Act II.

INTRODUCTION.

Allegro alla marcia.

With great animation.
No. 11.

OPE NING CHORUS.

Audantino. (not too slow.)

Piano.

cho.

For

(ironically)

many an hour Within her bow'r With E. tha. is phil.

many an hour Within her bow'r With E. tha. is phil.
Our excellent Queen, no doubt has been in ro-scate, ro-scate,
Dreams, no doubt has been in ro-scate dreams.
As a
A Allegro.

A Allegro.

matter of fact A risky act, So obviously do

So very unfit We must admit

tectable

Is anything but respectable Is
Anything but respectable! So
anything but, So

Agitato.
ff accel.

very unfit We must admit Is
very unfit We must admit Is

ff

anything but respectable!

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For many an hour Within her bowl With Etha is phils.

Our excellent Queen No doubt has been

In roseate dreams me an. der ing;

accel.
A Queen who dares convention.

A Queen who dares convention.

-ality despise, To put it very mildly, is exceedingly unwise.

-ality despise, To put it very mildly, is exceedingly unwise.

*sempre staccato.*

Here is an act to which we cannot close our eyes,

Here is an act to which we cannot close our eyes,

And
And must excite our indignation and surprise. Our indignation,

must excite our indignation and surprise. Our indignation,

inde\-n\-a\-tion, And must excite our indignation

inde\-n\-a\-tion, And must excite our indignation,

and surprize.

inde\-n\-a\-tion and surprize.

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-spectable! 'Tis anything but respecta-ble! So very un-fit We

must ad-mit Is anything but re-pecta-ble!

must ad-mit Is anything but re-pecta-ble!

Presto

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Fleta. Still, still Selene watches Ethais!  
For six long hours has she detained the knight  
Within the dark recesses of her bower,  
Under pretence that his unhappy wound  
Demands her unremitting watchfulness!

Locrine. This, fairies, is our Queen - the sinless soul  
To whose immaculate pre-eminence  
We, pure and perfect maidens of the air,  
Accord our voluntary reverence!  
She is unfit to rule us as our Queen!

Zayda. Her conduct is an outrage on her sex!  
Was it for this that we proposed to her  
To bring these erring mortals to our land?  
Is this the way to teach a sinful man  
The moral beauties of a spotless life?  
Surely this knight might well have learnt on earth  
Such moral truths as she is teaching him!
I never profess to make a guess, That smacks of perspicacity. Prophetic flight, my dears, is quite a cut above my capacity. But such a barefaced display of taste for military so
sisters do With kindly eyes, But truth to tell, Such conduct well.

It smacks of impropriety!

Although 'tis odd And may offend, To
wrong! call To kiss at all! To kiss at all!

capital rule of life, my friend!

Was it for this to realms of bliss We summoned such rascality? Is
this the way to teach him, pray. The truths of pure morality! With

days demure his love she'll lure, Caressing and beseeching him! No

need to journey here to learn. Such truths as she is

teaching him!

Though

Is teaching him, Such truths as she is teaching him!

Is teaching him, Such truths as she is teaching him!
sure we are That every youth Should travel far To learn the truth, He
might, with care, Have learnt, down there, Such truths as she is teaching him!

Such truths as she is teaching him!
do not think me too severe! We should not wink at faults, it's clear—
A capital rule of

We should not wink at all, I think.

We should not wink at all, I think.

life, my dear! Ah!

We do not think you

We do not think you
too severe! We should not wink at faults, it's clear—We
should not wink at all, I think, at all, I think.
Enter SELENE from bower.

Fleta. (aside). At last she comes. (To SELENE). We are relieved to find
That after such a lengthy vigil thou
Canst tear thyself away from Ethais!

Selene. Yes, he is sleeping now, but all day long
He tossed and raved in wild delirium,
Shouting for arms, and, as it seemed to me,
Fighting his fight with Phyllon o'er again.
I watched him through the long and troubled hours,
Fanning the fever from his throbbing brow
Till he awoke. At first he gazed on me
In silent wonderment; then, suddenly,
Seizing my hand, he pressed it to his lips
And vowed that I had saved him from the grave!
Mark that - the grave! I - I had saved his life!
He told me that he loved me - loved me well -
That I had holy angel-eyes that rained
A gentle pity on his stubborn heart -
That I was fairer in his worldly eyes
Than all the maids on earth or in the clouds!

Zayda. (spitefully). Could any words more eloquently show
The recklessness of his delirium?

Selene. (surprised). Nay, he was conscious then.

Fleta. (very sweetly). No doubt he was.
But, sister, in thy triumph recollect
He scarce had seen us.

Zayda. Thou hast wisely done
To keep us out of sight. Cage thou thy bird
Or he may fly to fairer homes than thine!

Selene. (amazed). What mean you, sisters? Nay, turn not away!
What have I done?

Locrine. (spitefully). Indeed we do not know;
But, lest we should affect his love for thee,
We will at once withdraw!
Exit LOCRINE curtseying ironically.

Leila.  *(politely).*  Good night to you!

Exit curtseying.

Neodie.  Good night!

Exit curtseying.

Zayda.  Good night!  Remember, cage thy bird!

Exeunt all curtseying.

Selene. How strangely are my sisters changed to me!
Have I done wrong?  No, no, I'm sure of that!
The knight was sorely stricken - he had died
But for my willing care!  Oh, earthly Love,
Thou mighty monarch, holding in thy grasp
The holiest balm and most enduring woe,
Is it for good or ill that thou art here?
Oh love, that rulest in our land
Selene

W S Gilbert

Edward German

Allegro moderato (appasionato)

Selene

Moderato

Oh love, that rulest in our land, Dread Autocrat of Good and Ill, What would'st thou in our fair-y band? What mission com est to ful-fil?

De
clare to me thy sov'reign will, Thy sov'reign will!

Art thou a nev-er-fail-ing source Of all the joy a heart can hold?

Or tal-is-man that runs its course As min-i-ster of woes, Of woes un-
Dread Autocrat of Good or Ill

clare to me thy sov'reign will!

