THE CANTERBURY PILGRIMS

OPERA

in three Acts.

Written by

GILBERT À BECKETT.

Composed by

C. VILLIERS STANFORD.

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

LONDON,

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Lith. Anst. v. C. G. Röder. Leipzig.

This Opera, specially written and composed for the Carl Rosa Opera Company, was first performed at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, London, on Wednesday April 23rd, 1884 :

Characters.

SIR CHRISTOPHER	*Mr Ludwig.*
HAL O'THE CHEPE	*Mr Barrington Foote.*
GEOFFREY . . .	*Mr G. H. Snazelle.*
HUBERT	*Mr B. Davies.*
WAT	*Mr C. Stewart.*
WILL	*Mr G. King.*
CICELY	*Miss Clara Perry.*
DAME MARGERY .	*Miss Marian Burton.*

Mise-en-Scène by *Mr Augustus Harris.*

The Canterbury Pilgrims.

Opera in three Acts
written by Gilbert à Beckett
composed by C. Villiers Stanford.

Characters.

Sir Christopher Synge. (a knight of the Shire)	*Baritone.*
Hal o' the Chepe.	*Baritone.*
Geoffrey Blount. (Host of the Tabard Inn)	*Bass.*
Hubert Lovel. (his Apprentice)	*Tenor.*
Wat Orridge. } Two Apprentices	*Tenor.*
Will Boyle. } Two Apprentices	*Bass.*
The Dame Margery. (Sir Christopher's wife)	*Contralto.*
Cicely. (daughter to Geoffrey)	*Soprano.*

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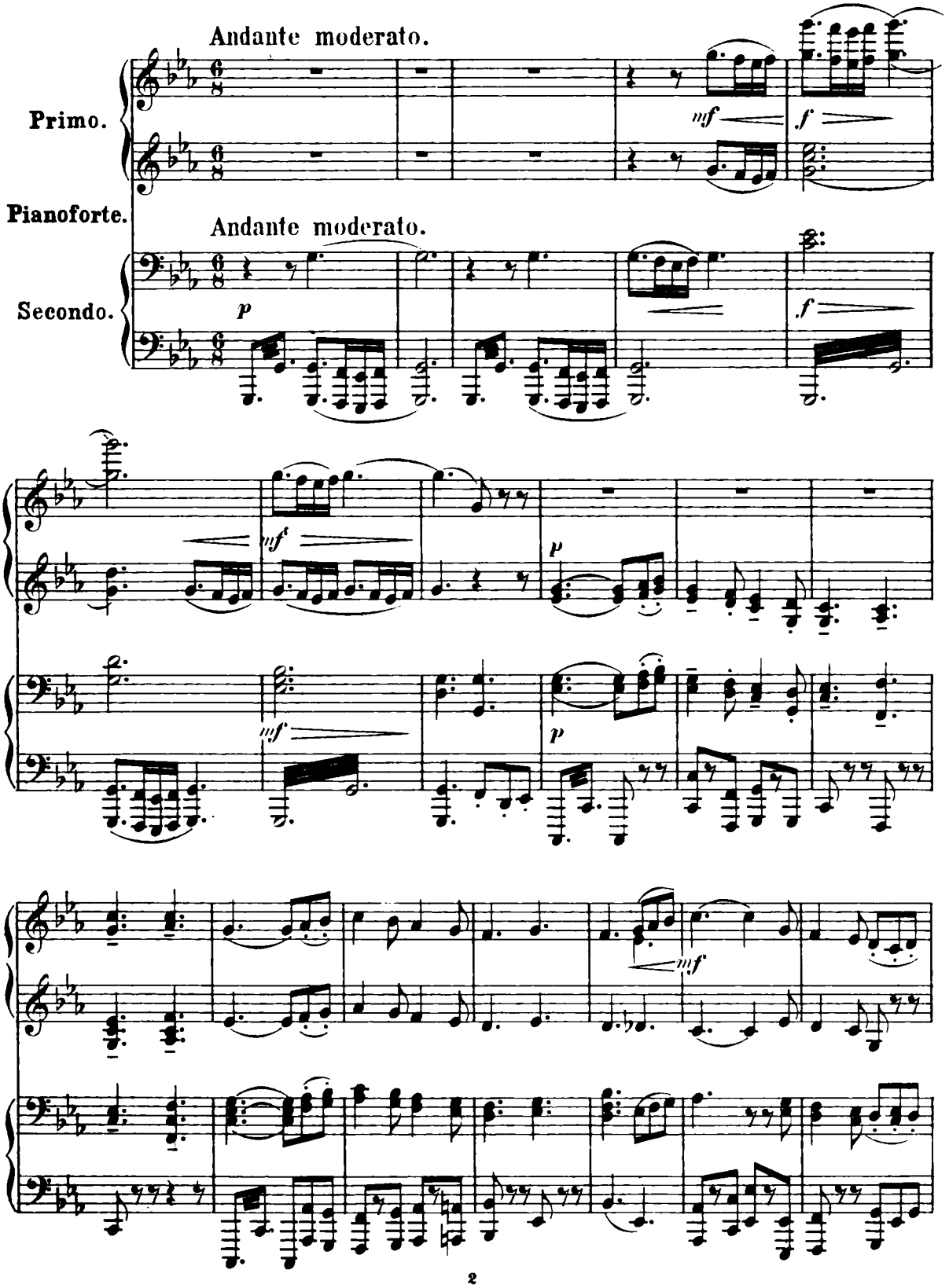
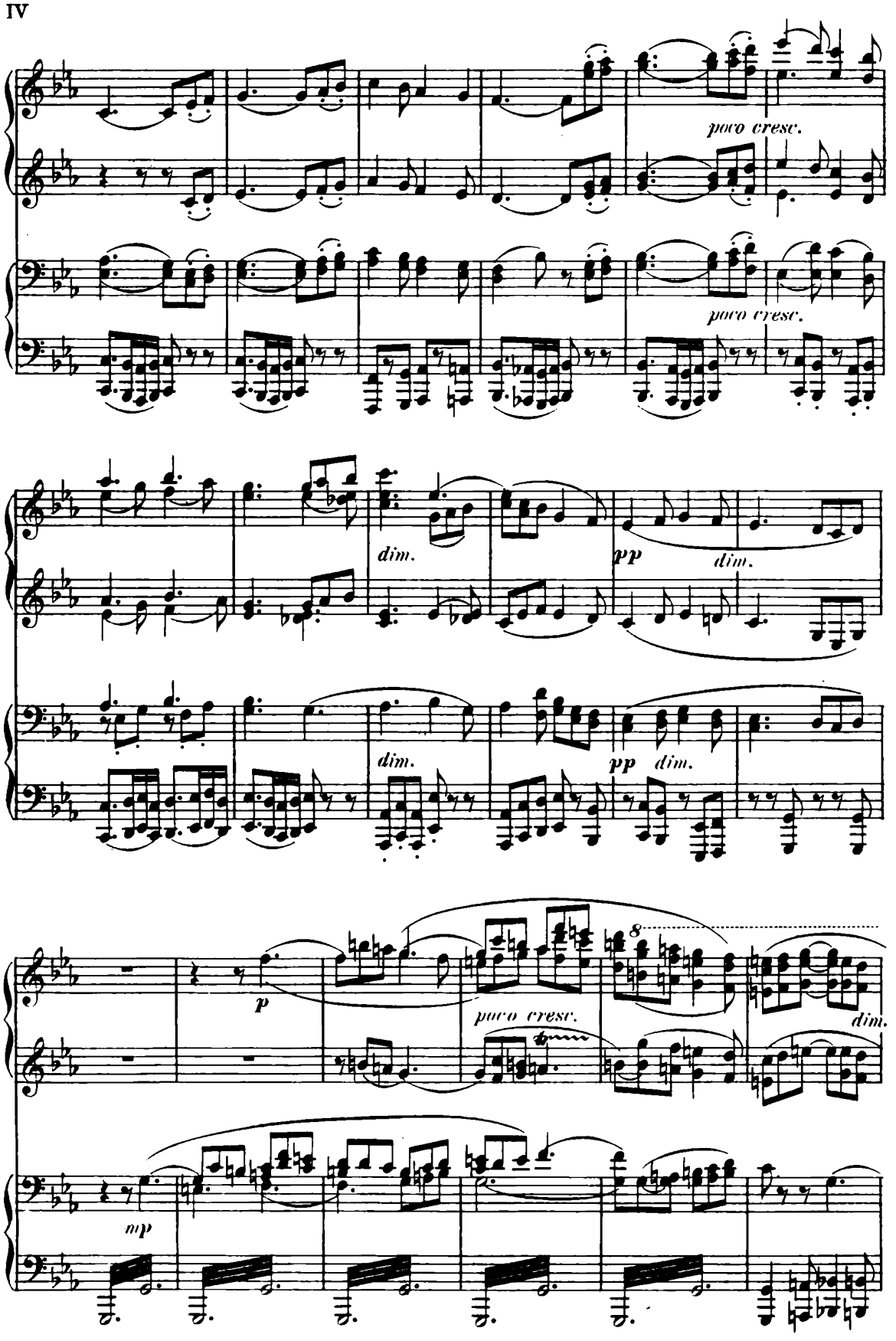
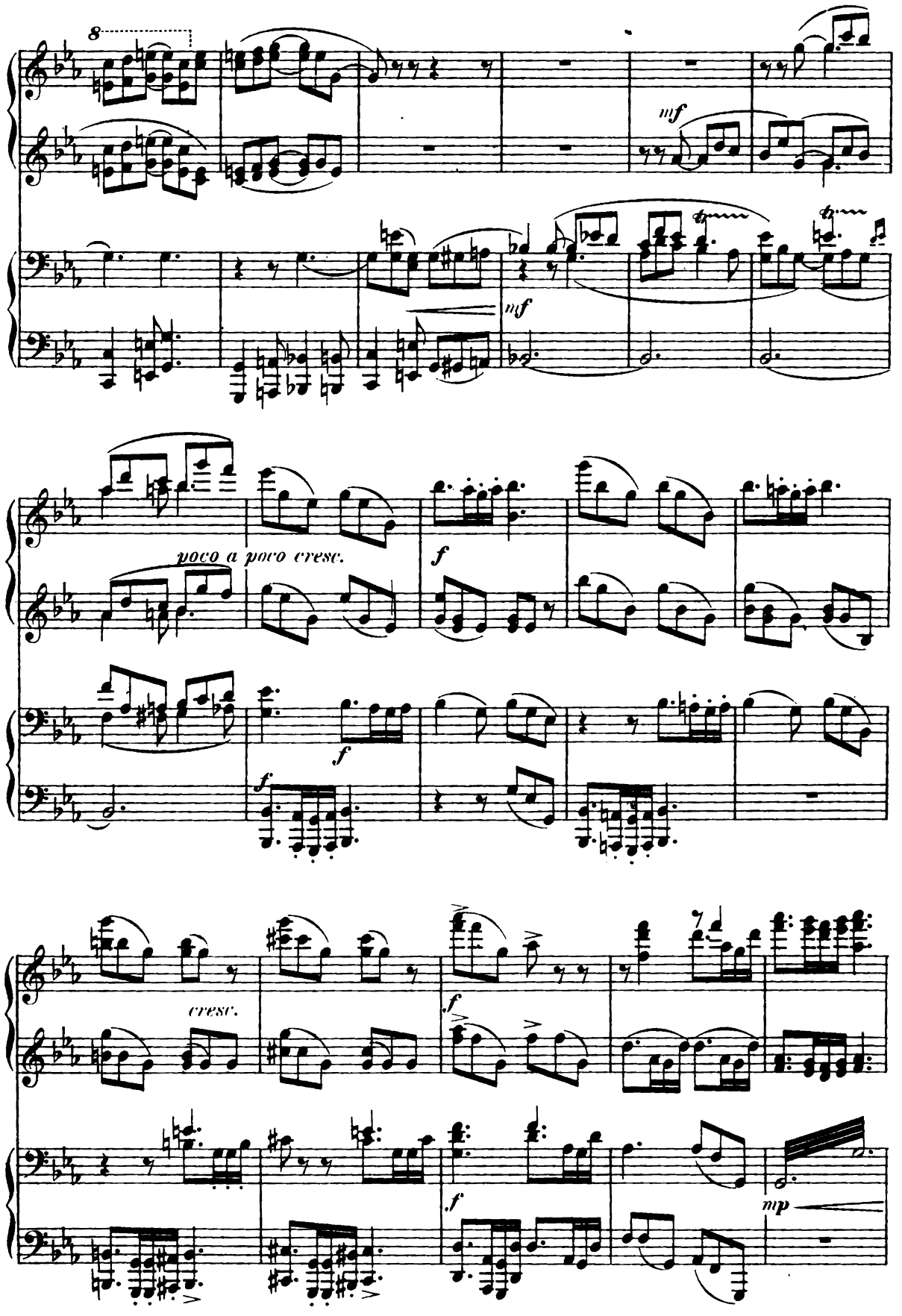
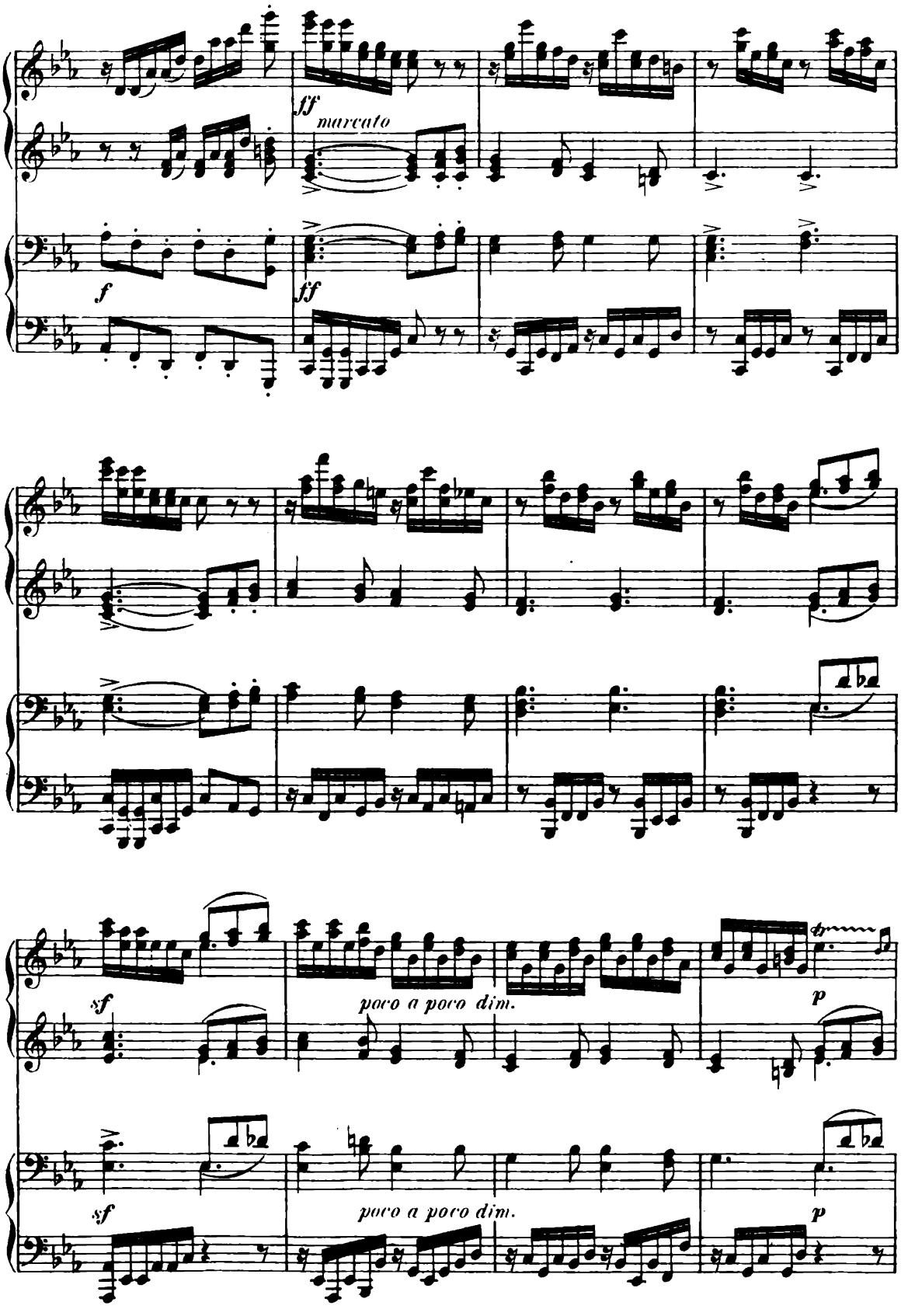
The Canterbury Pilgrims.

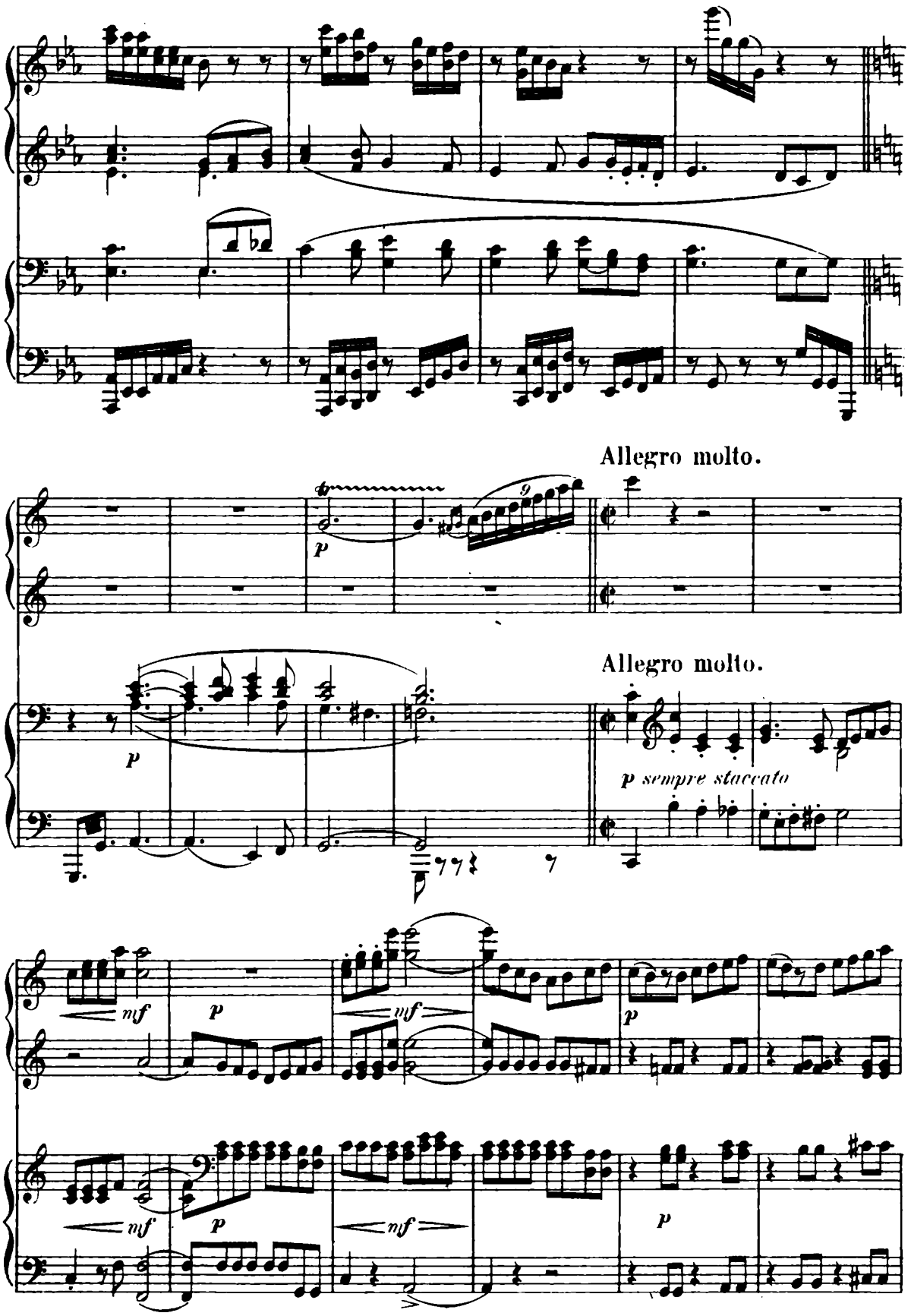
Overture.

