

L a m e c h .

ZILLA.

False has he been to both of us.

ADA.

Come forward and avenge me !

Let Cain

ZILLA.

To the black vultures.

Give his corse

ADA.

Let the eagles sailing
Above yon splintered pinnacle, desery him
Wedged in its crevice.

ZILLA.

All too good for him,
Is any punishment. Our aids are ready :
Twenty young men will help us willingly.
And each shall have a husband to herself.

ADA.

Not chapt and minced : no hodge podge and
no sham.