

To turn aside the counsels of the gods
 And would the sun from running round the world!
 Ah, foolish Loruhamah! Woman's wit
 Against the large intelligence of man
 Fails, as the rivers fail to modify
 The saltness of the sea. Twice I forgave
 Your folly, and again I would forgive.

[*He draws his sword.*]

Here is my sword. Take it and cleave the heart
 Of Saul, and let his blood now expiate
 Your sins against the gods who will restore
 Her Priestess to the arms of Ashtoreth!

LORUHAMA. My breast is open to your thirsty
 sword!

Drink deeply, Doeg, of my proffered wine,
 Until with an eternal drunkenness
 You drop down wildly, like an errant star
 Lost from its orbit, into gulfs of night
 That never know the splendour of the dawn!
 A woman's wit is in a woman's love;
 Invincible through steadfastness of faith,
 Patient and waiting, when her moment comes
 She claims and wins it, as I here prevail
 Upon your serpent-twistings and your guile!

DOEG. What do you win?

LORUHAMA. Eternity with Saul!

DOEG. You foolish one! The unsubstantial
 shade

Of Samuel should teach you that the soul,
 Dissevered from the flesh is but a breath—