

from Ruddigore by W. S. Gilbert

**Mad Margaret:** [To Rose Maybud] Tell me, are you mad? That's well! Then you don't love Sir Despard Murgatroyd? [The bad Baronet of Ruddigore?] All mad girls love him. / love him. I'm poor Mad Margaret - Crazy Meg - Poor Peg! He! he! he! he! You pity me? Then be my mother! The squirrel had a mother, but she drank and the squirrel fled! Hush! They sing a brave song in our parts - it runs somewhat thus: (sings)

*The cat and the dog and the little puppee*

*Sat down in a - down in a - in a -*

I forget what they sat down in, but so the song goes! Listen - I've come to pinch her! I have come to pinch Rose Maybud! Aye! I love him - he loved me once. But that's all gone, Fisht! He gave me an Italian glance - thus - (*business*) - and made me his. He will give *her* an Italian glance, and make *her* his. But it shall not be, for I'll stamp on her - stamp on her - stamp on her! Did you ever kill anybody? No? Why not? Listen - I killed a fly this morning! It buzzed, and I wouldn't have it. So it died - pop! So shall she! You are Rose Maybud? Strange! They told me she was beautiful! And *he* loves *you*! No, no! If I thought that, I would treat you as the auctioneer and land-agent treated the lady-bird - I would rend you asunder!