

Too eager for that cup, and school your heart,  
That yet strains after him the way he went,  
That he returns no more ?

*O, two rode home,  
Two rode home by the ford and the sand  
Between the night and the day,  
But one has stayed in Holy Land. . . .*

One always stays, one always stays behind  
Where the heart makes holy land. This king of song  
Was worshipful, just, and holy. His great place  
Knew him no more. He cast it all away,—  
The pity of it!—so he might serve till death  
God's Mother. But she did not wear your face.

DORETTE. This heat. . . I am dying.

JEAN. What is it you say ?

If I should gash this sacred brow I smoothe  
Would you break blood ? If I should pierce your heart,  
Would she of the sevenfold sorrows leap and cry ?  
I cannot part you. O, the grief of it,  
That Mary should sit there with you, and you  
Climb heaven with her ! I am grown sick of grief  
In a short hour. To work, to work ; your face.

DORETTE. Call. Call Shagonas.

JEAN. Has he the art to heal you ?

What do you fear ? I would not have you fear.  
I would not have you like poor Mary here, who passed  
Beyond it, of a Friday.

DORETTE. O, my heart.

JEAN. Broken, like mine ? And so you had a heart,  
As well as those round limbs, those prosperous lips,  
The bloom of bosom and hair ?

*O, he hath stayed. . . .  
O, he hath stayed to watch her face  
And make his prayer there to,  
And to lay down, for her soul's grace  
His life beneath her shoe. . . .*