

## **Gilbert And Sullivan**

### **"The Hours Creep On Apace"**

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Josephine.

The hours creep on apace,  
My guilty heart is quaking!  
Oh, that I might retrace  
The step that I am taking!  
Its folly it were easy to be showing,  
What I am giving up and whither going.  
On the one hand, papa's luxurious home,  
Hung with ancestral armour and old brasses,  
Carved oak and tapestry from distant Rome,  
Rare "blue and white" Venetian finger-glasses,  
Rich oriental rugs, luxurious sofa pillows,  
And everything that isn't old, from Gillow's.  
And on the other, a dark and dingy room,  
In some back street with stuffy children crying,  
Where organs yell, and clacking housewives fume,  
And clothes are hanging out all day a-drying.  
With one cracked looking-glass to see your face in,  
And dinner served up in a pudding basin!

A simple sailor, lowly born,  
Unlettered and unknown,  
Who toils for bread from early morn  
Till half the night has flown,  
Till half the night has flown!  
No golden rank can he impart,  
No wealth of house or land,  
No fortune, save his trusty heart,  
And honest, brown right hand,  
His trusty heart, and brown right hand!

And yet he is so wondrous fair,  
That love for one so passing rare,  
So peerless in his manly beauty,  
Were little else than solemn duty,  
Were little else than solemn duty!

Oh, god of love, and god of reason, say,  
Which of you twain shall my poor heart obey!  
A simple sailor, lowly born,  
Unlettered and unknown.

No golden rank can he impart,  
No wealth of house or land,  
No fortune, save his trusty heart,  
And honest, brown right hand,  
His trusty heart and right hand!

Oh, god of love, and god of reason, say,  
Which of you twain shall my poor heart, my poor heart  
obey,  
God of love, god of reason, god of reason, god of  
love, say,  
Which shall my poor heart obey!  
Oh, god of love, and god of reason, say,  
Oh, god of love, and god of reason, say,  
Which of you twain shall my poor heart obey, my heart  
obey,  
Which shall my heart, my heart obey!

#### DIALOGUE

(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 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!

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