
Fallen Fairies;

or, The Wicked World

An Original Comic Opera in Two Acts

Written by W.S. Gilbert

Composed by Edward German

*First Produced at the Savoy Theatre, London on 15th December 1909,
under the management of C. H. Workman.*

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Dramatis Personæ

FAIRIES

THE FAIRY ETHAIS - Tenor

THE FAIRY PHYLLON - Bass-Baritone

SELENE, the Fairy Queen - Soprano

DARINE - Mezzo

ZAYDA - Mezzo

LOCRINE - Contralto

ZARA - Speaker

CORA - Mezzo

LILA - Mezzo

NEODIE - Speaker

FLETA - Mezzo

CHLORIS - Speaker

MAIA - Speaker

CLYTIE - Speaker

LUTIN, a serving fairy - Patter Baritone

MORTALS

SIR ETHAIS, a Hunnish Knight - Tenor

SIR PHYLLON, a Hunnish Knight - Bass-Baritone

LUTIN, Sir Ethais's Henchman - Patter Baritone

SCENE:- Fairy Land, on the upper side of a cloud.

ACT ONE

SCENE:- Fairy Land, which for the purposes of the opera, is supposed to be situated on the upper side of a cloud which floats over the earth. The scene represents a land of ideal beauty, with fountains, trees, waterfalls, &c. At L., is the Fairy Queen's bower.

LOCRINE is discovered on an eminence R.C., up stage, which overlooks gap in the cloud.

No.1. - CHORUS - With soli for Lochrine and Darine

Lochrine. Oh, world below!
Oh, wicked world,
Where sin and woe
Lie all unfurled!
Oh, world of shame,
Of guilt and greed,
Where joy in name
Is woe indeed!
May angels' tears be shed on thee,
Thou wicked world of misery!

As LOCRINE sings, Fairies enter from different approaches and fill the stage, NEODIE, ZAYDA, CORA, LILA, and others leading them.

Enter DARINE

Darine. Oh, picture to thyself a mortal crew
Sinning throughout their lives, as demons do!
Fierce wild barbaric shapes, all foul within -
Howling with hunger for more sin - more sin!

Fierce wild barbaric shapes,
All head and tail;
Some like red raving apes,
Some clad in scale;
Others like dead-fleshed ghouls With horny eyes,
Squatting on black toadstools
Of monstrous size!
All of them foul without and foul within!
All glimmering in the lurid light of sin!

Chorus. All of them foul without and foul within!
All glimmering in the lurid light of sin!

Neodie. (*recit.*) Selene comes; as silvery moon serene,
Radiant with loveliness, our sister-Queen!

Enter SELENE.

Chorus. Pure as the air, sweet as the morning dew, Cometh our Queen!
Bright in all eyes as Heaven's ethereal blue, Cometh our Queen!
Spirit of love! as thou hast ever been,
Be to us evermore, oh sister-Queen! Unsullied source
Of tranquil joy,
Pursue thy course
Of pure employ -
Be thou, as thou hast ever been,
Our all-beloved sister-Queen!

Selene. Dear sisters, I bring news. Ere very long
Lutin, who, by the will of the great king
To whom we all yield faithful suzerainty,
Left Fairyland to join him in mid-earth,
Will home return. He is the only one
Of our immortal race
Who has set foot upon that wicked world!

Zayda. Lutin returning! *He* will set at rest
Our wild and wondering theories, and reveal,
In picture-painting words, the demon deeds
Of all the goblin murder-mongers that
Infest that sink of seething infamy!

Enter ETHAIS, a male Fairy, followed by PHYLLON, another male Fairy.

Ethais. In truth, dear sister, if Man's face and form
Were a true index to his character,
He were a fearsome thing to look upon.
But Man, alas! is formed as we are formed.
False from the first, he comes into the world
Wearing a smiling lie upon his face
That he may cheat ere he can use his tongue!

Darine. As we are formed?

Phyllon. 'Tis so, in very truth.
Dost thou not know that every soul on earth
Hath, in our ranks, his fairy counterpart?

Darine. His counterpart?

Selene. Aye, on that wicked world
Thou, I, and all who dwell in Fairyland,
May find a parallel identity -
So perfect that, if it were possible
To place us by those earthly counterparts,
No man on earth, no fairy in the clouds
Could tell which was the fairy - which the man!

Zara. Is there *no* shade of difference?

Phyllon. Yes, one,
For we are absolutely free from sin
While all our representatives on earth
Are stained with every kind of infamy!

Zayda. Are *all* our counterparts so steeped in sin?

Selene. All, in a greater or a less degree.

Zayda. What, even mine?

Selene. Alas!

Zayda. Oh, no - not mine!

Selene. All men and women sin!

SELENE, ETHAIS and PHYLLON retire up and exit.

Darine. I wonder what
My counterpart is doing now!

Zayda. Some deed
Detestable in its degeneracy!
Best not enquire! See, Lutin comes at last!
He'll tell thee - so prepare ye for the worst!

*Enter LUTIN, appearing through the gap in the cloud as though rising from the earth
below.*

No.2. - CHORUS

Chorus. Hail, Lutin, wondrous traveller!
Thrice welcome back to Fairyland!
Exploring fay, thyself bestir To tell us all
That did befall
Thy stay amid those mortals banned
While far away from Fairyland!

Darine. We to ascertain are eager
All the ills that did beleaguer
And assail thy mortal portals
Whilst thou wast among the mortals.

Fleta. Didst thou join in all their revels?
Drink and dance with all their devils?
Didst thou see, with awestruck daring,
Dicer dicing, swearer swearing?

Zayda. Didst thou watch, with sorrow sobbing,
Liar lying, robber robbing,
Drinker drinking, gorger gorging,
Pinker pinking, forger forging?

Locrine. Coer cooing, biller billing,
Wooer wooing, killer killing,
Prater prating, blabber blabbing,
Hater hating, stabber stabbing?

All Four. Kicker kicking, beater beating,
Sticker sticking, cheater cheating?
Tell us all that did befall -
Tell us some and tell us all!

Chorus. Tell us all that did befall -
Tell us some and tell us all!
Didst thou join in all their revels?
Didst thou dance with all their devils?
Didst thou watch, with sorrow sobbing,
Liar lying, robber robbing,
Drinker drinking, gorger gorging,
Pinker pinking, forger forging?
Coer cooing, biller billing,
Wooer wooing, killer killing,
Prater prating, blabber blabbing,
Hater hating, stabber stabbing?
Kicker kicking, beater beating,
Sticker sticking, cheater cheating?
Tell us all that did befall -
Tell us some and tell us all!

No.3. - RECIT and SONG - Lutin and Chorus

Lutin. (*recit*). What! tell you all? Not so!
All that down there occurred?
'Twould numb your souls with awe -
You know not what you ask!
Describe you all I know?

Repeat you all I heard?
Narrate you all I saw?
God save me from such a task!
One tale I'll try to tell - it will suffice
To illustrate their tendency to vice!

SONG - Lutin

One incident I'll tell that will appall
Each gentle little heart and head.
Come, fairies, gather round me, one and all -
(The details to impart I dread!)
A tale to cause a demon's flesh to creep,
And absolutely shock his ears;
'Twould summon tears to eyes that never weep,
And melt a very rock to tears!

Chorus. 'Twould melt a very rock to tears!

Lutin. So horribly bad that tale appears,
It's scarcely fit for fairy spheres;
'Twould outrage e'en a demon's ears -
And I'm going to tell it to you, my dears!

Chorus. (*in great delight*).

He's going to tell it to us, my dears!

Lutin. Although 'twill make your blood run cold,
The terrible details I'll unfold!

Chorus. So horribly bad that tale appears,
It's scarcely fit for fairy spheres;
'Twould outrage e'en a demon's ears -

Lutin. And I'm going to tell it to you, my dears!

There was a gallant knight of Portugee,
Who loved a Moorish maid so well
That he took ship and sailed to Barbaree
(That's where the little jade did dwell).
He journeyed o'er the stormy sea apace
(Of nothing was that knight afraid),
And when at last they met in an embrace,
What *do* you think the naughty maiden said?

Chorus. We wonder what the little hussy said!

Lutin. She said - but no, their dark careers
Would shock your souls and draw your tears;

They're quite unfit for decent ears -
And I'm hanged if I'll tell 'em to you, my dears!

Chorus. (*disappointed*).

He'll be hanged if he'll tell 'em to us, my dears!

Lutin. First thoughts are silver - second, gold;
And I'm sorry to say that they can't be told!

Chorus. (*vexed*).

His tale is cast in mocking mould -
He says it is both bad and bold;
We hoped for details, and behold -

SELENE, ETHAIS and PHYLLON enter.

Lutin. Attend. Obedient to our King's command,
I met him in mid-earth. He bade me send
Both Ethais and Phyllon down below.

Ethais. Down to mid-earth?

Lutin. Down to mid-earth at once.
He hath some gift, some priceless privilege,
With which he would endow our fairy world,
And he hath chosen Phyllon and thyself
To bear his bounty to this home of ours.

Zayda. Another boon? Why, brother Ethais,
What can our monarch give that we have not?

Phyllon. In truth I cannot say! 'Twould seem that we
Had reached the sum of fairy happiness!

Selene. But then we thought the same before our King
Endowed us with the gift of melody;
And now how tame our fairy life would seem
Were melody to perish from our land!

Ethais. Well said, Selene. Come, then, let's away,
And on our journey through the outer air
We will take note of it's inhabitants
And bring you full account of all we see.
Farewell, dear sisters -

Selene. Brothers, fare ye well!

