

Middle French text:

Angus J. Kennedy and Kenneth Varty, *Ditié de Jehanne d'Arc* (Oxford: Society for the Study of Medieval Languages and Literature, 1977): 28-40. Base: Berne Burgerbibliothek MS 205, with variants from the other two manuscripts (Carpentras MS 390 & Grenoble MS U 909); with photos of the former and parts of the latter two just before the text (between pp. 27 and 28).

English translation:

Leah Shopkow, via <http://www.indiana.edu/~dmdhist/joan.htm> (retrieved 2017-06-02)

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>1 Je, Christine, qui ay plouré
 XI ans en abbaye close,
 Où j'ay tousjours puis demouré
 Que Charles (c'est estrange chose!),
 Le filz du roy, se dire l'ose,
 S'en fouÿ de Paris de tire,
 Par la traïson là enclose,
 Ore à prime me prens à rire;</p> | <p>I, Christine, for eleven years
 Shut in an abbey all the time,
 Unceasingly have shed my tears,
 Enclosed there by that dreadful crime,
 Since Charles—what happened is bizarre—,
 The King's son—if one can dare to say—
 Fled from Paris, gone afar.
 Now I can laugh again today!</p> |
| <p>2 A rire bonement de joie
 Me prens pour le temps yvernage
 Qui se depart, où je souloie
 Me tenir tristement en cage.
 Mais or changeray mon langage
 De pleur en chant, quant recouvré
 Ay bon temps..
 Bien me part avoir enduré.</p> | <p>I deeply laugh from happiness,
 Because the frozen wintertide,
 Has gone away; then I confess,
 I closed myself away inside.
 But now I plan to change my tune
 From lamentation into song,
 Now that I have found radiant June—
 I bore my suffering for so long!</p> |
| <p>3 L'an mil CCCCXXIX
 Reprint à luire li soleil.
 Il ramene le bon temps neuf
 Qu'on [n'] avoit veü de droit oil
 Puis long temps, dont plusers en dueil
 Orent vesqu; j'en suis de ceulx.
 Mais plus de rien je ne me dueil,
 Quant ores voy ce que je veulx.</p> | <p>Now it is fourteen twenty-nine,
 The fair season returns anew,
 The sun again begins to shine,
 That for so long was not in view.
 Then many folks were dressed in sable,
 I too put on that dismal hue.
 I've thrown off mourning, now I'm able
 To see what I have long yearned to.</p> |
| <p>4 Si est bien le vers retourné
 De grant dueil en joie nouvelle
 Depuis le temps qu'ay sejourné
 Là où je suis, et la tresbelle
 Saison, que printemps on appelle,
 La Dieu mercy, qu'ay désirée,
 Où toute rien se renouvelle
 S'est du sec au vert temps tirée.</p> | <p>Thus my song has turned away,
 From deepest sorrow into glee,
 Since the time I had to stay
 Shut in; And what I longed to see,
 The glorious season they call Spring,
 When everything appears like new,
 Has come, thank God, and now will bring,
 A shift from brown to green in hue.</p> |

- 5 C'est que le degeté enfant
Du roy de France legitime,
Qui long temps a esté souffrant
Mains grans ennuiz, qui or aprime,
Se lieva ainsi que vers prime,
Venant comme roy coronné,
En puissance tresgrande et fine,
Et d'esperons d'or espronné.
Because the legal first-born child
Of France's king, who now draws near,
Who for a long time was exiled,
And suffered many a pain and fear,
Arises now as though for Prime,
And dressed in great and noble might,
Endowed with golden spurs sublime,
Comes crowned as king, as is his right.
- 6 Or faisons feste à nostre roy!
Que tresbien soit-il revenu!
Resjoiz de son noble arroy,
Alons trestous, grant et menu,
Au devant—nul ne soit tenu!—
Menant joie le saluer,
Louant Dieu, qui l'a maintenu,
Criant "Noël!" en hault huer.
A gala for his welcoming,
We all should make; let us rejoice
In the splendor of our king.
Come forward, great and small give voice
To greeting—no one fall behind—
Salute him with a joyful face,
And praise God who has been so kind
To him; let "Noels!" fill the place.
- 7 Mais or vueil raconter comment
Dieu a tout ce fait de sa grace,
A qui je pri qu'avisement
Me doint, que rien je n'y trespasse.
Raconté soit en toute place,
Car ce est digne de memoire,
Et escript, à qui que desplace,
En mainte cronique et hystoire!
But now I wish to tell you how
God through his grace brought this about,
Let God grant me the gift right now
To tell it, and leave nothing out.
One by one, in order queued,
These deeds may live in memory,
For they are worthy to include
In chronicles and history!
- 8 Oyez par tout l'univers monde
Chose sur toute merveillable!
Notez se Dieu, en qui habonde
Toute grace, est point secourable
Au droit en fin. C'est fait notable,
Consideré le present cas!
Si soit aux deceüz valable,
Que Fortune a flati à cas!
Hear a matter marvelous,
Known everywhere, both far and wide,
How God, who is all graciousness,
Is at the last on virtue's side.
This is a widely noted fact,
If we consider the present case,
That God may help the hapless one,
When Fortune casts him on his face.
- 9 Et note[z] comment esbahir
Ne se doit nul pour infortune,
Se voiant à grant tort haïr,
Et courir sus par voix commune!
Voie[z] comment tousjours n'est une
Fortune, qui a nuit à maint!
Car Dieu, qui aux torts faiz repune,
Ceulx relieve en qui espoir maint.
No one should therefore be dismayed
When evil Fortune strikes a blow,
When blame's at his door wrongly laid,
And vicious gossip lays him low!
Although Fortune destroys some men,
She sometimes shows a different side,
For God who harshly punishes sin,
Helps those who in his hope abide.

