CAPT. . . . Incomprehensible as her utterances are, I nevertheless feel that they are
ddictated by a sincere regard for me. But to what new misery is she refer-
ing? Time alone can tell.

(Enter Sir Joseph.)

SIR JOSEPH: . . . Captain Corcoran, I am much disappointed with your daughter. In
fact, I don't think she will do.

CAPT.: . . . She won't do, Sir Joseph!

SIR JOSEPH: . . . I'm afraid not. The fact is, that although I have urged my suit with as
much eloquence as is consistent with an official utterance, I have done so
hitherto without success. How do you account for this?

CAPT.: . . . Really, Sir Joseph, I hardly know. Josephine is of course sensible of your
condescension.

SIR JOSEPH: . . . She naturally would be.

CAPT.: . . . But perhaps your exalted rank dazzles her.

SIR JOSEPH: . . . You think it does?

CAPT.: . . . I can hardly say; but she is a modest girl, and her social position is far
below your own. It may be that she feels she is not worthy of you.

SIR JOSEPH: . . . That is really a very sensible suggestion, and displays more knowledge
of human nature than I had given you credit for.

CAPT.: . . . See, she comes. If your lordship would kindly reason with her and assure
her officially that it is a standing rule at the Admiralty that love levels
all ranks, her respect for an official utterance might induce her to look up-
on your offer in its proper light.

SIR JOSEPH: . . . It is not unlikely. I will adopt your suggestion. But soft, she is here.
Let us withdraw, and watch our opportunity.

(Enter Josephine from cabin. Sir Joseph and Captain retire.)

No. 15 Scena—(Josephine)
“The hours creep on apace”

Andante

The hours creep on a-pace, My

guilt-y heart is quaking! Oh, that I might re-trace The step that I am
tak-ing. Its folly it were ea-sy to be show-ing: What I am giv-
ing up, and whith-er go-ing. {On the one hand, papa's luxurious home, Hung with ances-
tal armour and old brasses, Carved oak and tapestry from distant Rome, Rare "blue and white," Venetian finger-
glasses, Rich Oriental rugs, luxurious sofa, pil-

t-ly thing that isn't old, from Gil-lows! And, on the other, a dark and dingy room, In some back street with stuffy children, crying,
Where organs yell, and clacking housewives fume, And clothes are hanging out all day-drying,
With one cracked looking-glass to see your face in, And

dinner served up in a pudding—bus-in!

ttered and un-known, Who toils for bread from

et-ly morn Till half the night has flown, Till

And

Allegro con spirito

A simple sailor, lowly born, Un-

A simple sailor, lowly born, Un-

A simple sailor, lowly born, Un-

A simple sailor, lowly born, Un-
half the night has flown! No golden rank can he impart, No

wealth of house or land, No fortune, save his trusty heart, And

honest, brown right hand, his trusty heart, and brown right hand! And

yet he is so wondrous fair, That love for one so passing rare, So

peerless in his manly beauty, Were little else than solemn duty, Were
little else than solemn duty! Oh, god of

love, and god of reason, say, Which of you twain shall my poor heart obey! A

simple sailor, lowly born, Unlettered and unknown. No

golden rank can he impart, No wealth of house or land, No

fortune, save his trusty heart. And honest, brown right hand, his trusty heart and right

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hand! Oh, god of love, and god of reason, say, Which of you
twain shall. my poor heart, my poor heart o-

bey, God of love, god of reason, god of reason, god of love, say,

Which shall my poor heart o-bey! Oh,

god of love and god of reason, say, Oh, god of love and god of reason,
say, Which of you twain shall my poor heart obey, my heart obey, Which shall my heart, my heart obey!

(Sir Joseph and Captain enter.)

SIR JOSEPH:...Madam, it has been represented to me that you are appalled by my exalted rank. I desire to convey to you officially my assurance, that if your hesitation is attributable to that circumstance, it is uncalled for.

JOSEPHINE: Oh, then your lordship is of the opinion that married happiness is not inconsistent with discrepancy in rank?

SIR JOSEPH:...I am officially of that opinion.

JOSEPHINE: That the high and the lowly may be truly happy together, provided that they truly love one another?

SIR JOSEPH:...Madam, I desire to convey to you officially my opinion that love is a platform upon which all ranks meet.

JOSEPHINE: I thank you, Sir Joseph. I did hesitate, but I will hesitate no longer. (Aside.) He little thinks how eloquently he has pleaded his rival's cause!