

Lamech.

ZILLA.

Avaunt, dear mistress.

ADA.

Give me back that chaplet.
Thus do I snatch it—tear it—trample on it!
And thus adjust the ringlets on thy shoulders—
As I've been spurned and trampled. Hussy!
take that.

Slapping her, and spoiling her curls.

ZILLA.

Nay—not so saucy.—Lamech, saw you that?
And not protect me?

LAMECH.

Nay, my loves, be kind.
Why will you differ and provoke me thus?
I live for both. Is not my love sufficient?
Whole, though divided.

ADA.

Lamech, dare you thus?
Well art thou named, black augury of ill: