

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—