

DE LOTBINIERE. Why, go so soon? I have scarcely looked
at you,

Nor touched your hair nor lifted your sweet hands.
My chalice has gone drained of you, its wine,
These three days. Love, I cannot leave you yet.

DORETTE. But if he comes. . . .

DE LOTBINIERE. When will you to the forest,
My sweet wild dove? I saw red lilies there
Burning in sun-bleached grass, and gentians spread
Beside a little pool, less blue than he,
The great kingfisher poised on the dead bough.
Black squirrels chirred against the quarrelling jays,
There came a flight of emerald humming-birds,
While through the wind-swayed walls of reed and vine
Laced the quick dragonflies. Sweet, will you come?

DORETTE. I am yours, my heart, wherever I may be.
Let it content you.

DE LOTBINIERE. I am not content.

*She leaves him, goes to the Pieta, and standing before it
speaks.*

DORETTE. O Mother, tell him I cannot go.

DE LOTBINIERE Dorette.

DORETTE. O Mother, hold me fast against his voice.

DE LOTBINIERE. Dorette.

DORETTE. O Virgin, hide me from his eyes.

Build from your sorrowing hands a little ark
Where that storm-driven bird, my soul, may rest
Till all its heaviness is overpast.

When will that be? In the grave? I think not there.

Though my slight bones had lain for centuries

Bound over with the prisoning forest roots,

And had no other feasting than the rain,

And known no other music than the wind,

I should yet go climbing upward every spring

When the whitethroat came and burgeoning grains put out,
To look for him.