

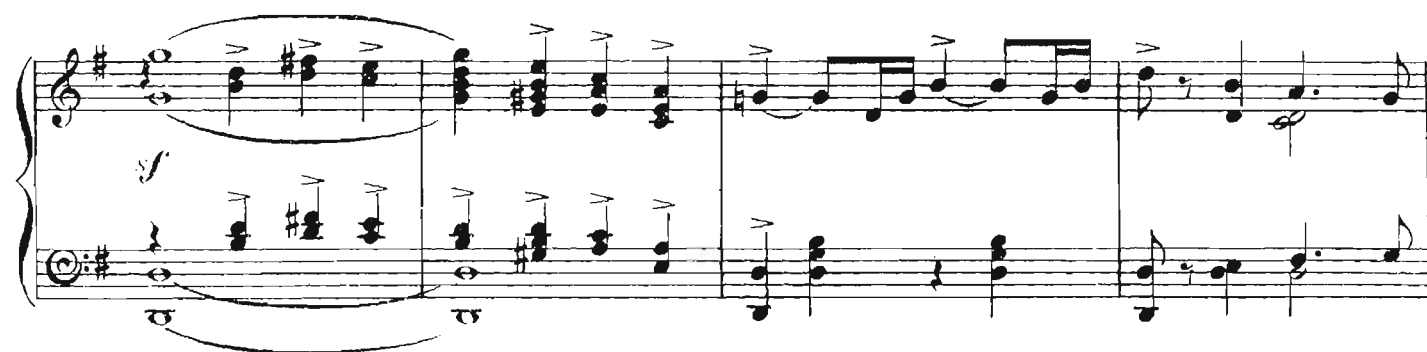
Act II.

INTRODUCTION.

Allegro alla marcia.

Piano.

With great animation.



Segue Nº 11.

Andantino. (not too slow.)

Piano.

mf

CHO.

CHO.

(ironically)

CHO. an - der - ing, Our ex - cellent Queen No doubt has been In ro - seate, ro - seate

an - der - ing, Our ex - cellent Queen No doubt has been In ro - seate

CHO. dreams, No doubt has been In

dreams, In ro - seate dreams, No doubt has been, In

CHO. ro - seate dreams me - an - der - ing: —

ro - seate dreams me - an - der - ing: — As a

A Allegro.

CHO.

mat - ter of fact A ris - ky act, So ob - vi - ous - ly de -

f *p*

CHO.

So ve - ry un - fit We must ad - mit _____

- tect - a - ble = _____

CHO.

Is a - ny - thing but re - spect - a - ble! _____ Is

Is a - ny - thing but re -

CHO. a - ny - thing but re - spect - a - ble! So

- spect - a - ble! Is a - ny - thing but, So

Agitato.
ff accel.

CHO. ve - ry un - fit We must ad - mit Is

ve - ry un - fit We must ad - mit Is

Agitato.

ff

CHO. a - ny - thing but re - spect - a - ble!

a - ny - thing but re - spect - a - ble!

rall. molto **p** **B Andantino.**

CHO. For ma-ny an hour With - in her bow'r With E - tha - is phil -

For ma-ny an hour With - in her bow'r With E - tha - is phil -

B Andantino.

rall. molto **p**

CHO. - an - der - ing, Our ex - cel - lent Queen No doubt has been

- an - der - ing, Our ex - cel - lent Queen No doubt has been

No

CHO. In ro - seate dreams me - an - der - ing;

doubt has been In ro - seate dreams me - an - der - ing;

In ro - seate dreams me - an - der - ing;

accel.

C Allegro risoluto.

CHO. *f* A Queen who dares con-ven-tion -

f A Queen who dares con-ven-tion -

f *mf*

CHO. - al - i - ty de-spise, To put it ve-ry mild-ly, is ex - ceed-ing-ly un-wise.

- al - i - ty de-spise, To put it ve-ry mild-ly, is ex - ceed-ing-ly un-wise.

sempre staccato.

CHO. Here is an act to which we can - not close our eyes,

Here is an act to which we can - not close our eyes, And

f p

CHO. And must ex_cite our in_dig - na_tion and sur_prise. Our in - dig - na - tion,

must ex - cite our in_dig - na_tion and sur_prise. Our in - dig - na - tion,

D *ff*

CHO. in - dig - na - tion, And must ex_cite our in - dig - na - tion

in - dig - na - tion, And must ex_cite our in - dig - na - tion,

CHO. and sur - prise.

in - dig - na - tion and sur - prise.

rit. *ff*

p Andantino.

CHO. For many an hour With - in her bow'r With

For E many an hour With - in her bow'r With

Andantino.

rall - molto.

p

CHO. E - tha - is phil - an - der - ing, Our ex - cel - lent Queen No doubt has been

been No

E - - tha - is phil - an - - der - ing, Our ex - cel - lent Queen No doubt has been

F Allegro agitato.

CHO. In rose - ate dreams me - an - - der - ing: 'Tis an - y - thing but re -

doubt has been me - an - der - - ing

In rose - ate dreams me - an - - der - ing: 'Tis an - y - thing but re -

F Allegro agitato.

CHO. - spect.a - ble! — 'Tis an - y - thing but re - spect.a - ble! — So ve - ry un - fit We

- spect.a - ble! — 'Tis an - y - thing but re - spect.a - ble! — So ve - ry un - fit We

CHO. must ad - mit — Is an - y - thing but — re - spect.a - ble!

must ad - mit — Is an - y - thing but — re - spect.a - ble!

ff *ff* *sf Presto* *ff*

CHO.

sf *sf* *fff*

* *ff*

- 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!

No 12.

SONG.—(Zayda.) and CHORUS.

Allegro.

Piano.

The piano introduction is in 6/8 time, key of B-flat major. It features a lively melody in the right hand with eighth and sixteenth notes, and a harmonic accompaniment in the left hand with chords and moving lines. Dynamics include *mf* and *p*.

ZAY. I nev-er pro-fess to make a guess, That smacks of per-spi-

The first line of the vocal melody for Zayda is in 6/8 time, key of B-flat major. It consists of a single staff with a treble clef. The piano accompaniment continues with chords and moving lines in both hands.

ZAY. -ca-ci-ty— Pro-phet-i-cal flight, my dears, is quite A cut a-bove my ca-

The second line of the vocal melody for Zayda continues the melody. The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support with chords and moving lines.

A
ZAY. -pa-ci-ty: But such a bare-faced dis-play of taste For mil-i-ta-ry so-

The third line of the vocal melody for Zayda begins with a section marked 'A'. The piano accompaniment continues with chords and moving lines.

ZAV.
 - ci - e - ty. The ver - i - est dunce would deem at once. A

ZAV.
 hor - ri - ble im - pro - pri - e - ty!

CHO.
 Im - pro - pri - e - ty, A hor - ri - ble im - pro - pri - e - ty, A hor - ri - ble im - pro - pri - e - ty, A hor - ri - ble im - pro - pri - e - ty, A

ZAV.
 I al - ways view The acts un - wise My

CHO.
 - pri - e - ty!

B ppp

ZAY. sis - ters do With kind - ly eyes, But truth to tell, Such con - duct - well.

ZAY. It smacks of im - pro - pri - e - ty!

CHO. It smacks of im - pro -

It smacks of im - pro -

rit.

C a tempo.
con grazia

ZAY. Al - though 'tis odd And may - of - fend, To

CHO. - pri - e - ty!

- pri - e - ty!

C con grazia

rit. *pp* a tempo

ZAY. kiss the rod, I don't in - tend. A

CHO. It wrong I call To kiss at all!

It wrong I call To kiss at all!

ZAY. cap - i - tal rule of life, my friend! Ah!

CHO. Al -

Al -

p

pp

ZAY.

CHO. - tho' 'tis odd In one so mild, To kiss the rod, She's not be-guiled; It

- tho' 'tis odd In one so mild, To kiss the rod, She's not be-guiled; It

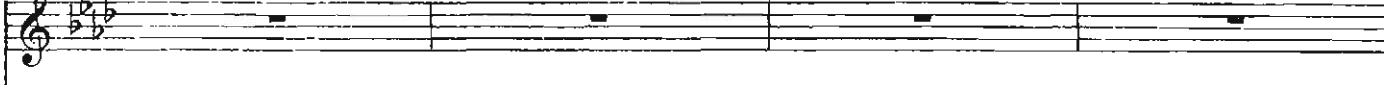
D

ZAY.  **A**

CHO. wrong I call To kiss at all! To kiss at all!

D wrong I call To kiss at all! To kiss, To kiss at all! 

ZAY. cap - i - tal rule of life, my friend! 

ZAY. 



ZAY. Was it for this to realms of bliss We sum - moned such ras - cal - i - ty? Is 

ZAY. this the way to teach him, pray, The truths of pure mor - al - i - ty! With

E
ZAY. wiles de - cure his love she'll lure, Ca - ressing and be - seech - ing him! No

ZAY. need to jour - ney here to learn ——— Such truths as she is

ZAY. teach - ing him! Though

(HO. Is teach - ing him, Such truths as she is teach - ing him!

Is teach - ing him, Such truths as she is teach - ing him!

F

ZAY. 

sure we are That ev - 'ry youth Should tra - vel far To learn the truth, He



ZAY. 

