

See, Louis, she will not hear me.

She is not Our Lady, for she has my face.

What was that sound?

DE LOTBINIERE. I heard none.

DORETTE. It was like

The twang of a stretched bow this side the river

Beyond the fields. It had a sound of death.

DE LOTBINIERE. Loveliest, what frights you? Life is all
for us.

The fulness and fruition of the year

Are on our side, deep rose and darkening grape

Are with us, and the strong bird fledged to fly,

Forgetful of the nest.

In the deep woods

I found white flowers beside a little stream,

Of three waxed petals round a core of gold.

I would have brought them to you, but I thought

To crown you with them there, where balsam boughs

Strain the sweet sun, and every hour is stayed

On silence, and but the stream runs into song.

DORETTE. If you owe me any favour, any grace

Of a promise I once kept, I pray you, go.

DE LOTBINIERE. Are you tired of loving me?

DORETTE. I tired? O Christ!

I would lay my body for your feet to walk on,

And make a carpet of my hair for you,

Be the unsensed wood, the stone, the dust you trod,

So that you trod to safety.

DE LOTBINIERE. Dear, I'll go,

But kiss me first.

DORETTE. Ah, Louis, I will seal you

With a charm of sevenfold kisses against wrong,

Here, here, and here, on hands, cheeks, lips, and head.

When first I saw you, back in Amiens,

Go riding with the great folk past our door,

I thought that head a king's.