Oh,
Moderato

Ethais, thou art godly wise Untutored thou in shameful art; No

treason lurks in those brave eyes No falsehood in that gallant heart!

There treachery can take no part, Can take no part.

allargando

f
colla voce.
The fervour of my love devout Dreads no unworthy plan or plot; Love

pp

is the very death of doubt. I love, I love thee And I

accel.

allargando (appassionato)

doubt thee not. I dread no shameful plan or plot, I
love thee, love thee and doubt thee not! I love thee, I love thee, and I

love thee, love thee and doubt thee not! I love thee, I love thee, and I

doubt, I doubt thee not!
DUET. (Selene and Sir Ethais.)

SELENE.

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

Sir

beautiful, too, extremely—Granting all this, what
then?

Sir. ETHELS. You're beautiful, too, extremely—

A

rites. a tempo. The cause is beyond my

Sir. E Granting all this, what then?

rites. a tempo.

kea. I blindly thus reply: "Sup-

pose we were fated to be separated, As-
S.L. surely I should die! Oh, thine is the giving of

\[ f \] \text{colla voce}

S.L. dying or living! I wonder, wonder

\[ p \ a \ \text{tem} \]

S.L. why?

\[ m f \]

S.L. being of radiance

\[ p \]
Fairer than thou or I—But when they've departed I'm not broken-hearted, I neither despair nor die! Their broader.

rising and setting I see without fretting—I wonder, wonder why! The cause is beyond our
cause is beyond our ken. I

I blindly thus reply: "Sup -

blindly thus reply: "Sup -

pose we were fated To be separated As-

pose we were fated To be separated As-
suredly I should die!"
Oh, thine is the giving Of

suredly I should die!"
Oh, thine is the giving Of

p a tempo
dying or living! I wonder, wonder

p a tempo
dying or living! I wonder, wonder

ff animato
why! I wonder why, I wonder why? Oh,

ff animato
why! I wonder why? Oh,
thine is the giving of dying or living! I wonder why, I wonder why?

\[ \text{\textit{a tempo}} \]

\[ \text{\textit{rall.}} \]
Ethais. I'll satisfy thy wonder in a word:  
The face is the true index to the heart -  
A ready formula whereby to read  
The morals of a mortal at a glance.

Selene. Then, Ethais, is perfect comeliness  
Always identified with moral worth?

Ethais. The comeliest man is the most virtuous.  
That's an unfailing rule.

Selene. Then, Ethais,  
There is no holier man on earth than thou!  
Take thou this ring - it is a pledge of love -

*Giving him a ring.*

Wear it until thy love fades from thy soul.

Ethais. 'Twill never fade while thou art true to me.

Selene. *(amazed).* Are women ever false to such as thou?

Ethais. Are women ever true? - well, not to me!

Selene. But these are earthly maidens, Ethais.  
My love is purer than a mortal's love.

Ethais. Thy love is no mortal love if it be pure.

Selene. *(horrified).* Then, mortal Ethais, what love is thine?

Ethais. *(taken back).* I spake of women - men are otherwise!

Selene. Man's love is pure invariably?

Ethais. Pure?  
Pure as thine own!

Selene. Poor trusting, cheated souls!
No 14. Duet.—(Sir Ethais and Selene.)

Allegretto grazioso.

SELENE.

(Not too slow.)

Sir: Ethais.

When a knight loves a lady—(Hey, but a maid is a sorry little jade!) He

SELENE.

Hey, lack-a-day-dee. Oh

Sir. Ethais.

sighs and he sings lack-a-day-dee—Hey, lack-a-day-dee. Oh! Of a
(Hey, but a maid is a love life-long He'll sing a song) (Hey, but a maid is a)
sorry little jade)

Of a love supreme He dreams a dream

Hey, lack a day, doo. O!

Hey, lack a day, doo. O! And little rocks he in his
Ding dong, love-lorn soul That, ere bye and bye, will the tocsin toll—Ding dong.

Ding dong. Ding dong. Ding dong. Ding dong.

Andante. p

B Tempo I.

dong! Hey, lack a day-dee, O!

dong! Hey, lack a day-dee, O.
When a maid grows weary—

(Hey, but a maid is a sorry little jade!) O sad is his heart and

Hey, lack-a-day, deh! O!

O deary—Hey, lack-a-day, deh! O! Then day by day He
(Hey, but a maid is a sorry little jade!) With

Hey, lack a day dee.

one and sigh He droops to die—Hey, lack a day dee.
Ding dong, Ding dong, Ding dong, Ding dong.
Ding dong, Ding dong, Ding dong, Ding dong.

Andante.  
Ding! Hey, lack-a-day-dee, O!
Ding! Hey, lack-a-day-dee, O!

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Exeunt ETHAIS and SELENE together into her bower as DARINE, who has been watching them, enters.

Darine. She leads him willingly into her bower!
Oh, I could curse the eyes that meet his eyes,
The hand that touches his hands, and the lips
That press his lips! And why? I cannot tell!
Some unknown fury rages in my heart -
A mean and miserable hate of all
Who interpose between my love and me!
What devil doth possess me?

PHYLLON has entered unobserved during the last few lines.

Phyllon. (coming forward). Jealousy!

Darine. (recklessly). Maybe! What matters how the fiend is called!

Phyllon. But wherefore art thou jealous? Tell me now,
Have I done aught to cause this jealousy?

Darine. Thou? Dost thou love me?

Phyllon. (airily). Love thee? Tenderly
I love all pretty girls on principle.

Darine. (impetuously). But is thy love an all-possessing love?
Mad, reckless, unrestrained, infuriate?
Holding thy heart within its steely grasp,
And pressing passion from its very core?

Phyllon. (surprised). That sort of thing!

Darine. (pityingly). Alas, poor stricken knight!
Phyllon, my love is such a love as thine;
But it is not for thee! Oh, steel thyself
To hear disastrous tidings, gentle knight!
(Melodramatically.)
I love thee not!

Phyllon. (coolly). Indeed?

Darine. Is it not strange?

Phyllon. (very quietly). Most unaccountable!

Darine. (disappointed). But tell me now,
Art thou not sorely grieved?