ETHAIS and PHYLLON take leave of the Fairies and descend through the gap in the cloud. Exit LUTIN.

Zayda. Now here's a riddle that I cannot solve:-
Why do these mortals bear their weight of woe
When they can end it at their will? They need
Not live unless they like. Nevertheless,
With swords and daggers hanging at their sides,
With drowning seas and rivers at their feet,
With deadly poisons in their very grasp,
Men live, and live - and seem to like to live!

Darine. How strangely inconsistent!

Selene. Not at all.
With all their misery - with all the sin -
With all the elements of wretchedness
That team on that unholy world of theirs,
They have one great and ever glorious gift
That compensates for all they have to bear!

No.4. - SONG - Selene

Selene. With all the misery, with all the shame
That stain the earth,
One holy influence these mortal claim -
A gift of precious worth!
The gift of Love - shield against deadly foes
That crowd in serried shoals -
A Love that's anodyne to all the woes
That wring their souls!
Oh, kindly Love! Man sorrowing and oppressed,
Beneath his load of shame would surely fall,
But for the sweet enchantment in his breast
That tells him that he bears no load at all!

In its most pure and most enduring form
It knows no end!
To deed of shame or stress of worldly storm
Such love will never bend.
Time cannot wither it, nor Death destroy;
When the relentless Thief
Has robbed it of the power to live on joy,
It lives on grief!

Oh, wondrous Love - pure as the silver sky!
Even when Death has set the loved one free,
This love supernal doth not - cannot die;
It lives upon the loved one's memory!

During this song the Fairies, who at the commencement were scattered over the stage, have very gradually crept nearer and nearer to her, until, at the finish, they are grouped closely around her.

Darine. Why, what have we in all our Fairyland
To bear comparison with such a gift!

Zayda. Oh for one hour of such a love as that,
O'er all things paramount! Why, after all,
That wicked world is the true Fairyland!

Zara Why, who can wonder that poor, erring Man
Clings to the world, all poisoned though it be,
When on it grows this glorious antidote!

Zayda. And may we never love as mortals love?

Selene. No, that can never be. Of earthly things,
This love of theirs ranks as the earthliest.
We do not need it in our perfect land.
Moreover, there's this gulf 'tween it and us -
Only a mortal can inspire such love,
And mortal foot may never touch our land.

Zayda. But - is that so?

Selene. (*surprised*). Of course!

Zayda. Yet I have heard
That there's a half-forgotten law which says
That, when a fairy quits his fairy home
To visit earth, those whom he leaves behind
May summon from that wicked world below
That absent fairy's mortal counterpart,
And that that mortal counterpart may stay
In Fairyland and fill that fairy's place
Till he return. Is there not some such law?

Selene. (*horrified*). And if there were, wouldst put that law in force?

Zayda. (*frightened*). No, not for all the love of all the world!

Selene. A man in Fairyland! Oh, horrible!
He would exhale the poison of his soul,
And we should even be as mortals are -
Hating as man hates!

Darine. (*enthusiastically*). Loving as man loves!

SELENE looks at her in blank surprise.

Too horrible! Still -

Selene. Well?
Darine. I see a trace
Of wisdom lurking in this ancient law.
Selene. Where lurks that wisdom, then? I see it not!

No.5 - DUET - Darine and Zayda

Darine. Man is a being all accuse
Of every vice detestable:
To virtue blinded, he pursues
A course that's unarrestable.
Yet if we let one man of shame
Observe our lives immaculate,
He would (returning whence he came)
Ecstatically ejaculate -
"Atone, atone!
Repent, repent!
The pure alone
Know true content!"
These tidings good,
No doubt he would
Ecstatically ejaculate!

Chorus. The news would take the world by storm,
And be received with welcome warm;
Those words he would, in some such form,
Ecstatically ejaculate!

Zayda. Man is a brute, oppressed by strange
Unintellectuality:
Enlighten him, and you will change
His normal immorality.
If we exhibited to some
Our course of life delectable,
They might in course of time become
Comparatively respectable!
Oh, picture then
Our joy sublime,
If mortal men
Became in time -
Suppose we say,
In guarded way,
Comparatively respectable!

Chorus. The news would take the world by storm,
And be received with welcome warm,
An all would be by this reform
Comparatively respectable!

Selene. (*reflectively*). There is some truth in this.

Zayda. Some truth indeed!
Oh, terrible, dear sister, to reflect
That to our cold and culpable neglect
All mortal follies may be chargeable!

Selene. (*surprised*). To *our* neglect?

Darine. It may in truth be so!

Fleta. In very truth I'm sure that it *is* so!

Selene. (*after a pause*). It shall be so no more! Their sin *is* ours!
But there - 'tis easy still to make amends.
A mortal *shall* behold our sinless state,
And learn the beauties of our blameless life.
Come, let us summon mortal Ethais!

All delighted.

Darine. But -

Selene. Not a word - I am resolved to this!

Darine. But, sister -

Selene. Well?

Darine. (*timidly*). Why summon only one?

Selene. Why summon more?

Darine. The world's incredulous;
Let *two* be summoned to our sinless home;
Then should their wondrous story be received
With ridicule or incredulity,
One could corroborate the other.

Zayda. Yes.
Phyllon has gone with Ethais - let us call
The mortal counterpart of Phyllon too!

Selene. Two mortals! Two unhappy men of sin
In this untainted spot!

Locrine. Well, sister dear,
Two Heralds of the Truth will spread the Truth
At the least twice as rapidly as one!

Selene. Two miserable men! Why, one alone
Will bring enough pollution in his wake
To taint our happy land from end to end!

Zayda. Then, sister, two won't make the matter worse!

Selene. There's truth in that!

After a pause.

The two *shall* come to us!

All the Fairies are delighted. SELENE looks reprovingly at them, and they at once become demure.

(severely). We have deserved this fearful punishment!

All the Fairies sigh.

Our power, I think, is limited to two?

Lochrine. Unfortunately!

Selene. Yes. More might be done
Had each of us a pupil to herself.

No.6. - SCENA - Selene and Chorus

And now to summon them. But, sisters dear,
Receive our guests with gracious courtesies.
Show no repugnance to them while they're here;
Subdue your natural antipathies.
Kind, gentle, tender, pitiful be ye -
Be not severe, nor hastily condemn.
Treat them as though they were what they will be
When they have seen what we shall be to them!

Chorus. We'll act as though they were what they will be
When they have seen what we shall be to them!

Selene. What form of words accomplishes our aim?

Darine. Two roses shall be cast down from the skies,
Then, as each rose is thrown, pronounce the name
Of him whose mortal self it typifies.

(Giving her two roses).

Selene. *(taking them).* Well then, fair rose, I name thee "Ethais" -
Thy mortal counterpart we summon here.
This rose is Phyllon - come to our realms of bliss:
By virtue of this talisman, appear!

Chorus. Go, then, fair rose. We name thee "Ethais" -
Thy mortal counterpart we summon here.
Sir Phyllon - in our realms of blameless bliss:
By virtue of this talisman, appear!

Hurried music. SIR ETHAIS and SIR PHYLLON rise through the gap in the cloud, as though violently impelled from below. They are two handsome, barbaric Hunnish knights, clad in picturesque skins and rude armour, and while bearing a strong facial resemblance to their Fairy counterparts, present as strong a contrast as possible in their costume and demeanour. Their swords are drawn, the knights having been interrupted in a duel. The Fairies conceal themselves behind trees.

No.7. - RECIT. and DUET - Sir Ethais and Sir Phyllon

Ethais. By god and man, who brought us here, and how?

Phyllon. Where in the name of witchcraft are we now?

Ethais. (*fiercely*). Why, who should answer that as well as thou!

Phyllon. (*surprised*). As I?

Ethais. Aye, devil's whelp, as thou!

DUET - Sir Ethais and Sir Phyllon

Ethais. (*fiercely*). This is some wizardry of thy design
To save thy sconce!
Thou scurvy dog, no sorcery of thine
Shall serve e'en for the nonce!
Let all thy hell-hounds howl their requiem,
And when I've done with thee I'll do with them!

Phyllon. (*savagely*). Bah! I need no such devil-begotten stuff
To flog a knave!
This trusty falchion serves me well enough
To make a coward crave!
Though demons swarm in myriads round about,
Or here or there we'll fight our quarrel out!

They fight. The Fairies, half concealed behind portions of the set, watch the combat with great interest.

Darine. What are they doing?

Selene. It's some game of skill.
It's very pretty.

Darine. Very.

Knights pause to take breath.

Oh, they've stopped!

Phyllon. Come, come - on guard!

Zayda. Now they begin again!

They fight. The Fairies gradually move closer surrounding the knights.

Ethais. Hold, we are overlooked!

ETHAIS, who has turned for a moment in saying this, is severely wounded in the right arm.

Selene. You may proceed.
We like it much!

Darine. You do it very well.
Begin again!

Ethais. Black curses on that thrust!
I am disabled! Ladies, bind my wound -
And, if it please you still to see us fight,
We'll fight for those bright eyes and cherry lips
Till one or both of us shall bite the dust!

Phyllon. *(aside to Ethais).*
Hold! Call a truce till we return to earth -
Here are bright eyes enough for both of us!

Ethais. I don't know that! Well, there, till we return -
(shaking hands).
But, once on earth again, we will take up
Our argument where it was broken off,
And let thy devils whirl me where they may
We'll reach conclusion and corollary!

During this the Fairies show that they have been very strongly influenced by the two knights.