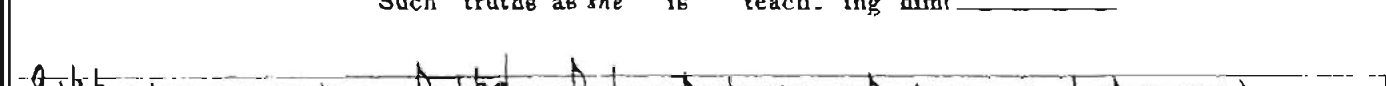
might, with care, Have learnt, down there, ——— Such truths as she is



ZAY. 

teaching him! You



CHO. 

Such truths as she is teach - ing him!



Such truths as she is teach - ing him!



160 **G** *a tempo*
con grazia.

ZAY. *do not think Me too se. vere! We should not wink At*

pp con grazia.

ZAY. *faults, it's clear— A cap - i - tal rule of*

CHO. *We should not wink At all, I think.*

We should not wink At all, I think.

ZAY. *life, my dear! Ah!*

CHO. *We do not think You*

We do not think You

pp

ZAY.

CHO.

too se-vere! We should not wink At faults, it's clear— We

too se-vere! We should not wink At faults, it's clear— We

CHO.

should not wink At all, I think, At all, I think.

should not wink At all, I think, At all, At

ZAY.

CHO.

A cap-i-tal rule of life, My

all, I think.

p

f

I A la Valse.

ZAY.

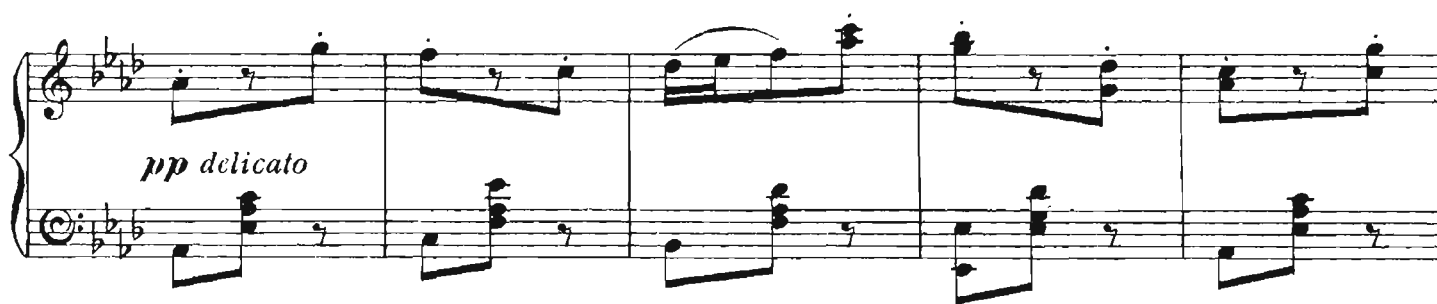
dear! ———

DANCE.

p con gracia

f rit.

sf a tempo pp



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 (appassionato)

f

Moderato

p

p

pp

accel.

Oh love, that rul est in our land, Dread Aut o-crat of Good and Ill, What

would'st thou in our fair-y band? What mis sion com est to ful - fil? _____ De

14

clare _____ to me thy sov'-reign will, Thy sov' - reign will!

19

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

23

Or tal-is-man that runs its course As min - i - ster of woes, Of woes un -

fp *accel.*

28 *rit.*

told. _____ Dread Au - to - crat of Good or Ill _____ De -

28 *rit.*

3 3

32 *accel.* *rit.*

clare to me thy sov' - reign will! De - clare to me De clare to me thy sov' - reign

32

p *colla voce.* *pp* *rit.*

3 3 3

36 *a tempo*

will! Oh,

36 *a tempo* *accel.* *rit.* *p*

3 3 3

Moderato

40

Eth - ais, thou art god - ly wise Un - tu-tored thou in shame ful art; No

44

treas on lurks in those brave eyes No false hood in that gal lant heart! _____

49

There _____ treach - e - ry can take no part, Can take no part.

f *allargando* *colla voce.* *p*

54

The fer-vour of my love dæout Dreads no un-worth-y plan or plot; Love_____

54

pp

58

_____ is the ver-y death of doubt._____ I love, I love_____ thee And I

58

mf *sf p* *accel.*

63

doubt thee not. I dread no shame - ful plan_ or_ plot, I_3

63

allargando (appassionato)

67 *ff*

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

67 *ff*

70

doubt, I doubt thee not!

70 *ff*

Nº 13.

DUET. (Selene and Sir Ethais.)

Allegretto comodo.

Piano.

SELENE.

Thy fea - tures are fair and

SFL.

seem - ly— A god a - mong mor - tal men: I'm

SFL.

beau - ti - ful, too, ex - treme - ly— Grant - ing all this, what

SEL. then? **A** Sir. ETHAIS. *mf*
 You're **A** beau - ti - ful, too, ex - treme - ly—

SEL. *rit.* *a tempo.* The cause is be - yond my
 Sir. E. *rit.* *a tempo.* Grant - ing all this, what then?—

SEL. ken. I blind - ly thus re - ply: "Sup -

SEL. - pose we were fa - ted To be sep - ar - a - ted, As -

SEL. *f* **B** Broader.
 sur-ed-ly I should die! Oh, thine is the giv-ing Of
f colla voce

SEL. *p a tempo*
 dy-ing or liv-ing! I won-der, won-der
p a tempo

SEL. why?
mf

SEL. **C**
 A be-ing of ra-diance
p

SEL. *ra - - rer Is the Sun in his gol - - den noon; Be-*

SEL. *-yond com - pa - ri - son fair - - er The sheen of the sil - - ver*

SEL. *Moon. Sir, ETHAIS.*

Be - yond com - pa - ri - son fair - - er The sheen of the sil - ver

SEL. *rit. a tempo.*

Each is a god - sent boon,

Sr. E *rit. a tempo.*

Moon.

pp a tempo.

SEL. Fair - er than thou or I— But when they've de - part - ed I'm

SEL. not bro - ken-heart.ed, I nei - ther des - pair nor die! Their

E Broader.

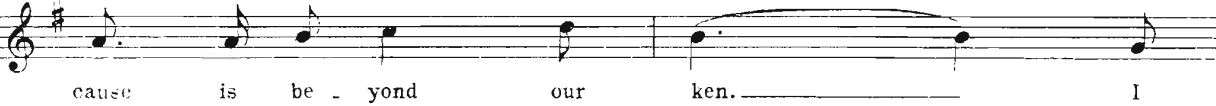
SEL. ris - ing and set - ting I see with - out fret - ting— I won - der, won -

f colla voce *p a tempo*

SEL. - - - der why! The

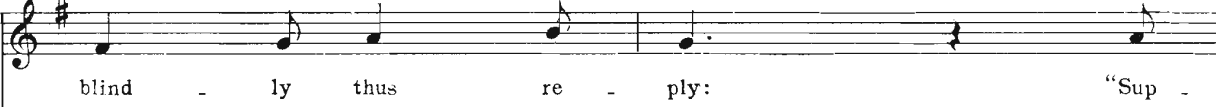
Sir ETHAIS.

The cause is be - yond our

SEL. 
cause is be - yond our ken. I

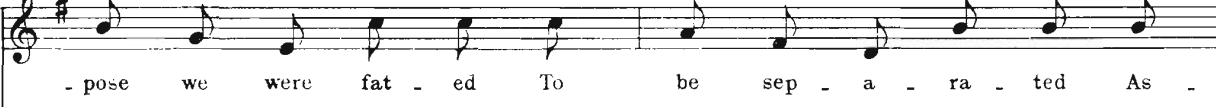
Sir E. 
ken. I blind - ly thus re -



SEL. 
blind - ly thus re - ply: "Sup -

Sir E. 
- ply, re - ply: "Sup -



SEL. 
- pose we were fat - ed To be sep - a - ra - ted As -

Sir E. 
- pose we were fat - ed To be sep - a - ra - ted As -



SEL. *rall.* *F f allargando*
 - sur - ed - ly I should die!" Oh, thine is the giv - ing Of

Sir E. *f*
 - sur - ed - ly I should die!" Oh, thine is the giv - ing Of

F f allargando

SEL. *p a tempo*
 dy - ing or liv - ing! I won - der, won - - - der

Sir E. *p*
 dy - ing or liv - ing! I won - der, won - - - der

p a tempo

SEL. *ff animato*
 why! I won - - der why, I won - der why? Oh,

Sir E. *ff*
 why! I won - der why? Oh,

ff animato

a tempo *p* *rall.*

SEL. thine is the giv - ing Of dy - ing or liv - ing! I won - der why, I

a tempo *p* *rall.*

Sir E. thine is the giv - ing Of dy - ing or liv - ing! I won - der why, I

p a tempo *rall.*

p *G*

SEL. won - der why?

p

Sir E. won - der why?

p *G* *a tempo*

*Pa. * Pa. * Pa.*

SEL.

Sir E.

pp

*Pa. * Pa. * Pa. **

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.

Piano.

SELENE.

(Not too slow.)

SIR ETHAIS.

*pp**mf*

When a knight loves la - dye— (Hey, but a maid is a sor - ry lit - tle jade!) He

mp

SEL.

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

Sir E.

sighs and he sings lack - a - day - dee— Hey, lack - a - day - dee, O! Of a

SEL. *pp*

(Hey, but a maid is a

Sir E. *pp*

love life - long He'll sing a song— (Hey, but a maid is a

pp

SEL. *A*

sor - ry lit - tle jade!

Sir E. *mf*

sor - ry lit - tle jade!) Of a love su - preme He dreams a dream—

A

mf

SEL. *pp*

Hey, lack - a - day - dee. O! —

Sir E. *pp*

Hey, lack - a - day - dee. O! — And lit - tle rocks he in his

pp

SEL. *f* Ding dong,

Sir E. love - lorn soul That, ere bye and bye, will the too - sin toll - Ding dong. Ding

SEL. Ding dong, Ding dong, Ding dong, Ding dong, Ding

Sir E. dong, Ding dong, Ding dong, Ding dong, Ding

Andante. *p* *rit.* **B** Tempo I.

SEL. dong! Hey, — lack - a - day - dee, O! —

Sir E. dong! Hey, — lack - a - day - dee, O! —

Andante. *p* *rit.* *mp* **B** Tempo I.

SEL.

Sir E.

When a maid grows wea - ry -

p

SEL.

Sir E.

(Hey, but a maid is a sor - ry lit - tle jade!) O sad is his heart and

mp *mf*

mp *mf*

SEL.

Sir E.

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

drea - ry - Hey, lack - a - day - dee. O! Then day by day He

p

SFL. *pp* (Hey, but a maid is a sor-ry lit-tle jade!)

S. E. *pp* wilts a way— (Hey, but a maid is a sor-ry lit-tle jade!) *mf* With

SFL. *pp* Hey, lack-a-day-dee.

S. E. *pp* one sad sigh He droops to die— Hey, lack-a-day-dee.

SFL. *pp* O! Her love— his life— both yield their due, And the

S. E. *pp* O! *a tempo*

SEL. *f* Ding dong,

Sir E. *f* toc - sin toll - ing tolls for two! Ding dong, Ding

SEL. Ding dong, Ding dong, Ding dong, Ding

Sir E. dong, Ding dong, Ding dong, Ding dong, Ding

SEL. *Andante. p* dong! *rit.* Hey, lack - a - day - dee, *pp* O!

Sir E. *p* dong! *rit.* Hey, lack - a - day - dee, *pp* O!

Andante. p *rit.* *pp* *ppp*

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.

Nº 15.

DUET. (Darine and Sir Phyllon.)

Allegro con spirito.

Piano.

The piano introduction is in 2/4 time, key of B-flat major. It features a melody in the right hand with triplet eighth notes and a supporting bass line in the left hand. The dynamic is marked *mf*.

DARINE.

But dost thou hear? I love thee not!

Sir PHYLLON. (*indifferently*)

Oh,

DAR. Musical line for Darine's first entry, corresponding to her lyrics.

A favoured ri - val thou hast got!

Sir P. Musical line for Sir Phyllon's first entry, corresponding to his lyrics.

yes, you put it clear - ly.

I

The piano accompaniment continues with a melody in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand, marked *p*.

DAR. A

And

Sir P. en - vy him sin - cere - ly! A

DAR. canst thou con - tem - plate Dar - ine With E - thais fond - ly toy - ing- In

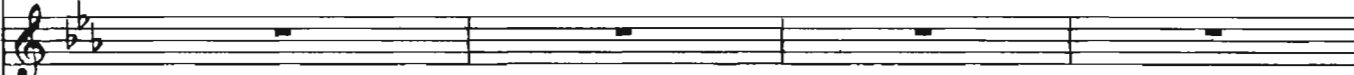
Sir P.

pp

DAR. fond car - ess and rap - ture keen, His so - cial charm en - joy - ing?—

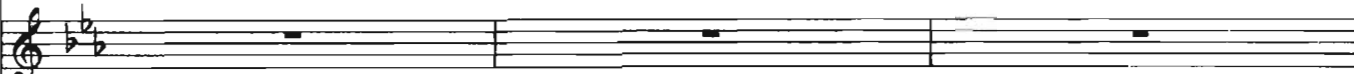
Sir P.

DAR.  Un - hap - py Phyl - lon, think of this: These eyes—they burn f_or

Sir P. 

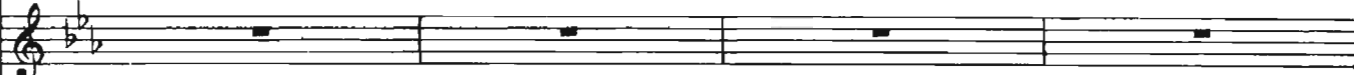
 *f* *p*

DAR.  E - tha - is; These lips— which thou shalt nev - er kiss; This

Sir P. 

 *pp*

DAR.  form— de - signed to crown— his bliss! 

Sir P. 

 *f*

B

DAR. *f* (anxiously) It is an - noy - ing?

Sir P. *p* Well, it's an - noy - ing! *ppp* Yes, it's an -

B

sf *p*

DAR. Un - hap - py Phyl - lon, think of this: These eyes— they burn for

Sir P. - noy - ing!

DAR. *C* *f* E - tha - is; These eyes— they burn for E - tha - is; These

Sir P. *f* Those eyes—they burn for E - tha - is; Those

C *f* *p*

DAR. lips—which thou shalt nev_er kiss; This form, de_signed to crown his bliss?

Sir P. lips— which I shall nev_er kiss; —

DAR. It is an_noy-ing?

Sir P. Well, it's an_noy-ing!

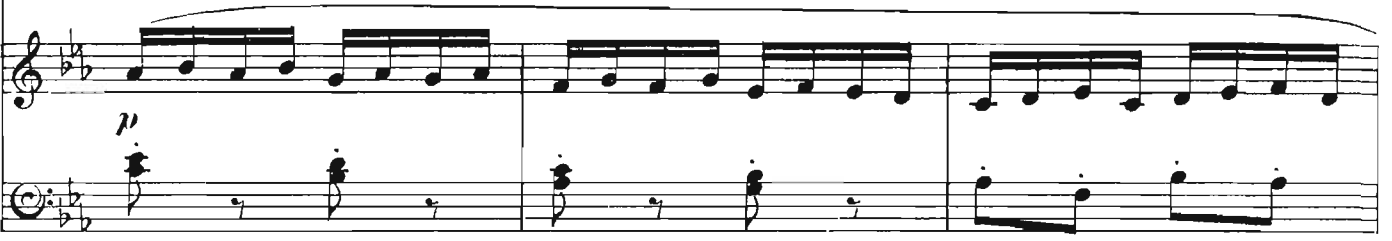
D

DAR. —

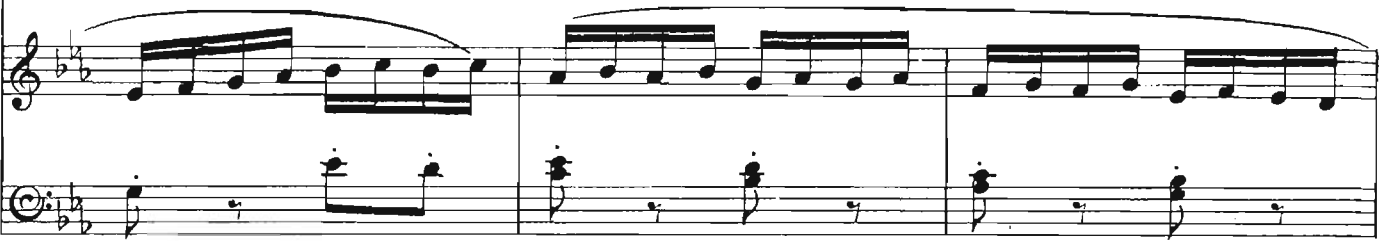
Sir P. — The

D

Sir P.  state of your e - mo - tions you De - lin - e - ate suc -



Sir P.  - cinct - ly; But come— what would you have me do? Tell



Sir P.  me the truth dis - tinct - ly. **E** DARINE.  Do? Hurl thy - self to



DAR.  yon - der earth, With sor - row un - a - ba - ted, And end a life from



Sir PHYLON.

DAR. hour of birth To bit - ter an - guish fa - ted! I

Sir P. see your point, but (par - don me) Did all heart - bro - ken youths a - gree In

Sir P. death to drown their mis - er - ee, The world with - in a year — would

Sir P. be — De - pop - u -

DAR. De - pop - u - la - ted?

Sir P. - la - ted! De - pop - u -

p

DAR. His dif - fi - cul - ty I can see; Did all heart-bro - ken youths a - gree,

Sir P. - la - ted!

DAR. Did all heart-bro - ken youths a - gree In

Sir P. heart - bro - ken youths a - gree In

f *G* *f* *p*

DAR. death to drown their mis - e - ree, The world with - in a

Sir P. death to drown their mis - - - e -

DAR. year would be, The world with - in a week,

Sir P. - ree.

DAR. *cresc.* The world with - in a year would be *f rall.*

Sir P. *cresc.* The world with - in a year would be *f rall.*

mf *f colla voce*

a tempo p.

DAR. De u la - ted!

a tempo

Sir P. pop la - ted!

p a tempo

f

Exit Sir PHYLLON.

delicato

pp

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.*

No 16.