Phyllon. (very calmly). Unspeakably.
Darine. But dost thou understand? I love thee not; I, whom thou lovest, Phyllon, love thee not! Nay, more, I love another - Ethais! Thou hast a rival, and a favoured one - Dost thou not hear me?

Phyllon. *(calmly).* Yes, I am deeply pained.

Darine. *(delighted).* Thou art?

Phyllon. Of course - what wouldst thou have me do?

Darine. Do? Hurl thyself headlong to yonder earth, And end at once a life of agony!

Phyllon. Why should I?

Darine. Why? Because I love thee not! Why, if I loved and found my love despised, The universe should ring with my laments; And were I mortal, Phyllon, as thou art, I would destroy myself!

PHYLLON is greatly amused.
DUET. (Darine and Sir Phyllon.)

Allegro con spirito.

Piano.

Darine.

But dost thou hear? I love thee not!

Sir Phyllon (indifferently.)

Oh,

Dar.

A favoured rival thou hast got!

Sir P.

yes, you put it clearly.

I

24072
en-vy him sin-cer-ly!

Canst thou con-temp-late Dar-ine With Ethais fond-ly toy-ing-In

fond car-ess and rap-ture keen, His so-cial charm en-joy-ing?
Unhappy Phyllion, think of this: These eyes—they burn for—

Ephraim; These lips—which thou shalt never kiss; This

form—designed to crown—his bliss!
It is annoying?

Well, it's annoying!

Yes, it's annoyance!

Unhappy Phyllon, think of this: These eyes—they burn for

Those eyes—they burn for
lips—which thou shalt never kiss: This form, designed to crown his bliss?

lips—which I shall never kiss;

It is annoying?

Well, it's annoying!

The
SIR P.

State of your emotions you delineate such.

SIR P.

Sincerely: But come—what would you have me do? Tell

E

DARINE.

SIR P.

me the truth distinctly. Do? Hurl thyself to

DAR.

yonder earth, With sorrow unabated, And end a life from
hour of birth To bitter anguish fated!

see your point, but (pard on me) Did all heart-broken youths agree In
death to drown their misery, The world within a year would

be

Du pop u -
DAR.

De-populated?

Sir P.

-lated!

DAR.

His difficulty I can see; Did all heart-broken youths agree,

Sir P.

-lated!

DAR.

Did all heart-broken youths agree In

Sir P.

heart-broken youths agree In

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DAR.

death to drown their misere, The world within a

Sir P.

death to drown their misere.

DAR.

year would be, The world within a week,

Sir P.

- ree.

H
cresc.  

The world within a year would be

f rall.

Sir P.

The world within a year would be
cresc.  

f rall.

H
mf  

f colla voce
Exit PHYLLON.

Darine.  (looking off).  Here comes the miserable, mincing jade,
With a fair speech upon her lying lips,
To meet the sister whom her evil arts
Have robbed of more than life.  Oh, hypocrite!

Enter SELENE.

Selene.  Darine!

Darine.  (changing her manner).  My sister - my beloved one!
Why, thou art sad; thine eyes are dim with tears.
Say, what has brought thee grief?

Selene.  (with joy).  Darine, my own!
Thou dost not shun me, then?

Darine.  Shun thee, my sweet Selene?  No, not I!

Selene.  Bless thee for that!  I feared to meet thy face,
For all my loved companions turned from me
With scornful jest and bitter mockery;
Thou, thou, Darine, alone art true to me!

Darine.  True to Selene while Selene breathes!
Come, tell me all thy woes.

Selene.  My Ethais -
He whom I love so fondly - he is ill,
And I am powerless to heal his wound!
Darine, my love may die!

Darine.  (wildly).  What can be done?
Oh, I would give my fairyhood to save
The man thou lovest, oh, my dearly loved!
But stay - the counterpart of Lutin is
At once his henchman and his cunning leech:
Lutin has gone to earth - cast thou this flower
And summon mortal Lutin to his aid;
He hath a charm to heal thy lover's wound!

Selene.  Kind Heaven reward thee for thy ready wit!
My sister, thou hast saved both him and me -
My darling sister!  (embracing her).

Darine.  (aside).  Oh, thou hypocrite!

Selene.  Fair rose, I name thee Lutin - go to earth
And hither send the mortal counterpart
Of him whose name thou hast, and may kind Heaven
Prosper thy mission! Kiss me, dear Darine,
For thou hast saved my Ethais for me!

_**Kisses her and exit.**_

Darine. No, not for thee, good sister - for myself!

_Exit DARINE. Hurried music. Enter mortal LUTIN over the edge of the cloud,
staggering onto stage as though violently impelled from below._
SCENA. (Lutin and Chorus.)

Allegro vivace. (agitato.)

(Enter MORTAL LUTIN over the edge of the cloud.)

LUTIN. (bewildered.)

Help! help! help! Whatever has become of me? Help! help! help! Where...
ever am I now? Help! help! help! Who's made a tee-to-tum of me? When

came I here, why came I here, whence came I here, and how?

Whatever has become of me? When

ever am I now? Who's made a tee-to-tum of me? When
came I here, why came I here, whence came I here, and how?

rising with velocity This swift impetuosity Ex.

cites my curiosity—
stay. I'm coming to— But stay, I'm coming to— But

p

stay, I'm coming to—I've gained my senses! I've
died a death deplorable, For ever unrestorable, And

left my wife adorable To weep, and pay my fu—

To
LUT.

weep, and pay my fu-

To weep, and pay my fu-

ne_ral ex-

pen_ses!

Help! help! help! Whatever has become of me?

Wherever am I now?

Who's made a toot toot of me? When came I here, why came I here, whence
came I here and how?
(The Fairies have entered. They examine Lutin curiously and with much amusement.)

F  Menu Mosso Allegretto.

G  Allegretto Grazioso.

H  Zayda.

A freak of Nature—not of Art! 'Tis Lutin, without wing!
His likeness, his likeness to his counterpart

Is most astonishing! Is most astonishing!

How beautifully formed is he

How delicately quaint!
CORA.

I wonder, I wonder, I wonder.