- 10 Qui vit doncques chose avenir
Plus hors de toute opinion,
(Qui à noter et souvenir
Fait bien en toute region),
Que France (de qui mention
On faisoit que jus ert ruée)
Soit, par divine mission,
Du mal en si grant bien muée,
- 11 Par tel miracle voirement
Que, se la chose n'yert notoire
Et evident quoy et comment,
Il n'est homs qui le peüst croire?
Chose est bien digne de memoire
Que Dieu, par une vierge tendre,
Ait adès voulu (chose est voire!)
Sur France si grant grace estendre.
- 12 O quel honneur à la couronne
De France par divine preuve!
Car par les graces qu'Il lui donne
Il appert comment Il l'apreuve,
Et que plus foy qu'autre part treuve
En l'estat royal, dont je lix
Qu'oncques (ce n'est pas chose neuve!)
En foy n'errèrent fleurs de lix.
- 13 Et tu, Charles roy des François,
VIIe d'icellui hault nom,
Qui si grant guerre as eue ainçois
Que bien t'en prensist se peu non:
Mais, Dieu grace, or voiz ton renon
Hault eslevé par la Pucelle,
Qui a soubzmis soubz ton penon
Tes ennemis (chose est nouvelle!)
- 14 En peu de temps; que l'on cuidoit
Que ce feust com chose impossible
Que ton pays, qui se perdoit,
Reusses jamais. Or est visible—
Ment tien, [puis que] qui que nuisible
T'ait esté, tu l'as recouvré!
C'est par la Pucelle sensible,
Dieu mercy, qui y a ouvré!
- Who has yet seen something occur
So far beyond what they expected?
The whole of France should now ensure
The story be well recollected
That France (which as I said above
Was near destroyed) might rise again,
Through exhibition of God's love,
Might find success instead of pain.
- If of this deed the fame were less,
The proof much less empirical,
Would anyone this feat profess?
It clearly was a miracle!
It is well worth remembering,
That the Almighty through a Maid—
This story is true!—His grace did bring
And His great grace on France was laid.
- Oh what an honor for the crown
Of France, through this celestial test!
He granted it virtue's renown,
And shows how much the crown is blessed,
And that he finds more faith in God
In France's crown than anywhere;
I've read—now this is nothing new!—
In faith the Lilies never err.
- And you, Charles, now the king of France,
The seventh king of that great name,
Who earlier suffered such mischance;
You thought the future held more shame.
But by God's grace, now look how Joan
Has raised your fame on high, oh see!
Your enemies before you bow--
This is a welcome novelty!--
- Most quickly worked; one would have thought,
That such a deed could not be done,
That all your efforts were for nought,
That France was gone; now it is won.
Although you took tremendous harm,
You have your country back in tow,
Won back by wise Joan's mighty arm.
Thanks be to God, it happened so!

