

CAPT: . . . Incomprehensible as her utterances are, I nevertheless feel that they are dictated by a sincere regard for me. But to what new misery is she referring? 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 upon 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 quak - ing! Oh, that I might re - trace The step that I am

it they are
she refer-

ter. In

uit with as
re done so

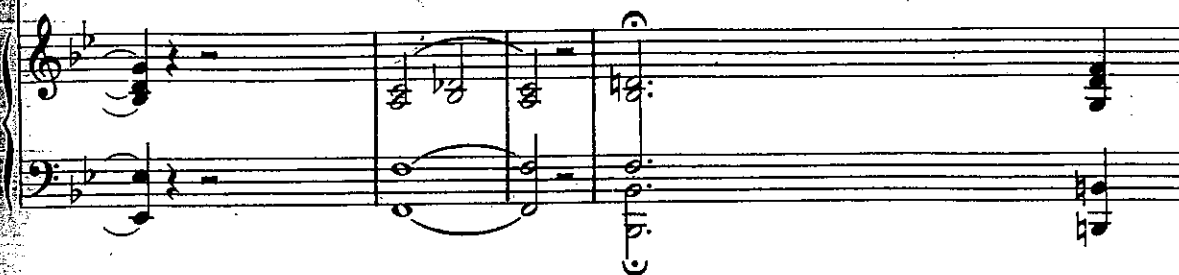
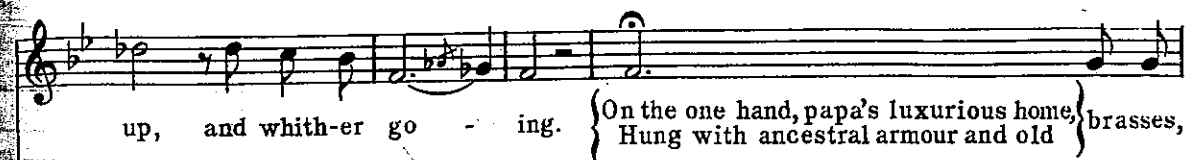
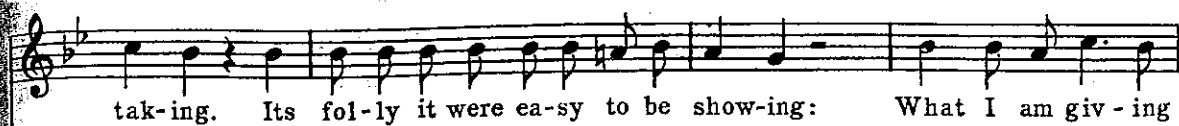
ble of your

on is far

nowledge

ind assure
ve levels
o look up-

he is here.



Where organs yell, and clacking housewives fume, And clothes are hanging out all day - dry-ing, With one cracked looking-glass to see your face in, And

Allegro con spirito

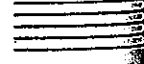
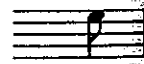
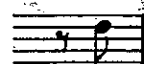
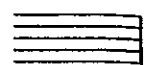
dinner served up in a pudding - bas-in!

cresc. molto

A sim - ple sail - or, low - ly born, Un -

let - tered and un - known, Who toils for bread from

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



half the night has flown! No gold-en rank can he im-part, No

wealth of house or land, No for-tune, save his trust-y heart, And

hon-est, brown right hand, his trust-y heart, and brown right hand! And

yet he is so won-d'rous fair, That love for one so pass-ing rare, So

peer-less in his man-ly beau-ty, Were lit-tle else than sol-emn du-ty, Were

rall.

lit - tle else than sol - emn du - - ty! Oh, god of

rall.

ad lib.

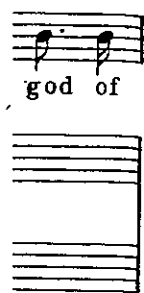
love, and god of rea-son, say, Which of you twain shall my poor heart o-bey! A

a tempo

sim - ple sail - or, low - ly born, Un-let-tered and un - known. No

gold - en rank can he im-part, No wealth of house or land, No

for - tune, save his trust-y heart, And hon-est, brown right hand, his trust-y heart and right



hand! Oh, god of love, and god of rea-son, say, Which of you

cresc.

p

cresc.

twain shall my poor heart, my poor heart o-

mf

hey, God of love, god of rea-son, god of rea-son, god of love, say,

p

cresc.

f

f

Which shall my poor heart o - bey! Oh,

f

f

f

ff

god of love, and god of rea-son, say, Oh, god of love, and god of rea-son,

mf

ff

say, Which of you twain shall my poor heart — o - bey, my—

heart o - bey, Which shall my heart, — my heart o -

bey!

(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!

