

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!