SCENA. (Lutin and Chorus.)

Allegro vivace. (agitato.)

Piano.

First system of piano introduction. Treble and bass staves. Treble staff has a series of chords marked *pp*. Bass staff has a rhythmic accompaniment. Dynamics include *sf* and *pp*.

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

Second system of piano introduction. Treble staff continues with chords. Bass staff continues with rhythmic accompaniment. Dynamics include *pp*.

A

Third system of piano introduction. Treble staff has chords. Bass staff has a more complex accompaniment. Dynamics include *sf* and *pp*.

LUTIN. (bewildered.)

Help! help! help! What - ev - er has be - come of me? Help! help! help! Wher -

Fourth system of piano introduction. Treble staff has chords. Bass staff has a rhythmic accompaniment. Dynamics include *mf*, *Presto.*, *pp*, and *mf*.

LUT. *pp* *mf* *pp*

- ev - er am I now? Help! help! help! Who's made a tee - to - tum of me? When

LUT.

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

B
LUT.

What - ev - er has be - come of me? Where

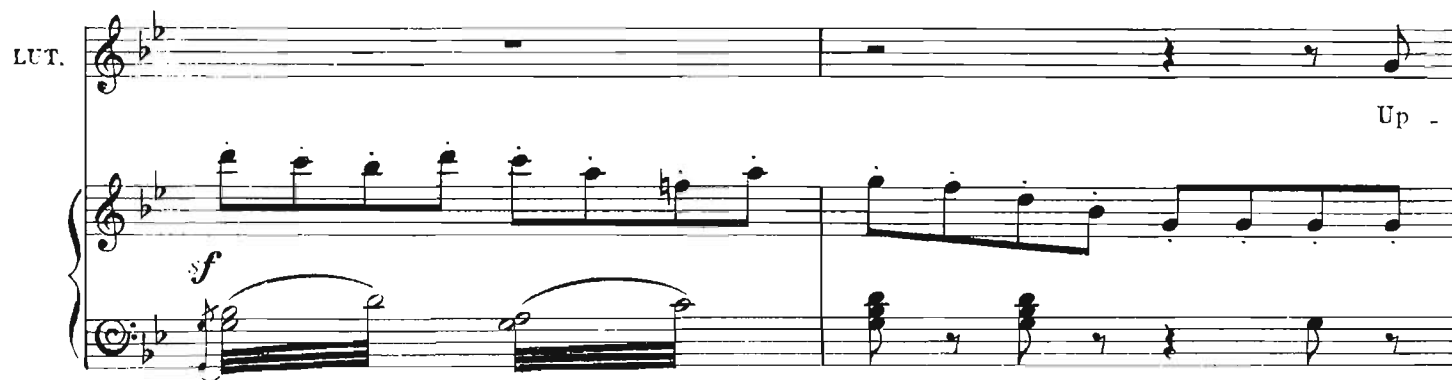
ff *pp* *ff*

LUT. *pp* *ff* *pp*

- ev - er am I now? Who's made a tee - to - tum of me? When

LUT. 

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

LUT. 

Up -

LUT. 

- ris - ing with ve - lo - ci - ty This swift im - pet - u - os - i - ty Ex -

LUT. 

- cites my cu - ri - os - i - ty.— But

UT. stay, I'm com - ing to— But stay, I'm com - ing to— But

p

UT. stay, I'm com - ing to— I've gained my sen - ses! I've

UT. died a death de - plor - a - ble, For ev - er un - re - stor - a - ble, And

UT. left my wife a - dor - a - ble To weep, and pay my fu— To

LUT. 

weep, and pay my fu- To weep, and pay my fu - ne - ral ex -

LUT. 

- pen - ses! Help! help! help! What - ev - er has be - come of me?

f *ff* *pp*

LUT. 

Wher - ev - er am I now? Who's

ff *pp* *ff*

LUT. 

made a tee - to - tum of me? When came I here, why came I here, whence

pp

LUT. *rall.* *ff* *E* *f a tempo*

came I here and how?

(The FAIRIES have entered. They examine LUTIN curiously and with much amusement.)

F *Meno Mosso Allegretto.*

G *Allegretto Grazioso.*

H

ZAYDA.

A freak of Nature-not of Art!

'Tis Lutin, without wing!

FLETA.

His like-ness, his like-ness to his coun-ter-part

FLE.

Is most as - ton-ish-ing! is most as - ton-ish-ing!

I

LEILA.

How beau-ti-ful-ly formed is be-

LEI.

How del-i-cate-ly quaint!

CORA.

I won-der, I won-der, I

mf *p*

CORA.

won-der will he prove to be A sin-ner or a saint?

CHO.

We won-der, We won-der, We

f *mf* *p*

CHO. wonder will he prove to be A sin-ner or a saint?

f

We

CHO. *U* *animato*

lay no stress On blame-less-ness, But still we wait To spec-u-late On

mf animato

CHO. *sf*

this— will he— Turn— out to be A

CHO.

sin - ner or a saint? will

CHO.

he Turn out to be A sin - ner or a saint?

CHO.

Ah!

accel.

p *ff*

LUTIN. (who has been much impressed.)

Though I'm no Mus.sul - man, it's true, Yet by some strange de.

*rall.**pp**a tempo con anima*

CHO.

rall.

K

p a tempo con anima

LUT.

...vice My soul has found its way in - to Ma - ho-met's Par-a - dise! If

LUT.

this is all I have to pay For my car-eeer per - verse, It might have been, I'm

LUT.

bound to say, Con - sid - er - a - bly worse!

Con - sid - er - ing I've

pp

accel.

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

accel.

a tempo

LUT. - sid - er - a - bly worsel

ZAYDA. *p* Con - sid - er - ing He's had his fling, It might have been Con -

LOCHRINE. *p* Con - sid - er - ing He's had his fling, It might have been Con -

a tempo p

LUT.

rall.

ZAY. - sid - er - a - bly worsel - Con - sid - er - a - bly worsel -

rall.

LOC. - sid - er - a - bly worsel - Con - sid - er - a - bly worsel -

rall.

sf accel.

M
a tempo

LUT. *rit.* *p* *a tempo*
If this is all I have to pay For my ca - reer per -

CHO. *rit.* *p* *a tempo*
We lay no stress On blame - less -

rit. *p* *a tempo*
We lay no stress On blame - less -

M
p a tempo

LUT. - verse, It might have been, I'm bound to say, Con - sid - er - a - bly

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

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

LUT. *worse!* They won - der!

CHO. *f* *pp*
 - late on this— We won - der, We
 - late on this— We won - der, We

f *pp*

LUT. *p*
 They won - der, will I prove to be A sin - ner or a

CHO. *p*
 won - der, We won - der, will he prove to be A sin - ner or a
 won - der, We won - der, will he prove to be A sin - ner or a

p

N

LUT. *saint?* *They*

ZAY. *p* A sin - - - ner or a saint?

N

LOC. A

CHO. *saint?* We won - der, We won - der, A sin - ner or a saint? We

saint? A sin - ner or a saint?

pp delicato.

LUT. won - der! they won - der!

ZAY. *p* Ah! —

LOC. sin - - - ner or a saint? Ah! —

CHO. won - der, We won - der A sin - ner or a saint?

A sin - ner or a saint?

LUT. *pp* A sin-ner, or a saint? *ppp*

ZAY. *pp*

LOC. *pp* *ppp*

CHO. *pp* A sin-ner, or a saint? *ppp*
pp A sin-ner, or a saint? *ppp*

pp *accel.*

e *cresc.* *al* *sf* *sf. fine.* *sf.*

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.

Allegro.

Piano.

The piano introduction is in 2/4 time. The right hand features a series of eighth-note chords and single notes, while the left hand plays a steady eighth-note accompaniment. The piece begins with a forte (*f*) dynamic and ends with a piano (*p*) dynamic.

RECIT.

LUT.

The recitative section features a single melodic line for the Lutin part. The piano accompaniment consists of a few chords in the right hand and a single note in the left hand. The lyrics are: "Sup - pose you take with o - pen mind, Twelve handsome men— what do you find?"

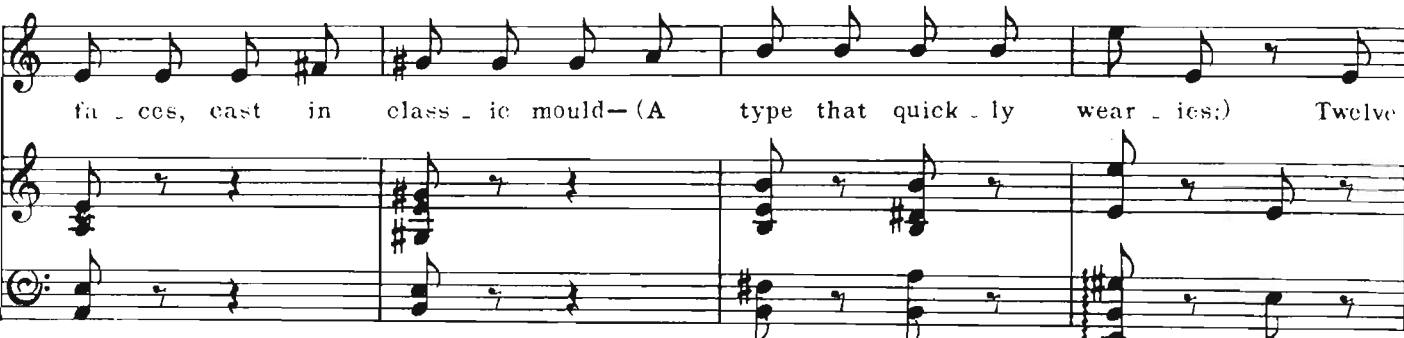
Allegro.

