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!