

THE CANTERBURY PILGRIMS

OPERA

in three Acts.

Written by

GILBERT À BECKETT.

Composed by

C. VILLIERS STANFORD.

Ent. Sta. Hall.

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Scene IV.

(He enters the Inn.)

news! (Hubert enters L. C. E. His cloak and cowl are thrown back, and he carries a lute.)

Hubert.

All marches well, 'tis here she rests, my love! ah, doth she

(he approaches the house.)

watch? No signal gleams a - bove!

poco cresc.

Nay, but she watch-eth, aye, and wait - eth me: till slum-

(he comes down)

- ber hold the world, and set her free!

Andante con moto.

mp

Sweet mother Sleep, thy gentle hour is here! — send thou soft-

p

winged Re- pose, bid their ti - red eye - lids close! — Sweet mother

mp

mf

Sleep, — to ev'ry listning ear whisper thy magic tale, bid shadows mute and

p

pale — from dreamland gather. Love and life are done where thou — art

mf

Queen! So, reign! Sing not thy song in vain, —

f *dim.*

p

Sweet — Mother Sleep, take all, — yet leave me

mf
one. One, who is sweet as thy-self, O Queen, — whose
Un poco più mosso e agitato

smile is a sea of endless rest; whose voice is a dream - land

me - lody, borne on a Ze-phyr from out the west — my soul from

poco a poco cresc.
toi - ling and fret to wean, — as it wakes in a
cresc. molto

2

(A light appears in the upper casement of the

world of li - - - berty! house in the courtyard.

rall.

8va bassa

ff

Hubert turns towards it.) Her sig - nal! Hai! - - - thou light di -

ff

p

f

vine! (he strikes his lute.) Thus

pp

8 6 6 6 6 6

do I an - swer thee with

mine.

Andante.

mp

So sweet thy breath, O wind, soft wind of night! yet hers is

arpeggiando

sweeter; So fleet thy step that stirs — the stream with

light! yet hers is fleetier; sobright thy my - riad eyes,

p *cresc.*

— thou azure sea! yet are hers brighter! O

beau-teous world, Thy slave fain would I be, so

light thy ro - sy chains — that pri - son me;

yet are hers — ligh-ter! So whisper to her,

mf *p* *legato*

night - wind soft and low, sigh with thy sweet - - est

breath! Tell — her,

tell — her, in

mf

life, in death Love will not let me

cresc. *f* *p*

(Geoffrey enters from the porch. Hubert not ob-

serving him continues to play his lute in reverie.)

go. Geoffrey. *p*

Nonews of her with-in, but here without, heard I a-

(approaching Hubert unobserved)

right? "Love will not let him go!" a monk that sings of

love! By all the saints, this pilgrimage is of dread portents full as

2