- 15 Si croy fermement que tel grace
Ne te seroit de Dieu donnée,
Se à toy, en temps et espace,
Il n'estoit de Lui ordonnée
Quelque grant chose solempnée
A terminer et mettre à chief,
Et qu'Il t'ait donné destinée
D'estre de tresgrans faiz le chief.
- 16 Car ung roi de France doit estre
Charles, fils de Charles, nommé,
Qui sur tous rois sera grant maistre.
Propheciez l'ont surnommé
"Le Cerf Volant," et consumé
Sera par celui conquereur
Maint fait (Dieu l'a à ce somé),
Et en fin doit estre empereur.
- 17 Tout ce est le prouffit de t'ame.
Je prie à Dieu que celui soies,
Et qu'Il te doint, sans le gref d'ame,
Tant vivre qu'encoures tu voyes
Tes enfants grans, et toutes joyes
Par toy et eulz soient en France!
Mais en servant Dieu toutesvoies,
Ne guerre [plus] n'y face oultrance!
- 18 Et j'ay espoir que bon seras,
Droiturier et amant justice,
Et [tres] tous autres passeras,
Mais qu'orgueil ton fait ne honnisse;
A ton pueple doulz et propice,
Et craignant Dieu, qui t'a esleu
Pour son servant (si com premisse
En as) mais que faces ton deu.
- 19 Et comment pourras-tu jamais
Dieu mercier à souffisance,
Servir, doubter en tous tes fais,
Qui de si grant contrariance
T'a mis à paix, et toute France
Relevée de tel ruyne,
Quant sa tressainte providence
T'a fait de si grant honneur digne?
- You must believe that such great grace,
Was given to you for some goal,
That God ordained the time and place
That you might play a greater role.
Some solemn deed He destined you
To carry out in space and time;
For He has chosen you to be
Of noble deeds the paradigm.
- For there will be a king of France,
Who Charles, the son of Charles, will be.
Over kings his dominance
Will lie; thus runs the prophecy.
The "Flying Stag" will be his name,
Of wonderful deeds he'll be author,
(God appoints him to the same),
At last he will be emperor.
- All this is profit to your soul
I pray God that you'll be that man.
Upon you may harm take no toll,
May you live long so that you can
See your descendants, and may you
And they bring gladness without cease
To France and do God's service true,
And that no war will mar your peace!
- And I hope you will be fair,
A lover of law and righteousness,
And that you will surpass all others
And no pride bring you shamefulnes;
Toward your people gentle and kind,
And fearing God, who's chosen you
To be his servant (you have proof
Of this), and do your duty too.
- How could your thanks to God suffice,
Your fearful service be too great,
To one who saved you in a trice,
And did all France emancipate
From war; who raised you from your fall,
And through his holy providence,
Has made you worthier of all
The honors that have issued hence?

- 20 Tu en soyes loué, hault Dieu!
A Toy gracier tous tenus
Sommes, qui donné temps et lieu
As, où ces biens sont avenus.
[A] jointes mains, grans et menus,
Graces Te rendons, Dieu celeste,
Par qui nous sommes parvenus
A paix, et hors de grant tempeste!
- 21 Et toy, Pucelle beneurée,
Y dois-tu estre obliée,
Puis que Dieu t'a tant honorée,
Que as la corde desliée
Qui tenoit France estroit liée?
Te pourroit-on assez louer
Quant ceste terre, humiliée
Par guerre, as fait de paix douer?
- 22 Tu, Jehanne, de bonne heure née,
Benoist soit cil qui te créa!
Pucelle de Dieu ordonnée,
En qui le Saint Esprit réa
Sa grant grace, en qui ot et a
Toute largesse de hault don,
N'onc requeste ne te véa.
Que te rendra assez guerdon?
- 23 Que peut-il d'autre estre dit plus
Ne des grans faiz des temps passez?
Moÿses, en qui Dieu afflus
Mist graces et vertuz assez,
Il tira, sans estre lassez,
Le pueple de Dieu hors d'Egipte
Par miracle. Ainsi repassez
Nous as de mal, Pucelle eslite!
- 24 Considerée ta personne,
Qui est une jeune pucelle,
A qui Dieu force et pouvoir donne
D'estre le champion et celle
Qui donne à France la mamelle
De paix et doulce norriture,
Et ruer jus la gent rebelle,
Véez bien chose outre nature!
- May you be praised, Oh God on high!
We all must give our thanks to you,
Who granted us the space and time,
Where such good things have now come true.
Our hands together, great and small,
Let us our thanks to God now form;
To peace through you have come we all,
And into safety from the storm!
- And you, blessed Maid, can we forget,
Since God has honored you so much,
Since you have sliced apart the rope
That held us bound, with one sure touch?
Could we praise you too much at all,
When you have calmed our countryside,
Once battered down by war's cruel blast,
So that we may in peace reside?
- In a good hour you were born,
Blessed be the one who made you so!
His virgin, as He made you be,
In whom the Holy Ghost does blow
Its great grace; for the Holy Spirit
Such generous gifts will you afford,
That He will deny you nil;
Who else could grant a just reward?
- What could one sing about the past,
About the deeds that were effected?
God granted generously to Moses,
All virtues that might be expected.
Moses led the people of God
From Egypt, without any neglect,
Miraculously. Thus you have led
Us out of evil, Maid elect!
- Contemplate your person now,
You are virgin, very young,
To whom God grants the strength and power
To be both woman and champion,
Who offers France the gentle breast,
The food of peace and will correct
The wicked folk who would rebel.
'Tis more than Nature could effect!

