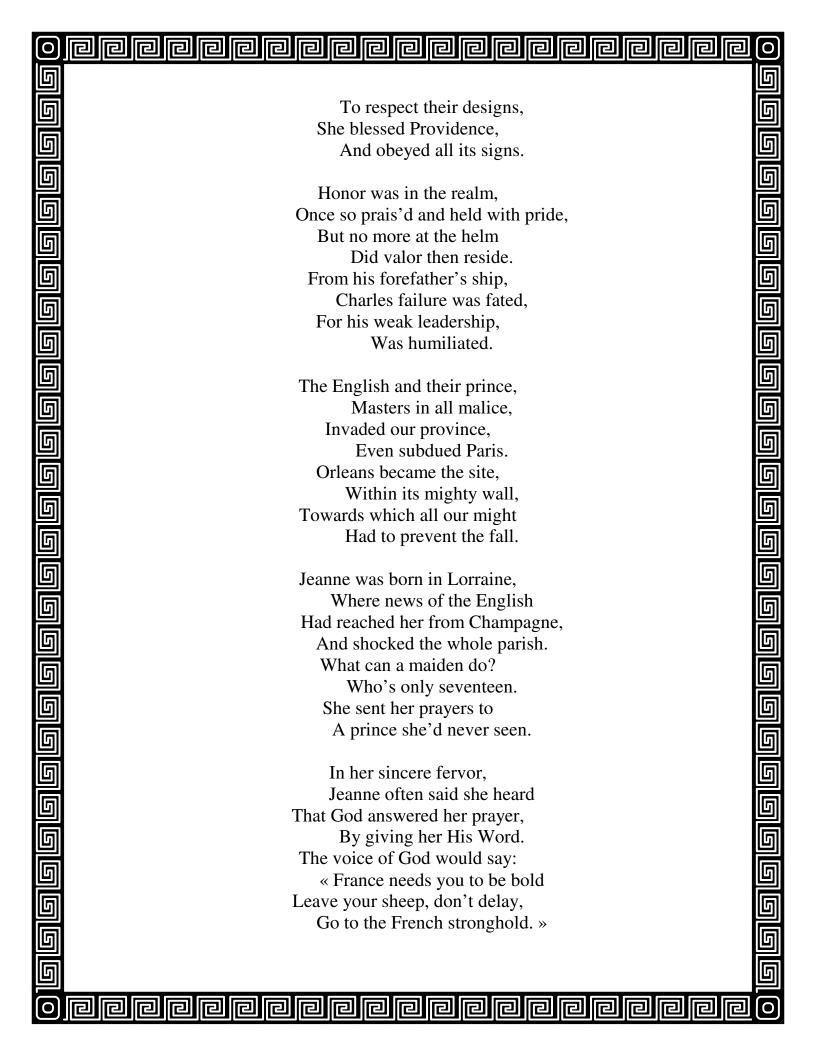
## ROMANCE OF JEANNE D'ARC

by Lazare Carnot

The *Organizer of Victory*, Lazare Carnot, stated the following about his poem: "This is the story, simple and without fiction of *Jeanne d'Arc*, known otherwise as the *Maid of Orleans*, who lived at the time of Charles VII [...] The original statements that Jeanne made to the King are in *italics*." (Footnote of *Opuscules poétiques du Général L. N. M. Carnot*, Pâris, Baudouin Fils Editeur, 1820, p. 257.)

