

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-leagured 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!