

JOAN OF ARC!

A New and Original Historical Burlesque.

BY

WILLIAM BROUGH,

(Member of the Dramatic Authors' Society),

AUTHOR OF

Perseus and Andromeda; Endymion, or the Naughty Boy who cried for the Moon; Conrad and Medora; Lalla Rookh; Perdita, the Royal Milkmaid; The Sylphide; Prince Amabel, or the Fairy Roses; Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia; The Great Sensation Trial, or Circumstantial Effie-Deans; King Arthur, or the Days and Knights of the Round Table; Hercules and Omphale; or, the Power of Love; Papillonetta; Ernani; Pygmalion, or, the Statue Fair; Turko the Terrible; The Gnome King; Kind to a Fault; The Caliph of Bagdad, &c. &c.

AND PART AUTHOR OF

The Enchanted Isle; Camaralzaman and Badoura; Second Calender; Ivanboe; The Sphinx; The Ninth Statue; The Area Belle; The Pretty Horsebreaker; A Valentine; An April Fool; Going to the Dogs; The Wooden Spoon Maker, &c., &c.

THOMAS HAILES LACY,

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*First performed at the Royal Strand Theatre (under the Management of Mrs. Swanborough),
on Monday the 29th of March, 1869.*

J O A N O F A R C !

The Music composed, selected and arranged by Mr. FRANK MUSGRAVE. The new and magnificent Scenery by Mr. CHARLES FENTON. The Costumes by Mrs. S. MAY, and Mrs. RICHARDSON, from designs kindly furnished by FRANK VIZETELLY, Esq. The Properties and Appointments by Mr. ALFRED LLOYD'S Machinery by Mr. DRUMMOND and Assistants. The Piece produced under the Direction of Mr. BURKINSHAW.

Characters.

CHARLES THE SEVENTH (*King of France, a Monarch, suffering not only from Foreign Invasion, but likewise from Domestic Calamities—including a MOTHER*) ... MISS ELEANOR BUFTON.
 PHILIP, DUKE OF BURGUNDY (*his Cousin, a fine, strong, full-bodied Burgundy, but rather apt to "turn"*) ... Mr. DAVID JAMES.
 DUNOIS (*"the young and brave," looking younger and braver than ever, as now represented by*) Miss BELLA GOODALL.
 DUCHATEL (*always ready to do battle*) ... Miss A. NEWTON.
 LA HIRE (*a Scion of the House of La Here-La There-La Everywhere*) } Nobles of King Charles's Court ... Miss L. CLAIRE.
 JOAN OF ARC (*the Maid of Orleans, a Girl of the Period, a strong-minded woman, who ignores Matrimony to save King Charles's Patrimony*) ... Mr. THOMAS THORNE.

THIBAUT (*her Father, whose nature is of such very common prose as to make him a-verse to Joan's proceedings*) Mr. H. J. TURNER.

TALBOT (*Earl of Shrewsbury, Commander-in-Chief of the English Forces, the warlike head of every warlike feat*) Mr. C. FENTON.

LIONEL (*his Aid-de-camp, in battle-fields known as the Indefatigable, in ladies' boudoirs as the Idol*) Miss AMY SHERIDAN.

PIERRE (*Proprietor of a Vineyard, naturally anxious for his wine. W(h) y not?*) Mr. CHAMBERLAINE.

THE LADY AGNES (*engaged to King Charles; in fact, a most engaging young party*) Miss LYDIA MAITLAND.

ISABEL (who was a belle perhaps once—*Charles's Mother*) Mrs. FRANK RAYMOND.

Guards, Amazons, Peasants, Vine Dressers, &c, &c., by the Ladies of the Corps de Ballet and Auxiliaries.

Programme of Scenery, &c.

SCENE I.—PUBLIC SQUARE IN ORLEANS.

The Besieged City and the Bewildered King; the Truce and the Troussac!

GRAND ENTREE OF

JOAN OF ARC AND HER ARMY OF AMAZONS.

Burgundy in a state of wavering; Charles in a state of "fix."

SCENE II.—**THE INVADER'S CAMP.**

Close of the Truce between the Hostile Armies. Talbot arranges his *plans*, and Burgundy his "*plant*;" Unexpected and decidedly propossessing appearance of Agnes in the Hostile Camp.

SCENE III.—**THE GATHERING OF THE GRAPES.**

Renewal of Hostilities. Fears for the Season's Vintage. A New Scene in the Comedy of the "Rivals;" Burgundy (in the language of Music Hall Singers) takes a fresh "*turn*;" an illustrious Lady-killer illustr(*i*)ates the "Power of Love."

TOTAL DEFEAT OF THE MAID OF ORLEANS.

SCENE IV.—**A FORTRESS ON THE "ROAD TO ROUEN."**

Triumph of King Charles and Bitter Humiliation of Joan. The Maid accused of Sorcery. **THE VERDICT!**
Which is Witch? Cruel Punishment!

SCENE V.—**MARKET PLACE, ROUEN.**

Preparations for carrying out the Sentence! The Fireworks and the Firewood! "Pity the poor Guy!" A Rescue and its Result! Joan, having have got over her little weakness, "comes out strong;" general arrangement of everything, leading (it is hoped) to a

S A T I S F A C T O R Y R E S U L T.

JOAN OF ARC.



SCENE FIRST.—*A Public Square in Orleans.*

Enter KING CHARLES, AGNES, DUNOIS, DUCHATEL, and
LA HIRE, R. 2 E.

KING. (C.) So, my friends, we've agreed upon a truce,
Not that I think it's of the slightest use ;
Orleans needs must to the foe succumb—
My loved Orleans !—my Orleans plum
Must yield to this besieging party!

DUNOIS. (R. C.) Nay,
Let me as a *besieging* (beseeching) party pray, (*kneels*)
The siege you'll strive to raise. Bear up, my liege.

KING. We can't raise sixpence, much less raise a siege:
Our troops, unpaid, have lost both strength and will.

LA HIRE. Can't you get somebody to do a bill ?

DUNOIS. Is there naught you can pledge or pawn ? Your
crown,

And your regalia?

KING. They're all melted down!

AGNES. Here, pawn my laces—pop my jewel case.

(*crosses R., gives casket to DUNOIS, and returns to
her situation*)

DUNOIS. You'll *pop your lace* to feed the *pop-u-lace*,
kind generous maid!

KING. 'Tis but a tiny drop
In the great ocean of our needs. But stop,
Where's Burgundy, our cousin ?

DUCHAT. Burgundy,

I fear, is shaky in his loyalty.

KING. He's like the rest. Those troops from Scotland got,
Will leave unless we pay them, scot *and lot*.

AGNES. They've made Scot free to say so. Home they'll
pack.

DUNOIS. Impossible ! What Scotchmen, and go back!

KING My mother too has joined my foes ! How sweet
To think in *martial* strife I *ma' shall* meet.

DUCHAT. What cause could rouse her thus against her son?

KING. She needs no cause for *rows* with any one.

To calm her fury all my life I've tried,
My father took a shorter course. He died.

DUCHAT. Why 'gainst your person now such hate to
carry?

KING. 'Cos it's a person that's about to marry.

AGNES. She doesn't like your chosen bride, Charles.

KING. True—

Mother's-in-law you'll find, dear, seldom do;
Her son's succession she don't care about,
Like housemaids, pr'aps, she'd have her *son die out*.
She'd have me sign a bond—you to resign,
Or else give up the throne for me and mine;
To bind myself alone I'd not not much care,
But then *my mother bids me bind my heir (hair)*.

AGNES. (*looking off L.*) Who's this old man though, hob-
bling here alone ?

KING. Bother his *hobble*. Let's think of our own.

Concerted Music—Air, " The Comical Ghost. "

AGNES. (*looking off*) See, where he comes ! Mark his
aspect forlorn.

DUNOIS. Weary and worn,

ALL. Beard all unshorn.

KING. He limps too, as if on each toe he'd a corn,
This odd little man coming here.

