

## **Gilbert And Sullivan**

### **"Hail! Men O'War's Men"**

Visit "[Hail! Men O'War's Men](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

(Enter little Buttercup, with large basket on her arm.)

Buttercup. (recit.)

Hail, men-o'-war's men - safeguards of your nation  
Here is an end, at last, of all privation;  
You've got your pay - spare all you can afford  
To welcome Little Buttercup on board.

ARIA

I'm called Little Buttercup - dear Little Buttercup,  
Though I could never tell why,  
But still I'm called Buttercup - poor little Buttercup,  
Sweet Little Buttercup I!

I've snuff and tobaccy, and excellent jacky,  
I've scissors, and watches, and knives;  
I've ribbons and laces to set off the faces  
Of pretty young sweethearts and wives.

I've treacle and toffee, I've tea and I've coffee,  
Soft tommy and succulent chops;  
I've chickens and conies, and pretty polonies,  
And excellent peppermint drops.

Then buy of your Buttercup - dear Little Buttercup;  
Sailors should never be shy;  
So, buy of your Buttercup - poor Little Buttercup;  
Come, of your Buttercup buy!

DIALOGUE

Boatswain.

Aye, Little Buttercup - and well called - for you're  
the rosiest, the roundest, and the reddest beauty in all  
Spithead.

Buttercup.

Red, am I? and round - and rosy! Maybe, for I have  
dissembled well! But hark ye, my merry friend - hast  
ever thought that beneath a gay and frivolous exterior

there may lurk a canker-worm which is slowly but surely eating its way into one's very heart?

Boatswain.

No, my lass, I can't say I've ever thought that.

(Enter Dick Deadeye. He pushes through sailors, and comes down.)

Dick.

I have thought it often. (All recoil from him.)

Buttercup. Yes, you look like it! What's the matter with the man? Isn't he well?

Boatswain.

Don't take no heed of him; that's only poor Dick Deadeye.

Dick.

I say - it's a beast of a name, ain't it - Dick Deadeye?

Buttercup.

It's not a nice name.

Dick.

I'm ugly too, ain't I?

Buttercup.

You are certainly plain.

Dick.

And I'm three-cornered too, ain't I?

Buttercup.

You are rather triangular.

Dick.

Ha! ha! That's it. I'm ugly, and they hate me for it; for you all hate me, don't you?

All.

We do!

Dick.

There!

Boatswain.

Well, Dick, we wouldn't go for to hurt any fellow-creature's

feelings, but you can't expect a chap with such a name  
as  
Dick Deadeye to be a popular character - now can you?

Dick.  
No.

Boatswain.  
It's asking too much, ain't it?

Dick.  
It is. From such a face and form as mine the noblest  
sentiments  
sound like the black utterances of a depraved  
imagination. It is  
human nature - I am resigned.

Buttercup. (recit.)  
But, tell me - who's the youth whose faltering feet  
With difficulty bear him on his course?

Boatswain. (recit.)  
That is the smartest lad in all the fleet -  
Ralph Rackstraw!

Buttercup. (recit.)  
Ralph! That name! Remorse! remorse!

Visit [Gilbert And Sullivan](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.