

—37—

Winchester, Beaulieu, Cauchon weep and bow;
Emotion moves the multitude, and tears
Like April rains dash every living brow;
Enough to quench the fire that oft appears,
In tyrants' savage breasts. But the end nears.
Massieu no longer can invent delay.
"Priests! Dine we here?" the English shout. He hears
And hastens. This brutality to prey
Outrivals the worst scenes, of old Rome's holiday.

—38—

The invocation for the dying rose
Above the square, like music in a nave
That multiplies each sound. Then as she goes
To death they counsel her "Be strong, be brave."
As yeasting billows of the sea oft rave
They pray and plead "Christ pity her and spare.
Ye saints and angels—martyrs in conclave,
Oh! intercede for her that she may bear
Her Hades' holocaust, like martyrs young and fair.

—39—

The little yellow candles in their hands,
Who teem in throngs the narrow street and square,
Are numerous as the lights on heaven's strands;
And fill the precincts with a ghastly glare.
So grand sublime was it, that saints would stare
To see their faith. Nor can history oft show
A spectacle so far beyond compare;
As Rouen's peasantry, who row on row
Besought that God grant Joan His grace for weal or woe.

—40—

But there were multitudes who did not kneel—
The English soldiers serried in array,
All dressed with tunics bright with brass and steel.
They seemed a solid wall along the way,
The hand of piety and love to stay
If mercy should prompt men to give relief.
Maybe their manly hearts did also pray,
And doing duty found a time for grief;
For human sympathy, of passions all is chief.