LUT.

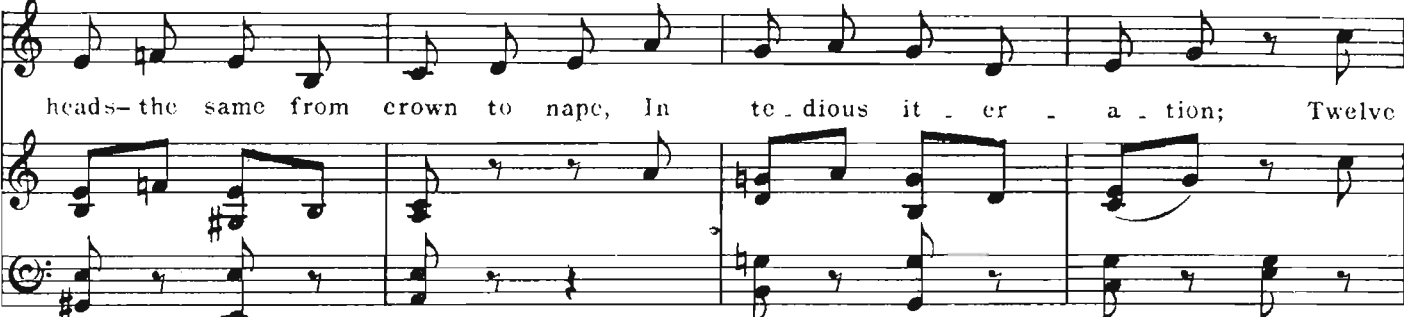
The first part of the chorus begins with a Lutin melody line. The piano accompaniment is in 2/4 time, with the right hand playing eighth-note chords and the left hand playing eighth-note accompaniment. The lyrics are: "Twelve

LUT.

The second part of the chorus continues with a Lutin melody line. The piano accompaniment is in 2/4 time, with the right hand playing eighth-note chords and the left hand playing eighth-note accompaniment. The lyrics are: "peo - ple twen - ty - five years old, Twelve shapes in ev - en ser - ies; Twelve

LUT.  fa - ces, cast in class - ic mould - (A type that quick - ly wear - ies;) Twelve

A

LUT.  heads - the same from crown to nape, In te - dious it - er - a - tion; Twelve

LUT.  no - ses - all a - like in shape, With - out a var - i - a - tion; Two

B

LUT.  doz - en eyes - all large and bright; Two doz - en lips - all mod - elled quite Like

LUT.  Cu - pid's bow - and un - der - neath Some - where a - bout three hun - dred teeth,

LUT. By ave - rage cal - cu - la - tion.

LUT. **C** This is a prin - ci - ple you may dis - sem - i - nate:

LUT. Good - look - ing men are ef - fete and ef - fem - i - nate. As for va - ri - e - ty,

LUT. they hav - en't got an - y - Mor - bid - ly mild in their maw - ky mo - not - o - ny!

D

p SOP. 1.

CHO.

This is a prin-ci-ple we may dis-sem-in-ate: Good-look-ing men are ef-

p SOP. 2.

This is a prin-ci-ple we may dis-sem-in-ate: Good-look-ing men are ef-

D

CHO.

-fete and ef-fem-in-ate. As for va-ri-et-y, they have-n't got an-y-

-fete and ef-fem-in-ate. As for va-ri-et-y, they have-n't got an-y-

LUT.

mor-bid-ly mild, _____

mor-bid-ly mild in their

CHO.

Mor-bid-ly mild, mor-bid-ly mild, _____

mor-bid-ly mild in their

mor-bid-ly mild, _____

mor-bid-ly mild in their

*f**p*

E Tempo I.

LUT. *maw - ky — mon - ot - on - y!*

HO. *maw - ky — mon - ot - on - y!*

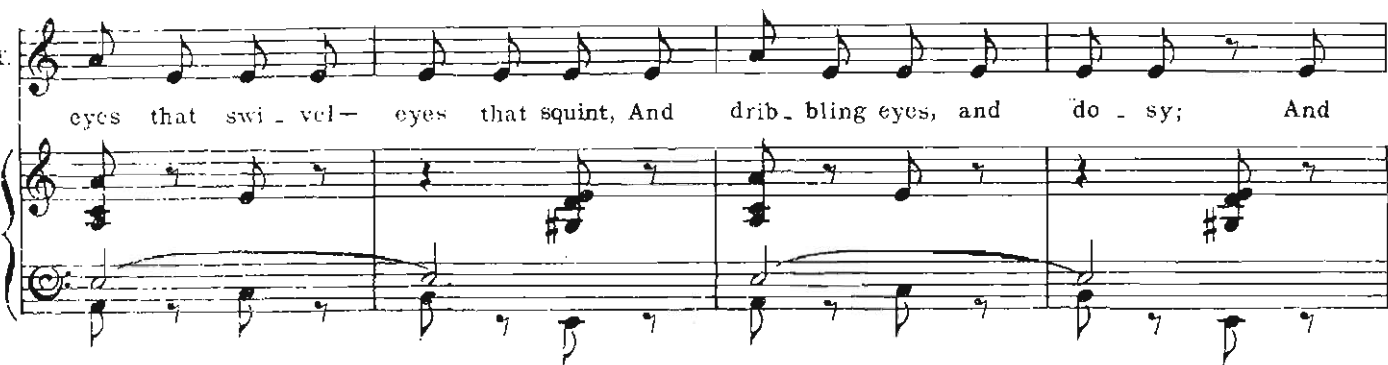
maw - ky — mon - ot - on - y!

RECIT.

LUT. *But take twelve plain men, and you find Va - ri - e - ty of ev - 'ry kind!*

Allegro.

LUT. *You've*

LUT.  eyes that swi - vel - eyes that squint, And drib - bling eyes, and do - sy; And

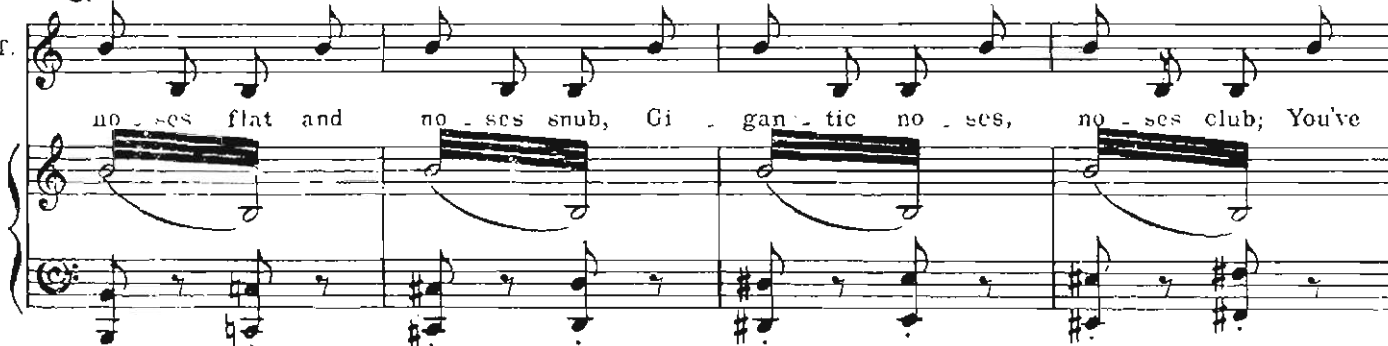
LUT.  mot - tled cheeks of ev - 'ry tint, And hair that's red and ro - sy; You've

F

LUT.  mouths that grin and mouths that gape; Large ears that don't of - fend us; Un -

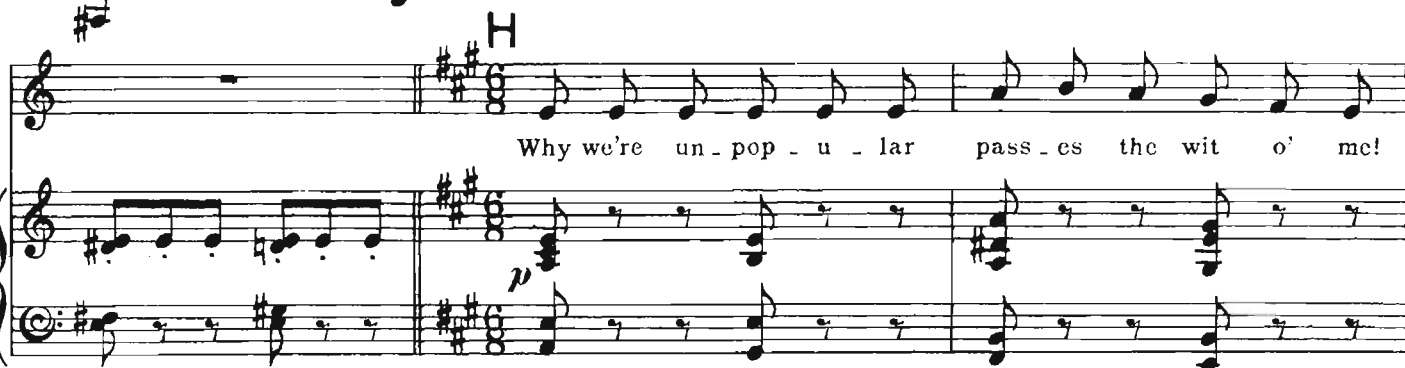
LUT.  - ev - en teeth gro - tesque in shape, And no - ses, too - tre - men - dous! You've

C

LUT.  no - ses flat and no - ses snub, Gi - gan - tic no - ses, no - ses club; You've

LUT.  no - ses long and no - ses short, And some that snore and some that snort,

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

LUT.  Why we're un - pop - u - lar pass - es the wit o' me!

