

THE CROWNING TEST.

A skin of water.

Isaac.

Now, with your approval,
My honored father, I will take the skin
Of water on my shoulder.

Abraham.

Do, my son,
Then each will have his load. *Unexpectedly*
Sarah comes from her tent O my Beloved,
Joy of my life, my gentle one, my Sarah.
Nay—why thus risen so early?

Sarah.

Should I slumber,
When my dear husband with no kingly escort,
Is starting on a journey? When some days
Must pass before he cheers me with his presence
Isaac my son—but why enrobed?

Abraham.

My Princess,
Isaac goes with us.

Sarah.

Surely not, my lord.
What is the need of it—it is most unwise.