

a band of ten armed with sword and spear, to bring to the palace Zillah, the daughter of my mother's brother, that I might take her to wife. Five days' journey had they gone forth; and the eventide of the morrow would fulfil the time of their coming again.

Now, of all the daughters of Philistia, Zillah was the fairest. She was delicately formed and tall, like the thrifty willows by the water-brook. Her cheeks were dusky and red like the evening cloud when the sun is low. Her eyes shone as they were polished adamants set in onyx and alabaster, and the light of them was for brightness as the sun, but soft and tender as the moon. The roses of Sharon were not more fragrant than her breath, nor the opening buds thereof more beautiful than her lips. Sweet and soft, like the answering of the turtle dove to her mate in spring-time, was her voice. Among women there was none so fair as Zillah; among men there was none so blessed as I; for I was to have her to wife. At the going down of the sun on the morrow I was to meet her at the gate, and bring her in to my father, that he might lay his hands upon us and bless us in the name of the God of Heaven.

Notwithstanding all these things which were for my good, I was not joyful, but contrariwise my soul was burdened above measure.