CORA.

wonder will he prove to be A sinner or a saint?

CHO.

We wonder, We wonder, We wonder.
wonder will he prove to be A sinner or a saint?

lay no stress On blamelessness, But still we wait To speculate On

this—will he Turn out to be A
LUTIN. (who has been much impressed.)

Though I'm no Mussulman, it's true, Yet by some strange de-

a tempo con anima

LUT.

vice My soul has found its way into Mahomet's Para-
dise! If

LUT.

this is all I have to pay For mycareer perverse, It might have been, I'm

LUT.

bound to say, Considerably worse! Considering I've

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had my fling 'Tis very well; For, truth to tell, From what I glean, It might have been Con-

considering He's had his fling, It might have been Con-

considering He's had his fling, It might have been Con-

considerably worse! Considerably worse!

considerably worse! Considerably worse!
If this is all I have to pay For my career per-

We lay no stress On blameless.

verse, It might have been, I'm bound to say, Considerably

- ness, But still we wait to spec- u-

- ness, But still we wait to spec- u-
They wonder!

lately on this— We wonder,

They wonder, will I prove to be a sinner or a

lately on this— We wonder,

They wonder, will he prove to be a sinner or a
They

A sinner or a saint?

A sinner or a saint?

pp delicato.

wonder! they wonder!

Ah!

wonder, We wonder A sinner or a saint?

Ah!

A sinner or a saint?
A sinner, or a saint?
Exit ZAYDA. Enter LOCRINE.

Locrine. Why, this is Lutin's mortal counterpart! How quaint! How picturesquely rugged!

Leila. Yes! Such character and such expression!

All. (admiring him). Yes!

Lutin. (with conviction). It's Paradise! Mahomet's Paradise! I'm comfortably dead, and all is well!

Neodie. Alas! This is not Paradise, nor art thou dead, Thou art in Fairyland! These are the clouds, And there's the earth from which we summoned thee.

Lutin. Of course! I recollect it all! A mist Enveloped me and whirled me safely here Just as my fair but able-bodied wife Began to lay my staff about my ears. That's all I know. I'm much obliged to it!

Neodie. Oh, tell me, are there many men on earth As fair and pleasant to the eye as thou?

Lutin. Not many - though I have met one or two Who run me pretty close!

Locrine. Tell us their names.

Lutin. Well, let me see - Sir Phyllon has been thought A personable man; then Ethais - He's fairly well.

Neodie. But these are handsome men. We love thee for thy rugged, homely face; Oh, we are sated with mere comeliness, We have so much of that up here! I love A homely face!

Lutin. I quite agree with you! What do a dozen handsome men imply? A dozen faces cast in the same mould. A dozen mouths, all lip for lip the same, A dozen noses, all of equal length. But take twelve plain men, and the element Of picturesque variety steps in.
You get at once unlooked for hill and dale,
Odd curves and unexpected points of light,
Pleasant surprises, quaintly broken lines -
All very charming, whether seen upon
The face of Nature or the face of Man.
Suppose you take with open mind, Twelve handsome men—what do you find?

Twelve people twenty-five years old, Twelve shapes in even series; Twelve
faces, cast in classic mould—(A type that quickly wearies;)

Heads—the same from crown to nape, In tedious iteration; Twelve

Noses—all alike in shape, Without a variation; Two

dozens eyes—all large and bright; Two dozens lips—all modelled quite like

Cupid's bow—and underneath some where about three hundred teeth,
By average calculation.

This is a principle you may disseminate:

Good-looking men are effete and effeminate. As for variety,

they haven't got any—Morbidly mild in their mawky monotony!
This is a principle we may disseminate: Good-looking men are effete and effeminate. As for variety, they haven't got any—morbidly mild, morbidly mild in their—morbidly mild, morbidly mild, morbidly mild in their—morbidly mild, morbidly mild in their—morbidly mild, morbidly mild in their.
mawkish monotony!

E Tempo I.

mawkish monotony!

E Tempo I.

mawkish monotony!

E Tempo I.

RECI'T.

But take twelve plain men, and you find Variety of every kind!

Allegro.

You've
eyes that swivel, eyes that squint, And dribbling eyes, and drowsy; And
mottled cheeks of every tint, And hair that's red and rosy; You've
mouths that grin and mouths that gape; Large ears that don't offend us; Un-
even teeth grotesque in shape, And noses, too-tremendous! You've
noses flat and noses snub, Gigantic noses, noses club, You've
no - ses long and no - ses short, And some that snore and some that snort,

With en - er - gy stu - pen - dous!

Why we're un - pop - u - lar passes the wit o' me!

Each of his kind is a com - ic e - pit - o - me, Teem - ing with hu - mours of
dis - sim - i - lar - i - ty- Quite a mu - seum of pe - cu - li - ar - i - ty!
Why they're unpopular passes the wit o' me! Each of his kind is a comic epitome, Teeming with humours of dissimilarity-

Quite a museum, quite a museum, quite a museum of...
LUT.

Presto.

peculiarity!

peculiarity!

peculiarity!

Presto.

peculiarity!
Enter ZAYDA unobserved.

Locrine. But stay! Thou shouldst be faint for lack of food -

Neodie. Nay, let me minister unto his needs -

Zayda. (coming forward). Then go, beloved sisters. Gather fruits
   And bring them here to him. Such frugal fare
   Will have a daintier flavour than its own
   When served by such fair hands!

Exeunt LOCRINE, NEODIE and the others.

Zayda. (changing her manner). We are alone!
   One word of caution - shun my sisters all!

Lutin. Are all these lovely girls your sisters?

Zayda. All!
   Rejoice that they are not thine own.

Lutin. I do.
   I very much prefer them as they are!
   You're a fine family.

Zayda. Fair to the eye,
   But take good heed - they are not what they seem!
Locrine, the fair - the beautiful Locrine -
Is the embodiment of avarice;
Darine is vain beyond comparison;
Neodie is much older than she looks;
Camilla hath defective intellect;
Maia's a bitter shrew, Colombe's a thief;
And last and worst of all, I blush to own,
Our Queen Selene hath a tongue that stabs -
A traitor tongue that serves no better end
Than wag a woman's character away!

