

MADISON.

I knew, Major, that you were one of the most remarkable officers of the Royal army and an excellent poet. Now I see that you are an artist as well. You have then all the talents, all the gifts of nature?

EVA.

Yes, every talent, every gift, except one.....

ANDRE.

Which is that?

EVA.

Constancy. (*Andre laughs.*)

NELLY.

But ~~you~~ do not yet know all the Major's talents. He is a clever musician and sings very well.

MADISON.

This is really too much for a single man.

EVA.

(*Pleasantly*) Just what I say. Such a man is in danger of imagining that there is no woman worthy of him, at least no woman in America.

ANDRE.

You are always the same, Miss Eva; you have the secret of sowing thorns among the flowers which you cast at our feet.

CHAMBERS.

Since we have been speaking of music, please induce Major Andre, Miss Eva, to sing us a song or military ballad which he has lately composed and of which I have heard some of our officers speak.

EVA.

What, Major! You have written a song and told us nothing of it? This is very unkind.