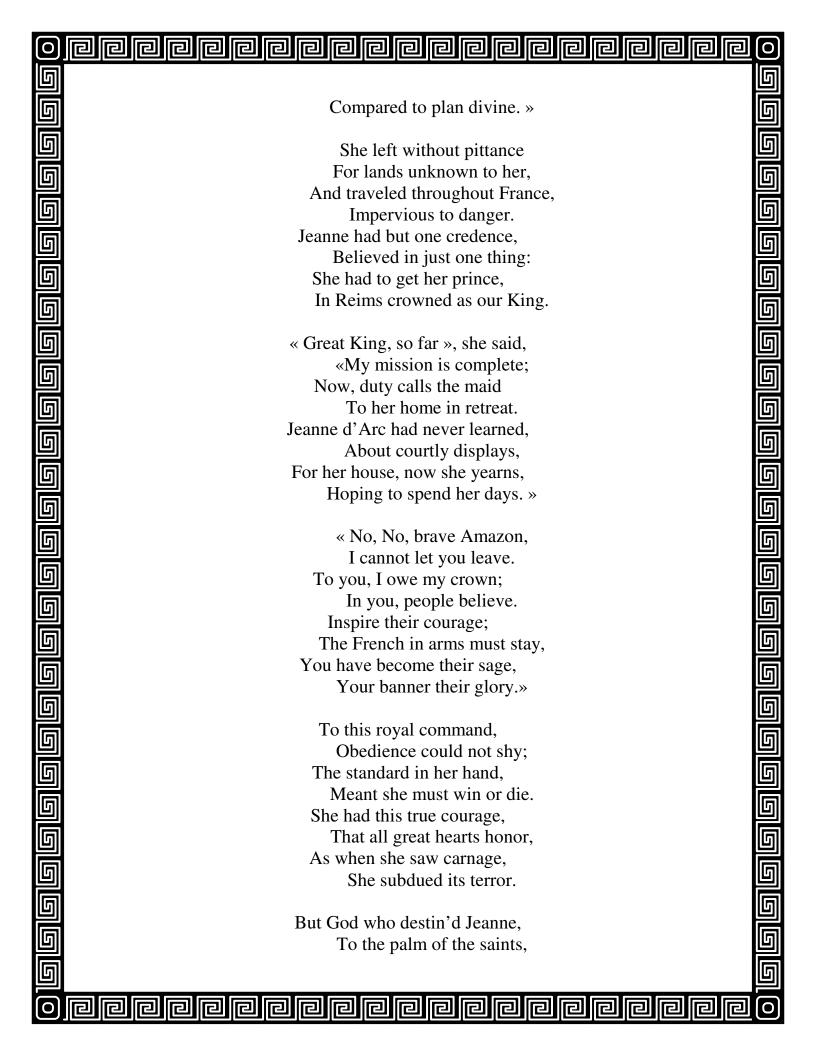
Lovers of victory,
If in your heart you're sore,
By reading this story,
You shall be moved to soar.
T'was a young heroine,
Who freed her fatherland:
This poor France in ruin,
She restored with her hand.

Virtues, graces, courage,
Generous sentiments,
The only heritage
She got from her parents.
Jeanne had learn'd at a glance,

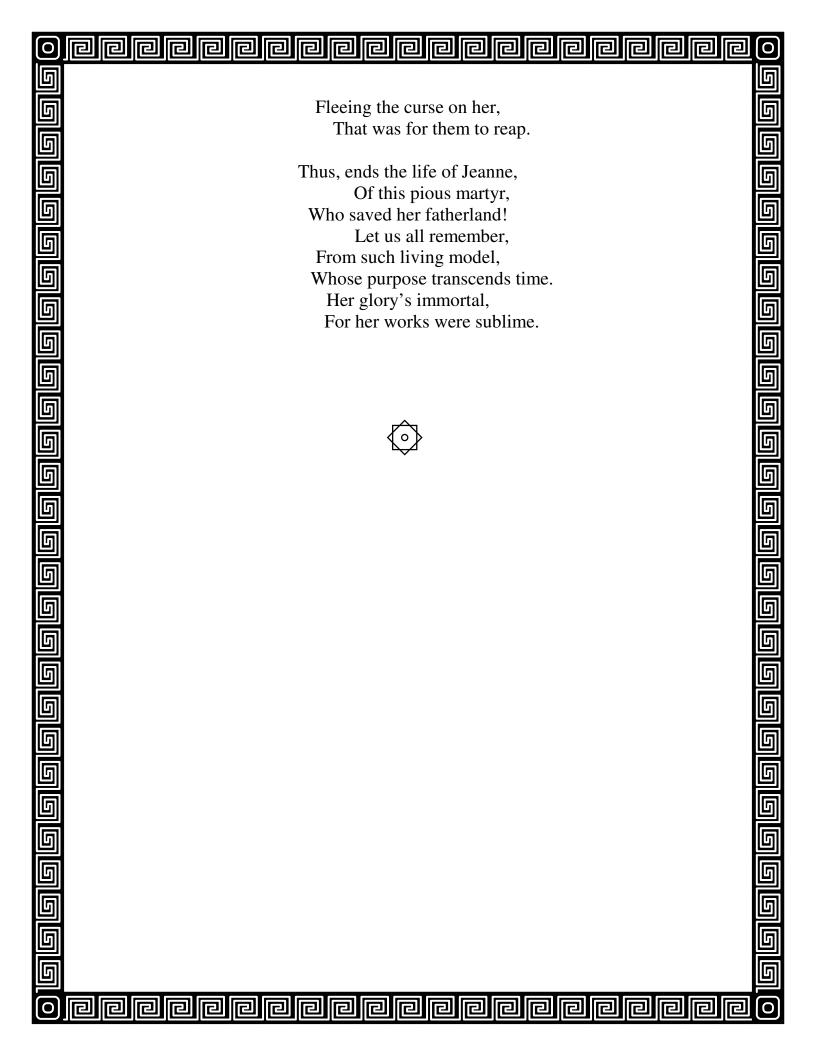


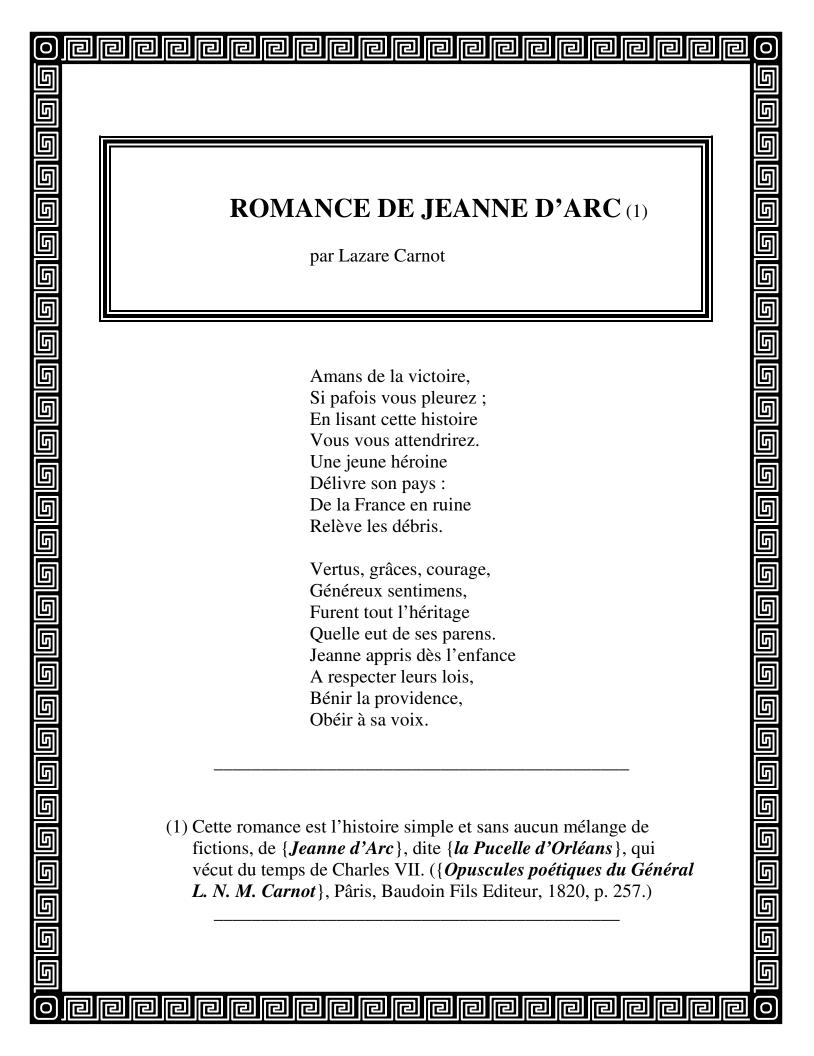
Her candor, her effort, Had rallied Baudricour. Who gave her armed support, To visit « gens de cour. » Jeanne was put to the test, Identified the King, Parading as a guest, As a mere underling. She said: «Gentle Dauphin, The name I was given Was just **Jeanne the Maiden**. God wishes from heaven To end