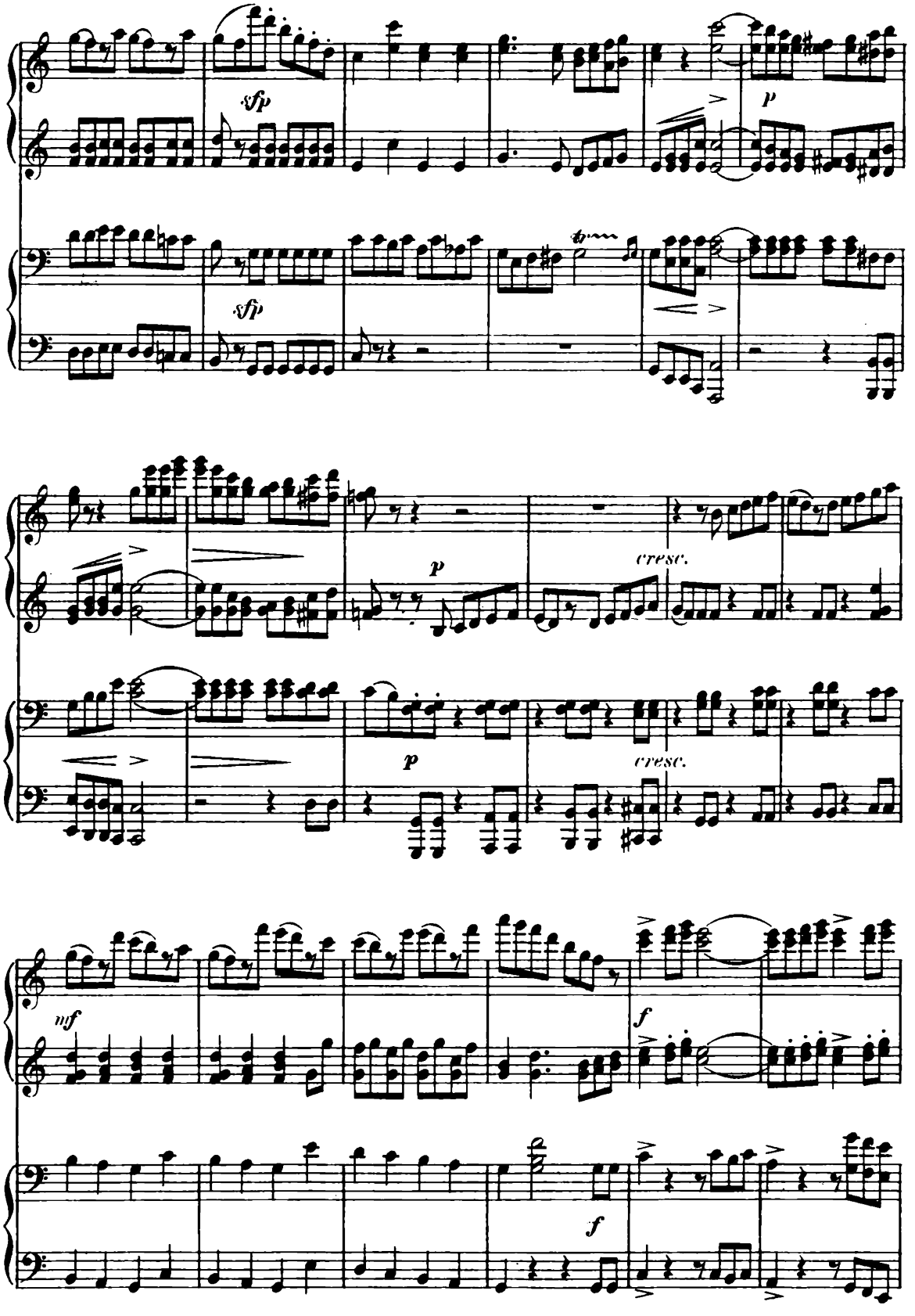


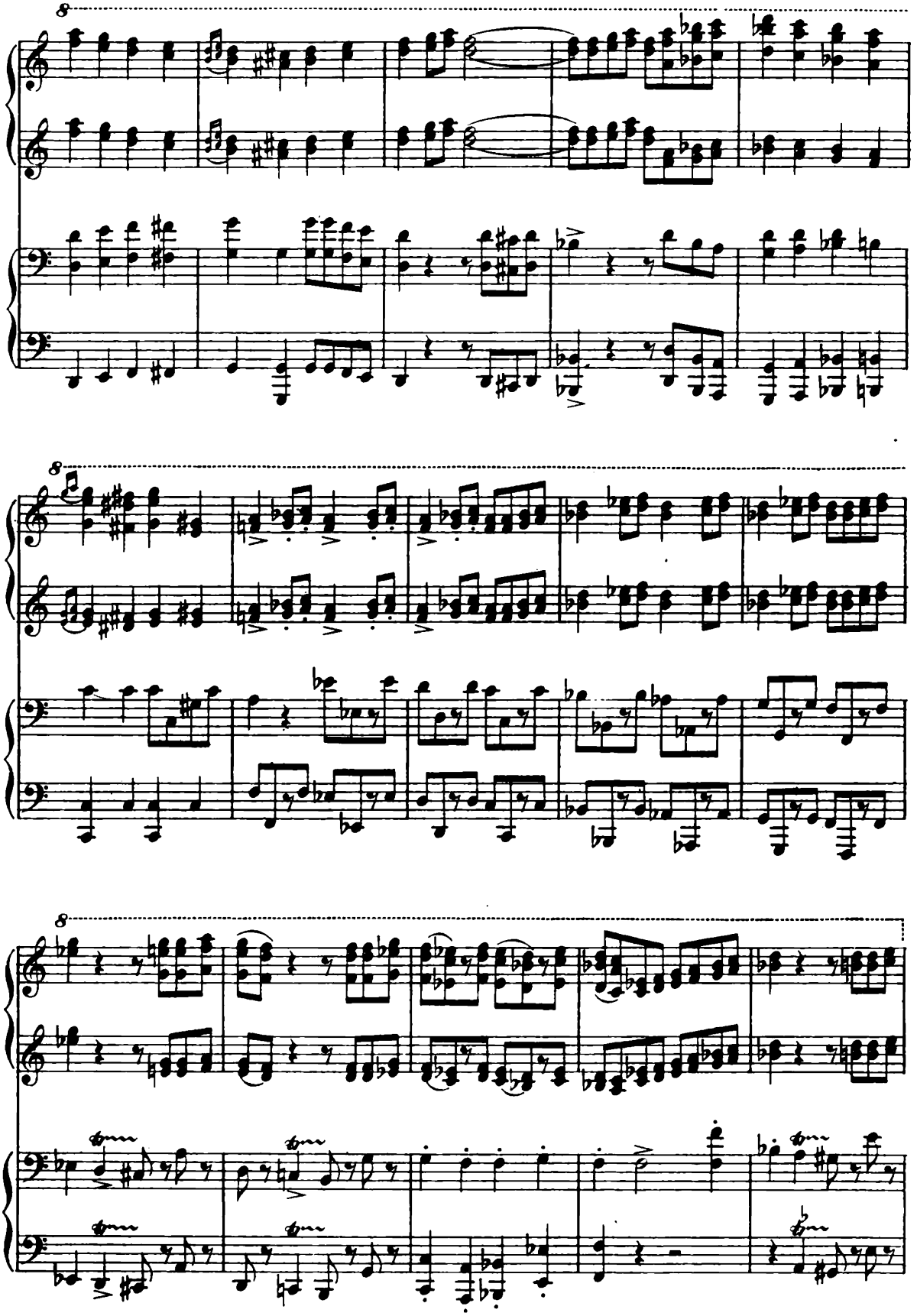

poco cresc.
poco cresc.
dim.
pp
dim.
dim.
pp
dim.
p
poco cresc.
8
dim.
mp

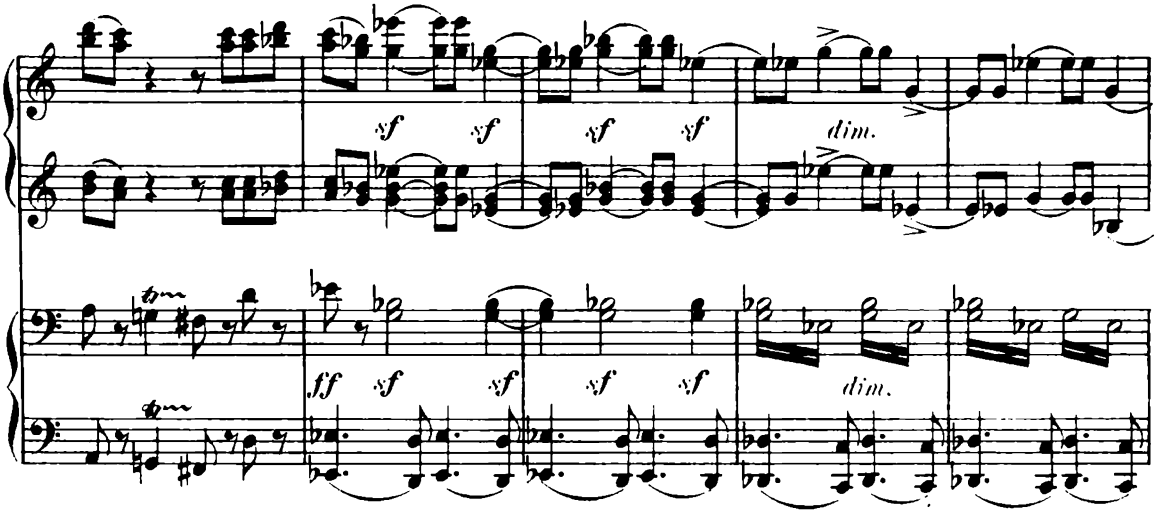

8
mf
mf
poco a poco cresc.
f
f
f
cresc.
f
f
mp


ff
marcato
f
ff
sf
poco a poco dim.
p
sf
poco a poco dim.
p


Allegro molto.
Allegro molto.
p
p sempre staccato
mf
p
mf
p
mf
p
mf
p


sfp
sfp
p
cresc.
p
p
cresc.
mf
f
f

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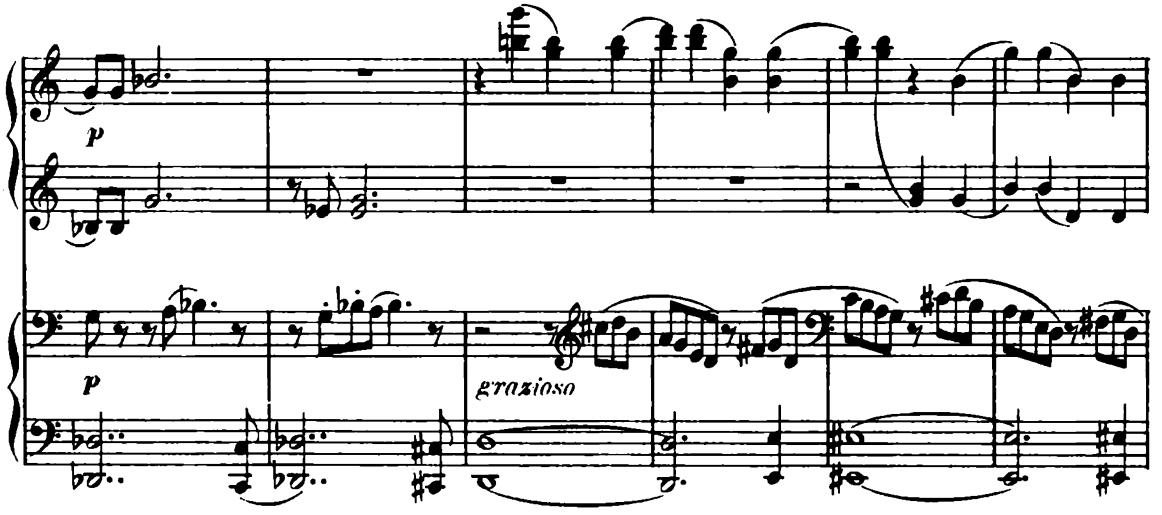
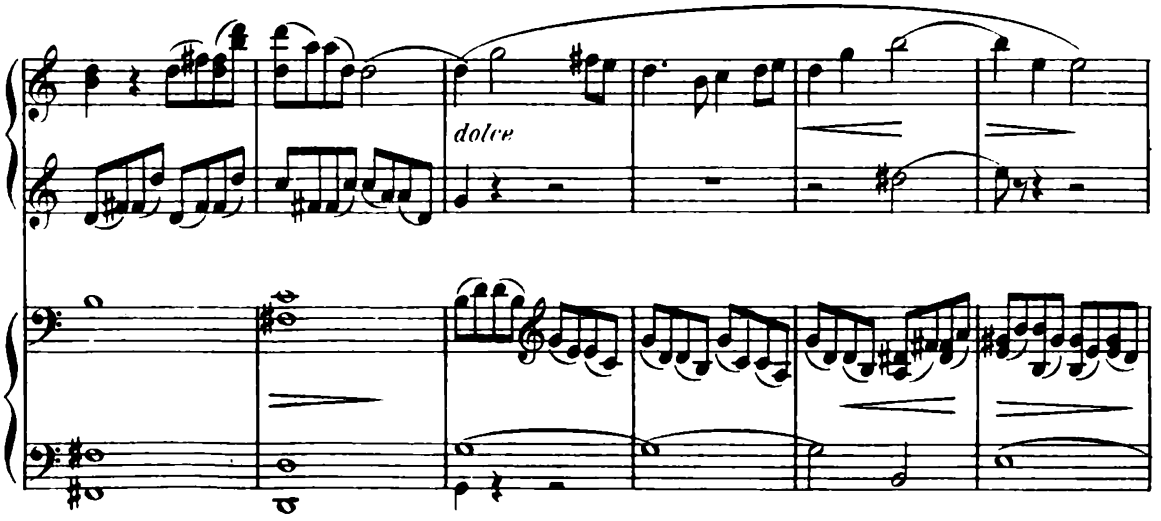
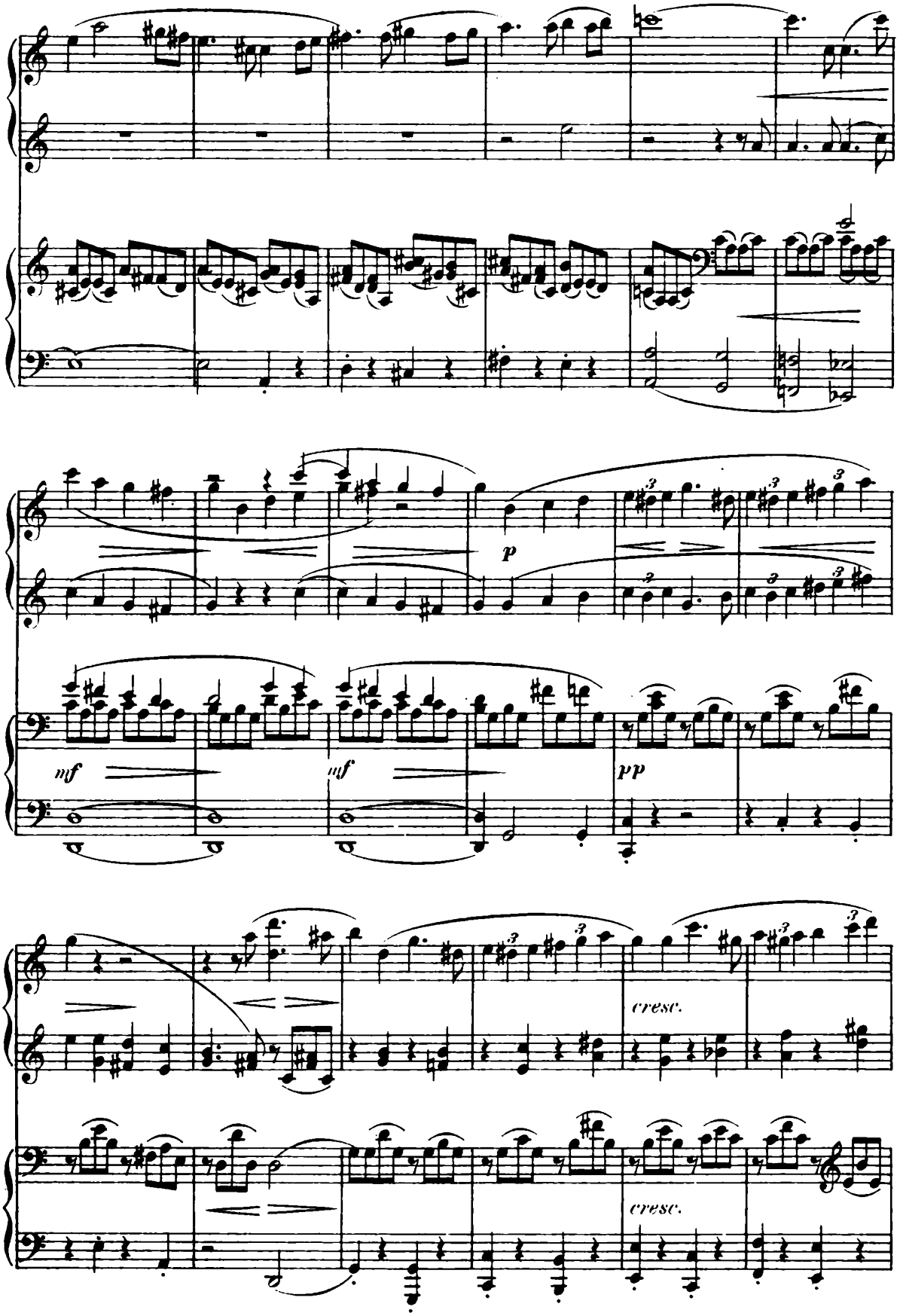
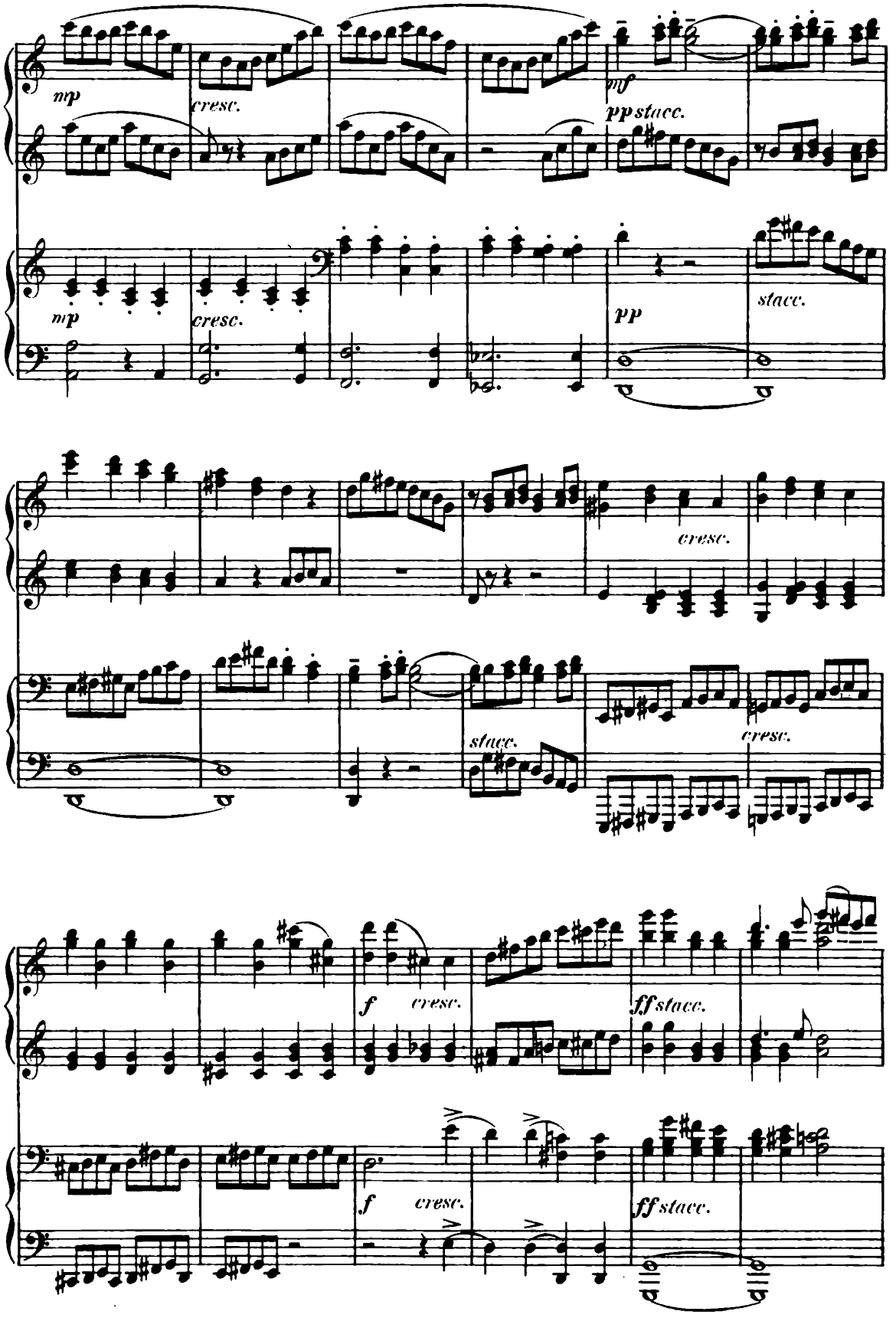
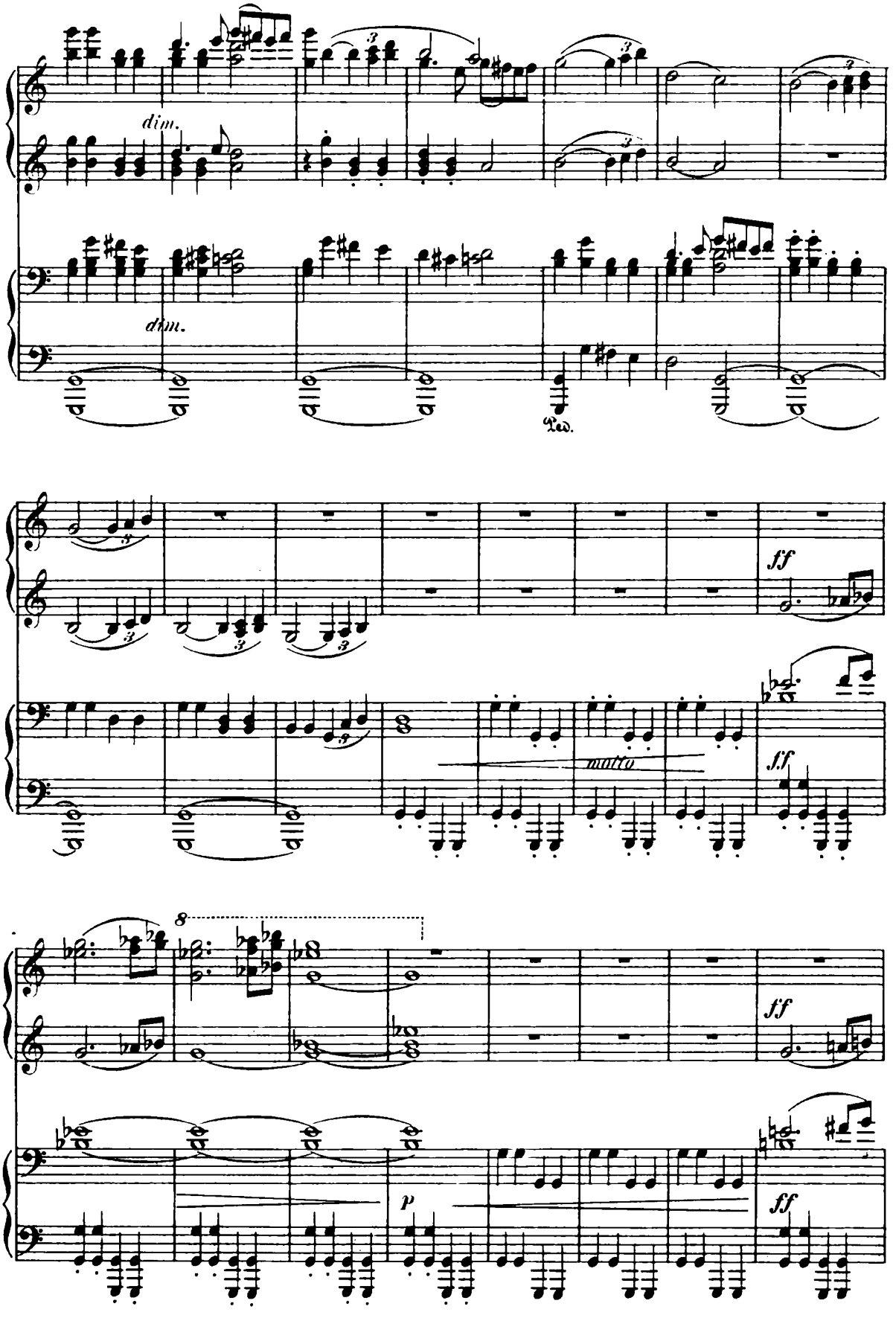
ff sf sf sf sf dim.

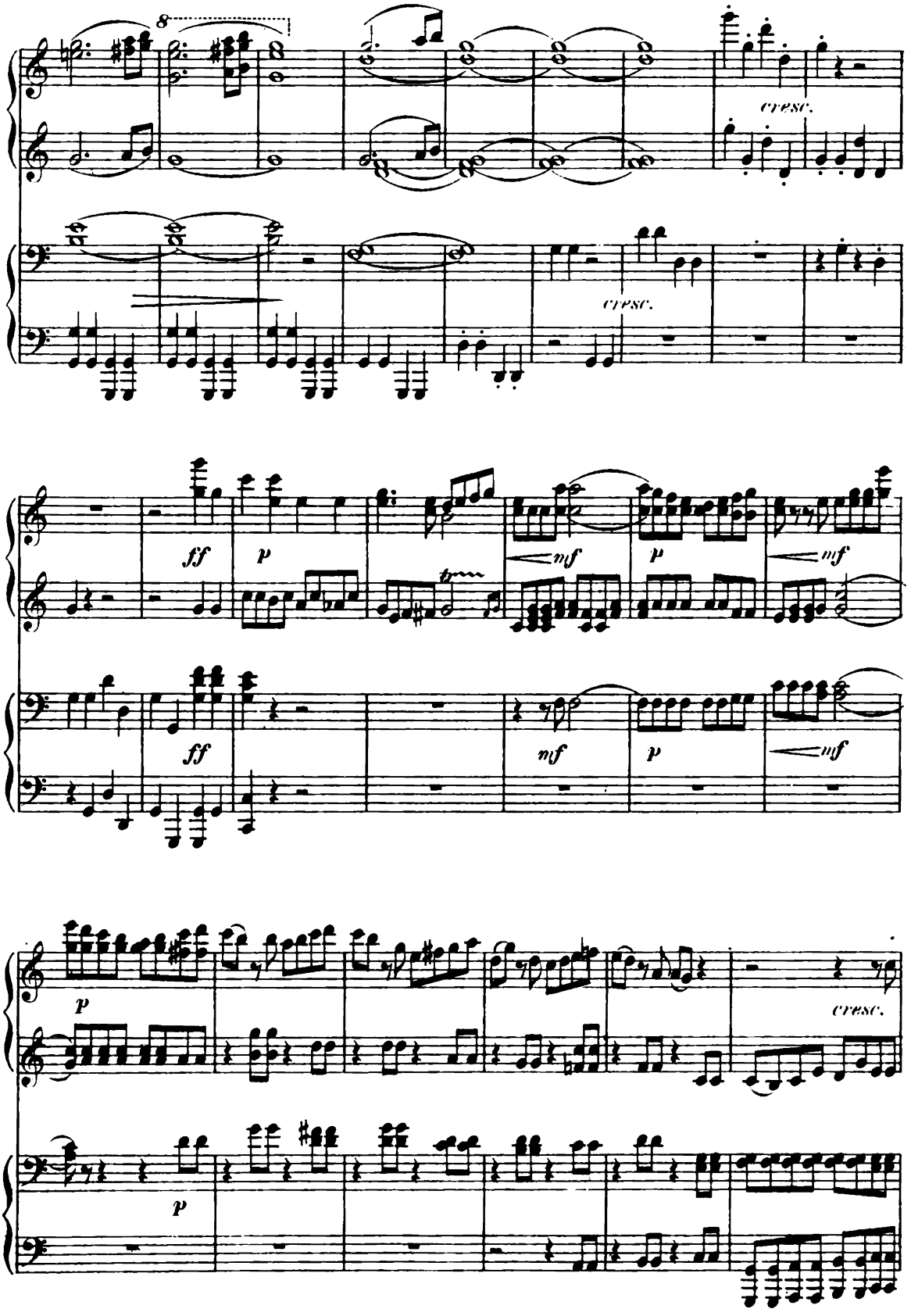

p
p
grazioso

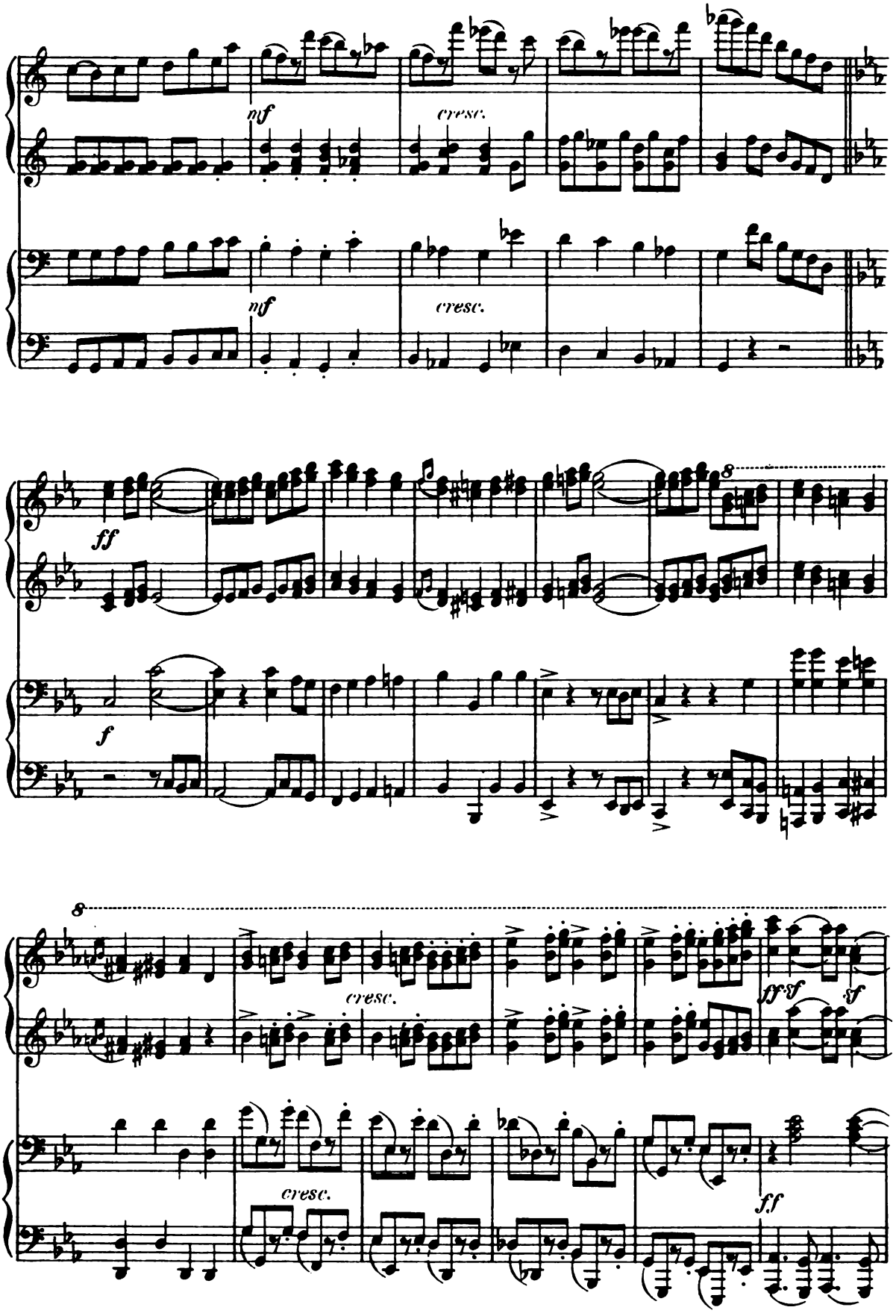

dolce

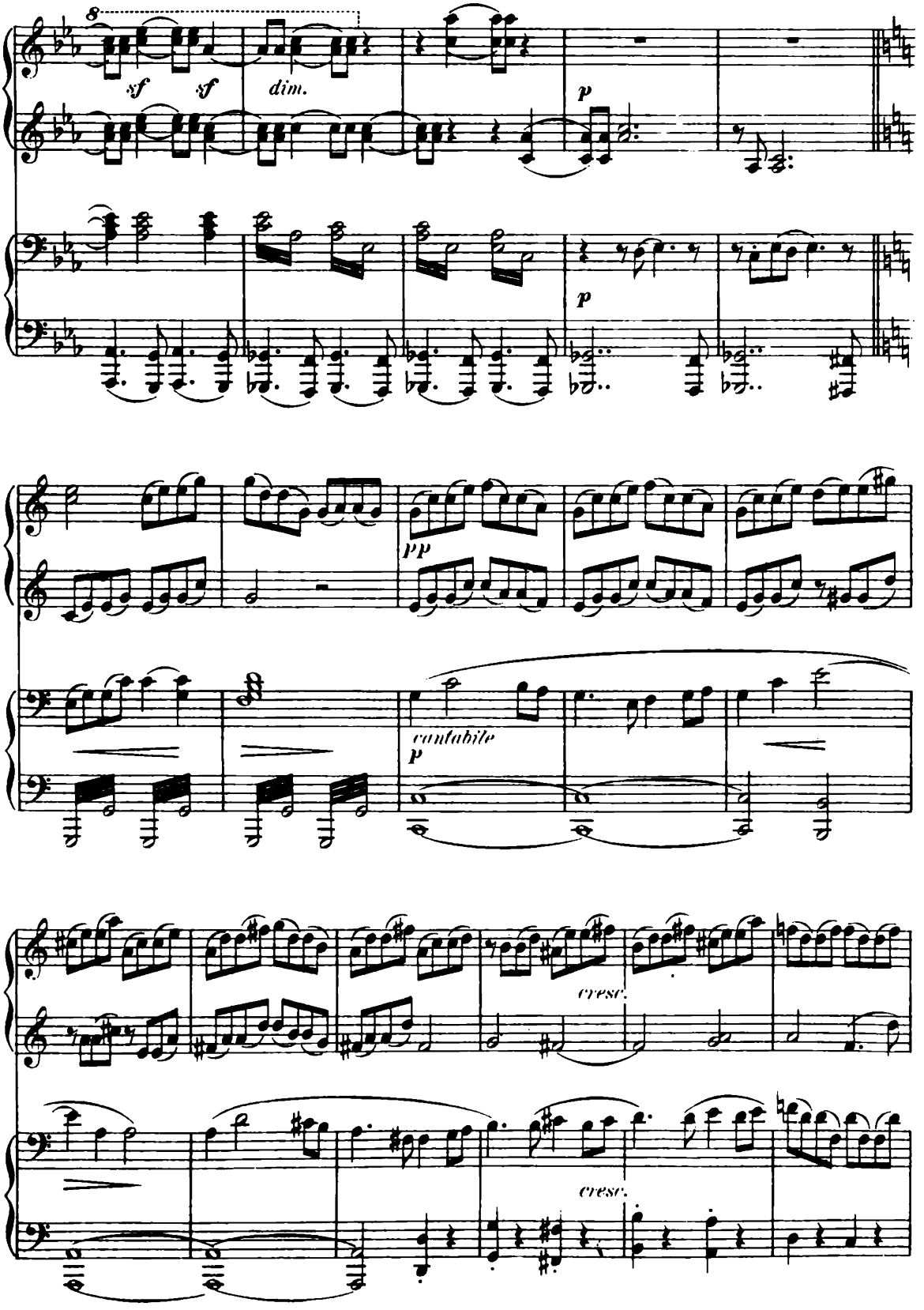

p
mf
mf
pp
cresc.
cresc.

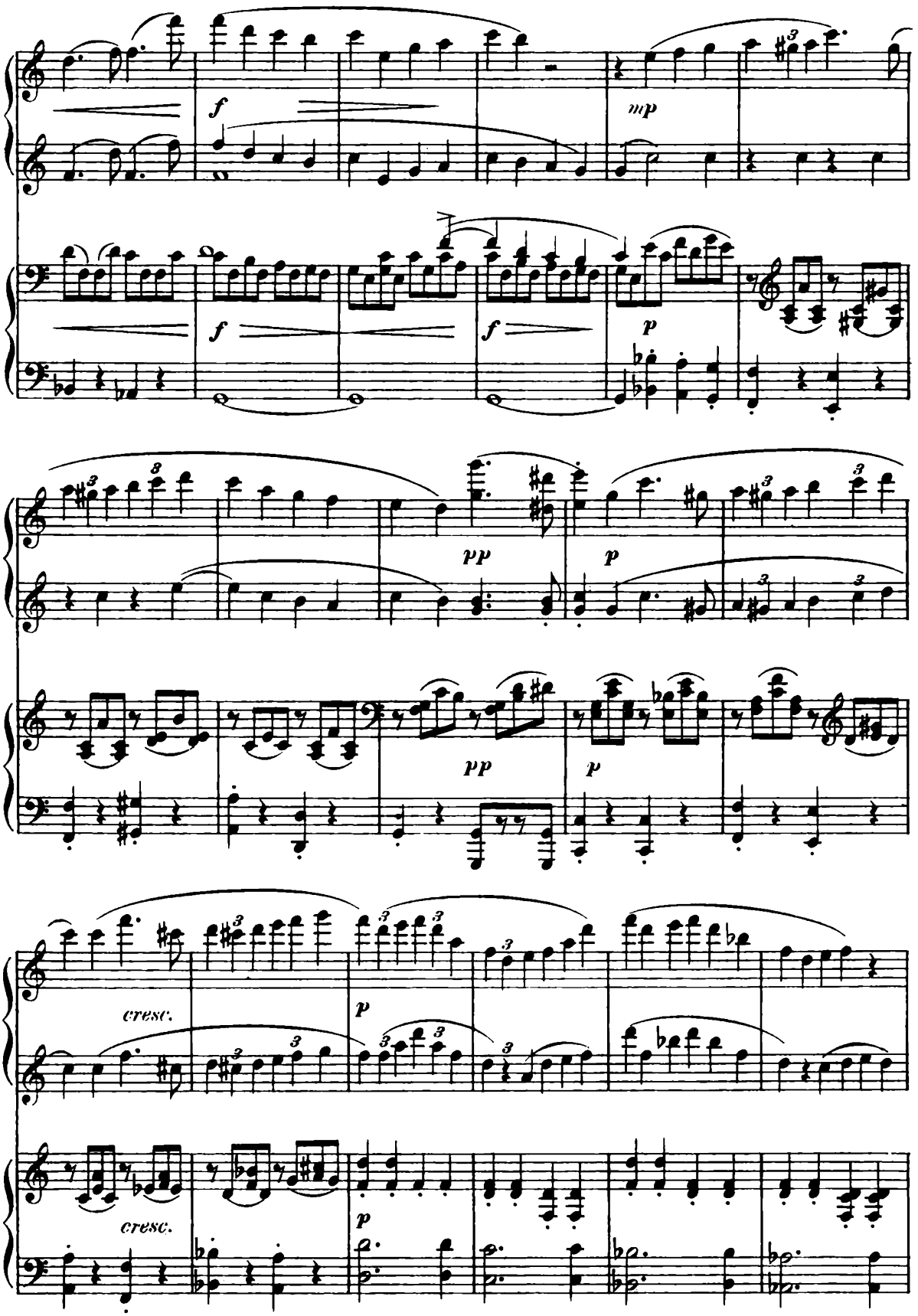

mp
cresc.
mf
pp stacc.
mp
cresc.
pp
stacc.
cresc.
stacc.
cresc.
f
cresc.
ff stacc.
f
cresc.
ff stacc.

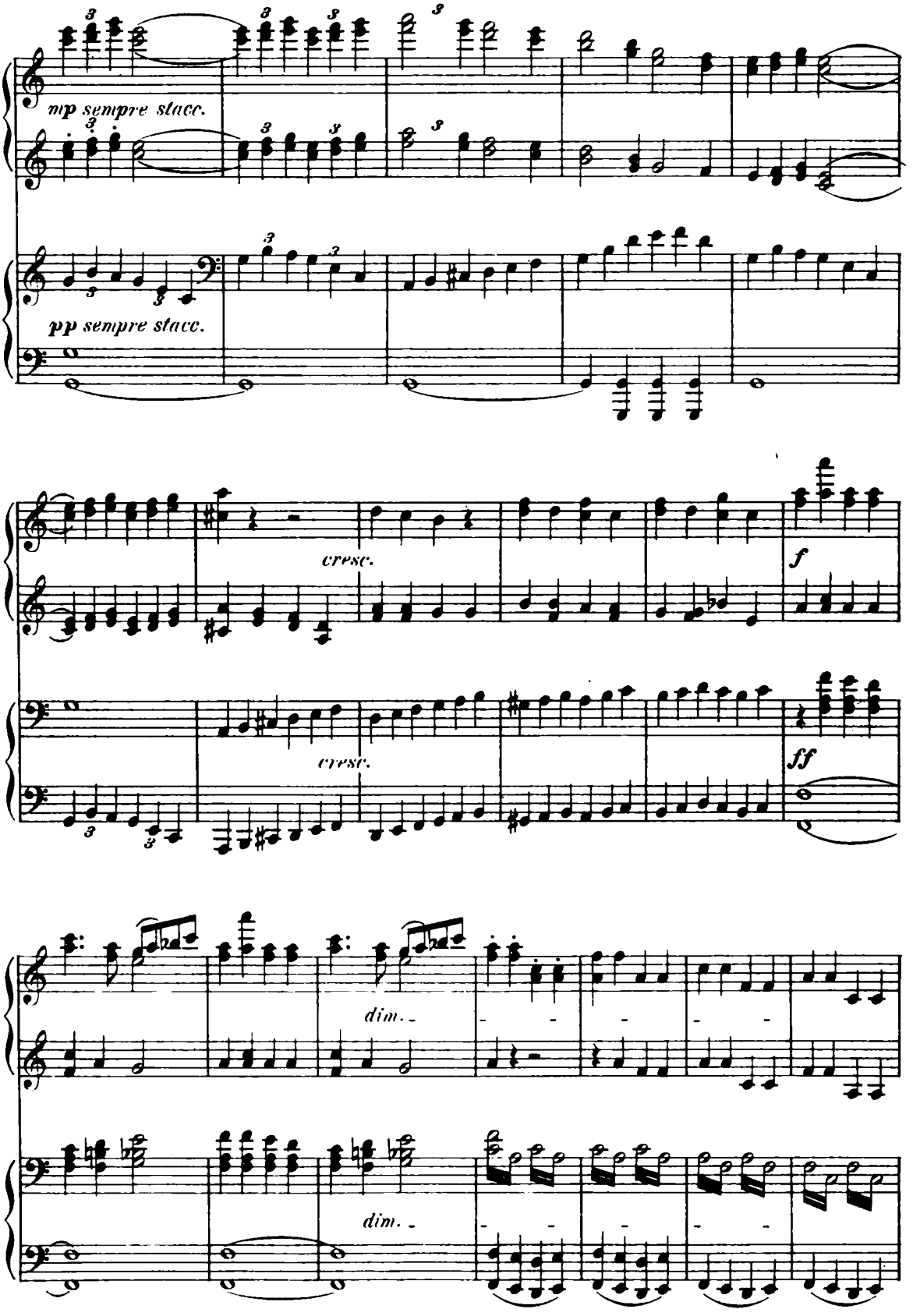

dim.
dim.
Ped.
ff
molto
ff
8
ff
p
ff

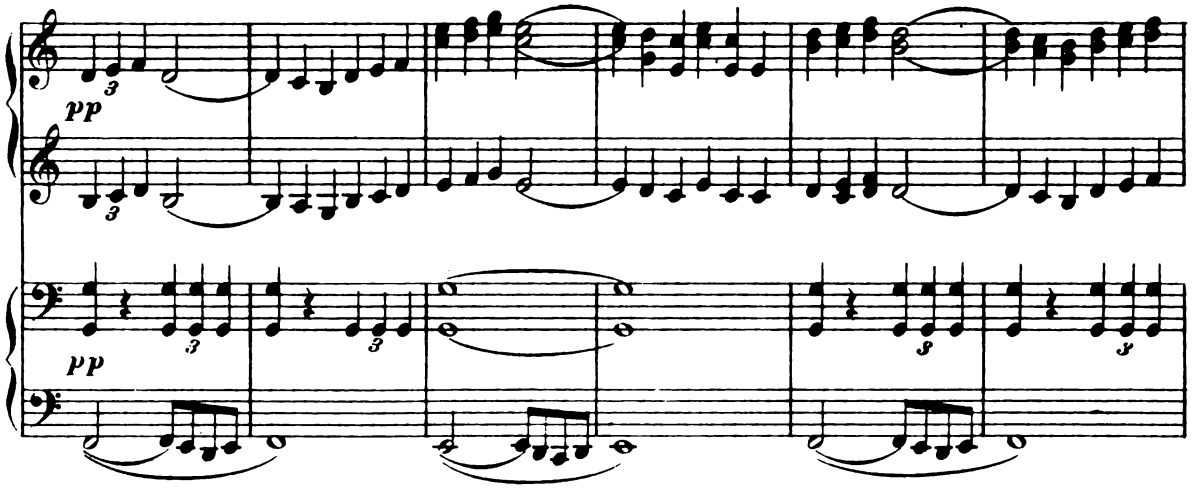

8
cresc.
cresc.
ff
p
mf
p
mf
ff
nf
p
mf
p
cresc.
p

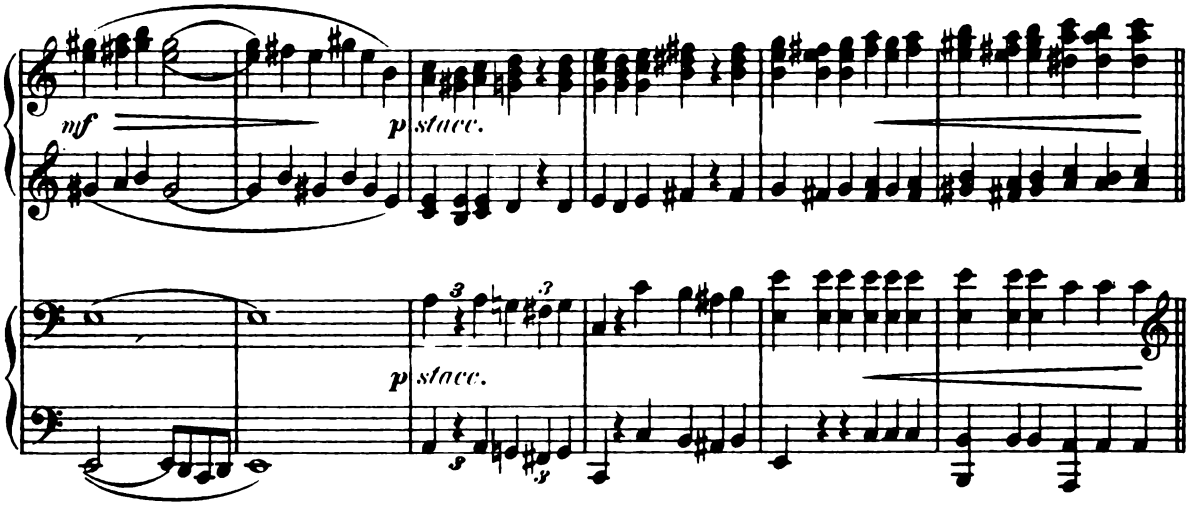

nf
cresc.
nf
cresc.
ff
8
f
8
cresc.
ffsf
sf
cresc.
ff


8
sf
sf
dim.
p
p
pp
cantabile
p
cresc.
cresc.

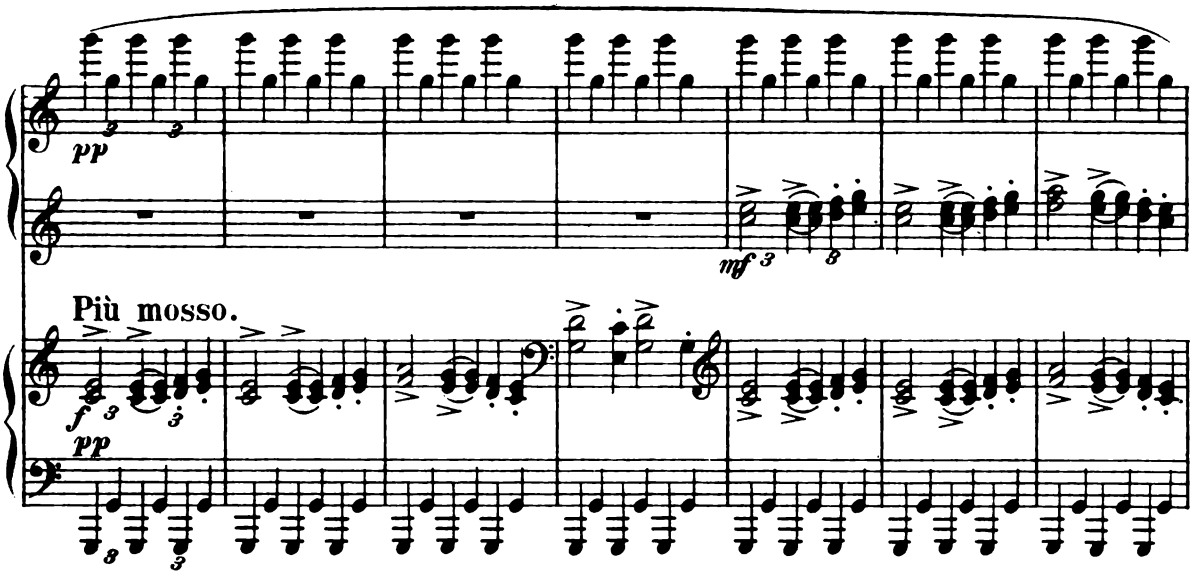

f
mp
f
f
p
pp
p
pp
p
cresc.
p
cresc.
p

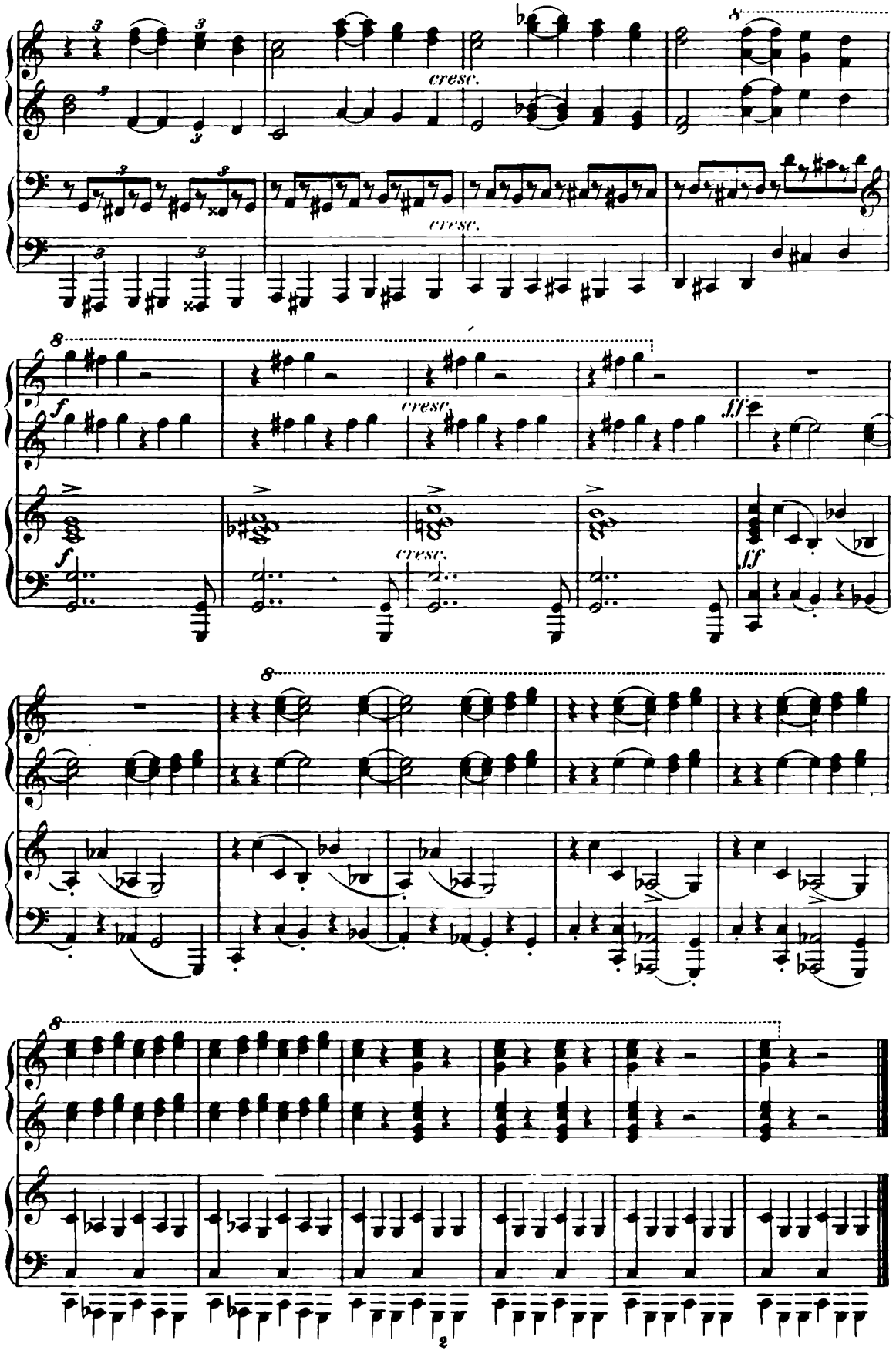

mp sempre stacc.
pp sempre stacc.
cresc.
cresc.
f
ff
dim.
dim.





