

horns, the mane of a lion, and huge paws stretched in front of him enclosing a low altar of black stone. RUAHMAH stands on the altar, chained, her arms are bare and folded on her breast. The people prostrate themselves in silence, with signs of astonishment and horror.]

REZON:

Behold the sacrifice! Bow down, bow down!

NAAMAN: [*Stabbing him.*]

Bow thou, black priest! Down,—down to hell!

Ruahmah! do not die! I come to thee.

[NAAMAN rushes toward her, attacked by the priests, crying "Sacrilege! Kill him!" But the soldiers stand on the steps and beat them back. He springs upon the altar and clasps her by the hand. Tumult and confusion. The King rises and speaks with a loud voice, silence follows.]

BENHADAD:

Peace, peace! The King commands all weapons
down!

O Naaman, what wouldst thou do? Beware

Lest thou provoke the anger of a god.