Lutin. I've stumbled into pretty company!
   It seems you fairies have your faults.

Zayda. Alas!
   All but myself. My soul is in my face;
I, only I, am what I seem to be;
I, only I, am worthy of esteem.
If thou will love me, I will dower thee
With wealth untold, long years and happy life,
Thou gallant churl, thou highly favoured boor,
Thou pleasant knave, thou strange epitome
Of all that's rugged, quaint, and picturesque!

_Kissing him on the tip of his nose._

Lutin. You don't take long in coming to the point!

Zayda. Forgive my clumsy and ill-chosen words;
We gentle, simple fairies never loved
Until to-day.

Lutin. And when you _do_ begin,
You fairies make up for the time you've lost!

_The Fairies enter with fruit and wine. LUTIN sits and they group around him as he eats and drinks._

Neodie. Hast thou a wife?

Lutin. Well, yes - that is down there!
Up here, I am a bachelor - as yet.

Cora. And does she love thee?

Lutin. Well - we _do_ fall out.
We did to-day.

Neodie. And how came that about?

Lutin. Why thus, to tell the truth, between ourselves -
(whispering) There was a lady in the case!

Zayda. _(much shocked)._ Hush, hush!
Such stories are unfit for maiden's ears.
Confine thyself to matters that relate
To thine own sex. Thy master Ethais,
He fought with Phyllon. What was that about?

Lutin. Oh, it's the old, old story!

Locrine. Tell it!

Lutin. Well,
There was a lady in the case!

Zayda. _(shocked)._ Then stop -
Go on with something else. Where was thou born?

Lutin. Why in Bulgaria - some years ago!
(whispering) There was a lady in _that_ case!
Zayda. *(severely).* It seems
There is a lady, sir, in every case!

Lutin. In all those cases they do interfere!

Exit ZAYDA, offended.
SONG (Lutin) and CHORUS.

No 18

Allegro con brio.

LUTIN.

1. In yon der world, which dev ils strew With Wo man from great Na ture’s scheme Were

wor ry, grief, and pain in plen ty, This max im is ac

u ter ly e lim in a ted, Un ruf fled peace would

-count ed true With ne mi ne dis sen ti en te: A

reign su pre me. No quarrels would be prop a gated. But
A woman doth the mischief brew
In nineteen cases out of twenty!

Yes, that is a Utopian dream Of mortals unsobered!

In all the woes That might

nineteen cases out of twenty!
mortals unsobered!
joy displace. In all the blows That bring disgrace On much endur-ing
then embrace. And earth-ly woes Dis-solve a pace. But where would be the

human race. There's ev-er a la-dy in the case!
human race With nev-er a la-dy in the case?

much endur-ing hu-man race. There's ev-er a la-dy
where would be the hu-man race With nev-er a la-dy

much endur-ing hu-man race. There's ev-er a la-dy
where would be the hu-man race With nev-er a la-dy

Animato.

Animato.
Ah!

in the case!
in the case?
in the case!
in the case?

Giocoso.

Yes, that's the fix We have to face—Her whims and tricks Through.
Yes, that's the rub We have to face—It gives a snub That

...out you trace. In all the woes that curse our race____ There is a
kills the case. What would become of all our race____ With never a
Lady, Lady, Lady in the
Lady, Lady, Lady in the

Lady, Lady, Lady in the
Lady, Lady, Lady in the

Lady, Lady, Lady in the
Lady, Lady, Lady in the

Ah!

Yes, that's the fix They have to face—Her whims and tricks Through.

Yes, that's the rub They have to face—It gives a snub That

Yes, that's the fix They have to face—Her whims and tricks Through.

Yes, that's the rub They have to face—It gives a snub That

In all the woes that curse our race There is a

What would become of all our race With never a

Out they trace—In all the woes that curse their race There is a

Kills the case—What would become of all their race With never a

Out they trace—In all the woes that curse their race There is a

Kills the case—What would become of all their race With never a
Lady, a lady, a lady in the case!
Lady, a lady, a lady in the case?
Lady, a lady, a lady in the case!
Lady, a lady, a lady in the case?

Case! With never a lady, never a lady in the case!
Case! With never a lady, never a lady in the case!
Case! With never a lady, never a lady in the case!
Enter DARINE, unobserved.

Locrine. And, Lutin, is thy wife as fair as thou?

Lutin. I thought her pretty till I looked on thee.

Zayda. Her hair -

Lutin. Is bright, but not as bright as thine.

Locrine. Her figure?

Lutin. Neat and graceful of its kind,
But lacks that pleasant plumpness. Then besides
She has a long, loud tongue, and uses it;
A stout and heavy hand, and uses that;
And large expressive eyes, and uses them!

Zayda. And doth she know that thou art here with us?

Lutin. No, that's the joke!

Zayda. The joke?

Lutin. Of course it is!

Zayda. What joke?

Lutin. What joke? Why this: my lovely wife
Is just as full of devil-born jealousy
As woman's soul can hold! A pretty girl
Who comes within a hundred yards of me
Runs a fair chance to lose both eyes and hair!
If I address a well-proportioned maid,
My bones will ache for it a month at least!
Only the crooked, the palsied, and the blear
Are held to be fit company for me,
And even they must mind their p's and q's.
This comes of being quaintly picturesque!

Neodie. (sighing). I understand - I'm not at all surprised.
I should be just the same were I thy wife!

Locrine. And how's the lady called?

Lutin. Her name's Darine.

Locrine. (astonished). Darine?

Lutin. Darine.
All. How marvellous! Darine!

**DARINE comes forward.**

Darine. At last I've found thee, Lutin! Everywhere I've sought thee, high and low!

**LUTIN stares at her in blank astonishment.**

Lutin. Merciful powers! Are all my senses muddled, or is this A drink-engendered dream?

Darine. A dream? Oh no!

Lutin. (staring incredulously). Art thou indeed Darine?

Darine. Darine indeed! Come hither, I would have a word with thee.

Lutin. (to Fairies). You'd better go! There's going to be a scene.