all your alarms; If you please give us men Courage and force of arms, Orleans is yours again! « From your sworn enemy At last liberated, You shall rule your country, From Reims coronated: He assured me, Good Sire, By his divine wisdom, That my poor hands won't tire, Til I save your kingdom. » The eloquence of Jeanne Proved her mission was right; From the strength of her stand, Admiration, delight: Her Enthusiasm Won the heart of the King, Transformed all sarcasm, Into God honoring. Charles put the Amazon At the head of his Knights; Commanded for her own,

An armor for her fights. In the hand of this maid, All viewed the standard high; The warriors got inflamed, By the spark in her eye. Soon her army arrives, In Orleans fortified: As vivid hope revives, The strength of all inside. She leads without compare, Until the goal is reached, Paralyzed by her stare, The English seem bewitched. She liberates the town. Everyone is now freed, The English are brought down, As if by lightning speed. In their desperate alarm, The enemy's disgraced, By this girl's steady arm, Away they were all chased. They tried in vain attempt To save their dignity, Everywhere her intent Tortured their vanity. Jeanne is victorious, comes, Goes, and burns their forts, Her march is perilous, As her King, she exhorts: « To God we give glory: Honor Him! » she pointed, « Crown your true victory, And have thee anointed. I know that safe prudence Opposes this design; But what is clairvoyance,

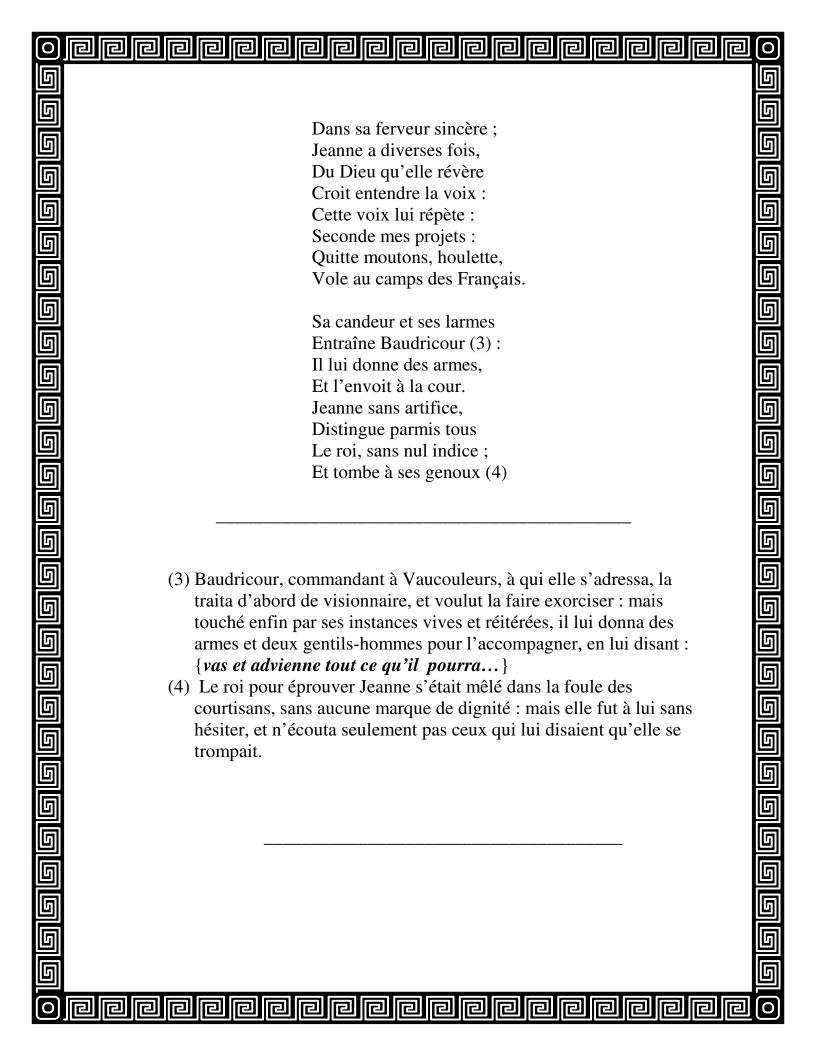