LUT.  Each of his kind is a com - ic e - pit - o - me, Teem - ing with hu - mours of

LUT.  dis - sim - i - lar - i - ty - Quite a mu - se - um of pe - cu - li - ar - i - ty!

I

CHO. *p* Why they're un-pop-u-lar pass-es the wit o' me! Each of his kind is a

Why they're un-pop-u-lar pass-es the wit o' me! Each of his kind is a

CHO. com-ic e-pit-o-me, Teem-ing with hu-mours of dis-sim-i-lar-i-ty-

com-ic e-pit-o-me, Teem-ing with hu-mours of dis-sim-i-lar-i-ty-

LUT. Quite a mu-seum, ——— Quite a mu-se-um of

CHO. Quite a mu-seum, Quite a mu-seum, ——— Quite a mu-se-um of

Quite a mu-seum, ——— Quite a mu-se-um of

LUT. *f* *Presto.*
 pe - cu - li - a - ri - ty!

CHO. *f*
 pe - cu - li - a - ri - ty!

f *Presto.*

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 wilt 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*).

There is a lady, sir, in every case!

It seems

Lutin. In all those cases they do interfere!

Exit ZAYDA, offended.\

Nº 18

SONG (Lutin) and CHORUS.

Allegro con brio.

Piano.

LUTIN.

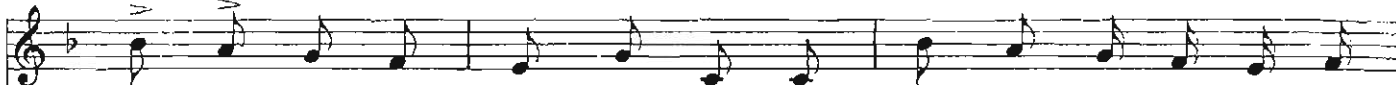
1. In yon - der world, which dev - ils strew With
Wo - man from great Na - ture's scheme Were

LUT.

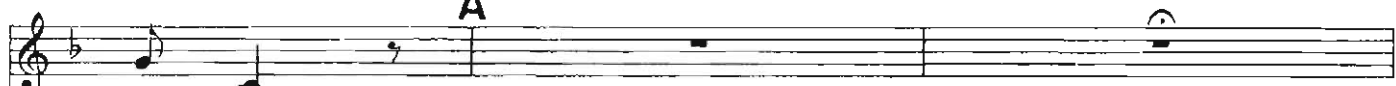
wor - ry, grief, and pain in plen - ty, This max - im is ac -
ut - ter - ly e - lim - in - a - ted, Un - ruf - fled peace would

LUT.

-count - ed true With ne - mi - ne dis - sen - ti - en - te: A
reign su - preme, No quar - rels would be prop - a - ga - ted. But

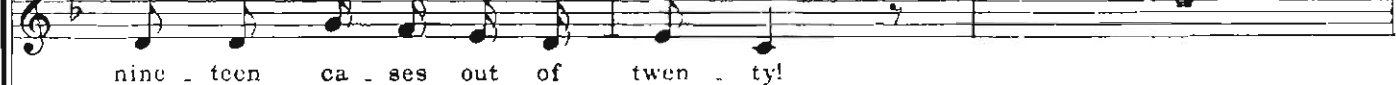
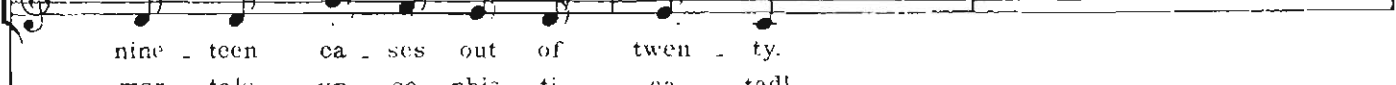
LUT.   

wo - man doth the mis - chief brew In nine - teen ca - ses out of
that is a U - to - pian dream Of mor - tals un - so - phis - ti -

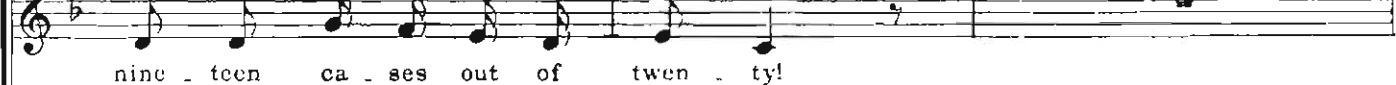
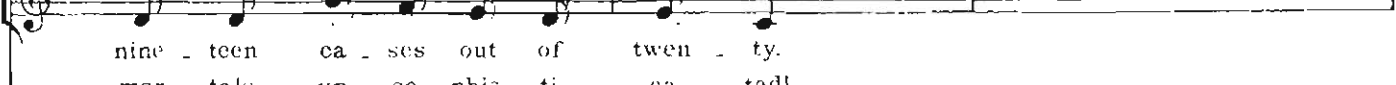
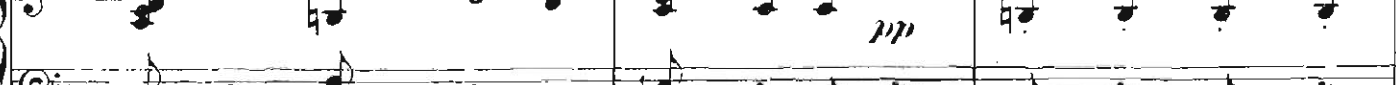
LUT.   

twen - ty!
ca - ted!
SOPRANOS.
A wo - man doth the mis - chief brew In
Yes, that is a U - to - pian dream Of
CONTRALTOS.
A wo - man doth the mis - chief brew In
Yes, that is a U - to - pian dream Of

CHO.   

LUT.   

In all the woes That
It's true that foes Might

CHO.   

nine - teen ca - ses out of twen - ty!
mor - tals un - so - phis - ti - ca - ted!
nine - teen ca - ses out of twen - ty.
mor - tals un - so - phis - ti - ca - ted!

pp

LUT. *rit.*
 joy dis - place. In all the blows That bring dis - grace On much en - dur - ing
 then em - brace. And earth - ly woes Dis - solve a - pace. But where would be the

LUT. *a tempo*
 hu - man race. There's ev - er a la - dy in the case!
 hu - man race With nev - er a la - dy in the case?

CHO. On,
 But
 On,
 But

B *Animato.*
 much en - dur - ing hu - man race, There's ev - er a la - dy
 where would be the hu - man race With nev - er a la - dy

B *Animato.*
 much en - dur - ing hu - man race, There's ev - er a la - dy
 where would be the hu - man race With nev - er a la - dy

LUT

Ah! _____

CHO.

in the case!
in the case?

in the case!
in the case?

Giocoso.

LUT

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

C *rit.* *a tempo*

LUT

out you trace. In all the woes that curse our race— There is a
kills the case. What would be come of all our race— With nev_er a

C *rit.* *a tempo*

pp delicato

LUT. *la - dy. a la - dy. a la - dy in the*
la - dy. a la - dy. a la - dy in the

pp delicato

LUT. *case.*
case? Ah!

CHO. *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 -nub 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

LUT. *f>ril.* *a tempo*
In all the woes that curse our race — There is a
What would be - come of all our race — With nev - er a

CHO. *f>ril.* *a tempo*
out they trace— In all the woes that curse their race — There is a
kills the case—What would be - come of all their race — With nev - er a

f>ril. *a tempo*

f>ril. *a tempo*

pp delicato

LUT.

1.

la - dy, a la - dy, a la - dy in the case!
la - dy, a la - dy, a la - dy in the case?

CHO.

la - dy, a la - dy, a la - dy in the case!
la - dy, a la - dy, a la - dy in the case?

pp delicato

LUT.

LUTIN.

2. *lf*

2.

LUT.

case! With never a la - dy, never a la - dy in the case?

CHO.

case! With never a la - dy, never a la - dy in the case?

case! With never a la - dy, never a la - dy in the case?

DANCE.

D

f *sf*

p

sf

E *Animato.*

sf

Presto.

sf

sf

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. (*astounded*). 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.

Nº 19.

SONG.— (Lutin) and CHORUS.

Allegro con brio.

Lutin.

Piano.

The introduction features a treble staff for Lutin and a grand staff (treble and bass) for Piano. The key signature is two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is 6/8. The Lutin part begins with a whole rest followed by a quarter rest, then a repeat sign. The Piano part starts with a forte (f) dynamic, a repeat sign, and a melodic line in the treble staff with a slur over the first two measures, followed by a bass line with eighth notes.