DUCHAT. His business is urgent we can plainly see,

DUNOIS. Thus hurrying scurrying. Who can he be?

KING. All shaky of foot and all weak in the knee,
This weary old, dreary old, queery old, leary old,
Odd little man coming here.

LA HIRE. Hobbling, jobbling, gait all wobbling,
Weary old, dreary old, queery old, leary old,
Odd little man coming here!

At the end of first verse, THIBAUT enters, L. 2 E., and joins them in singing.

THIBAUT. Pardon, good sirs, for one moment I pray—
Speak soon I may.

ALL. What does he say ?

LA HIRE. Quite weary, he's come such a precious long way,
This odd little man coming here.

KING. Good sir, take your time, in no hurry are we.

DUNOIS. Your form in the distance we happened to see.

KING. And at once we felt anxious to know who
might be,
The weary old, dreary old, &c. (*as before*)

DUNOIS. Who are you ? Speak !

THIBAUT. I will soon as I can—
(*panting*) Pity the sorrows of a poor old man.
My daughter----- (*coughs*)

KING. Well, what of her ? Speak, don't cough !

THIBAUT. She's long been going on—now she's gone off.
She's gone, sire, for a soldier. She recites
Speeches 'bout woman's wrongs and woman's rights.
Says woman's claims no more can be resisted,
But to them all must *list*, and so she *listed*.

KING. Turned soldier, eh ? one comfort then we note,
A military " person " cannot vote.

THIBAUT. For weeks I've followed her.

KING. On foot ?

THIBAUT. Of course.

Why ?

KING. By your voice, I thought you'd *come on hoarse*.

THIBAUT. (*Music—looking off*) See, as I live, 'tis she now
coming hither,

With all those girls she's gammoned to go with her.

*Music, forte.—Enter JOAN OF ARC, dressed in armour,
followed by a party of AMAZONS.*

Song—Air, " Monkey's Wedding."

JOAN. A troop of girls of the period nobby,
Nought about us mean or snobby,
Volunteering is our hobby,—
Fighting is our aim.

We've marched o'er far off hills and valleys,
 Through your city's courts and alleys ;
 Now here arrived, prepared each gal is
 To win martial fame.

CHORUS. (*first time solo*) Marching o'er far hills and
 valleys,
 Through your city's courts and alleys,
 Now prepared to fight each gal is,
 That's the little game.

2nd verse.

JOAN. Oh, what do you think we've come to fight for?
 Dressed ourselves in armour bright for ?
 To stick up our sex's right for,—
 That's why here we came.
 Prepared for feats of valour dashing,
 Going in for reg'lar slashing,
 Fighting, splashing, smiting, smashing,—
 That's our little game !
 Marching o'er far hills, &c.

(*chorus as before, JOAN singing the 1st verse*)

THIBAUT. My child ! come to my arms!

JOAN. That's simply bosh ;
 Like cheap prints, it's old-fashioned, and won't wash.
 King Charles, we've come to offer our aid.

KING. Your name ?

JOAN. I'm called in poetry, " The Maid;"
 My real name's Joan. To save you I intend.

KING. Joan! you have *Joan* (*shown*) yourself, indeed,
 my friend.

THIBAUT. Come home, girl!

JOAN. Shan't!

THIBAUT. (*to KING*) Command her, sire.

KING. Not I;

She says that she can save us. Let her try.

(*aside*) What feelings strange within my bosom wake !

DUCHAT. (*aside*) A gorgeous creature that, and no mistake !

LA HIRE. (*aside*) Those charms! I scarce know what I
 am about!

DUNOIS. (*aside*) Dunois, my friend, you're done for, out
 and out !

JOAN. When you've all quite done staring, I'll proceed.
From far off Doremi we come.

KING. Indeed !

JOAN. Sole and unfriended, all alone came we.

KING. Just so; from *Do-re-mi, far, sole. Ah, see!*

JOAN. Learning your danger there, I raised a force—
Got up a comp'ny—(Limited, of course).

"Fly to your arms!" I cried, "girls, come who dares!"

If we'd had sweethearts, we'd have flown to theirs.

And now each *Amazon* her strength would shew,

In the hard knocks she *hammers on* the foe!

AGNES. Charles, send her back at once, do, there's a dear.

JOAN. Lady, no rival you in me need fear!

All my strong-minded woman's mission notions

Would fail if I gave way to love's emotions.

(to AMAZONS) Steady girls! Halt! Attention ! Present
arms ! (*they salute KING*)

(to KING) Not bad, sire, eh ?

KING. Bad ? (*aside*) Oh ! those fatal charms !

AGNES. King Charles, I thought you were betrothed
to me ?

KING. Of course I am! You're a *bit wrothed*, I see.

You are not jealous, love? (*trying to take her hand*)

AGNES. Let me alone !

(*takes jewel case from DUNOIS and offers to JOAN*)

Go home, girl ! Take these jewels.

JOAN. (C.) Not for Joan!

THIBAUT. (L.) She's Joan of Arc !—no rival she to
thwart ye.

AGNES. (L.) That Arc is death to me—"Arc e" la morte !"

DUNOIS. (R.) See, Burgundy comes !

KING. (L. C.) Is he then indeed with me ?

As a rule, Burgundy ne'er yet agreed with me.

He says he is my friend !

DUCHAT. (R.) Well, that's a thumper!

JOAN. The name of Burgundy suggests a bumper !

LA HIRE. (R. C.) He comes!

KING. (*looking off*) With what a swagger, too! It's
clear

Burgundy doesn't think himself small beer.

Enter BURGUNDY, R. 2 E., and crosses R. C.

BURG. (R. C.) Well, Charles.

KING. (L.C.) Charles!

BURG. Nay, if you prefer it, Charley.

KING. You are familiar!

BURG. Here, I've come to parley—
Not to exchange civilities.

KING. But, cousin—

JOAN. (*aside*) I wonder what that Burgundy's a dozen ?

BURG. I've as much right, Charles, to the throne as you;
Your mother tells me so.

KING. She does ?

BURG. She do!

Bent on your ruin, she her all has spent—

The more she's *straightened*, though, the more she's
bent!

AGNES. (*indignantly*) His mother is-----

Enter ISABEL, attended, R. 2 E.

ISABEL. Well, what's his mother pray ?

KING. (*getting between ISABEL and AGNES*) My mother
still!

THIBAUT. (*aside, L.*) Not mine, I'm glad to say.

ISABEL. You wretched boy—who from your very birth
Have been to me more trouble than you're worth;
Who, when a child—a puny piccaninny,
Would make dirt pies, and soil your nice clean pinny.
Who cried when washed—cried more when put
to bed;

Who ne'er, when sent to school, your lessons said.

At the ripe age of twelve, a latch-key claiming,

At fourteen, took to smoking and to gaming;

And when you'd fairly roused your mother's wrath,

You bid that injured parent go to Bath, (*crossing, L.*)

KING. You didn't go, worse luck though.

ISABEL. No; I chose

A shorter journey—Here, to join your foes.

AGNES. Madam, if of your anger I'm the cause. (*crossing
to QUEEN*)

BURG. Will everybody hold their several jaws ?

Charles, I'm your friend.

