

S A U L.

A C T I.

SCENE I.

The Hill of God, with the Philistine garrison adjacent. A number of DEMONS dancing: ZAPH, their chief, observing them; and TIPTOE, his messenger, looking on smiling.

ZAPH.

Gently, this is sacred ground ;
Foot it in a quiet round ;
Tiptoe, keep a keen look out
Whilst I join awhile the bout.

TIPTOE (*aside*) *turning to keep watch.*

I wish Saltina had been here : long since
I would have spun her up the air, and made
Her sob with sweet gyration.

ZAPH, *having danced a measure, and left the circle.*

'Tis a vile hoax to dance with one's own gender !
I would have chosen of the other sex half my troop,
But that love making would have hindered affairs :
Besides, I should have had more brawls upon my hands
Than would employ ten of hell's readiest judges
To adjudicate, — passing by the peril of giving
Further cause for what is now so imminent, namely,
A law amongst us granting a divorce.
Tiptoe sees something : he is like a hound :
I'll take him out a hunting when I've leisure ;
To scour the world with him must be a pleasure.
Tiptoe, what seest thou ?

TIPTOE.

A great rabble.

ZAPH.

Of what composed ?