.

You, Queen, remain within this tower, guard

The Virgin, till the action is decided.

I'll leave you fifty knights for your protection.

FASTOLF: What? Shall we march against the enemy

And leave this raging woman in the rear?

JOHANNA: A fettered woman frightens thee?

LIONEL:

Give me

Thy word, Johanna, not to free thyself!

JOHANNA: To liberate myself is my sole wish.

ISABEAU: Lay on her threefold chains. I'll guarantee

My life, that she shall not escape from here.

*(She is fettered with heavy chains around her body  
and around her arms.)*

LIONEL *(to JOHANNA)*:

Thou wilt it so! Thou forcest us! It rests with thee.

France disavow! Bear England's banner now,

And thou art free, and all these raging ones,

Who now demand thy blood, will thee assist!

FASTOLF *(urgently)*:

Away, away, my General!

JOHANNA: Spare thy words!

The Franks now do advance, defend thyself!

*(Trumpets resound, LIONEL hastens forth.)*

FASTOLF: You know, what you now have to do, my

Queen!

Doth luck declare itself against us, do

You see, our folk are fleeing—

ISABEAU *(drawing a dagger)*: Worry not!

She shall not live, to ever see our fall.

FASTOLF (*to JOHANNA*):

Thou know'st, what thee awaiteth. Now beseech  
Good fortune for thy people's arms!

(*He exits.*)

## SCENE XI

ISABEAU. JOHANNA.  
SOLDIERS.

JOHANNA:

I will!

Therein shall no one hinder me.—Now hark!  
That is the war march of my folk! How brave  
It ringeth to mine heart and victory-foretelling!  
Destruction unto England! Triumph to the Franks!  
Up, my brave comrades! Up! The Virgin's near  
To you; she can't 'fore you as formerly  
The banner carry—heavy shackles fetter her,  
Yet free from out her prison soars her soul  
Upon the pinions of your martial song.

ISABEAU (*to a SOLDIER*):

Climb up the tower there, which looketh toward  
The field, and tell us, how the battle turns.  
(*SOLDIER climbs up.*)

JOHANNA: Be brave, be brave, my folk! It is the final  
fight!

But this one triumph and the foe lies down.

ISABEAU: What seest thou?

SOLDIER:

Already they have met.

A raging one upon a Barbary steed,  
In tiger's fur, springs forth with men-at-arms.

JOHANNA: That is Count Dunois! Fresh, valiant fighter!  
Thine is the triumph!

SOLDIER:

The Burgundian

Attacks the bridge.

ISABEAU:

Would that ten lances might

- In his false heart now penetrate, the traitor!
- SOLDIER: Lord Fastolf gives him manly opposition.  
They both dismount, they struggle man to man,  
The forces of the Duke and those of ours.
- ISABEAU: See'st thou the Dauphin not? Dost thou the  
signs  
Of royalty not recognize?
- SOLDIER: All is  
Confused in dust. I can distinguish nought.
- JOHANNA: Had he *mine* eyes or did I stand above,  
The smallest thing would not elude my gaze!  
The wild hen I can reckon in its flight,  
The falcon I discern i' th' highest air.
- SOLDIER: Along the trench there is a dreadful throng:  
The greatest, seems, the first to battle there.
- ISABEAU: Doth wave our banner still?
- SOLDIER: It flutters high.
- JOHANNA: Could I but look through fissures of the wall,  
I would direct the battle with my gaze!
- SOLDIER: Woe's me! What do I see! Our General is  
Encircled!
- ISABEAU (*draws the dagger on JOHANNA*):  
Die, unhappy one!
- SOLDIER (*quickly*): He's freed.  
The valiant Fastolf in the rear lays hold  
O' th' foe—breaks into his most serried troops.
- ISABEAU (*pulls back the dagger*):  
That spake thine angel!
- SOLDIER: Triumph! Triumph! They're in flight!
- ISABEAU: Who flees?
- SOLDIER: The Franks, and the Burgundians flee,  
The field is covered with the fugitives.
- JOHANNA: God! God! So much wilt thou me not forsake!
- SOLDIER: A gravely wounded one is yonder led.  
Much people spring to help him, it's a prince.
- ISABEAU: One of our own or one of France's own?
- SOLDIER: They take his helmet off, Count Dunois is't.

JOHANNA (*seizes her chains with convulsive exertion*):

And I am nothing but a fettered woman!

SOLDIER: See! Halt! Who wears the heavenly blue  
mantle,

Betrimmed with gold?

JOHANNA (*lively*): That is my Lord, the King!

SOLDIER: His steed grows shy—it somersaults—it falls—  
He wrenches working hard back to his feet—

(*JOHANNA accompanies these words with passionate  
movements.*)

Our forces now draw nigh in full career—

They now have reached to him—encircle him—

JOHANNA: O hath the Heaven not an angel more!

ISABEAU (*deridingly*):

Now is the time! Now, Savior, save thyself!

JOHANNA (*falls on her knees, praying with violently  
passionate voice*):

Hear me, O God, in this mine highest need!

To Thee on high, in hot imploring wish,

Unto Thy Heaven I commend my soul.