Più mosso.

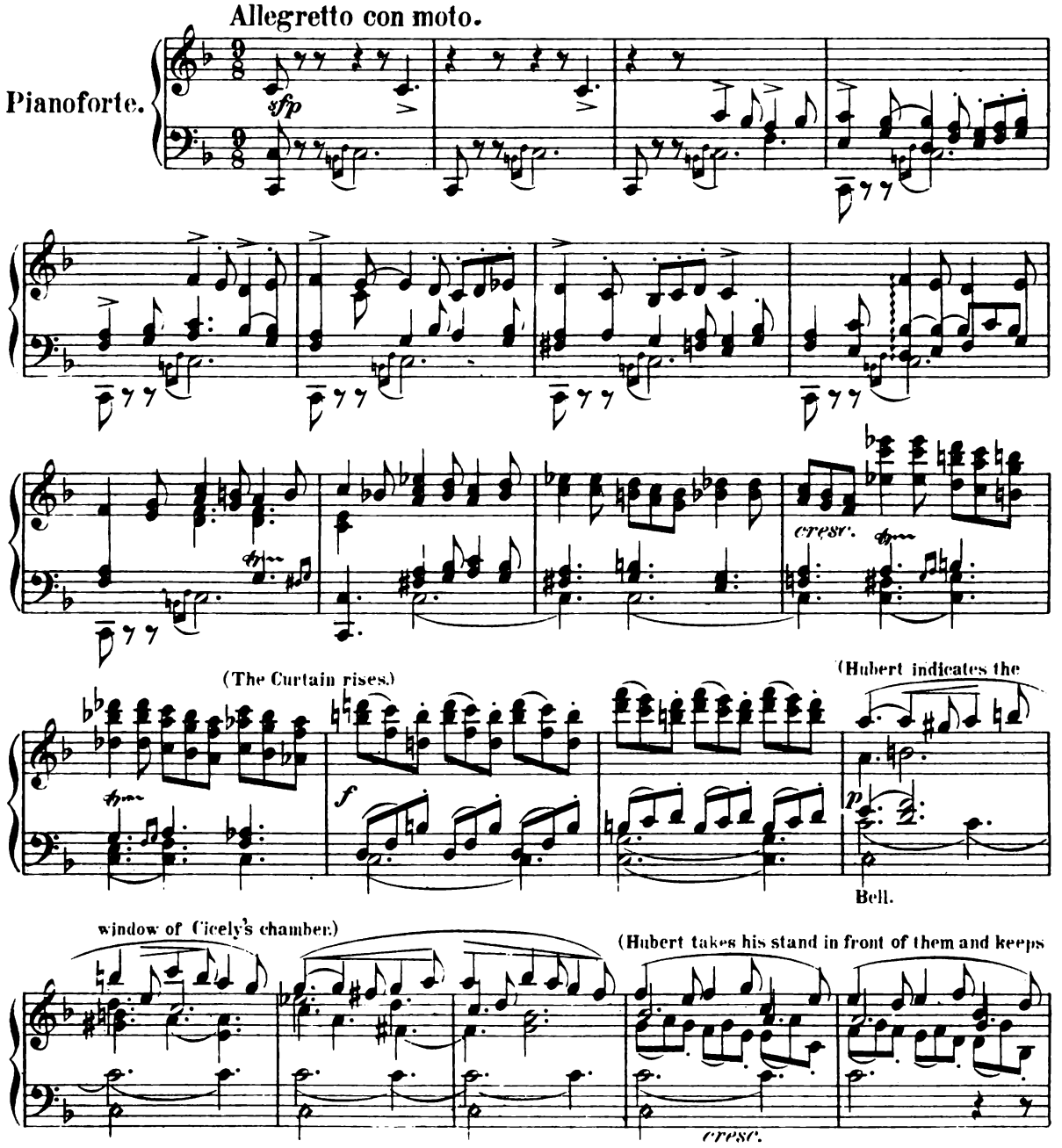



cresc.
cresc.
cresc.
cresc.
fff
ff

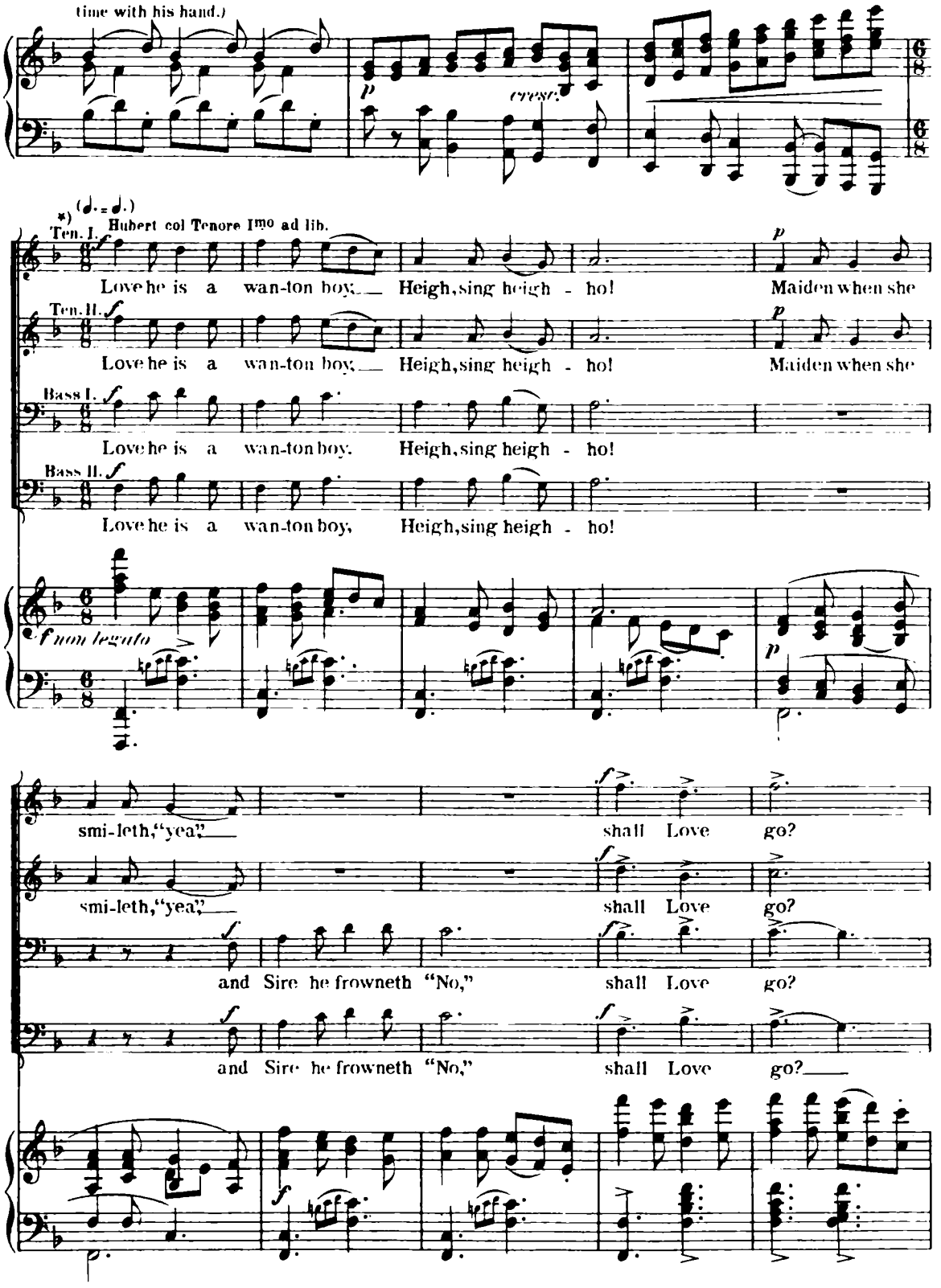
The Canterbury Pilgrims.

Act I.

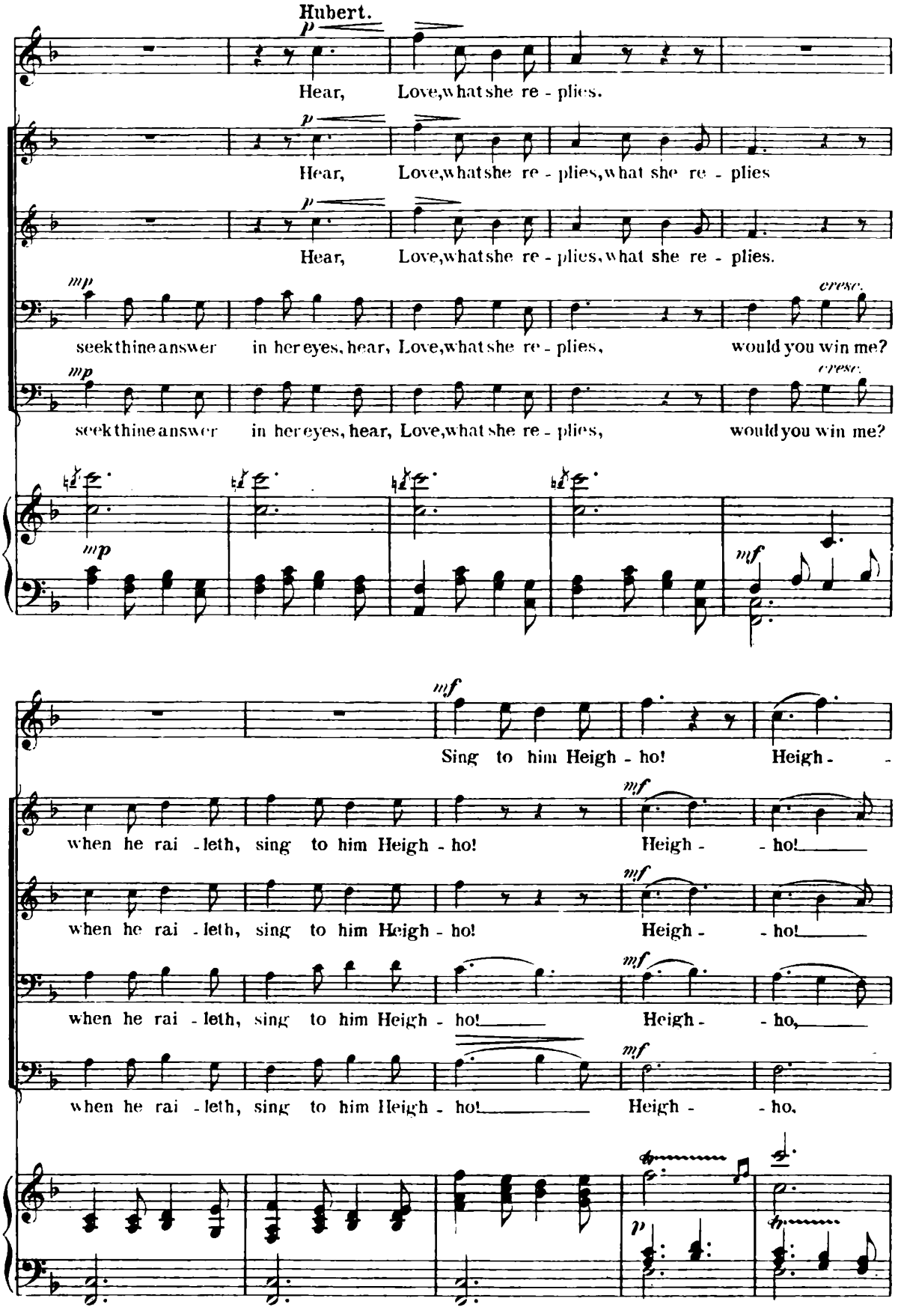
The scene represents the exterior of the Tabard Inn, Southwark, as it appeared at about the close of the 14th century. L, with built porch, the principal guest entrance— in a line with this, and continuing to back of stage, the main block of the building, making with the right wing which forms the back of the scene two sides of a quadrangle, of which the third R is supplied by a wall pierced in the centre with a large gateway opening on to the road beyond. Background above this of limetrees in spring foliage. Right round the two sides of the Tabard a wooden balcony (roofed and supported on columns beneath) forms a double colonnade— the portion on the left above the porch being practicable. Table and rough benches R–L.C., and L. As the curtain rises, the hour of five is striking, and Hubert and his fellow 'prentices headed by Wat and Will are discovered assembling in the courtyard of the Inn and sing a Madrigal, the parts of which some hold in their hands, while others are receiving them from Hubert who is distributing them; ranging the singers at the same time beneath Cicely's window.

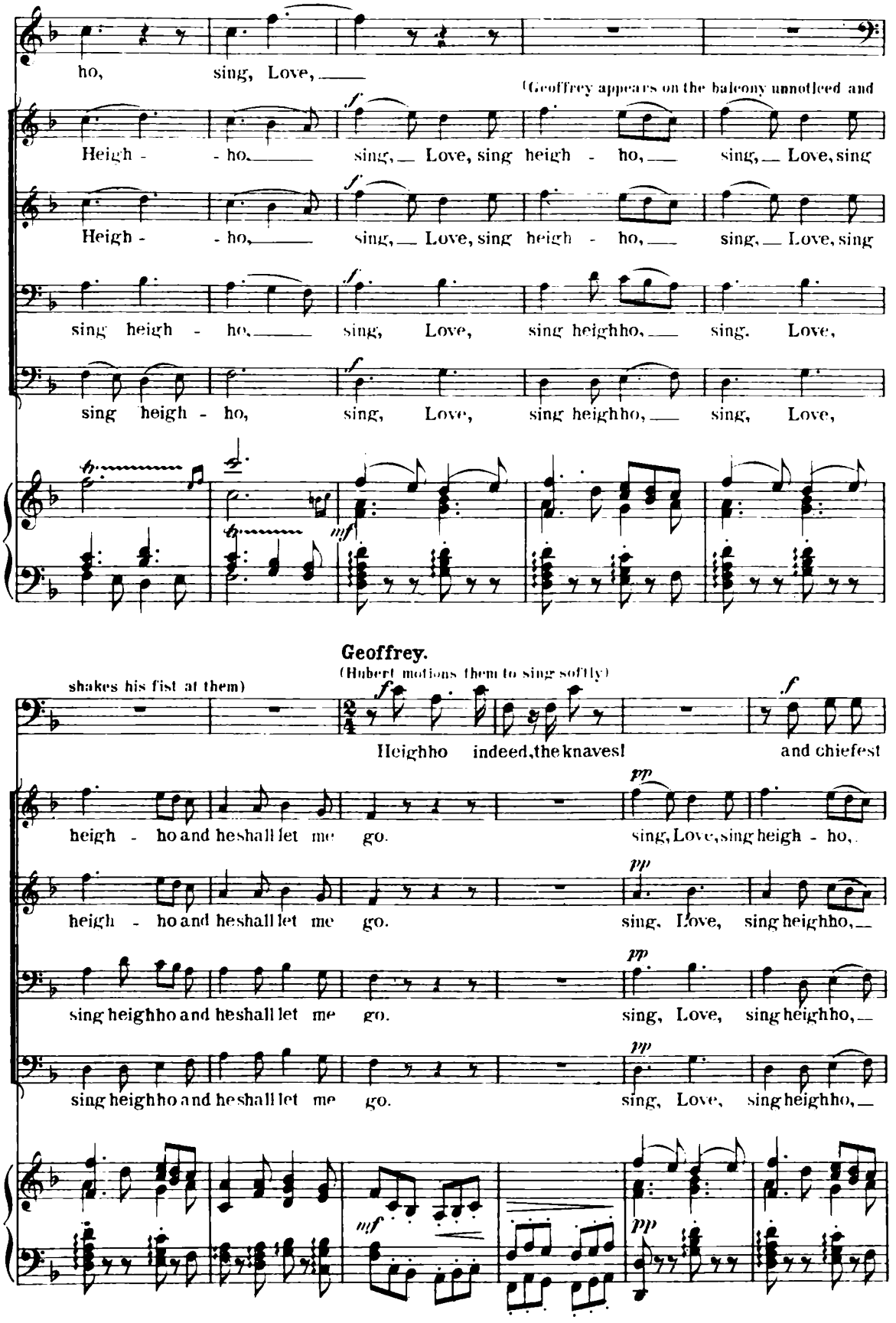


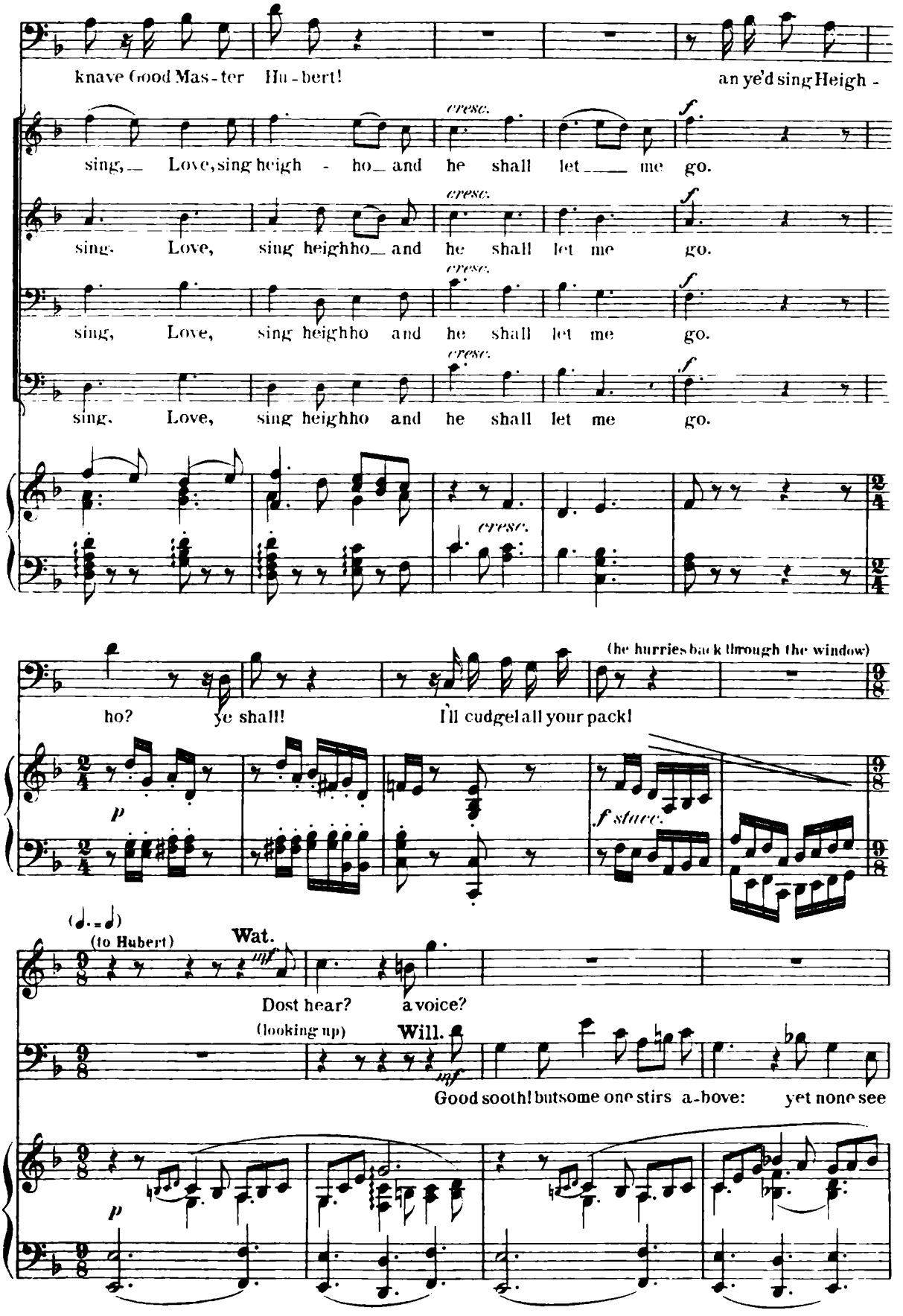
Scene I.

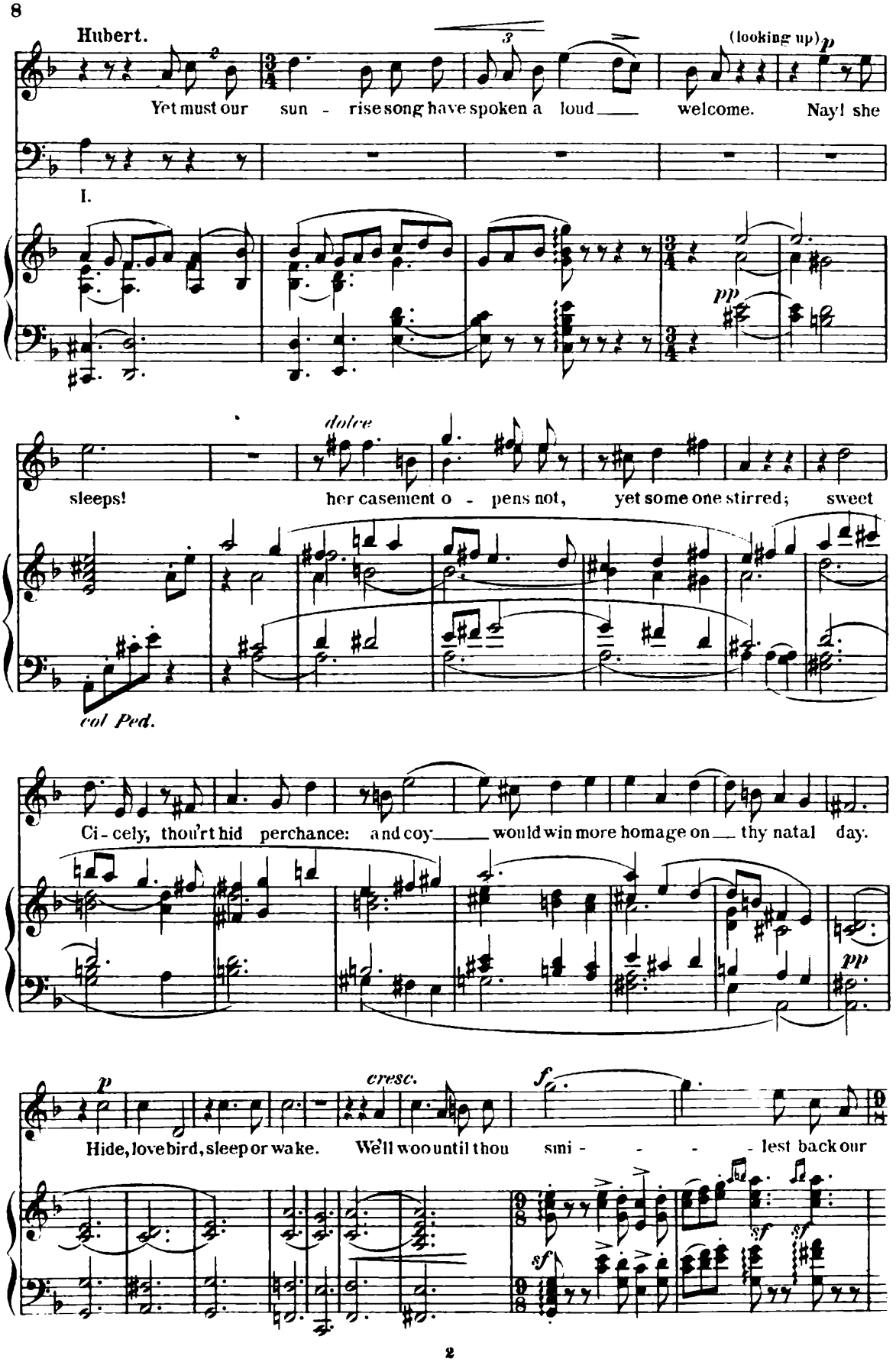


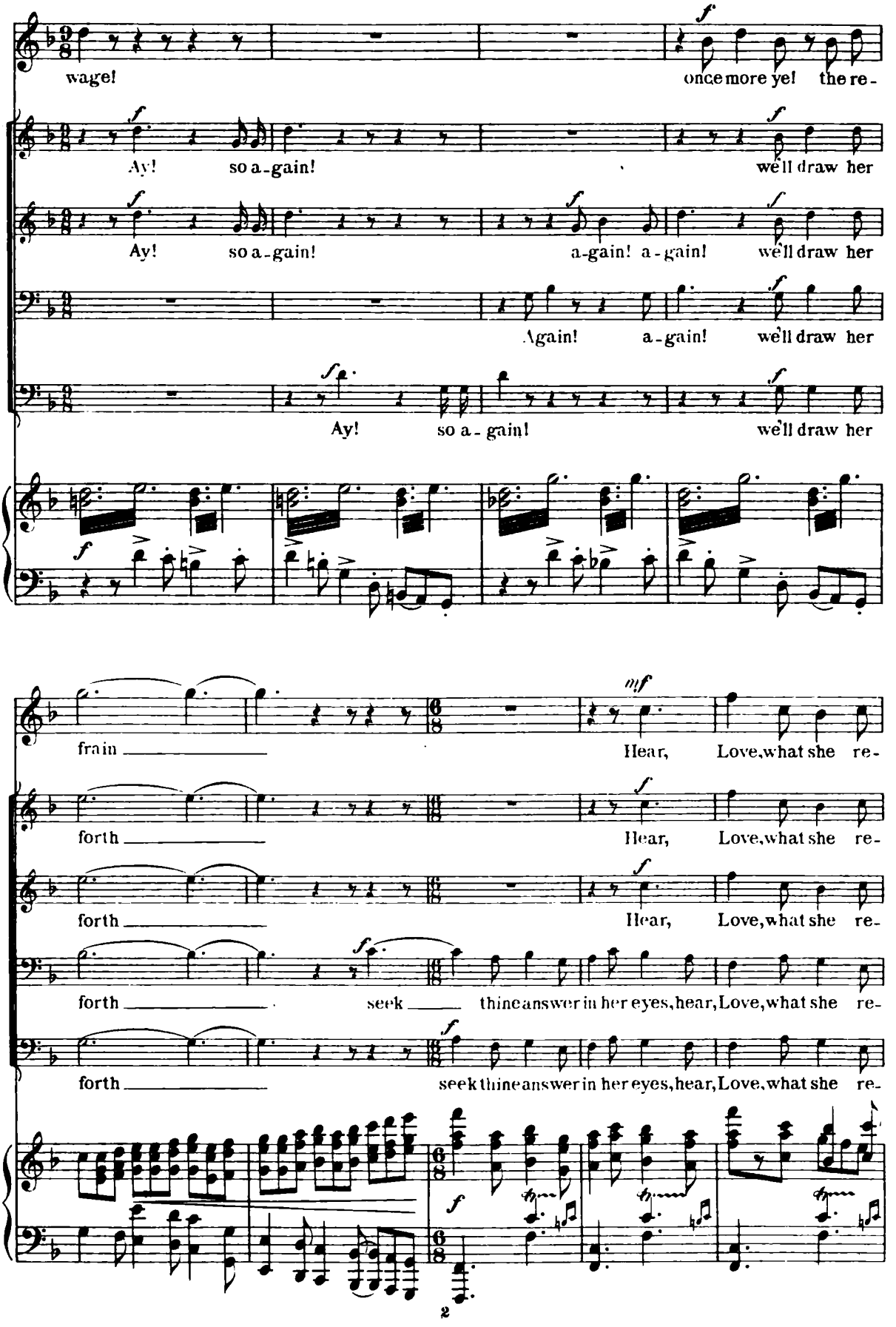
*) The tune employed in this chorus is (with some slight alterations) that of the old English song or round "Sumer is i-cumen in," which has been referred on good authority to the earlier part of the 13th century, and is the oldest specimen of secular part music that is known to exist.

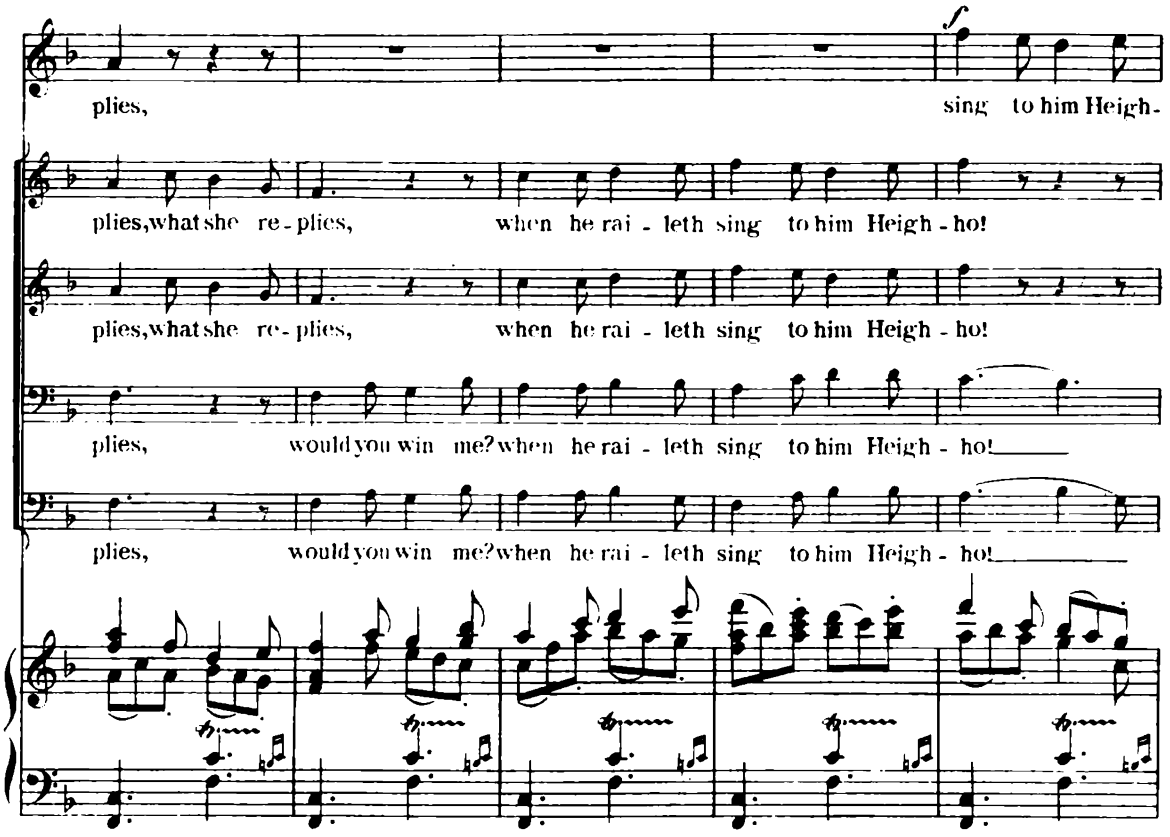

Hubert.
p
Hear, Love, what she re - plies.
Hear, Love, what she re - plies, what she re - plies
Hear, Love, what she re - plies, what she re - plies.
mp
cresc.
seek thine answer in her eyes, hear, Love, what she re - plies, would you win me?
seek thine answer in her eyes, hear, Love, what she re - plies, would you win me?
mf
Sing to him Heigh - ho! Heigh -
when he rai - leth, sing to him Heigh - ho! Heigh - ho!
when he rai - leth, sing to him Heigh - ho! Heigh - ho,
when he rai - leth, sing to him Heigh - ho! Heigh - ho.

