

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 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!

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!