

Stardorn

Well now my love, we'll drop the upleasant theme

Elkona.

Starborn my husband, yes—if you relent'

Or will not go yourself.

Siarborn.

My precious wife'

Where I must stand is by a gaping pit,
 A frightful chasm, And at the bottom rolls
 A hidden stream in murmurs melancholy.
 If you are scared when Lola lifts a stone,
 Or with a spear point, on a sheet of sand,
 Portrays the game of ranges unexplored.
 How could you meet the famous chief himself,
 August magnificent and venerable
 With years and honors? Think of it no more.
 And as a Chieftain I must meet him Donned
 With all the trappings and the proud reserve
 Pertaining to my rank.

Elkona

And as your wife,

I will array myself and go with you! _____