- 25 Car, se Dieu fist par Josué
Des miracles à si grant somme,
Conquerant lieux, et jus rué
Y furent maint, il estoit homme
Fort et puissant. Mais, toute somme,
Une femme—simple bergiere—
Plus preux qu'onc homs ne fut à Romme!
Quant à Dieu, c'est chose legiere.
- 26 Mais quant à nous, oncques parler
N'oÿsmes de si grant merveille,
Car tous les preux au long aler,
Qui ont esté, ne s'appareille
Leur prouesse à ceste qui veille
A bouter horz noz ennemis.
Mais ce fait Dieu, qui la conseille,
En qui cuer plus que d'omme a mis.
- 27 De Gédéon on fait grant compte,
Qui simple laboureur estoit,
Et Dieu le fist, se dit le conte,
Combatre, ne nul n'arrestoit
Contre lui, et tout conquestoit.
Mais onc miracle si appert
Ne fist, quoy qu'Il ammonestoit,
Com pour ceste fait, il appert.
- 28 Hester, Judith et Delbora
Qui furent dames de grant pris,
Par lesqueles Dieu restora
Son pueple, qui fort estoit pris,
Et d'autres plusers ay apris
Qui furent preuses, n'y ot celle,
Mains miracles en a pourpris.
Plus a fait par ceste Pucelle.
- 29 Par miracle fut envoyée
Et divine amonition,
De l'ange de Dieu convoiée
Au roy, pour sa provision.
Son fait n'est pas illusion,
Car bien a esté esprovée
Par conseil (en conclusion,
A l'effect la chose est prouvée),
- If God worked many miracles
Through Joshua, when he began
To conquer and destroy so many
Places, still, he was a man,
Powerful and strong. But Joan
Was but a shepherdess, though she
Was braver yet than any Roman!
For God, this is simplicity!
- But people, I have never heard
A story of equal mystery,
For all the champions who lived,
As one goes back through history,
Could not compare in prowess to Joan,
Who strives our enemies to ban;
For God who counsels her gave her
A greater heart than any man.
- Gideon is world renowned;
He was a simple working man,
Yet God made him, the story goes,
An great unconquered champion,
So that he captured every prize,
But though God led him on his way
He did not work such wonders as
He worked for Joan in our own day.
- Esther, Judith and Deborah,
Were women of outstanding merit,
Through them God rescued the folk
Their foes had tried to disinherit.
There were many others as well,
Who were courageous, and yet still
No one surpassed this Virgin's deeds,
Or did so many marvels fulfill.
- God sent her through a miracle,
She was brought here by God's decree,
And led by an angel of God
To well defend our royalty.
Her deed was no inane illusion,
It has been authenticated
By disputation (in conclusion,
Cause by effect is demonstrated),