This section contains the first two vocal entries. The top staff shows the vocal line with two entries: "1. When" and "2. With". The piano accompaniment continues in the grand staff, featuring a melodic line in the treble and a bass line with eighth notes and a slur.

The chorus is set in the grand staff. The lyrics are: "hus - band sup - pos - es His wife is a jade, No keen sat - is - fac - tion And sense of re - lief He". The piano accompaniment includes a forte (f) dynamic and a melodic line in the treble staff with a slur.

LUT.

bed of red ro-ses For hus-band is made; But when he dis-cov-ers, His
feels a re-ac-tion From trou-ble and grief. His fears hea-vy-heart-ed Have

LUT.

fears a-bout lov-ers So grim-ly ab-hor-rent Are quite with-out war-rant,
quick-ly de-part-ed. He seeks in en-joy-ment Con-ge-nial em-ploy-ment,

LUT.

With ut-ter con-tri-tion He sends to per-di-tion All
Sur-rend-ers po-lite-ly To maid-ens so spright-ly, They're

LUT.

sil-ly sus-pic-ion- His fears are al-layed, His fears are al-
all ve-ry sight-ly, But Zay-da's the chief! But Zay-da's the

A

LUT. *laid.*
chief!

LUT. *rit.* *a tempo*

He, Free from anx - i - e - ty, Free from tim - id - i - ty,
Oh! Pure in - for - mal - i - ty Marks their ci - vi - li - ty-

LUT.

La - dies' so - ci - e - ty Seeks with a - vi - di - ty- Pleas - ant va - ri - e - ty,
Love - ly lo - cal - i - ty, Gems of gen - til - i - ty- Hap - py fa - tal - i - ty!

LUT.

Per - fect so - bri - e - ty, No im - pro - pri - e - ty Or in - sip - id - i - ty!
That its fin - al - i - ty Seems, in re - al - i - ty Im - prob - a - bil - i - ty!

B *f p*

CHO. He. _____ Free from anx_i - e - ty, Free from tim - id - i - ty
Oh! _____ Pure in for - mal - i - ty Marks their ci - vi - li - ty -

He. _____ Free from anx_i - e - ty, Free from tim - id - i - ty
Oh! _____ Pure in for - mal - i - ty Marks their ci - vi - li - ty -

f p

CHO. Ladies' so - ci - e - ty Seeks with a - vi - di - ty - Pleas - ant va - ri - e - ty,
Love - ly lo - cal - i - ty, Gems of gen - til - i - ty - Hap - py fa - tal - i - ty!

Ladies' so - ci - e - ty Seeks with a - vi - di - ty - Pleas - ant va - ri - e - ty,
Love - ly lo - cal - i - ty, Gems of gen - til - i - ty - Hap - py fa - tal - i - ty!

LUT. Per - fect so - bri - e - ty - No im - pro - pri - e - ty Or in - sip - id - i - ty!
That its fin - al - i - ty Seems, in re - al - i - ty Im - pro - ba - bil - i - ty.

CHO. Per - fect so - bri - e - ty - No im - pro - pri - e - ty Or in - sip - id - i - ty!
That its fin - al - i - ty Seems, in re - al - i - ty Im - pro - ba - bil - i - ty.

Per - fect so - bri - e - ty - No im - pro - pri - e - ty Or in - sip - id - i - ty!
That its fin - al - i - ty Seems, in re - al - i - ty Im - pro - ba - bil - i - ty.

f

1. *f accel.* *f* *f* *f* *ff* 2. *f*

LUT. *animato* *C* Seems, in re - al - i - ty

CHO. Seems, in re - al - i - ty Im - pro - ba - bil - i - ty. Seems, in re - al - i - ty

Seems, in re - al - i - ty Im - pro - ba - bil - i - ty. Seems, in re - al - i - ty

animato

LUT. Im - pro - ba - bil - i - ty, Im - pro - ba -

CHO. Im - pro - ba - bil - i - ty, Im - pro - ba -

Im - pro - ba - bil - i - ty, Im - pro - ba -

LUT. *bil - i - ty.*

CHO. *bil - i - ty.*

accel.

DANCE. (FAIRIES dance off with LUTIN.)

D

f p

f

ff

ff

Segue Song. (DARINE.)

No. 20.

SONG. (Darine.)

Allegro ma non troppo.

Darine.

Piano.

f risoluto

DAR.

Tri -

DAR.

a tempo

- um - phant I! Tri - um - phant I! Here is the

f *a tempo*

animato **A**

DAR. charm! Now to de-vise a plan to gain my end: _____

animato *pp*

DAR. If I re-store his strong sword

mf *sf*

B *Meno mosso.* *p*

DAR. arm, He will be-come my friend, my friend, But will it gain the

Meno mosso. *pp*

DAR. love That I prize all a bove? That all en-thralling

f rit. **C** *Animato.*

DAR. love _____ which I would fain Yield up my ve - ry

f rit. *Animato.*

DAR. fai - ry - hood, _____ my ve - ry fai - ry - hood to

rall.

a tempo

DAR. gain!

a tempo

RECIT.

DAR. And how shall I at - tain that dream? O god of im - pu - dence, lend me thine

a tempo giocoso **D** *Animato.*

DAR. art! I have be-thought me of a

f *pp*

DAR. scheme That should en-chain his heart! That should en-chain his heart! No

E

DAR. mat-ter sin or shame. So I ful-fil my aim ——— The dic-tates of the

f rall. *Animato.*

DAR. heart ——— must be o-beyed, So, god of im-pu-dence lend me, — lend me thine

f rall. *Animato.*

rall. **F** Allegro. *ff*

DAR. aid! — lend me — thine aid! Tri - um - phant

p *accel.* *ff*

Presto.

DAR. II! Tri - um - phant, Tri - um - phant

Presto. *sf colla voce* *mf*

G Tempo I?

DAR. II! Tri - um - phant_ II!

ff *fff*

DAR.

sf *sf* *sf*

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!

Ethais. On Selene?

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?

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

Enter SIR PHYLLON

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

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 PHYLLON. 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!

Allegro agitato.

Chorus.

A - way! a - way! thou art

A - way! a - way! thou art

Piano.

Allegro agitato.

CHO.

no Queen of ours! Give place to our Dar_inel! Bow thee be fore the

no Queen of ours! Give place to our Dar_inel! Bow thee be fore the

storm that lowers— Down, down with the traitress

storm that lowers— Down, down with the traitress

CHO

Queen!

Queen!

A

ZAYDA.

'Tis true we

ZAY.

coun-selled thee to call These mor-tals here from earth. 'Twas

ZAY.

but to test thy worth! We knew, too well, that thou wouldst

ZAY.

fall, — As thou in-deed hast done, Thy sub-jects ev-'ry

f **Agitato.**

B

ZAY. *one Thine in fam-y has seen, Thou sor-ry, sor-ry*

sf

ZAY. *ff* DARINE, ZAYDA, LOCHRINE & NEODIE.
Queen! Thou sor-ry, sor-ry Queen!

CHO. *ff* A -

ff A -

CHO. *sf* - way! a-way! thou art no Queen of ours! Give place to our Dar-ine!

sf - way! a-way! thou art no Queen of ours! Give place to our Dar-ine!

CHO. Bow thee be fore the storm that lowers Down, down with the traitress

Bow thee be fore the storm that lowers Down, down with the traitress

CHO. Queen! the trait_ress, trait_ress, trait - ress Queen! acc. rit. ff. rit. acc. rit. acc.

Queen! the trait_ress, traitress, trait - ross Queen! acc. rit. acc.

D Meno mosso. SELENE. So let it

CHO.

D Meno mosso. pp

SEL.

be, for I have proved un - - fit!

mp

SEL.

I had a trust— I have for - sak - en it!

mp

Molto allegro.

CHO.

Down, down — with the trait - ress Queen!

Down, down — with the trait - ress Queen!

Molto allegro.

ff

E

Meno mosso.

SELENE.

Though my de - fault was born of good in -

pp

mp

SEL. *tent, — Mine was the sin — be mine the pun- ish- ment!*

Molto allegro.

CHU. *Hail. Hail! — to our loved Dar - ine!*

Molto allegro.

ff

F SEL. *f* *SELENE.* *Bows — with re - morse the head that ye con -*

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

SEL. *- demn.*

SEL.

accel.

Meno mosso.

SEL.

Well - loved Dar - ine, wear thou this di - a - dem!

p colla voce.

G Molto Allegro.

CHO.

Down with the trait - ress Queen! Down with the trait - ress Queen!

Down with the trait - ress Queen! Down with the trait - ress Queen!

G Molto Allegro.

SELENE.

See my be - lov - ed sis - ter

H
Allegro alla marcia.

SEL. maid - ens how im - pe - rial - ly it rests up - on her brow,

ff *colla voce* *f*

With great animation.

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

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

f *ff* *ff*

With great animation.

