

Selene. That form is not in vogue in Fairyland.  
Still, as it holds on earth, no doubt 'twill have  
Far greater weight with you, poor sons of earth,  
Than any formula we could impose.

Ethais. Its weight is overpowering! *(About to kiss her).*

Selene. But stay -  
We would not wrest this homage from you, sir.  
Or give it willingly, or not at all.

Phyllon. Most willingly, fair Queen, we give it you!

Selene. Good - then proceed.

***SIR ETHAIS kisses SELENE. SIR PHYLLON kisses DARINE.***

Ethais. There - does it not convey  
A pleasant sense of influence?

Selene. It does.  
*(to DARINE).* Some earthly forms seem rational enough!  
*(SIR ETHAIS staggers as though about to faint).*  
Why, Ethais, what ails thee?

Ethais. Nothing grave -  
I'm weak from loss of blood. Here, take this scarf,  
And bind it round my arm - so - have a care!  
There, that will do till I return to earth,  
Then Lutin, who's a very skilful leech,  
Shall doctor it.

Selene. *(amazed).* Didst thou say Lutin?

Ethais. Yes.

Darine. How strange. Sir Ethais has a Lutin too!

***LUTIN has entered unobserved.***

Ethais. Yes, he's my squire - a poor half-witted churl,  
Who shudders at the rustling of a leaf.  
He hath a potion that will heal my wound,  
A draught whose power works instantaneously.  
Were he here I should soon - *(sees FAIRY LUTIN).*  
Why, here he is!  
By all the gods, pranked out in masquerade!  
*(to LUTIN).* Give me the potion!

Lutin. *(in amazement).* Give thee what?

