

—33—

And now Judge Cauchon with wrath in his heart  
Read the decree, that hurled Joan from the fold  
Of Holy Church into its counterpart—  
The cruel world. Concealed it, they had sold  
To Albion Joan the Maid, for filthy gold;  
And hounded her from tower to tower a slave.  
Ah no! Ah no! Rouen must not be told  
The shameful truth; for England they will save  
By burying her bleached bones, beneath the river's wave.

—34—

The proclamation read, she tottering fell  
Upon her knees and prayed for all;—  
For all her enemies, that not in hell  
Be their souls damned; nor like bolts on Charles fæll  
Her death's disgrace. She answered heaven's call,  
And "went for pity into France" to save  
The Dauphin, and to end her kinsmen's brawl.  
Alas! the Harpies human at her rave;  
May God forgive their hate, she ceased in death to crave.

—35—

As sweet as sound of silvery bells, her voice  
Rose with the song of birds that steeped the air.  
'Twas May when nature's matins most rejoice;  
The sunshine drenched her robes divinely fair  
With molten gold. She stood an angel rare.  
"A cross! A cross!" she called nor called in vain;  
An English soldier answered prompt her prayer,  
And made a cross of faggots; he would fain  
Her last wish gratify, nor his own faith profane.

—36—

She pleaded with Massieu to have a cross  
Held up before her eyes in death. He sent  
A messenger to St. Savior; there was  
A crucifix within they gladly lent  
To solace her; o'er it she lowly bent  
To recommend her patriot's soul to God;  
With sore distraction in stern war forespent.  
She begs the priests to say one Mass; they nod  
Assent. How privileged to lighten her hard lot!