

Have roused myself by talking—have list'ned
My dearest, Yes, I scorn myself, that now
My slumbers are but gambols not repose
Your dear solicitude which I deserve not,
Floods me with shame. I blush, my love, albeit
Powerless to do as you desire—just yet,
When the moon rises full and round to-morrow,
Hours intervene, but at that time I must
Visit the cavern. And I purpose then
To drop the inquisition, and content,
Will visit it no more.

Elkona

My dearest Starborn,
Let me go with you. O indeed you must.
You shall not stir a step without me—no!
Yes, I will follow you if you refuse.

Starborn

Fondest Elkona, do not tell me that.
The place is not befitting nor the hour,
For my sweet girl.

Elkona.

Starborn, I am resolved.