

Gilbert And Sullivan

"Sir, You Are Sad"

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(Enter Little Buttercup.)

Buttercup.

Sir, you are sad! The silent eloquence
Of yonder tear, that trembles on your eyelash
Proclaims a sorrow far more deep than common;
Confide in me - fear not - I am a mother!

Captain.

Yes, Little Buttercup, I'm sad and sorry -
My daughter, Josephine, the fairest flower
That ever blossomed on ancestral timber,
Is sought in marriage by Sir Joseph Porter,
Our Admiralty's First Lord, but for some reason
She does not seem to tackle kindly to it.

Buttercup. (with emotion)

Ah, poor Sir Joseph! Ah, I know too well
The anguish of a heart that loves but vainly!
But see, here comes your most attractive daughter.
I go - Farewell! (exit.)

Captain. (looking after her)

A plump and pleasing person! (exit.)

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