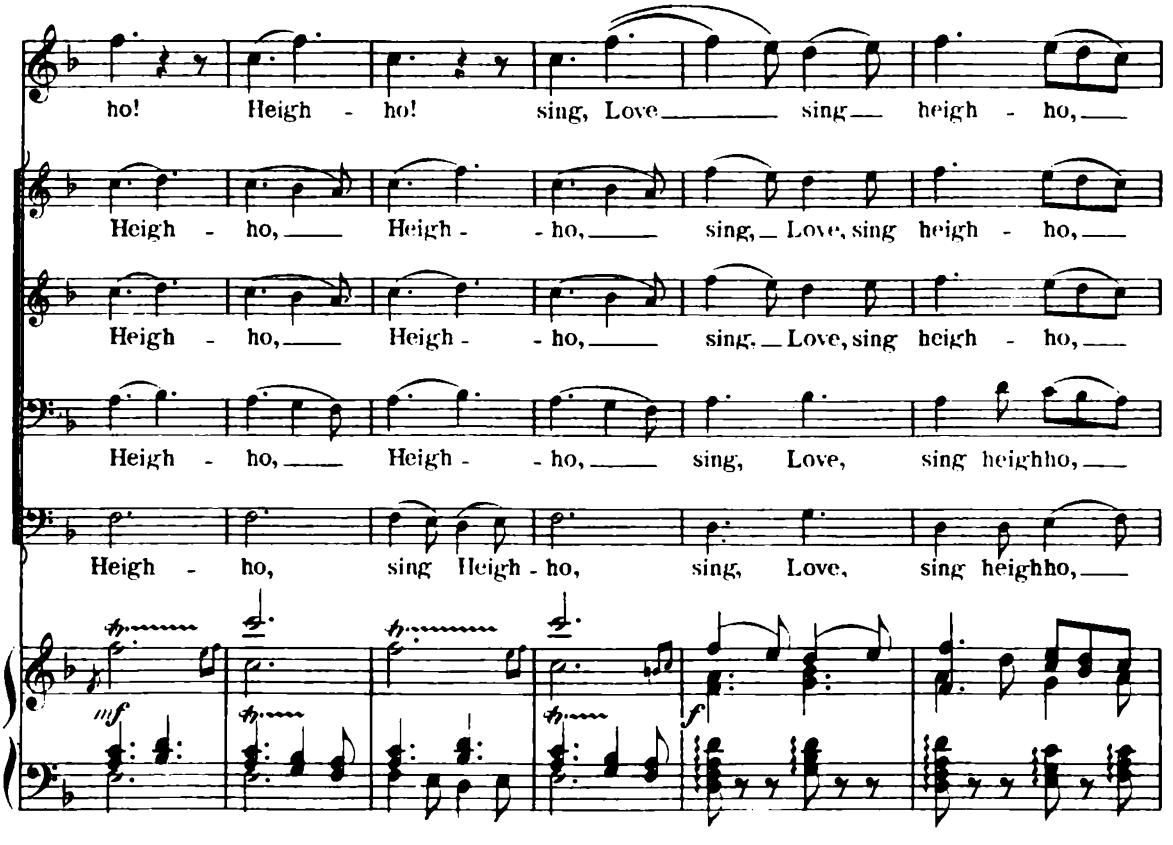

ho, sing, Love,
(Geoffrey appears on the balcony unnoticed and
Heigh - - ho, sing, Love, sing heigh - ho, sing, Love, sing
Heigh - - ho, sing, Love, sing heigh - ho, sing, Love, sing
sing heigh - ho, sing, Love, sing heighho, sing. Love,
sing heigh - ho, sing, Love, sing heighho, sing, Love,
Geoffrey.
(Hubert motions them to sing softly)
shakes his fist at them)
Heighho indeed, the knaves! and chiefest
heigh - ho and he shall let me go. sing, Love, sing heigh - ho,
heigh - ho and he shall let me go. sing, Love, sing heighho,
sing heighho and he shall let me go. sing, Love, sing heighho,
sing heighho and he shall let me go. sing, Love, sing heighho,

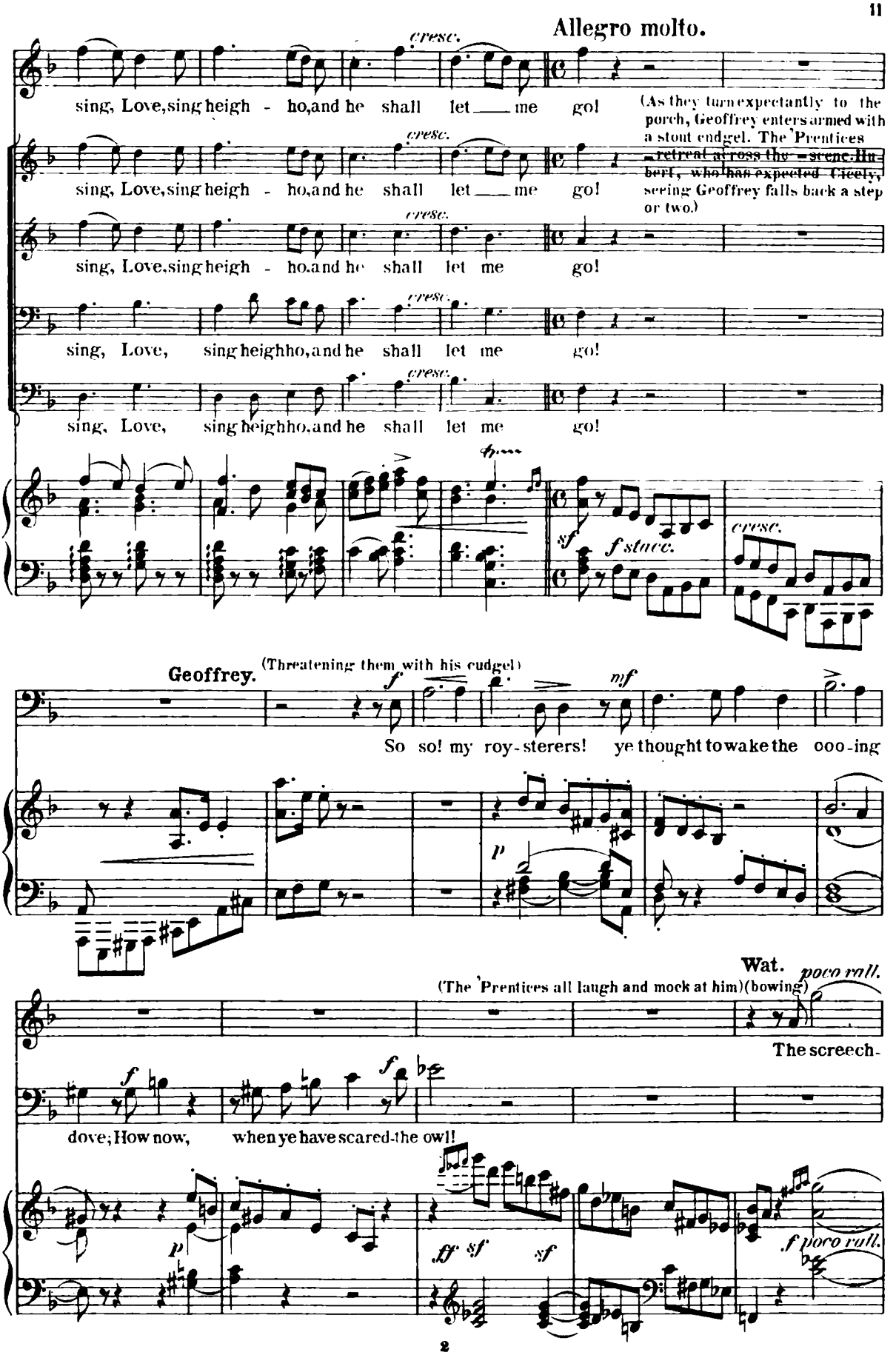

knave Good Mas-ter Hu-bert!
an ye'd sing Heigh -
cresc.
f
sing,_ Love, sing heigh - ho_ and he shall let____ me go.
sing. Love, sing heighho_ and he shall let me go.
sing, Love, sing heighho and he shall let me go.
sing. Love, sing heighho and he shall let me go.
(he hurries back through the window)
ho? ye shall! I'll cudgel all your pack!
p
f stacc.
(to Hubert)
Wat.
mf
Dost hear? a voice?
(looking up)
Will.
mf
Good sooth! but some one stirs a-bove: yet none see
p

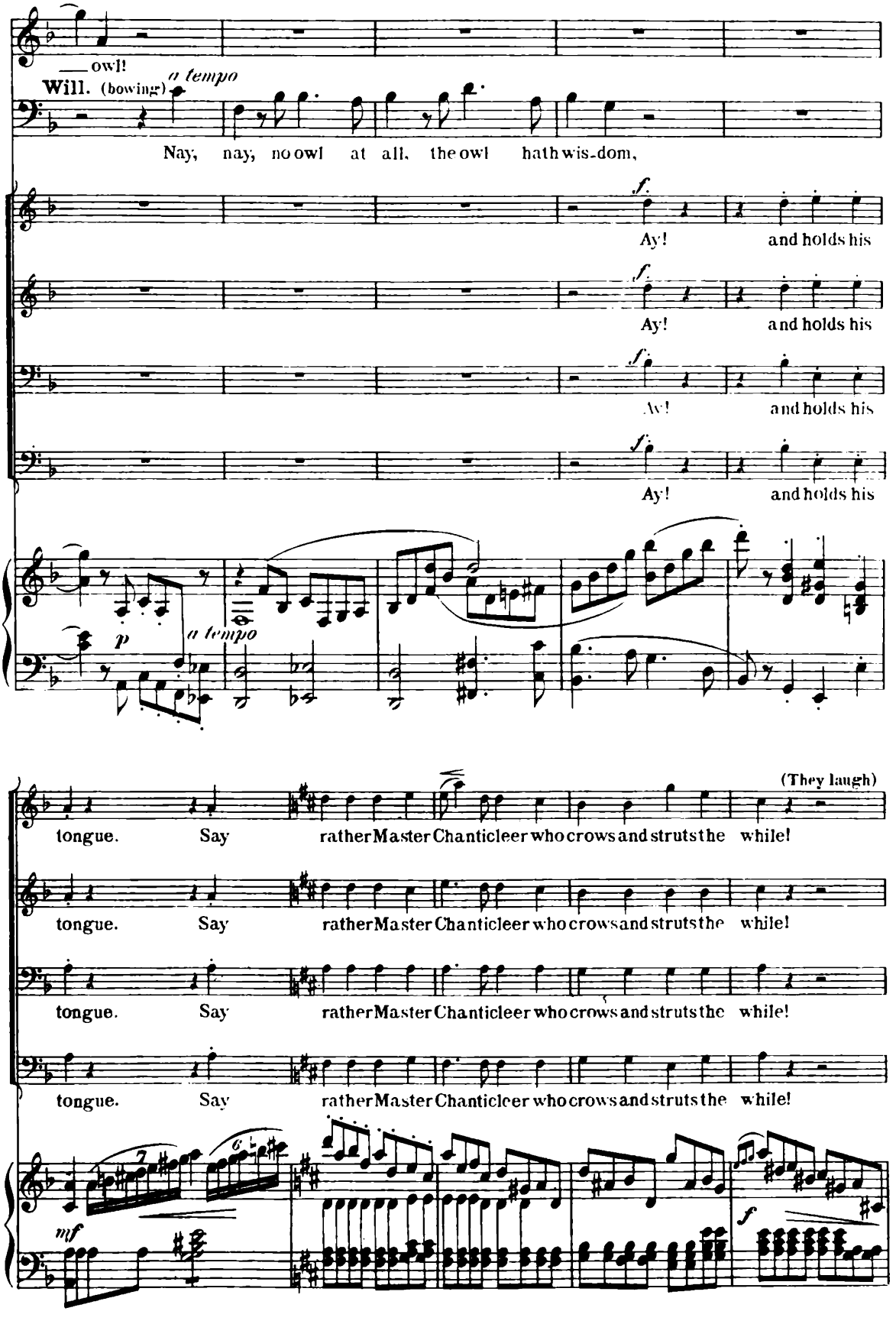

Hubert.
(looking up)
Yet must our sun - rise song have spoken a loud welcome. Nay! she
I.
sleeps! her casement o - pens not, yet some one stirred; sweet
dolce
col Ped.
Ci - cely, thou'rt hid perchance: and coy would win more homage on thy natal day.
Hide, love bird, sleep or wake. We'll woo until thou smi - lest back our
cresc.


wage!
once more ye! the re-
Ay! so a-gain!
we'll draw her
Ay! so a-gain!
a-gain! a-gain!
we'll draw her
Again! a-gain!
we'll draw her
Ay! so a-gain!
we'll draw her
frain
Hear, Love, what she re-
forth
Hear, Love, what she re-
forth
Hear, Love, what she re-
forth
seek thine answer in her eyes, hear, Love, what she re-
forth
seek thine answer in her eyes, hear, Love, what she re-


plies,
sing to him Heigh-
plies, what she re-plies, when he rai-leth sing to him Heigh-ho!
plies, what she re-plies, when he rai-leth sing to him Heigh-ho!
plies, would you win me? when he rai-leth sing to him Heigh-ho!
plies, would you win me? when he rai-leth sing to him Heigh-ho!


ho! Heigh - ho! sing, Love sing heigh - ho,
Heigh - ho, Heigh - ho, sing, Love, sing heigh - ho,
Heigh - ho, Heigh - ho, sing, Love, sing heigh - ho,
Heigh - ho, Heigh - ho, sing, Love, sing heighho,
Heigh - ho, sing Heigh-ho, sing, Love, sing heighho,


Allegro molto.
cresc.
sing, Love, sing heigh - ho, and he shall let me go!
(As they turn expectantly to the porch, Geoffrey enters armed with a stout cudgel. The 'Prentices retreat across the scene. Hubert, who has expected Cicely, seeing Geoffrey falls back a step or two.)
sing, Love, sing heigh - ho, and he shall let me go!
sing, Love, sing heighho, and he shall let me go!
sing, Love, sing heighho, and he shall let me go!
sf
f stacc.
Geoffrey.
(Threatening them with his cudgel)
So so! my roy-sterers! ye thought to wake the ooo-ing
Wat.
(The 'Prentices all laugh and mock at him)(bowing)
poco rall.
The screech-
dove; How now, when ye have scared the owl!
ff sf
sf
f poco rall.


owl!
Will. (bowing)
a tempo
Nay, nay, no owl at all, the owl hath wis-dom,
f
Ay! and holds his
Ay! and holds his
Ay! and holds his
Ay! and holds his
p
a tempo
(They laugh)
tongue. Say rather Master Chanticleer who crows and struts the while!
tongue. Say rather Master Chanticleer who crows and struts the while!
tongue. Say rather Master Chanticleer who crows and struts the while!
tongue. Say rather Master Chanticleer who crows and struts the while!
mf
f

Geoffrey.
(angry)

Ay, I can crow and strut, but mark you, I strut on mine own

heap, begone! begone! begone!

A fight - ing cock! a fight - ing cock! a fight - - - ing

A fight - ing cock! a fight - ing cock! a fight - - - ing

A fight - ing cock! a fight - ing cock! a fight - - - ing

A fight - ing cock! a fight - ing cock! a fight - - - ing

stacc.

Hubert.
(still at L.)

Nay taunt him not, let be!

Begone, I say!

Let be thy-self! thou churl, this prank is

cock!

cock!

(Geoffrey turns on Hubert and comes between him and the porch.)

cock!

cock!

(he shakes his cudgel at him)

thine, yonder the gates! dost hear me? out!

Fie, fie, fie, fie! Sir

Fie, fie, fie, fie, fie, fie! Sir

Fie, fie, fie, fie, fie, fie, fie! Sir

Fie, fie, fie, fie, fie, fie! Sir

cresc.

mf

(crossing rapidly after them again)

Out! go, you

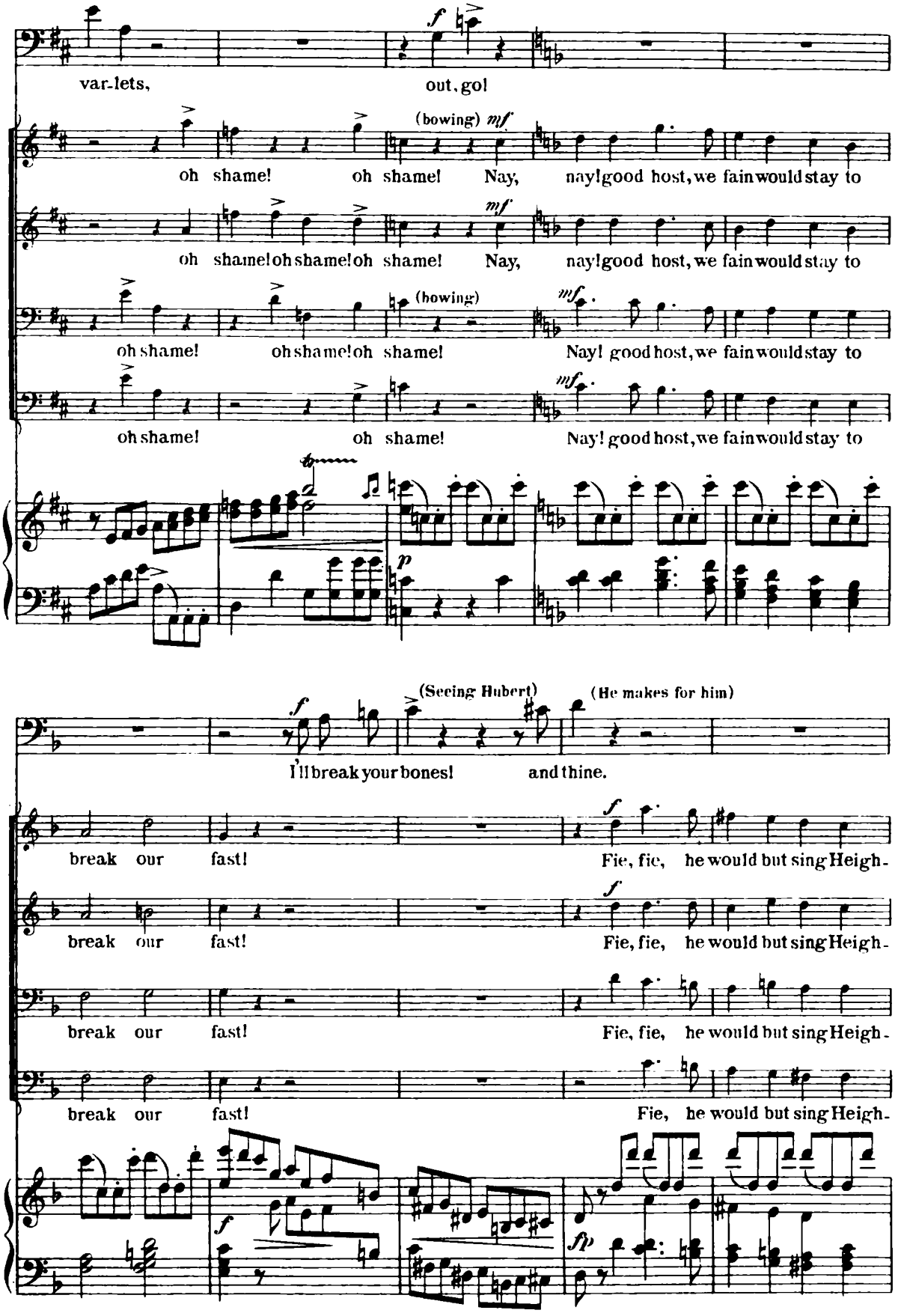
Chan - ticleer, to win thy spurs in war on a poor singing bird, oh shame!

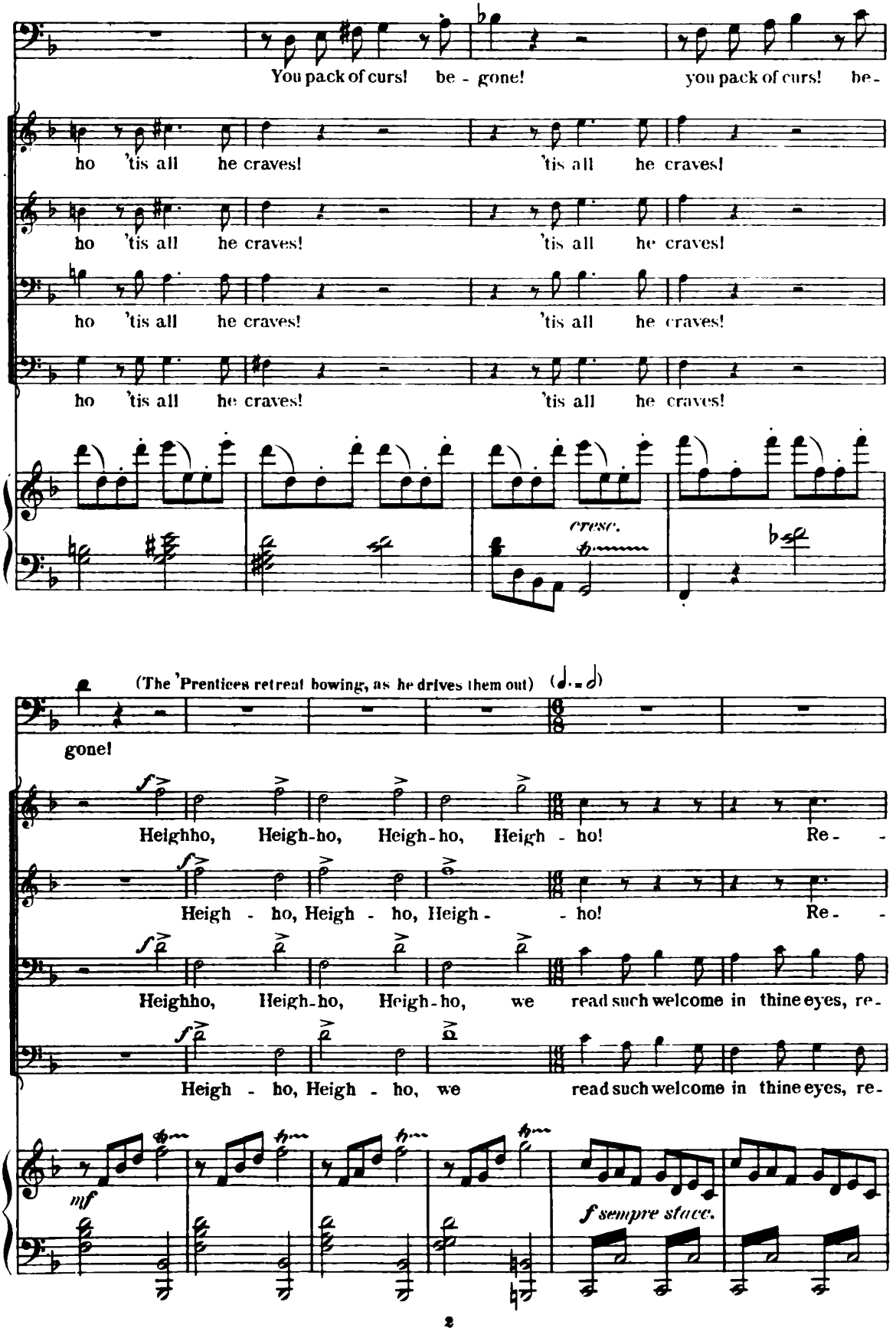
Chan - ticleer, to win thy spurs in war on a poor singing bird, oh shame!

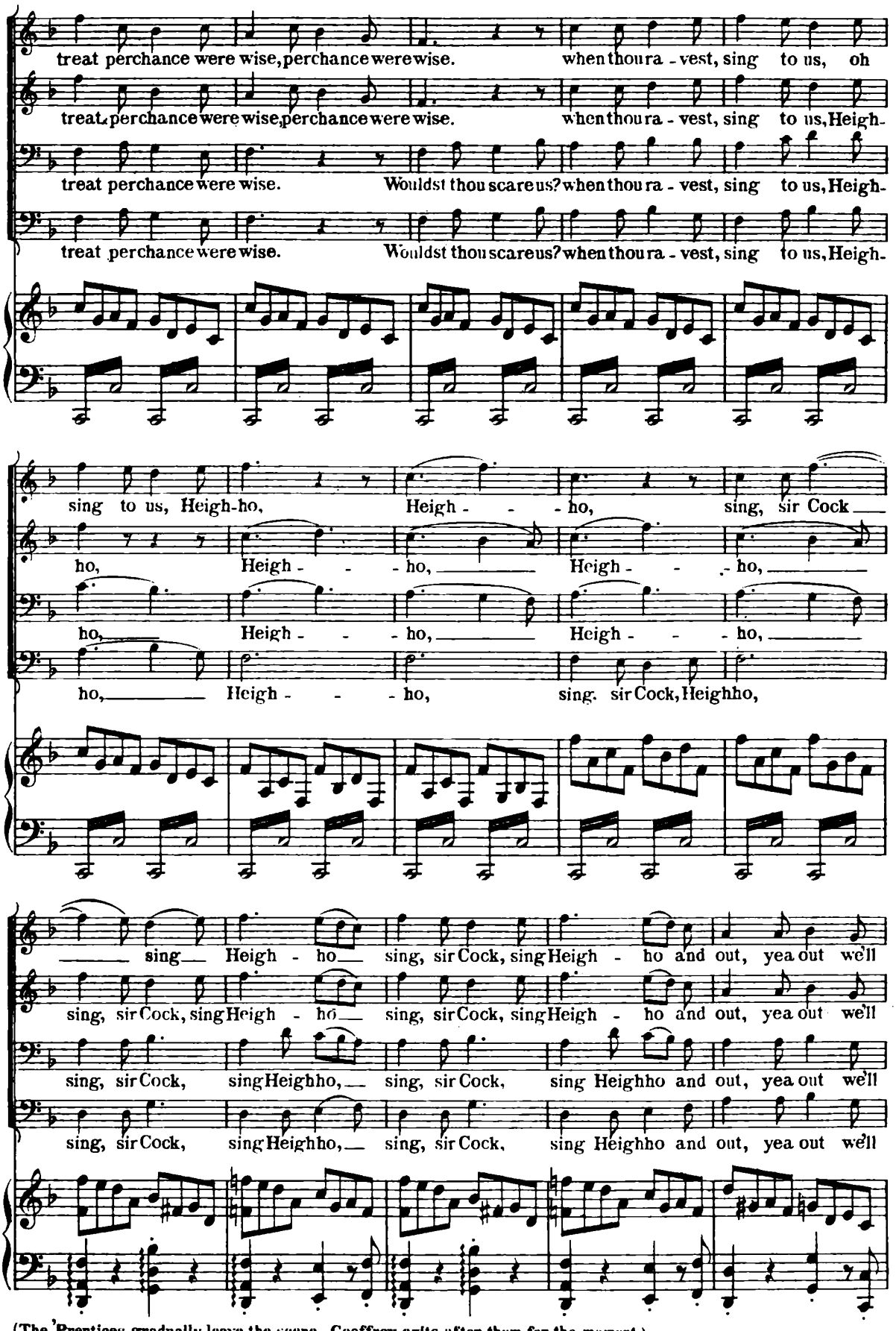
Chan - ticleer, to win thy spurs in war on a poor singing bird, oh shame!

Chan - ticleer, to win thy spurs in war on a poor singing bird, oh shame!

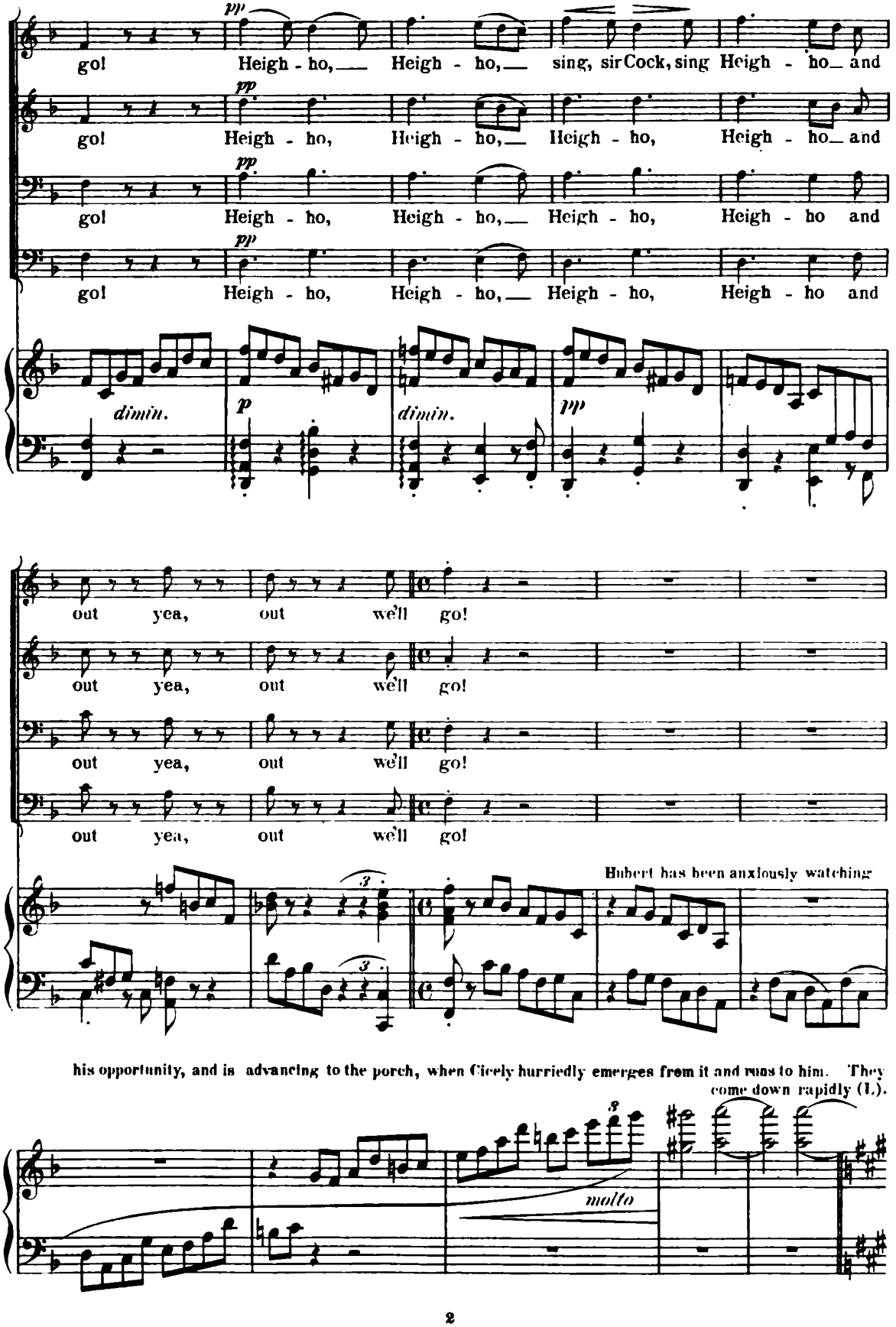
p


var-lets,
out, go!
(bowing)
oh shame! oh shame! Nay, nay! good host, we fain would stay to
oh shame! oh shame! oh shame! Nay, nay! good host, we fain would stay to
oh shame! oh shame! oh shame! Nay! good host, we fain would stay to
oh shame! oh shame! Nay! good host, we fain would stay to
(Seeing Hubert)
(He makes for him)
I'll break your bones! and thine.
break our fast! Fie, fie, he would but sing Heigh-
break our fast! Fie, fie, he would but sing Heigh-
break our fast! Fie, fie, he would but sing Heigh-
break our fast! Fie, he would but sing Heigh-

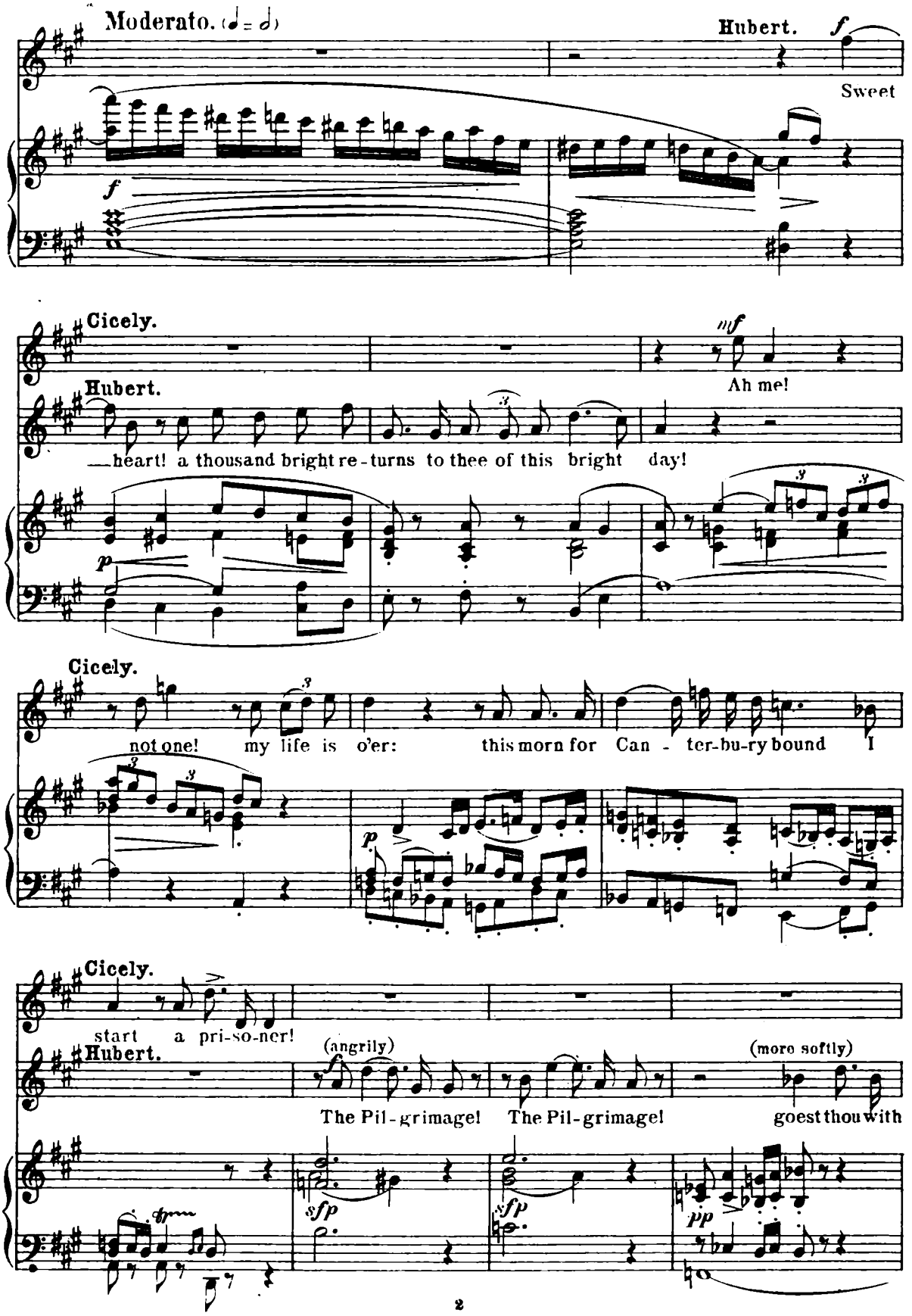

You pack of curs! be - gone! you pack of curs! be-
ho 'tis all he craves! 'tis all he craves!
ho 'tis all he craves! 'tis all he craves!
ho 'tis all he craves! 'tis all he craves!
ho 'tis all he craves! 'tis all he craves!
cresc.
(The 'Prentices retreat bowing, as he drives them out)
gone!
Heighho, Heigh-ho, Heigh-ho, Heigh - ho! Re- -
Heigh - ho, Heigh - ho, Heigh - - ho! Re- -
Heighho, Heigh-ho, Heigh-ho, we read such welcome in thine eyes, re-
Heigh - ho, Heigh - ho, we read such welcome in thine eyes, re-
mf
f sempre stacc.

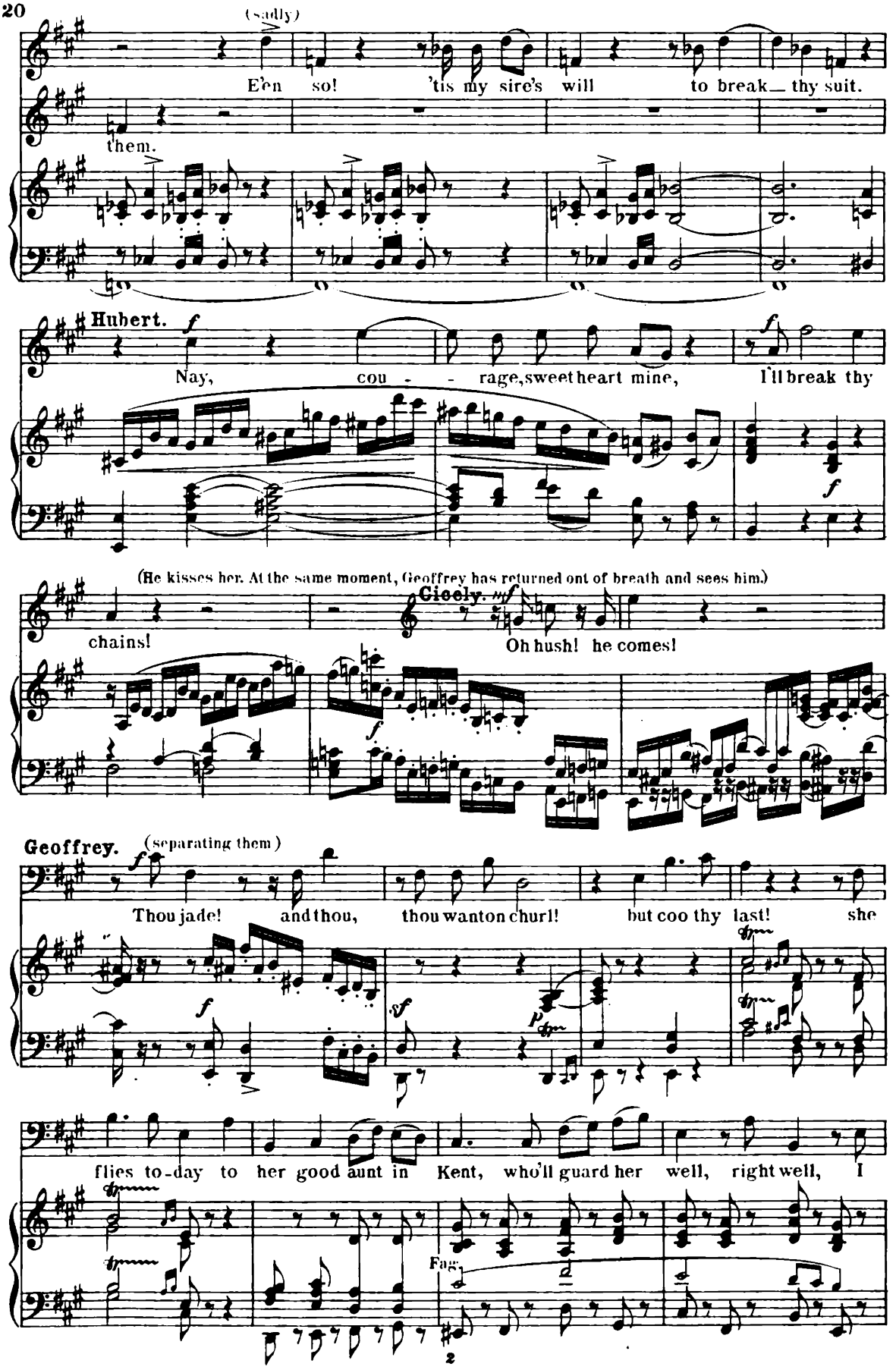


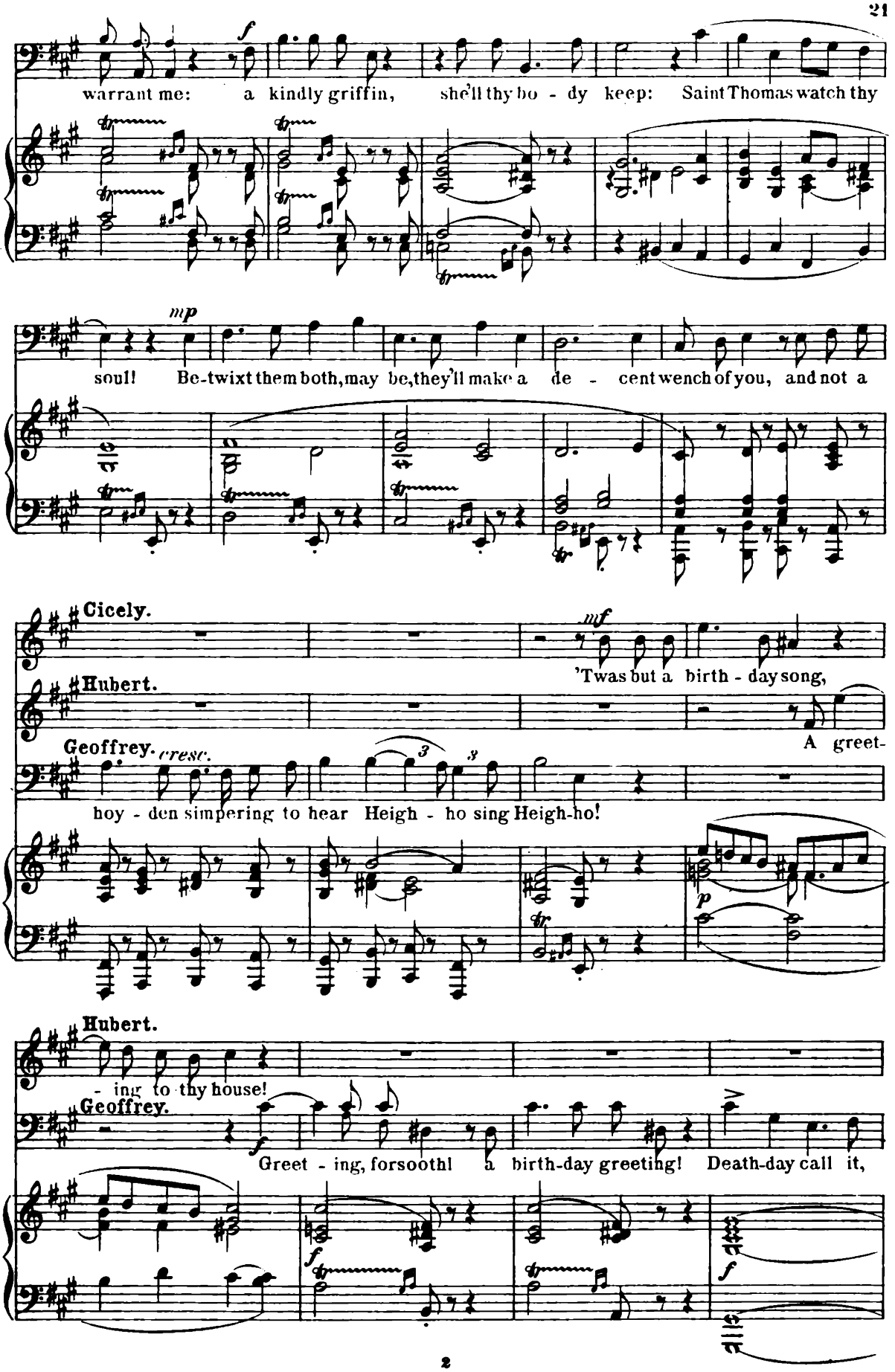
(The 'Prentices gradually leave the scene. Geoffrey exits after them for the moment.)