**Fairies retire up stage.**

(in great terror). Darine, have mercy! Pray let me explain,

These bold young girls, they are no friends of mine! Nay, hear me patiently - I know them not; They thrust themselves upon me 'gainst my will! (crying). Be merciful and hear before you strike!

Darine. I have no time to list to explanations. Attend to me, for this is life or death! Thy master Ethais - he fought with Phyllon And he was sorely wounded in the fight -

Lutin. My master Ethais? Is he in the clouds?

Darine. He is, his wound is grave and he may die! Thou hast a charm of wondrous efficacy (So Ethais says) to heal e'en mortal wounds - I bid thee give it me without delay!

Lutin. But tell me first - what means this strange disguise? How camest thou up here? And, above all, Why dost thou want to heal his wound thyself?

Darine. Why? Dost thou love thy master Ethais?

Lutin. Of course I do. What then?
Darine. *passionately.* Why, so do I!

*LUTIN horrified.*

Fiercely, unreasonably, recklessly!
With all the madcap torrent of a soul
That love has never kindled till to-day!

Lutin. *aghast.* Thou lovest Ethais? Great heaven and earth!
Is the girl mad?

Darine. She is! Mad as the moon!
Hast thou no pity for a heart-wrung girl
Who pines for love that thou canst help her win?

Lutin. She must be mad! Oh, my beloved Darine!

*Throwing himself at her feet.*

Don't break my heart - don't make my life a curse!
I've been a faithful husband - more or less!
And when I've earned a hearty cudgelling
As I have, now and then,
I've borne it meekly! Oh, Darine, my love,
Do not forsake me. Treat me as thou wilt,
I will bear it all. Be thou but true to me,
My masterful but well-beloved wife! *weeping.*

Darine. *astonished.* I am thy wife? Thy well-beloved wife?

Lutin. Of course!

Darine. Oh monstrous! *suddenly.* Stay! There has been mistake;
Some dreadful error! See, I've found the clue!
Her name's Darine. Here, set thy mind at rest -
No doubt I am her fairy prototype?

Lutin. *sobbing.* Her prototype? And what's a prototype?

Darine. Why, all the mortals on that wicked world
Have prototypes up here, and I am hers -
In face resembling her, and that is all.

Lutin. Then you are *not* my wife?

Darine. Not I indeed!

Lutin. You're sure of that?

Darine. Quite sure!
Lutin.  *(embracing her rapturously).*  My darling girl!
And I'm permitted to disport myself
With these fair maids?

Darine.  Undoubtedly you are!

Lutin.  Kiss me again!

*Embracing DARINE and giving her the phial.*

Here - take the phial. Two spoonsful to the dose!
I never was so happy in my life!

Exit DARINE triumphantly.
SONG— (Lutin) and CHORUS.

Lutin. Allegro con brio.

Piano.

1. When
2. With

hus band sup poses His wife is a jade, No
keen satis faction And sense of relief He
bed of red roses For husband is made; But when he discovers, His fears a reaction From trouble and grief. His heavy-hearted Have

fears about lovers So grimly abhorrent Are quite without warrant, quickly departed. He seeks in enjoyment Congenial employment,

With utter contrition He sends to perdition All surrenders politely To maidens so sprightly, They're

silly suspicion-His fears are allayed, His fears are all very sightly, But Zayda's the chief! But Zayda's the
layed.
chief!

He,
Free from anxiety, Free from timidity,
Oh!
Pure infirmity Marks their civility-

ladies' society Seeks with avidity- Pleasant variability,
Lovely locality, Gems of gentility- Happy fatality!

Perfect sobriety, No impropriety Or insipidity!
That its finality Seems, in reality Improbability!
He,
Oh!
Free from anxiety, Free from timidity
Pure in formality Marks their civility

He.
Oh!
Free from anxiety, Free from timidity
Pure in formality Marks their civility

Ladies' society Seeks with a vividity Pleasant variety,
Lovely locality, Gems of gentility Happy fatalility!

Ladies' society Seeks with a vividity Pleasant variety,
Lovely locality, Gems of gentility Happy fatalility!

Perfect sobriety No impropriety Or insipidity!
That its finality Seems in reality Improbability

Perfect sobriety No impropriety Or insipidity!
That its finality Seems in reality Improbability

Perfect sobriety No impropriety Or insipidity!
That its finality Seems in reality Improbability
Seems, in reality
improbability.
Seems, in reality
improbability.
Seems, in reality
improbability.
Seems, in reality
improbability.
DANCE. (FAIRIES dance off with LUTIN.)

Segue Song (DARINE.)
No 20.

SONG. (Darine.)

Allegro ma non troppo.

Darine.

Piano.

Dar.

a tempo

Triumphant! Triumphant! Here is the
A

DAR. animato

charm!

Now to devise a plan to gain my end:

Cant. pp

If I restore his strong sword

Meno mosso.

DAR.

arm. He will become my friend, my friend. But will it gain the

Meno mosso.

DAR.

love That prize all above? That all enthralling
love which I would fain yield up my very fairyhood, my very fairyhood to gain!

And how shall I attain that dream? O god of impudence, lend me thine
I have thought me of a scheme
That should enchain his heart! That should enchain his heart! No

So I fulfill my aim—The dictates of the heart
must be obeyed, So, God of imputation lend me, lend me thine
F Allegro.

aid! lend me thine aid!

Triumphant

Presto.

Triumphant, Triumphant

G Tempo 19

Triumphant

Triumphant
Enter ETHAIS from bower. He is very weak and ill.

Darine. (tenderly). How fares Sir Ethais?

Ethais. Why grievously!
I am no leech and cannot dress my wound.
I'm sick and faint from pain and loss of blood!

Darine. (aside). Now for my plan!
(aloud). Sir Ethais, if Phyllon's words be true,
Thy wound is but a scratch!

Ethais. (indignantly). A scratch, forsooth!
The devil's claws could scarcely scratch as deep!

Darine. He says - I don't believe him - but he says
That thou hast magnified its character
Because thou fearest to renew the fight!
He says thou art a coward!