Darine. *(gazing at PHYLLON).*
Oh, fairyhood!
How wonderfully like our Phyllon!

Selene. *(gazing in rapture at ETHAIS).* Yes!
And see - how strangely like our Ethais!
(sighing). Thou hast a gallant carriage, gentle knight!

Ethais. It's little wonder that I'm like myself!
Why I am he!

Selene. *(sighing).* No, not our Ethais!

Ethais. In truth I am the Ethais of all
Who are as gentle and as fair as thou!

Selene. *(tenderly).*
That's bravely said! Thou hast a silver tongue!
Why, what can gods be like if these be men?

During this DARINE, ZAYDA, LOCRINE, and other Fairies show by their manner, that they take a tender interest in ETHAIS and PHYLLON.

Selene. Say, dost thou come from earth or heaven?

Ethais. (*gallantly placing his arm round SELENE and DARINE*).

I think I've come from earth *to* heaven!

Selene. (*delighted*).

Oh, didst thou hear?

He comes from earth *to* heaven! No, Ethais,
We are but fairies: this, our native home -
Our fairyland - rests on a cloud which floats
Hither and thither as the breezes will.
We see the world; yet, saving that it is
A very wicked world, we know it not.
But on the lands o'er which our island hangs
We shed fair gifts of plenty and goo-will,
Drop tears of love upon the thirsty earth
And shower fair water on the growing grain.
This is our mission.

Phyllon.

'Tis a goodly one!

But tell us now - why have you summoned us?

Selene.

Because we seek to teach you solemn truths
That now ye wot not of, poor gentlemen!
(*tenderly*). Poor gentlemen! Poor wayward gentlemen!

No.8. - SONG - Selene and Chorus

Poor, purblind, untaught youths,
We seek to teach ye truths
Which now ye wot not of, as we suppose!
Our aid ye sorely need.
For ye are frail indeed -
Each a poor fragile reed
Swayed to and fro by every breeze that blows!
(*Taking his hand and stroking it tenderly*).
And we are good and pure,
Safe from temptations lure.
(There are no temptations to disturb *our* rest!)
Unknown the fierce delights
That lure attractive knights
Into disastrous plights!
(*aside to ZAYDA*).
They are attractive, it must be confessed!

All. Though worldly passions animate each breast,
 The *are* attractive, it must be confessed!

Selene. Poor maidens to deceive
 A potent spell ye weave,
 To which those all-too-willing victims yield!

(Kissing his hand).

We fairies hope to show
The ills that from it flow,
And teach you to forgo
The marvellous enchantment that ye wield.

(Gently stroking his face).

Homeward returning then,
Pure, simple, guileless men,
Warn all poor maids with whom ye are in touch
(Would they live free from harm)
To shun, in wild alarm,
Your strange mysterious charm!

(Aside to ZAYDA, sighing).

The maids *may* shun it, but I doubt it much.

All. Would ye escape the plights
 That spring from love's delights,
 Shun all attractive knights!

(Aside to each other, sighing).

The maids may do so, but I doubt it much!

During SELENE's song and the chorus, DARINE, ZAYDA, and others have been dealing tenderly with PHYLLON. All show that they are deeply impressed by the two knights.

ENSEMBLE. - Sir Ethais and Sir Phyllon (nudging each other).

Phyllon. With keen remorse
 We tell you penitentially,
 Our lives are course
 And villainous essentially -
 But bred and born
 In Pagan Principality,
 We view with scorn
 Our former immorality.

Ethais. Of blameless state
 We've hope infinitesimal
 (We calculate
 Its value to a decimal),
 Unless at once
 You give experimentally,
 Each wayward dunce
 A polish-up, parentally!

Phyllon. (*to DARINE*). This humble pie
Is but a tough comestible
Which he and I
Find rather indigestible!

Ethais (*to SELENE*). That's just his way -
An ill-bred Oriental man.
Forgive him, pray -
Of course he's not a gentleman!

Phyllon. My penitence
Perhaps is unconventional.

Ethais (*to SELENE*). Don't take offence -
I'm sure it's unintentional.

Both. We both are bound
For fairy course probational;
So pray expound
Your system educational!

TRIO. - Darine, Zayda and Lochrine

Oh, gentle knights, with joy elate,
We'll teach you to abjure
All earthly dross, and cultivate
The blameless and the pure!
Be docile pupils in our school,
While we, with earnest heart,
Of all that's good and beautiful
The principles impart!

RECIT. - Selene

If my obedient pupils you would be,
You must avow your loyalty to me.
No doubt you recognise
Some formula, world-wise,
That binds your heart in solemn fealty?

No.9. - COUPLETS - Selene, Darine, Sir Ethais, Sir Phyllon and Chorus.

Ethais. When homage to his Queen a subject shows
(A Queen that's duly crowned),
He puts his arm around
That monarch's waist - like this, (*Doing so*).
And plants a very long and tender kiss
Sometimes upon her cheeks of creamy rose,
But, preferably, just below the nose!

Chorus. There is some reason - so we must suppose -
Why preferably, just below the nose?

Phyllon. A still more binding process I propose:
For though no doubt it's true
One formal kiss might do,
Administered like this, (*kissing DARINE on cheek*).
The pledge works more effectively, I wis,
When several dozen kisses he bestows -
Placed preferably just below the nose!

Chorus. I hope he'll tell us all before he goes
Why preferably just below the nose?

Darine. (*aside to SELENE*).
A simple kiss a simple friendship shows.
'Tis an insipid thing
That no delight can bring,
Placed on the brow - like this.
(*kisses SELENE's brow*).
Yet on these gentle knights' hypothesis
Some unexpected virtue 'twill disclose,
Placed preferably just below the nose?

Chorus. Some explanation certainly he owes -
Why preferably just below the nose?

Selene. Our outlook widens as experience grows.
That form is quite unknown
In our ethereal zone -
A kiss is but a kiss.
Yet if these knights be surely bound by this,
There is no need to ask them to disclose
Why preferably just below the nose?

Chorus. Still there's some reason - so we must suppose -
Why preferably just below the nose.

Selene. That form is not in vogue in Fairyland.
Still, as it holds on earth, no doubt 'twill have
Far greater weight with you, poor sons of earth,
Than any formula we could impose.

Ethais. Its weight is overpowering! (*About to kiss her*).

Selene. But stay -
We would not wrest this homage from you, sir.
Or give it willingly, or not at all.

Phyllon. Most willingly, fair Queen, we give it you!

Selene. Good - then proceed.

SIR ETHAIS kisses SELENE. SIR PHYLLON kisses DARINE.

Ethais. There - does it not convey
A pleasant sense of influence?

Selene. It does.
(*to DARINE*). Some earthly forms seem rational enough!
(*SIR ETHAIS staggers as though about to faint*).
Why, Ethais, what ails thee?

Ethais. Nothing grave -
I'm weak from loss of blood. Here, take this scarf,
And bind it round my arm - so - have a care!
There, that will do till I return to earth,
Then Lutin, who's a very skilful leech,
Shall doctor it.

Selene. (*amazed*). Didst thou say Lutin?

Ethais. Yes.

Darine. How strange. Sir Ethais has a Lutin too!

LUTIN has entered unobserved.

Ethais. Yes, he's my squire - a poor half-witted churl,
Who shudders at the rustling of a leaf.
He hath a potion that will heal my wound,
A draught whose power works instantaneously.
Were he here I should soon - (*sees FAIRY LUTIN*).
Why, here he is!
By all the gods, pranked out in masquerade!
(*to LUTIN*). Give me the potion!

Lutin. (*in amazement*). Give thee what?

Ethais. (*impatiently*). The draught!
Dost thou not see my wound?

Lutin. (*contemptuously*). I have no draught!

Ethais. Thou scurvy rogue,
I bade thee never leave thy home without it!
Thy hide shall pay!

Lutin. Who is this insolent?
A mortal here in Fairyland?

Locrine. Yes - two!

Lutin. Who are these men?

Selene. The mortal counterparts
Of Ethais and Phyllon. Look at them!
Dost thou not love them?

Lutin. (*indignantly*). No!

Cora. How very strange!
Why, we all loved them from the very first!

Lutin. Is this indeed the truth?

Darine. (*demurely*). It is indeed.
Obedient to our Queen's command, we have
Subdued our natural antipathies. (*fondling PHYLLON*).

Zayda. (*demurely*). They are our guests, all odious though they be,
And we must bid them welcome to our home,
As though e'en now they were what they will be
When they have seen what we shall be to them. (*fondling PHYLLON*).

Lutin. Be warned in time and send these mortals hence!
Why, don't you see that in each word they speak
They breathe of Love?

Selene. (*enthusiastically*). They do!

Lutin. Why, Love's, the germ
Of every sin that stalks upon the earth!

No.10. - FINALE ACT ONE

Lutin. The warrior, girt in shining might,
Knows, as he bares his sword,
That, should he murderously fight,
And cut and thrust and slash and smite
(No matter wrong, no matter right),
Love will be his reward.
The footpad nerves his coward arm
With draughts of mead and mull,
And stupefies his soul's alarm,
And all his stealthy dread of harm,
By pondering on the tipsy charm
Of some poor tavern trull!

Oh, love's the source of every ill!
Compounded with unholy skill,
It proves, disguise it as you will,
A gilded but a poisoned pill!

Love instigates the brawler bold;
For love the lover lies;
The miser hoards ill-gotten gold
To buy the prize, so lightly sold,
That looks so warm yet burns so cold -
The love of two bright eyes!
For lawless love the wife elopes,
And blights her husband's lot;
For love denied the moper mopes,
To toast his love the toper topes,
With heavy heart the hoper hopes
For love that loves him not!

