

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.