

There is no music breathed by lute or harp
 Sweeter than your dear voice that tells me this,
 And in the knowledge of your love for me
 Death will become a falling into sleep;
 But my last moment thunders with such sound,
 That all earth's voices mingle into it!
 Perchance Jehovah has set me this task
 In mercy, that my stormy life may end
 With some wide splendour of a sunset-sky!
 [*Michal comes down and kneels at Loruhamah's
 side.*]

MICHAL. My father, harken unto Loruhamah!
 Behold her tears! Can you withstand her tears?
 SAUL. Jehovah calls! who may withstand His
 voice?

Michal, behold I see where all was dark:
 Davia begins where Saul is at an end,
 And Samuel, anointing him, foretold
 The House of Jesse following the House
 Of Kish upon the throne of Israel.
 Go tell David that Saul forgave the deed;
 And when they find me dead on Gilboa,
 Yield him the crown—yea, place it on his brows,
 That song and youth's sweet laughter stir again
 Throughout this stricken land, and all the world
 Grow glorious and golden in the sun!
 [*Saul bends over Loruhamah, takes her hands
 and lifts her to his side.*]

My Loruhamah, one fair city waits
 Our coming—fairer than far Babylon—