

# THE CANTERBURY PILGRIMS

OPERA

in three Acts.

Written by

GILBERT À BECKETT.

Composed by

C. VILLIERS STANFORD.

Ent. Sta. Hall.

Pr. 6/ net.

LONDON,  
BOOSEY & Co.  
295 Regent Street.

*Eingetragen gemäß dem Vorschriften der internationalen Verträge.*

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(he comes down R.) (Geoffrey enters L. U. E. and unobserved by Hal, watches his final movements.)

way? they went by here, or here, or there? 'twere well to try all

*mf* *f*

*p* *cresc.*

(Hal hesitates, then exit first entrance R.)

three! that's subtle, aye, for I must find my knaves! this to be-

*mp* *p*

### Scene III. Geoffrey.

gin! A league be-hind, at length I

*mf* *Allegretto moderato.*

*mf pesante e staccato*

catch the tail of this blest company; for 'tis the tail, the head and trunk

*tr*

gone-who knows where? and find treason and trick more rife, I warrant me, than praise and

*cresc.* *tr*

(he picks up the piece of chalk.)

prayer! "A fair plain mark," he said, "that any fool can note!"

There spoke he well, for if that bodeth, as I judge it may, mis - chief to

(he rubs it out with his doublet.)

Ci - ce - ly, this sets it straight, and thus a

(He chalks the same mark on the door of the principal house.)

fool doth note his fair plain mark,

and shift it for him! A precious brood of

pilgrims! monks that dance, and tails that chalk: and Geoffrey with his

staff, foot - sore, but here in Kent to cud-gel both if

need be! But no waste of words; my

(looking at the Inn.) Un poco più lento.  
girl, I'll find her lodgement. Ha! the Trav'ler's

(he looks round at the quiet scene.)  
Rest! The night looks not so wicked as the day.

*f*

All's still: I'll in, and get some news of her,

find her snug nest, and heath it, with one eye, as watch-ful as yon

*pp*

(sleepily.)

moon, to roost my - self! For, faith, fain roost would I,

*p*

and praised be Heav'n, the night looks not like guile!

*pp*

*mf*

that omens well, may-be, that eye I'll close, but first, my

*mf*