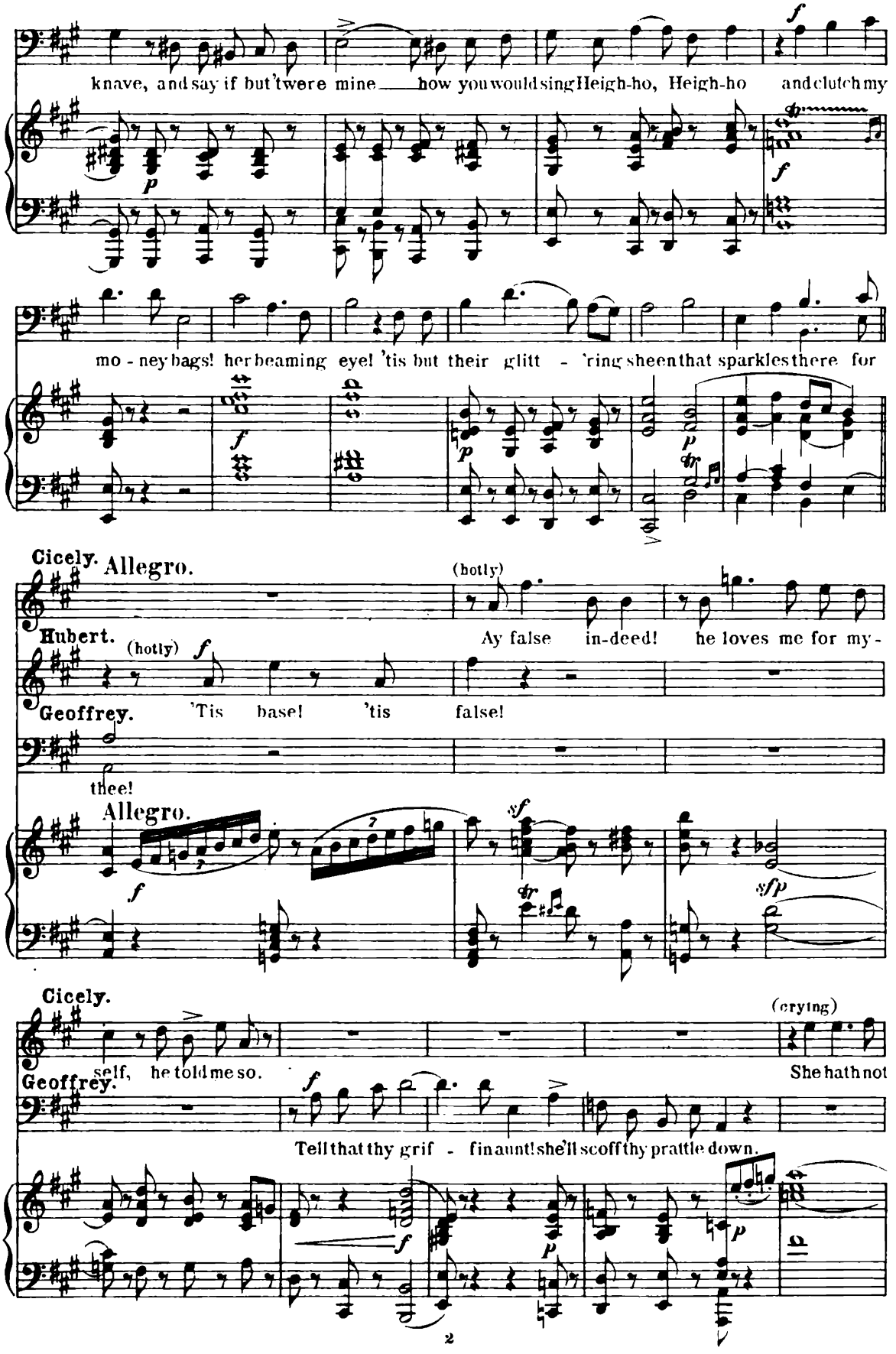

pp
go! Heigh - ho, Heigh - ho, sing, sir Cock, sing Heigh - ho and
go! Heigh - ho, Heigh - ho, Heigh - ho, Heigh - ho and
go! Heigh - ho, Heigh - ho, Heigh - ho, Heigh - ho and
go! Heigh - ho, Heigh - ho, Heigh - ho, Heigh - ho and
dimin.
p
dimin.
pp
out yea, out we'll go!
out yea, out we'll go!
out yea, out we'll go!
out yea, out we'll go!
Hubert has been anxiously watching
his opportunity, and is advancing to the porch, when Cicely hurriedly emerges from it and runs to him. They come down rapidly (L.).
molto

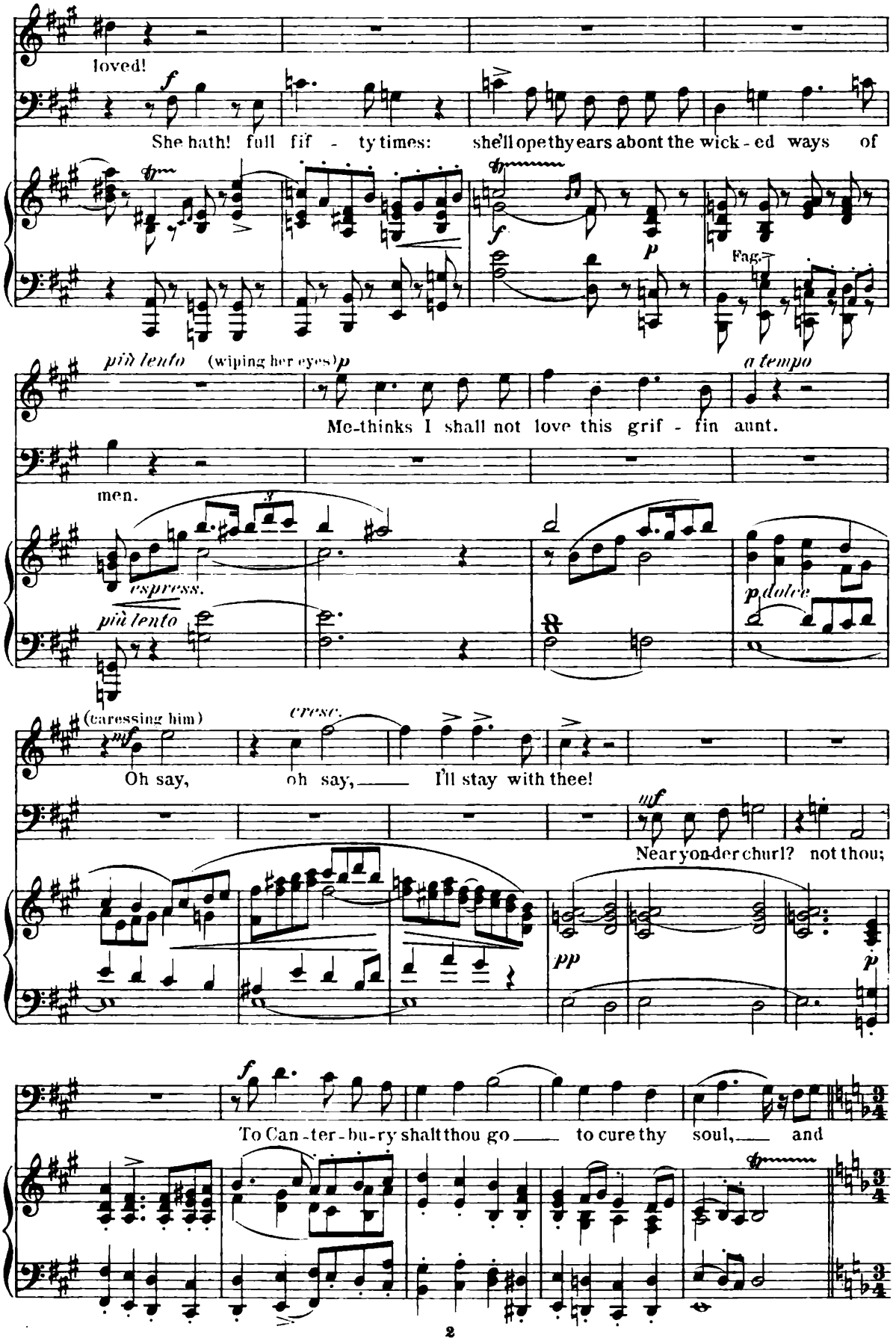
Scene II.

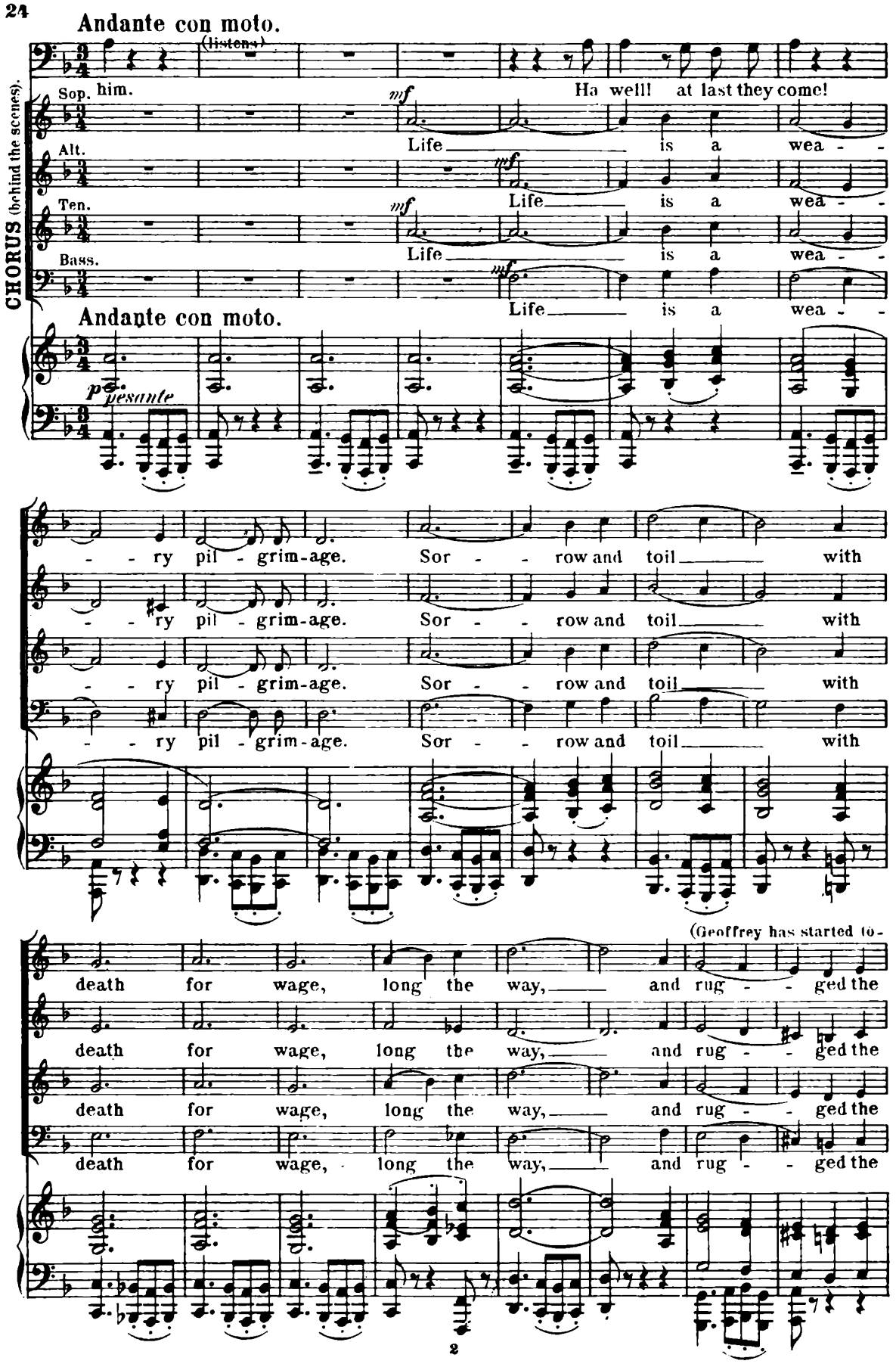

Moderato. (♩ = ♩)
Hubert.
Sweet
Cicely.
Ah me!
Hubert.
heart! a thousand bright re-turns to thee of this bright day!
Cicely.
not one! my life is o'er: this morn for Can - ter-bu-ry bound I
Cicely.
start a pri-so-ner!
Hubert.
(angrily)
The Pil-grimage! The Pil-grimage!
(more softly)
goest thou with


(sadly)
E'en so! 'tis my sire's will to break thy suit.
them.
Hubert.
Nay, cou - - rage, sweetheart mine, I'll break thy
(He kisses her. At the same moment, Geoffrey has returned ont of breath and sees him.)
chains!
Cicely.
Oh hush! he comes!
Geoffrey.
(separating them)
Thou jade! and thou, thou wanton churl! but coo thy last! she
flies to-day to her good aunt in Kent, who'll guard her well, right well, I
Fag.

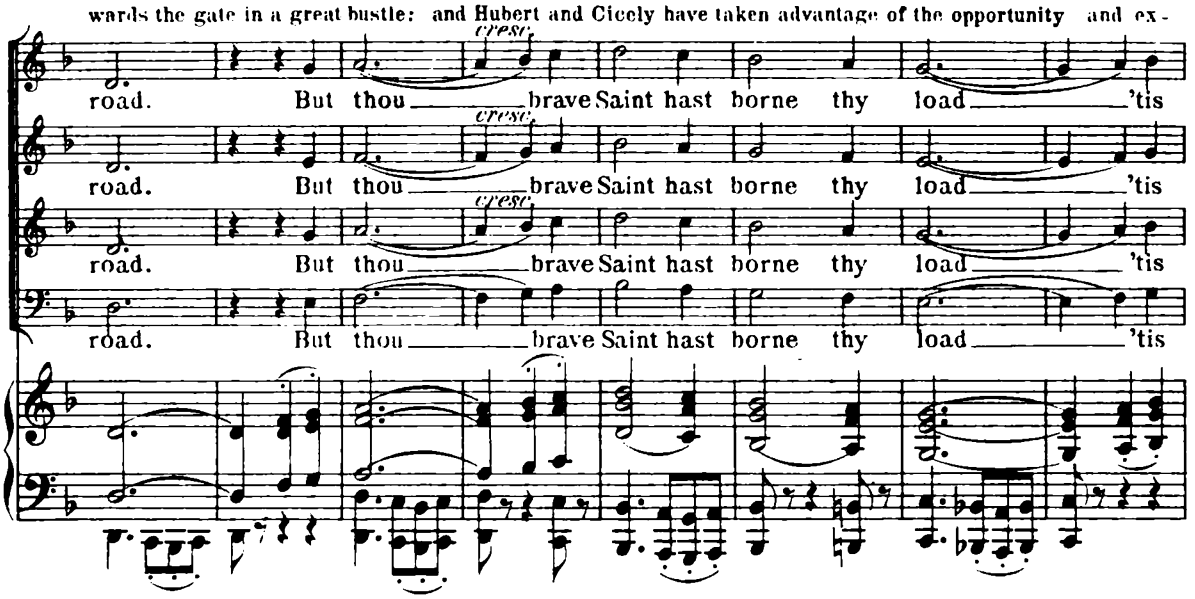

warrant me: a kindly griffin, she'll thy bo - dy keep: Saint Thomas watch thy
soul! Be-twixt them both, may be, they'll make a de - cent wench of you, and not a
Cicely.
'Twas but a birth - day song,
Hubert.
A greet-
Geoffrey.
cresc.
hoy - den simpering to hear Heigh - ho sing Heigh-ho!
Hubert.
- ing to thy house!
Geoffrey.
Greet - ing, forsooth! a birth-day greeting! Death-day call it,


knave, and say if but 'twere mine — how you would sing Heigh-ho, Heigh-ho and clutch my
mo - ney bags! her beaming eye! 'tis but their glitt - 'ring sheen that sparkles there for
Cicely.
Allegro.
(hotly)
Hubert.
(hotly)
Ay false in-deed! he loves me for my-
Geoffrey.
'Tis base! 'tis false!
thee!
Allegro.
Cicely.
(crying)
self, he told me so.
Geoffrey.
She hath not
Tell that thy grif - fin aunt! she'll scoff thy prattle down.

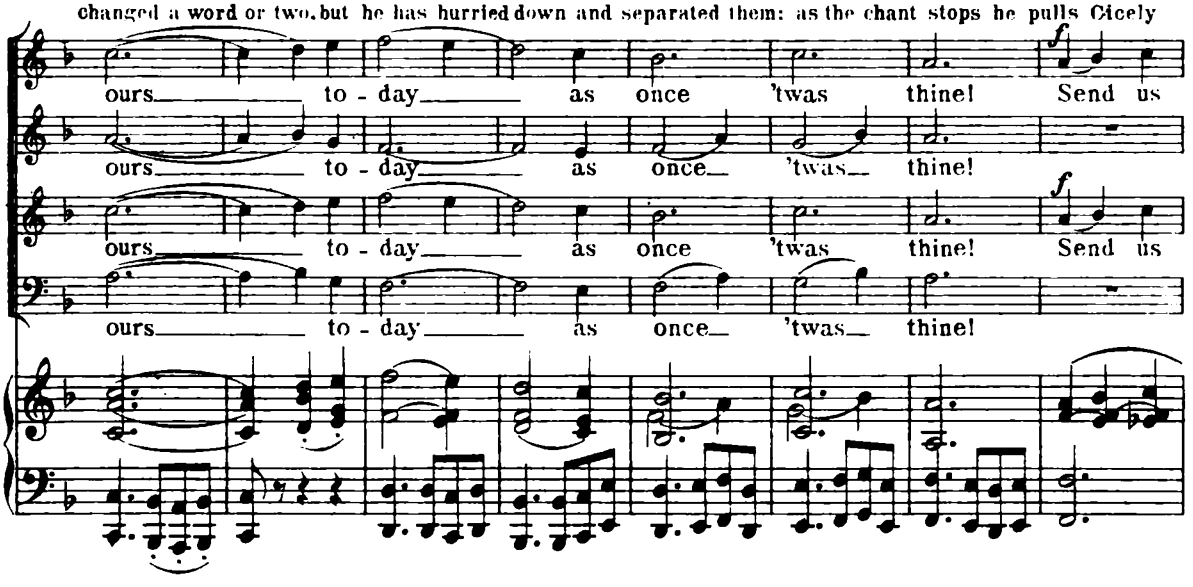

loved!
She hath! full fif - ty times: she'll ope thy ears about the wick - ed ways of
Fag.
più lento (wiping her eyes)
Me-thinks I shall not love this grif - fin aunt.
a tempo
men.
espress.
più lento
p dolce
(caressing him)
cresc.
Oh say, oh say, I'll stay with thee!
Near yon-der churl? not thou;
To Can - ter - bu - ry shalt thou go to cure thy soul, and


Andante con moto.
(listens)
CHORUS (behind the scenes).
Sop.
him.
Ha well! at last they come!
Alt.
Life is a wea - -
Ten.
Life is a wea - -
Bass.
Life is a wea - -
Andante con moto.
p pesante
- - ry pil - grim-age. Sor - - row and toil with
- - ry pil - grim-age. Sor - - row and toil with
- - ry pil - grim-age. Sor - - row and toil with
- - ry pil - grim-age. Sor - - row and toil with
(Geoffrey has started to-
death for wage, long the way, and rug - - ged the
death for wage, long the way, and rug - - ged the
death for wage, long the way, and rug - - ged the
death for wage, long the way, and rug - - ged the

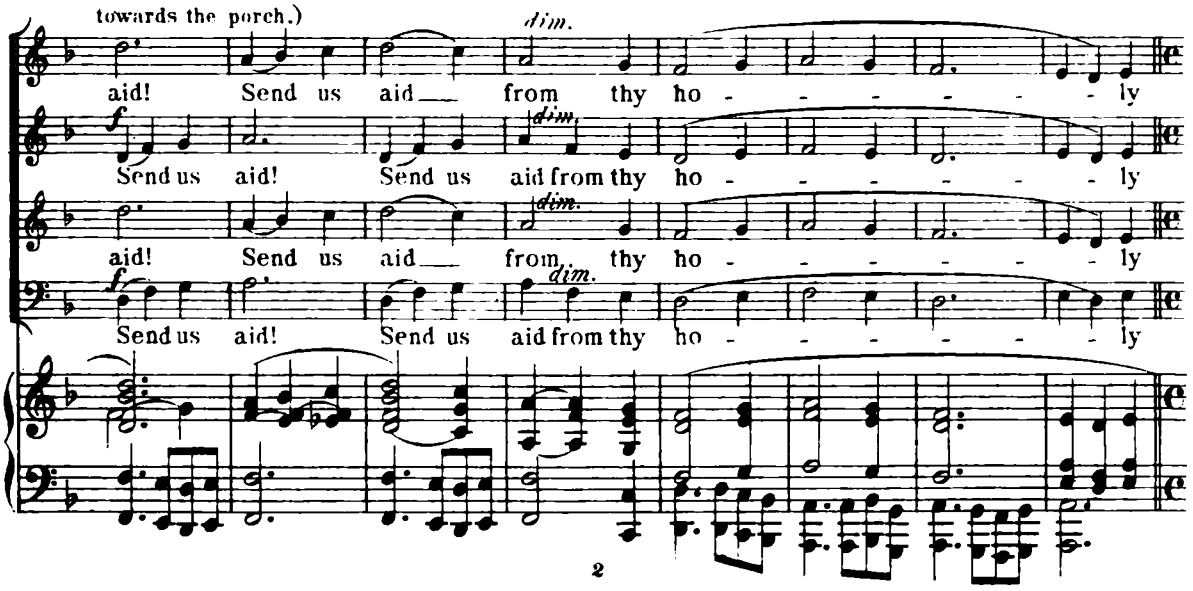
wards the gate in a great bustle: and Hubert and Cicely have taken advantage of the opportunity and ex-

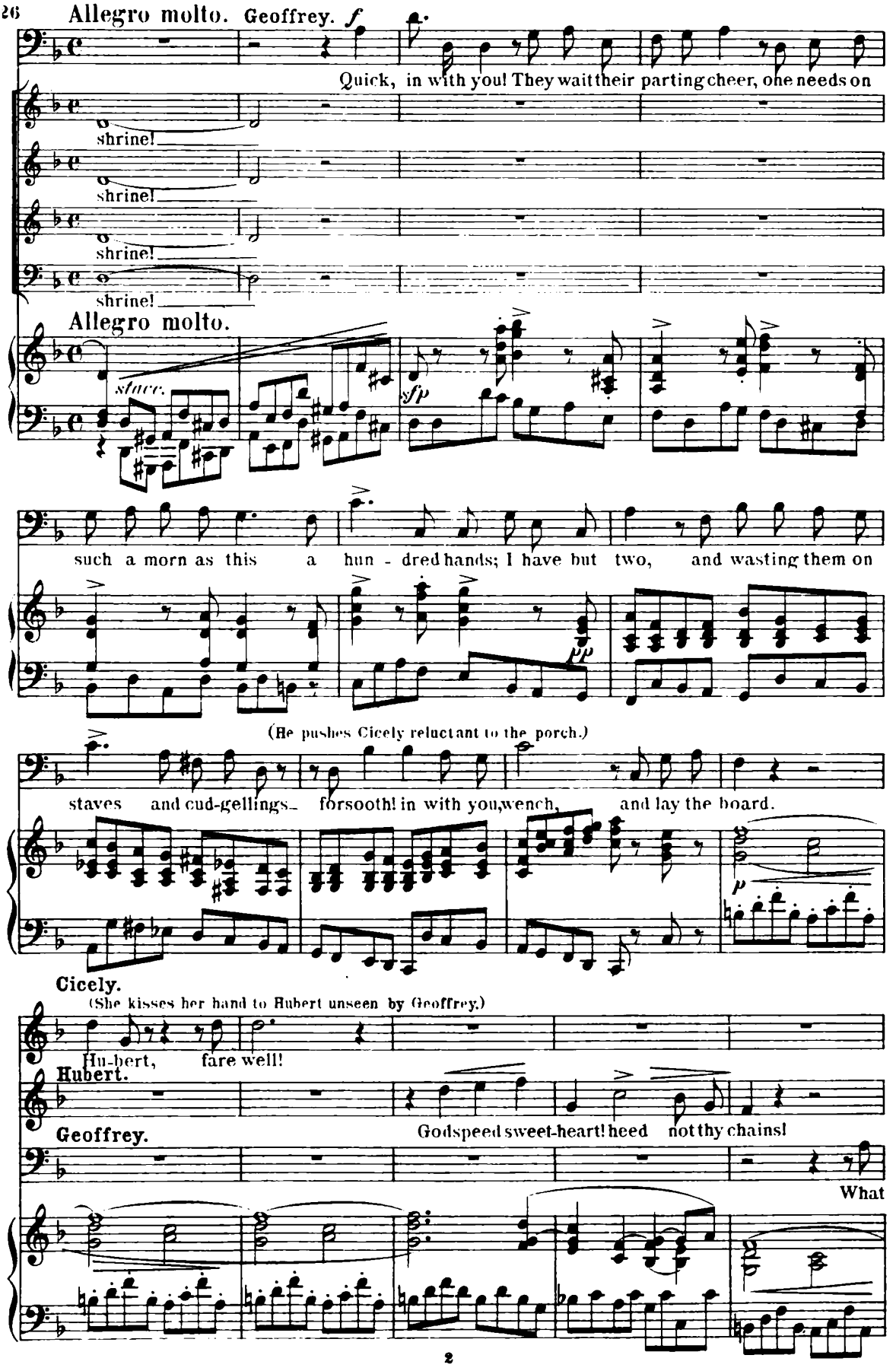


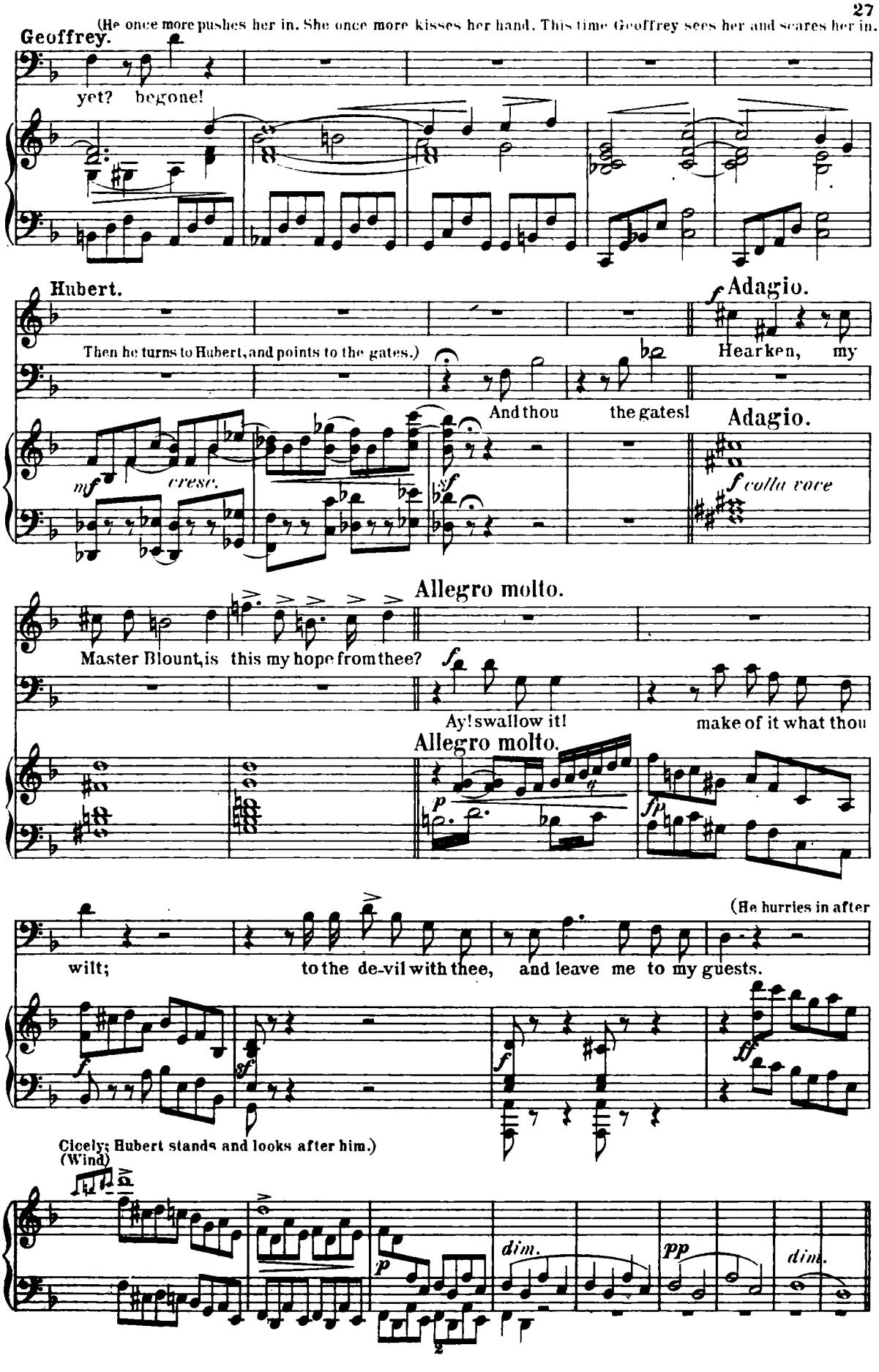
changed a word or two, but he has hurried down and separated them: as the chant stops he pulls Cicely



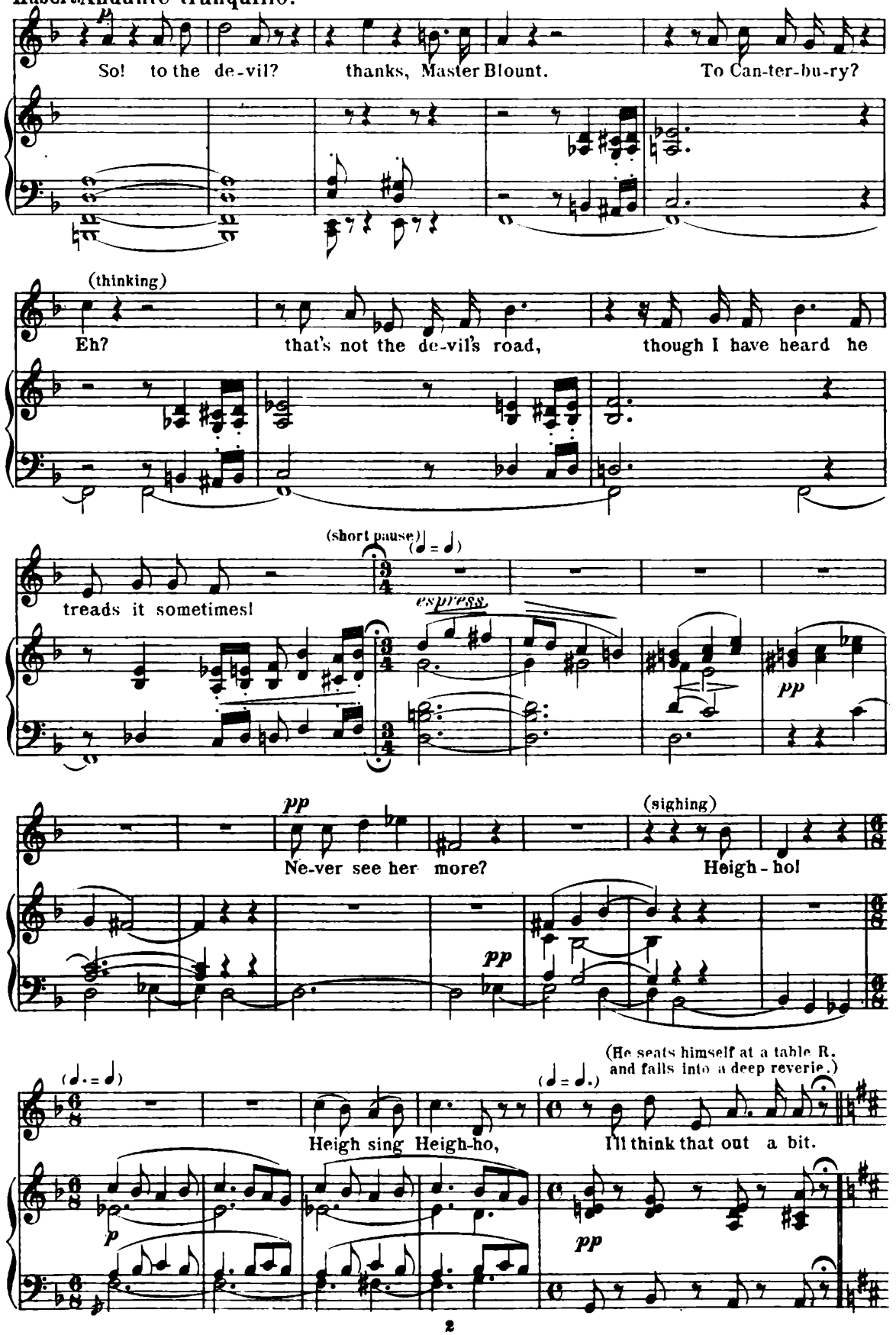
towards the porch.)




