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**NORMAN DELLO JOIO: THE TRIAL AT ROUEN**

# NORMAN DELLO JOIO 1913–2008

## TRIUMPH OF SAINT JOAN SYMPHONY THE TRIAL AT ROUEN

### BOSTON MODERN ORCHESTRA PROJECT | ODYSSEY OPERA

Gil Rose, conductor

**HEATHER BUCK** soprano — Joan

**STEPHEN POWELL** baritone — Pierre Cauchon

**LUKE SCOTT** baritone — Father Julien

**RYAN STOLL** bass-baritone — The Jailer

**JEREMY AYRES FISHER** tenor — Soldier

### DISC 1 (62:14)

#### THE TRIUMPH OF SAINT JOAN SYMPHONY (1952)

- [1] I. The Maid 9:41
- [2] II. The Warrior 7:42
- [3] III. The Saint 9:46

#### THE TRIAL AT ROUEN (1956)

##### SCENE I

- [4] Prelude 7:13
- [5] "Mover of the Universe" 7:22
- [6] "Yield, my pigeon, yield!" 2:31
- [7] "Is it for this I crowned a king?" 4:32
- [8] "O good maid, my heart is with you" 7:36
- [9] "Are you the price of life's sweet breath?" 5:48

### DISC 2 (56:53)

##### SCENE II

- [1] Prelude 2:31
- [2] "Come on, Soldier, let us in, we've come to see the trial begin" 2:45
- [3] "Have you no respect in the presence of the Holy Office?" 1:29
- [4] "I call on Thee, Eternal God" 6:05
- [5] "Look, she's still in chains" 4:26
- [6] "Then in the name of Heaven, end this trial" 3:25
- [7] "I have never denied it, but you contradict what my voices tell me." 4:16
- [8] "In our time of trouble" 2:33
- [9] "Was Saint Michael unclothed when he appeared before you?" 5:35
- [10] "The maid is doomed" 2:13
- [11] "Do what you will but do not burn me." 6:40
- [12] "Fear not, daughter of France, thy saints draw near, Joan of Lorraine" 5:10
- [13] "Be brave, O girl, in your hour of death" 2:26
- [14] "Your final will be done." 7:15

**By Norman Dello Joio**

As an organist, I held my first professional position at the age of 12 in a little church on City Island. One day, while in the organ loft, I happened upon a child's picture book of the lives of the saints. I read for the first time of that maid from Lorraine and since that still-vivid meeting with the girl, she has played to this day an important role in my musical thinking and career.

The strong pull of a musical household, in the ensuing years, won out over a more than average talent for baseball (having been offered a spring tryout). But always, during this time, it seems I was reading about some aspect of St. Joan and also discovering that the literature on her was endless.

During the gestative period, the question that arose in my mind was: What, for centuries, drew creative minds in all fields to wrestle with the subject of the Maid? Obviously, the image of the girl has fired the creative minds into probing into the meaning of her life.

**IMMORTAL SYMBOL**

Dimly, I perceived that the timelessness and universality of Joan as a symbol lay in the eternal problem of the individual's struggle to reconcile his personal beliefs with what he is expected to believe.

Daily, for ages, she has challenged men to have her courage; and, as in the past, she will always serve as a continued source of reference for the artist. In a sense she epitomizes his struggle—fulfillment by sacrifice.

My first attempt to state this took place while I was at Sarah Lawrence as a teacher of composition. This initial venture was titled *The Triumph of Joan*, and despite its many struc-



tural faults, it drew considerable praise. As a student production it was a minor miracle and offers to publish and perform the work followed. However, I withdrew it from circulation, for I was dissatisfied with myself. I knew that I had not said what I wanted to about St. Joan.

*The Trial at Rouen* is not a version of my first opera but is a completely new statement, both musically and dramatically; though the temptation to use the old material was great.

Strangely, the musical works on Joan do not seem to have much staying power. Verdi and Tchaikovsky wrote operas on the subject. Verdi's librettist illustrates my point that Joan fired men's imaginations. He took off into a world of lurid fantasy. In the Verdi work, Joan's love affair with the Dauphin probably helped the box office, but then, the nineteenth century was a happy time. That kind of blithe error is denied us today.

#### INTELLECTUAL MACHINERY

Paul Claudel's libretto for Honegger's *Joan at the Stake* may be interesting for all its symbolic allusions, but its gigantic machinery seems dehumanizing.

In it I find the individual lost in a maze of literary devices. Shakespeare in *Henry VI* gives Joan lines that are stirring in their patriotic fervor, but, bowing to his English audience, he has her call on the fiends of Hell for support and comfort.

The premise of my opera is simple. Stated briefly, my conclusion is that the Joan story recounts the ageless conflict between the individual of excessive imagination and those who hold to the status quo. I was aware of how dangerous this concept was, because singing philosophy can be a bore. But, in reading, the intense human drama between Joan and her accusers leaped forth from the pages in highly emotional terms.

The key to what I wanted was supplied by a scribe of the trial. It was obvious where his sympathies lay as he made a marginal note to the effect that he wished she would say, "I think this to be true," instead of, "I know this to be true." He saw that by so doing she could

save herself from the stake. But then he could not know that the fire was her salvation. For only by entering the flames could the Maid from Lorraine become Joan, the saint. The awesome fact is that a 19-year-old girl came to this conclusion by herself, forsaken by all who once fought by her side.

#### EPIC OPERA

*The Trial at Rouen* was completed last September. The writing of the two-act libretto gave me infinitely more work than the music. It was conceived in terms of grand opera and a large stage, though I was aware of how few theatres exist here that could handle it. But there could be no compromise in this: the subject demands an epic treatment.

However, having witnessed the superb opera productions given on television by the N.B.C. Opera Theatre, I am confident that much more than the bare essence of the work will emerge in the premiere next Sunday. Needless to say, for a contemporary American to have his work done so shortly after completion is gratifying. Yet when one thinks in terms of an audience of millions, it is also frightening.

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THE TRIUMPH OF SAINT JOAN SYMPHONY is scored for full orchestra and was premiered by the Louisville Orchestra, Robert Whitney conducting, on December 5, 1951, at Columbia Auditorium in Louisville, KY.

THE TRIAL AT ROUEN is a one-act opera in two scenes with libretto by the composer. It is scored for vocal soloists, chorus, and full orchestra, and received its premiere by the NBC Opera Theatre, conducted by Peter Herman Adler, on April 8, 1956, at NBC Studios in New York, NY.

### By Robert Kirzinger

PIERRE CAUCHON: She is a greater menace than she knows!

—Norman Dello Joio, *The Trial at Rouen*, Scene II

JOAN LA PUCELLE: I prithee, give me leave to curse awhile.

—William Shakespeare, *Henry VI*, Part I, Act V, Scene iii

Joan of Arc has fascinated artists for centuries, from Shakespeare to Verdi to Otto Preminger to Patti Smith. She is the west's purest symbol of martyrdom, transcending the realm of Christianity, and her origin, youth, and the wondrous details of her life and career remain astonishing. She was born a peasant in 1412 and was burned ostensibly for heresy in 1431. As a teenager her angelic visions and internal voices led her to declare herself to the Dauphin Charles VII as champion of his struggle for control of France against the Duke of Burgundy and the Duke's (temporary) allies, the English, in the twilight of the Hundred Years' War. Many of the English army truly believed she was possessed by demons. (In *Henry VI*, Part

I, Shakespeare [or his collaborators] has Joan as instrumental in raising the siege at Rouen, but historically it was Orléans. Further, Henry VI would have been nine years old at the time of Joan's trial; in the play he's evidently an adult. The scene in which Joan actually does call forth evil spirits may be a bit of anti-French sentiment.) Joan was captured by the Burgundian faction in May 1430, and after several escape attempts—including a seventy-foot leap from a window, which she survived—the English paid for her to be transferred to their custody for trial at Rouen. A generation later, she was retried posthumously and her conviction reversed. She was formally canonized as a Catholic saint in May 1920.

Having first encountered the story of Joan of Arc as a child in a book on the lives of the saints, creating an opera on the subject of the Maid of Orleans became an obsession for the American composer Norman Dello Joio beginning in the 1940s. Both religion and opera were part of his upbringing, and he was already searching for a scenario for a dramatic work when he came across the 1948 Victor Fleming movie *Joan of Arc*, which starred Ingrid Bergman as the Maid of Orleans. The evolution of Dello Joio's musical thoughts on the subject resulted in several different works, culminating in the New York City Opera production of *The Triumph of St. Joan* in 1959.

Dello Joio grew up in an environment steeped in Italian Catholic culture both sacred and profane, "high" and "low": his father Casimiro was both a church organist and a vocal coach for the Metropolitan Opera. The two Italian-centric influences of Catholic liturgical music (including Gregorian chant) and the Italian operatic tradition remained the core of Dello Joio's aesthetic throughout his life. Casimiro Dello Joio was a conservatory-trained Neapolitan immigrant; his New York-born Italian-American wife Antoinette had been a piano student of Casimir's. Norman naturally began keyboard lessons with his father at an early age and by his teens was filling in for his father as a church organist. He also studied organ with his godfather, the organist and composer Pietro Yon. Living in Manhattan near Little Italy, Dello Joio was constantly aware of growing up as an Italian-American: one of

his other obsessions was baseball, and he even played second base for a semi-pro team in New York City.

