

*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. *(horrificed)*. 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.*