The Canterbury Pilgrims

Opera

in three Acts.

Written by

Gilbert à Beckett.

Composed by

C. Villiers Stanford.

LONDON,
Boosey & Co.
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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

(Hal hesitates, then exits first entrance R.)

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

Scene III. Geoffrey.

gin!

Allegretto moderato.

A league behind, at length I

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

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

(he rubs it out with his doublet.)

Cisely, 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 Traveller's

(he looks round at the quiet scene.)

Rest! The night looks not so wicked as the day.
All's still: I'll in, and get some news of her,

find her snug nest, and heat it, with one eye, as watchful as you

(slaply)

moon, to roost myself! For, faith, fain roost would I,

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

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