Music inevitably won out. After a few rudderless years following high school during which he took a few courses at City College, Dello Joio enrolled in the Institute of Musical Art (later part of the Juilliard School), and then the Juilliard Graduate School. He shifted his focus from performance to composition, to his pragmatic father's chagrin, and studied at Juilliard with Bernard Wagenaar. In 1941 he worked with Paul Hindemith at Tanglewood and at Yale. Despite starting so late in his study of composition, over the course of the 1940s he amassed performances, critical acclaim, and support. He was piano soloist in his own *Three Ricercari* with the New York Philharmonic in 1946; his *Variations, Chaconne, and Finale* (aka *Three Symphonic Dances*) earned the New York Critics' Circle Award, and he received two Guggenheim Fellowships, among other recognitions. In the second half of the 1940s, Dello Joio taught at Sarah Lawrence College, where the original operatic version of *The Triumph of St. Joan* was first staged. (Other teaching positions include Manhattan's Mannes College of Music and Boston University, where he also served as a dean.)

Although Dello Joio wasn't overtly religious, religious themes and music are a frequent component of his work, primarily for their sound and affect but also for their significance in music history. His large catalog encompassed all contemporary genres, including music for the stage, film, and television, concert pieces for orchestra, and chamber, solo, and vocal music. Dello Joio won a Pulitzer Prize in 1957 for his *Meditations on Ecclesiastes* for string orchestra, and an Emmy Award for his score for the television documentary *The Louvre* in 1965. He remains one of the most-performed American composers due to his range, directness of style, sincerity of expression, and high level of musical craft.

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When in 1948 Dello Joio's fervor to write an opera about St. Joan was inflamed by Fleming's *Joan of Arc*, the composer enlisted the musician and writer Joseph Machlis to create a

libretto and, as the opera neared completion, arranged for the opera's first production. The amateur cast and crew numbered more than eighty, resulting in a hall so crowded that the instrumentation was reduced to just two pianos. That and the rough performance may have been factors in Dello Joio's decision to withdraw the work. By the following year he had created a three-movement paraphrase, *The Triumph of St. Joan* Symphony, which was premiered by the Louisville Orchestra in 1951 with choreography by Martha Graham. She created a second danced version in 1955 with the title *Seraphic Dialogue*.

The three movements of the symphony limn the main archetypes represented by Joan. In the first, "The Maid," [1|1] a stentorian introduction, foreshadowing the young woman's destiny, gives way to a flute and oboe duet in modal contours suggesting her 15th-century milieu. Its relative simplicity illustrates Joan's youth and innocence. These qualities disappear under an accumulation of orchestral and harmonic detail, perhaps representing the intensity of her religious and national passion. The second movement, "The Warrior," [1|2] is in three main sections of expectedly bellicose character. The opening passage, juxtaposing triplet and duple figures, seems to suggest a gathering of forces; the second section may describe a swift charge into battle, and the third the joy of victory. The final movement, "The Saint," [1|3] begins with music recalling Gregorian chant and grows through insistent concentration on a single melodic idea.

Dello Joio's opera *The Trial at Rouen*, setting the composer's own libretto, originated as a television opera for NBC (those were the days) and aired in April 1956. The NBC Television Opera Theatre program ran from 1950 through 1964. In addition to performances of such traditional works as *Tales of Hoffmann* and *Tosca*, the program commissioned and produced a number of new works, also including Menotti's *Amahl and the Night Visitors*, and Lukas Foss's *Griffelkin*. Following its TV premiere, Dello Joio revised *The Trial at Rouen* for the stage and renamed it, confusingly, *The Triumph of St. Joan*, although it's an utterly different work than his Sarah Lawrence opera by the same name. The new, extant *Triumph of St. Joan* was given its stage premiere by New York City Opera in 1959. Designed to be succinct,

the one-act, two-scene work runs only about an hour and a quarter in performance (about the length of one act of *The Magic Flute*). In the live television broadcast performance, soprano Elaine Malbin sang the role of Joan, baritone Hugh Thompson was Cauchon, and bass Chester Watson was Father Julien.

Although there is room for arias, *The Trial at Rouen* is not a "number opera," (recitatives, arias, ensembles, choruses) but is essentially through-composed and fluid, one musical episode moving seamlessly to the next within a scene, as in Verdi's *Falstaff*. Dello Joio's prosody—the matching of sung rhythms to the words—is organic and natural-sounding for each voice. The orchestra is a full and nearly constant presence, frequently doubling voices and generally adding a rich, plush foundation for the voices. There is distinct characterization within the vocal lines for the principal characters. Father Julien, in particular, is given a restrained, major key-based melodic contour for all of his music. The orchestration, for both practical and expressive purposes, follows suit.

The opera opens with a Prelude, omitted in the television version, in which an English soldier outdoors, singing of his sweetheart at home, encounters the friendly Father Julien and briefly discusses Joan's case. The main action begins in the dismal Rouen fortress. A chorus of men, the Inquisitors, chant offstage. Pierre Cauchon, the severe, prejudiced, English-leaning Bishop of Beauvais, speaks to the kindly Father Julien, who serves as Joan's confessor. Here is introduced one of the central symbols of the drama, a woman's dress, potentially representing Joan's capitulation to the inquisitor's demands to recant her claim of hearing voices from Heaven. Historically, although Joan was tried for heresy, the technical charge of her conviction was for dressing as a man, an indicator of the emptiness of the English claim. Though both hope for Joan's confession, opposition between Cauchon's and Julien's approaches sets up a fundamental dichotomy reflected in the music.

The second part of Scene I is a long scene between Julien and Joan in her prison cell. It begins as Julien interrupts the corrupt jailer's harassment of his prisoner. Joan, outraged, reveals herself as somewhat self-righteous and proud. Julien asks that she put on the

dress as a sign of her acquiescence to the inquisitors and suggests that she temper her indignation, to which she replies "I confess, my maker has not fashioned me lukewarm." Julien eventually convinces her that her sin is pride, and her willingness to ask forgiveness leads to some of the most beautiful, lyrical music in the score as Julien and Joan express their mutual sympathy. This peace is shattered by the return of the vulgar Jailer, coming to lead Joan to trial. Left alone briefly at Julien's request, she addresses the women's clothing that had been left with her. Although she renews her convictions and does not don the dress, she admits a fear of the flames and wonders what her future holds.

Scene II is the trial itself. A slow, weighty orchestral introduction (omitted in the television version) gives way to an "Allegro feroce" in which the People, assembled to witness the trial, anticipate the verdict and its consequences. Bells introduce the jury of inquisitors and Pierre Cauchon, who addresses first God, then the jury, telling them "She is a greater menace than she knows!" with the support of much orchestral brass. The scene continues with the three vocal sources in layers: the massed mixed chorus of the People; the small ensemble of the inquisitors' panel, and the solo voices, primarily Cauchon, Jane, and Julien. After Cauchon's statement, Joan is brought in in shackles, sparking a reaction in the crowd. Cauchon demands that Joan swear to the truth on a Bible; on principle, she refuses. As the interrogation continues, Cauchon grows increasingly hostile, to the point where one juror tries to calm him, a temporary repose in what is a strongly forward-moving, intensely dramatic scene. The People react positively to Joan's statements, but call on her to submit in order to save her own life. The inquisitors, in contrast, stubbornly repeat that she is a heretic.

Joan's mystical eloquence is delivered in short aria-like sections emerging out of the inexorable and violent musical intensification of the trial. A longer passage—"O God, why have you abandoned me?"—leads back to her fear of death. She finally confesses, declaring herself willing to submit to the court. Annotated by the composer "Joan finding her way to her greatness," the succeeding passage features heavenly voices that have accompanied

her throughout her journey. Heard offstage, they encourage her to re-embrace the truth. She boldly recants her confession, telling Cauchon, "Light the fire."

An orchestral passage accompanies Joan as she is led to the stake. The soldier that binds her also hands her a crude crucifix of twigs. The People sing "May you find peace, Maid of Lorraine." Joan speaks of that peace in a long, contemplative aria (also omitted from the television version). The orchestra has the last word, depicting both the heavy significance of the event and the lapping flames themselves; representing first the horror of the event, then the peace Joan seems finally to have found.

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*Boston-based composer and writer Robert Kirzinger was the Boston Modern Orchestra Project's annotator for ten years.*



JOAN OF ARCS INTERROGATED BY THE CARDINAL OF WINCHESTER IN HER PRISON. OIL ON CANVAS. PAUL DELACROIX, 1824.

## The Trial at Rouen

Music and libretto by Norman Dello Joio

<b>Joan</b>	<b>Heather Buck</b> , soprano
<b>Pierre Cauchon</b>	<b>Stephen Powell</b> , baritone
<b>Father Julien</b>	<b>Luke Scott</b> , baritone
<b>The Jailer</b>	<b>Ryan Stoll</b> , bass-baritone
<b>Soldier</b>	<b>Jeremy Ayres Fisher</b> , tenor

## SCENE I

[14] *The first flickering light of dawn. A soldier alone on a parapet leaning on his halberd is looking out over the countryside—he muses.*

AN ENGLISH SOLDIER

I would that I were home again with my love by my side.

I would say to her from time to time,

"Sweet lass, do you love me?"

Ah, then she would say,

"My heart is so sad for you must go far away,

Far away to fight for the King,

Oh, my love."

*Friar Julien slowly enters and joins the soldier in looking out over the countryside.*

FR. JULIEN

It will soon be light.

SOLDIER

How fares the Maid?