Oh, Love's a poison foul and fleet,
Nor is its horror less complete
Because with devil-born deceit,
It looks so fair and tastes so sweet!

RECITATIVE

Zayda. (*to ETHAIS*).

Nay, heed him not! A tale has reached our ears
That man is infamous in high degree,
And he believes it - so indeed did we,
Till we beheld you, gallant cavaliers!

Darine. (*to SELENE*).

Send him to earth - then we can summon here
His mortal counterpart!

SELENE looks at her reprovingly. DARINE changes her tone.

Another reed
No doubt who stands in very sorest need
Of virtuous counselling and guidance clear!

Selene. Well said, Darine! Thy words are words of worth.
Lutin, begone at once!

Ethais. Return to earth!
Insolent varlet, get thee quickly hence!

Lutin. Oh, mortal plague! Oh, walking pestilence!
Listen and learn,
Oh, incarnation of uncleanness!

SONG - Lutin

Hark ye, you sir! On yonder ball
You've Kings and Queens to whom you fall,

And humbly cringe and creep and crawl,
Cast dust and ashes too your head upon,
That they some civil word may say to you.
Well, sir, there's not a King on earth,
There's not a Prince of royal birth,
Who would not barter all his worth
To lick the very dust I tread upon -
And I'm the meanest here! Good day to you!

LUTIN goes up stage and prepares to descend.

CHORUS

Good day to you -
Away, to you -
That's all we have to say to you.
Don't stay, to you -
Delay, to you -
Don't hurry back, we pray to you.
Away, to you -
Good day, to you -
Away!
Good day!

LUTIN descends. The Fairies then turn to SIR ETHAIS and SIR PHYLLON.

ENSEMBLE

FAIRIES.

Oh gallant gentlemen
You see our plight;
Take pity on us then,
And give us light!
Our prayer – ah! do not spurn –
This we beseech:
We brought you here to learn –
Stay ye to teach!
We foolish fairies thought
Your guides to be.
But we are all untaught,
As ye may see.
Oh gallant gentlemen
You see our plight;
Take pity on us then,
And give us light!
Take pity on us, list to our appeal
As humble suppliants at your feet we
kneel!

ETHIAS and PHILLON
to each other.

As gallant gentlemen,
We see their plight;
We will take pity, then,
And give them light!
Their prayer we will not spurn,
So they beseech:
They brought us here to learn –
We'll stay to teach!
These foolish fairies thought
Our guides to be,
But they are all untaught,
As we may see.
As gallant gentlemen, *(to fairies)*
We see their plight;
We will take pity, then,
And give you light!
In pity then we list to your appeal
As humble suppliants at our feet they
kneel!

Oh, grant this prayer, all other prayers

above:

Teach us, oh, gallant gentlemen
to love!

We'll grant your prayer, all other

above:

And show how gallant gentlemen
to love.

Some of the Fairies kneel at the feet of the knights, SELENE embracing SIR ETHAIS; DARINE, ZAYDA, and LOCRINE hanging on SIR PHYLLON'S neck. The remaining Fairies are grouped in attitudes of entreaty at the feet of the two knights.

ACT TWO

Same Scene by Moonlight

The Fairies, all but SELENE and DARINE, are discovered discontentedly watching the entrance to SELENE's bower.

No.11. - OPENING CHORUS

For many an hour
Within her bower
With Ethais philandering,
Our excellent Queen
No doubt has been
In roseate dreams meandering.
As a matter of fact
A risky act,
So obviously detectable -
So very unfit
We must admit
Is anything but respectable!

A Fairy Queen who dares conventionality despise,
To put it very mildly, is exceedingly unwise.
Here is an act to which we cannot close our eyes,
And must excite our indignation and surprise.

Fleta. Still, still Selene watches Ethais!
For six long hours has she detained the knight
Within the dark recesses of her bower,
Under pretence that his unhappy wound
Demands her unremitting watchfulness!

Locrine. This, fairies, is our Queen - the sinless soul
To whose immaculate pre-eminence
We, pure and perfect maidens of the air,
Accord our voluntary reverence!
She is unfit to rule us as our Queen!

Zayda. Her conduct is an outrage on her sex!
Was it for *this* that we proposed to her
To bring these erring mortals to our land?
Is *this* the way to teach a sinful man
The moral beauties of a spotless life?
Surely this knight might well have learnt on earth
Such moral truths as *she* is teaching him!

No.12. - SONG - Zayda and Chorus

I never profess to make a guess -
That smacks of perspicacity -

Prophetical flight, my dears, is quite
A cut above my capacity;
But such a barefaced display of taste
For military society,
The verriest dunce would deem at once
A horrible impropriety!

Chorus. A horrible impropriety!

Zayda. I always view
The act unwise
My sisters do
With kindly eyes.
But truth to tell,
Such conduct - well
It smacks of impropriety!

Chorus. It smacks of impropriety!

Zayda. Though it seems odd,
And may offend,
To kiss the rod
I don't intend.

Chorus. It wrong I call
To kiss *at all!*

Zayda. A Capital rule of life my friend!

Was it for this to realms of bliss
We summoned such rascality?
Is this the way to teach him, pray,
The truths of pure morality?
With wiles demure his love she'll lure,
Caressing and beseeching him!
No need to journey here to learn
Such truths as she is teaching him!

Chorus. Such truths as she is teaching him!

Zayda. Though sure we are
That every youth
Should travel far
To learn the truth,
He might, with care,
Have learnt, down there,
Such truths as *she* is teaching him!

Chorus. Such truths as *she* is teaching him!

Zayda. You do not think
 Me too severe?
 We should not wink
 At faults, it's clear -

Chorus. We should not wink
 At all I think.

Zayda. A capital rule of life, my dear!

Enter SELENE from bower.

Fleta. (*aside*). At last she comes. (*To SELENE*). We are relieved to find
 That after such a lengthy vigil thou
 Canst tear thyself away from Ethais!

Selene. Yes, he is sleeping now, but all day long
 He tossed and raved in wild delirium,
 Shouting for arms, and, as it seemed to me,
 Fighting his fight with Phyllon o'er again.
 I watched him through the long and troubled hours,
 Fanning the fever from his throbbing brow
 Till he awoke. At first he gazed on me
 In silent wonderment; then, suddenly,
 Seizing my hand, he pressed it to his lips
 And vowed that I had saved him from the grave!
 Mark that - the grave! I - I had saved his life!
 He told me that he loved me - loved me well -
 That I had holy angel-eyes that rained
 A gentle pity on his stubborn heart -
 That I was fairer in his worldly eyes
 Than all the maids on earth or in the clouds!

Zayda. (*spitefully*). Could any words more eloquently show
 The recklessness of his delirium?

Selene. (*surprised*). Nay, he was conscious then.

Fleta. (*very sweetly*). No doubt he was.
 But, sister, in thy triumph recollect
 He scarce had seen *us*.

Zayda. Thou hast wisely done
 To keep *us* out of sight. Cage thou thy bird
 Or he may fly to fairer homes than thine!

Selene. (*amazed*). What mean you, sisters? Nay, turn not away!
 What have I done?

Locrine. (*spitefully*). Indeed we do not know;
 But, lest we should affect his love for thee,
 We will at once withdraw!

Exit LOCRINE curtseying ironically.

Leila. (*politely*). Good night to you!

Exit curtseying.

Neodie. Good night!

Exit curtseying.

Zayda. Good night! Remember, cage thy bird!

Exeunt all curtseying.

Selene. How strangely are my sisters changed to me!
Have I done wrong? No, no, I'm sure of that!
The knight was sorely stricken - he had died
But for my willing care! Oh, earthly Love,
Thou mighty monarch, holding in thy grasp
The holiest balm and most enduring woe,
Is it for good or ill that thou art here?

Supplementary Number - SONG - Selene¹

Oh love, that rulest in our land, Dread Autocrat of Good and Ill,
What would'st thou in our fairy band?
What mission comest to fulfil?
Declare to me thy sov'reign will,
Thy sov'reign will!
Art thou a never-failing source
Of all the joy a heart can hold?
Or talisman that runs its course
As minister of woes,
Of woes untold.

Dread Autocrat of Good or Ill
Declare to me thy sov'reign will!

Oh, Ethais, thou art godly wise -
Untutored thou in shameful art;
No treason lurks in those brave eyes -
No falsehood in that gallant heart!
There treachery can take no part,
Can take no part.
The fervour of thy love devout
Dreads no unworthy plan or plot;
Love is the very death of doubt.
I love, I love thee
And I doubt thee not.

¹ This number was not sung at the first performance and does not appear in the first edition of the published Vocal Score. Its inclusion in later performances was to result in legal action.

I dread no shameful plan or plot
I love thee, love thee and I doubt thee not!

ETHAIS has entered unperceived from the bower. He is very pale and weak, and his arm is in a sling.

Ethais. Selene, I am weak; give me thine hand.

She goes to him.

Selene. My love, thou shouldst no yet have left thy couch.
Come, thou hast need of rest.

Ethais. No, let me stay.
The air revives me; I am strong again.
And so thou trustest me?

Selene. In truth I do.
Although I cannot tell thee whence proceeds
This strange, irrational belief in thee -
Thee, whom I hardly know!

Ethais. I see no marvel!

