

I'M CALLED LITTLE BUTTERCUP.

SONG.

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By ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

I'm called little But-ter-cup, Dear lit-tle But-ter cup, Tho' I could nev-er tell why,

But still I'm call'd Butter-cup, Poor lit-tle But-ter-cup, Sweet lit-tle But-ter-cup,

I. I've snuff and to-bac-cy, And ex-cel-lent jac-ky; I've scis-sors and

watches, and knives; I've ribbons and lac-es to set off the fac-es Of

I'M CALLED LITTLE BUTTERCUP.

pret-ty young sweethearts and wives. I've trea - cle and tof - fee, I've

tea and I've cof - fee, soft tom-my and suc - cu-lent chops. I've

chickens and conies, And pret-ty po - lo-nies, And ex-cel-lent peppermint drops. . .

rall.

. . . Then buy of your But-ter-cup, Dear little Buttercup, Sailors should never be shy—

a tempo.

So buy of your Buttercup, Poor little Buttercup, Come, of your Buttercup buy, . . .

colla voce.

con Sva