KING. You say so—that's all I know.
 BURG. But I've my troops to pay—how stands the rhino?
 The *English general* I know can pay.
 JOAN. The *English generally* do they say.
 In time of war if they'd their pockets close,
 They pay for martial glory through the nose.
 KING. Don't say you'll join the enemy.
 BURG. Perhaps!
 Not that I'm fond of these invader chaps—
 Still though it pain me.
 AGNES. (*contemptuously*) Pain you ! Drop this strain,
 We want true Burgundy, and not *sham pain* !
 BURG. Charles, I've not come with women words to bandy;
 But have you any ready money handy ?
 KING. Cousin, I you must check, as King, my rank—
 BURG. Would the King's cheque be honored at the bank ?
 KING. You'd not fight 'gainst your lawful King I'm sure.
 BURG. Charley, you may be lawful but you're poor.
 KING. The King's name is a tow'r of strength.
 BURG. No doubt!
 (*aside*) Some cause of quarrel I must needs find out.
 (*looking round*) I have it. (*aloud*) Then, Charles,
 you have in your camp
 Duchatel, that unneighbourly young scamp;
 Who, when he lived next door to me, would pay
 The organ grinders—I would send away!
 Whose dog, with howling kept me all night waking,
 Whose evening parties kept my first floor shaking.
 Who when to weed his garden he'd incline,
 Over the wall the weeds threw into mine.
 Who, worst of all; of this wrong I've a high sense,
 Told of that dog I kept without a licence.
 His haughty carriage towards me—
 DUCHAT. Sire, I pray
 To peace—don't let my carriage stop the way,
 I'll leave, so he rests true !
 JOAN. We scorn such barter,
 This man's *deep art* to lead to your *departur*,
 (*to Burgundy*) You're the king's vassal, sir. Why
 thus debate ?
 His lord should *vassal love*, why vacill-ate ?

BURG. You're strong in scolding women, Charles, I grant;
 AGNES. (*to JOAN*) DO leave to men these warlike matters,
 JOAN. Shan't.

Concerted Music, and Break Down—Air, "Fizz Galop."

BURG. Burgundy regrets to say you'll have to do without
 him,

KING. Burgundy's a traitor to his country and his king,

JOAN. Burgundy's a muff, we needn't care two pins about
 him!

AGNES. Burgundy's behaviour's what one scarce would
 call the thing.

KING. Here we hurl defiance to the foe,
 Never asking whom we've got with us, who's not
 with us.

LA HIRE. Of vict'ry certain we to battle go,
 Thus 'tis each side boasts 'ere they the upshot know.

BURG. Our sides' nought to fear at all,

DUCHAT. 'Bout that I don't feel clear at all,

JOAN. Of doubts I will not hear at all.

Our foes we'll send to smash;

ALL. Bang!

KING. Right, I'll keep my pecker up,

ISABEL. But how keep your exchequer up?

THIBAUT. (*looking at JOAN*) What courage seems to deck

DUNOIS. We'll fight, nor heed of cash. [*her up.*]

ALL. Bang!

(*repeat in chorus*) Here we hurl defiance, &c.

(*general dance and close in*)

SCENE SECOND.—*The Camp of the Invading Army.*

SENTINEL. (*sings outside, L.*) Who goes there? Stranger,
 quickly tell!

LIONEL. (*sings outside*) A friend!

SENT. The word?

LIONEL. Good night!

BOTH. All's well.

Enter LIONEL, L.

LIONEL. This news I've heard I must say's of a rum sort:
 A maid of all work, or a maid of some sort,

Brings a troop of young feminine plebeians,
 Which troop, *all she 'uns*, thinks to save *Orleans!*
 They about woman's rights and such like stuff rage,
 Of woman's sufferings, and of woman's suffrage.
 King Charles, I'm told, gives ear to them. But there,
 He's such an ass, he's lots of ear to spare !
 This must Lord Talbot, our commander, know;
 He conies.

Enter TALBOT, R. 1 E., buried in thought, carrying a map.

TALBOT. The truce to-morrow ends! So—so.

LIONEL. (*watching him*) Absorbed as usual in deep calculation,

Of strategy and plans of operation.

What a brain his must be ! (*aloud*) Great Talbot!

TALBOT. (*in an absent manner*) Eh?

You've to the camp returned. That's right. Yet stay.
 (*relapses into reverie*)

When the left wing-----(*looking at map*)

LIONEL. My Lord, if speak I durst,

I've news which-----

TALBOT. (*starting*) News ! why not say so at first?

I might have changed my tactics had I known,

And that left wing might have been left alone.

(*looking at map*)

LIONEL. To the French camp has come a maiden strange.

TALBOT. A maid ! My plan of action I must change.

What's the maid come for? For the washing ? Eh ?

Is it? Or is it for the mangling?—Say!

LIONEL. She's come, my lord, to join King Charles's forces.

TALBOT. Her *mangling*, then, will be our mangled corpses.

Another combination I must form—(*looking at map*)

This time the right wing shall their ramparts storm.

LIONEL. Then, my lord, Burgundy with all his train—

We'll join our ranks.

TALBOT. (*starting*) My plans are changed again!

He'll lick the foe in no time—if not quicker !

Burgundy's such a very potent *licker*;

Strengthened by him, war's hardest blows we'll
mock—

With a strong Burgundy, despise a knock, (*an Hock*)
LIONEL. See where he comes !

Music—Enter BURGUNDY and ISABEL, R.

TALBOT. Great Burgundy! delighted (*crosses, c.*)
To learn you have your cause with ours united.

BURG. Great Talbot! charmed you've learned at last to
know

What *all but Talbot, all but* guessed was so.

TALBOT. (*aside*) The puppy! (*aloud*) To my arms, great
Burgundy!

BURG. (*aside*) Stupid old pump! (*aloud*) Great Talbot!
willingly, (*they embrace*)

TALBOT. Brave Burgundy!

BURG. Great Talbot! (*they embrace again*)

ISABEL. (L.) This is pleasant;

Nobody seems to see a lady's present,

(to LIONEL) Young man, where are *your* arms?

LIONEL. (*touching hilt of sword*) Here, gracious Queen.

ISABEL. (*aside, disgusted*) As if he didn't know which
arms I mean!

TALBOT. So, Burgundy, you side with us ?

BUEG. Derider!

Don't liken Burgundy to a mere *sider* ;

His cause is yours, (*aside*) So he at present thinks.

TALBOT. How about this strange maiden ?

ISABEL. She's a minx!

TALBOT. (*starting*) She is? Then all my plans and cal-
culations

Must undergo no end of alterations.

BURG. I'm brave you know; yet I'd not care to tussle

With women of her strength of mind—and muscle.

TALBOT. *To female* warriors, Charles to trust is rash.

BURG. *To fee male* warriors, Charles has got no cash.

LIONEL. What stuff is this ? This maid you're all afraid of.

BURG. What stuff? Just wait, you'll see what stuff she's
made of.

LIONEL. Leave her to me, I'll conquer her I'll bet,

No woman ever could resist me yet.

TALBOT. Come; in my tent the table's spread no doubt—
Let's go within.

BURG. I'd rather go without.
The *proffer' d table* I must needs refuse,
My time I can more *prof-i-tably* use.
I can't dine nicely while with projects vasty,
My mind is filled for changing the dy-nasty.

Concerted Piece—Air, " The Man at the Wheel."

BURG. I must be left to think awhile,
Of what I've got in hand.
TALBOT. Your dinner shirking in this style,
I cannot understand.
LIONEL. I've had a walk in the keen fresh air,
Makes me quite long to dine.
ISABEL. If Burgundy declines his share,
Just add it on to mine.
BURG. No more—no more talk we need,
Dinner waits you know;
Those who feel inclined to feed,
Now at it at once let them go.

Chorus. No more—no more talk we need,
Dinner waits we know;
We all feel inclined to feed,
So at it at once let us go.

Exeunt all but BURGUNDY, L.

BURG. Let me reflect! How win from Charles the throne?
Not difficult, if I am let alone.
" Am let alone !" Those words suggest to me,
(H)am let alone—Hamlet's soliloquy, (*paces stage moodily*)

To be or not to be ? That's just the hobble—
Whether 'twere nobbier—that is more to nobble;
If I the side of French or English took,
Or if I went in quite on my own hook.
I must decide. If 'twixt the two I falter,
My *halting* may p'raps bring me to a *halter*.
In making up my mind such time I take up,
That some folks fancy I've no mind to make up.

Whichever side I take, such doubts assail me—
 They must, at least, a *doughty* champion hail me,
 And own me, when I'm of their foes the router,
 Spite of my doubting, a good (*d*) *out and outer*.
 Which side though take? A thought! Leave it to
 chance.

