

DE LOTBINIERE. Sweet, losing you
I should go unkinged for ever, since my kingdom
Rests but in this.

DORETTE. You need not fear to lose me,
Save as the strong tree loses the dead leaf,
Or the full tide one star. Though I should die
Now, and be set behind you like a song
Heard once between the midnight and the dawn
And then forgotten, yet all I was, looked, said,
Should still be yours, warm night be full of me,
And morning come for ever with my face,
Who have given you your first love.

DE LOTBINIERE First love, and last.

DORETTE. And last. And last. . . Go now.
O Christ, too late!

DE LOTBINIERE. Too late?

DORETTE. They are coming upward from the river,
Jean and his Indian boy.

DE LOTBINIERE. So soon returned?

DORETTE. He is walking very fast. I think he knows.

DE LOTBINIERE. Does he, at last?

DORETTE. Perhaps Shagonas told him,
Perhaps the dumb earth lightened into speech,
As oftentimes to flowers, or the blank air
Took colour in our likeness. Why, you wait.
O, I am going mad. Have you no limbs,
No breath, no natural motion? Would you bide
Thus, thus the loosening rock, the falling tree,
Fingering a sword?

DE LOTBINIERE. Is your Jeannot so much?
Let him find me here beside you.

DORETTE. If he does
I shall go mad indeed. Have I no claim?
Have you no pity for me? Is your love
Of such a bitter substance that my tears
Can wring no answer from it, nor my hands
Avail against your pride? See, see, I'll kneel,