

cave. The light of morning falls on Saul, Michal and Loruhamah.]

MICHAL. See how the morning lights the world!

SAUL [*heavily*].

But not for me!

MICHAL. Hear how the trumpets call!

[Saul leaps to his feet, strikes his forehead with the palm of his hand and gazes wildly about him. Michal rises from the couch and stands watching Saul. Loruhamah now moves from where she knelt and joins Michal.]

SAUL. The veil is lifted from me. . . . I recall

What happened here—the awful spirit-form

Of Samuel that prophesied my death!

LORUHAMAH [*to Saul*].

You shall not die!

MICHAL. You shall not die!

SAUL [*gloomily regarding Loruhamah*].

Not die?

Woman, my days are numbered!

LORUHAMAH. You shall live!

SAUL. Would you gainsay the Prophet who has said

This night I shall be with him?

LORUHAMAH. You shall live!

SAUL [*grasping Loruhamah's hands, draws her to him and studies her upturned face*].

Who are you?

LORUHAMAH [*softly*].

One waked from sleep!