

BUT.: . . . .How sweetly he carols forth his melody to the unconscious moon! Of whom is he thinking? Of some high born beauty? It may be! Who is poor Little Buttercup that she should expect his glance to fall on one so lowly! And yet if he knew— if he only knew!

CAPT.: . . . .(*coming down*): Ah! Little Buttercup, still on board? That is not quite right, little one. It would have been more respectable to have gone on shore at dusk.

BUT.: . . . .True, dear captain— but the recollection of your sad, pale face seemed to chain me to the ship. I would fain see you smile before I go.

CAPT.: . . . .Ah! Little Buttercup, I fear it will be long before I recover my accustomed cheerfulness, for misfortunes crowd upon me, and all my old friends seem to have turned against me!

BUT.: . . . .Oh, no— do not say “all,” dear Captain. That were unjust to one, at least.

CAPT.: . . . .True, for you are staunch to me. (*Aside.*) If ever I gave my heart again, methinks it would be to such a one as this! (*Aloud.*) I am touched to the heart by your innocent regard for me, and were we differently situated, I think I could have returned it. But, as it is, I fear I can never be more to you than a friend.

BUT.: . . . .I understand! You hold aloof from me because you are rich and lofty— and I, poor and lowly. But take care! The poor bumboat woman has gypsy blood in her veins, and she can read destinies.

CAPT.: . . . .Destinies!

BUT.: . . . .There is a change in store for you!

CAPT.: . . . .A change!

BUT.: . . . .Aye— be prepared!

## No. 14 Duet— (Buttercup and Captain Corcoran) “Things are seldom what they seem”

Allegro

BUTTERCUP

Things are sel-dom what they seem,

Skim milk mas-que-rades as cream; High-lows pass as pa-tent leath-ers;