- 30 Et bien esté examinée
 A, ains que l'on l'ait voulu croire,
 Devant clers et sages menée
 Pour ensercher se chose voire
 Disoit, ainçois qu'il fust notoire
 Que Dieu l'eust vers le roy tramise.
 Mais on a trouvé en histoire
 Qu'à ce faire elle estoit commise;
- 31 Car Merlin et Sebile et Bede,
 Plus de V^c ans a la virent
 En esperit, et pour remede
 En France en leurs escriptz la mirent,
 Et leur[s] prophecies en firent,
 Disans qu'el pourteroit baniere
 Es guerres françoises, et dirent
 De son fait toute la maniere.
- 32 Et sa belle vie, par foy,
 Monstre qu'elle est de Dieu en grace;
 Par quoy on adjouste plus foy
 A son fait. Car, quoy qu'elle face,
 Tousjours a Dieu devant la face,
 Qu'elle appelle, sert et deprie
 En fait, en dit; ne va en place
 Où sa devotion detrie.
- 33 O! comment lors bien y paru
 Quant le siege ert devant Orlens,
 Où premier sa force apparut!
 Onc miracle, si com je tiens,
 Ne fut plus cler, car Dieu aux siens
 Aida telement, qu'ennemis
 Ne s'aiderent ne que mors chiens.
 Là furent prins et à mort mis.
- 34 Hee! quel honneur au femenin
 Sexe! Que Dieu l'ayme il appert,
 Quant tout ce grant pueple chenin,
 Par qui tout le regne ert desert,
 Par femme est sours et recouvert,
 Ce que C^m hommes [fait] n'eussent,
 Et les traictres mis à desert!
 A peine devant ne le creussent.
- She was well interrogated,
 When she had gained a following,
 By priests and other learned men,
 To see if she were tampering
 With verity; and so it's sure,
 That God conveyed her to the king,
 But we have read in history,
 That she would come to do this thing,
- For Merlin, the Sibyl, and old Bede
 Five hundred years and more ago,
 Saw her in spirit and foretold,
 That she would come ease France's woe.
 They wrote it down in prophecies,
 That she would come bear France's banner
 In France's wars, and told about
 Her deed, and well described its manner.
- But by my faith, her holy life,
 Shows well that she is in God's grace,
 So that I more believe in her.
 Whatever enemy she may face,
 She always keeps God in her mind,
 She calls upon him, him she serves
 With all her heart in word and deed,
 Her love for Him never ebbs or swerves.
- Oh! How evident this was
 At Orleans, during the siege
 And when her strength had first appeared.
 No miracle, as I believe,
 Was ever clearer, for God helped
 His own so much, our foe could not
 Assist himself more than a dead
 Dog could; he died upon the spot.
- Aha!! What honor for the female
 Sex! God shows how he loves it,
 When the nobles—great, but wretched—
 Who earlier the realm had quit,
 By one woman were fortified,
 No men could do this deed, but more:
 The traitors were repaid in kind!
 No one would credit this before.

- 35 Une fillete de XVI ans
(N'est-ce pas chose fors nature?),
A qui armes ne sont pesans,
Ains semble que sa norriture
Y soit, tant y est fort et dure!
Et devant elle vont fuyant
Les ennemis, ne nul n'y dure.
Elle fait ce, mains yeulx voiant.
- A girl of only sixteen years
(Does this not outdo Nature's skill?)
Who lightly heavy weapons bears,
Of strong and hard food takes her fill,
And thus is like it. And God's foes
Before her swiftly fleeing run,
She did this in the public eye.
There tarried not a single one.
- 36 Et d'eulx va France descombrant,
En recouvrant chasteaulx et villes,
Jamais force ne fu si grant,
Soient ou à cens ou à miles!
Et de nos gens preux et abiles
Elle est principal chevetaine.
Tel force n'ot Hector n'Achilles!
Mais tout ce fait Dieu, qui la menne.
- She frees France from its enemies,
Recovering citadels and castles.
No army ever did so much,
Not even a hundred thousand vassals!
And of our brave and able folk,
She is the chief and first commander.
God makes it so; not even Hector
Nor Achilles could withstand her.
- 37 Et vous, gens d'armes esprouvez,
Qui faites l'execution,
Et bons et loyaulx vous prouvez,
Bien faire on en doit mention
(Louez en toute nation
Vous en serez!), et sans faillance
Parler sur toute election
De vous, et de vostre vaillance,
- Oh you the proven fighting men
Who show yourselves as good and true
Who carry out the deeds of war
Some mention must be made of you.
In every country you'll hear praise,
Your courage be on every tongue
Without fail above all else
Your praises will be loudly sung.
- 38 Qui sanc, corps et vie exposez
Pour le droit, en peine si dure,
Et contre tous perilz osez
Vous aler mettre à l'avanture.
Soiés constans, car je vous jure
Qu'en aurés gloire ou ciel et los!
Car qui se combat pour droiture
Paradis gaingne, dire l'os.
- You who bare your flesh and life,
In justice's name, to such harsh pain,
And you who dare to put yourself
At risk against so many a bane,
Be constant, for I swear that you
Will win renown or heaven some day!
For one who fights for righteousness,
Will conquer paradise, I say.
- 39 Si rabaissez, Anglois, voz cornes,
Car jamais n'aurez beau gibier!
En France ne menez vos sornes!
Matez estes en l'eschiquier.
Vous ne [le] pensiez pas l'autrier,
Où tant vous monstriez perilleux;
Mais n'estiez encour ou sentier,
Où Dieu abat les orgueilleux.
- So, lower your trumpets, Englishmen,
Your hunt will never find success!
Your tricks will not avail in France!
Your king's check-mated now in chess!
Earlier you did not fear
When you first proved so dangerous.
But you were not yet on the road
Where God slays the vainglorious.

