They fight. The Fairies, half concealed behind portions of the set, watch the combat with great interest.

Darine. What are they doing?
Selene. It's some game of skill.
       It's very pretty.
Darine. Very.

Knights pause to take breath.
       Oh, they've stopped!

Phyllon. Come, come - on guard!
Zayda. Now they begin again!

They fight. The Fairies gradually move closer surrounding the knights.

Ethais. Hold, we are overlooked!

ETHAIS, who has turned for a moment in saying this, is severely wounded in the right arm.

Selene. You may proceed.
       We like it much!
Darine. You do it very well.
       Begin again!

Ethais. Black curses on that thrust!
       I am disabled! Ladies, bind my wound -
       And, if it please you still to see us fight,
       We'll fight for those bright eyes and cherry lips
       Till one or both of us shall bite the dust!

Phyllon. (aside to Ethais).
       Hold! Call a truce till we return to earth -
       Here are bright eyes enough for both of us!

Ethais. I don't know that! Well, there, till we return -
       (shaking hands).
       But, once on earth again, we will take up
       Our argument where it was broken off,
       And let thy devils whirl me where they may
       We'll reach conclusion and corollary!

During this the Fairies show that they have been very strongly influenced by the two knights.
Darine. *(gazing at PHYLLON).*
Oh, fairyhood!
How wonderfully like our Phyllon!

Selene. *(gazing in rapture at ETHAIS).* Yes!
And see - how strangely like our Ethais!
*(sighing).* Thou hast a gallant carriage, gentle knight!

Ethais. It's little wonder that I'm like myself!
Why I am he!

Selene. *(sighing).* No, not our Ethais!

Ethais. In truth I am the Ethais of all
Who are as gentle and as fair as thou!

Selene. *(tenderly).*
That's bravely said! Thou hast a silver tongue!
Why, what can gods be like if these be men?

*During this DARINE, ZAYDA, LOCRINE, and other Fairies show by their manner,*
*that they take a tender interest in ETHAIS and PHYLLON.*

Selene. Say, dost thou come from earth or heaven?

Ethais. *(gallantly placing his arm round SELENE and DARINE).*
I think I've come from earth to heaven!

Selene. *(delighted).*
Oh, didst thou hear?
He comes from earth to heaven! No, Ethais,
We are but fairies: this, our native home -
Our fairyland - rests on a cloud which floats
Hither and thither as the breezes will.
We see the world; yet, saving that it is
A very wicked world, we know it not.
But on the lands o'er which our island hangs
We shed fair gifts of plenty and goo-will,
Drop tears of love upon the thirsty earth
And shower fair water on the growing grain.
This is our mission.

Phyllon. 'Tis a goodly one!
But tell us now - why have you summoned us?

Selene. Because we seek to teach you solemn truths
That now ye wot not of, poor gentlemen!
*(tenderly).* Poor gentlemen! Poor wayward gentlemen!