Selene. Nay, my love - reflect:
I am a woman, and thou art a man.
Well, thou art comely - so, in truth, am I.
We meet and love each other - that's to say,
I am prepared to give up all I have,
My home, my very fairyhood for thee -
Thou to surrender riches, honour, life,
To please the fleeting fancies of my will.
And why?
Because I see in thee, or thou in me,
Astounding virtue, brilliant intellect,
Great self-denial, or shining godliness?
No!
Because, forsooth, we're comely specimens,
Not of our own, but Nature's industry!

No.13. - DUET - Selene and Sir Ethais.

Selene. Thy features are fair and seemly -
A god among mortal men:
I'm beautiful, too, extremely -
Granting all this, what then?
The cause is beyond my ken.
I blindly thus reply:
"Suppose we were fated
To be separated
Assuredly I should die!"

Oh, thine is the giving
Of dying or living!
I wonder, wonder why?

Both. The cause is beyond my ken.
I blindly thus reply:
"Suppose we were fated
To be separated
Assuredly I should die!"

Selene. A being of radiance rarer
Is the Sun in his golden noon;
Beyond comparison fairer
The sheen of the silver Moon.
Each is a God-sent boon.
Fairer than you or I -
But when they've departed
I'm not broken-hearted,
I neither despair nor die!
The act of their setting
I see without fretting -
I wonder, wonder why!

Both. The cause is beyond my ken.
I blindly thus reply:
"Suppose we were fated
To be separated
Assuredly I should die!"

Ethais. I'll satisfy thy wonder in a word:
The face is the true index to the heart -
A ready formula whereby to read
The morals of a mortal at a glance.

Selene. Then, Ethais, is perfect comeliness
Always identified with moral worth?

Ethais. The comeliest man is the most virtuous.
That's an unfailing rule.

Selene. Then, Ethais,
There is no holier man on earth than thou!
Take thou this ring - it is a pledge of love -

Giving him a ring.

Wear it until thy love fades from thy soul.

Ethais. 'Twill never fade while thou art true to me.

Selene. (*amazed*). Are women ever false to such as thou?

Ethais. Are women ever true? - well, not to me!

Selene. But these are earthly maidens, Ethais.
My love is purer than a mortal's love.

Ethais. Thy love is no mortal love if it be pure.

Selene. (*horrified*). Then, mortal Ethais, what love is thine?

Ethais. (*taken back*). I spake of women - men are otherwise!

Selene. Man's love is pure invariably?

Ethais. Pure?
Pure as thine own!

Selene. Poor trusting, cheated souls!

No.14. - DUET - Sir Ethais and Selene.

When a knight loves ladye -
(Hey, but a maid is a sorry little jade!)
He sighs and he sings lackadaydy -
Hey, lackadaydy, O!
Of a love life-long
He'll sing a song -
(Hey, but a maid is a sorry little jade!)
Of a love supreme
He dreams a dream -
Hey, lackadaydy, O!
And little recks he in his love-lorn soul
That, ere by and by, will the tocsin toll -
Ding dong! Ding dong!
Hey, lackadaydy, O!

When a maid grows weary -
(Hey, but a maid is a sorry little jade!)
O sad his heart and dreary -
Hey, lackadaydy, O!
Then day by day
He wilts away -
(Hey, but a maid is a sorry little jade!)
With one sad sigh
He droops to die -
Hey, lackadaydy, O!
Her love his life - both yield their due,
And the tocsin tolling tolls for two!
Ding dong! Ding dong!
Hey, lackadaydy, O!

Exeunt ETHAIS and SELENE together into her bower as DARINE, who has been watching them, enters.

Darine. She leads him willingly into her bower!
Oh, I could curse the eyes that meet his eyes,
The hand that touches his hands, and the lips
That press his lips! And why? I cannot tell!
Some unknown fury rages in my heart -
A mean and miserable hate of all
Who interpose between my love and me!
What devil doth possess me?

PHYLLON has entered unobserved during the last few lines.

Phyllon. (*coming forward*). Jealousy!

Darine. (*recklessly*). Maybe! What matters how the fiend is called!

Phyllon. But wherefore art thou jealous? Tell me now,
Have *I* done aught to cause this jealousy?

Darine. Thou? Dost *thou* love me?

Phyllon. (*airily*). Love thee? Tenderly
I love all pretty girls on principle.

Darine. (*impetuously*). But is thy love an all-possessing love?
Mad, reckless, unrestrained, infuriate?
Holding thy heart within its steely grasp,
And pressing passion from its very core?

Phyllon. (*surprised*). That sort of thing!

Darine. (*pityingly*). Alas, poor stricken knight!
Phyllon, my love is such a love as thine;
But it is not for thee! Oh, steel thyself
To hear disastrous tidings, gentle knight!
(*Melodramatically.*)
I love thee not!

Phyllon. (*coolly*). Indeed?

Darine. Is it not strange?

Phyllon. (*very quietly*). Most unaccountable!

Darine. (*disappointed*). But tell me now,
Art thou not sorely grieved?

Phyllon. (*very calmly*). Unspeakably.

Darine. But dost thou understand? I love thee not;
I, whom thou lovest, Phyllon, love thee not!
Nay, more, I love another - Ethais!
Thou hast a rival, and a favoured one -
Dost thou not hear me?

Phyllon. (*calmly*). Yes, I am deeply pained.

Darine. (*delighted*). Thou art?

Phyllon. Of course - what wouldst thou have me do?

Darine. Do? Hurl thyself headlong to yonder earth,
And end at once a life of agony!

Phyllon. Why should I?

Darine. Why? Because I love thee not!
Why, if I loved and found my love despised,
The universe should ring with my laments;
And were I mortal, Phyllon, as thou art,
I would destroy myself!

PHYLLON is greatly amused.

No.15. - DUET - Darine and Sir Phyllon

Darine. But dost thou hear? I love thee not!

Phyllon. (*indifferently*). Oh, yes, you put it clearly.

Darine. A favoured rival thou hast got!

Phyllon. I envy him sincerely!

Darine. And canst thou contemplate Darine
With Ethais fondly toying -
In fond caress and rapture keen,
His social charm enjoying?
Unhappy Phyllon, think of this:
These eyes - they burn for Ethais;
These lips - which thou shalt never kiss;
This form - designed to crown his bliss.

Phyllon. Well, it's annoying!

Darine. (*anxiously*). It *is* annoying?

Phyllon. Yes, it's annoying!

Both. These eyes - they burn for Ethais;
These lips - which thou shalt never kiss;
This form - designed to crown his bliss.

Phyllon. The state of your emotions you
Delineate succinctly:
But, come - what would you have me do?
Tell me the truth distinctly.

Darine. Do? Hurl thyself to yonder earth,
With sorrow unabated,
And end a life from hour of birth
To bitter anguish fated!

Phyllon. I see your point, but (pardon me)
Did all heart-broken youth agree
In death to drown their miseriee,
The world within a week would be
Depopulated!

Darine. Depopulated?

Phyllon. Depopulated!

Ensemble

Exit PHYLLON.

Darine. (*looking off*). Here comes the miserable, mincing jade,
With a fair speech upon her lying lips,
To meet the sister whom her evil arts
Have robbed of more than life. Oh, hypocrite!

Enter SELENE.

Selene. Darine!

Darine. (*changing her manner*). My sister - my beloved one!
Why, thou art sad; thine eyes are dim with tears.
Say, what has brought thee grief?

Selene. (*with joy*). Darine, my own!
Thou dost not shun me, then?

Darine. Shun thee, my sweet Selene? No, not I!

Selene. Bless thee for that! I feared to meet thy face,
For all my loved companions turned from me
With scornful jest and bitter mockery;
Thou, thou, Darine, alone art true to me!

Darine. True to Selene while Selene breathes!
Come, tell me all thy woes.

Selene. My Ethais -
He whom I love so fondly - he is ill,

And I am powerless to heal his wound!
Darine, my love may die!

Darine. (*wildly*). What can be done?
Oh, I would give my fairyhood to save
The man thou lovest, oh, my dearly loved!
But stay - the counterpart of Lutin is
At once his henchman and his cunning leech:
Lutin has gone to earth - cast thou this flower
And summon mortal Lutin to his aid;
He hath a charm to heal thy lover's wound!

Selene. Kind Heaven reward thee for thy ready wit!
My sister, thou hast saved both him and me -
My darling sister! (*embracing her*).

Darine. (*aside*). Oh, thou hypocrite!

Selene. Fair rose, I name thee Lutin - go to earth
And hither send the mortal counterpart
Of him whose name thou hast, and may kind Heaven
Prosper thy mission! Kiss me, dear Darine,
For thou hast saved my Ethais for me!

Kisses her and exit.

Darine. No, not for thee, good sister - for myself!

*Exit DARINE. Hurried music. Enter mortal LUTIN over the edge of the cloud,
staggering onto stage as though violently impelled from below.*

No.16. - SCENA - Lutin and Chorus.

Help! help! help!
Whatever has become of me?
Help! help! help!
Wherever am I now?
Help! help! help!
Who's made a tee-to-tum of me?
When came I here, why came I here, whence came I here, and how?
Uprising with velocity
This impolite atrocity
Excites my curiosity -
But stay, I'm coming to -
But stay, I'm coming to -
But stay, I'm coming to -
I've gained my senses!
I've died a death deplorable,
For ever unrestorable,
And left my wife adorable
To weep and pay my fu -
To weep and pay my fu -

To weep and pay my fu -
neral expenses!

During this the Fairies have entered, led by ZAYDA, LOCRINE, NEODIE, FLETA, and others. They examine him curiously and with much amusement.

Zayda. A freak of nature - not of Art!
'Tis Lutin, without wing!

Fleta. His likeness to his counterpart
Is most astonishing!