Toss up! Heads I'm for England—Tails, for France.
 Here goes! (*feels in his pocket*) Nay, chance itself
 I'm at a loss with ;
 We're so hard up, I've not a coin to toss with!

Song.—Air, " I never go East of Temple Bar."

A warrior great, I'm known to fame,
 A noble name by right I claim;
 But if you ask me what's at present my game,
 My reply might be hard to find.
 Though my sword in the combat would have such weight,
 In doubt I debate, and still hesitate
 Which side I'm to take; such was always my fate,—
 For I never could make up my mind.
 REPEAT. For I never could quite make up my mind,
 Make up my mind, make up my mind;
 In all else to me I found fortune kind,
 All else I can do but make up my mind.

At the end of Song, dance off, R.

Enter AGNES, L.

AGNES. Burgundy's here, I'm told. If any can
 Conquer this fearful maiden, he's the man !
 With Charles he's quarrelled ! For revenge, no doubt,
 On Charles, he'd gladly *put this new flame out!*
 Capture—imprison her, with bond and fetter—
 Banish—nay, kill her. Well, I think that's better.
 (*going off, R.*)

Enter BURGUNDY, R.

Well met, great Duke.

BURG. Is't Agnes I see there?

AGNES. Yes, Agnes, and in *ag'nies* of despair.

Your services I need, Duke,

BURG. Mine,—how so ?

(*aside*) She can afford to pay for them, I know,

(*aloud*) You seek me, whom your lover's charged
with treason !

AGNES. He loves another ! Ask no farther reason.

BURG. I needn't—

AGNES. I could tear *her eyes out*.

BURG. True!

Has she not taken *a rise out* of you ?

But were hers taken out ? There's one objection,

She'd love Charles, then, with still more *blind*
affection!

AGNES. I know he must surrender to her charms,

Yet still, may you, *sir*, *rend her* from his arms.

You could drive hence the cause of my affliction,

Your *valour dictate* terms of *vale-diction*.

BURG. 'Twere great revenge on Charles. This sweetheart
^{new,}

Take from him, why, he'd have to marry you.

What fun 'twould be—

AGNES. Say then—this Joan of Arc

You'll drive hence—

BURG. Like a bird—aye—like a lark!

Duet.—Air, " Par Excellence."

BURG. I've doubted long which side to take, but you
me now convince,

I'm on your side, 'gainst Joan of Arc, and 'gainst
my native Prince.

AGNES. Though Charles I love, all else above, his foe I
you would see,

Since thus alone, this dreadful Joan, off hence
can banished be.

This is excellent, you Joan, will drive away,

For your services, of course, I mean to pay.

BURG. 'Tis most excellent, at last, I see a chance
Of settling on which side to fight, with England
or with France.

BOTH. This is excellent, { you, }
I, } Joan will drive away,

For { your } services of course { I mean }
my } you'll have } to pay,

'Gainst her { you ll your } army bid at once, advance,
 I'll my }
 And drive her from Orleans, nay, e'en drive her out
 of France.

BURG. This maiden hence must pack—

AGNES. Oh rare news this is—

BURG. Hence, Burgundy at once, *dis maid dismisses*.

AGNES. Where is the maid ?

BURG. The maid each nurs'ry knows,
 Is in the garden hanging out the clothes.

The question our great lawyers found the hitch in
 Was where's the Queen, in parlour or in kitchen ?

AGNES. Rid me of Joan!

BURG. I you to *rid'll* try,

How do so seems a *riddle* by the bye,
 Charles and his troop so *animate* doth she,

AGNES. What right has Charles to *any mate* but me?

Our long engagement—

BURG. He'll find to his sorrow,

A fresh engagement with our troops to-morrow.

AGNES. I, by what's past, myself his wife consider—

BURG. Mind by what's coming you're not made his widder.

See, Talbot comes—our foe!

AGNES. (*looking off*.) In outward show—

The foe that comes seems very *comme il faut*.

Enter TALBOT, ISABEL and LIONEL, R.

TALBOT. We've dined!

LIONEL. We have!

ISABEL. (*seeing AGNES*) Can I believe *my eyes*!

Are we to have deserters here, and spies

From the foe's camp ? (*about to rush at her*)

TALBOT. Hold on I say, don't hurt her.

AGNES. Though you've been *diners* I'm no *deserter*.

BURG. My word this lady's safety here secures,

TALBOT. Safety of course, or any friend of yours,

My best of Burgundies.

ISABEL. The future wife,

Of my son Charles she is,

TALBOT. Then 'pon my life

Her fate is one calls for commiseration.

ISABEL. It does indeed.

TALBOT. For you'll be her relation.

LIONEL. (*crosses to AGNES*) Lady, if you are Charles's friend, go tell him

By no mean trick or stratagem we'd sell him,

Warn him, the truce ends at the morn's first light;

TALBOT. And, with my compliments, we mean to fight

AGNES. Thanks generous foes, (*crosses to L. c.*) I may not call you friends,

Though 'tis a heart *true sends* to say *truce ends* ;

Charles shall be warned, (*to BURGUNDY aside*) and

Joan of Arc.

BURG. She's booked !

The *Joan of Arc-ian goose* consider cooked,

She's wiped out past, clean gone beyond apology,

From henceforth *Arc* belongs to *Arch-ae-ology* !

Think no more of her.

TALBOT. Now, fair maid, good night.

(*to BURGUNDY*) You'll see your friend safe past the sentries ?

BURG. Right!

Concerted Music—Air, " Happy-go Bill."

(*to AGNES*) Come, lady fair, your arm. Be under no alarm.

For this maid you dread, as I have said,

Henceforth ne'er can you harm.

TALBOT. I'd not be unpolite ; but once again, good night.

ISABEL. Oh, why beat about thus ? Turn her out,

And serve the hussey right!

LIONEL. Great Queen, be calm, I pray; we'll the general's word obey.

But we'd much prefer to do so, ma'am, in a

gentlemanly way.

AGNES. I'm sure you're very kind, her tongue though I don't mind.

BURG. The least said soonest mended, is a maxim sound you'll find.

(*spoken*) For it's my firm impression that-----

TALBOT. (*spoken*) What?

BURG. Rum-too-ral-um ! that's all I say !
 Never tell all you know,
 Rum-too-ral-um ! that's the sure way
 Safely through life to go!
(all repeat in chorus) Rum-too-ral-um, &c.
Dance and exeunt, R. and L.

SCENE THIRD.—A Vineyard; VINE-DRESSERS discovered.

Enter PIERRE, R. U. E.

PIERRE. Gather what grapes you can. None can tell
 You'll *gather all*, or lose them *altogether*, [whether
 The fighting's recommenced, and much I fear,
 The tide of battle's setting on towards here!
 If but this way its course war's current shapes,
 The currant plays old gooseberry with the grapes;
 While from our wine presses, our casks and stoops,
 The troops will take the juice—*juice* take the troops!

JOAN *runs in*, L. 1 E.—*her sword drawn, her helmet out
 of shape, and bearing marks of battle.*

They're here ! *(alarmed)*

JOAN. One moment's rest from the fierce strife.

PIERRE. *(kneeling)* Mercy! take all I have but spare my
 My grapes—my vineyard all ! [life!

JOAN. This language drop,
 Frenchmen from me are safe—both neck and *crop*.
(pointing to grapes)

All day I've been in thickest of the slaughter—
(to PIERRE) Could you oblige me with a drink of
 water ?

PIERRE. A sample of our vintage might I proffer?

JOAN. Thank you, I'll take *advintage* of your offer.
 Your hand my friend—the hand of honest toil,
 Though not too clean, smacks of our native soil.

Enter KING, L. advances, c.

KING. Oh, wond'rous maid, to whom we vict'ry owe.

PIERRE and } Long live King Charles!
 PEASANTS. }

KING. Thanks, friends ; but you can go.

