

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. 2<sup>a</sup> Recitative—(Buttercup and Boatswain)

BUTTERCUP *(looking down hatchway)*

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