CHO. thee we bow! Hence - forth thou'rt our Queen! Be - loved Dar - ine In

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

CHO. loy - al - ty We bow, we bow to thee.

loy - al - ty We bow, we bow to thee. Hail

I

CHO. Hail to Dar - ine! Thou art our Queen! We

to Dar ine! In loy.al-ty we bow to Dar ine! In loy.al-ty we

I

CHO. bow to thee in loy-al-ty, We bow to thee in loy-al-ty, We

bow to thee in loy - al - ty, We bow to thee in loy - al - ty!

CHO. *ff* 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

CHO. *ff* Queen. Hail! Hail! to thee we bow! Hence -

Queen. *ff* Hail! Hail! to thee we bow! Hence -

CHO. - forth thou'rt our Queen! Be - loved Dar - ine In

- forth thou'rt our Queen! Be - loved Dar - ine In

CHO. loy - al - ty We bow, we bow to thee.

loy - al - ty We bow, we bow to thee. Hail

CHO. Hail to Dar - ine! Thou art our Queen! We

to Dar - ine! In - loy - al - ty we bow to Dar - ine! In loy - al - ty we

CHO. bow to thee in loy - al - ty, We bow to thee in loy - al - ty! We

bow to thee in loy - al - ty, We bow to thee in loy - al - ty!

CHO. *ff* 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

M

CHO. Queen! Hail to our Queen! Hail to Da-rine! — Da-

Queen! Hail to our Queen! Hail to Da-rine! — Da-

sf *sf* *ff*

CHO. -rine! — Da-rine! All Hail!

-rine! — Da-rine! All Hail!

ff *ff* *rit.* *ff* *f* *f* *f*

Red

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! (*He approaches her.*)
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!

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.)

Molto allegro agitato.

Selene. *f* Hark - ye, Sir

Piano. *ff* *f* *f*

SEL. Knight, I'll yield my fai - ry state That I may fol - low thee — to yon - der

p

A

SEL. earth, And join the whisp'ring band of hid - den hate Who feed on false - hood, and who

SEL. war with worth! The

SEL. bu - sy band who stab in se - cre - cy - The blight - ing band with - in whose

SEL. lips is hung The dead - - - liest wea - pon of Earth's

B *a tempo*
SEL. arm - ou - ry, A wo - man's tongue - a wo - man's blight - ing

SEL. *agilato*
 tongue! *Presto.* This tal-is-man I will so

SEL. *C*
 deft-ly wield To twist and turn and tor-ture good to ill,

SEL. *Meno mosso.*
 That, were it in thy trai-tor heart to yield— To ho-ly deeds of peace and

SEL. *accel.* *D agitato*
 calm good will Those deeds should seem of ho-li-ness be-
agitato

poco

EL. *f*

reft- From ev - 'ry form of right_eous_ness a - verse- Thy peace a

a *poco*

SEL. *f*

wor - thy cha - ri - ty a theft- Thy calm a fu - ry — and thy

ff

SEL. *ff*

prayer — a curse! thy prayer, thy prayer —

ff accel. molto *f*

f

SEL. *f*

a curse! *Allegro molto.*

f colla voce *fff* *f* *f* *f*

(She throws herself on a bank, exhausted.)

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. *(horrificed)*. 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.

Nº 23.

MELODRAME.

Allegro vivace (agitato.)

Piano.

Musical score for Piano, Allegro vivace (agitato.). The score is written for a grand piano (Piano.) and consists of two systems of staves. The first system shows a right hand with a series of sixteenth-note chords and a left hand with a steady eighth-note accompaniment. The second system continues the piece, featuring a right hand with a melodic line and a left hand with a rhythmic accompaniment. The tempo is marked "Allegro vivace (agitato.)".

A Andante con espress.

Musical score for Andante con espress. The score is written for a grand piano (Piano.) and consists of two systems of staves. The first system shows a right hand with a melodic line and a left hand with a rhythmic accompaniment. The second system continues the piece, featuring a right hand with a melodic line and a left hand with a rhythmic accompaniment. The tempo is marked "A Andante con espress.".

Musical score for piano, measures 240-249. The score is in B-flat major and 4/4 time. It features a flowing melody in the right hand and a complex, often octaved, accompaniment in the left hand. Measure 244 is marked with a 'B' and a repeat sign. Dynamic markings include *dim. molto.*, *pp*, *rit.*, and *ppp*. The piece concludes with a double bar line and a fermata in measure 249.

Phyllon. Come, Ethais, Lutin, come, to earth again!

PHYLLON descends with LUTIN. ETHAIS 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!
(furiously.) 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 ETHAIS 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 enforced 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!

Nº 24.

FINALE-ACT II.

Andante tranquillo.

Ethais.

Lutin.

Phyllon.

Chorus.

Piano.

Andante tranquillo.

ETH.

LUT.

PHY.

CHO.

Piano.

Allegro moderato. (not too slow.)

ETH. *p* Pure as the air, Sweet as

LUT. *p* Pure as the air, Sweet as the

PHY. *p* Pure as the air, Sweet as

ZAY. *p* Pure as the air, Sweet as the

CHO. *p* Pure as the air, Sweet as the

DAR. *p* Pure as the air, Sweet as the

Allegro moderato. (not too slow.)

ETH. *p* morn - ing dew Reign. eth our Queen! Bright in all

LUT. *p* morn - ing dew Reign. eth our Queen! Bright in all

PHY. *p* morn - ing dew Reign. eth our Queen! Bright in all

ZAY. *p* morn - ing dew Reign. eth our Queen! Bright in all

CHO. *p* morn - ing dew Reign. eth our Queen! Bright in all

DAR. *p* morn - ing dew Reign - eth, reign. eth our Queen! Bright in all

ETH. eyes as Heav'n's e - the - real blue, Reign - eth our

LUT. eyes as Heav'n's e - the - real blue, Reign - eth,

PHY. eyes as Heav'n's e - the - real blue, Reign - eth,

ZAY. eyes as Heav'n's e - the - real blue, Reign - eth our

CHO. eyes as Heav'n's e - the - real blue, Reign - eth,

DAR. eyes as Heav'n's e - the - real blue, Reign - eth,

ETH. Queen! Be thou, as thou hast ev - er been, Our

LUT. reigneth our Queen! Be thou, as thou hast ev - er been, Our

PHY. reigneth our Queen! Be thou, as thou hast ev - er been, Our

ZAY. Queen! Be thou, as thou hast ev - er been, Our

CHO. Queen! Be thou, as thou hast ev - er been, Our

DAR. reigneth our Queen! Be thou, as thou hast ev - er been, Our

ETH. all — be - lov - ed sis - ter Queen! Be thou as

LUT. all — be - lov - ed sis - ter Queen! Be thou as

PHY. all be - lov - ed sis - ter Queen! Be thou as

ZAY. all — be - lov - ed sis - ter Queen! Be to us ev - er - more, — Oh

CHO. all be - lov - ed sis - ter Queen! Be to us ev - er - more,

DAR. all be - lov - ed sis - ter Queen! Be Be to us ev - er - more,

ETH. thou hast ev - er been, Be —

LUT. thou hast ev - er been, Be

PHY. thou hast ev - er been, Be

ZAY. sis - ter Queen! — Oh sis - ter Queen! Be

CHO. sis - ter Queen! — Oh sis - ter Queen! Be

DAR. Be to us ev - er - more Oh sis - ter, Oh sis - ter, Be

ETH. *ff* thou, — as thou hast ev - er been, Our all — be - lov - ed

LUT. *ff* thou, as thou hast ev - er

PHY. *ff* thou, as thou hast ev - er

ZAY. *ff* thou, — as thou hast ev - er been, Our all — be - lov - ed

CHO. *ff* thou, — as thou hast ev - er been, Our all — be - lov - ed

DAR. *ff* thou, — as thou hast ev - er been, Our all — be - lov - ed

B

ETH. sis - ter Queen!

LUT. *p* been, Be to us ev - er, Be to us ev - er.

PHY. *p* been, Be to us ev - er, Be to us ev - er.

ZAY. *p* sis - ter Queen! Be to us ev - er, Be to us ev - er - more, Our

CHO. *p* Our

DAR. *p* sis - ter Queen! Be to us ev - er. Be to us ev - er - more, Our

strict time

ETH. *mf* Our all be - lov - ed, all be - lov - ed

LUT. *mf* - more Our all be - lov - ed, all be - lov - ed

PHY. *mf* - more Our all be - lov - ed, all be - lov - ed

ZAY. *mf* all be - lov - ed, all be - lov - ed sis - ter, our

CHO. *mf* all be - lov - ed, all be - lov - ed sis - ter, our

DAR. *mf* all be - lov - ed, all be - lov - ed sis - ter, our

strict time

ETH. *f* sis - ter, be - lov - ed sis - ter, —

LUT. *f* sis - ter, be - lov - ed sis - ter, —

PHY. *f* sis - ter, be - lov - ed sis - ter, —

ZAY. *f* all, all be - lov - ed sis - ter, —

CHO. *f* all, all be - lov - ed sis - ter, —

DAR. *f* all, all be - lov - ed sis - ter, —

ff

p *a tempo*

ETH. sis - ter Queen!

LUT. sis - ter Queen!

PHY. sis - ter Queen!

ZAY. sis - ter Queen!

CHO. sis - ter Queen!

DAR. sis - ter Queen!

p *a tempo* *mf*

(CURTAIN.)

cresc.

f *cresc.* *ff* *rit.*

ff *f* *f* *f*

END OF OPERA.