Leila. How beautifully formed is he -
How delicately quaint!

Cora. I wonder will he prove to be
A sinner or a saint?

Chorus. We wonder will he prove to be
A sinner or a saint?
We lay no stress
On blamelessness,
But still we wait
To speculate
On this - will he
Turn out to be
A sinner or a saint?

LUTIN is much impressed with the beauty of the Fairies.

Lutin. Though I'm no Mussulman, it's true,
Yet by some strange device
My soul has found its way into
Mahomet's Paradise!
If this is all I have to pay
For my career perverse,
It might have been, I'm bound to say,
Considerably worse!
Considering,
I've had my fling,
'Tis very well;
For, truth to tell,
From what I glean,
It might have been
Considerably worse!

Chorus. Considering,
He's had my fling,
'Tis very well;
For, truth to tell,
From what we glean,

It might have been
Considerably worse!

Exit ZAYDA. Enter LOCRINE.

Locrine. Why, this is Lutin's mortal counterpart!
How quaint! How picturesquely rugged!

Leila. Yes!
Such character and such expression!

All. (*admiring him*). Yes!

Lutin. (*with conviction*). It's Paradise! Mahomet's Paradise!
I'm comfortably dead, and all is well!

Neodie. Alas!
This is not Paradise, nor art thou dead,
Thou art in Fairyland! These are the clouds,
And there's the earth from which we summoned thee.

Lutin. Of course! I recollect it all! A mist
Enveloped me and whirled me safely here
Just as my fair but able-bodied wife
Began to lay my staff about my ears.
That's all I know. I'm much obliged to it!

Neodie. Oh, tell me, are there many men on earth
As fair and pleasant to the eye as thou?

Lutin. Not many - though I have met one or two
Who run me pretty close!

Locrine. Tell us their names.

Lutin. Well, let me see - Sir Phyllon has been thought
A personable man; then Ethais -
He's fairly well.

Neodie. But these are *handsome* men.
We love thee for thy rugged, homely face;
Oh, we are sated with mere comeliness,
We have so much of that up here! I love
A homely face!

Lutin. I quite agree with you!
What do a dozen handsome men imply?
A dozen faces cast in the same mould.
A dozen mouths, all lip for lip the same,
A dozen noses, all of equal length.
But take twelve plain men, and the element
Of picturesque variety steps in.
You get at once unlooked for hill and dale,

Odd curves and unexpected points of light,
Pleasant surprises, quaintly broken lines -
All very charming, whether seen upon
The face of Nature or the face of Man.

No.17. - SONG - Lutin and Chorus

Suppose you take, with open mind,
Twelve handsome men - what do you find?
Twelve people, twenty-five years old,
Twelve shapes, in even series;
Twelve faces, cast in classic mould
(A type that quickly wearies),
Twelve heads - the same from crown to nape
In tedious iteration;
Twelve noses - all alike in shape,
Without a variation;
Two dozen eyes - all large and bright; Two dozen lips - all modelled quite
Like Cupid's bow - and underneath
Somewhere about three hundred teeth,
By average calculation.
This is a principle you may disseminate:
Good-looking men are effete and effeminate.
As for variety, they haven't got any -
Morbidly mild in their mawkky monotony!

But take twelve *plain* men, and you find
Variety of every kind!
You've eyes that swivel - eyes that squint,
And dribbling eyes , and dozy;
And mottled cheeks of every tint,
And hair that's red and rosy;
You've mouths that grin and mouths that gape;
Large ears that don't offend us;
Uneven teeth grotesque in shape,
And noses, too - tremendous!
You've noses flat and noses snub,
Gigantic noses, noses club;
You've noses long and noses short,
And some that snore and some that snort
With energy stupendous!
Why we're unpopular passes the wit o' me!
Each of his kind is a comic epitome,
Teeming with humours of dissimilarity -
Quite a museum of peculiarity!

Enter ZAYDA unobserved.

Locrine. But stay! Thou shouldst be faint for lack of food -

Neodie. Nay, let me minister unto his needs -

Zayda. (*coming forward*). Then go, beloved sisters. Gather fruits
And bring them here to him. Such frugal fare
Will have a daintier flavour than its own
When served by such fair hands!

Exeunt LOCRINE, NEODIE and the others.

Zayda. (*changing her manner*). We are alone!
One word of caution - shun my sisters all!

Lutin. Are all these lovely girls your sisters?

Zayda. All!
Rejoice that they are not thine own.

Lutin. I do.
I very much prefer them as they are!
You're a fine family.

Zayda. Fair to the eye,
But take good heed - they are not what they seem!
Locrine, the fair - the beautiful Locrine -
Is the embodiment of avarice;
Darine is vain beyond comparison;
Neodie is much older than she looks;
Camilla hath defective intellect;
Maia's a bitter shrew, Colombe's a thief;
And last and worst of all, I blush to own,
Our Queen Selene hath a tongue that stabs -
A traitor tongue that serves no better end
Than wag a woman's character away!

Lutin. I've stumbled into pretty company!
It seems you fairies have your faults.

Zayda. Alas!
All but myself. *My* soul is in my face;
I, only I, am what I seem to be;
I, only I, am worthy of esteem.
If thou will love me, I will dower thee
With wealth untold, long years and happy life,
Thou gallant churl, thou highly favoured boor,
Thou pleasant knave, thou strange epitome
Of all that's rugged, quaint, and picturesque!

Kissing him on the tip of his nose.

Lutin. You don't take long in coming to the point!

Zayda. Forgive my clumsy and ill-chosen words;
We gentle, simple fairies never loved
Until to-day.

Lutin. And when you *do* begin,
 You fairies make up for the time you've lost!

The Fairies enter with fruit and wine. LUTIN sits and they group around him as he eats and drinks.

Neodie. Hast thou a wife?

Lutin. Well, yes - that is down there!
 Up here, I am a bachelor - as yet.

Cora. And does she love thee?

Lutin. Well - we *do* fall out.
 We did to-day.

Neodie. And how came that about?

Lutin. Why thus, to tell the truth, between ourselves -
 (whispering) There was a lady in the case!

Zayda. *(much shocked)*. Hush, hush!
 Such stories are unfit for maiden's ears.
 Confine thyself to matters that relate
 To thine own sex. Thy master Ethais,
 He fought with Phyllon. What was that about?

Lutin. Oh, it's the old, old story!

Locrine. Tell it!

Lutin. Well,
 There was a lady in the case!

Zayda. *(shocked)*. Then stop -
 Go on with something else. Where was thou born?

Lutin. Why in Bulgaria - some years ago!
 (whispering) There was a lady in *that* case!

Zayda. *(severely)*. It seems
 There is a lady, sir, in every case!

Lutin. In all those cases they do interfere!

Exit ZAYDA, offended.

No.18. - SONG - Lutin and Chorus

In yonder world, which devils strew,
With worry, grief, and pain in plenty,
This maxim is accounted true
With *nemine dissentiente*:
A woman doth the mischief brew
In nineteen cases out of twenty!

Chorus. A woman doth the mischief brew
 In nineteen cases out of twenty!

Lutin. In all the woes
 That joy displace,
 In all the blows
 That bring disgrace
 On much enduring human race,
 There is a lady in the case!
 Yes, that's the fix
 We have to face -
 Her whims and tricks
 Throughout you trace.
 In all the woes that curse our race
 There is a lady in the case.

Chorus. Yes, that's the fix
 They have to face -
 Her whims and tricks
 Throughout you trace.
 In all the woes that curse their race
 There is a lady in the case.

Lutin. If woman from great Nature's scheme
 Were utterly eliminated,
 Unruffled peace would reign supreme,
 No quarrels would be propagated.
 But that is a Utopian dream
 Of mortals unsophisticated.

Chorus. But that is a Utopian dream
 Of mortals unsophisticated.

Lutin. It's true that foes
 Might then embrace,
 All earthly woes
 Dissolve in space.
 But where would be the human race
 With never a lady in the case?
 Yes, that's the rub
 We have to face -

It gives a snub
That kills the case.
What would become of all our race
With never a lady in the case?

Chorus. Yes, that's the rub
They have to face -
It gives a snub
That kills the case.
What would become of all their race
With never a lady in the case?

Enter DARINE, unobserved.

Locrine. And, Lutin, is thy wife as fair as thou?

Lutin. I thought her pretty till I looked on thee.

Zayda. Her hair -

Lutin. Is bright, but not as bright as thine.

Locrine. Her figure?

Lutin. Neat and graceful of its kind,
But lacks that pleasant plumpness. Then besides
She has a long, loud tongue, and uses it;
A stout and heavy hand, and uses that;
And large expressive eyes, and uses them!

Zayda. And doth she know that thou art here with us?

Lutin. No, that's the joke!

Zayda. The joke?

Lutin. Of course it is!

Zayda. What joke?

Lutin. What joke? Why this: my lovely wife
Is just as full of devil-born jealousy
As woman's soul can hold! A pretty girl
Who comes within a hundred yards of me
Runs a fair chance to lose both eyes and hair!
If I address a well-proportioned maid,
My bones will ache for it a month at least!
Only the crooked, the palsied, and the blear
Are held to be fit company for me,
And even they must mind their p's and q's.
This comes of being quaintly picturesque!

Neodie. (*sighing*). I understand - I'm not at all surprised.
I should be just the same were I thy wife!

Locrine. And how's the lady called?

Lutin. Her name's Darine.

Locrine. (*astonished*). Darine?

Lutin. Darine.

All. How marvellous! Darine!

DARINE comes forward.