Your king with joy your loyal wish receives;
But take your grapes— (*pointing to basket*) and with
them take *your leaves*.

(*Music—a few bars of opening dance repeated—
PIERRE bows to KING and JOAN—while others
dance off*)

Exeunt PIERRE and PEASANTS, L., dancing.

Your efforts, Joan, my throne saved here this day.

JOAN. Saved your throne here—then they're not *thrown
away!*

KING. I would reward you.

JOAN. How, sire, do you mean?

KING. I love you, Joan; say you'll become my queen.

JOAN. Your queen, sire ? Never! For your foes it's true

I've proved a match; but I'm no match for you.

KING. I'll give you patent of nobility.

JOAN. A patent mangle were more use to me!

The war once over, homewards I'll be marching,

And give my mind to mangling and clear-starching.

Duett—Air, "As I strolled along the Thames Embankment."

KING. I love you, Joan—and you alone;
That you'll be mine, but say.

JOAN. My lord and king in anything
But that I'd you obey.
Pray don't ask my hand, my arm command,
It's service is your due!

KING. You my suit deny, I s'pose then I
To Agnes must be true !

JOAN. I your army on to vict'ry leading,
Military glory shall be mine !
Nought of love-making or marriage heeding,
Such matters are by no means in my line.

Repeat together.

JOAN. I your army on to vict'ry leading, &c. (*as before*)

KING. She my army on to vict'ry leading,
Military glory 'll on her shine !
Nought of love-making or marriage heeding,
Such matters seem by no means in her line.

Enter AGNES and THIBAUT, L. 2 E.

AGNES. Charles with that fearful maiden *tete-d-tite*,
Your life's in danger, girl; fly ere too late,
Burgundy swears-----

JOAN. Let him swear on, I say!
He's always *swearing* in his *cursory* way.
Plighted his vows to French and English both are,
He takes *an oath*, and then he takes *an-other*.

AGNES. Go home, girl!

THIBAUT. She'll do nothing of the sort.

'Till she's her father got a place at court.

My hero child, my laurel crowned pet!

What berth for your old father will you get?

KING. Let her ask what she will—nought can repay
The services she's rendered us to day,
Her sword drawn in our cause.

THIBAUT, You hear, my child.

The sword you've drawn! No need to draw it mild,

Ask what she will! The king's word; who dare
doubt it?

So mind you ask enough while you're about it.

JOAN. (*impatently*) No more!

THIBAUT. No more of course, yet I don't mind,

More than enough ask, if you feel inclined.

JOAN. I blush for you! your *narrow sordid* view,

THIBAUT. We can't all lie so *broad sworded* as you! (*she
goes up indignantly—THIBAUT following*)

AGNES. Confess you'd wed this maiden, Charles.

KING. Confess it! (*aside*) I

May as well make a virtue of necessity.

(*aloud*) Never, my Agnes!

AGNES. Joy! those accents tender! (*embracing her*)

Enter BURGUNDY and Two GUARDS, L. 2 E.

BURG. In England's name I charge you all, surrender!

KING. In England's name! Oh! traitor, double dyed!

BUBG. I've just crossed over to the other side.

JOAN. (*who has come down on BURGUNDY'S entrance*)

This traitor's name with mine will hist'ry mingle;

He *double dyed*, while I'm doomed to *die single*.

Go! Duffer, hence!

BURG. What ? Duffer hence! False minion!

KING. Twixt you there seems some *duffer-hence* of opinion.

THIBAUT. My hero child ! About your father's claim
For a good berth.

JOAN. Oh! shut up, do ! For shame !
Things much more pressing have to be adjusted,
And must be now discussed.

THIBAUT. Joan, I'm discusted!

JOAN. (to BURGUNDY) I'd speak alone with you.

BURG. Alone with me I

'Twere as much as your life's worth.

JOAN. Well, we'll see;

Bid all the rest depart.

BURG. Oh ! they can go;

But for yourself-----(*brandishing his sword*)

JOAN. Don't mention it, I know.

Concerted Music—Air, " Genevieve de Brabant."

BURG. It seems to me you don't much fear me.

JOAN. I see no reason why I should!

THIBAUT. My hero child! if you'd but hear me-----

KING. Shut up! old man—do be so good.

BURG. In me no danger you're perceiving.

AGNES. She little knows her peril great!

BURG. We'd be alone!

KING.

AGNES. } They'd be alone!

THIBAUT. }

JOAN. We'd be alone ! (*ditto—repeat*)

{ BURG. SO us now leaving—so us now leaving,

{ AGNES. } For they've grave matters to debate.

{ KING. }

Change to " The Royal Wild Beast Show."

JOAN. A bone to pick with Burgundy I have, I beg to say;

With him alone I'd pick it if you'll kindly go away.

BURG. Bones should be picked in private; for 'tis not
the thing, we know,

To pick a bone in public, e'en *pro bono publico*.

(*repeat in chorus*) A bone to pick, &c.

Exeunt KING, AGNES, and THIBAUT.

BURG. (L.) Now, girl, are you prepared to die ?

JOAN. (R.) Not I!

Girls who are blondes like me don't need to *dye*.

BURG. I'm your sworn foe! Defend yourself! (*crossing, R*)

JOAN. Alas !

That a great warrior should be such an ass.

BURG. An ass! This insult! But there lies my gage,
The ass the wage of battle may *ass-uage*. (*throwing
down gauntlet*)

Thus to the combat Burgundy defies you!

JOAN. *No combat*—I have *come but* to advise you;

You're on the weaker, not alone the wrong side.

BURG. Stuff! Burgundy's side must needs be the strong side.

JOAN. Granted!

BURG. For he the stronger one will make it.

JOAN. No ; but if not the stronger he won't take it—

Mark me! Charles this great day has gained.

BURG. She's right;

Gained this great day! Then he's gained this great
knight.

I am for France, and her proud foe shall find,
What 'tis when Burgundy makes up his mind, (*with
extravagant action waving his sword in the
air—his two GUARDS imitate his action*)

Enter TALBOT and two GUARDS, R.

TALBOT. Huzzah ! the maid you've captured then I see.

BURG. Sir, nothing of the kind—she's captured me I

Fight on the side of France she's me induced to.

TALBOT. Traitor!

BURG. Do find some name I'm not so used to.

JOAN. I'll to King Charles, of this good news inform him,

And leave you here with Talbot. *Exit, L.*

TALBOT. Do, I'll warn him.

(*to BURGUNDY*) Now that I have you, knave, in hand,
the job

Is easy—knave in hand—one for his nob. (*Music—
TALBOT aims a blow at BURGUNDY which he
parries—the GUARDS prepare to join in
the fight*)

BURG. Stay! single combat.

TALBOT. That's all I desire.
 (to GUARDS) Withdraw, my army.
The two GUARDS exeunt, L.

BURG. (to his GUARDS) Troops, you may retire.
His two GUARDS exeunt, R.

TALBOT. Now, rebel turn-coat.
 BURG. Now, invader vile,
 How will you have it?
 TALBOT. Oh, the good old style.
(music—they fight with various weapons—at the end they fall, TALBOT, L., BURGUNDY, R.)
Enter PIERRE, R. U. E. — He wrings his hands in despair.

PIERRE. (aside) Oh, my poor vineyard! Gentlemen, I fear
 You've scarcely room to fight in comfort here;
 You'll find, if the suggestion you will pardon,
 A first-rate spot in my next neighbour's garden.

TALBOT. (L.) Burgundy!
 BURG. (R, resting) Talbot!
 TALBOT. That was rather hot.
 Shall we the fight continue now, or not ?
 BURG. P'raps a short rest-----
 PIERRE. (calling off) Bring out some wine here.
 TALBOT. Eh!
 Ten minutes for refreshment! What d'ye say?
Music—TALBOT and BURGUNDY comically exeunt, R. U. E.
Enter DUNOIS, DUCHATEL and LA HIRE, 1. E. R.

