

A sitting room somewhere in Georgian England

Mr Highbury: Miss Wick.

Miss Wick: Mr Highbury? Are you quite well.

Mr Highbury: Miss Wick, I must try to make you see
Just quite how much your friendship means to me!

Miss Wick: Our friendship?

Mr Highbury: You do not think us so, I fear Miss Wick
Yet you must allow me to speak so true
That I ardently admire your free and quick
Witted charm, and that I am in love with you!

Miss Wick: But Mr Highbury...

Mr Highbury: I understand how strange this must seem
When outwardly I am cold and mean
But love, Miss Wick, and love as strong as this
Has melted my still and frozen heart
And I can only, in my deepest wish,
Desire for us to never be apart.

Miss Wick: I thought you detested me?

Mr Highbury: Detest you? No! I could never so!
You are my world, my life, and though
You think me aloof and proud
They are but mirrors to reflect the crowd
Please, Miss Wick, I beg your hand
And hope that you can understand
The love I have for you is real
Now tell, me, how it is you feel?

Miss Wick: I can hardly know, sir, how to say
But that I also, strongly, feel this way.
And though we have not said
A single kind word to each other.
I begin, I must admit, to dread.
Living on without you as my lover.

Mr Highbury: Then I may ask your father for your hand?

Miss Wick: And with it, then, inherit all my land?

Mr Highbury: Miss Wick, you cannot think that to be
My incentive, to conjoin us, we
In holy marriage? I am not mercenary!

Miss Wick: I have been taught to fall in love before
When it was simple just to settle a score,
So forgive my hesitancy here,
I do not wish to be abused again

Mr Highbury: Heaven forbid such a thought my dear
And I would never wish to cause you pain.
You've yet to give me an answer, pray,

Can I, dare I, hope to get my way?

Miss Wick: (speaks) With all my heart, dear Mr Highbury.

Mr Highbury: Then consider me the happiest man in the world Miss Wick.