

(During this, MELISSA has entered unobserved; she looks on in amazement.)

MEL. (*coming down*). Oh, Lady Psyche!

PSY. (*terrified*). What! You heard us then?

5 Oh, all is lost!

MEL. Not so! I'll breathe no word!

(*Advancing in astonishment to FLORIAN.*)

How marvelously strange! and are you then
Indeed young men?

10 FLOR. Well, yes, just now we are –

But hope by dint of study to become,
In course of time, young women.

MEL. (*eagerly*). No, no, no –

15 Oh, don't do that! Is this indeed a man?
I've often heard of them, but, till to-day,
Never set eyes on one. They told me men
Were hideous, idiotic, and deformed!
They're quite as beautiful as women are!

20 *As beautiful, they're infinitely more so!*
Their cheeks have not that pulpy softness which
One gets so weary of in womankind:
Their features are more marked – and – oh, their chins!
How curious! (*Feeling FLORIAN'S chin.*)

FLOR. I fear it's rather rough.

25 MEL. (*eagerly*). Oh, don't apologize – I like it so!