DUNOIS. (L., angrily to DUCHATEL) What! you love Joan
 of Arc? A puny lad!—
 A beardless boy—a nobody—a cad !

DUCHAT. (c.) Pray who's Dunois, that thus he should
 o'errule me?—
 Would make a *cad o' me*, that lie may *school* me ?
 Love Joan—ah, me !

LA HIRE. (R.) Ah, me!
 DUNOIS. He, too, begins !
 DUCHAT. Both sigh for her;—our *sigh ah mes* are twins !
 DUNOIS. *Your sigh ah mes !* To me, so strong's my passion,
 She's fairer than the beautiful Circassian !
 DUCHAT. While I, though small, feel, by love made defiant,
 Big as the female Nova Scotia Giant!

I'll fight you for her!—Come, (*draws sword*)
DUNOIS. Rash boy, beware !
LA HIRE. And when you've done, I'll take the conqueror—there!
(*DUNOIS and DUCHATEL cross swords*)
Enter JOAN rapidly, L.—She runs and knocks up their swords.
JOAN. Hold, for your lives ! Is this a time for brawling ?
When France for every loyal sword is calling ?—
Are you all mad ?
DUCHAT. I am, for one!
DUNOIS. I too !
LA HIRE. I three !
DUCHAT. Yes, Joan, I'm mad for love of you,
Say you'll be mine.
JOAN. (*startled*) You're mad indeed!
LA HIRE, (*crosses to JOAN*) My wits
Are gone too. My love his licks into fits.
JOAN. Away! Between you I no preference see.
DUNOIS. (*crosses to JOAN*) Then split the difference, and
decide on me.
JOAN. Dolts ! Joan of Arc such weakness is above;
Strong minded women don't give way to love !
Love's arrow I defy : to pierce 'twould fail,
The female heart that beats within this mail.
(*pointing to breastplate*)
Enter LIONEL, his sword drawn, L. 2 E.
LIONEL. (C.) Joan of Arc ! you're my pris'ner—yield !
JOAN. (R. C, *aside, looking lovingly at him*) Oh, my!
DUNOIS. (L.) Not while I wield a sword.
DUCHAT. (L. C.) Or I!
LA HIRE. (R.) Or I!
DUCHAT. The odds are are 'gainst you.
JOAN. With those odds my friends—
My dream now ends. A case of *odds and ends*,
Upset completely, fight no more I can,
(*aside*) I ne'er e'en dreamt of such a nice young man!
LIONEL. You won't fight! Then a pris'ner you'll be carried,
To Talbot's camp,
JOAN. One question : you're not married ?

LIONEL. Do I look like a married man ?

JOAN. Oh, no!

All my strong-minded notions I forego,
I yield. (*gives him her sword*)

LIONEL. To save you I make no profession,
If you surrender 'tis-----

JOAN. At indiscretion,
I know it.

LIONEL. And with no condition, Joan.

JOAN. Condition! None. Unless you'd change your own.

LIONEL. Your mine for good or ill.

JOAN. I'm not averse,

E'en to be yours for *better and for worse*.

LIONEL. Maiden, I know not whence your speech may spring,

Its sound has somehow though a *wedding ring*.

DUNOIS. This is most shameful!

LA HIRE. Can we this allow ?

DUCHAT. But say the word, Joan, and we'll—

JOAN. Hold your row!

Concerted Music.—"Les Pompiers de Nanterre."

JOAN. I'm a captive caught. Done for most completely.

DUNOIS. Who would e'er have thought she would thus
give in ?

LIONEL. With my usual luck, I've the trick done neatly,

DUCHAT. She to him gives up the heart, we tried so
hard to win!

JOAN. Tra, la, la, la! Tra, la, la, la! Don't mind me,
I pray you ?

Tra, la, la, la! Tra, la, la, la! Oh, I feel so glad !

LA HIRE. Tra, la, la, la! Tra, la, la, la! Gentlemen, how
say you ?

LIONEL. Tra, la, la, la! Tra, la, la, la! Sure the girl is mad!

Together.

JOAN. Tra, la, la, la! Tra, la, la, la! Don't mind me
I pray you;

Tra, la, la, la! Tra, la, la, la! Oh, I feel so glad!

Tra, la, la, la! Tra, la, la, la! (to LIONEL) I'd
with love repay you!

Tra, la, la, la! Tra, la, la, la! I with joy
feel mad!

THE OTHERS. Tra, la, la, la! Tra, la, la, la! What means
 this, I pray you?
 Tra, la, la, la! Tra, la, la, la! When you should
 be sad!
 Tra, la, la, la! Tra, la, la, la! Gentlemen, how say
 you?
 Tra, la, la, la! Tra, la, la, la! Is the girl gone mad?

Enter ISABEL, excited, L.

ISABEL. The tide of battle's turned! We've vict'ry won!
 Total eclipse has just come o'er my son!
 LIONEL. And I not there to share in it. No matter;
 I've made a conquest here, myself I flatter !

*Enter KING CHARLES hurriedly, followed by THIBAUT
 and AGNES, L. 2. E.*

KING. Maiden, how's this ? Since you the field you have
 Our troops seem of all courage quite bereft; [left,
 Come, Joan, your sword may yet our loss retrieve.
 LIONEL. Her sword she's parted with, as you perceive.
 KING. You've captive made her ?
 JOAN. Yes, sire, it's a case !
 THIBAUT. A prisoner! and I've not yet got that place !
 You wretched girl! (*advancing to JOAN*)
 AGNES. Sir, 'tis no time to scold her.
 THIBAUT. This comes of soldiering!—just what I told her!
 AGNES. (*to KING*) Don't let the *maiden huff* you I implore,
 I'm sure you *made enough* of her before.
 KING. She, the sole prop I leant on!—now to drop her,
 My only *prop*, my anger's only *proper*.
 Burgundy promised aid too—where is he?
 PIERRE. (*entering, R. U. E.*) Burgundy, sire's, with Talbot
 on the *spree*.
 KING. How, on a spree? And with my foe? What
 more?
 LIONEL. They're soldiers both, 'tis but *esprit de corps*.
 KING. Where are they—speak ?
 PIERRE. In yon poor cot of mine ;
 And in that cot they've *cot* a-tasting wine.
 KING. Then all is up ! Adieu my throne and crown.
 PIERRE. Not quite all up, sire—one's just tumbled down.

LIONEL. (*looking off*) See where they come !
 JOAN. Great warrior!—not one word ;
 For your poor captured maid.
 LIONEL. Don't be absurd!

Enter BURGUNDY and TALBOT arm-in-arm, R. U. E., showing signs of having tasted the vintage—the four GUARDS follow them.

TALBOT. Which side are you on, Burgundy ?
 BURG. Don't know.
 I think I was on yours not long ago.
 You're a good fellow, Talbot!

TALBOT. (L. C.) You're another!
 BURG. (R. C.) Talbot—old boy—I love you like a brother.
 TALBOT. (*calling off*, R. U. E.) More of that wine !
 BURG. Is that King Charles I see ?
 TALBOT. (*to his GUARDS*) Take everybody into custody.

Concerted Music—" Burgundian Vintage Song."

BURG. Now our cap to the brim well filling;
 We're all care and all sorrow killing.
 TALBOT. I am ready, and likewise willing,
 To keep pace with you, cup for cup.
Everybody repeat 1st verse as chorus

JOAN. Two great generals thus to see,
 I own surprises me.
 KING. Howe'er can such things be ?
 BURG. King Charles, shut up!

DUNOIS. All is up with France, I fear :
 DUCHAT. With Joan too—that's most clear.
 LIONEL. Lord Talbot!
 JOAN. Waiter, here!
 Just fill this cup.

AGNES. Thus the cup to the brim still filling,
 The rich wine in full bumpers swilling.
 LIONEL. Thoughts of care or of clanger killing,
 Let us all the rich vintage sup.