Ethais. (furious). By my blood
He shall atone for this! Oh, Phyllon, coward!
Why, a dozen times
We two have fought our battles side by side,
And I'm to quail and blanch, forsooth, because
We two are fighting face to face!
Black curses on this wound! Were Lutin here,
My sword arm soon would be in gear again!

Darine. Lutin is here!

Ethais. (amazed). Here? Lutin?

Darine. Yes, behold! (shows phial).
I have obtained this precious charm from him.
Now, knight, to show thy mettle!

Ethais. (furiously). Give it me!
Give me the flask!

Darine. One moment, Ethais!
This flask is precious, and it hath a price!

Ethais. Name thou thy price, and I will give it thee -
Take money, jewels, armour, all I have
So that thou leavest me one trusty sword!

Darine. Nay, Ethais, I do not want thy wealth;
I want thy love - yes, Ethais, thy love!
That priceless love that thou has lavished on
My worthless sister?

Ethais. On Selene?

Darine. Aye,
Thou lovest her, and dost thou think that I
Will save thy life for her?

Ethais. Selene? Bah!
True, she is fair. Well, thou art also fair.
What does it matter, her fair face or thine?
What matter either face, or hers or thine,
When weighed against this outrage on my honour?

Darine. Give me that ring, and thou shalt have the charm!

Ethais. 'Tis thine. (gives ring and receives phial).
And now, Sir Phyllon, take good heed!

_Swallows contents of phial and is at once restored to health and vigour._

_Enter SIR PHYLLON_

Phyllon. Why, Ethais -

Ethais. _furiously_. So I'm a cur, Sir Liar, and my wound
Is but a scratch that I have magnified
That I might shun the terrors of thy sword!

Phyllon. Hands off, thou drunken madman! Set me free!
_I never said these things!_

Ethais. Thou craven cur!
Dost thou then fear to reap before my face
The crop that thou hast sown behind my back?

Phyllon. _contemptuously_. I am not wont
To weigh the words I speak to such as thou!
No need to taint thine honour with a lie;
Why, Ethais, the truth is black enough!
I know thee for a brawling tavern-bully,
A hollow friend, a cruel unsparing foe,
A reckless perjurer, a reprobate,
The curse of women and the scourge of men -
Is not the _truth_ enough, that I should grudge
The one brute-virtue of thy satyr-soul -
The instinct courage of a hungry dog?

_ETHAIS is about to fly at PHYLLON, but checks himself and turns to DARINE._
Ethais. Didst thou not tell me he had said these things?

Darine. 'Twas but an artifice to gain thy love! *(turns to Phyllon).* Forgive me Phyllon.

Phyllon. Bah! Release my hand - Thou shameless woman, I have done with thee!

*Exit PHYLLO. DARINE turns to ETHAIS imploringly.*

Enter SELENE.

Selene. Darine! Thou here alone with Ethais?
No, no - I will not doubt!

Darine. Doubt whom thou wilt, Thou hypocrite! Thou shameless hypocrite!
Thou craven victim of thy own designs!

Enter all the fairies.

Selene. Darine, what dost thou mean?

Darine. Doubt all of us, For we are false to thee, as thou to us.
I am as thou hast made me, hypocrite!

Selene. Thou art to me as thou hast ever been, Most dearly loved of all these dearly loved!

Darine. Away! Thou art the source of all our ill.

Zayda. Oh, miserable woman, get thee hence!
Thou art no Queen of ours!

Darine. Away with her! Down with the traitress Queen!
No. 21.

SCENA.

Allegro agitato.

Chorus.

Away! Away! thou art

No Queen of ours! Give place to our Dar.ine! Bow thee before the

Storm that lowers—Down, down with the traitress

Piano.
"Tis true we counselfed thee to call These mortals here from earth.
'Twas but to test thy worth! We knew, too well, that thou wouldst fall, As thou in deed hast done, Thy subjects ev'ry
one Thine in . fam_y has seen, Thou sorr_y, sorr_y

Queen! Thou sorr_y, sorr_y Queen!

way! away! thou art no Queen of ours! Give place to our Dar_ine!
Bow thee before the storm that lowers Down, down with the traitress

C

Queen! the traitress, traitress Queen!

ffrit. ni.

Meno mosso.

SELENE.

So let it

D Meno mosso.
be, for I have proved unfit!

I had a trust— I have forsaken it!

Molto allegro.

Down, down with the trait'ess Queen!

Molto allegro.

Down, down with the trait'ess Queen!

Meno mosso.

Though my default was born of good in.
Molto allegro.

Hail! Hail! to our loved Dar - ine!

Bows with remorse the head that ye con -

(taking off her crown and placing it on Darine.)

demn.
Meo mosso.

Well-loved Dar-ine, wear thou this diadem!

Molto Allegro.

Down with the traitress Queen! Down with the traitress Queen!

Molto Allegro.

See my belov-ed sis-ter
maids' ens how imp. erially it rests upon her brow,

With great animation.

Hail to our Queen, Dar-ine, Dar-ine!

Hail! Hail! Hail! to

Hail to our Queen, Dar-ine, Dar-ine!

Hail! Hail! Hail! to

With great animation.

thee we bow! Henceforth thou'rt our Queen! Be-loved Dar-ine In

thee we bow! Henceforth thou'rt our Queen! Be-loved Dar-ine In
Henceforth to thee we bow to thee, Dar, ine, to thee, Henceforth our

Queen.
Hail! Hail! to thee we bow! Hence.

forth thou'rt our Queen! Beloved Dar, ine In
cho

loyalty We bow, we bow to thee.

loyalty We bow, we bow to thee. Hail

cho

Hail to Darine! Thou art our Queen! We
to Darine! In loyalty we bow to Darine! In loyalty we

cho

bow to thee in loyalty, We bow to thee in loyalty! We
bow to thee in loyalty, We bow to thee in loyalty!

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bow, we bow to thee, Dar.ine, to thee, Hence.forth our
Hence.forth to thee we bow to thee, Dar.ine, to thee, Hence.forth our

Queen! Hail to our Queen! Hail to Dar.ine! Dar.
Queen! Hail to our Queen! Hail to Dar.ine! Dar.