FR. JULIEN

She's weary, too weary even to say her prayers.

SOLDIER

Why does she hold on? The Trial is endless

And you French are stubborn.

FR. JULIEN

Joan still talks of her deliverance.

SOLDIER

What for?

With her armies beaten,

Her King refusing to pay her ransom.

FR. JULIEN

She hopes, she hopes.

SOLDIER  
A curse on her hope.  
I wish the priests were done with it!  
I long for England and my home again.

FR. JULIEN  
Pray, my son, pray,  
This sad world longs for peace.

*The friar slowly exits.*

SOLDIER (*resumes his musing*)  
While I am far away  
Does she remember to think of me, my love?  
If she now were with me by my side  
I would say to my comrades,  
"This, this is my beloved,  
My beloved from long ago, from long ago."  
Ah, would that I were home again.

[15] *The curtain rises on a gloomy corridor in the fortress of Rouen.*

INQUISITORS (*off stage in the distance*)  
Mover of the Universe,  
Guide us, O Maker of the Universe.  
Stretch forth thy hand and lead us in the path of thy  
wisdom.  
Bless us, Thy servants who toil in Thy name.  
Guide us, O Mover of the Universe.

*Enter Cauchon and Father Julien from opposite sides—  
and they meet.*

CAUCHON  
This is the day of decision.  
With Christian patience we have heard nothing but  
evasions and arrogant denials.

The Pope himself, our Holy Father would have long since  
pronounced stern judgement  
On such impudence.  
Have you seen her this day?

FR. JULIEN  
Yes, I have spent a cheerless hour with the girl.

CAUCHON  
What change, if any, have you noted?

FR. JULIEN  
None. The maid still pleads for Holy Sacrament, which I  
find hard to deny her.  
She asks for little else.

CAUCHON  
I detect a softness in you.

FR. JULIEN  
When I pray with her alone,  
The pride she shows to her inquisitors is transformed into  
a gentle modesty.

CAUCHON  
Beware of pity, beware.  
The Prince of Evil finds subtle ways to shroud us in his  
darkness;  
He knows too well the methods of deceit.  
Think you that this girl is without the favor of some  
fiendish guidance?  
She, who twists our words and turns the teaching of  
God's church into a mockery?

FR. JULIEN  
Forgive my seeming doubts  
But Joan contends that she obeys the bidding of her  
Voices.

CAUCHON  
Blasphemy!  
Would counsel from the Blessed Saints falsify the laws  
of God?

Heed my warning, humble Friar,  
Frightful dangers often lie concealed  
Behind a mask of piety.  
I say again, Beware of pity, Beware.

FR. JULIEN  
I am a simple man and bow to your wisdom.  
Yet though she be in error  
My true concern is her salvation.

CAUCHON  
Mark this well, it too is mine,  
Despite the falsehoods and the rumors which are spread  
about me in this unhappy land.  
Lucifer still brews the poison of rebellion!  
But then, what can you know of the burden of authority?

INQUISITORS  
Father Almighty, strengthen the hands of Thy servants  
Who toil in this vale of tears,  
Grant us to walk in the light of Thy wisdom.

CAUCHON  
The court will soon assemble;  
Go now to the prisoner.

FR. JULIEN  
Shall I take the dress to her again?

CAUCHON  
Yes, for if she wears it then she submits to our authority  
(*Points to the dress.*)  
It will tell us much.

*Cauchon dismisses Fr. Julien. He stands a moment in  
deep thought.*

INQUISITORS  
Soften the hardness of Joan's heart against us.  
Impart Thy counsel, O Lord,  
That we may lead the lowly sinner  
Back to the arms of Holy Mother Church.  
Guide us, Father Almighty, that we may defend and shield  
Thy name.

*Cauchon slowly exits. Lights lower completely.*

[16] *The ugly laughter of a half-drunk jailer is heard in  
the darkness. The lights flare up on Joan's cell. The jailer  
is lunging for Joan—she is striking back at him while  
retreating.*

JAILER  
Yield, my pigeon, yield!  
You're taken, Come, you're taken!  
(*Joan is nearly cornered.*)

My ransom's a kiss!  
(*She hits at him desperately*)  
Ho! Still the saucy warrior!

*Father Julien enters the cell, shocked at what he beholds.*

FR. JULIEN  
Stop! You lustful sinner.  
Take your hands off the girl!  
JOAN (*She points at Jailer.*)  
You unholy brute!  
May you be smitten by the hand of God  
JAILER  
Hold your tongue,  
Don't play the unsullied maid with me.

JOAN  
I was promised protection from these brutes!

FR. JULIEN (*Sternly, to Jailer.*)  
Get you from this cell, you bully.  
Or I'll have you put in chains yourself!

JAILER  
Compose yourself, Priest!  
Remember it's the English I serve.

JOAN  
No! It's the devil you serve,  
Or you would not betray our Blessed France.

JAILER  
You baggage!  
I'd settle with you as no priest would.

FR. JULIEN  
Leave us, you fool!  
Leave us.

*The Jailer starts to leave sullenly. He turns at cell door with attempted dignity.*

JAILER  
Speak to the point with her,  
She has little time.  
(*Spoken sneeringly.*) The maid indeed!  
Ha, ha, ha...  
*He slams the cell door and his laughter echoes back.*

[17] *Joan is rigid with anger. The Friar Julien is uncomfortable as he knows the maid has justification for it.*

JOAN (*turns in anger on Fr. Julien*)  
Is it for this I crowned a king?  
Is it for this that I fought for our beloved France?  
My judges pray for me;

They chant for my salvation;  
Then why am I abandoned to this shame?

FR. JULIEN  
You have made it so!  
Your pride has built these walls around you.

JOAN  
Is it for this that my banner led to victory?  
Is it for this that my people and my men greeted me with  
shouts of joy?

The enemies of France trembled at the sound  
To what sins must I admit?  
My love and faith in France  
The commands of my Voices?  
Never! Never!  
I shall hold to my beliefs  
Though they tear me limb from limb!  
I have not sinned against God or man,  
And these walls cry out against the wrongs that are done  
to me.

*(She points to dress Fr. Julien holds.)*

Again you come to speak of my immodesty.  
Shall I put on female dress  
Surrounded by the evil men who guard me?  
In God's name  
Would my accusers have had me lead an army in silk  
petticoats?  
They call me a simple maid  
Without knowledge of the Church's laws;  
But this I know,  
There is a right and a wrong.  
As God is judge I tell you, Friar,  
They shall answer for what befalls me  
In this unholy dungeon.

FR. JULIEN  
You have no patience, Joan  
Nor have you learned the virtue of humility;  
You wound no one but yourself  
By your defiance of the will of God.  
You are still misled, oh girl,  
While you cling to men's attire.  
Become again that simple maid of Domremy.  
You must assume a maiden's dress  
And thus admit your fault in speaking as the voice of  
France.

JOAN  
I confess, my Maker has not fashioned me lukewarm.

FR. JULIEN  
Unbend, Joan,  
The judges note your conduct,  
It is so willful and inflexible,

JOAN  
That may be true but I resist when Pierre Cauchon and all  
the others are so harsh with me.

FR. JULIEN  
You have a duty to God's Principles,  
Not yourself alone

JOAN  
Why do you chide me?  
My head is high because I am a faithful daughter of the  
Church.

FR. JULIEN  
Then you must offer more proof of your humility.

JOAN  
Good Friar, you have known me now these long and weary  
months  
Are you persuaded I am evil?

[18]

FR. JULIEN  
O good maid, my heart is with you,  
Yet I know too well the dangers of your unguarded faith.  
The sands run low,  
They run too low, my child.  
To have you live is my one and true desire.

JOAN  
Dear Father, shall I then not speak the truth?  
For what I believe I have learned from the Gentle Savior,  
Who trod a path of thorns to reach our Eternal Father.  
Do I not have the right to speak the truth?

FR. JULIEN  
If you would but say:  
"I think this to be true."  
But no you dismiss the intercessions of your Church  
And still insist that you alone do know the will of God!

JOAN  
If my voices taught me so,  
How can I deny them?

FR. JULIEN  
Those voices, Joan,  
They try the patience of mere men.  
The Princes of the Church would tremble to make the  
claims you do.  
Abandon your presumption,  
Such pretension smacks of blasphemy.  
Heed my warning, Joan,  
You invite your own destruction.  
You risk damnation and the blazing flames will claim you!

JOAN  
Do not speak of flames I beg you,  
I dread the image when you talk of death by fire.

The frightful thought I hide from myself.

FR. JULIEN

Then submit and live, dear child.

The loving arms of Holy Mother Church will once again  
enfold you.

JOAN

I promise that as always I shall heed the word of God.

FR. JULIEN

His mercy will then descend and save you.

JOAN

Father, if my sin is pride,

I will subdue it.

Grant me then your blessing.

FR. JULIEN

Yes, good maid, with the fulness of my heart

*Joan kneels. Fr. Julien makes the sign of the cross  
over her.*

JOAN

I proclaim by the Blessed Saints above my faith I'll not  
betray.

FR. JULIEN

Repentance will abolish your despair.

JOAN

My soul does yearn for peace

FR. JULIEN

It is through penance and prayer

JOAN / FR. JULIEN

I shall/You will break the bonds of grief

Faith, my faith/Faith in God's church shall/will set me/  
you free

The/His redeeming love of the Savior is/is the one true  
victory!

Christ Jesus, my Lord Divine.

