The Canterbury Pilgrims

Opera in three Acts.

Written by Gilbert à Beckett.

Composed by C. Villiers Stanford.

Ent. Sta. Hall. Pr. 6/ net.

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Act III.

The Scene represents the Great Hall of an English country mansion of the fourteenth century. Large central door at back, and doors (R. and L.) all practicable, (L.) to front a large table covered with tapestry cloth, on which are writing materials. Behind this a raised seat. Smaller table (R.) on which lies a lute. Other seats and benches about the Hall, which is decorated with trophies of armour, and handsomely appointed after the fashion of the period.

Presto.

Pianoforte.
(The Curtain rises.) Dame Margery discovered by table (R.) musing.
Adagio.

Dame Margery.

Scene I.

Ay! Home once more! Mistress of all of him, for I have got him sound and safe and whole: and under goodly latch and key I ween I'll keep him now. Not that he find-eth joy in this my care. I smile a wise-ly smile, yet doth he quake and trem-ble at my look.

The ve-ry mu-sic of my loving voice that cri-eth, "Ho now, sweetheart, whi- ther
bent?" Doth sound in his all-guilty ear as clank of prison chain.

Allegro moderato.

And well it may. (she rises) From here I warrant me he doth not stir again a pilgrim! The arch-

traitor, thus to dare with pious souls to mingle, and to turn the holy exercise of sober folk into a wanton's
brawl!
Ah me! with truth they sing, "A weary pilgrimage is life!"
Alack! most weary to a watchful wife!
Yet once I charmed him! Ay, and trilled sweet

Andante moderato.

Syr-ten songs on thee, poor lute! Is all thy melting music ever mute?
The hand that swept thee no more skilled? poor lute! Of that far
yes-t' erday have all faint echoes died a-way?

Life and love are young in spring!

Hark, my lute! Thy me-lody trippeth o'er a path of flowers
gai-ly on to sum-mer bow-ers, mount-ing to thy slend’-rest string,
on thy sweetest treble trilling, and the happy world is thrilling, thrilling all for me.

Thus thy burden, thus my lay ran,

pretty lute, but yesterday.

Life and love are wiser grown. Hush, my lute! thy
Slowly, slowly, making its way through the leafage lying strewn where autumn woods are dying, wailing with thy saddest tone, with thy saddest tone, as thy solemn bass de-nounceth one, on whom kind fortune pounceth, pounceth all for me! Thus thy burden, thus thy lay runs, wretched lute, alack! to
Adagio come al \textit{Imno}

(She puts down the lute and advances towards L.)

Still he is safe to-

day! No char-
mer near, save one-
who, though she charmeth not,

doth own the right to charm as best she can!
Well, come, there's peace in that;

and after such a storm I bless this

Scene II.

\textbf{Allegro agitato} \textit{(about \textit{d})}

(Enter C.'erly hurriedly R.U.E.)

How now, girl!

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