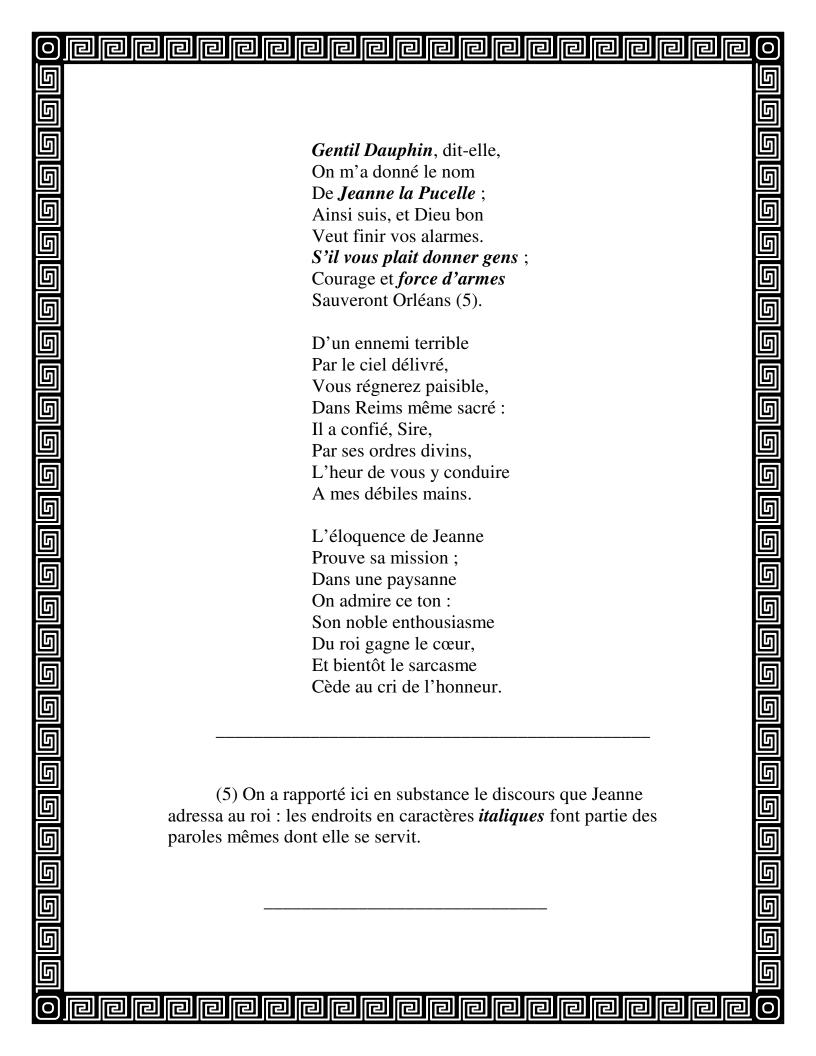
Allowed not the disband, And heeded no complaints. The English surprised her, Triumphant arrogance, The news from her jailer Caused sorrow throughout France. The famous prisoner Was taken to Rouen; She is called sorcerer, And led onto Satan. Jeanne d'Arc is delivered To the Beauvais prelate, Pierre Cauchon was voted King's proctor apostate. Designed in pure vengeance, A plot is fermented. In vein her innocence Is pleaded, tormented: The fury is defused; To God Jeanne's not a liar. But, her case is refused, And she's condemned to fire. Execrable verdict, That no one could mistake, Announced like an edict: « She will burn at the stake! » Jeanne in her pain extreme, For her King still she prays, Blessing