- 40 Ja cuidiés France avoir gainnée,
Et qu'elle vous deust demourer.
Autrement va, faulse mesgnié[e]!
Vous irés ailleurs tabourer,
Se ne voulez assavouer
La mort, comme vos compaignons,
Que lous pevent bien devourer,
Car mors gisent par les sillons!
- 41 Et sachez que par elle Anglois
Seront mis jus sans relever,
Car Dieu le veult, qui oit les voiz
Des bons qu'ilz ont voulu grever!
Le sanc des occis sans lever
Crie contre eulz. Dieu ne veult plus
Le souffrir, ains les reprouver
Comme mauvais, il est conclus.
- 42 En Christianté et l'Eglise
Sera par elle mis concorde.
Les mescreans dont on devise,
Et les herites de vie orde
Destruira, car ainsi l'acorde
Prophecie, qui l'a predict,
Ne point n'aura misericorde
De lieu, qui la foy Dieu laidit.
- 43 Des Sarrasins fera essart,
En conquerant la Saintte Terre.
Là menra Charles, que Dieu gard!
Ains qu'il muire, fera tel erre.
Cilz est cil qui la doit conquerre.
Là doit-elle finer sa vie,
Et l'un et l'autre gloire acquerre.
Là sera la chose assovyé.
- 44 Donc desur tous les preux passez,
Ceste doit porter la couronne,
Car ses faiz ja monstrent assez
Que plus prouesse Dieu lui donne
Qu'à tous ceulz de qui l'on raisonne.
Et n'a pas encor tout parfaict!
Si croy que Dieu ça jus l'adonne,
Afin que paix soit par son fait.
- Then you thought that France was won,
That France was caught inside your snare.
It happened otherwise, false mob!
Go off and beat your drums elsewhere,
If you do not desire to taste
Death, like your companions,
Whose bodies wolves may well devour,
Where fallen they lie amongst the ruins.
- Through Joan the English will be beaten;
They will not ever rise again.
God thus commands who hears the cries
Of people whom they caused such pain!
The blood of those who died cries out
Against the English without cease.
The Lord will end their suffering;
He'll smite the sinners and grant us peace.
- The Christian faith and Holy Church,
Will both be set to rights through her,
She will destroy the evil-doers,
To whom one sometimes does refer,
The heretics of filthy life.
For prophecy, which her foresaw,
Said that she would not mercy show
To those who soil the Holy Law.
- She will assault the Saracens
In conquering the Holy Land.
God save Charles! She'll lead him there.
Before he dies, he will command
To journey there. This is the place
He ought to win. And here should she
Expire. Here both shall glory win!
And thus completed may things be!
- Forget, then, all heroic men,
For she alone should take the crown,
Her deeds suffice to show that God
Has handed her more valor down
Than all those who are often named,
And she has not yet finished here!
I think God granted her all this,
So through her deeds peace will appear!

