Selene.

Molto allegro agitato.

Hark ye, Sir

Piano.

Knight, I'll yield my fairy state That I may follow thee to yonder

earth. And join the whispering band of hidden hate Who feed on falsehood and who

24072
war with worth!

busy band who stab in secrecy—The blighting band within whose

lips is hung The dead—deadliest weapon of Earth's

colla voce

B a tempo

armoury, A woman's tongue—a woman's blighting
tongue!

Presto.

This tal. is. man I will so

deft. ly wield To twist and turn. and tor. ture good to ill,

Meno mosso.

That, were it in thy trai. tor heart to yield. To ho. ly deeds of peace and

calm good will Those deeds should seem of ho. li. ness be.