her God supreme, And his law she obeys. Her pity, and her charms, Incredible torments, Drew tears from men in arms Among the assistants. The executioner, And all the judges did weep,

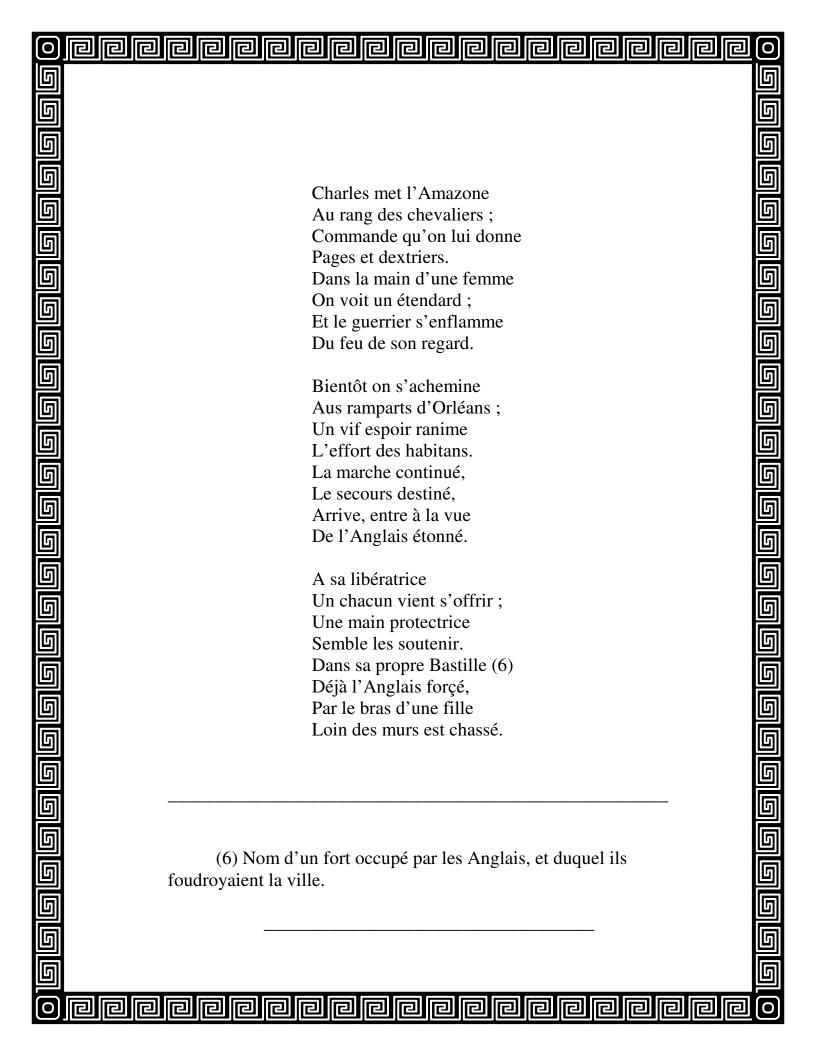


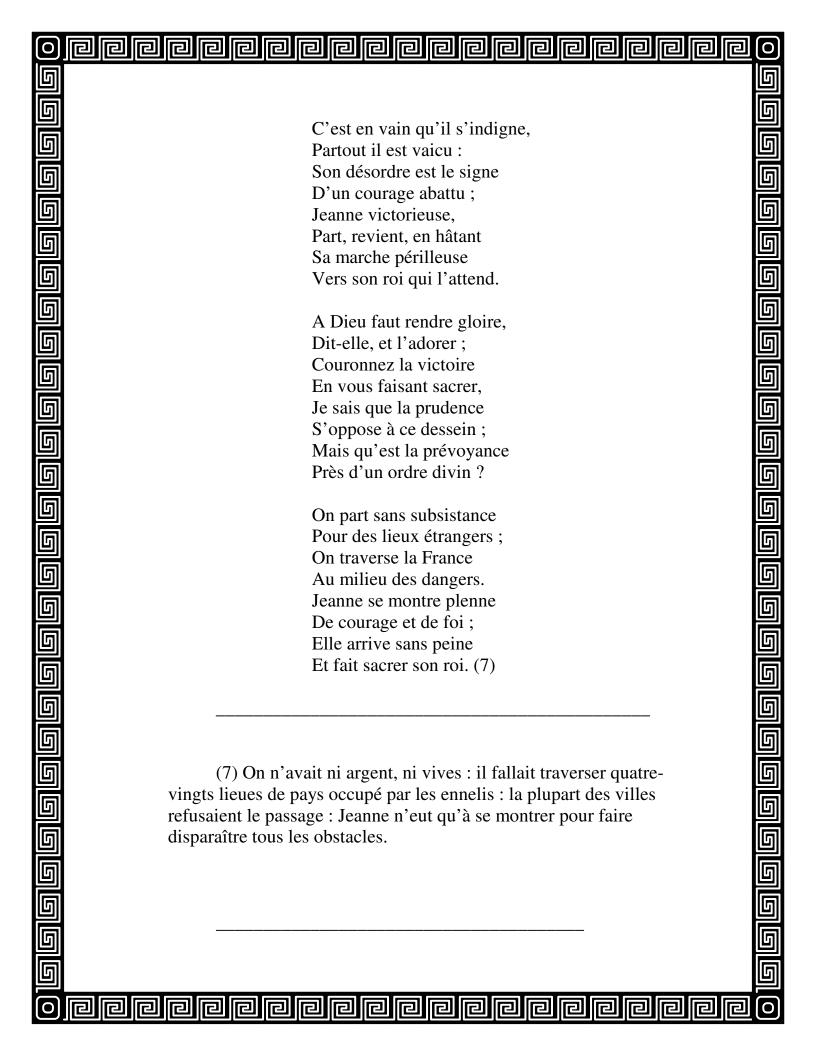


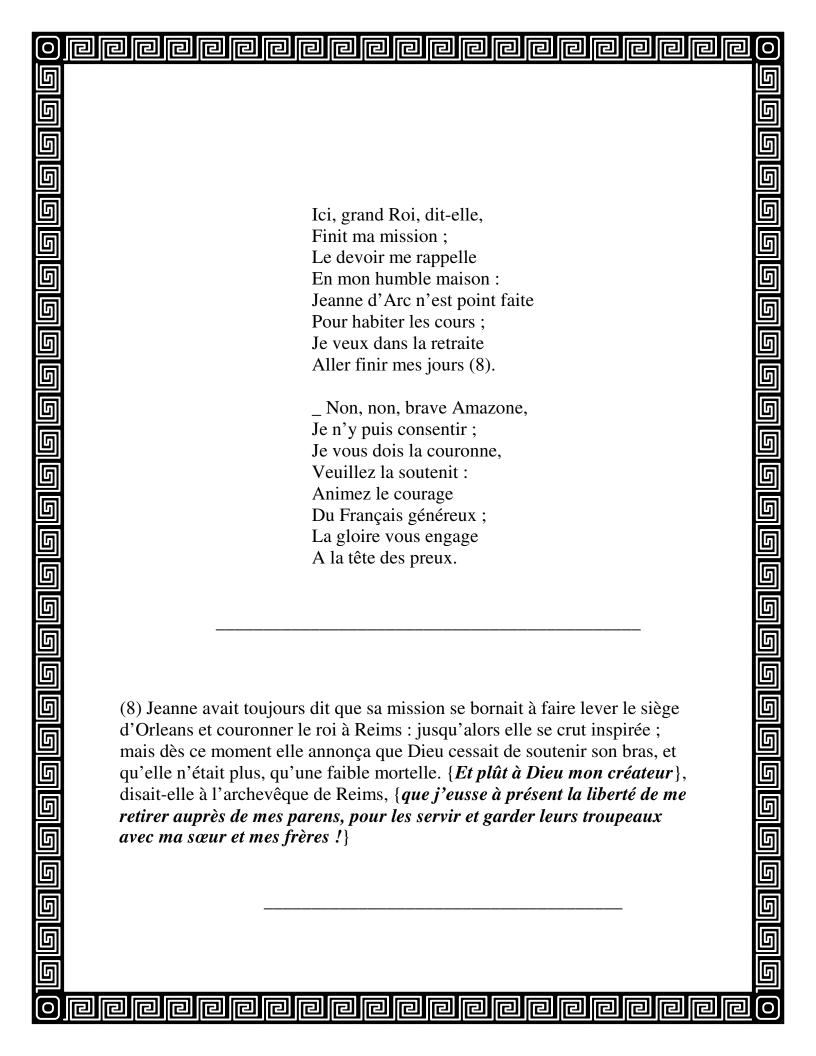
L'honneur en ce royaume Jadis si florissant, N'était qu'un vain fantôme, 9 9 9 9 9 9 9 9 9 9 9 9 9 9 9 9 9 9 9 9 Un mobile impuissant. Du trône de ses pères Charles précipité, Cherchait loin des affaires L'indigne volupté (2). Les Anglais sous leur princes Maîtres de nos pays, Dévastaient nos provinces, Commandaient dans Paris. Orléans de la France Fixait tous les regards; La dernière espérance Etait dans ses ramparts. Jeanne était de Champagne ; Le bruit de nos malheurs. Jusque dans sa campagne Alla glacer les cœurs. Que peut une bergère, Hélas! à dix-sept ans? Elle offre sa prière, Et ses vœux innocens. (2) Personne n'ignore que la belle {Agnès Sorel} fut la maîtresse de Charles VII. Elle était humiliée elle-même de la honteuse insouciance de ce monarque. L'histoire dit qu'elle lui demanda un jour la liberté de se retirer. Charles alarmé voulant en savoir la raison, elle lui répondit que les astrologues lui ayant prognostiqué qu'elle serait aimée du plus grand roi de l'Europe, elle allait trouver le roi d'Angleterre, que probablement cette prédiction regardait, puisque Charles renonçait à ce glorieux titre. Cette réponse fit, dit-on, la plus vive impression sur l'esprit du roi.