Darine. At last I've found thee, Lutin! Everywhere
I've sought thee, high and low!

LUTIN stares at her in blank astonishment.

Lutin. Merciful powers!
Are all my senses muddled, or is this
A drink-engendered dream?

Darine. A dream? Oh no!

Lutin. (*staring incredulously*). Art thou indeed Darine?

Darine. Darine indeed!
Come hither, I would have a word with thee.

Lutin. (*to Fairies*). You'd better go! There's going to be a scene.

Fairies retire up stage.

(*in great terror*). Darine, have mercy! Pray let me explain,

These bold young girls, they are no friends of mine!
Nay, hear me patiently - I know them not;
They thrust themselves upon me 'gainst my will!
(*crying*). Be merciful and hear before you strike!

Darine. I have no time to list to explanations.
Attend to me, for this is life or death!
Thy master Ethais - he fought with Phyllon
And he was sorely wounded in the fight -

Lutin. My master Ethais? Is *he* in the clouds?

Darine. He is, his wound is grave and he may die!
Thou hast a charm of wondrous efficacy
(So Ethais says) to heal e'en mortal wounds -
I bid thee give it me without delay!

Lutin. But tell me first - what means this strange disguise?
How camest thou up here? And, above all,
Why dost thou want to heal his wound thyself?

Darine. Why? Dost thou love thy master Ethais?

Lutin. Of course I do. What then?

Darine. (*passionately*). Why, so do I!

LUTIN horrified.

Fiercely, unreasonably, recklessly!
With all the madcap torrent of a soul
That love has never kindled till to-day!

Lutin. (*aghast*). Thou lovest Ethais? Great heaven and earth!
Is the girl mad?

Darine. She is! Mad as the moon!
Hast thou no pity for a heart-wrung girl
Who pines for love that thou canst help her win?

Lutin. She must be mad! Oh, my beloved Darine!

Throwing himself at her feet.

Don't break my heart - don't make my life a curse!
I've been a faithful husband - more or less!
And when I've earned a hearty cudgelling
As I have, now and then,
I've borne it meekly! Oh, Darine, my love,
Do not forsake me. Treat me as thou wilt,
I will bear it all. Be thou but true to me,
My masterful but well-beloved wife! (*weeping*).

Darine. (*astonished*). I am thy wife? Thy well-beloved wife?

Lutin. Of course!

Darine. Oh monstrous! (*suddenly*). Stay! There has been mistake;
Some dreadful error! See, I've found the clue!
Her name's Darine. Here, set thy mind at rest -
No doubt I am her fairy prototype?

Lutin. (*sobbing*). Her prototype? And what's a prototype?

Darine. Why, all the mortals on that wicked world
Have prototypes up here, and I am hers -
In face resembling her, and that is all.

Lutin. Then you are *not* my wife?

Darine. Not I indeed!

Lutin. You're sure of that?

Darine. Quite sure!

Lutin. (*embracing her rapturously*). My darling girl!
And I'm permitted to disport myself
With these fair maids?

Darine. Undoubtedly you are!

Lutin. Kiss me again!

Embracing DARINE and giving her the phial.

Here - take the phial. Two spoonful to the dose!
I never was so happy in my life!

Exit DARINE triumphantly.

No.19. - SONG - Lutin and Chorus

When husband supposes
His wife is a jade,
No bed of red roses
For husband is made;
But when he discovers
His fears about lovers
So grimly abhorrent
Are quite without warrant,
With utter contrition
He sends to perdition
All silly suspicion -
His fears are allayed;
He, (*Dancing*).
Free from anxiety,
Free from timidity,
Ladies' society
Seeks with avidity -
Pleasant variety,
Perfect sobriety,
No impropriety
Or insipidity!

Fairies. (*Dancing*). Free from anxiety,
Free from timidity,
Ladies' society
Seeks with avidity -
Pleasant variety,
Perfect sobriety,
No impropriety
Or insipidity!

Lutin. With keen satisfaction
 And sense of relief
 He feels a reaction
 From trouble and grief.
 His fears heavy-hearted
 Have quickly departed.
 He seeks in enjoyment
 Congenial employment,
 Surrenders politely
 To maidens so sprightly,
 They're all very sightly,
 But this is the chief! (*indicating LOCRINE.*)
 Oh! (*Dancing.*)
 Pure informality
 Marks their civility -
 Lovely locality,
 Gems of gentility -
 Happy fatality!
 That its finality
 Seems, in reality
 Improbability!

Fairies. (*Dancing.*) Pure informality
 Marks their civility -
 Lovely locality,
 Gems of gentility -
 Happy fatality!
 That its finality
 Seems, in reality
 Improbability!

The fairies dance off with LUTIN. As they go off, DARINE enters.

No.20. - SONG - Darine

Triumphant I! Here is the charm!
 Now to devise a plan to gain my end:
 If I restore his strong sword arm,
 He will become my friend.
 But will it gain the love
 That I prize all above?
 That all-enthraling love which I would fain
 Yield up my very fairyhood to gain!
 And how shall I attain that dream?
 Oh, god of impudence, lend me thine art!
 I have bethought me of a scheme
 That should enchain his heart!
 No matter sin or shame
 So, I fulfil my aim -
 The dictates of the heart must be obeyed.
 So, god of impudence, lend me thine aid!

Enter ETHAIS from bower. He is very weak and ill.

Darine. (*tenderly*). How fares Sir Ethais?

Ethais. Why grievously!
I am no leech and cannot dress my wound.
I'm sick and faint from pain and loss of blood!

Darine. (*aside*). Now for my plan!
(*aloud*). Sir Ethais, if Phyllon's words be true,
Thy wound is but a scratch!

Ethais. (*indignantly*). A scratch, forsooth!
The devil's claws could scarcely scratch as deep!

Darine. He says - I don't believe him - but he says
That thou hast magnified its character
Because thou fearest to renew the fight!
He says thou art a coward!

Ethais. (*furious*). By my blood
He shall atone for this! Oh, Phyllon, coward!
Why, a dozen times
We two have fought our battles side by side,
And I'm to quail and blanch, forsooth, because
We two are fighting face to face!
Black curses on this wound! Were Lutin here,
My sword arm soon would be in gear again!

Darine. Lutin *is* here!

Ethais. (*amazed*). Here? Lutin?

Darine. Yes, behold! (*shows phial*).
I have obtained this precious charm from him.
Now, knight, to show thy mettle!

Ethais. (*furiously*). Give it me!
Give me the flask!

Darine. One moment, Ethais!
This flask is precious, and it hath a price!

Ethais. Name thou thy price, and I will give it thee -
Take money, jewels, armour, all I have
So that thou leavest me one trusty sword!

Darine. Nay, Ethais, I do not want thy wealth;
I want thy love - yes, Ethais, thy love!
That priceless love that thou has lavished on
My worthless sister?

Ethais. On Selene?

Darine. Aye,
Thou lovest her, and dost thou think that I
Will save thy life for *her*?

Ethais. Selene? Bah!
True, she is fair. Well, thou art also fair.
What does it matter, her fair face or thine?
What matter either face, or hers or thine,
When weighed against this outrage on my honour?

Darine. Give me that ring, and thou shalt have the charm!

Ethais. 'Tis thine. (*gives ring and receives phial*).
And now, Sir Phyllon, take good heed!

Swallows contents of phial and is at once restored to health and vigour.

Enter SIR PHYLLON

Phyllon. Why, Ethais -

Ethais. (*furiously*). So I'm a cur, Sir Liar, and my wound
Is but a scratch that I have magnified
That I might shun the terrors of thy sword!

Phyllon. Hands off, thou drunken madman! Set me free!
I never said these things!

Ethais. Thou craven cur!
Dost thou then fear to reap before my face
The crop that thou hast sown behind my back?

Phyllon. (*contemptuously*). I am not wont
To weigh the words I speak to such as thou!
No need to taint *thine* honour with a lie;
Why, Ethais, the truth is black enough!
I know thee for a brawling tavern-bully,
A hollow friend, a cruel unsparing foe,
A reckless perjurer, a reprobate,
The curse of women and the scourge of men -
Is not the *truth* enough, that I should grudge
The one brute-virtue of thy satyr-soul -
The instinct courage of a hungry dog?

ETHAIS is about to fly at PHYLLON, but checks himself and turns to DARINE.

Ethais. Didst thou not tell me he had said these things?

Darine. 'Twas but an artifice to gain thy love! (*turns to Phyllon*).
Forgive me Phyllon.

Phyllon. Bah! Release my hand -
Thou shameless woman, I have done with thee!

Exit PHYLLON. DARINE turns to ETHAIS imploringly.

Enter SELENE.

Selene. Darine! Thou here alone with Ethais?
No, no - I will not doubt!

Darine. Doubt whom thou wilt,
Thou hypocrite! Thou shameless hypocrite!
Thou craven victim of thy own designs!

Enter all the fairies.

Selene. Darine, what dost thou mean?

Darine. Doubt all of us,
For we are false to thee, as thou to us.
I am as thou hast made me, hypocrite!

Selene. Thou art to me as thou hast ever been,
Most dearly loved of all these dearly loved!

Darine. Away! Thou art the source of all our ill.

Zayda. Oh, miserable woman, get thee hence!
Thou art no Queen of ours!

Darine. Away with her!
Down with the traitress Queen!

No.21. - SCENA

Darine. Thou art the source of all the ill
That blights our Fairyland!

Zayda. Thine is the impious hand
That worked our misery, until
The very air we breathe
Was made to reek and seethe
With the accursed offence
Of plague and pestilence!

