

Sorry Her Lot Who Loves Too Well

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

Sorry her lot who loves too well,
[ˈsɑr.i hɜ lɒt hu lʌvz tu wɛl]¹

Heavy the heart that hopes but vainly,
[ˈheɪ.vi ðə hɑɪt ðæt ho:ʊps bʌt ˈveɪn.li]

Sad are the sighs that own the spell
Uttered by eyes that speak too plainly;
Sorry her lot who loves too well,
Heavy the heart that hopes but vainly.
Heavy the sorrow that bows the head
When love is alive and hope is dead!

Sad is the hour when sets the sun—
Dark is the night to earth's poor daughters,
When to the ark the wearied one
Flies from the empty waste of waters.
Sad is the hour when sets the sun—
Dark is the night to earth's poor daughters.
Heavy the sorrow that bows the head
When love is alive and hope is dead!

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

Thank you!



¹The IPA transcription is in Mid-Atlantic pronunciation.