

O, he hath sold the golden rings
That linked his camel-reins,
And the low song a mother sings
Is all his sorrow gains.

Two rode home by the foam and the sand
Between the night and the day,
But one has stayed in Holy Land
And cast his crown away.

As his song ends, JEAN reaches the door, and stands within it, gazing at DORETTE, who remains in front of the Pieta. Then he enters the room.

JEAN. Do you pray there to yourself?

DORETTE. Rather to God.

JEAN. Why, that's the better prayer.

You should not pray to yourself. You are too tender,
You irised bubble of the clay, to bear
The weight of worship. Prayer must not be made
To the weak dust the wind cards presently
About the world. Why, even your shadow, she,
Madonna of the reddening cedar wood,
Hath but a doubtful momentary power,
A troubled consolation, and a look
As though the air would rend her, or the fire
Eat to swift ash. No comfort there for sinners.
But you're no sinner, need no comforting
Other than mine. As this, and this, and this.

DORETTE. You hurt me.

JEAN. I? What, hurt you with a kiss?

Shall I go kiss her so?

DORETTE. It were a sin.

JEAN. Why, here's too much of sin, and sin, and sin.

Go, get you to that chair.

DORETTE. Why do you look

So strangely on me?

JEAN. Is my look so strange?