



LORENZO DE LARDY

by W. S. Gilbert

DALILAH DE DARDY adored
The very correctest of cards,
LORENZO DE LARDY, a lord--
He was one of Her Majesty's Guards.

DALILAH DE DARDY was fat,
DALILAH DE DARDY was old--
(No doubt in the world about that)
But DALILAH DE DARDY had gold.

LORENZO DE LARDY was tall,
The flower of maidenly pets,
Young ladies would love at his call,
But LORENZO DE LARDY had debts.

His money-position was queer,
And one of his favourite freaks
Was to hide himself three times a year,
In Paris, for several weeks.

Many days didn't pass him before
He fanned himself into a flame,
For a beautiful "DAM DU COMPTWORE,"
And this was her singular name:

ALICE EULALIE CORALINE
EUPHROSINE COLOMBINA THÉRÈSE
JULIETTE STEPHANIE CELESTINE
CHARLOTTE RUSSE DE LA SAUCE
MAYONNAISE.



She booked all the orders and tin.
Accoutred in showy fal-lal,
At a two-fifty Restaurant, in
The glittering Palais Royal.

He'd gaze in her orbit of blue,
Her hand he would tenderly squeeze,
But the words of her tongue that he knew
Were limited strictly to these:

“CORALINE CELESTINE EULALIE,
Houp là! Je vous aime, oui, mossoo,
Combien donnez moi aujourd'hui
Bonjour, Mademoiselle, parlez voo.”

MADemoiselle DE LA SAUCE
MAYONNAISE

Was a witty and beautiful miss,
Extremely correct in her ways,
But her English consisted of this:

“Oh my! pretty man, if you please,
Blom boodin, biftek, currie lamb,
Bouldogue, two franc half, quite ze cheese,
Rosbif, me spik Angleesh, godam.”

A waiter, for seasons before,
Had basked in her beautiful gaze,
And burnt to dismember MILOR,
He loved DE LA SAUCE MAYONNAISE.

He said to her, “Méchant THÉRÈSE
Avec désespoir tu m’accables.
Penses-tu, DE LA SAUCE MAYONNAISE,
Ses intentions sont honorables?”

“Flirtez toujours, ma belle, si tu ôses--
Je me vengerai ainsi, ma chère,
Je lui dirai de quoi l’on compose
Vol au vent à la Financière!”

LORD LARDY knew nothing of this--
The waiter’s devotion ignored,
But he gazed on the beautiful miss,
And never seemed weary or bored.

The waiter would screw up his nerve,
His fingers he’d snap and he’d dance--
And LORD LARDY would smile and observe,
“How strange are the customs of France!”

Well, after delaying a space,
His tradesmen no longer would wait:
Returning to England apace,
He yielded himself to his fate.

LORD LARDY espoused, with a groan,
MISS DARDY’S developing charms,
And agreed to tag on to his own,
Her name and her newly-found arms.

The waiter he knelt at the toes
Of an ugly and thin coryphée,
Who danced in the hinder most rows
At the Théâtre des Variétés.

MADemoiselle DE LA SAUCE
MAYONNAISE

Didn't yield to a gnawing despair
But married a soldier, and plays
As a pretty and pert Vivandière.