- 45 Si est tout le mains qu'à faire ait
 Que destruire l'Englecherie,
 Car elle a ailleurs plus son hait:
 C'est que la Foy ne soit perie.
 Quant des Anglois, qui que s'en rie
 Ou pleure, il en est sué.
 Le temps avenir moquerie
 En sera fait. Jus sont rué!
- 46 Et vous, rebelles rroupieux,
 Qui à eulz vous estes adhers,
 Or voiez-vous qu'il vous fust mieulx
 D'estre alez droit que le revers,
 Pour devenir aux Anglois serfs.
 Gardez que plus ne vous aviengne,
 (Car trop avez esté souffers),
 Et de la fin bien [vous] souviengne!
- 47 N'appercevez-vous, gent avugle,
 Que Dieu a icy la main mise?
 Et qui ne le voit est bien bugle,
 Car comment seroit en tel guise
 Ceste Pucelle ça tramise
 Qui tous mors vous fait jus abattre?
 —Ne force [n']avez qui souffise!
 Voulez-vous contre Dieu combatre?
- 48 N'a el le roy mené au sacre,
 Que tousjours tenoit par la main?
 Plus grant chose oncques devant Acre
 Ne fu faite; car pour certain
 Des contrediz y ot tout plain.
 Mais, maułgré tous, à grant noblesse
 Y fu receu, et tout à plain
 Sacré, et là ouï la messe.
- 49 A tresgrant triumphe et puissance
 Fu Charles couronné à Rains,
 L'an mil CCCC, sans doubtañce,
 [Et XXIX, tout] sauf et sains,
 Ou gens d'armes et barons mains,
 Droit ou XVIIe jour
 De juillet. [Pou plus ou pou mains,]
 Par là fu V jours à séjour,
- For it is her smallest task
 To overthrow the English reign,
 For she aspires to much more:
 That the faith shall never wane.
 As for the English, if one laughs
 Or weeps, we are now shut of them.
 They will be completely conquered.
 The future will sing their requiem!
- As for you, ignoble rebels,
 Who followed where the English led,
 Would you not now be better off,
 If you had done what's right instead
 Of falling into English serfdom?
 Your sufferings may yet multiply,
 Watch out! (For you have suffered greatly)
 And remember, you will die!
- Do you not see, you purblind people,
 That in this God shows his hand?
 Only the witless do not know this,
 For it is by his command,
 That the Maid has come to France;
 To the death fights La Pucelle—
 You have no force to stand against her—
 Against God would you rebel?
- Was the king not consecrated,
 Whom she led there by the hand?
 She had foes, but no deed greater
 Happened in the Holy Land.
 Notwithstanding all opponents,
 Welcomed by the noble class,
 Charles the king was well received there,
 He was crowned and then heard mass.
- In the greatest triumph and power
 At Reims Charles was crowned the king
 In one thousand and four hundred,
 Twenty-nine, all flourishing,
 There were knights and many barons
 On the seventeenth of July.
 After being consecrated,
 Four or five more days went by,

- 50 Avecques lui la Pucellette.
 En retournant par son païs,
 Cité ne chastel ne villete
 Ne remaint. Amez ou haïs
 Qu'il soit, ou soient esbaïs
 Ou asseurez, les habitans
 Se rendent. Pou sont envahis,
 Tant sont sa puissance doubans!
- 51 Voir est qu'aucuns de leur folie
 Cuident resister, mais peu vault,
 Car au derrain, qui contralie,
 A Dieu compere le deffault.
 C'est pour neant. Rendre leur fault,
 Vueillent ou non. N'y a si forte
 Resistance qui à l'assault
 De la Pucelle ne soit morte,
- 52 Quoy qu'on ait fait grant assemblée,
 Cuidant son retour contredire
 Et lui courir sur par emblée;
 Mais plus n'y fault confort de mire,
 Car tous mors et pris tire à tire
 Y ont esté les contrediz,
 Et envoyez, comme j'oÿ dire,
 En Enfer ou en Paradis.
- 53 Ne sçay se Paris se tendra
 (Car encoures n'y sont-ilz mie),
 Ne se la Pucelle attendra,
 Mais s'il en fait son ennemie,
 Je me doubte que dure escremie
 Lui rende, si qu'ailleurs a fait.
 S'ilz resistent heure ne demie,
 Mal ira, je croy, de son fait,
- 54 Car ens entrera, qui qu'en groingne!
 —La Pucelle lui a promis.
 Paris, tu cuides que Bourgoingne
 Defende qu'il ne soit ens mis?
 Non fera, car ses ennemis
 Point ne se fait. Nul n'a puissance
 Qui l'en gardast, et tu soubmis
 Seras, et ton outrecuidance!
- And the little Maid stayed by him.
 When he turned to leave again,
 Not a city, not a castle,
 Not a tiny village of men,
 Held out; whether they loved or hated,
 Were assured or glowered in fright,
 Few attacked; they all surrendered.
 Thus did they all fear his might!
- It is true some folk resisted
 Out of folly, but few could.
 In the end God wrested payment
 From them for not being good.
 Vain were their struggles. They all paid,
 Whether they wanted to or not,
 For no resistance did not die
 Upon the Maid's steadfast onslaught.
- Although they made a great assembly,
 So the king might be waylaid,
 And attacked him in an ambush,
 No one required a doctor's aid
 thereafter; for the rebels all
 Were dead and taken, I hear tell,
 And one by one as suited each
 Were sent to heaven or to hell.
- I don't know (for they aren't here)
 If Paris yet will bend its knee,
 If the Maid will wait for this;
 But if it is her enemy,
 I do not doubt she will attack it,
 As she has done other factions.
 If they dare resist an hour,
 Harm will follow from their actions.
- For complain who will, the king
 Will enter Paris without fail!
 The Maid has promised it to him.
 Paris, will Burgundy avail
 You against him? It cannot be,
 Do not forget Burgundy's foes.
 Your guardian has no more power.
 Your pride will fall under his blows!