*The Jailer crashes open the cell door—and seen are the  
judges filing by the trial chamber.*

INQUISITORS

Maker, O Mover of the Universe

Guide us thy servants who toil in Thy name

Stretch forth Thy hand

JAILER

You babble the whole day

You've wasted time enough

Give up, Priest.

The wench'll talk you to your grave.

INQUISITORS

Stretch forth thy hand

Teach us, lead us

JAILER

The woman relishes confessing with so much to tell

*Laughs suggestively. Indicates the cell door with mock  
courtesy to Joan.*

INQUISITORS

Impart thy counsel, O Lord, that we thy servants may  
uphold Thy laws

FR. JULIEN (*to Jailer*)

Hold your tongue, you go too far!

JAILER

My lady, (*bowing*) will you favor the Inquisitors by your  
presence?

*The sound of the inquisitors has gradually faded.*

INQUISITORS

Shed Thy light on the sinner Joan

FR. JULIEN

Joan, the time is near,

Examine your heart if you are contrite

(*He places the dress near her.*)

What you do with this will be a sign

JAILER

Unnatural creature!

Not to wear the dress of woman

Better they persuaded her by a roasting!

INQUISITORS (*in the distance*)

Guide us, lead us

FR. JULIEN (*to Jailer*)

Allow the girl a final moment to seek God's consolation

You have plagued her enough

INQUISITORS

O God most high, most high.

*Jailer follows Fr. Julien out with a last sneering look at  
Joan.*

[19] *Joan is staring at the dress... She goes to it.*

JOAN

Are you the price of life's sweet breath?

(*She picks up the dress.*)

I fear the frailty within your folds

O soft alluring cloth you were made to adorn the gentle

maids of France

Not Joan, not Joan.

If I resume you, I shall live

But, then will I not deny the teachings of my voices?

I still await deliverance, I dare not wear you

For when my armies free me,

I still must be found as the soldier maid of France!

In every corner of this land

They will say that Joan lied

When she did bid them follow her in faith

And that they were fools to heed her commands?

All those who once beseeched my blessing,

Will call down curses on my head

And the brave men who fought beside me

They will have died in vain

Forgive me, dear soldiers of France.

Hear me if I now submit

Will you not say that Joan

Does betray her name?

It is not simple to live

Have I the courage to die?

My lost voices, I would be a woman

Even as all women.

Give me the word I do not know.

Or must I find the way

Unaided and alone?

(*Goes to the dress again.*)

Those happy days in Domremy I wore you

(*Sinks down in meditation on her cell cot.*)

But now, O maiden's dress,

What is the answer to Joan's fate?

*The curtain falls.*



JOAN OF ARC IN BATTLE (CENTRAL PART OF THE LIFE OF JOAN OF ARC (TRIFTYCH)), HERMANN STILKE, 1845, OIL ON CANVAS.

## SCENE II

### [2|1] Prelude

[2|2] *The curtain rises rapidly on a high-vaulted trial chamber. The general public is pushing its way in past guards. It is in a festive mood, rushing about, seeking places of vantage.*

#### THE PEOPLE

Come on, Soldier, let us in  
We've come to see the trial begin  
What's in store for us today?  
The judges look stern,  
What will they say?  
What does it matter, what does it matter,  
All the chatter, All the clatter,  
The clatter and chatter  
It all doesn't matter.  
We like it more when the clamor is gay,  
Dancing is better and so is play  
Ha  
Ha ha ha Ha ha ha Ha  
The jury it shouts, the maid she pouts  
Why give a care about all of their doubts  
For the vine grows  
Ha, ha, ha, ha  
The wine flows  
Ha, ha, ha, ha  
With sinners and saints we suspect nothing new  
There'll always be warfare between the two  
The tree grows, the sap flows.  
What's in store for us today?  
What will General Joan have to say?

Pierre Cauchon will grunt again,  
They tell of his father who lived in a pen.

*(Some individuals parody Cauchon in mock dignity.)*

The judges they speak of the maid as a hussy  
A girl should be kissed so why be fussy?

*(Some parody Joan as a shy maiden.)*

Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha,  
Ha.  
Notice the Bishops with paunches round.  
Hit them and like a drum they sound  
Martyrs in heaven and hounds of hell  
Remind us daily that all's not well  
But the wheat grows  
The ale flows  
The fates grin and the stars spin  
The judges and Joan what will they say?  
What is in store for us today?

*(Cauchon enters in a fury at the crowd.)*

Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha

CAUCHON

The sting of a lash, you howling idiots!

### [2|3]

CAUCHON

Have you no respect in the presence of the Holy office?  
In good faith we allow you to witness this trial  
That you may learn the folly of misconduct!  
Instead you spin yourselves to perdition.  
I serve you warning,

The eye of the inquisition marks your conduct.  
Another display of your vulgar insolence  
And the wrath of our righteousness will fall upon you  
*(Now addresses the jury which is fully seated.)*  
A final word now,  
Good servants of the Lord.  
In the light of our Savior's wisdom,  
Permit me to state my beliefs.

**[2|4]** *Cauchon assures himself of the jury and people's full attention.*

CAUCHON  
I call on Thee, Eternal God,  
Within whose sight a thousand years  
Are but a single day,  
Are but a single day.  
I call on Thee to witness how I seek to do Thy will  
Eternal God who seest into the hearts of men  
Thou knowest I am free from pride  
Free from pride,  
I strive for one thing only,  
I strive for Thy greater glory!  
What man can say that I have not been just?  
For I am Pierre Cauchon by the mercy of God,  
Bishop of Beauvais  
I have pleaded with that Maid from Lorraine,  
But in return she mocks me  
She claims to speak in the name of God.  
What will become of us the guardians of the faith  
When a simple wench can say that she is sent, sent by  
    God to do His will on Earth?  
She gives commands and raises men to battle,  
Frenchmen, the English,

She stirs up one against the other  
As if they all were not the children of one God  
If the humble and the lowly  
Dare presume to the station of those who sit in power,  
Then they place their souls in peril  
For they question the established order of the world  
She is a greater menace than she knows.  
Give me strength, Eternal God,  
To do Thy works on earth  
To shield and defend Thy name.  
The world shall know that Pierre Cauchon  
Is a humble servant of the Lord.  
Thy will be done,  
Thy will be done.  
Eternal God, today I vow Thy vengeance will be done.

INQUISITORS  
Let God's will be done

THE PEOPLE  
Bring forth the girl!

INQUISITORS / THE PEOPLE  
The girl!

**[2|5]**

THE PEOPLE  
Look, she's still in chains  
But her head is high.  
She doesn't seem afraid,  
They claim she's counseled by a fiend from hell  
And can fly like a witch.  
Her stride is so proud.  
There's anger in her eye,  
They say that devils are in our midst.

CAUCHON  
Once more you are brought before us to answer the  
    questions put to you.  
Will you swear on the Holy Scriptures to tell this court  
    the truth?

JOAN  
I say to you as I have said a thousand times  
I speak the truth.  
Why do you insist on this mummery?

CAUCHON  
Dare you presume to question those who seek to save  
    your miserable soul?

JOAN  
If it is God's will that you save my soul, so be it!  
But I will answer to what concerns this trial alone.

INQUISITORS  
The impudence! The audacity!  
Such effrontery is outrageous.

CAUCHON *(to jurors)*  
Let us be calm.  
But note well how she refuses to take an oath on the  
    Holy Book.  
Prefer you then the torture?

JOAN  
I fear pain as much as any man.  
But if you put me on the rack,  
Anything that I may say,  
I will afterwards deny.

CAUCHON  
You still are stubborn, girl.  
She scorns the practice of our Holy Inquisition  
But we must be merciful,

No matter how she goads us.  
Let it not be said  
That in anger we forced her to confess her guilt.

JOAN  
Thank you, good Bishop—you see...there is some sense  
    to what I say.

INQUISITORS  
Such disrespect.  
The irreverence.

CAUCHON *(to jury in anger)*  
Nothing but insolence *(with Inquisitors)* and contempt!

CAUCHON *(to Joan)*  
You lowly creature,  
We have contended with your sharp and spiteful tongue  
For too long!

INQUISITORS  
For too long.

*Joan rises from her stool in agitation.*

**[2|6]**

JOAN  
Then in the name of heaven  
End this trial which is mockery.  
Come, my sword is broken  
You claim my work is done.

*(Her eye has caught her banner on a scribe's desk—  
She goes to it and touches it with tenderness.)*

My white banner is fallen,  
This dear banner that bore the burden  
And earned the honor.

CAUCHON  
 You mean the infamy!

INQUISITORS  
 It earned the infamy

JOAN  
 Remember this, O all of you  
 Under it I crowned the rightful king  
 While the people of France  
 Were sweeping from their sight  
 The enemies of this sweet-smelling land.

THE PEOPLE  
 Well said, young maid.  
 Well said, brave Joan

INQUISITORS  
 Her words spread like a pestilence

THE PEOPLE  
 She speaks the truth,  
 She speaks the truth.

INQUISITORS  
 Again she does inflame the hearts of men!

THE PEOPLE  
 In faith she is inspired, inspired!

INQUISITORS  
 No! Look!  
*(with the People)*  
 She's inciting them again!

CAUCHON *(in disgust at the court)*  
 A plague on your boasting and your coward king.  
 We are men of peace,  
 The blood of the innocent cries out against the likes of  
 you.

