

DORETTE. Yea, sure, as if you found me dead but now
And saw my face.

JEAN. I see a kind of death there.
Go, sit you in your chair.

DORETTE. Where is Shagonas?

JEAN. Lingering to shoot at crows with his great bow,
More fit for war. He has fleshed an arrow thrice
In carrion hearts, until the feather dripped
Blood, blood, and blood again. You shrink? By blood
Was the world saved, and what's as red as it
Only by blood is turned wool-white again.
What's that to you, white rose? Go, sit you there.
I would make you more Madonna.

DORETTE. O Jean, not now.

I am sick, I am weary.

JEAN. Do you pray to me?
You should not. You're Our Lady. You will taste
The year-long incense and the holy heat
Of candles; they will hail you mystic rose,
Sea-star, and vase of honour. Sit you there.

DORETTE. I cannot.

JEAN. Go.

DORETTE. You are very harsh with me.

JEAN. 'Tis you are hard to please. I kiss, you tremble;
I speak, you are in tears.

DORETTE. Where is Shagonas?

JEAN. Without, without.

DORETTE. I have an errand for him.

JEAN. He will come soon. Fie, what a withered look.
How your heart beats. You are fevered. Sit, Dorette.
Lift your face to the light,—a little forward,—
So, now. And dream you hold across your knees,
What's dearest of your world, and slain for you,
That blood may wash out sin.

DORETTE. Ah, Christ!

JEAN. Of course,
Who else but Christ? That suits me. Hold your peace.