

Little Buttercup

Buttercup's air from *H.M.S. Pinafore* (contralto)
Text by *Sir William Schwenck Gilbert* (1839-1911) [Br]
Set by *Sir Arthur Seymour Sullivan* (1842-1900) [Br]

For I'm called Little Buttercup, dear Little Buttercup.
[fɔː a:ɪm kɔld 'lɪt.əl 'bʌt.ə(e),kʌp diə 'lɪt.əl 'bʌt.ə(e),kʌp]

Though I could never tell why;
[ðo:ʊ a:ɪ kʊd 'neɪ.ə tɛl ma:ɪ]

But still I'm called Buttercup, poor little Buttercup,
Sweet Little Buttercup I!

I've snuff and tobaccy, and excellent jacky;
I've scissors, and watches, and knives;
I've ribbons and laces to set off the faces
Of pretty young sweethearts and wives.

I've treacle and toffee, I've tea and I've coffee.
Soft tommy and succulent chops;
I've chickens and conies, and pretty polonies,
And excellent peppermint drops.

Then buy of your Buttercup, dear Little Buttercup,
Sailors should never be shy;
So, buy of your Buttercup, poor Little Buttercup;
Come, of your Buttercup buy!

The entire text to this title with the complete
IPA transcription is available for download.

Thank you!