Dar.ine! Dar.ine! All Hail!
Dar.ine! Dar.ine! All Hail!

24072
The Fairies march round DARINE and make obeisance to her.

Darine. So may I fall if I forsake my trust!
Thy punishment is just. Thou wast a Queen!
What art thou now?

Selene. I have a kingdom yet!
I have a kingdom here in Ethais' heart.
A kingdom? Nay, a world - my world - my world!
A world where all is good, and pure, and brave -
A world of noble thought and noble deed -
A world of brave and gentle chivalry -
A very goodly and right gallant world!
This is my kingdom, for I am its Queen!

Turning to ETHAIS, who comes down.

Darine. Thou art no Queen of his, for he is mine;
Aye, by the token that thou gavest him,
Thou fond and foolish maiden! (showing ring).

Selene. (looking at it).
No, no, no!
It is a counterfeit! No, no, Darine!
The punishment of heaven are merciful!

Takes ETHAIS' hand to kiss it; she sees that the ring is not there.

Selene. Oh, Ethais!
Is that the ring with which I plighted thee?

Ethais. (sullenly). Aye, that's the bauble. I have naught to say!

Selene. (to DARINE). It fell from him! Where didst thou find it? Speak!

Ethais. I sold it for a charm, that I might have
An arm to flog a lying cur withal;
A traitor devil, whose false breath had blurred
My knightly honour - dearer to my heart
Than any love of woman, hers or thine!
I had no choice, my honour was at stake!

Selene. Thine honour! Thou dost well to speak of that!
Can devils take the face and form of gods?
Are truth and treachery so near akin
That one can wear the other's countenance?
Are all such men as thou? Or art thou not
Of thine accursed race, the most accursed?
Why, honourable sir, thou art a knight
Who wars with womankind! Thy panoply
A goodly form, smooth tongue, and fair, false face;
Thy shield a lie, thy weapon an embrace.  
The emblem of thy skill a broken heart!  
Thine is a gallant calling, Ethais!  
Thou manly knight - this soul of chivalry -  
Thou most discreet and prudent warrior!  
Away, and touch me not! My nature's gone!  
May Heaven rain down her fury on thy soul!  
May every fibre in that perjured heart  
Quiver with love for one who loves thee not!  
May thine untrammelled soul at last be caught  
And fixed and chained and riveted to one  
Who, with the love of Heaven upon her lips  
Carries the hate of Hell within her heart!  

(He approaches her.)

Ethais. Stay! Hear me out.  
'Tis true I trifled with thy love, but then  
Thy love is not as mortal woman's love.  
I did not know that it would move thee thus!

Selene. Thou didst not know!  
Art thou so dull that thou canst understand  
No pain that is not wreaked upon thy frame?  
Has thou no knowledge of the form of woe  
That comes of cheated hopes and trampled hearts?

Ethais. Nay, hear me. I have wronged thee bitterly;  
I will atone for all.

Selene. Thou shalt atone!
No. 22.

SONG. (Selene.)

Selene.

Molto allegro agitato.

Piano.

Hark, ye, Sir

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
war with worth!

bus-y band who stab in so-cre-cy—

The blight-ing band with-in whose

lips is hung The dead

liest wea-pon of Earth's

colla voce

B a tempo

arm of, A wo-man's tongue— a wo-man's blight-ing
tongue!

Presto.

This talisman I will so

defy yield To twist and turn. and torture good to ill,

Meno mosso.

That were it in thy traitor heart to yield. To holy deeds of peace and

accel.

D agitato

calm good will Those deeds should seem of holiness be

agitato

accel. pp
From every form of righteousness adverse. Thy peace a
worthy charity a theft. Thy calm a fury and thy
prayer a curse! thy prayer, thy prayer

(She throws herself on a bank, exhausted.)
a curse! Allegro molto.

scola voce
She throws herself on a bank exhausted. Enter LOCRINE.

Locrine. Selene, see!
Through the far distant air with rapid flight
Our absent brothers wing their way to us!
These mortals must return to their own earth!

ZAYDA and LUTIN and other Fairies have entered.

Lutin. (shaking them off). Now, by my head, but this is welcome news!

Zayda. (horrified). Return to earth? No, Lutin, no - not yet!
Life without Lutin, what can that be worth?

Lutin. I cannot tell you, for, I never tried.
Nay, seek not to detain me, I've reformed!
And had I not,
I don't think I could much enjoy myself
In the distracting company of one
Who, if she's not in point of fact my wife, (alluding to DARINE.)
Is so uncomfortably like my wife
That she may be my wife for aught I know!

Enter PHYLLON.
MELODRAME.

Allegro vivace (agitato.)

Piano.

Andante con espress.

rit. ppp con tenerezza.
Phyllon. Come, Ethais, Lutin, come, to earth again!

PHYLLON descends with LUTIN. ETHAISS 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!
(juriously.) 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 ETHAISS 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 enforces 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!
Allegro moderato. (not too slow.)

Pure as the air, Sweet as the morning dew Reigneth our Queen! Bright in all

Pure as the air, Sweet as the morning dew Reigneth our Queen! Bright in all

Pure as the air, Sweet as the morning dew Reigneth, reigneth our Queen! Bright in all
eyes as Heaven's ethereal blue, Reigneth our

eyes as Heaven's ethereal blue, Reigneth our

eyes as Heaven's ethereal blue, Reigneth our

eyes as Heaven's ethereal blue, Reigneth our

Queen! Be thou, as thou hast ever been, Our

reigneth our Queen! Be thou, as thou hast ever been, Our

reigneth our Queen! Be thou, as thou hast ever been, Our

reigneth our Queen! Be thou, as thou hast ever been, Our
strict time

Our all beloved, all beloved

more

Our all beloved, all beloved

more

Our all beloved, all beloved

all beloved, all beloved sister, our

all beloved, all beloved sister, our

strict time

sister, beloved sister,

sister, beloved sister,

sister, beloved sister,

sister, beloved sister,

all, all beloved sister,

all, all beloved sister,
Sister Queen!

End of Opera.