

So the light takes the cheek. Raise the calm hand
Clasping the hand. Set the door wide, and go.
Now, now my Virgin's perfect! Quick, my tools. . . .
O, Mater Dolorosa. O, Dorette.

*All is silent, except for the distant tinkle of a bell ringing to
vespers, and a faint sound of chanting.*

*Salve, Regina, Mater misericordiae,
Vita, dulcedo, et spes nostra, salve.
O clemens, O pia, O dulcis Virgo Maria.*

JEAN. Will the light hold until they come for me?

MARJORIE L. C. PICKTHALL