

## SCENE XIII.

*Gilboa. The sound of the battle heard faintly. Enter ABER and some  
SOLDIERS in haste and disorder.*

ABER.

Where is the king?  
Go urge him from the field that fast is clearing,  
But tell him not that his three sons are killed.

*Exeunt SOLDIERS.*

Alas, alas, now do I think that he  
Foreknew their fate, for I had never seen him  
Before so tender towards them. Oh, the knell  
Appears now sounded over Israel!

*Exit, and enter SAUL mortally wounded and sinks upon the ground.*

SAUL.

Now let me die, for I indeed was slain  
With my three sons. Where are they? Let me  
Find them that I may perish with them, dying,  
Cover them with my form as doth a fowl  
Cover her chickens. Oh Philistia,  
Thou now art compensated for the losses  
That thou hast suffered by me; thou art getting  
Rich with this crimson, hot and molten tide,  
That waits not patient to be coined in drops,  
But rushes in an ingot-forming stream,  
Out of the mine and mintage of my heart.  
Oh, my three poor, dead sons, where are you?

*Rises somewhat but falls again upon the ground.*

No,

I cannot reach them!

*A dull sound arises.*

It is the enemy's horse!

I will not fly, flight misbecomes the brave,  
Why should I fly when I've no life to save?  
All's over save the end.

*Enter SAUL'S ARMOUR BEARER.*

ARMOUR BEARER.

Your majesty,  
Rise, or the enemy will be upon you.

SAUL.

I cannot, boy, for I am dying fast:—  
And yet not fast enough it seems, so draw  
Forthwith thy sword and with it run me through,  
Lest those uncircumcised arrive and do it,  
And afterward abuse me.