

Those whom I leave shall shake my manhood most,
My orphaned daughters, and my youngest born,
Poor, crippled Mephibosheth, — for the rest,
We are about to pass to one dark goal,

After weeping awhile in silence.

There, let me scorn all further tenderness,
And keep my heart as obdurate as the hills
That have endured the assault of every tempest
Poured on them from the founding of the world.

Another trumpet sounds.

I understand thee, martial trumpet breath,
Come on now, war, come on, disaster, death.

Exit.

SCENE XII.

Between Jezreel and Gilboa. A great noise and uproar of the battle.

Enter ZAPH and his band of demons, including MALZAH.

ZAPH.

It is in vain, for Gloriel and his troop,
Where'er we move impenetrably standing
Between ourselves and the Philistine host,
Hinder our succouring of the Hebrew king.
Wheel off then, though our reasonable hate
Shall yet be glutted in the teeth of fate.

Exeunt all but MALZAH.

MALZAH.

I'm glad of this, for I've seen Tyrannie,
And would not meet her for a thousand Sauls.

Exit, and the Hebrew army goes retreating. Enter SAUL.

SAUL.

The doom that is on me weighs on my army,
Which, even whilst it combats, flees before
The slaughtering Philistines. But Gilboa
Again shall see me on it, and stood firm,
For they shall not hereafter say of me,
That I was killed in ignominious flight.
Oh, had I been allowed to win this field,
Although doomed by its last expended arrow,
To fall and finish thereon my career,
I had died happy, for I'm old though strong,
Wearied although not spent: but this may not,
And I must hence for the pursuit grows hot.

Exit.