

Nor would I wish for one who thought me perfect,
 Being indeed a very human maid.
 Of all the men that I have ever heard of,
 Samson, who slew the Philistines at Gaza,
 Had been the husband most desired of me.
 For he was altogether void of fear,
 And must indeed have had a merry heart,
 When he could choose the jawbone of an ass
 To slay a thousand men. If I could find
 A man like Samson, I could love him well.

Mary.

Young Eli, Son of Jehu, loves thee well.

Rebecca.

Young Eli loves but is afraid of me,
 And I will never wed a man who fears me.

Mary.

Well I would choose a husband such as Boaz,
 But Boaz is too great and high for me.

Rebecca.

And I would rather die than marry him.
 I think it well God made us different;
 If men were all upon one pattern built,
 Life were indeed a sad and weary thing,
 But as it is, I find it full of joy.

Martha.

Come get to work and cease thy chattering.

Rebecca.

Why, mother, I have gleaned more than thou.

Martha.

For thou art young, and I am growing old
 And feeble, but, when I was young as thou,
 No maid in Judah gleaned as fast as I.

Rebecca.

Dear mother, rest thee for a little space,
 And I will glean both for myself and thee.

Whom seekest thou?

(Martha retires to rest.)

Ruth.

(Enter Ruth.)

I seek for leave to glean
 For Naomi my mother, and myself.

Rebecca.

Art thou the daughter of that Naomi
 That hath returned from Moab?

Ruth.

I am she;
 And if the master of the field allow,
 I fain would stay and glean beside you here.

Rebecca.

Thou hast a gentle and a comely face,