

The Two Offerings.

Perhaps I'll tell thee much. I cannot now,
For a charged cloud has overshadowed me,
And tinges all my musings.

Tipharah. But, sweet mother,
O tell us did you fear those stalking monsters?—
—Lo, here flits Zaaph!

Eve. Daughter of my son,
Of Cain my premier, let me kiss thy lips.
My gay one and my lovely, though thy name,
Zaaph my dear, denote far otherwise.
Thy liniments are lofty as thy father's,
And as thy mother's peerless. She, my first,
The dawn star of my excellence, first wedded,
And rich in hope.

Yapkeh. O mother. tell us, tell us,
Did you not laugh at the grotesque and saucy
Strange monkeys and their mimicry? Or were
They not in that fair Gan?

Eve. My praters, He
Who framed all creatures, loves variety,
And has provided for all genial moods,
And entertainments tasteful for each trait
And feature of his sons and of his daughters.
Be good and thus be blissful. Play not rudely.

Run off, all except Shamar.
Midst fruits and flowers how gleeful! But my son
My Shamar shuns the frolic?

Shamar. I am musing
Of something that I saw some eves ago.
It puzzles me, and might I crave, dear mother,
One word of counsel. Yet we cluster round thee