- 55 O Paris, tresmal conseillé!
Folz habitans sans confiance!
Ayme[s]-tu mieulz estre essilié
Qu'à ton prince faire accordance?
Certes, ta grant contrariance
Te destruira, se ne t'avises!
Trop mieulz te feust par suppliance
Requerir mercy. Mal y visés!
- Paris, oh!, so badly counselled!
Madmen lacking confidence!
Do you prefer to be exiled,
Than come to good terms with your prince?
Indeed, your dense perversity
Will kill you if you don't take care!
Better take to supplication.
Ask for mercy. Paris, beware!
- 56 J'entens des mauvais, car des bons
Y a maint, je n'en fais pas doubte,
Mais parler n'osent, j'en respons,
A qui moult il desplaist sans doubte
Que leur prince ainsi on deboute.
Si n'auront pas ceulx deservie
La punition où se boute
Paris, où maint perdront la vie.
- I mention evil men, though there
Are many good ones, I don't doubt,
Whom those who dare reject the king
Displease, but these dare not speak out,
I promise you. But these good men,
Do not deserve to perish when
The city comes under attack,
And loses many a denizen.
- 57 Et vous, toutes villes rebelles,
Et gens qui avez regnié
Vostre seigneur, et ceulx et celles
Qui pour autre l'avez nié,
Or soit après aplanié
Par doulceur, requerant pardon!
Car se vous este[s] manié
A force, à tart vendrez au don.
- And all you other rebel cities,
People who have scorned your lord,
Men and women who reject him,
And to another lend your sword,
May his wrath against you weaken,
When you for forgiveness sue.
If he defeats your towns by force,
Will you not lose his largesse too?
- 58 Et qu'i[l] ne soit occision
Faite, retarde tant qu'il puet,
Ne sur char d'omme incision,
Car de sang espandre se deult.
Mais, au fort, qui rendre ne veult
Par bel et doulceur ce qu'est sien,
Se par force en effusion
De sang le recouvre, il fait bien.
- So he won't be forced to murder
Nor to slice more flesh in war,
He holds back as long as he dares;
He does not desire gore.
But at last, if they will not
Surrender that which is his right,
He will still behave with justice,
If he wins it back by might.
- 59 Hélas! Il est si debonnaire
Qu'à chascun il veult pardonner!
Et la Pucelle lui fait faire,
Qui ensuit Dieu. Or ordonner
Vueillez vos cueurs et vous donner
Comme loyaulx François à lui!
Et quant on l'orra sermonner
N'en serés reprints de nulluy.
- Alas! The king is so forgiving
He would pardon everyone!
And the Maid, who follows God,
Demands of him that this be done.
Thus you should like loyal Frenchmen,
No more hold yourselves aloof!
If you give yourselves to him,
You will not suffer more reproof.

60 Si pry Dieu qu'Il mette en courage
A vous tous qu'ainsy le faciez,
Afin que le cruel orage
De ces guerres soit effaciez,
Et que vostre vie passiez
En paix, soubz votre chief greigneur,
Si que jamais ne l'offensiez
Et que vers vous soit bon seigneur.
Amen.

Thus I pray God grant you courage,
All of you who face him thus,
And when this cruel storm is over,
Gone these wars so arduous,
That you will live out your days
In peace, under your sovereign king,
And that to you he'll ever be,
A lord gracious in everything.
Amen.

61 Donné ce Ditié par Christine,
L'an dessusdit mil CCCC
Et XXIX, le jour où fine
Le mois de juillet. Mais j'entens
Qu'aucuns se tendront mal contens
De ce qu'il contient, car qui chiere
A embrunche, et les yeux pesans,
Ne puet regarder la lumiere.

This poem was written by Christine,
Complete the last day of July,
In fourteen hundred twenty-nine.
About it I will prophesy,
That some will find themselves put out
About its contents, for the one
Whose face and eyes look ever downward
Cannot ever see the sun.

Explicit ung tresbel Ditié fait par Christine.

Thus ends a beautiful poem by Christine