

BOSUN

Ah, my poor lad, you've climbed too high; our worthy captain's child won't have nothin' to say to a poor chap like you. Will she, lads?

ALL

No, no!

DICK

No, no, captain's daughters don't marry foremasts hands.

ALL

Shame! Shame!

BOSUN

But it's a strange anomaly that the daughter of a man who hails from the quarterdeck may not love another who lays out on the fore-yard arm. For a man is but a man, whether he hoists his flag at the mainstruck or his slacks on the main deck.

ALL

Aye! Aye!

DICK

Ah, it's a queer world!

RALPH

Dick Deadeye, I have no desire to press hardly on you, but such a revolutionary sentiment is enough to make an honest sailor shudder.

BOSUN

My lads, our gallant captain has come on deck; let us greet him as so brave an officer and so gallant a seaman deserves.