

Let sound the trumpets! Send the chariot
And company of horsemen hither! Go!
I follow after you!

ABNER. At once, my Lord!

[*Abner leaves the cave in haste.*]

LORUHAMAH [*kneeling at Saul's feet*].

If you have still the love that made me fair
Unto your eyes, then follow far beyond
The line of Eastern hills to Babylon,
And build those promised crystal domes of
dream,

Forgetting you were ever Saul the King!

SAUL. The host is waiting on the heights for
Saul!

LORUHAMAH [*clasping her hands and locking up
at Saul*].

Once you did plead—now Loruhamah pleads.

We cannot call the years back from the knees

Of Ashtoreth, but life is yet most fair

And full of promise for our love delayed.

Oh, take me, Saul! . . . See how I plead to
you!

Go not from me to death, but go with me

To life—sweet life! . . . Surely the gods

Are satisfied; they will not grudge the lees

Left in the cup of Loruhamah's love!

I have been strong, kept faith; but now my will

Flows down, like water from an age-long height

Of ice-capped mountain melting in the sun!

SAUL [*tenderly stroking her hair*].