

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.