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.