You are here to answer to one thing only  
 The most grievous sin of all  
 The sin of heresy!

JOAN  
 What have you found by your endless questions to  
 prove it?

CAUCHON  
 This, you willful woman,  
 You set yourself above the Holy Church  
 You poison the whole of Christendom  
 By your insubordination  
 Will you admit you are subject to us?

**[2]7**

JOAN  
 I have never denied it  
 But you contradict what my voices tell me.

CAUCHON  
 Do these voices tell you to disobey your Church?

JOAN  
 No! But they bid me to serve God first!

CAUCHON  
 If we say that your voices are from Satan  
 Will you avow that it is so?

JOAN  
 That would be a lie

CAUCHON  
 She mocks us!

INQUISITORS  
 She mocks us.

CAUCHON  
 She spurns us

INQUISITORS  
 Infamous!

JOAN  
 I warn this court  
 If you demand that I deny the voice of God  
 You are the ones in great peril

CAUCHON  
 Now she threatens us!

THE PEOPLE  
 The girl is brave but goes too far

INQUISITORS  
 She claims the Church is against the Lord our God

CAUCHON  
 She mocks the cross and our God

THE PEOPLE  
 She offends the men of God.

CAUCHON  
 Grant me patience, O Merciful God  
 The wanton has spewed venom enough to have burned a  
 thousand heretics  
 We must now destroy the cunning serpent that dwells in  
 her heart!  
 Executioner! Step forward.  
*(A black-masked figure steps in to full view of Joan.)*  
 Woman! Look on him!  
*(Joan shows her first sign of fear. He senses Joan's fear.)*  
 Do your fiendish voices reveal now what awaits you?

THE PEOPLE *(to Cauchon)*  
 Pity the girl  
 Pity the girl.  
*(A kindly man rises to calm the atmosphere.)*

AN INQUISITOR  
 Good Cauchon, may I advise that we proceed with greater  
 moderation  
 Perhaps in your zeal you are too severe.

CAUCHON  
 That may be true, good Father,  
 Then may I call on you to aid me,  
 The labor of this trial has wearied me beyond endurance.  
 Weigh carefully her answers.

THE INQUISITOR  
 Answer me this, child,  
 Are you in a state of grace?

JOAN  
 If I am not, may God grant me  
 His Grace,  
 And if I am I trust He shall so keep me.

THE INQUISITOR  
 Joan, if your voices come from Heaven,  
 Why have they not set you free?

JOAN  
 They have so promised;  
 Perhaps I do not grasp yet what my voices mean by  
 freedom.

A SECOND INQUISITOR  
 Is it true that you claim to heal the sick?

**[2|8]**

JOAN

In our time of trouble,

The good people of France in their simple faith

They came to me.

If I healed them it was through love

For I was taught from my childhood to help those in need.

Once as a child in Domremy,

I hurt this finger

I cried and ran up to my mother.

She kissed it

And the pain did vanish

By her love I was healed.

Was my mother's kiss then a miracle?

I would believe it

For love is a miracle!

THE PEOPLE

Show mercy, good judges,

Her heart is tender for healing our people,

You should not condemn her.

CAUCHON

Reply to those questions alone that we put to you

Reveal to us what we would know.

Spare us the tales of your childhood

We judge you for what you do now

**[2|9]**

CAUCHON

Was Saint Michael unclothed when he appeared  
before you?

JOAN

Would not God have the means to clothe His saints?

CAUCHON

Did Saint Margaret speak to you in English or in French?

JOAN (*she stiffens in resistance*)

Why would she speak to me in English,

The saints are on the side of France!

THE PEOPLE

She answers well!

She answers well!

CAUCHON (*blind with rage*)

Witch! The saints are on the side of all men!

Leave off, O men of God,

She closes the door to us,

She plays at sainthood,

And her replies come from hell!

INQUISITORS

Confess your guilt!

THE PEOPLE

Joan, you've gone too far.

INQUISITORS

Confess your guilt!

CAUCHON

For the last time,

We demand that you abjure your blasphemies.

INQUISITORS

Blasphemous! Blasphemous!

THE PEOPLE

Joan, give in, give in!

CAUCHON

This is the last time

That we shall suffer you to flaunt the word of God

THE PEOPLE

Live, Joan, live.

You yet may win.

INQUISITORS

Recant! Recant!

Repent your wrongs.

Repent!

THE PEOPLE

Be restored, maid, and live.

JOAN

Why, O why, men of God,

Do you burden me with hate?

I do not know why I was chosen to do

Our Savior's will.

CAUCHON

You have defied your Savior's Church

And you are loathsome in His sight!

Your voices come from Satan

From the deepest pit of hell!

INQUISITORS

From the abyss of Hell!

THE PEOPLE

Do not resist.

INQUISITORS

Confess your guilt!

THE PEOPLE

Confess, Joan, and live.

INQUISITORS

Recant!

JOAN

Only in the Holy Name,

Have I done God's will.

Believe me, I am true to the faith.

In Christ's name,

Do not cast me from your sight.

INQUISITORS

Heretic! Heretic!

THE PEOPLE

Confess and live.

INQUISITORS

Apostate! Apostate!

THE PEOPLE

You are no witch.

CAUCHON

Your voices don't deceive us,

They've led you into sin,

The Prince of Darkness conceals his evil self,

And finds refuge in your cunning heart.

JOAN

O God, my Father in heaven.

I falter, forgive me, but I stand alone,

Reveal what I must do

I need your shining light.

They say that I blasphemed,

But You, my Father who sees into all hearts,

Know that I have fought supported by your might.

Now, why am I forsaken?

THE PEOPLE

Yield, good girl,

You will find justice in God's might.

You will be saved,

He will not cast you from His sight.

JOAN  
O people of France has truth died?

THE PEOPLE  
Confess, brave maid,  
The men of God you cannot defy,  
Abjure and live,  
If you recant you will not die!

CAUCHON / INQUISITORS  
We hold out our arms to you!

THE PEOPLE  
Yield!

CAUCHON / INQUISITORS  
We will still show you mercy Joan!

THE PEOPLE  
Yield, Joan!  
*(Cauchon flings the dress at Joan.)*

CAUCHON  
Will you abandon your shameful attire and dress as a woman?  
Will you submit?  
*(Joan clutches the dress to herself. She has a terrible struggle of indecision.)*

Your silence seals your guilt.  
Executioner!  
Are you this day prepared to burn a heretic?  
*(The hooded figure raises a faggot.)*

**[2|10]**

THE PEOPLE  
The maid is doomed,  
The maid is doomed.

CAUCHON  
You are pronounced a heretic,

INQUISITORS  
Ssss-sinner!

THE PEOPLE  
Give in!

INQUISITORS  
Ssss-sinner.

CAUCHON  
You are an apostate and blasphemer.

INQUISITORS  
Ssss-servant of Satan.

THE PEOPLE  
Be restored Joan!

INQUISITORS  
Daughter of Satan!

CAUCHON  
You are severed from the Church  
You have chosen to burn for eternity!

INQUISITORS  
Recant! Recant! Recant!

THE PEOPLE  
Your ashes will never rest,  
Will never rest in hallowed ground

INQUISITORS  
Ssss-Satan. To him you have turned!

CAUCHON  
Your name is accursed,  
Accursed forevermore!

INQUISITORS  
Accursed, accursed forevermore!

THE PEOPLE  
Submit, Joan! Submit!

INQUISITORS  
Joan! Recant!

CAUCHON  
I condemn you to burn at the stake.  
Your ashes never to rest in hallowed ground

THE PEOPLE  
You will burn.

INQUISITORS  
You must burn.

INQUISITORS  
Servant of Satan, recant or burn,  
Daughter of Satan, recant or burn,  
Submit to the Church, from God you have turned  
Bow to the Church and its laws you have spurned,  
Servant of Satan, recant or burn,  
Daughter of Satan, recant or burn,  
You shall die on the stake!

THE PEOPLE  
Save yourself, Joan, better to live  
If you abjure our Lord will forgive  
Better to live than die at the stake

INQUISITORS / THE PEOPLE  
The stake!

JOAN  
No! No!!  
In Christ's name, not the fire;  
Behead me, sever these limbs from my body

**[2|11]**

JOAN  
Do what you will, but do not burn me!  
O God, O God,  
Why have you abandoned me?  
My God, My God.  
I am forsaken and alone.  
Is my despair the bitter fruit of what I have done?  
Are the burning flames to be my reward?  
My blessed France,  
I can resist no more,  
I must deny you,  
For my soul is dark with fear.  
*(Joan goes into a quasi-delirium.)*

Yet once in the field of battle  
Though death was all about me,  
I knew no fear  
With my sword in hand and my banner high  
Once I earned the blessings of my people  
Once the voices of my captains and my men were strong  
in the wind  
Riding in my shining armor  
My armies greeted me with shouts of joy  
*(She has become senseless.)*

Crying "Hail to Joan, Maid of Lorraine.  
"Long live her name!  
"Hail to Joan, savior of France!"  
*(She sees the executioner and shrinks in fright.)*

No! No!  
*(She sobs herself back to reality.)*  
The burden is heavy.

The sacrifice so great.  
My God, you ask too much.  
I fear the flames

*(She beseeches the assembly.)*

I yield to my fear of death—  
Judges, hear me, I submit.  
I deny my Voices.  
They were the mockings of the devil.  
I confess to whatever is my crime.