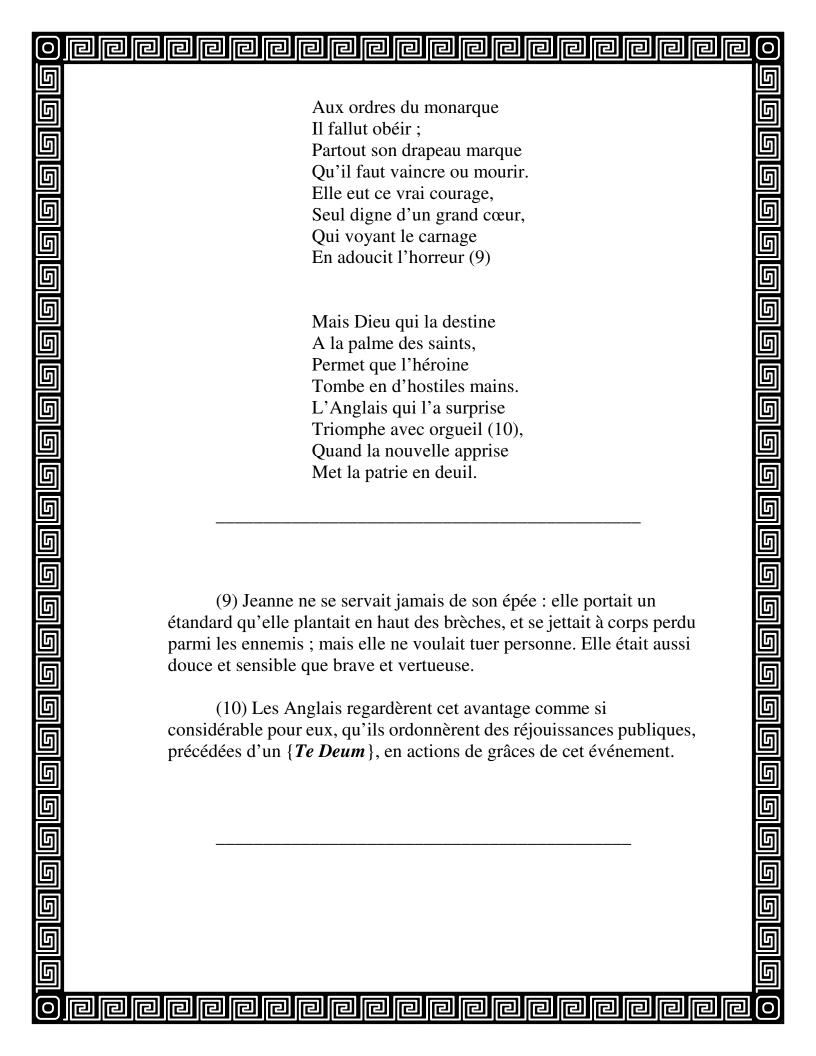












L'illustre prisonnière Est conduite à Rouen; On la prétend sorcière Et livrée a satan. Jeanne d'Arc est remise Au prélat de Beauvais (11), Opprobre de l'église, Qui poursuit son procès. D'une basse vengeance On forme le complot : En vain son innocence Eclate en chaque mot: La rage est confondue, Jeanne est pure envers Dieu, Mais sa mort résolue; On la condamne au feu. L'exécrable justice Que rien ne peut toucher, Annonce son supplice Et la traîne au bûcher. Jeanne, en sa peine extrême, Prie encore pour son roi, Bénit l'Etre suprême, Se résigne à sa loi. (11) Cet homme odieux se nommait {*Pierre Cauchon*}. Souillé de topus les vices, et chassé de son siège par les habitans mêmes de Beauvais, il s'était jeté dans le parti du roi d'Angleterre. Il sollicita vivement qu'on le chargeât d'instruire le procès de la Pucelle, et il l'obtint. Sa procédure abominable fut revisée dans la suite ; la mémoire de Jeanne fut réhabilitée, et ceux de ses juges qui vivaient encore, furent brulés vifs, comme ils avaient fait brûler cette innocente.