Darine. Bow thee unto the storm that lowers!
Away! Thou art no Queen of ours!

All. Away! Thou art no Queen of ours!
Give place to our Darine!
Bow thee unto the storm that lowers!
Down with the traitress Queen!

Zayda. 'Tis true we counselled thee to call
These mortals here from earth.

'Twas but to test thy worth!
We knew too well that thou wouldst fall,
As thou indeed hast done.
Thy subjects every one
Thine infamy have seen,
Thou sorry, sorry Queen!

Darine, Zayda, Lochrine and Neodie.

Thou hast abused thy royal powers!
Away! thou art no Queen of ours!

All. Away! Thou art no Queen of ours!
Give place to our Darine!
Bow thee unto the storm that lowers!
Down with the traitress Queen!

Selene. So let it be, for I have proved unfit!
I had a trust - I have forsaken it!

All. Down with the traitress Queen!

Selene. Though my default was born of good intent,
Mine was the sin, be mine the punishment!

All. Hail to our loved Darine!

Selene. Bows in remorse the head that ye contemn.

Taking off her crown and placing it on DARINE.

Well loved Darine, wear thou this diadem!

All. Down with the traitress Queen!

Selene. See, my beloved sister-maidens, how
Imperially it rests upon her brow!

All. Hail to our loved Darine!
Thou art our Queen,
Beloved Darine!
In loyalty
We bow to thee -
We bow to thee
In loyalty,
Beloved Darine,
Henceforth our Queen!

The Fairies march round DARINE and make obeisance to her.

Darine. So may I fall if I forsake my trust!
Thy punishment is just. Thou wast a Queen!
What art thou now?

Selene. I have a kingdom yet!
I have a kingdom here in Ethais' heart.
A kingdom? Nay, a world - my world - my world!
A world where all is good, and pure, and brave -
A world of noble thought and noble deed -
A world of brave and gentle chivalry -
A very goodly and right gallant world!
This is my kingdom, for I am its Queen!

Turning to ETHAIS, who comes down.

Darine. Thou art no Queen of his, for he is mine;
Aye, by the token that thou gavest him,
Thou fond and foolish maiden! (*showing ring*).

Selene. (*looking at it*). No, no, no!
It is a counterfeit! No, no, Darine!
The punishment of heaven are merciful!

Takes ETHAIS' hand to kiss it; she sees that the ring is not there.

Selene. Oh, Ethais!
Is that the ring with which I plighted thee?

Ethais. (*sullenly*). Aye, that's the bauble. I have naught to say!

Selene. (*to DARINE*). It fell from him! Where didst thou find it? Speak!

Ethais. I sold it for a charm, that I might have
An arm to flog a lying cur withal;
A traitor devil, whose false breath had blurred
My knightly honour - dearer to my heart
Than any love of woman, hers or thine!
I had no choice, my honour was at stake!

Selene. Thine honour! Thou dost well to speak of that!
Can devils take the face and form of gods?
Are truth and treachery so near akin
That one can wear the other's countenance?
Are all such men as thou? Or art thou not
Of thine accursed race, the most accursed?
Why, honourable sir, thou art a knight
Who wars with womankind! Thy panoply
A goodly form, smooth tongue, and fair, false face;
Thy shield a lie, thy weapon an embrace.
The emblem of thy skill a broken heart!
Thine is a gallant calling, Ethais!
Thou manly knight - this soul of chivalry -
Thou most discreet and prudent warrior! (*He approaches her.*)
Away, and touch me not! My nature's gone!
May Heaven rain down her fury on thy soul!
May every fibre in that perjured heart

Quiver with love for one who loves thee not!
May thine untrammelled soul at last be caught
And fixed and chained and riveted to one
Who, with the love of Heaven upon her lips
Carries the hate of Hell within her heart!

Ethais. Stay! Hear me out.
'Tis true I trifled with thy love, but then
Thy love is not as mortal woman's love.
I did not know that it would move thee thus!

Selene. Thou didst not know!
Art thou so dull that thou canst understand
No pain that is not wreaked upon *thy* frame?
Has thou no knowledge of the form of woe
That comes of cheated hopes and trampled hearts?

Ethais. Nay, hear me. I have wronged thee bitterly;
I will atone for all.

Selene. Thou shalt atone!

No.22. - SONG - Selene

Hark ye, sir knight. I'll yield my fairy state,
That I may follow thee to yonder earth,
And join the whispering band of hidden hate
Who feed on falsehood and who war with worth;
The busy band who stab in secrecy;
The blighting band within whose lips is hung
The deadliest weapon of earth's armoury!
A woman's tongue - a woman's blighting tongue!
The talisman I will so deftly wield
To twist and turn and torture good to ill,
That, were it in thy traitor heart to yield
To holy deeds of peace and calm goodwill,
Those deeds should seem of holiness bereft,
From every form of righteousness averse -
Thy peace a war - thy charity a theft -
Thy calm a fury and thy prayer a curse!

She throws herself on a bank exhausted. Enter LOCRINE.

Locrine. Selene, see!
Through the far distant air with rapid flight
Our absent brothers wing their way to us!
These mortals must return to their own earth!

ZAYDA and LUTIN and other Fairies have entered.

Lutin. (*shaking them off*). Now, by my head, but this is welcome news!

Zayda. (*horrified*). Return to earth? No, Lutin, no - not yet!
Life without Lutin, what can that be worth?

Lutin. I cannot tell you, for, I never tried.
Nay, seek not to detain me, I've reformed!
And had I not,
I don't think I could much enjoy myself
In the distracting company of one
Who, if she's not in point of fact my wife, (*alluding to DARINE.*)
Is so uncomfortably like my wife
That she may be my wife for aught I know!

Enter PHYLLON.

No.23. - MELODRAME

Phyllon. Come, Ethais, Lutin, come, to earth again!

PHYLLON descends with LUTIN. ETHAIS is about to follow them, but is detained by SELENE.

Selene. No, no! Thou shalt not go - thou shalt not go!
My hope - my shattered hope, but still my hope!
My love - my blighted love, but still my love!
My life - my ruined life, but still my life!
I'll work and toil for thee - I'll be thy slave -
Thine humble, silent, and submissive slave!
(*furiously.*) Nay, but I'll hold thee back! I have the strength
Of fifty women! See, thou canst not go!
(*with passionate triumph.*) Nay, but I'll wrest thy love away from thee
And fetter it in bondage to my heart!
I will be one with thee; I'll cling to thee
And thou *shalt* take me to that world of thine!

Ethais. Take *thee* to earth? I love the world too well
To curse it with another termagant!
We have enough of them. Release me, fool -
Away from me! I go to that good world
Where women are not devils till they die!

Throws off SELENE, who fall senseless. He leaps through the cloud and descends. As ETHAIS disappears the Fairies who have grouped themselves about the stage in attitudes of despair, appear gradually to wake as from a dream. The moon has disappeared, heavy thunderclouds that have gradually gathered during the preceding scene suddenly disperse, the stage grows light, and the music becomes soft and hymn-like.

Selene. Where am I? Zayda! Neodie! Darine!
Oh, sisters, I am waking from a dream -
A fearful dream - a dream of evil thoughts,
Of mortal passion and of mortal hate!
I thought that Ethais and Phyllon too
Had gone to mid-earth -

Zayda. Nay, it was no dream -
A sad and sorrowful reality!
Yes, we have suffered much, but, Heaven be praised,
These mortal men have gone to their own earth
And taken with them the bad influence
That spread like an infection through our ranks.
See, we are as we were! *(embracing her.)*

Selene. Darine! Darine!
My well-beloved sister, speak to me!

Darine. *(shamefacedly)*. I dare not speak to thee - I have no words -
I am ashamed!

Selene. Oh, sister, let that shame
Hang heavily on all, for all have sinned!
Oh, let us lay this lesson to our hearts!
Let us achieve our work with humbled souls,
Free from the folly of self-righteousness.
Behold, is there so wide a gulf between
The humble wretch who, being tempted, falls,
And that good man who rears an honoured head
Because temptation has not come to him?
Shall we, from our enforced security
Deal mercilessly with poor mortal man,
Who struggles, single-handed, to defend
The demon-leagued fortress of his soul?
Shall we not rather, seeing how he fell,
Give double honour to the champion who
Throughout his mortal peril holds his own,
E'en though
His walls be somewhat battered in the fight?
Oh, let us lay this lesson to our hearts!

Enter LUTIN followed by ETHAIS and PHYLLON as Fairies.

Lutin. Your brothers have returned!

Selene. My Ethais!

Ethais. Selene - sisters all - rejoice with us!
We bear the promise of a priceless gift,
A source of new and endless happiness!
Take every radiant blessing that adorns
Our happy land, and all will pale before
The lustre of this precious privilege.
It is - that we may love as mortals love!

Selene. No, no - not that! No, Ethais, not that!
It is a deadly snare - beware of it!
Such love is for mankind and not for us.
No, Ethais, we will not have this love!

No.24. - FINALE ACT II

Chorus. Pure as the air, sweet as the morning dew,
Reigneth our Queen!
Bright in our eyes as Heaven's ethereal blue,
Reigneth our Queen!
Spirit of love! as thou hast ever been,
Be to us evermore, oh sister-Queen!
Unsullied source
Of tranquil joy,
Pursue thy course
Of pure employ -
Be thou, as thou hast ever been,
Our all-beloved sister-Queen!

DARINE removes the crown from her head and places it on SELENE. The Fairies all kneel in adoration at SELENE's feet.

CURTAIN