*(She falls to her knees before Cauchon, sobbing.  
Inquisitors rise.)*

INQUISITORS  
The sinner is saved,  
The sinner is saved.  
Satan is vanquished,  
Satan is vanquished.  
Praises and

THE PEOPLE  
Now you will live  
You have saved yourself, Joan  
You have fought well, Joan,  
You have fought well

INQUISITORS / THE PEOPLE  
Glory to God  
Glory to God! God!  
Joan's soul is redeemed  
Heaven prevails  
Glory to God.

*At this point, a gradual and total blackout of the entire  
cast and stage. Time is suspended. A pin-spot is on Joan,  
on her knees clutching the dress. She is center front  
facing the audience. Every shade of emotion is registered*

*on her face. We see her struggle mightily as her inner  
voice seeks the meaning of her life.*

[2|12]

THE VOICES *(offstage)*  
Fear not, daughter of France,  
Thy saints draw near, Joan of Lorraine.  
Fear not the truth has been on thy tongue.  
Come, sweet envoy of God,  
Pass through the fire to the eternal reward  
That now awaits you  
Yours is the triumph, Joan of Lorraine,  
Yours is the victory.

JOAN  
Light the fire, Pierre Cauchon.  
I have been blind,  
It was to truth that I was summoned  
Now I understand what is meant by freedom  
I was wrong to confess that what I had done was not well.  
It is God's wish that I die through you.  
I am content.  
It brings me into the sight of our Lord.

CAUCHON  
She has relapsed; her recantation was a lie.

FR. JULIEN  
Forgive the maid, she is too young,  
Too young to be wise,  
Have pity, Pierre Cauchon,  
The Holy Church in its wisdom can still guide her.  
Forgive the maid, O Men of God,

THE PEOPLE  
Why choose to die, tender maid?

INQUISITORS  
Pray for the sinner, may Heaven forgive her

THE PEOPLE  
Live, Joan, for our Mother Church will embrace you

JOAN  
I know now what is my freedom

FR. JULIEN  
Joan, let the Holy Church embrace you

INQUISITORS  
The girl has relapsed,  
Now Satan will claim her

CAUCHON  
God is my witness I have been just  
The sacred laws must be upheld

INQUISITORS  
We cannot forgive her,

JOAN  
I welcome the fire,  
It will burn away the bonds that still hold me,  
My gentle voices,  
This day will I be with Thee in Paradise.

THE PEOPLE  
She was too young to be wise,  
She was too young to be wise

CAUCHON  
She walks now in the valley of Eternal Death.

JOAN  
O Queen of Heaven, receive me your daughter

These grateful tears are my thanks.  
Accept the humble ashes of my heart,  
Take me, my gentle voices,  
For now my work is done.  
My soul thirsts for God.

THE PEOPLE  
Then rest, dear girl!

INQUISITORS  
Maker of the Universe.

THE PEOPLE  
May you find peace

INQUISITORS  
We have toiled in Thy name,  
The trial has not been in vain  
In vain.

THE PEOPLE  
May you find peace, Joan of Lorraine

CAUCHON  
Executioner,  
I turn this unrepentant sinner over to you.  
Do your duty.

*A hush is over the entire assembly. The rear wall of the  
chamber rises and the stake is revealed, very high and  
back center.*

*Joan, led by the executioner, walks through a gate that  
is revealed as the Inquisitor's tiers swing away. Now in  
a white robe, Joan ascends to the stake. On reaching it,  
she is bound to the stake by a soldier. On his way down he  
turns and hands her a crucifix made of twigs. She clasps  
the crucifix to her heart. The flames slowly start to rise.*

[2|13]

THE PEOPLE

Be brave, O girl  
In your hour of death  
May you find peace  
Maid of Lorraine.

*Joan is gazing heavenward with a beatific smile.*

JOAN

*(Spoken.)* Jesus, my Jesus

[2|14]

JOAN

Your final will be done.  
My day is past though just begun  
My glass is full and now my glass is run,  
The cares of life are done.  
One day the world will say that France fought well  
And soon from all the saints above  
I'll hear their voices bless our land  
I'll hear the choirs of heaven sing praises to my beloved  
France,  
Protected by our Savior's hand.  
Have faith good people of France,

The trumpet will sound again.

Have faith, do not despair  
Our broken banner one day will mend  
Raise your arms and shield this land  
Live in the light of God's command  
The glory and honor will be yours  
If His Word you defend, you defend

*(She stretches her arms out to the people.)*

I pray that I am worthy to die for you  
And let my death reveal the aim of life

*(Gazes heavenward.)*

O cleansing flames, you light my path to Him  
My soul is freed, my glass is run  
Farewell, farewell my time is come

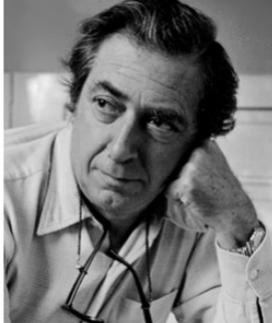
*(She sobs. To the people.)*

O pray for me.

*Gazing transfixed at Joan, the cast slowly backs off the stage—the flames rise higher. As the flames envelop Joan, the light on her face becomes blinding in its intensity. Cauchon is left. He leafs through the Holy Book. Finally closes it, slowly walks off. He has kept the letter of the law. The curtain slowly descends.*



JOAN OF ARC'S DEATH AT THE STAKE (RIGHT-HAND PART OF THE LIFE OF JOAN OF ARC TRIPTYCH), HERMANN STILBE, 1843, OIL ON CANVAS.



**Norman Dello Joio's** distinguished musical career began for him at age twelve when he became a church organist and choir director of the Star of the Sea Church on City Island, New York. A descendant of Italian church organists, he was born January 24, 1913 in New York. His father was an organ-

ist, pianist, singer, and vocal coach. Dello Joio recalls that his father was working with singers from the Metropolitan Opera who used to arrive in their Rolls Royces, and that his childhood was surrounded with musicians and music in the home. Dello Joio's father taught him the piano at age four, and in his teens he began studying organ with his godfather, Pietro Yon, organist at Saint Patrick's Cathedral. In 1939, he was accepted as a scholarship student at the Juilliard School, and studied composition with Bernard Wagenaar.

As a graduate student at Juilliard, while he was organist at St. Anne's Church in New York, he arrived at the conclusion that he did not want to spend his life in a church choir loft, as composition began to envelop all of his interest. In 1941, he began studies with Paul Hindemith, the man who profoundly influenced his compositional style, at Tanglewood and Yale. It was Hindemith who told Dello Joio, "Your music is lyrical by nature, don't ever forget that." Dello Joio states that, although he did not completely understand at the time, he now knows what he meant: "Don't sacrifice necessarily to a system, go to yourself, what you hear. If it's valid, and it's good, put it down in your mind. Don't say I have to do this because the system tells me to. No, that's a mistake."

In the latter part of the forties, Dello Joio was considered one of America's leading composers, and by the fifties had gained international recognition. He received numerous awards and grants including the Elizabeth Sprague Coolidge Award, the Town Hall Composition Award, two Guggenheim Fellowships, and a grant from the American Academy of Arts and Letters. He won the New York Music Critics' Circle Award in 1948 and again in 1962. He won

the Pulitzer Prize in 1957 for *Meditations on Ecclesiastes* for string orchestra, and an Emmy Award for his music in the television special *Scenes from the Louvre*. In 1958, CBS featured him in a one-hour television special, "Profile of a Composer."

A prolific composer, the partial list of Dello Joio's compositions include over forty-five choral works, close to thirty works for orchestra and ten for band, approximately twenty-five pieces for solo voice, twenty chamber works, concertos for piano, flute, harp, a Concertante for Clarinet, and a Concertino for Harmonica. His stage works include three operas (one written for television and revised for the stage,) and eight ballets. Additionally, he has written nine television scores and three compositions for organ. His published solo piano works include three sonatas, two nocturnes, two preludes, two suites, two "Songs Without Words", a Capriccio, Introduction and Fantasies on a Chorale Tune, Diversions, Short Intervallic Etudes, and Concert Variants. Dello Joio has one published work for piano and orchestra, the Fantasy and Variations for Piano and Orchestra. He has also written a number of pedagogical pieces for both two and four hands. Also included are works for four hands and two pianos.

Dello Joio taught at Sarah Lawrence College, the Mannes College of Music, and was Professor of Music and Dean of the Fine and Applied Arts School of Boston University. From 1959 until 1973, he directed the Ford Foundation's Contemporary Music Project, which placed young composers in high schools who were salaried to compose music for school ensembles and programs. The project placed about ninety composers, many who successfully continued their careers.

**Heather Buck's** operatic repertoire ranges widely, from creating such roles as Haroun in Charles Wuorinen's *Haroun and the Sea of Stories* at New York City Opera, Alma in Wuorinen's *Brokeback Mountain* at Madrid's Teatro Real, and Ku in Prestini's *Gilgamesh*; to singing US stage premieres of Helmut Lachenmann's *Little Matchgirl*, Wolfgang Rihm's *Proserpina* (title role), and Pascal Dusapin's *Faustus, the Last Night* (Angel); to enjoying standard repertoire such as *Beatrice et Bénédict* (Héro, Opera Boston), *Der Freischütz* (Ännchen, Opera Boston), *L'Elisir d'Amore* (Anina), *Pearl Fishers* (Leila), *The Magic Flute* (Queen of the Night), and *A Midsummer Night's Dream* (Tytania). She also performed the role of Merteuil in the West Coast premiere of Luca Francesconi's *Quartett*. She sang the title role

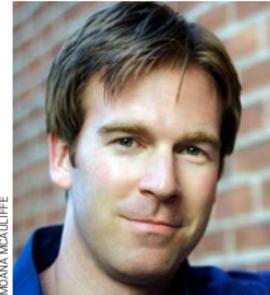


in *Haroun and the Sea of Stories* with BMOP, and appeared with Odyssey Opera as Joan of Arc in Dello Joio's *The Trial at Rouen* and Dominick Argento's *Miss Havisham's Wedding Night*. She first worked with Gil Rose through BMOP in Thomas Adès's *Powder Her Face* (The Maid), which she also performed in Aspen, Brooklyn, Metz, Bilbao, and London.