Thou canst the fibers of a spider's web

Make strong just like the cable of a ship,

'Tis nought for Thine omnipotence, to change

These bonds of brass into thin spider webs—

Thou wilt, and so these chains will fall away,

This tower wall will crack in two—Thou didst

Help Samson, when he blind and fettered was

And bitter scorn of his proud enemies

Endured—On Thee entrusting did he seize

The pillars of his prison mightily

And bowed down low and overturned the structure—

SOLDIER: Triumph! Triumph!

ISABEAU: What is 't?

SOLDIER: The Monarch is  
Imprisoned!

JOHANNA (*springs up*):

So be gracious God to me!

*(She hath seized her chains forcefully with both hands and broken them asunder. In the same moment she hurls herself upon the nearest standing soldier, rips his sword away from him and hurries out. All look after her with staring astonishment.)*

## SCENE XII

*Preceding without JOHANNA.*

ISABEAU (*after a long pause*):

What was that? Did I dream? Where did she go?  
 How did she break these hundred-weighted bonds?  
 For all the world would I it not believe,  
 Had I myself not seen it with mine eyes.

SOLDIER (*on the watch-tower*):

How? Hath she wings? Or hath a stormwind led  
 Her hence?

ISABEAU: Speak, is she down below?

SOLDIER:

Amid

The battle strideth she—Her course is quicker  
 Than is my sight—Now is she here—now there—  
 I see her at one time in many places!  
 —She splits the multitude—All yield to her,  
 The Franks now halt, they post themselves anew!  
 —Woe's me! What see I! All our people cast

Their weapons from themselves, our banners sink—

ISABEAU: What? Will she snatch sure victory from us?

SOLDIER: Straight to the Monarch doth she press—She  
 hath

Him reached—With force she drags him from the  
 fight.

—Lord Fastolf falls—The General is imprisoned.

ISABEAU: I will no further listen. Come down here.

SOLDIER: Escape, my Queen! You shall be overtaken.

An armèd folk is charging at the tower.

*(He climbs down below.)*

ISABEAU (*drawing the sword*):

So fight, ye cowards!

### SCENE XIII

*Preceding.* LA HIRE *with soldiers.* *At his entrance the people of the Queen extend their weapons.*

LA HIRE (*nears her respectfully*):

Queen, submit yourself  
To the Almighty—All your knights have now  
Surrendered, all resistance is for nought!  
Accept my services. Command whereto  
You want to be escorted.

ISABEAU:

Any place

Is all the same, where I'll not meet the Dauphin.

(*Hands over her sword and follows him with the soldiers.*)

*The scene is transformed into the battlefield.*

### SCENE XIV

*Soldiers with flying banners fill the background. Before them the KING and the DUKE OF BURGUNDY; in the arms of both princes lies JOHANNA, mortally wounded, without signs of life. They step forward slowly. AGNES SOREL rushes in.*

SOREL (*throws herself on the KING's breast*):

You are now freed—You live—I've you again!

KING: I have been freed—I am so for this price!

(*points to JOHANNA*)

SOREL: Johanna! God! She dies!

BURGUNDY:

She hath now ended!

Behold an angel part! Behold, how she there lies,

Painless and tranquil as a sleeping child!

The peace of Heaven plays around her features.

No breathing lifts her bosom more, yet life  
Can be discovered still in her warm hand.

KING: She is departed—She'll no longer waken,  
Her eye will see the earthly nevermore.  
Now soars she up there, a transfigured spirit,  
Beholds our pain no more and our remorse.

SOREL: She opens up her eyes, she lives!

BURGUNDY (*astonished*): Comes she  
Back to us from the grave? O'ercomes she death?  
She raises herself up! She stands!

JOHANNA (*stands entirely upright and looks around*):  
Where am I?

BURGUNDY: With thine own folk, Johanna! With thine  
own!

KING: Within thy friends' and thine own Monarch's  
arms!

JOHANNA (*after she looks at him long and fixedly*):  
No, I am not a sorceress! Indeed,  
I am not.

KING: Thou art holy as the angels,  
Yet our eyes were with darkest night bedecked.

JOHANNA (*looks around smiling brightly*):  
And am I really now among my folk  
And am no more rejected and despised?  
They curse me not, they kindly look on me?  
—Yes, now I recognize all clearly once again!  
That is my Monarch! That is France's banner!  
Yet mine own banner see I not—Where is it?  
Without my banner dare I not to come:  
It was entrusted to me by my Master,  
Before His throne I must needs lay it down—  
I may display it, for I bore it true.

KING (*with face turned away*):

Give her the banner!

(*It is given to her. She stands completely freely  
upright, the banner in her hand. The Heaven is  
illuminated by a rosy shine.*)

JOHANNA: Do you behold the rainbow in the air?

The Heaven opens up its golden gates:  
I' th' choir of angels stands she gleaming there,  
She holds th' eternal Son upon her breast,  
Her arms she smiling stretches out to me.  
What comes o'er me—Light clouds are lifting me—  
The heavy armor doth to wingèd garments turn.  
Upward—upward—The earth doth backward flee—  
Brief is the pain, the joy shall be eterne!

*(The banner falls away from her, she sinks down thereupon dead.—All stand for a long time in speechless emotion.— Upon a gentle beckon of the KING all banners are gently let down upon her, so that she is entirely covered thereby.)*