

Builded beyond the clouds! I go to lay
 Its streets with sapphires and adorn the walls
 With chrysoprase—make every gate a pearl—
 A moon of summer magic, musical
 At turning of each graven silver hinge,
 Melodious as filmy waterfalls!

*[He turns to Michal, who rises at his word to be
 enfolded with Loruhamah in his arms.]*

Michal, arise! The time for tears is past.
 Not on this star shall all the tale be told
 Of Saul and Loruhamah and their love.

*[There is a sudden and nearing blast of trum-
 pets with a mighty shout of voices. The full,
 red disk of the sun almost fills the entrance
 of the cave. Tenderly Saul frees himself from
 the embrace of Michal and Loruhamah. He
 goes towards the steps, ascends, pauses and
 looks down at them with wide open arms.
 Michal turns from Loruhamah and runs to
 the steps, looking up at Saul. Loruhamah
 stands as Saul left her, looking away from
 him with hopeless sorrow in her eyes.]*

MICHAL. My father! O my father! Do not go!

VOICES. Saul!

LORUHAMA *[as Saul turns at the sound of the
 voices and leaves the cave].*

Ashtoreth!

MICHAL. My father!

VOICES. Saul! Saul! Saul!

[Michal sinks weeping at the foot of the steps.]