Allegro molto. Geoffrey. f
Quick, in with you! They wait their parting cheer, one needs on
shrine!
shrine!
shrine!
shrine!
Allegro molto.
stacc.
sfp
such a morn as this a hun - dred hands; I have but two, and wasting them on
(He pushes Cicely reluctant to the porch.)
staves and cud-gellings— forsooth! in with you, wench, and lay the board.
Cicely.
(She kisses her hand to Hubert unseen by Geoffrey.)
Hu-bert, fare well!
Hubert.
Geoffrey.
Godspeed sweet-heart! heed not thy chains!
What

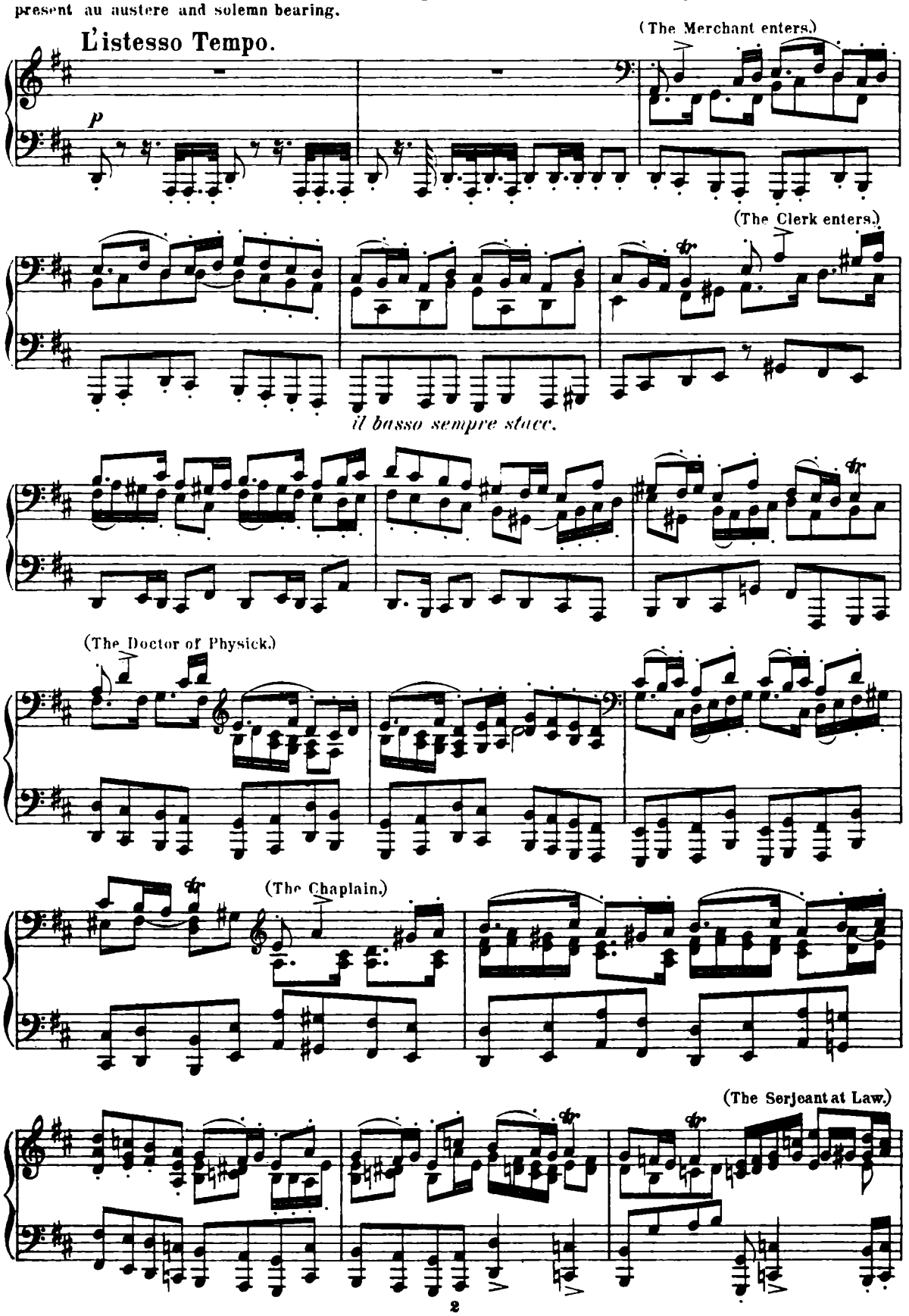

(He once more pushes her in. She once more kisses her hand. This time Geoffrey sees her and scares her in.
Geoffrey.
yet? begone!
Hubert.
Then he turns to Hubert, and points to the gates.)
And thou the gates!
Adagio.
Hearken, my
Adagio.
mf
cresc.
f colla voce
Allegro molto.
Master Blount, is this my hope from thee?
Ay! swallow it!
make of it what thou
Allegro molto.
(He hurries in after
wilt;
to the de-vil with thee,
and leave me to my guests.
Cicely; Hubert stands and looks after him.)
(Wind)
dim.
pp
dim.

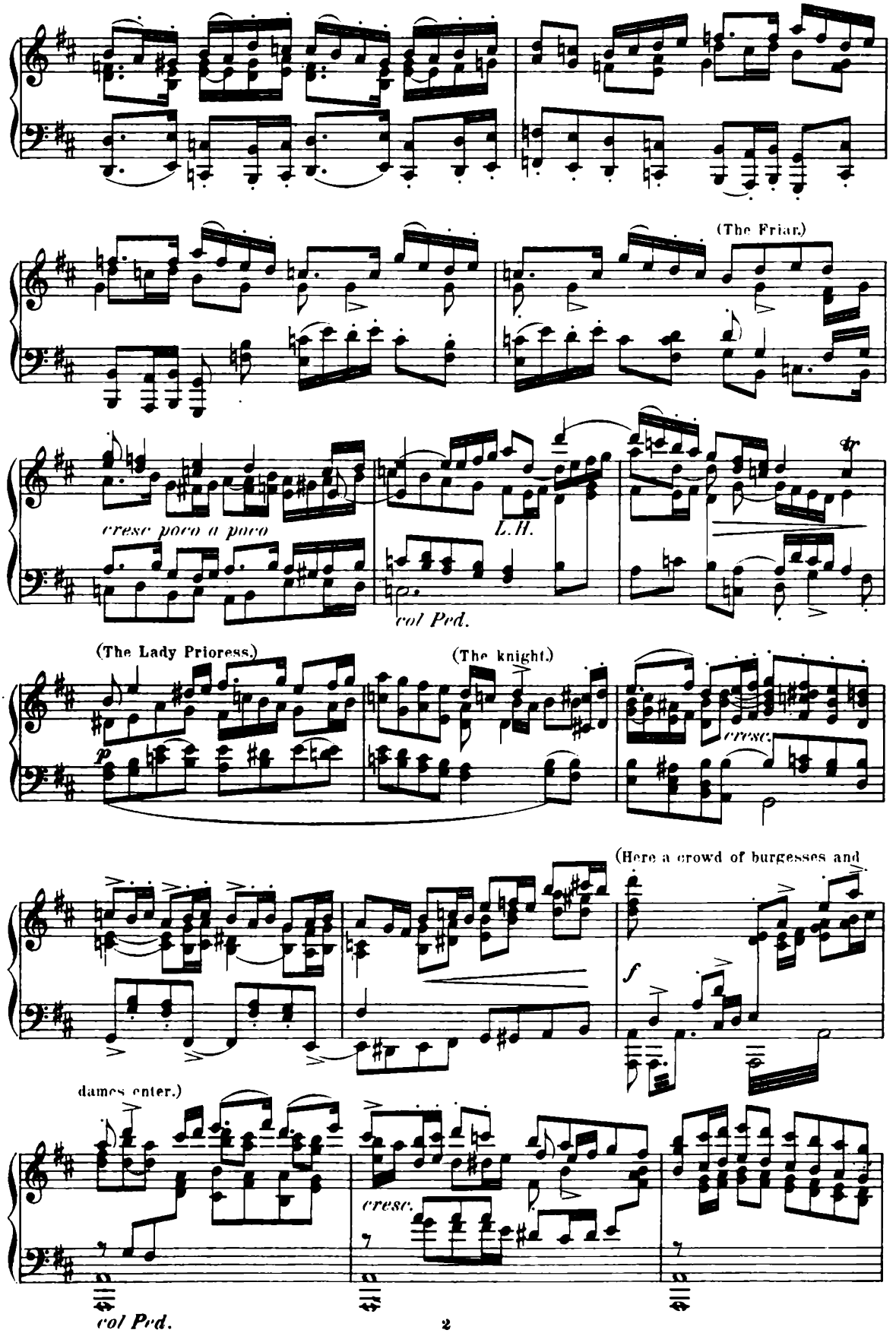
Hubert. **Andante tranquillo.**

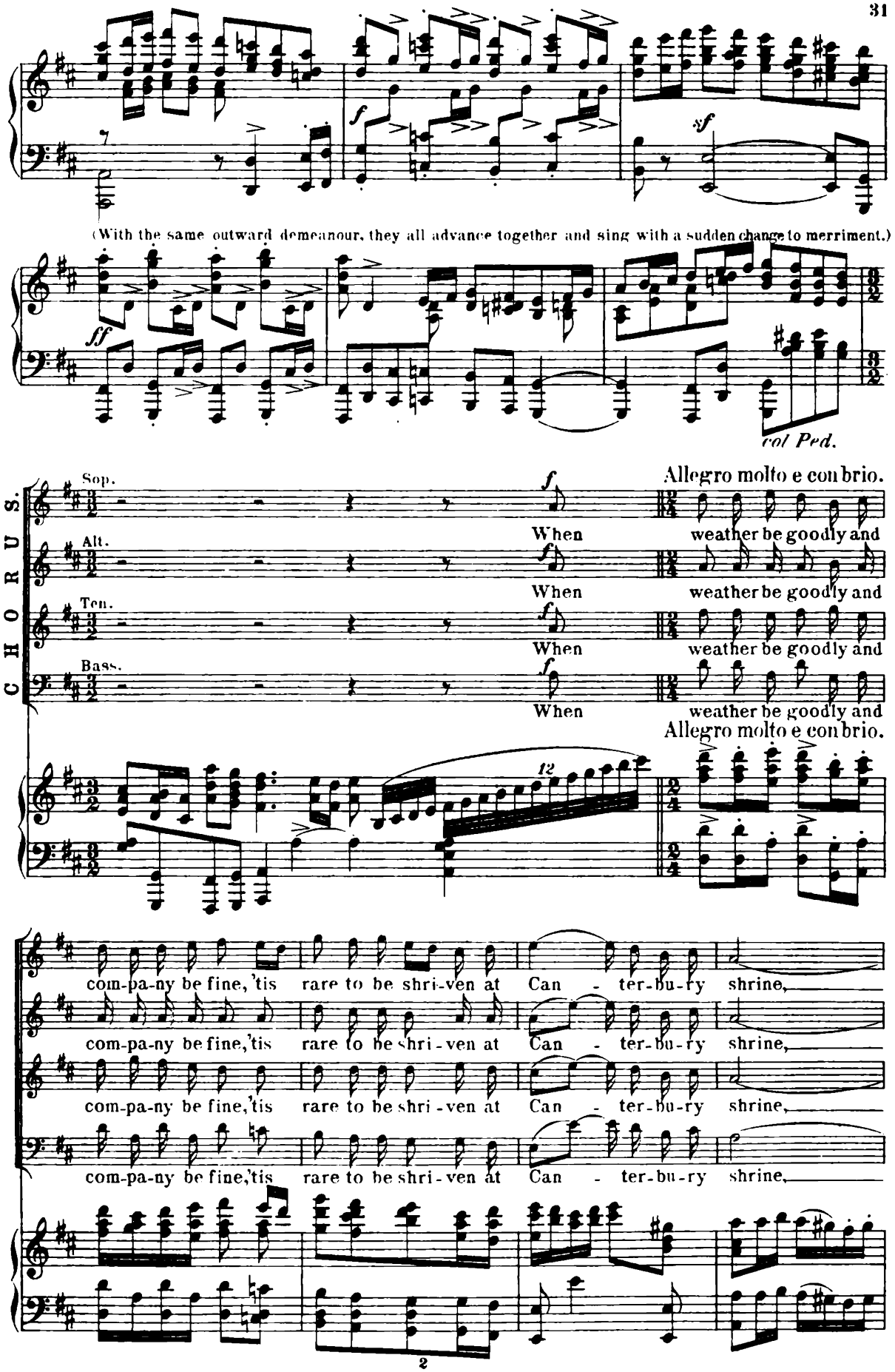


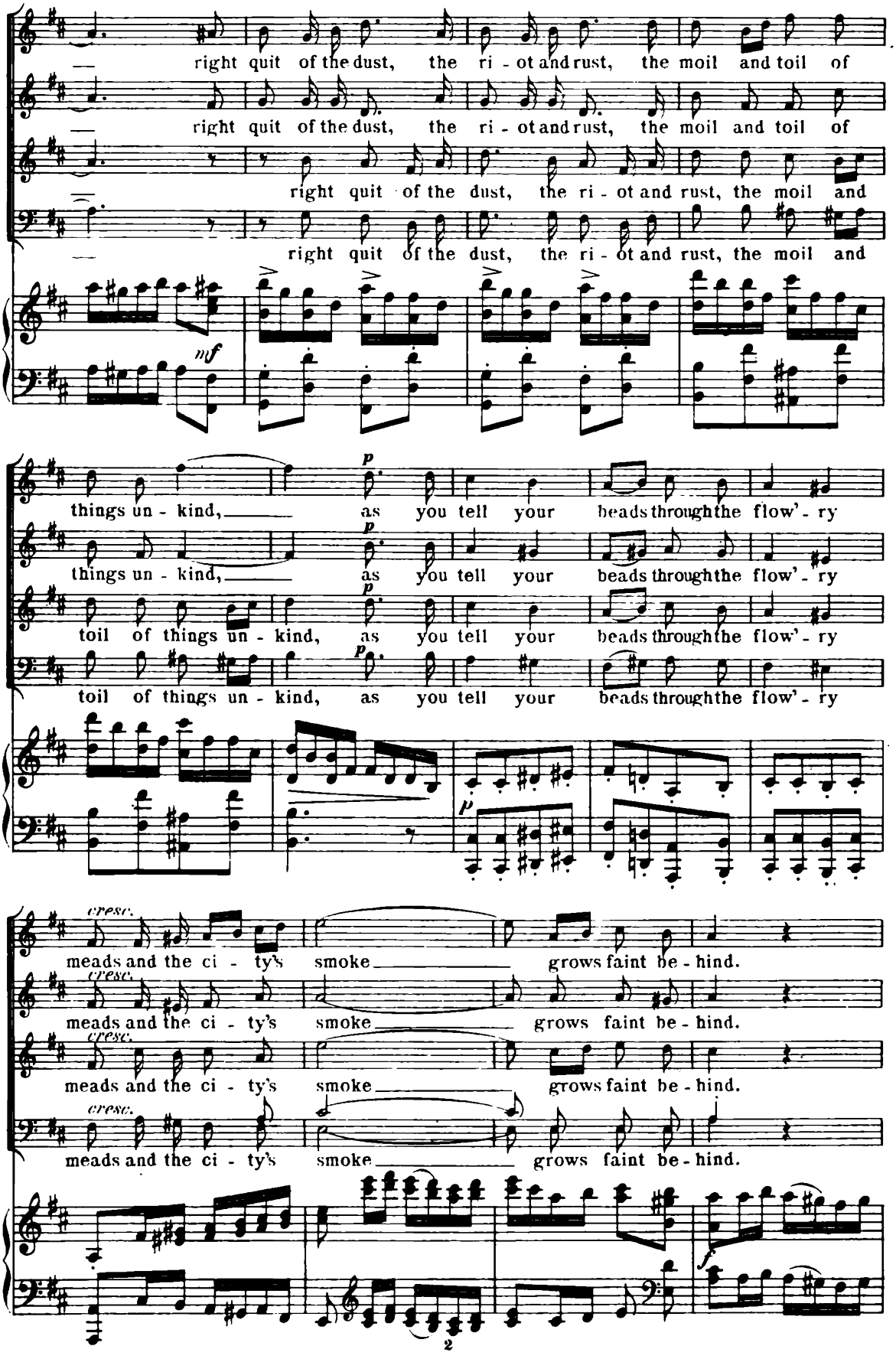
Scene III.

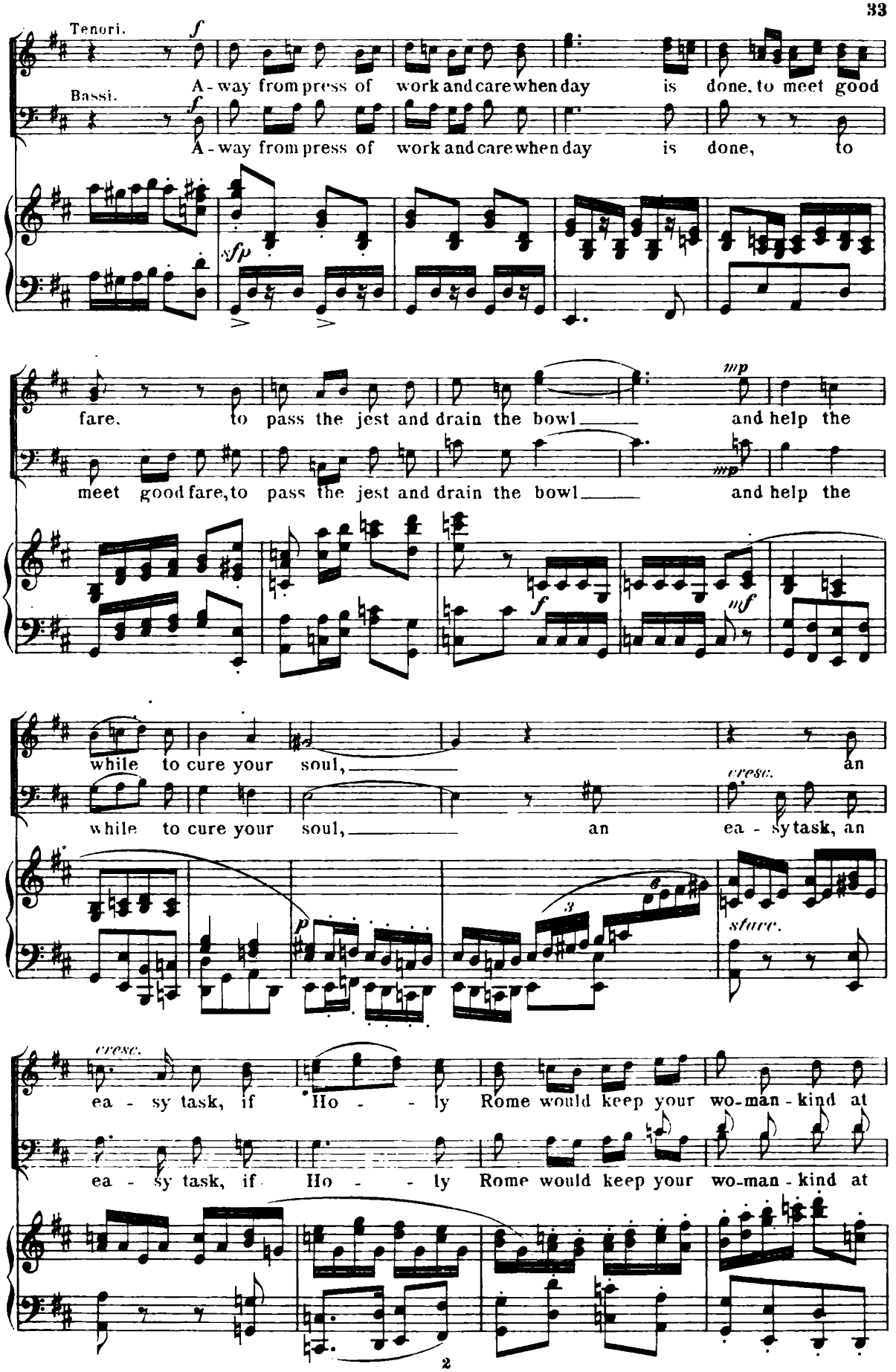
The Pilgrims enter in twos and threes, after the manner of people assembling at a given meeting place. As they move about, some greeting each other, some putting down their packs, and forming groups here and there, they present an austere and solemn bearing.

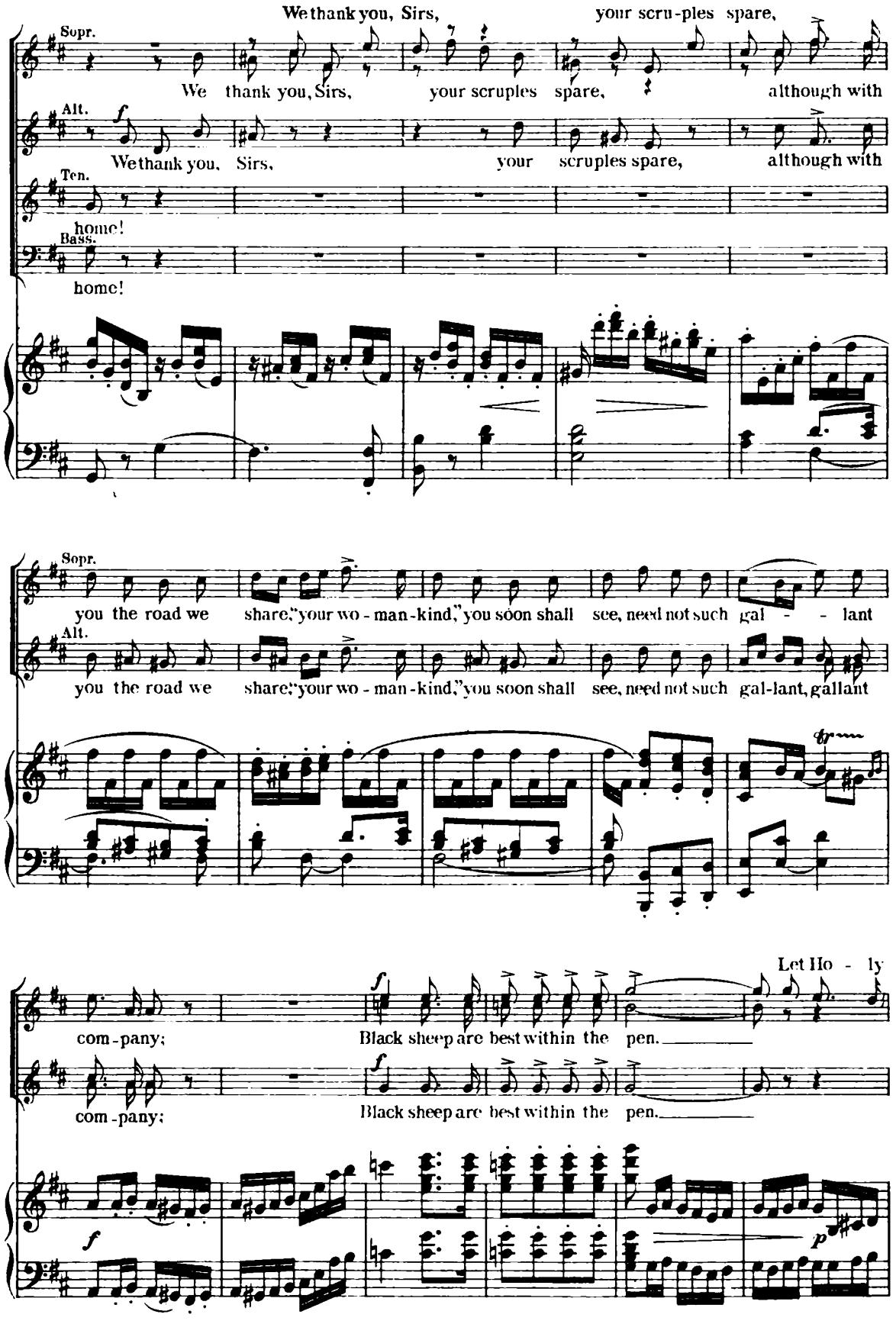


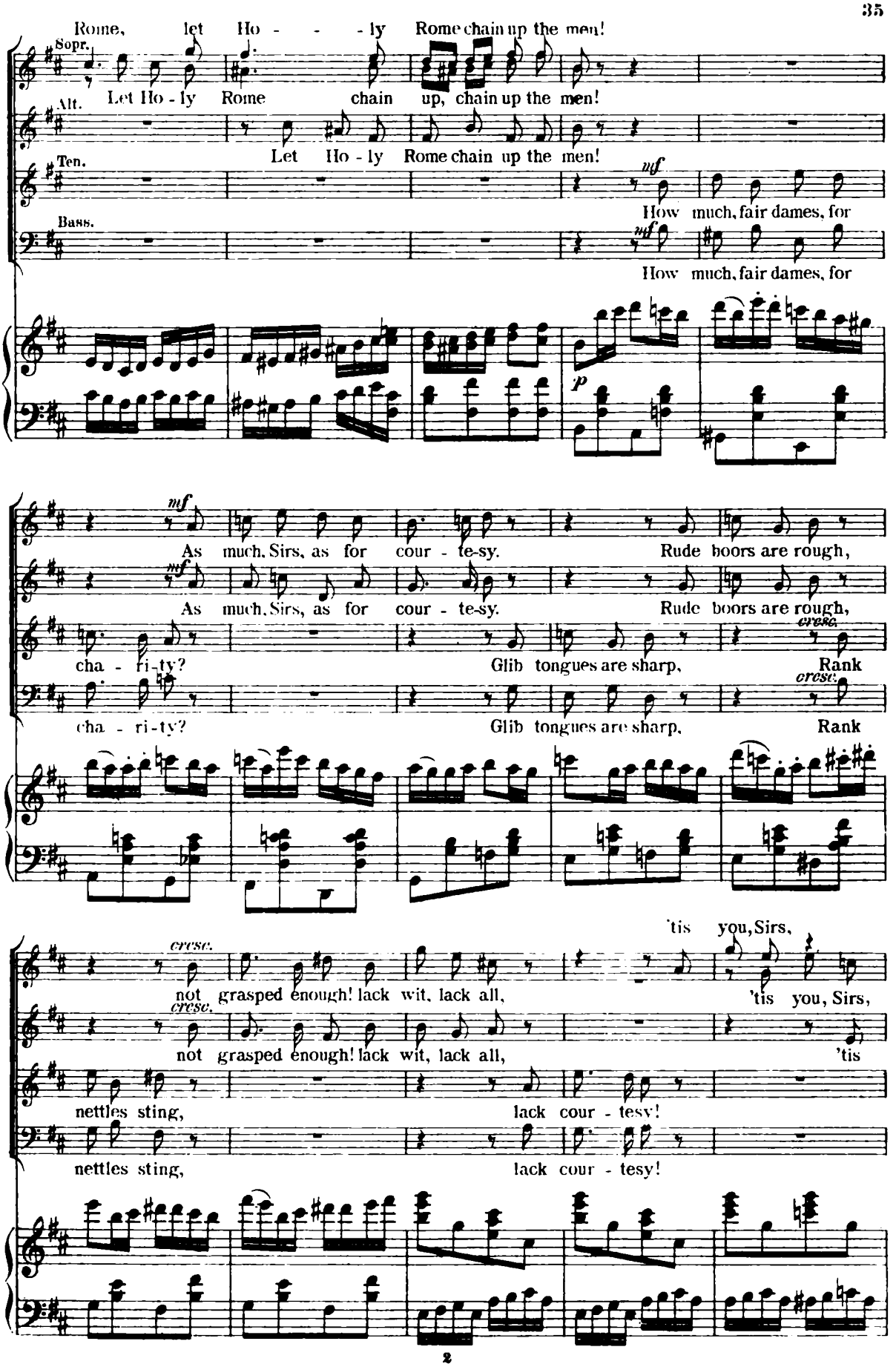

(The Friar.)
cresc. poco a poco
L.H.
col Ped.
(The Lady Prioress.)
(The knight.)
p
cresc.
(Here a crowd of burgesses and
f
dames enter.)
cresc.
col Ped.

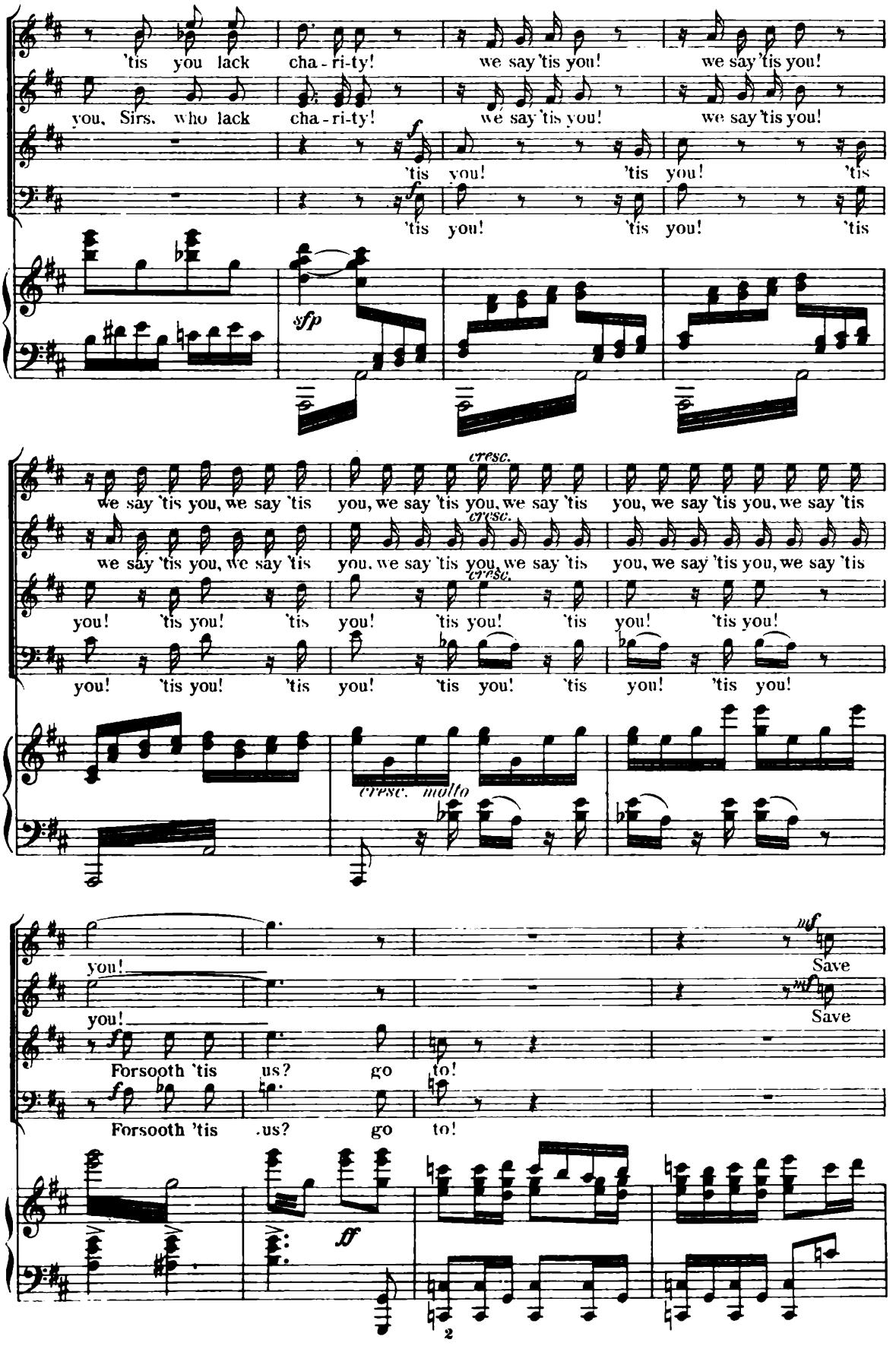

f
sf
(With the same outward demeanour, they all advance together and sing with a sudden change to merriment.)
ff
col Ped.
CHORUS.
Sop.
Alt.
Ten.
Bass.
Allegro molto e con brio.
When
weather be goodly and
12
com-pa-ny be fine, 'tis rare to be shri-ven at Can - ter-bu-ry shrine,

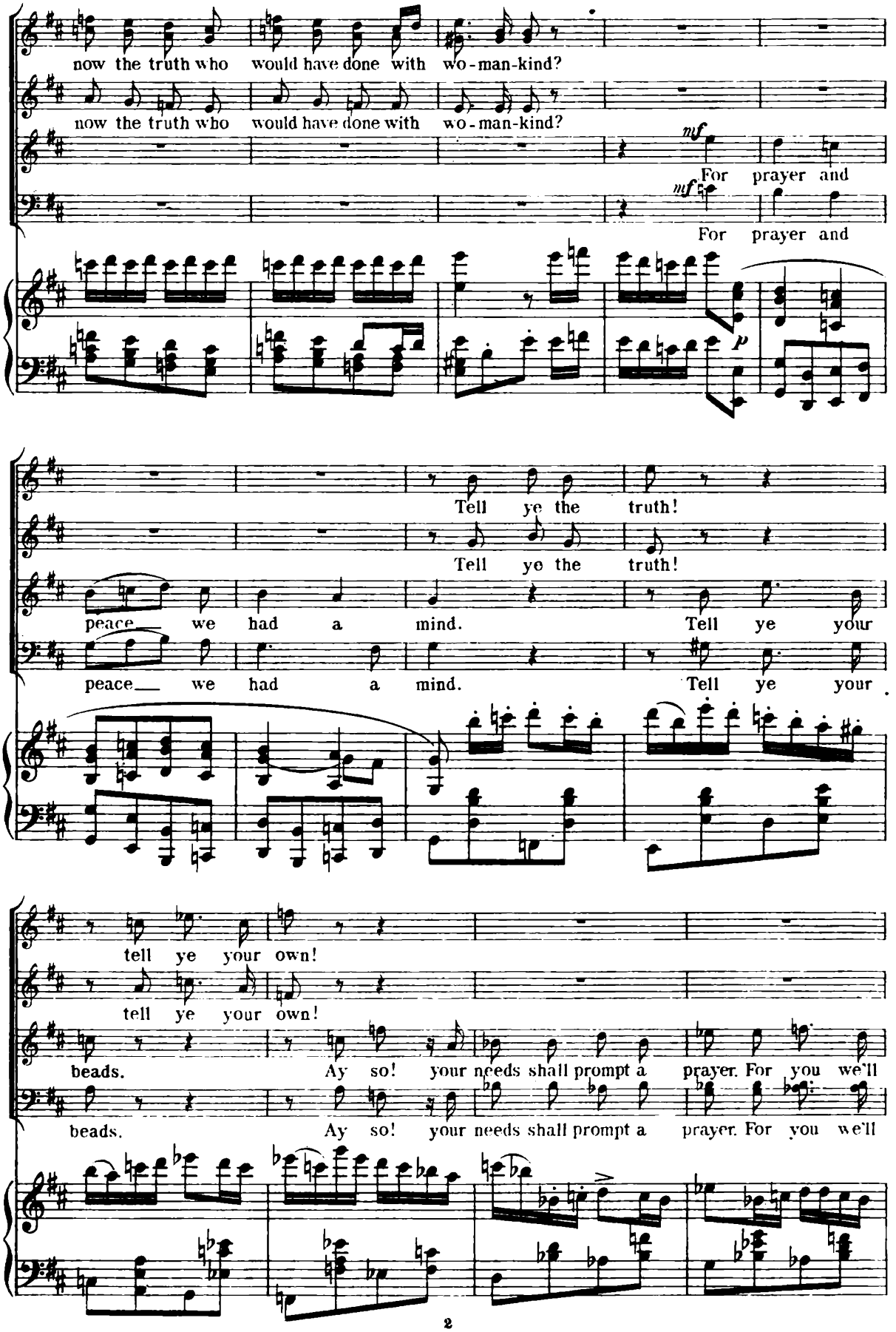

right quit of the dust, the ri - ot and rust, the moil and toil of
right quit of the dust, the ri - ot and rust, the moil and toil of
right quit of the dust, the ri - ot and rust, the moil and
right quit of the dust, the ri - ot and rust, the moil and
mf
things un - kind, as you tell your beads through the flow' - ry
things un - kind, as you tell your beads through the flow' - ry
toil of things un - kind, as you tell your beads through the flow' - ry
toil of things un - kind, as you tell your beads through the flow' - ry
p
cresc.
meads and the ci - ty's smoke grows faint be - hind.
meads and the ci - ty's smoke grows faint be - hind.
meads and the ci - ty's smoke grows faint be - hind.
meads and the ci - ty's smoke grows faint be - hind.
f
2

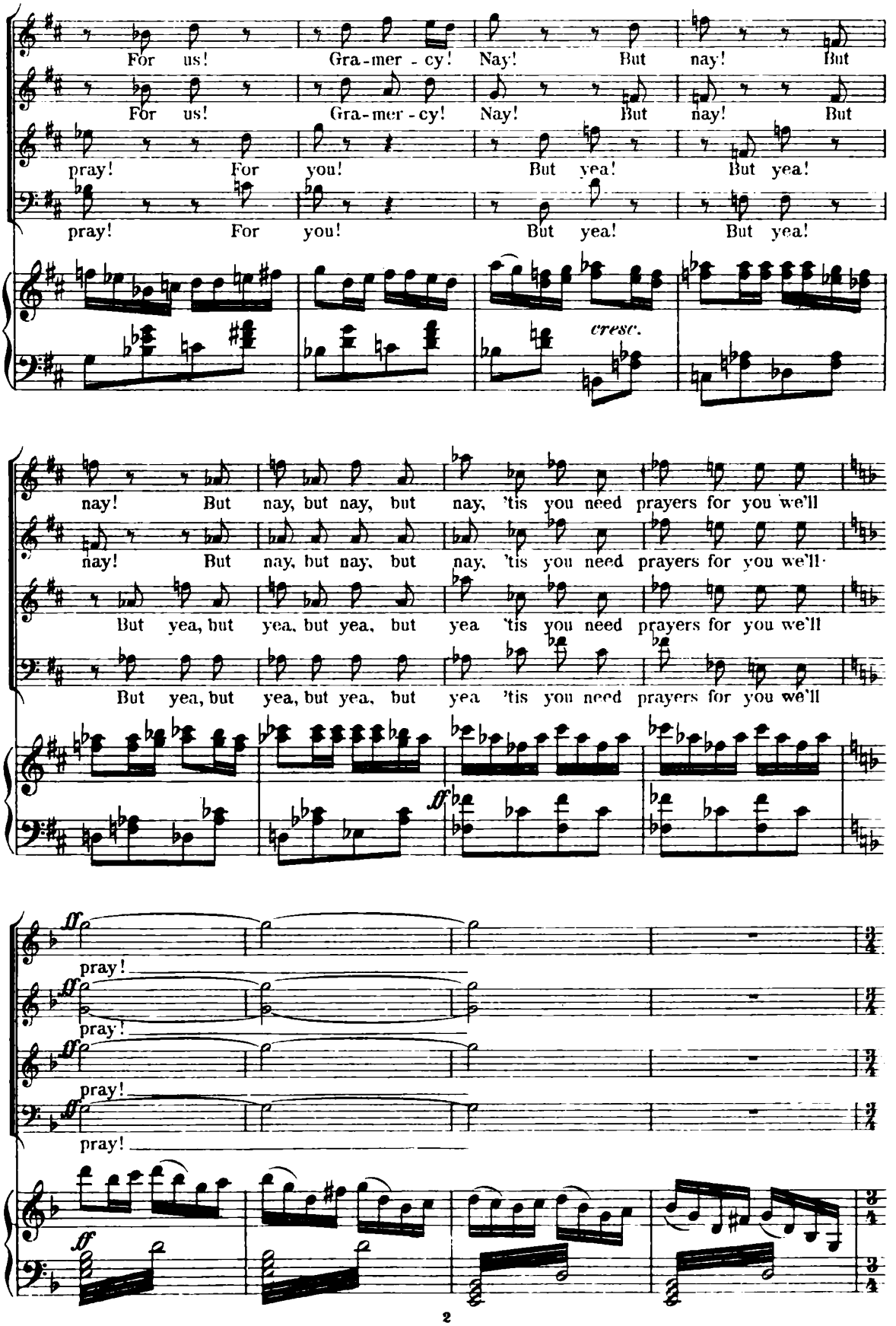

Tenori.
Bassi.
A - way from press of work and care when day is done, to meet good
A - way from press of work and care when day is done, to
fare, to pass the jest and drain the bowl and help the
meet good fare, to pass the jest and drain the bowl and help the
while to cure your soul, an
while to cure your soul, an ea - sy task, an
ea - sy task, if Ho - ly Rome would keep your wo-man - kind at
ea - sy task, if Ho - ly Rome would keep your wo-man - kind at


We thank you, Sirs, your scru-ples spare,
Sopr.
We thank you, Sirs, your scruples spare, although with
Alt.
f
We thank you, Sirs, your scruples spare, although with
Ten.
home!
Bass.
home!
Sopr.
you the road we share; "your wo - man-kind," you soon shall see, need not such gal - - lant
Alt.
you the road we share; "your wo - man-kind," you soon shall see, need not such gal-lant, gallant
Let Ho - ly
com-pany; Black sheep are best within the pen.
com-pany; Black sheep are best within the pen.
f
f
p


Rome, let Ho - - - ly Rome chain up the men!
Sopr.
Let Ho - ly Rome chain up, chain up the men!
Alt.
Let Ho - ly Rome chain up the men!
Ten.
mf
How much, fair dames, for
Bass.
mf
How much, fair dames, for
p
mf
As much, Sirs, as for cour - te-sy. Rude boors are rough,
mf
As much, Sirs, as for cour - te-sy. Rude boors are rough,
cresc.
cha - ri-ty? Glib tongues are sharp, Rank
cresc.
cha - ri-ty? Glib tongues are sharp, Rank
'tis you, Sirs,
cresc.
not grasped enough! lack wit, lack all, 'tis you, Sirs,
cresc.
not grasped enough! lack wit, lack all, 'tis
nettles sting, lack cour - tesy!
nettles sting, lack cour - tesy!