In concert, Heather appeared both at the Kennedy Center and Trinity Wall Street in Philip Glass's *Symphony No. 5*, Beijing's National Center for the Performing Arts in Mahler's *Symphony No. 2*, Marinsky Theater in Tan Dun's *Water Passion after St. Matthew*, the Concertgebouw in Dusapin's *Faustus, the Last Night*, Boston's Symphony Hall in Handel's *Messiah*, Ottawa's National Arts Centre with the NAC Orchestra in Mozart's *Mass in C Minor*, and Avery Fisher Hall and Carnegie Hall with the American Symphony Orchestra. Other appearances include Bernstein's *Songfest* (Trinity Church, Time's Arrow Festival), Esa-Pekka Salonen's *Five Images After Sappho* (Utah Symphony Orchestra), Jacob Druckman's *Counterpoise* (Los Angeles Symphony New Music Group), Orff's *Carmina Burana* (San Antonio Symphony, North Carolina Symphony), Kaija Saariaho's *Leino Laulut* (US premiere, Orchestra of the League of Composers), and Louis Karchin's *Four Songs on Poems of Seamus Heaney* (world premiere, Orchestra of the League of Composers).



**Stephen Powell** enters his fourth decade as a leading baritone in opera companies and orchestras around the globe. With USA performances in San Diego, Detroit, New York, Boston, Los Angeles, Houston, Chicago, St. Louis, Seattle, Cleveland, Nashville, Dallas, Kansas City, Atlanta, Philadelphia, San Francisco, Baltimore, Washington DC, Minneapolis, and Miami, as well as international credits in São Paulo, Rio de Janeiro, and Belo Horizonte, Brazil; Wexford, Ireland; Amsterdam, Paris, Singapore, Zurich,



London, Hong Kong, Montreal, Toronto, Rome, and Leipzig. Mr. Powell maintains a busy performance schedule.

He has been a member of the voice faculty at Mannes School of Music at The New School in New York City for the past 5 years, teaches privately out of his home outside of Philadelphia, and is a recurring guest instructor at the Potomac Vocal Institute in Washington, DC. He is also in demand for master classes on college campuses and young artist programs around the country. He will release his first solo CD in 2020, a compilation of American art songs with four giants of American Song composition at the piano playing their own works. Mr. Powell earned his Bachelor of Music degree in Theory and Composition (piano emphasis) from Northwestern University, his Master of Music and Certificate in Performance from DePaul University in Vocal Performance, and spent two years as a young artist in the Lyric Opera of Chicago's apprentice program. He is a member of NATS, AFTRA, AGMA and NARAS.

Mr. Powell was born and raised in West Chester, PA, and currently resides near his hometown in beautiful Chester County with his wife, soprano Barbara Shirvis, and their two sons, Benjamin and Zachary, both of whom are pursuing careers as singers and jazz musicians.

**Luke Scott**, described by *The New York Times* as "the robust-voiced baritone," has performed leading roles with orchestras and opera companies in Canada and the US. Recent engagements include Escamillo (*Carmen*) with Maryland Symphony and the Caramoor Festival; Figaro (*Le nozze di Figaro*) with Opera on the Avalon and El Sistema in Venezuela; Peter (*Hansel und Gretel*) with Opera Theater of CT; Count Almaviva (*Le nozze di Figaro*) with the Martina Arroyo Foundation; Argante (*Rinaldo*) with Boston Opera Collaborative; Leporello (*Don Giovanni*) with Opera Western Reserve; and Emile de Becque (*South Pacific*) at St.

Petersburg Opera. Recent concerts include the Brahms Requiem with Newburyport Chorale Society, Mozart Requiem with Connecticut Virtuosi Orchestra, Handel's *Judas Maccabaeus* with New Haven Chorale, soloist with Cape Cod Symphony, a winner of the New England

Concerto competition, Messiah soloist with the Eastern Connecticut Symphony, and finalist for the Art Song Preservation Society of NY concert. After his role of Escamillo with Opera Western Reserve and a debut with Opera in Williamsburg, he returned to New York's Broadway district in the critically acclaimed revival of *Figaro (90210)* then continued to Boston for the the world premiere of *Noli Me Tangere* followed by a concert of Rogers and Hammerstein with Opera Theater of CT. Last season included *Don Giovanni* with Salt Marsh Opera; *Trial at Rouen* with Odyssey Opera; *Dulcamara* in *L'Elisir d'Amore* and Bartolo in *Le Nozze di Figaro* with Opera Naples; and soloist at the Oregon Bach Festival. Upcoming this season includes *Tosca* with Long Island Lyric Opera, *La bohème* at the Natchez Festival, *Camelot* with Indianapolis Opera, and Purcell's *Tempest* at the Connecticut Early Music Festival. Mr. Scott has received awards from the Martina Arroyo Foundation, the American Prize in opera, Bel Canto Scholarship Foundation, Shreveport Opera Singer of the Year, and Gerda Lissner Foundation.



TAYLOR HOOPER PHOTOGRAPHY

**Ryan Stoll**, bass-baritone, has appeared with Odyssey Opera as Laurent in Tchaikovsky's *Maid of Orleans*, in Honneger's *Jeanne d'Arc au bûcher*, and Dvořák's *Dimitrij*. With a distinct affinity for interpreting contemporary pieces, Ryan portrayed Guy Cotter in *Everest*, appeared in Jake Heggie's *Moby Dick*, and performed in the world premiere of Dan Shore's *Freedom Ride* with Chicago Opera Theater. He has workshopped Robert Aldridge's *Sister Carrie*, Stacy Garrop's *The Transformation of Jane Doe*, and Felicia Chen's *The Life and Death(s) of Alan Turing*. He has also performed in *Song from the Uproar* with Chautauqua Opera, Evan Mack's *Roscoe* with

Albany Symphony Orchestra, and *Silent Night* with Fort Worth Opera.

Ryan has appeared as a Young Artist with Chautauqua Opera, Des Moines Metro Opera, Sarasota Opera, Central City Opera, and Chicago Opera Theater. Ryan will join Opera Saratoga's Young Artist Program singing Sergeant of Police in *The Pirates of Penzance*.



CHRISTINE CISZCZON

**Jeremy Ayres Fisher**, tenor, has been praised for the "sheer beauty and melody" of his voice and his "elegant" and "telling" characterization. He is a consistent presence on stage with Odyssey Opera and the Boston Modern Orchestra Project, with roles and ensemble appearances in ten productions since 2015. Other credits include Pinkerton in *Madama Butterfly* with the Janiec Opera Company, Blindt in MassOpera's *Die Fledermaus*, and Prince Charmant in Viardot's *Cendrillon* with the Cambridge Chamber Ensemble. He made his Boston debut with Boston Opera Collaborative in the title role of *Albert Herring*. He spent two seasons as an

Apprentice Artist with Opera Saratoga, where he was seen as Arturo in *Lucia di Lammermoor*, Borsa in *Rigoletto*, and Fireball Snedeker in *The Mighty Casey*. Mr. Fisher was scheduled to make his company debut with Chicago Lyric Opera in the ensemble of *Götterdämmerung* in the spring of 2020.



NORMAN DELLO JOIO IN HIS APARTMENT, 1944. PHOTO BY ANDRÉ KERTESZ.



LIZ LINDER

**Gil Rose** is a musician helping to shape the future of classical music. Acknowledged for his “sense of style and sophistication” by *Opera News*, noted as “an amazingly versatile conductor” by *The Boston Globe*, and praised for conducting with “admiral command” by *The New York Times*, over the past two decades Mr. Rose has built a reputation as one of the country’s most inventive and versatile conductors. His dynamic performances on both the symphonic and operatic stages as well as over 75 recordings have garnered international critical praise.

In 1996, Mr. Rose founded the Boston Modern Orchestra Project (BMOP), the foremost professional orchestra dedicated exclusively to performing and recording symphonic music of the twentieth and twenty-first centuries. Under his leadership, BMOP has won fourteen ASCAP awards for adventurous programming and was selected as Musical America’s 2016 Ensemble of the Year, the first symphony orchestra to receive this distinction. Mr. Rose serves as the executive producer of the GRAMMY® Award-winning BMOP/sound recording label. His extensive discography includes world premiere recordings of music by John Cage, Lukas Foss, Charles Fussell, Michael Gandolfi, Tod Machover, Steven Mackey, Evan Ziporyn, and many others on such labels as Albany, Arsiv, Chandos, Cantaloupe, ECM, Naxos, New World, and BMOP/sound.