Chorus—EVERYBODY. Thus the cup to the brim, &c.
 (*business, ALL dancing in a rollicking style, as the scene closes*)

SCENE FOURTH.—*A Fortress on the " Road to Rouen."*

Enter BURGUNDY, R.

BURG. The war is over! Victr'y, none deny,
Is on the side of France—and so am I-----
Though should th' invaders' cause again make head,
Then I'm on the invaders' side instead.
Talbot and Charles are friends, and no one knows
Who's who! what's what! or which are friends or foes;
Things come about so strangely, I'm perplexed
To say what's happened—or will happen next.

Exit, L.

Topical Song.—Air, " Some Lady's lost her Chignon."

Each moment come fresh tidings, news wonderful and
strange,
What's true to-day, to-morrow may altogether change.
The people tell such crammers—I ne'er yet could make out,
How much is new—how much is new of what we hear about,
I'd like to know about it. Should I believe or doubt it,
It may be so, or may be no. That's all I know about it.

For means of locomotion, no carriage now one needs,
Nor hansom nor four-wheeler, we'll all start velocipedes.
At close of evening parties we'll hear the porter say,
"The Lady Clara Vere de Vere's bicycle stops the way."
I wonder how about it, I see no cause to doubt it,
It may be so, it may be no. That's all I know about it.*

Exit, L.

Enter DUNOIS, DUCHATEL & LA HIRE, R.

DUNOIS. It's infamous!

DUCHAT. Disgraceful!

LA HIRE. It's too bad !

DUCHAT. Bad ! It's enough to drive a fellow mad !

(crosses, L.)

DUNOIS. King Charles should be ashamed thus to abandon
One without whom he'd not a leg to stand on.

* Verses about local and popular topics to be introduced from time to time.

LA HIRE. Poor Joan of Arc ! In dungeon black chained
down,

DUNOIS. They with their *dungeon black* have *done Joan
brown.*

Handcuff'd with darbies, Joan's poor wrists they
tether,

DUCHAT. *Darbies and Joans* they say should go together.

LA HIRE. On charge of sorcery her foes denounce her,
Say she's a witch too-----

DUNOIS. *Which* it is a bouncer!

DUCHAT. To say whence comes her pow'r their skill defies,
Or from what *source arise* her *sorceries* ;
Yet even now, for these imagined crimes,
They her are trying.

DUNOIS. These are trying times.

LA HIRE. And Charles does nought to shield her from
disaster.

DUCHAT. Charles has a sweetheart; he'snothisownmaster,
The Lady Agnes rules him.

DUNOIS. Some folks state
He needs a ruler just to keep him straight.

Trio.—Air, " I wish I was a Fish."

DUCHAT. To save poor Joan could I do aught,
No effort would I grudge,
But her sad case is to be brought,
Before a sterner judge.

LA HIRE. With witchcraft charged, her cruel foes
Now down upon her pounce,
And we've too much reason to suppose,
A witch they'll her pronounce.

DUNOIS. Ah! a witch—a witch—a witch! She'll be found
a witch,

And once found guilty how into her they'll pitch;
They'll strangle her, or mangle her in some more cruel way.
We to save her nought can do or say. Oh, my!

(repeat in chorus) A witch—a witch, &c.

DUNOIS. The Lady Agnes! Not a word-----they're here.

DUCHAT. See ! talk of—you know who, and he'll appear.

Enter KING and AGNES, L.

KING. Unhappy Joan!

AGNES. What's Joan to you, my dear?

KING. What ? I must ever be her debtor.

AGNES. Stuff!

As if you hadn't creditors enough.
Think no more of her.

KING. That I promise you;
I ne'er can think more of her than I do.

AGNES. For my sake give her up, Charles.

KING. I've done so—

Given her up to trial—as you know.

DUNOIS. Shame on a king so basely to behave.

KING. (*angrily*) Who spoke?

DUNOIS. It was Dunois, the young and brave.

AGNES. You mean the rash and cheeky. Dare abuse
Your royal master thus ?

Enter LIONEL, hastily, L., crosses to L. C.

KING. Speak, sir! Your news!

The trial's over?

LIONEL. Bear it as thou wilt, I

Must needs declare the verdict!

KING. (*eagerly*) Which is-----

LIONEL. Guilty!

KING. They find her guilty, and of what ?

LIONEL. Of witchcraft,

Sorcery, sleight-of-hand tricks, and all sich craft—

A conjuror they've her pronounced to be.

DUCHAT. They are no conjurors it's plain to see.

KING. Her sentence ? Speak! I tremble to enquire.

LIONEL. She's never more to put on male attire.

KING. Must dress in petticoats henceforward ?

Enter ISABEL, L.

ISABEL. Yes.

What's more, they've left me to cut out the dress.

And *how* I've cut it out, you'll quickly see.

AGNES. I know your cut. She'll no more cut out me !

KING. Poor Joan! I knew they'd on this charge convict her,

For that they picked her out—and what a *pictur'* !

Enter JOAN, L., in a very dowdy female costume.

JOAN. This punishment is brutal, I declare—

Is this a dress for any girl to wear? (*turning round
to shew dress*)

As a *Guy* to be burned, my sentence, I
 Escape the burning—though I don't the *Guy*.
 In the next room my armour and my *small clothes*
 Were placed to tempt me. Those are what I call
 clothes.

(*angrily*) These hideous things! But I'll restrain
 my passion,
 And only say----- They're not the latest fashion.

Enter THIBAUT, L.

THIBAUT. My hero child! once more I see you dressed
 In garments which, for girls, folks think the best ;
 But our King Charles has conquered, so e'en yet
 Some place for your old father you might get.

JOAN. Ask me for place ! Nay, father, that too rich is.
 I'm doomed to dress like this—not wear the-----
 which is

A sell for me!

DUCHAT. Could I do anything?

DUNOIS. Or I ?

LA HIRE. Or I ?

KING. Could even I, the King?

Enter TALBOT, L.—*crosses to* KING.

TALBOT. Nobody can't do nothing. Joan well knows
 All she's to do is not to change her clothes—
 She as a girl must dress. The judge's order
 So runs, and that's the best we can afford her ?

Enter BURGUNDY, R.—*crosses to* KING.

BURG. Charley, old boy, I'm on your side all right.

TALBOT. Of course you are, now that he's won the fight.

BURG. Will you shut up? D'ye think I'll be thus treated
 By foreigners, and foreigners defeated ?

Charley, your hand! Fair Agnes yours; and Joan—
 (*checking himself*) No, she's unlucky—her I'll let
 alone !

Concerted Music—Air, " The Beautiful Columbine."

LIONEL. I'm sorry, poor Joan, to see you thus.

DUNOIS. To you her defeat she owes ;

DUCHAT. If she had been only true to us—

JOAN. Well, it can't be helped now, I suppose ?

KING. You swore ne'er to yield, yet you gave up your sword!

AGNES. Would ne'er love—yet to love you gave way,

LA HIRE. And thus 'tis your foes your desertion reward;

BURG. Nay, don't be too hard on her, pray!

JOAN. True all you say I cannot deny,
Me it but serves quite right,
Had I stuck to thy early woman's rights cry,
They would ne'er have made me this fright.

CHORUS. True all we say, she cannot deny;
Owns that it serves her right!
Had she stuck to her early woman's rights cry,
She had ne'er have been made this fright.

Air changes to " When Joan's Ale was New."

BURG. 'Tis strange and still gets stranger,
What could occur to change her.

DUNOIS. She ever first in danger,
What pow'r could her subdue ?

JOAN. The cause stands there ; 'twas he, sirs,
(*pointing to LIONEL*)
His first look did for me, sirs.

LIONEL. I always do, you see, sirs,
Poor girls ! what can they do?

JOAN. Clean conquered—done outright, sirs !
A reg'lar case of smite, sirs.

LIONEL. They're all as bad; yes, quite, sirs,
And Joan's tale is true.