'tis you lack cha - ri-ty!
we say 'tis you!
we say 'tis you!
you, Sirs, who lack cha - ri-ty!
we say 'tis you!
we say 'tis you!
'tis you!
'tis you!
'tis
'tis you!
'tis you!
'tis
sfp
we say 'tis you, we say 'tis you, we say 'tis you, we say 'tis you, we say 'tis you, we say 'tis
cresc.
you! 'tis you! 'tis you! 'tis you! 'tis you! 'tis you! 'tis you!
cresc. molto
you!
you!
Save
Save
Forsooth 'tis us? go to!
Forsooth 'tis us? go to!
ff
2


now the truth who would have done with wo-man-kind?
now the truth who would have done with wo-man-kind?
mf
For prayer and
mf
For prayer and
p
Tell ye the truth!
Tell ye the truth!
peace we had a mind. Tell ye your
peace we had a mind. Tell ye your
tell ye your own!
tell ye your own!
beads. Ay so! your needs shall prompt a prayer. For you we'll
beads. Ay so! your needs shall prompt a prayer. For you we'll


For us! Gra-mer-cy! Nay! But nay! But
For us! Gra-mer-cy! Nay! But nay! But
pray! For you! But yea! But yea!
pray! For you! But yea! But yea!
cresc.
nay! But nay, but nay, but nay, 'tis you need prayers for you we'll
nay! But nay, but nay, but nay, 'tis you need prayers for you we'll
But yea, but yea, but yea, but yea 'tis you need prayers for you we'll
But yea, but yea, but yea, but yea 'tis you need prayers for you we'll
ff
pray!
pray!
pray!
pray!
ff

(Having worked themselves up to a pitch of excitement, the pilgrims suddenly assume a solemn tone.)

Andante con moto.

Life is a wea - - - - ry pil - gri-

Life is a wea - - - - ry pil - gri-

Life is a wea - - - - ry pil - gri-

Life is a wea - - - - ry pil - gri-

Andante con moto.

sf *dim.* *p* *pesante*

mage, sor - - - - row and toil with death for

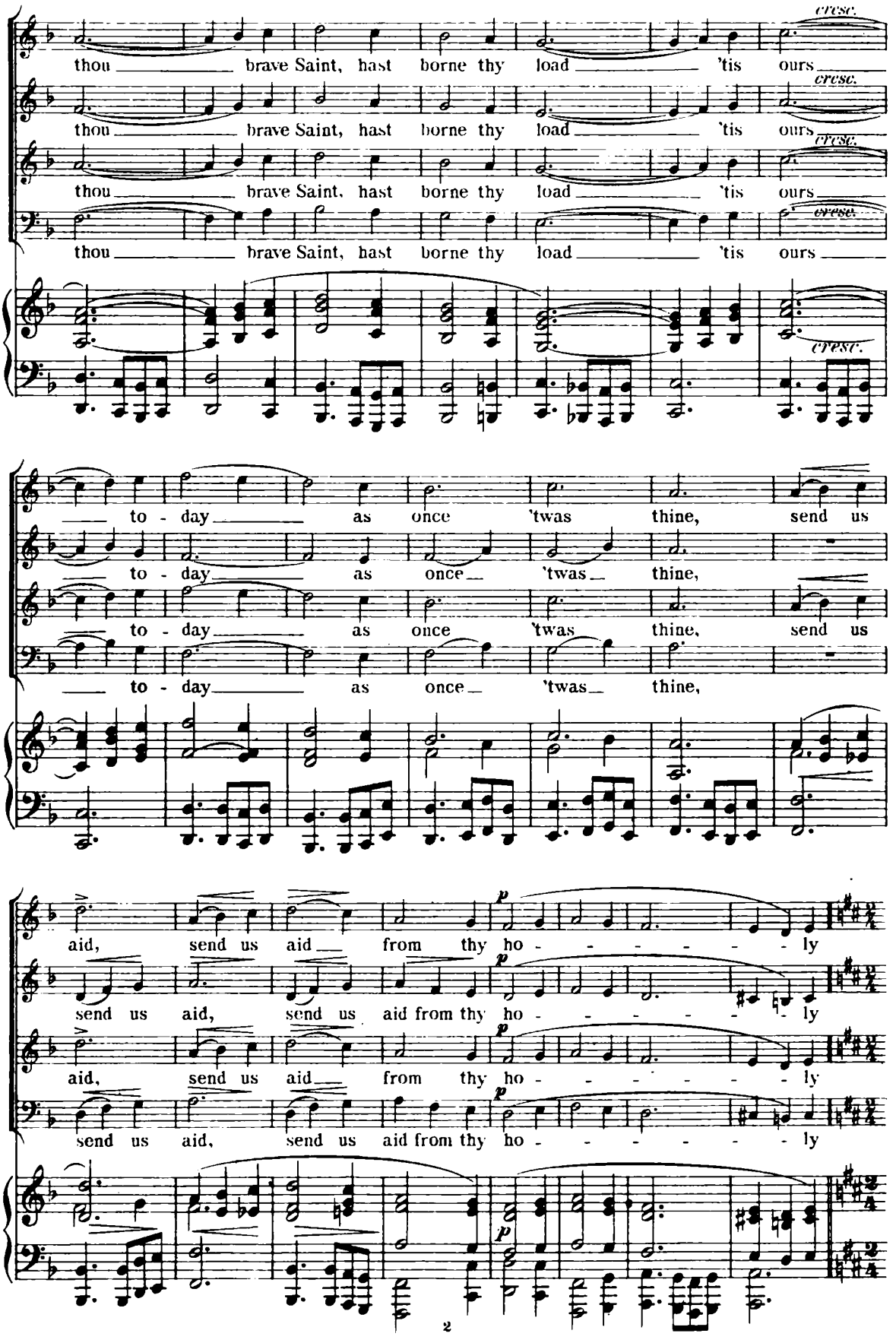
mage, sor - - - - row and toil with death for

mage, sor - - - - row and toil with death for

wage, long the way and rug - - ged the road. But

wage, long the way and rug - - ged the road. But

wage, long the way and rug - - ged the road. But


thou brave Saint, hast borne thy load 'tis ours
cresc.
to - day as once 'twas thine, send us
aid, send us aid from thy ho - - - - - ly
p

(With a rapid return to their original cheerfulness.)

Tempo I. (Allegro molto.)

shrine.

shrine.

shrine.

shrine.

f For when

f For when

f For when weather be goodly and company be fine, 'tis

f For when weather be goodly and company be fine, 'tis

Tempo I. (Allegro molto.)

cresc.

f

weather be goodly and company be fine, 'tis rare to be shri-ven, 'tis rare to be shri-ven at

weather be goodly and company be fine, 'tis rare to be shri-ven, 'tis rare to be shri-ven at

rare, 'tis rare to be shri-ven, 'tis rare to be shri-ven at

rare, 'tis rare to be shri-ven, 'tis rare to be shri-ven at

Can - - - - - - terbu-ry shrine.

Can - - - - - - terbu-ry shrine.

Can - - - - - - terbu-ry shrine.

Can - - - - - - terbu-ry shrine.

ff *molto dim.*

Geoffrey.

(Geoffrey enters from the porch) (at the entrance)

Ay, plea - sant, I ween: 'tis right well said, good

com - pany, but ere from here you take your leaves, my board is spread, I'll

warrant you'll try the Ta - - - bard's cheer, (he motions them to enter) so in ___ with you!

sempre dim.

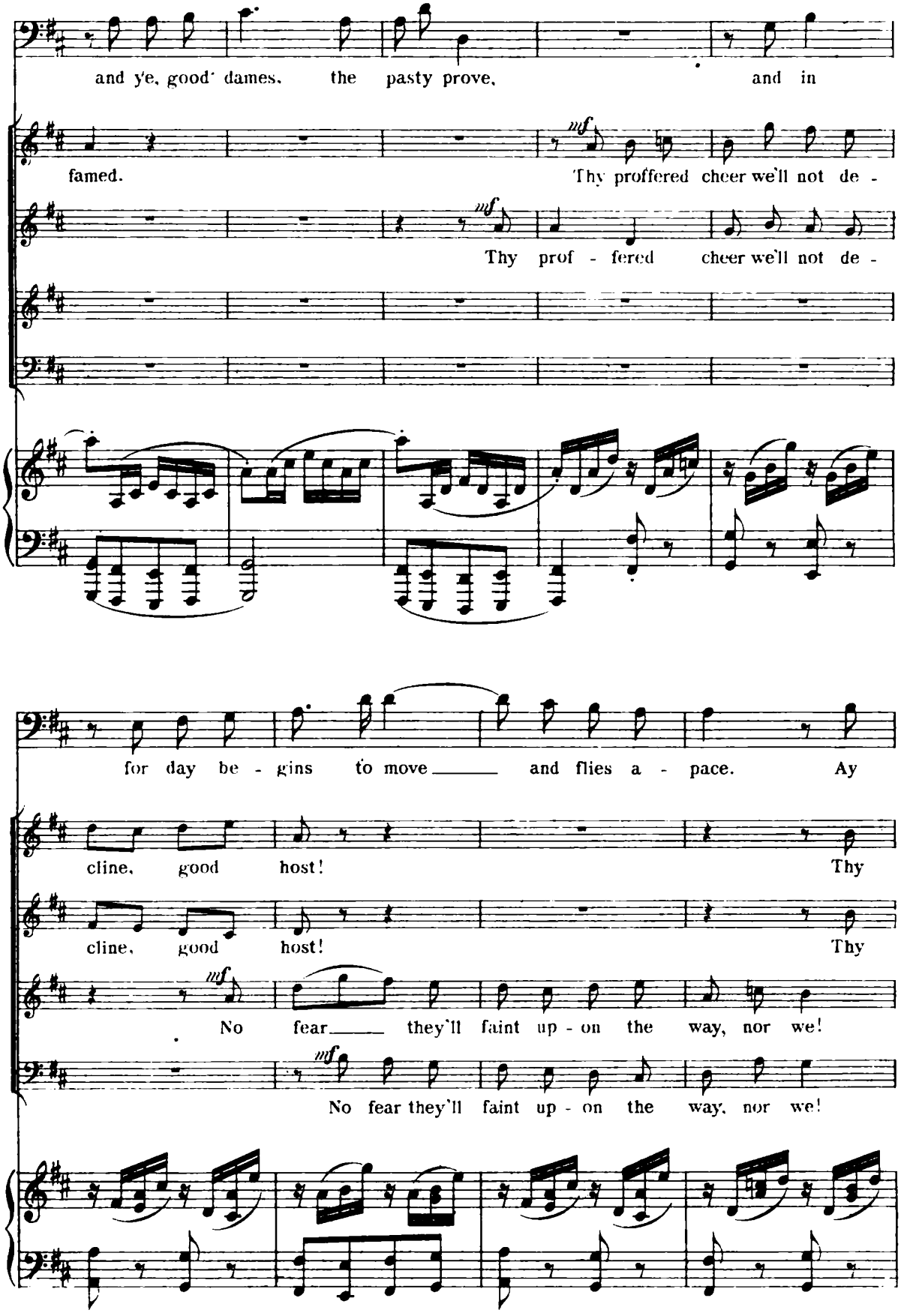
ay masters, test the wine!

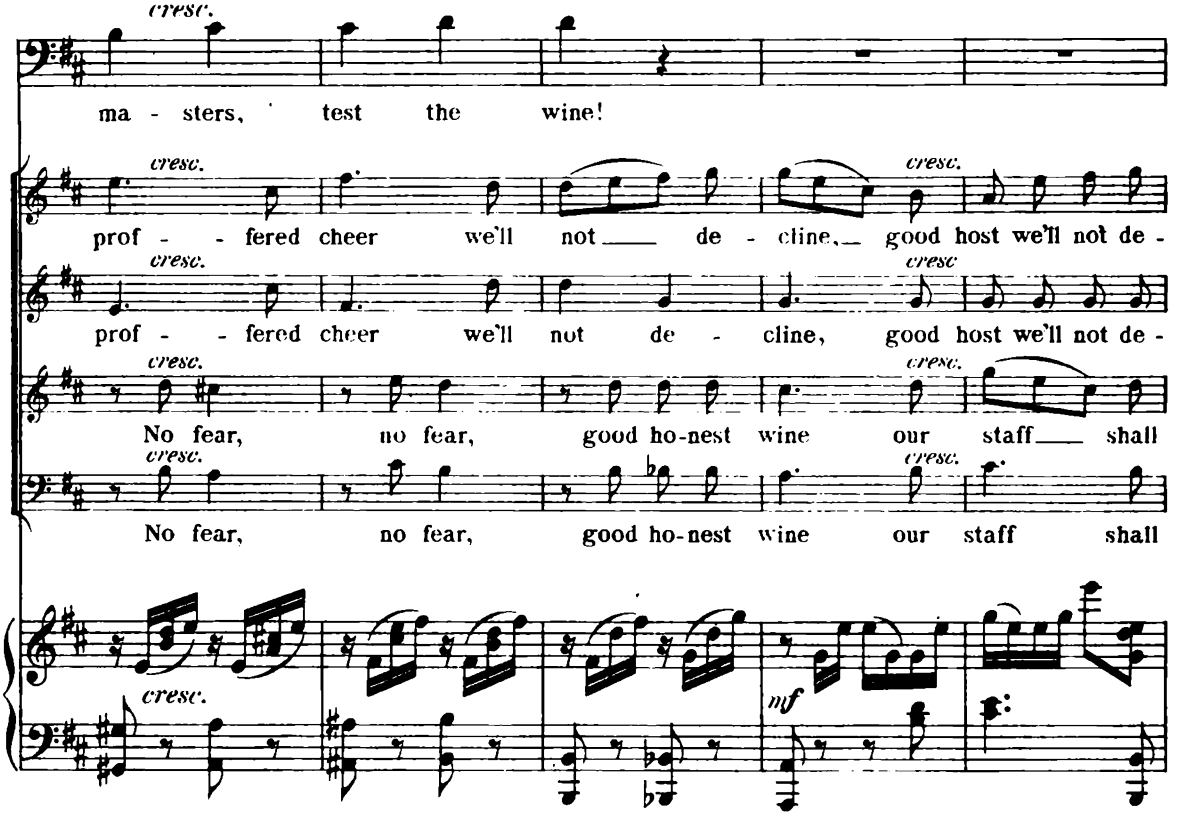
The Ta - - bard's sign is

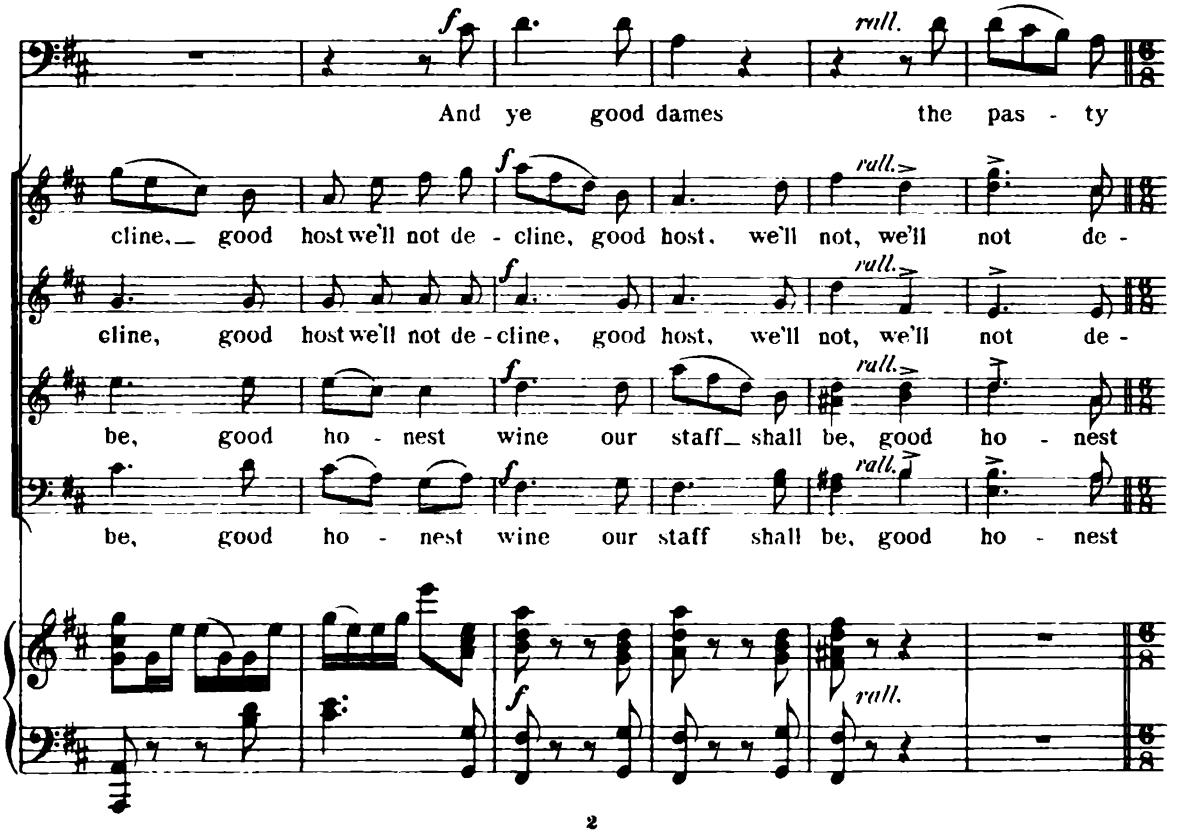
The Tabard's sign is famed. ___

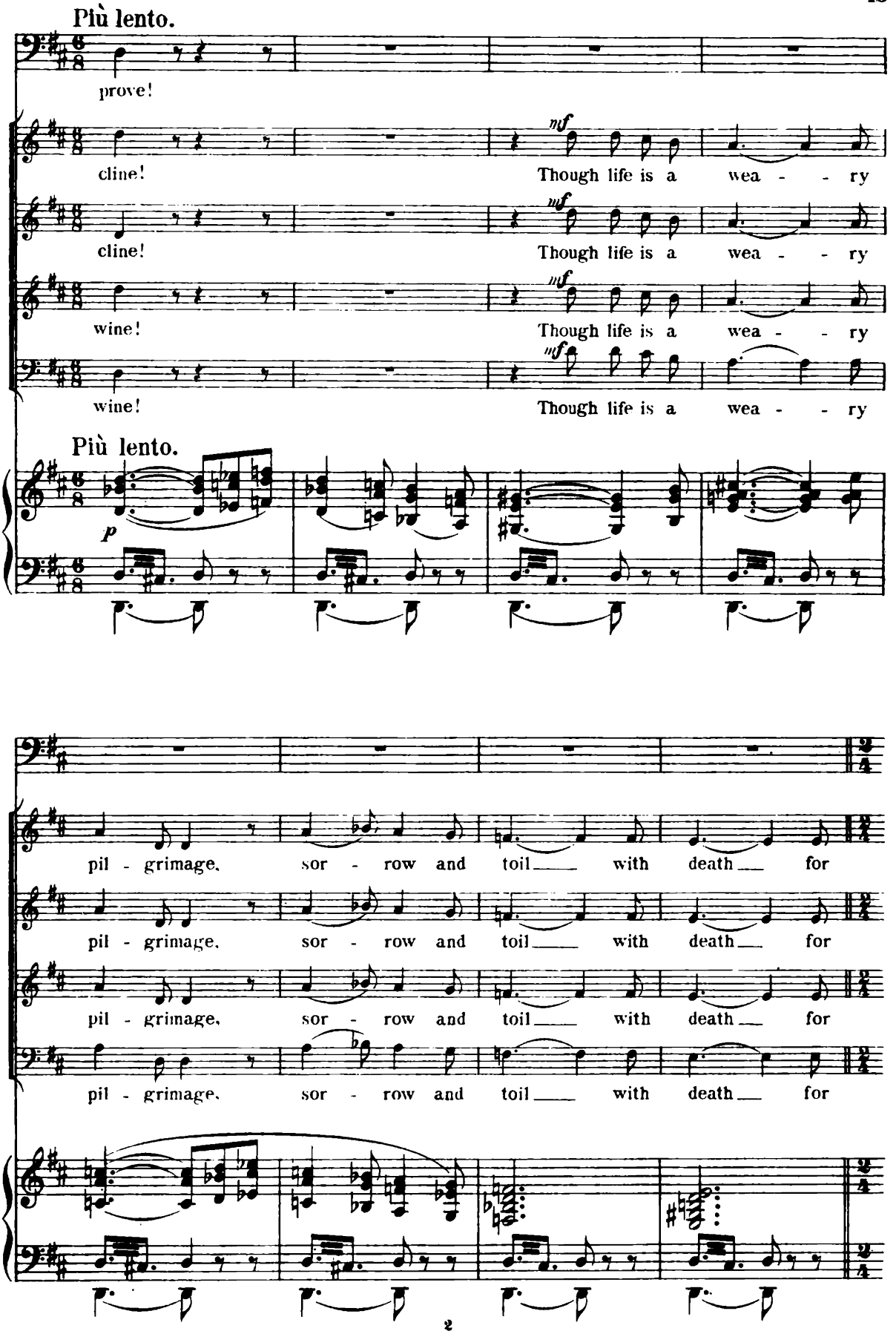
The Ta-bard's sign is famed.

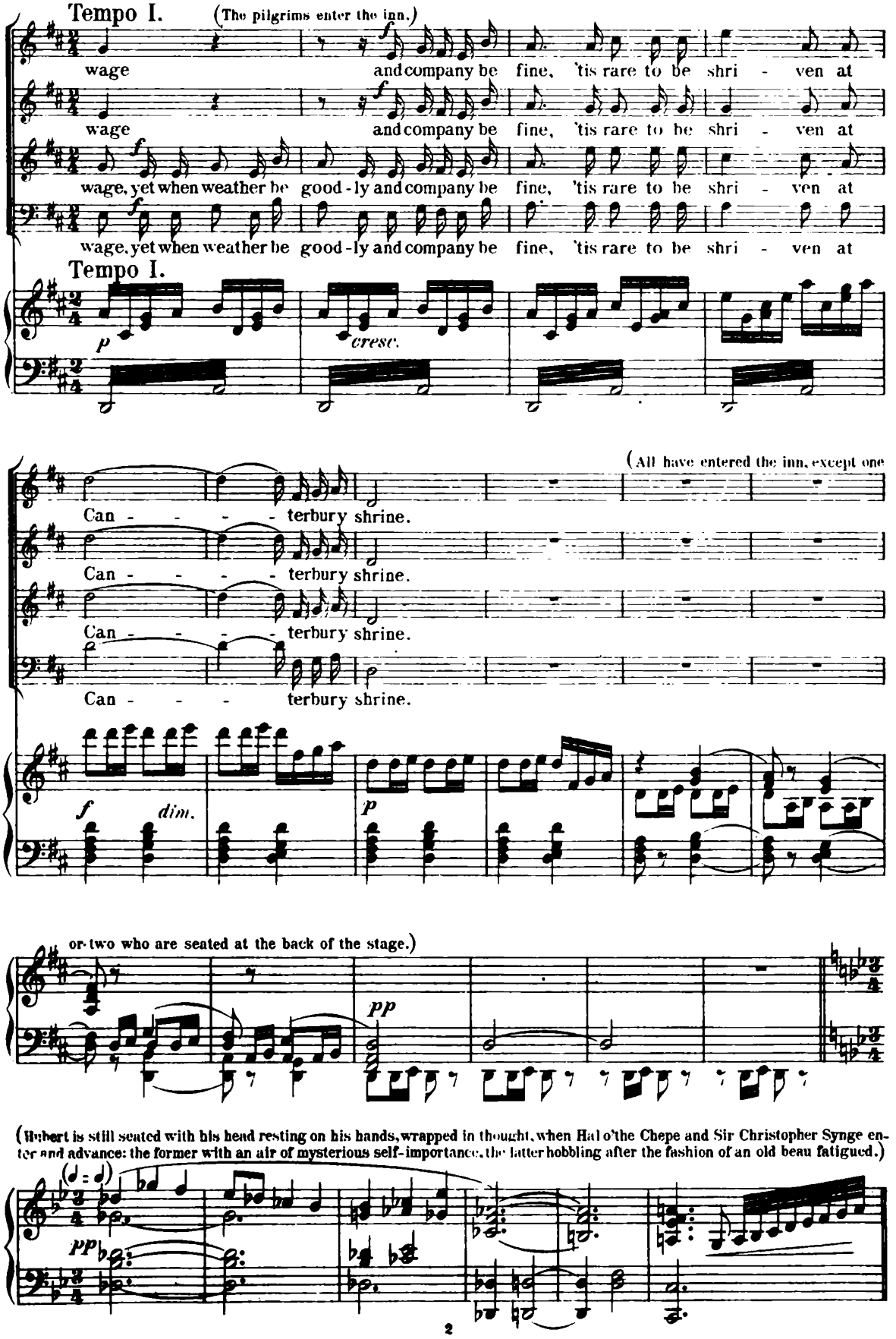
The Tabard's sign ___ is famed.


and ye, good dames, the pasty prove, and in
famed. Thy proffered cheer we'll not de -
mf
Thy prof - fered cheer we'll not de -
for day be - gins to move and flies a - pace. Ay
cline, good host! Thy
cline, good host! Thy
mf
No fear they'll faint up - on the way, nor we!
mf
No fear they'll faint up - on the way, nor we!

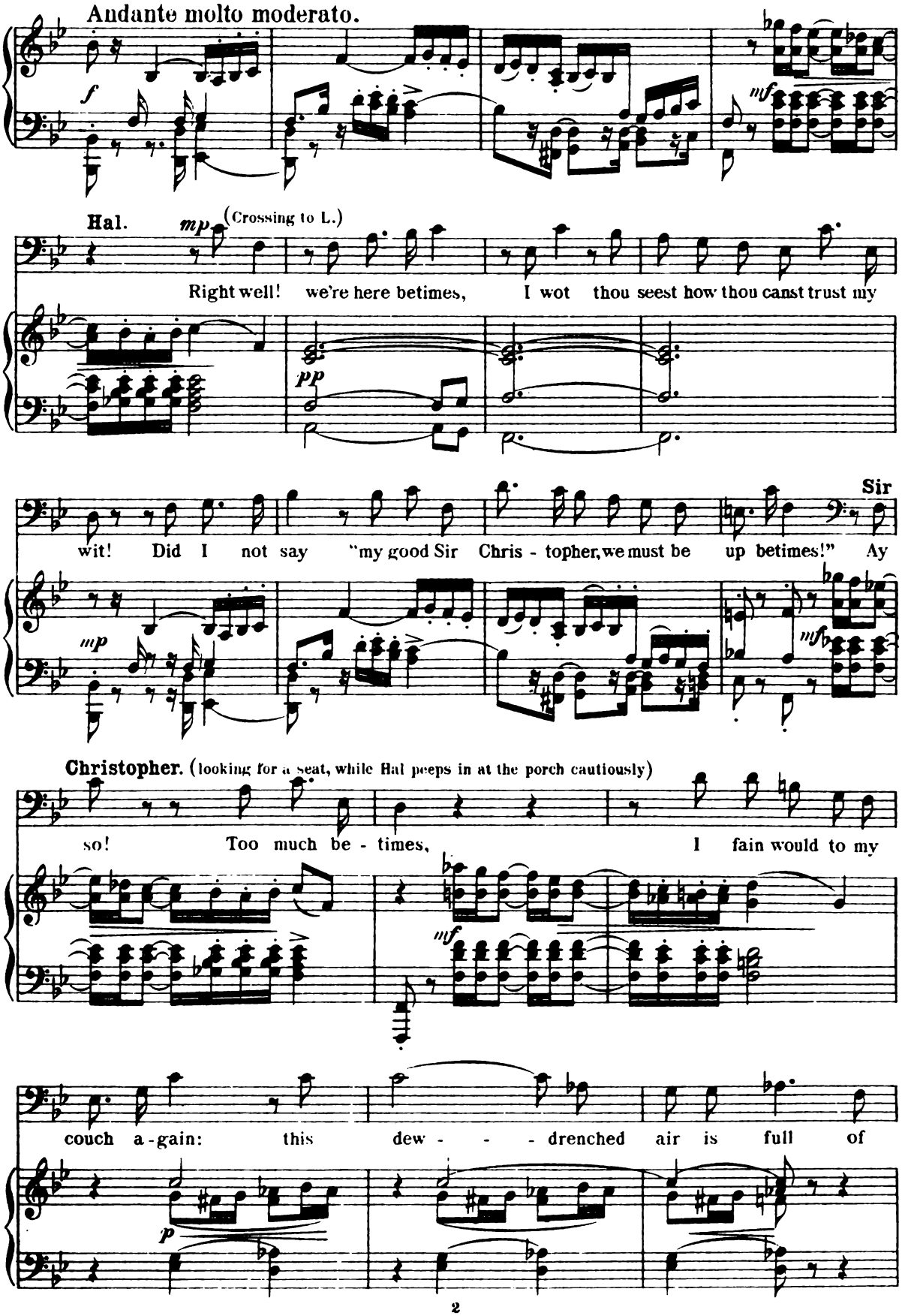

cresc.
ma - sters, test the wine!
prof - - fered cheer we'll not de - cline, good host we'll not de -
prof - - fered cheer we'll not de - cline, good host we'll not de -
No fear, no fear, good ho-nest wine our staff shall
No fear, no fear, good ho-nest wine our staff shall
mf

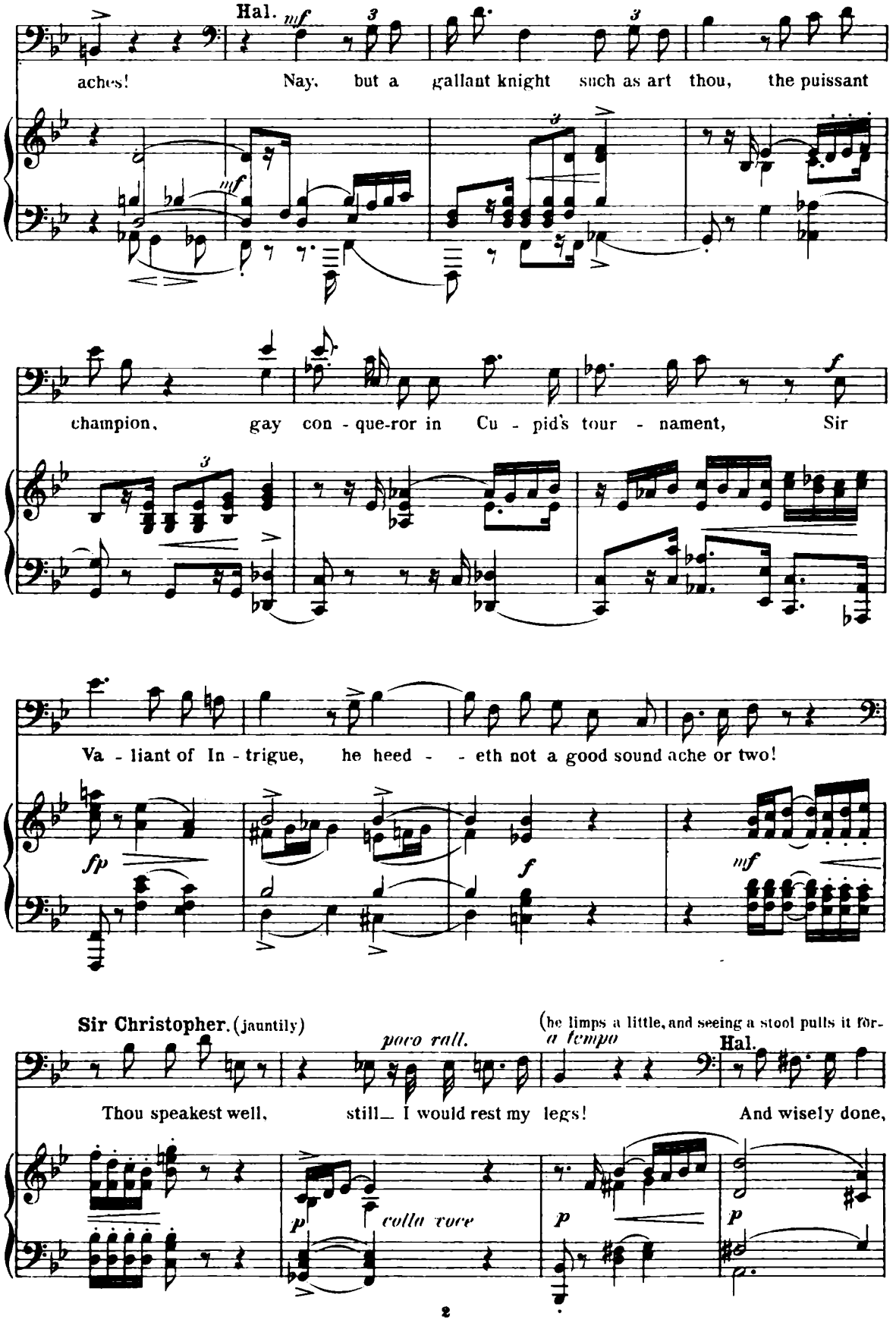

f
rall.
And ye good dames the pas - ty
cline, good host we'll not de - cline, good host, we'll not, we'll not de -
cline, good host we'll not de - cline, good host, we'll not, we'll not de -
be, good ho - nest wine our staff shall be, good ho - nest
be, good ho - nest wine our staff shall be, good ho - nest

