My Little Buttercup.

Words by
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Music by
LUKE FORWOOD.

Moderato.

I had a doll, when quite a tiny
Now I am grown, I think 'twill be jolly

Till Ready

person of three years old. She was so jolly,
If I can married be; For I must own I

curls bright and shiny Covered her head with gold. And
still want a doll. One that's alive, you see. And

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soon we became so loving, that I
if it's a girl, oh, shan't I be glad!

thought of a name to cuddle her by; Soon she
golden each ear, I'll hug her like mad, And then her

knew it and answered to it Or seemed to
name, that shall be the same that Dear Dolly

try. And I called her
had. Yes I'll call her

rall. rit. rall. rit.
a tempo

Buttercup, My little creamy, dreamy
Buttercup, My little creamy, dreamy

Buttercup, Because her curly locks were
Buttercup, Because her curly locks are gold; And in my arms I
Buttercup, Because her curly locks are gold; And in my arms I'll

used gently fold
used gently fold

My little
My little

colla voce
Buttercup, My little baby, baby
Buttercup, My little baby, baby
Buttercup, And when we went a nice tea,
Buttercup, And when we go a nice tea,

I made a very sweet mamma, So
I'll make a very sweet mamma, So

I've been told. I called her told.
I've been told. I'll call her told.

D.C.