DUET. (Selene and Sir Ethais.)

Allegretto comodo.

Piano.

Selene.

Thy features are fair and seemingly—A god among mortal men:

I'm beautiful, too, extremely—Granting all this, what
then?

Sir. ETHAIRS.

You're beautiful, too, extremely—

rit.  a tempo.

The cause is beyond my

a tempo.

Granting all this, what then?

rit.  a tempo.

pa tempo.

ken. I blindly thus reply: "Sup-

pose we were fated to be sepa-

rated, As.
Surely I should die! Oh, thine is the giving of

dying or living! I wonder, wonder

why?

A being of radiance
ra-turer Is the Sun in his golden noon; Beh-

yond com-pa-ri-son fair-er The sheen of the sil-ver

D

Moon. Sir, ETHALS.

Be-yond com-pa-ri-son fair-er The sheen of the sil-ver

rit. a tempo.

Each is a god-sent boon,

rit. a tempo.

Moon.

rit. pp a tempo.
Fairer than thou or I—But when they've departed I'm not broken-hearted, I neither despair nor die! Their

E. Broader.

rising and setting I see without fretting—I wonder, wonder! why!

Sir Ethais.

The cause is beyond our
cause is beyond our ken.

I blindly thus reply:

"Suppose we were fated To be separated As..."
Surely I should die!" Oh, thine is the giving of

dying or living! I wonder, wonder

why! I wonder why, I wonder why? Oh,
thine is the giving Of dying or living! I wonder why, I wonder why?