

L a m e c h .

LAMECH.

Zilla, my darling. Ada—both my darlings,
My sunshine and my joy. Oh, be at peace.

ADA.

Sunshine indeed !

ZILLA.

Now Lamech, hearken to me :
I'll none of that. Send off this woman. Place her
In some dark nook, a day's tramp from my bower,
Or vengeance will o'ertake thee.

ADA.

Hearken, Lamech :
You promised me the affluence of bliss,
An ocean of affection. You are false !
And I shall hate you if you do not place
Your heel upon this woman. She insults me.

ZILLA.

Nay, plant your foot on her—or bear my hatred.

ADA.

Tear him in pieces ! fling him to the wolves.