

[*Cries of "Spare them! Release her! Give us back our Captain!" and "Sacrilege! Let them die!" Then silence, all turning toward the King.*]

BENHADAD:

Is this the choice? Must we destroy the bond

Of ancient faith, or slay the city's living hope!

I am an old, old man,—and yet the King!

Must I decide?—O let me ponder it!

[*His head sinks upon his breast. All stand eagerly looking at him.*]

NAAMAN: [*Holding her in his arms.*]

Ruahmah, my Ruahmah! I have come

To thee at last! And art thou satisfied?

RUAHMAH: [*Looking into his face.*]

Belovéd, my belovéd, I am glad

Forever! Come what may, the only God

Is Love,—and He will never part us.

*FINIS.*