

H.M.S. Pinafore

45 DICK. *I have 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.
50 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
55 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 –
60 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 am resigned.

65 RECITATIVE.

BUT. But, tell me – who's the youth whose faltering feet
With difficulty bear him on his course?

BOAT. That is the smartest lad in all the fleet –
Ralph Rackstraw!

70 BUT. Ralph! That name! Remorse! Remorse!

(Enter RALPH.)

MADRIGAL – RALPH.

75 The Nightingale
Sighed for the moon's bright ray,
And told his tale
In his own melodious way!
He sang "Ah, well-a-day!"

ALL. He sang "Ah, well-a-day!"

80 The lowly vale
For the mountain vainly sighed,
To his humble wail
The echoing hills replied.

They sang "Ah, well-a-day!"

ALL. They sang "Ah, well-a-day!"

85 RECITATIVE.

I know the value of a kindly chorus,
But choruses yield little consolation
When we have pain and sorrow too before us!
I love – and love, alas, above my station!

90 BUT. *(aside)*. He loves – and loves a lass above his station!

ALL *(aside)*. Yes, yes, the lass is much above his station! *[Exit LITTLE BUTTERCUP.*

BALLAD – RALPH.

A maiden fair to see,
The pearl of minstrelsy,