



H.M.S. Pinafore

Or, The Lass That Loved a Sailor is a [comic opera](#) in two acts, with music by [Arthur Sullivan](#) and a [libretto](#) by [W. S. Gilbert](#). It opened at the [Opera Comique](#) in [London](#), England, on 25 May 1878 and ran for 571 performances, which was the second-longest run of any [musical theatre](#) piece up to that time. *H.M.S. Pinafore* was [Gilbert and Sullivan](#)'s fourth operatic collaboration and their first international sensation.**

Aboard the British ship *H.M.S. Pinafore*, the [captain's](#) daughter, Josephine, is in love with a [sailor](#), Ralph Rackstraw, although her father intends her to marry Sir Joseph Porter, the [First Lord of the Admiralty](#). She sticks by her father's wishes at first, but Sir Joseph's advocacy of the equality of humankind encourages Ralph and Josephine to overturn conventional social order. They declare their love for each other and eventually plan to elope. The captain discovers this plan, but, as in many of the Gilbert and Sullivan operas, a surprise disclosure changes things dramatically near the end of the story.

The opera's humor focuses on love between members of different [social classes](#) and lampoons the British class system in general. *Pinafore* also pokes good-natured fun at [patriotism](#), party politics, the Royal Navy, and the rise of unqualified people to positions of authority. The title of the piece comically applies the name of a garment for girls and women, a [pinafore](#), to the fearsome symbol of a naval warship.

http://upload.wikimedia.org/wikipedia/en/e/eb/H_m_s_pinafore_restoration.jpg

**[http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/H.M.S. Pinafore](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/H.M.S._Pinafore)

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Josephine.

Sorry her lot who loves too well,
Heavy the heart that hopes but vainly,
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!
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!
When love is alive and hope is dead!

(Enter Captain)

Captain. My child, I grieve to see that you are a prey to melancholy. You should look your best to-day, for Sir Joseph Porter, K.C.B., will be here this afternoon to claim your promised hand.

Josephine. Ah, father, your words cut me to the quick. I can esteem — reverence— venerate Sir Joseph, for he is a great and good man; but oh, I cannot love him! My heart is already given.

Captain. (aside) It is then as I feared. (aloud) Given? And to whom? Not to some gilded lordling?

Josephine. No, father — the object of my love is no lordling. Oh, pity me, for he is but a humble sailor on board your own ship!

Captain. Impossible!

Josephine. Yes, it is true — too true.

Captain. A common sailor? Oh fie!

Josephine. I blush for the weakness that allows me to cherish such a passion. I hate myself when I think of the depth to which I have stooped in permitting myself to think tenderly of one so ignobly born, but I love him! I love him! I love him! (weeps)

Captain. Come, my child, let us talk this over. In a matter of the heart I would not coerce my daughter — I attach but little value to rank or wealth, but the line must be drawn somewhere. A man in that station may be brave and worthy, but at every step he would commit solecisms that society would never pardon.

Josephine. Oh, I have thought of this night and day. But fear not, father, I have a heart, and therefore I love; but I am your daughter, and therefore I am proud. Though I carry my love with me to the tomb, he shall never, never know it.

Captain. You are my daughter after all. But see, Sir Joseph's barge approaches, manned by twelve trusty oarsmen and accompanied by the admiring crowd of sisters, cousins, and aunts that attend him wherever he goes. Retire, my daughter, to your cabin — take this, his photograph, with you — it may help to bring you to a more reasonable frame of mind.

Josephine. My own thoughtful father!

(Exit Josephine. Captain remains and ascends the poop-deck.)

http://www.dogpile.com/clickserver/iceUrlFlag=1?rawURL=http%3A%2F%2Fwww.youtube.com%2Fwatch%3Fv%3DCi2Ae_iAWo8&0=&1=0&4=205.213.166.68&5=205.213.166.68&9=4fac7b1f793b40348251f3e603fccb01&10=1&11=info.dogpl&13=search&14=239138&15=main-title&17=2&18=1&19=0&20=1&21=1&22=ogHWjnPP0Cc%3D&23=0&40=XkKWVQBCjTeinWKE%2BeoXtQ%3D%3D&IceUrl=true

Dec 31, 2008 ... Victoria Joyce sings Josephine's aria "**Sorry her lot who loves too well**" from the operetta "H.M.S. **Pinafore**" by Gilbert & Sullivan, ...