

## **Gilbert And Sullivan**

### **"Now Give Three Cheers"**

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Captain Corcoran. (from poop)  
Now give three cheers,  
I'll lead the way  
Hurrah! Hurrah!

All.  
Hurray! Hurray! Hurray!

(Enter Sir Joseph with Cousin Hebe.)

Sir Joseph.  
I am the monarch of the sea,  
The ruler of the Queen's Navee,  
Whose praise Great Britain loudly chants.

Cousin Hebe.  
And we are his sisters, and his cousins, and his aunts!

Chorus.  
And we/they are his sisters, and his cousins, and his  
aunts!

Cousin Hebe & Chorus.  
His sisters, and his cousins, and his aunts!

Sir Joseph.  
When at anchor here I ride,  
My bosom swells with pride,  
And I snap my fingers at a foeman's taunts.

Cousin Hebe.  
And so do his sisters, and his cousins, and his aunts!

Chorus.  
And so do his sisters, and his cousins, and his aunts!

Cousin Hebe & Chorus.  
His sisters, and his cousins, and his aunts!

Sir Joseph.  
But when the breezes blow,

I generally go below,  
And seek the seclusion that a cabin grants.

Cousin Hebe.  
And so do his sisters, and his cousins, and his aunts!

Chorus.  
And so do his sisters, and his cousins, and his aunts!

Cousin Hebe & Chorus.  
And so do his sisters, and his cousins, and his aunts!  
His sisters and his cousins,  
Whom he reckons up by dozens,  
And his aunts!

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