In September 2013, he introduced a new company to the Boston opera scene, Odyssey Opera, dedicated to eclectic and underperformed operatic repertoire. Since the company’s inaugural performance of Wagner’s *Rienzi*, which took the Boston scene by storm, Odyssey Opera has continued to receive universal acclaim for its annual festivals with compelling themes and unique programs, presenting fully staged operatic works and concert performances of overlooked grand opera masterpieces. In its first five years, Mr. Rose has brought 22 operas to Boston, and introduced the city to some important new artists. In 2016 Mr. Rose founded Odyssey Opera’s in-house recording label with its first release, Pietro Mascagni’s *Zanetto*, followed by a double disc of one-act operas by notable American composer

Dominick Argento in 2018 and the world premiere recording of Mario Castelnuovo-Tedesco's *The Importance of Being Earnest* in 2020.

From 2012 to 2019, he was the Artistic Director of the longstanding Monadnock Music Festival in historic Peterborough, New Hampshire. Mr. Rose conducted several premieres as well as cycles of the symphonies of Beethoven and Mendelssohn. He made his opera stage directing debut in two revivals of operas by Dominick Argento as well as conducting, directing, and producing a production and world premiere recording of Ned Rorem's opera *Our Town* in the historic Peterborough Townhouse.

Mr. Rose maintains a busy schedule as a guest conductor on both the opera and symphonic platforms. He made his Tanglewood debut in 2002 and in 2003 he debuted with the Netherlands Radio Symphony at the Holland Festival. He has led the American Composers Orchestra, Warsaw Philharmonic, National Symphony Orchestra of the Ukraine, Cleveland Chamber Symphony, Orchestra della Svizzera Italiana, and National Orchestra of Porto. In 2015, he made his Japanese debut substituting for Seiji Ozawa at the Matsumoto Festival conducting Berlioz's *Béatrice et Bénédicte*, and in March 2016 made his debut with New York City Opera at the Appel Room at Jazz at Lincoln Center. He has since returned to City Opera in 2017 (as Conductor and Director) in Zankel Hall at Carnegie Hall and 2018 conducting a double bill of Rameau & Donizetti's settings of *Pigmalione*. In 2019, he made his debut conducting the Juilliard Symphony in works of Ligeti and Tippett.

As an educator, he has served on the faculty of Tufts University and Northeastern University, and has worked with students at a wide range of colleges such as Harvard, MIT, New England Conservatory, Carnegie Mellon University, and the University of California at San Diego, among others.



The **Boston Modern Orchestra Project** is the premier orchestra in the United States dedicated exclusively to commissioning, performing, and recording music of the twentieth and twenty-first centuries. A unique institution of crucial artistic importance to today's musical world, the Boston Modern Orchestra Project (BMOP) exists to disseminate exceptional orchestral music of the present and recent past via performances and recordings of the highest caliber.

Founded by Artistic Director Gil Rose in 1996, BMOP has championed composers whose careers span nine decades. Each season, Rose brings BMOP's award-winning orchestra, renowned soloists, and influential composers to the stage of New England Conservatory's historic Jordan Hall in a series that offers the most diverse orchestral programming in the city. The musicians of BMOP are consistently lauded for the energy, imagination, and passion with which they infuse the music of the present era.

BMOP's distinguished and adventurous track record includes premieres and recordings of monumental and provocative new works such as John Harbison's ballet *Ulysses*, Louis Andriessen's *Trilogy of the Last Day*, and Tod Machover's *Death and the Powers*. A perennial winner of the ASCAP Award for Adventurous Programming, the orchestra has been featured

at festivals including Opera Unlimited, the Ditson Festival of Contemporary Music with the ICA/Boston, Tanglewood, the Boston Cyberarts Festival, the Festival of New American Music (Sacramento, CA), Music on the Edge (Pittsburgh, PA), and the MATA Festival in New York. During its 20th anniversary season, BMOP was named Musical America's 2016 Ensemble of the Year, the first symphony orchestra in the organization's history to receive this distinction.

BMOP has actively pursued a role in music education through composer residencies, collaborations with colleges, and an ongoing relationship with the New England Conservatory, where it is Affiliate Orchestra for New Music. The musicians of BMOP are equally at home in Symphony Hall, Weill Recital Hall at Carnegie Hall, and in Cambridge's Club Oberon and Boston's Club Café, where they pursued a popular, composer-led Club Concert series from 2004 to 2012.

BMOP/sound, BMOP's independent record label, was created in 2008 to provide a platform for BMOP's extensive archive of music, as well as to provide widespread, top-quality, permanent access to both classics of the 20th century and the music of today's most innovative composers. BMOP/sound has garnered praise from the national and international press; it is the recipient of a 2020 GRAMMY® Award for *Tobias Picker: Fantastic Mr. Fox*, eight GRAMMY® Award nominations, and its releases have appeared on the year-end "Best of" lists of *The New York Times*, *The Boston Globe*, National Public Radio, *Time Out New York*, *American Record Guide*, *Downbeat Magazine*, WBUR, NewMusicBox, and others.

BMOP expands the horizon of a typical "night at the symphony." Admired, praised, and sought after by artists, presenters, critics, and audiophiles, BMOP and BMOP/sound are uniquely positioned to redefine the new music concert and recording experience.

**FLUTE**

Sarah Brady\* [1-2]  
Rachel Braude (piccolo) [1-2]  
Jessica Lizak [2]

**OBOE**

Laura Pardee [2]  
Jennifer Slowik\* [1-2]  
Catherine Weinfeld  
(English horn) [1-2]

**CLARINET**

Amy Advocat (bass clarinet) [2]  
Jan Halloran [1-2]  
Michael Norsworthy\* [1-2]

**BASSOON**

Ronald Haroutunian\* [1-2]  
Margaret Phillips [1-2]

**HORN**

Neil Godwin\* [1-2]  
Rebekah Lorenz [1-2]  
Alex Stening [1-2]  
Sarah Sutherland [1-2]

**TRUMPET**

Eric Berlin [1-2]  
Terry Everson\* [1-2]  
Andrew Sorg [2]

**TROMBONE**

Hans Bohn [1-2]  
Alexei Doohovsky [1-2]

Bass Trombone  
Christopher Beaudry [1-2]

**TUBA**

Takatsugu Hagiwara [1-2]

**PERCUSSION**

Craig McNutt (timpani) [1-2]  
Robert Schulz\* [1-2]  
Nicholas Tolle [2]  
Michael Zell [1]

**VIOLIN I**

Sarah Atwood [1]  
Piotr Buczek [1-2]  
Sonia Deng [1-2]  
Gabriela Diaz\* [1-2]  
Tudor Dornescu [1]  
Susan Jensen [1-2]  
Sean Larkin [1-2]  
Yumi Okada [2]  
Nicole Parks [1-2]  
Amy Sims [1-2]  
Katherine Winterstein [1]

**VIOLIN II**

Gabriel Boyers [1]  
Colleen Brannen\* [1-2]  
Heidi Braun Hill\* [1]  
Lilit Hartunian [1-2]  
Aleksandra Labinska [1]  
Mina Lavcheva [1]  
Judith Lee [2]

Shadwa Mussad [1]  
Kay Rooney Matthews [1-2]  
Nivedita Sarnath [1-2]  
Megumi Stohs [2]  
Zoya Tsvetkova [2]  
Edward Wu [1-2]

**VIOLA**

Mark Berger [2]  
Joan Eilersick\* [2]  
Nathaniel Farny [1-2]  
Noriko Futagami\* [1-2]  
Ashleigh Gordon [1]  
Samuel Kelder [1]  
Lauren Nelson [1-2]  
Dimitar Petkov [1]  
Emily Rideout [1-2]  
Emily Rome [1]

**CELLO**

Miriam Bolkosky [1]  
Jonathan Butler [1-2]  
Darry Dolezal [1]  
Katherine Kayaian [1-2]  
Velleda Miragias [1-2]  
David Russell\* [1-2]

**BASS**

Anthony D'Amico\* [1-2]  
Scot Fitzsimmons [1-2]  
Katherine Foss [1-2]  
Bebo Shiu [1]

## CHORUS

### SOPRANO

Alecia Batson  
Celeste Godin  
Natalie Logan<sup>^</sup>  
Erin Merceruio Nelson  
Kay Patterson  
Samantha Schmid

### MEZZO-SOPRANO

Alexandra Dietrich<sup>^</sup>  
Julia Kornick

Rebecca Krouner  
Elena Snow  
Mauri Tetreault  
Hilary Anne Walker

### TENOR

Wes Hunter<sup>^</sup>  
Jonathan Oakes  
Ted Palés  
Fran Rogers  
Felix Aguilar Tomlinson

### BARITONE

Mitch FitzDaniel  
Marcus Schenk  
Matthew Stansfield  
Ryan Stoll  
Aaron Styles  
Wesley Thomas

### THE INQUISITORS

Ethan Bremner<sup>†</sup>  
RaShaun Campbell

Joel Edward  
Andrew Miller<sup>†</sup>  
Alexis Piñero

### KEY

[1] Symphony  
[2] Trial at Rouen  
\*Principals  
<sup>^</sup>Heavenly Voices  
<sup>†</sup>Lead Inquisitors

## Norman Dello Joio

The Triumph of Saint Joan Symphony  
The Trial at Rouen

Producer: Gil Rose  
Recording and postproduction: Joel Gordon  
Assistant Engineer: Peter Atkinson

SACD authoring: Brad Michel

*The Triumph of Saint Joan Symphony* and *The Trial at Rouen* are published by Carl Fischer, Inc.

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