

Sorry her lot

W. S. Gilbert & Arthur Sullivan

Andante

(from 'HMS Pinafore')

Sor - ry her
Sad is the

lot who loves too well, Hea-vy the heart that hopes but vain - ly.
hour when sets the sun, Dark is the night to earth's poor daugh - ters.

Sad are the sighs that own the spell ut - tered by eyes that speak too plain - ly;
When to the ark the wea - ried one flies from the emp - ty waste of wa - ters;

Sor-ry her lot who loves too well, Hea-vy the heart that hopes but vain - ly.
Sad is the hour when sets the sun, Dark is the night to earth's poor daugh - ters.

mf

Hea - vy the sor - row that bows the head When love is a - live and hope is dead! When

love is a - live and hope is dead.

dim p f

34

Sad is the hour when sets the sun, Dark is the night to earth's poor daugh - ters,

p

39

When to the ark the wea - ried one flies from the emp - ty waste of wa - ters.

p

43

Sad is the hour when sets the sun Dark is the night to earth's poor daugh - ters.

mf **rall.**

Un poco animato

47 *Un poco animato* *cresc* **rall.** *f*

Hea - vy the sor - row that bows the head When love is a - live and hope is dead! When

p *cresc* *f*

55 **colla voce** *dim.* *p*

love is a - live and hope is dead.

dim *p* *p* *f*