KING. (*solo*) Can Joan's tale be true, my friends ?
Can Joan's tale be true ?
Can Joan's tale be true, my friends?
Can Joan's tale be true ?

ALL. Can Joan's tale be true ? &c.

JOAN. Yes, Joan's tale is true, &c. *All waltz off, R.*

SCENE FIFTH.—*The Market Place of Rouen.*

POPULACE *assembled—Shouts.—Enter LIONEL, L.,
with bill.*

LIONEL. Good gentlefolks-----

ALL. Hear, hear!

LIONEL. Do cease this din !
 PIERRE. (*coming forward*) Come, when's the show a-going
 to begin ?
 I've taken a front seat the sight to see.
 LIONEL. Well, sir, you needn't take *affront* at me.
 CROWD. *The fireworks !*
 LIONEL. Pray good gentlefolks be still!
 With your permission I will read the bill.
 (*takes a printed play bill and reads*)
 " Market Place, Rouen—Gorgeous scene of action !
 For one night only, powerful attraction !
 Under the patronage of Royalty.
 Joan of Arc to be burned in effigy!"
 PIERRE. (*disappointed*) Only in effigy!—oh dash my wig!
 LIONEL. They don't care for the F. I. G. a fig.
 (*reading*) "Splendid display of fireworks! Joan
 committed
 For wearing clothes by no means to her fitted."
 THIBAUT. (*outside*) Room there? (*enters, L.*) Well, here
 we are.
 LIONEL. And pray who's we ?
 THIBAUT. King Charles, his sweetheart,
 And his ma' and me.
Music, forte —*Enter, KING, L., AGNES and ISABEL.*
 KING. My loyal subjects all, with joy we greet you;
 You know to-day we to a bonfire treat you :
 Likewise to fireworks, crackers, squibs, and rockets,
 Regardless of expense—(*aside*) to your own pockets.
 (*POPULACE shout*)
 AGNES. Charles, I upon your love can now rely ;
 I have no rival.
 TALBOT. (*outside, R.*) Make way for the guy!
Music.—*Enter TALBOT and BURGUNDY carrying in a chair,*
with poles for handles to it, a stuffed effigy of JOAN OF
ARC. The POPULACE shout as the figure is carried round.
 BURGUNDY and TALBOT sing.
 Please to remember, though 't isn't November,
 Joan of Arc's treason and plot;
 We know no reason why witchcraft and treason
 Should ever be forgot.
 (*they deposit the figure at back, c.*)

BURG. (to KING) There's a Joan for you, Charley!
 KING. (*looking at figure*) What a fright!
 BURG. She's not turned out good-looking.
 ISABEL. (R.) Serve her right!
 To give her beauty would be reckless waste.
 DUNOIS. (*entering rapidly, R. 2 E.*) Hold: Joan of Arc
 shall not be thus disgraced!
 My life I'll lose first!
 DUCHAT. (*entering, R.*) So would I!
 LA HIRE. (*entering, R.*) And I!
 TALBOT. Three handsome youths thus fight for one poor
 Guy!
 DUNOIS. And that to call her effigy—absurd!
 Burgundy, I with you would have a word.
 (BURGUNDY and DUNOIS retire up, c.—DUCHAT
 and LA HIRE follow)
 AGNES. Charles, where's the maid herself? Her effigy
 It's plain to see.
 KING. Right plain as plain can be.
 TALBOT. I was the artist, sire. I'm not so clever
 As make lay figures beautiful for ever!
That model, though out from my studio turning,
 I did think good enough.
 LIONEL. Just so—for burning!
 BURG. (*comes down, R.C.*) I've changed my mind again;
 stand this I can't!
 That figure shan't be burned.
 TALBOT. It shall!
 BURG. It shan't!
 Friends, to the rescue!
 (*the POPULACE take up the cry of "Rescue!" and*
take a step forward; they are restrained by the
 GUARDS)
 DUNOIS. }
 DUCHAT. } Rescue!
 LIONEL. (*to them*) Sirs, stand back!
 BURG. Thus I the question settle in a crack!
 (*he runs to the chair, takes the figure out, throws*
it over his shoulder in the style of melodramatic
"rescues," and is running off with it. TALBOT
gets hold of the figure too)

TALBOT. You let that guy alone!
 BURG. I won't!
 TALBOT. You won't?
 Then thus I force it from you----(*tugs at it*)
 BURG. No, you don't!
Music—they struggle—the figure breaks in half.
 TALB. (*falls with half the figure, L.*) I've got it! Victory!
 BURG. (*falling, L.*) I've got it! Right!
 TALBOT. (*looking at piece he has*) Eh! where's its head?
 BURG. (*looking at the head*) This is a sorry sight.
 DUNOIS. What have you done? (*running to BURGUNDY*
and taking the half of the figure)
 LA HIRE. (*to TALBOT*) Oh, monster!
 DUCHAT. (*taking the half from TALBOT*) Villain! See!
 Thus treat my love even in effigy.
 KING. What means this bitter railing?
 DUNOIS. Sire, don't chaff
 Our bitter rails. Look at this *half-and-half*.
(a trumpet sounds without, L.)
 LIONEL. What trumpet's that so vigorously blown?
 THIBAUT. 'Tis hers—my child's; she always blows her own!

Enter JOAN, L. U. E., in martial attire, with banner inscribed "WIMMINS RITES." She comes down, c.

JOAN. Once more I wear them! Once again I feel
 My will of iron and my nerves of steel.
 True metal all I Some say; but let that pass.
 I've so much metal, e'en my face is *brass*!
 These garments left to tempt me close to hand—
 Such a "make up" as this who could withstand?
 Now the make up, they say, proves sorcery—
Make up and sorcery fit to a T!
 DUNOIS. The charge they bring's a *base 'un*, Joan!—a
 mockery!

JOAN. *Bason*! That's right—let's go on with the crockery!
 AGNES. Girl! look me in the face. (*JOAN shrugs her*
shoulders and turns away) What means that shrug?
 JOAN. I ask for crockery—you present *your* mug!
 AGNES. Is Charles your lover?
 JOAN. No; yourself don't vex.
 DUCHAT. Who is Joan?
 JOAN. Nobody! I scorn the sex!

Henceforth beneath this banner only fighting
 For woman's rights! That's my own *woman's* writing
 Inscribed upon it. Dreams of love all quelling,
 (*looking at LIONEL and sighing*)

In heart I'm firm, though shaky p'raps in spelling!

TALBOT. Let's burn the maid 'stead of the Guy!

LIONEL. Oh, cruel!

TALBOT. We must burn something;—can't waste all
 this fuel!

JOAN. Do what you like—it won't affect the plot;

Historians doubt if I were burned or not!

I burn, though, now—with eagerness to know

(*to audience*) What verdict on our nonsense you'll bestow.

BURG. (R.) Stay! I'm to speak the tag, myself inclined!

(*crossing to c. to Audience*) Ladies and----- No—once
 more I've changed my mind! (*crossing back to R.*)

I give up.

KING. (C.) Then I'll try. (*to Audience*) Kind friends, we've
 done:

Of a strange page of history we've made fun!

If you our Joan of Arc, though, say "All's right,"

JOAN. Joan of Arc will be with you every night.

Finale—Air, "Act on the Square, Boys."

KING. And now our play is ended,
 If by your smiles befriended,

LIONEL. Success say has attended
 Our efforts, friends, now do!

AGNES. My happiness completing,
 Bestow on us kind greeting,

DUNOIS. I like the rest entreating,
 Now for your favour sue.

Give us a cheer, friends—give us a cheer,—

Say but you're pleased, and we nothing need fear;

Give us a cheer, friends—give us a cheer,

Then Joan of Arc will live long with you here.

BURG. (*coming forward, c, Air changes to that of his
 former song, "Some lady's lost her Chignon."*)
 That's what I say about it, &c.

CHORUS. (*repeat first melody, "Act on the Square Boys."*)
 Give us a cheer, friends, &c.

Curtain.