

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!  
 LORUHAMAH. 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?

LORUHAMAH. 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—