

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

ALL: Aye! Aye!

BUT: 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?

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

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

DICK: I've thought it often. (All recoil from him.)

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

BOAT: 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.

BUT: It's not a nice name.

DICK: I'm ugly too, ain't I?

BUT: You are certainly plain.

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

BUT: 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!

BOAT: 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.

BOAT: 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'm resigned.

No. 2a Recitative — (Buttercup and Boatswain)

BUTTERCUP (*looking down hatchway*)

But tell me who's the youth whose fal'ring feet With dif-fi-cul-ty bear him on his course?