THE CANTERBURY PILGRIMS

OPERA

in three Acts.

Written by

GILBERT À BECKETT.

Composed by

C. VILLIERS STANFORD.

LONDON,

Boosey & Co.

295 Regent Street.

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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 above!

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.
Sweet mother Sleep, thy gentle hour is here! send thou soft-winged Re-pose, bid their ti-red eye-lids close! Sweet mother

Sleep, to ev’ry listening ear whisper thy magic tale, bid shadows mute and pale from dreamland gather. Love and life are done where thou art

Queen! So, reign! Sing not thy song in vain,
Sweet Mother Sleep, take all, yet leave me 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-lo-dy, borne on a Zephyr from out the west—my soul from

cresc. molto

toiling and fret to wean, as it wakes in a

poco a poco cresc.
world of liberty!

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

(vine!

Thus do I answer thee with

mine.
Andante.

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

So fleet thy step that stirs the stream with light! yet hers is fleeter; so bright thy myriad eyes.

—thou azure sea! yet are hers brighter!
beauteous world, Thy slave fain would I be, so

light thy rosy chains that prison me;

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

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

breath! Tell her,
(Geoffrey enters from the porch. Hubert not ob-
life, in death. Love will not let me

serving him continues to play his lute in reverie.)

Geoffrey.

No news of her within, 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