

BUTTERCUP

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 Little Buttercup that she should expect his glance to fall on  
one so lowly! And yet if he knew - if he only knew!

CAPTAIN

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

BUTTERCUP

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.

CAPTAIN

Ah! Little Buttercup, I'm afraid it will be long before I  
recover my accustomed cheerfulness, for misfortunes crowd upon  
me, and all my old friends seemed to have turned against me!

BUTTERCUP

Oh no - do not say "all," Dear Captain. That were unjust to one,  
at least.

CAPTAIN

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 our innocent regard for me, and  
were we differently situated, I think I could have returned it.  
But, as it is, I'm afraid I can never be more to you than a  
friend.

BUTTERCUP

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 had gypsy blood in her veins, and she can read destinies.

CAPTAIN

Destinies!

BUTTERCUP

There is a change in store for you!

CAPTAIN

A change!

BUTTERCUP

Aye - be prepared!