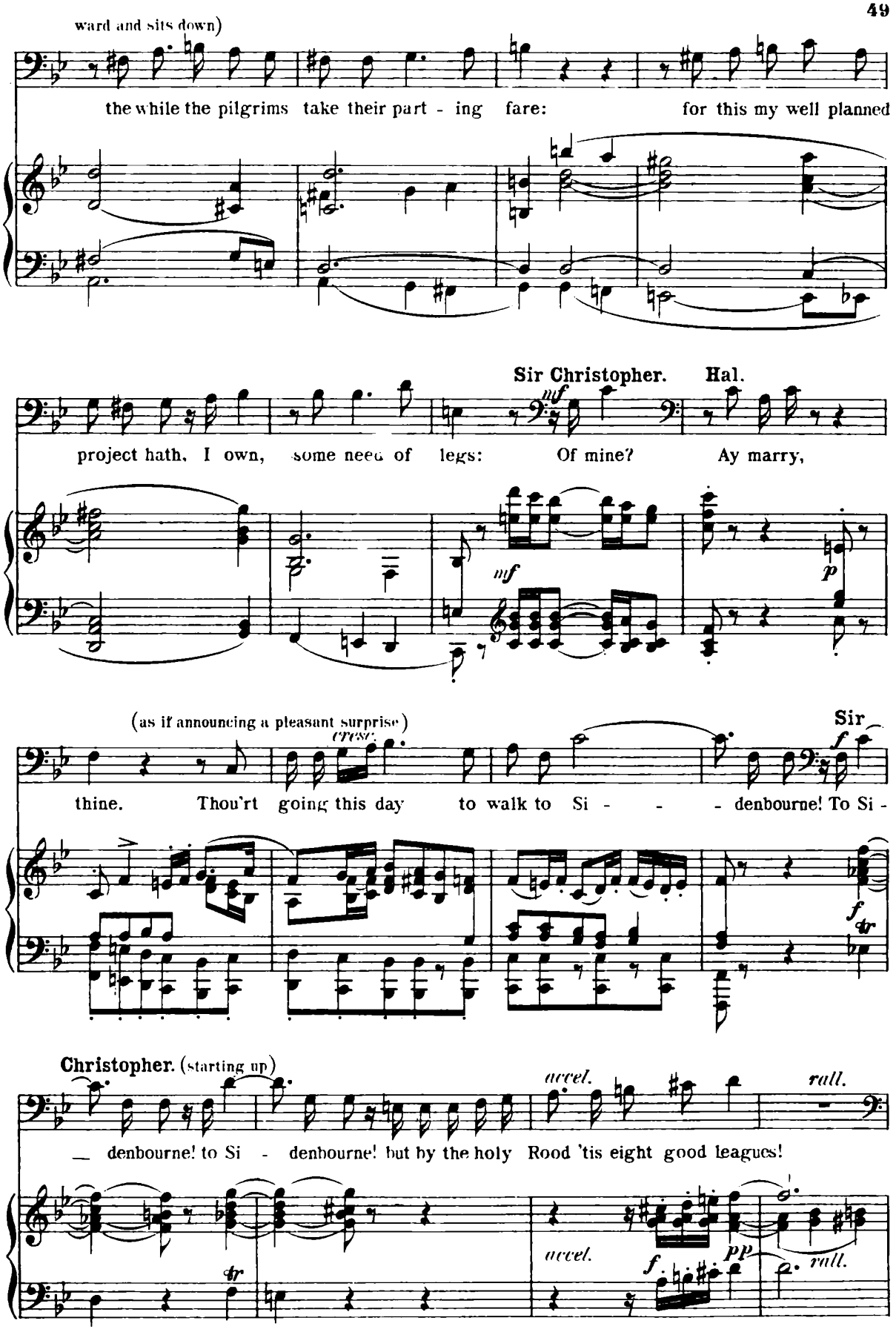

Più lento.
prove!
cline!
mf
Though life is a wea - - ry
cline!
Though life is a wea - - ry
wine!
Though life is a wea - - ry
wine!
Though life is a wea - - ry
Più lento.
p
pil - grimage, sor - row and toil with death for
pil - grimage, sor - row and toil with death for
pil - grimage, sor - row and toil with death for
pil - grimage, sor - row and toil with death for

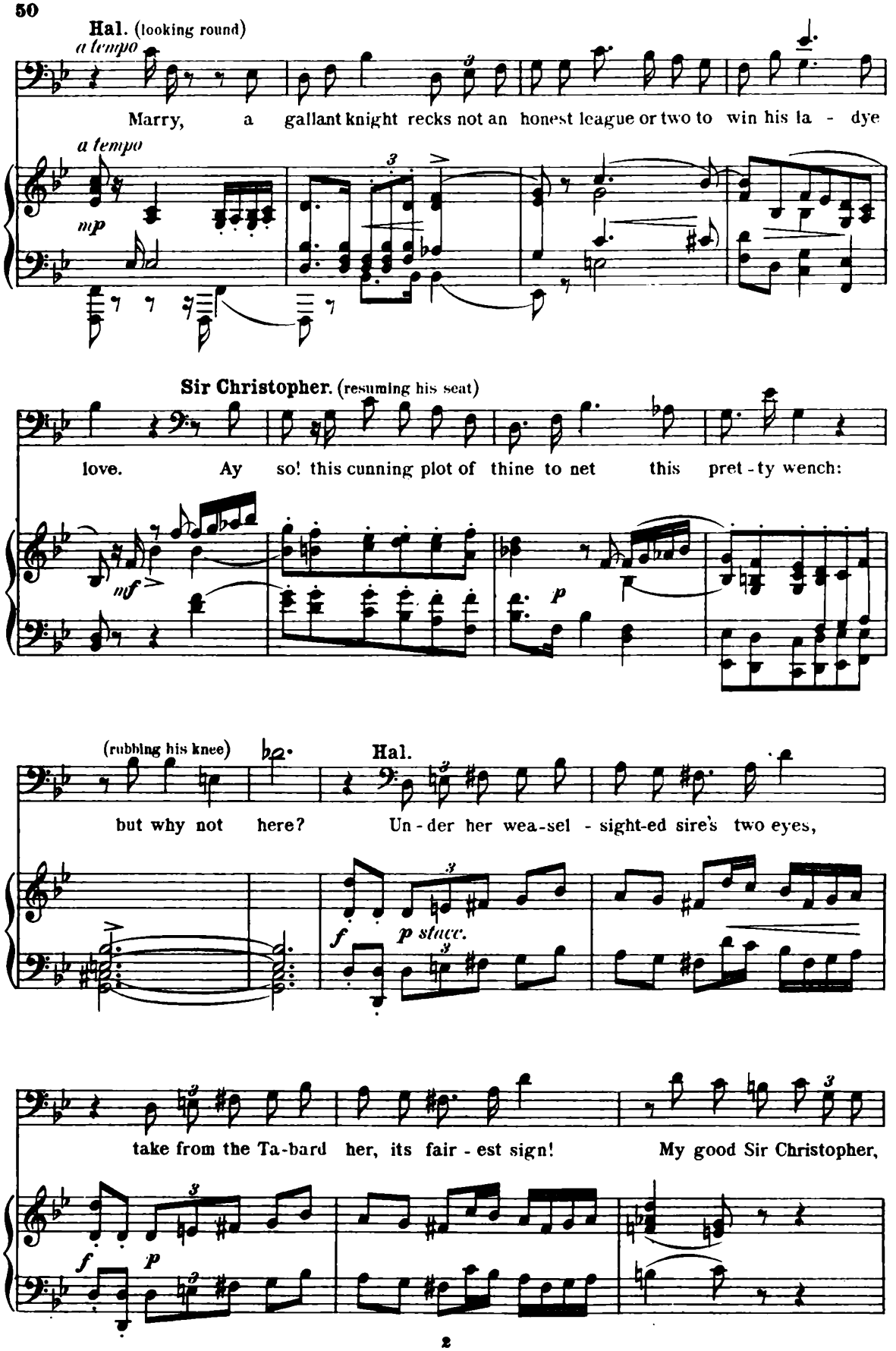

Tempo I.
(The pilgrims enter the inn.)
wage and company be fine, 'tis rare to be shri - ven at
wage and company be fine, 'tis rare to be shri - ven at
wage, yet when weather be good-ly and company be fine, 'tis rare to be shri - ven at
wage, yet when weather be good-ly and company be fine, 'tis rare to be shri - ven at
Tempo I.
cresc.
(All have entered the inn, except one
Can - - - - terbury shrine.
Can - - - - terbury shrine.
Can - - - - terbury shrine.
Can - - - terbury shrine.
dim.
or two who are seated at the back of the stage.)
(Hubert is still seated with his head resting on his hands, wrapped in thought, when Hal o'the Chepe and Sir Christopher Synge enter and advance: the former with an air of mysterious self-importance, the latter hobbling after the fashion of an old beau fatigued.)

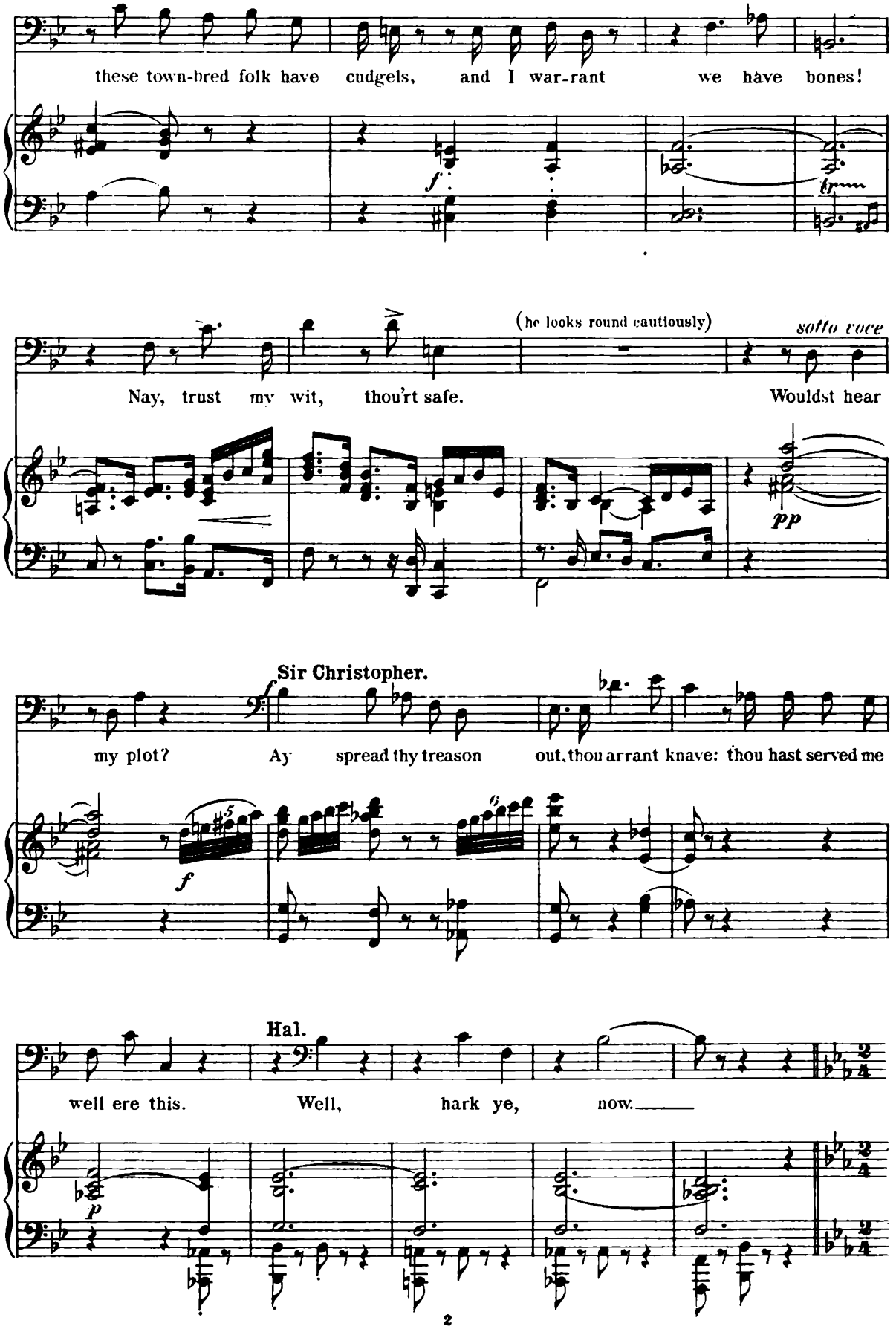
Scene IV.

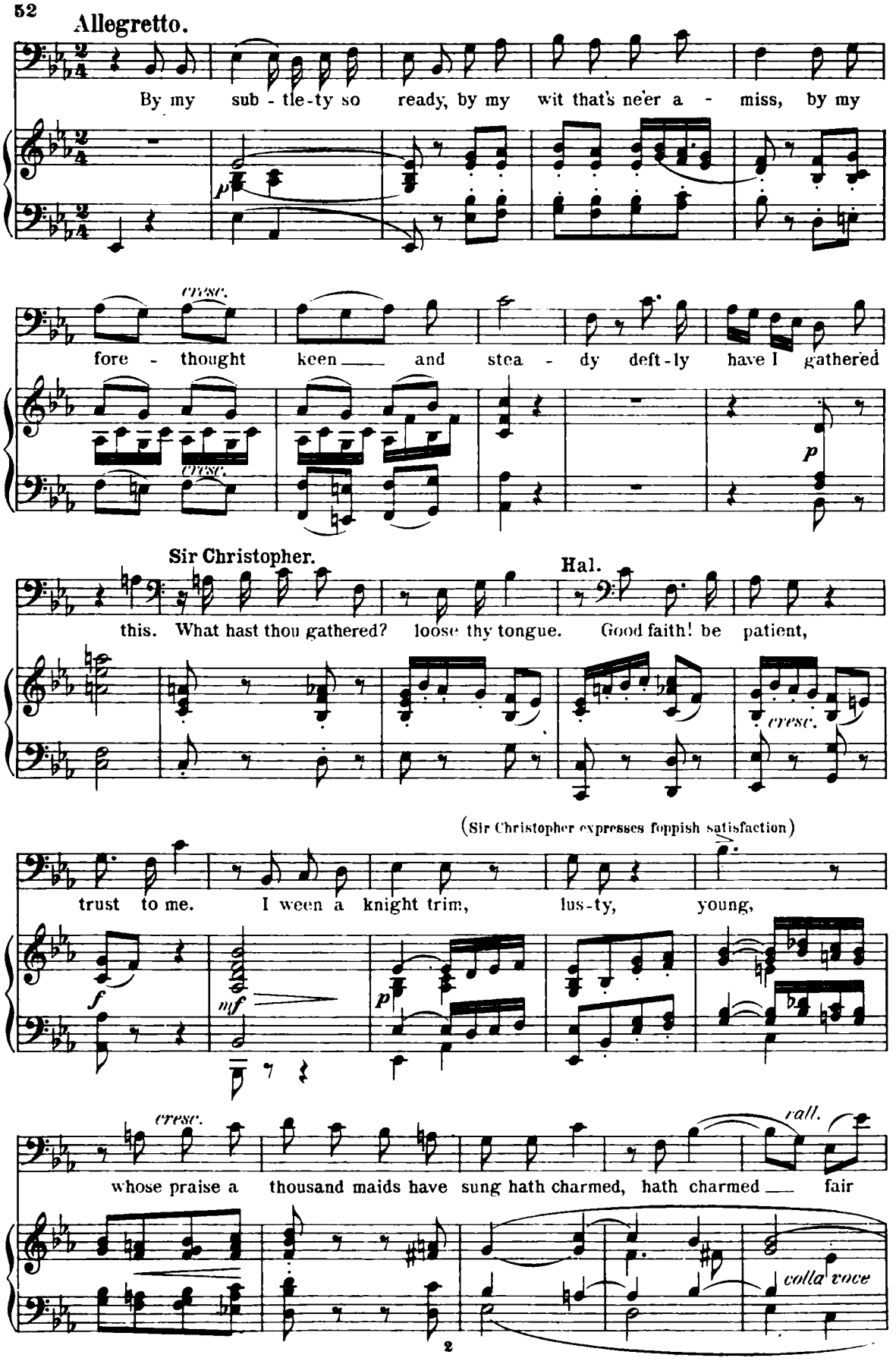

Andante molto moderato.
f
mf
Hal.
mp
(Crossing to L.)
Right well! we're here betimes, I wot thou seest how thou canst trust my
pp
Sir
wit! Did I not say "my good Sir Chris - topher, we must be up betimes!" Ay
mp
mf
Christopher. (looking for a seat, while Hal peeps in at the porch cautiously)
so! Too much be - times, I fain would to my
mf
couch a - gain: this dew - - - drenched air is full of
p


Hal.
aches! Nay, but a gallant knight such as art thou, the puissant
champion, gay con - que-ror in Cu - pid's tour - nament, Sir
Va - liant of In - trigue, he heed - - eth not a good sound ache or two!
Sir Christopher. (jauntily)
(he limps a little, and seeing a stool pulls it for-
poco rall.
a tempo
Hal.
Thou speakest well, still_ I would rest my legs! And wisely done,
colla voce


ward and sits down)
the while the pilgrims take their part - ing fare: for this my well planned
Sir Christopher. Hal.
project hath, I own, some need of legs: Of mine? Ay marry,
(as if announcing a pleasant surprise)
Sir
thine. Thou'rt going this day to walk to Si - - - denbourne! To Si -
Christopher. (starting up)
— denbourne! to Si - denbourne! but by the holy Rood 'tis eight good leagues!
accel.
rall.


Hal. (looking round)
a tempo
Marry, a gallant knight recks not an honest league or two to win his la - dye
a tempo
mp
Sir Christopher. (resuming his seat)
love. Ay so! this cunning plot of thine to net this pret - ty wench:
mf
p
(rubbing his knee)
Hal.
but why not here? Un - der her wea-sel - sight-ed sire's two eyes,
f
p stacc.
take from the Ta-bard her, its fair - est sign! My good Sir Christopher,
f
p


these town-bred folk have cudgels, and I war-rant we have bones!
(he looks round cautiously)
sotto voce
Nay, trust my wit, thou'rt safe. Wouldst hear
Sir Christopher.
my plot? Ay spread thy treason out, thou arrant knave: thou hast served me
Hal.
well ere this. Well, hark ye, now.


Allegretto.
By my sub - tle-ty so ready, by my wit that's ne'er a - miss, by my
cresc.
fore - thought keen — and stea - dy deft-ly have I gathered
Sir Christopher.
Hal.
this. What hast thou gathered? loose thy tongue. Good faith! be patient,
(Sir Christopher expresses foppish satisfaction)
trust to me. I ween a knight trim, lus-ty, young,
cresc.
rall.
whose praise a thousand maids have sung hath charmed, hath charmed — fair
colla voce

a tempo

Sir Christopher.

Hal.

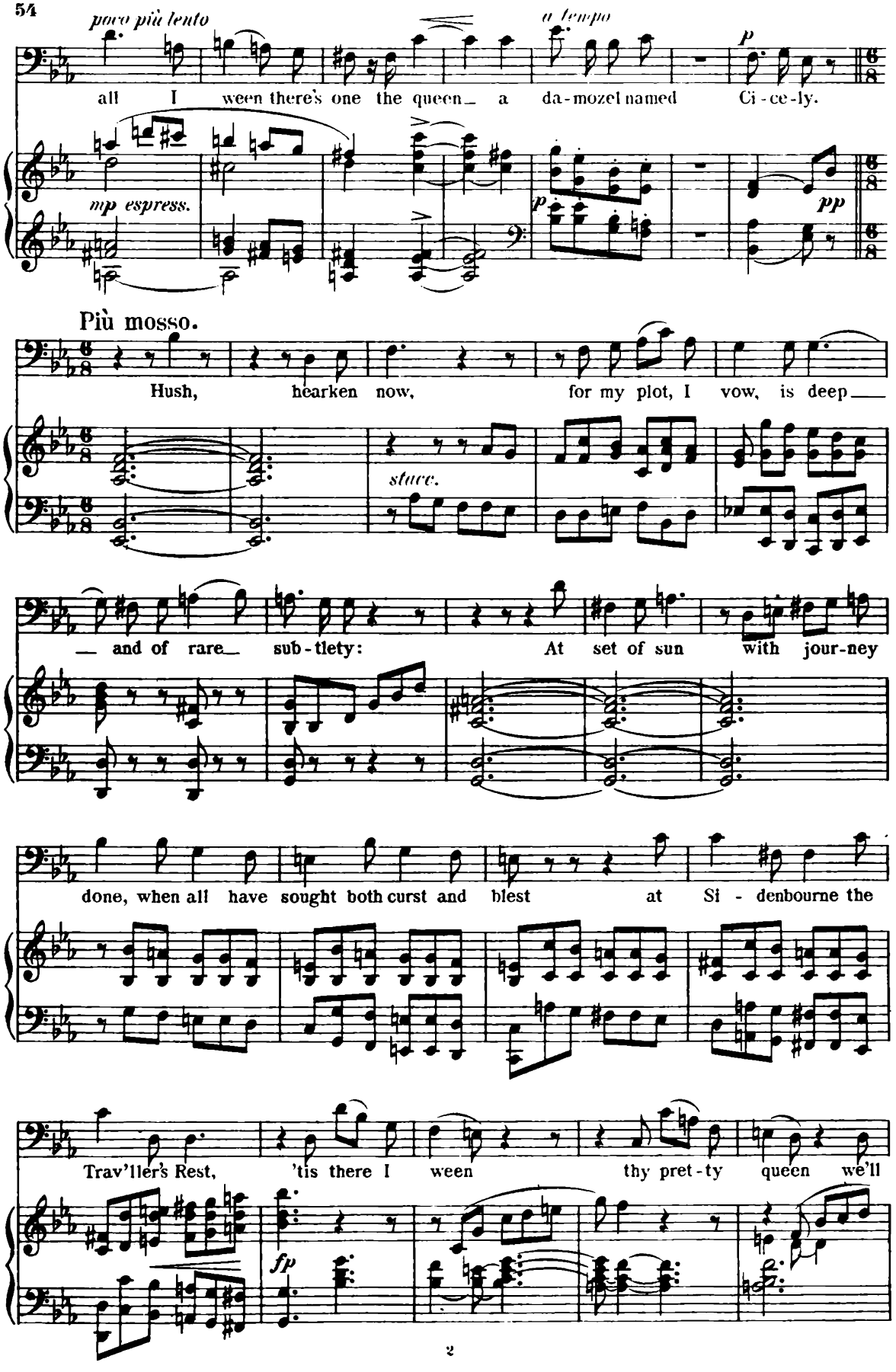
mistress Ci - ce - ly. I flatter me he has! And well! keep thou thy

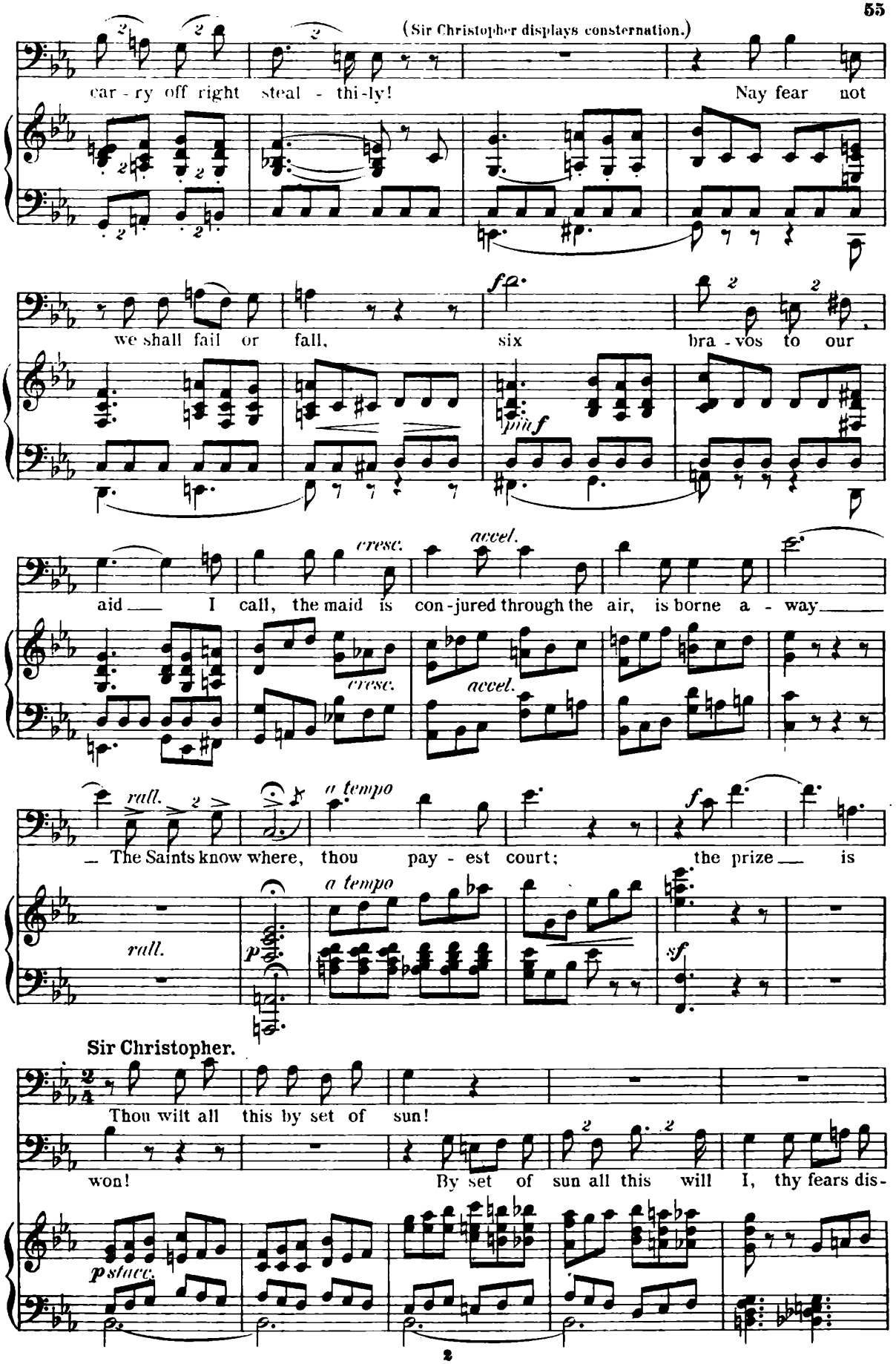
charm and hear my spell. At Saint Tho - - mas's shrine to be

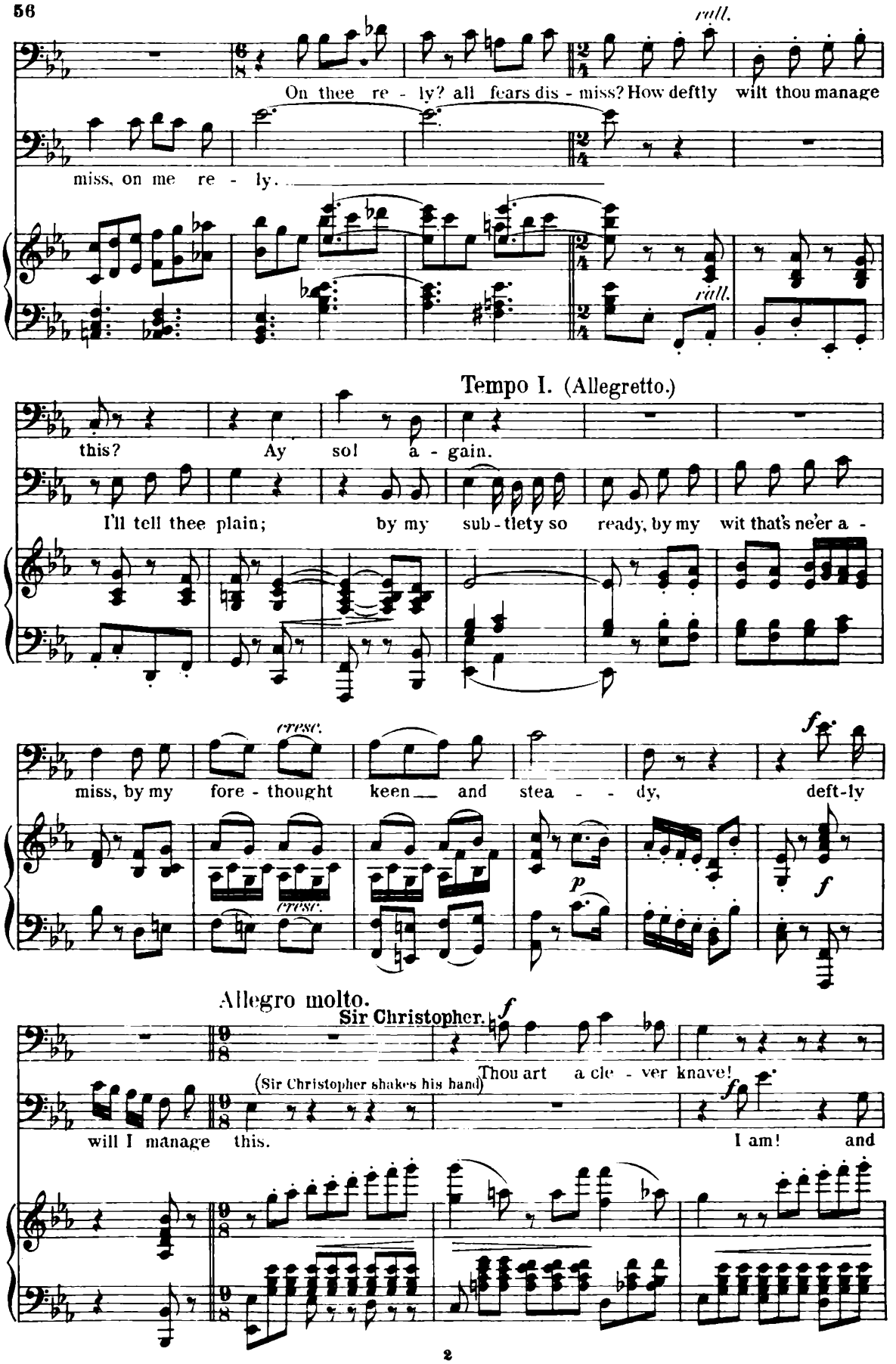
shri - ven to - day there start a good - ly com - pa-ny, your

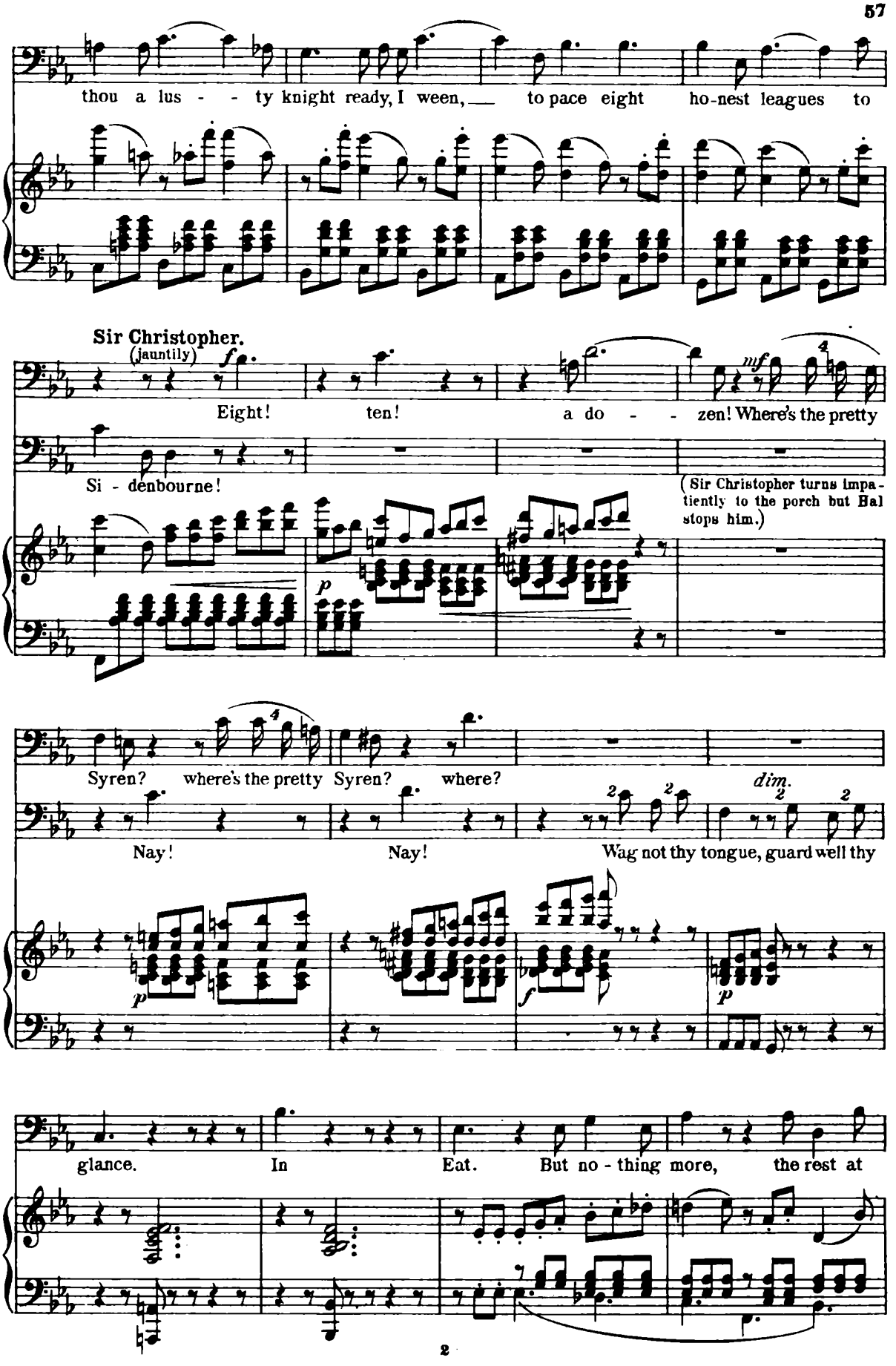
gal - lant fine, your la - dye gay, your ho - ly nun, your port - ly friar, your

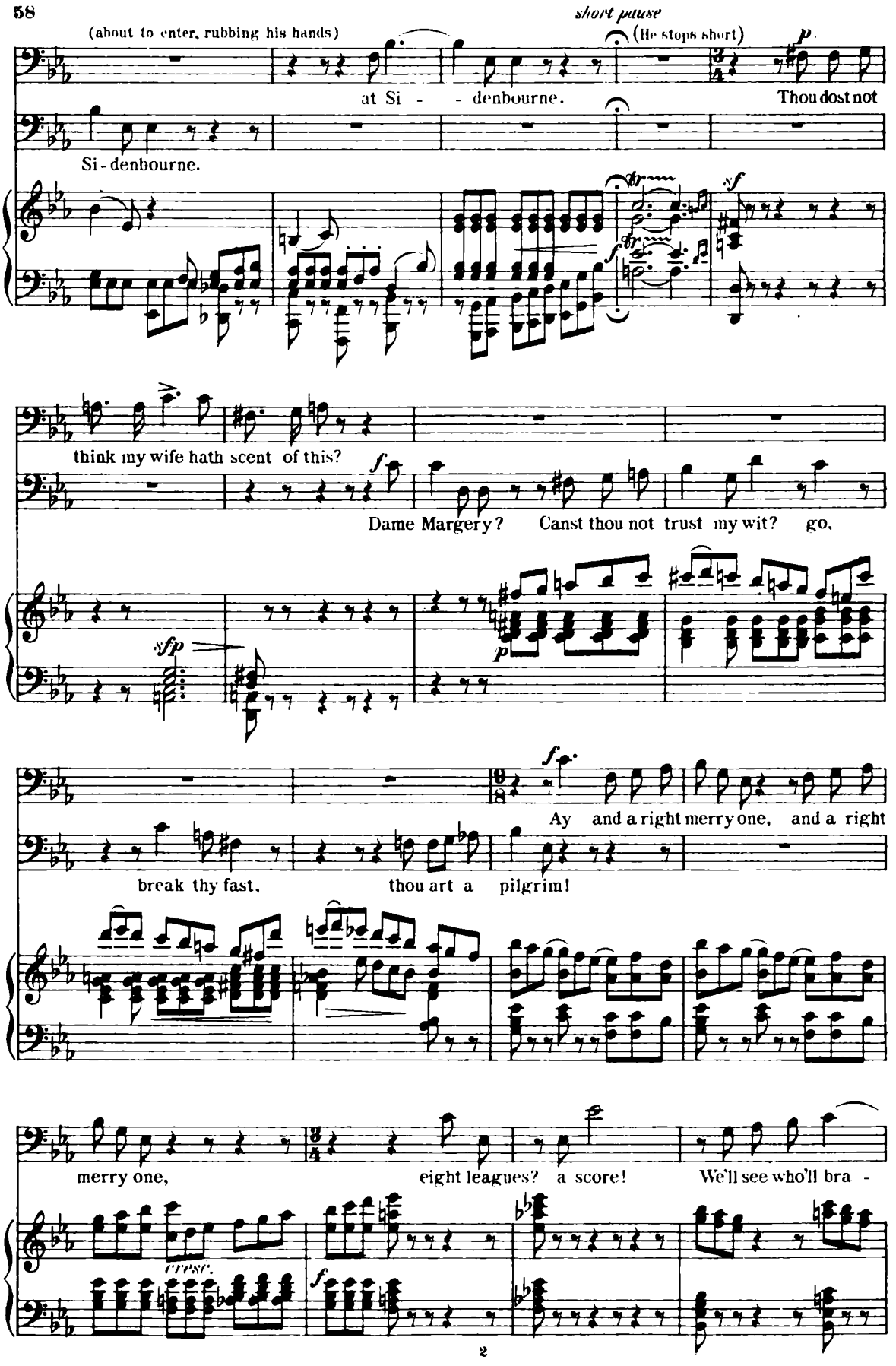
leech, your bur - gess, clerk, and squire; but of

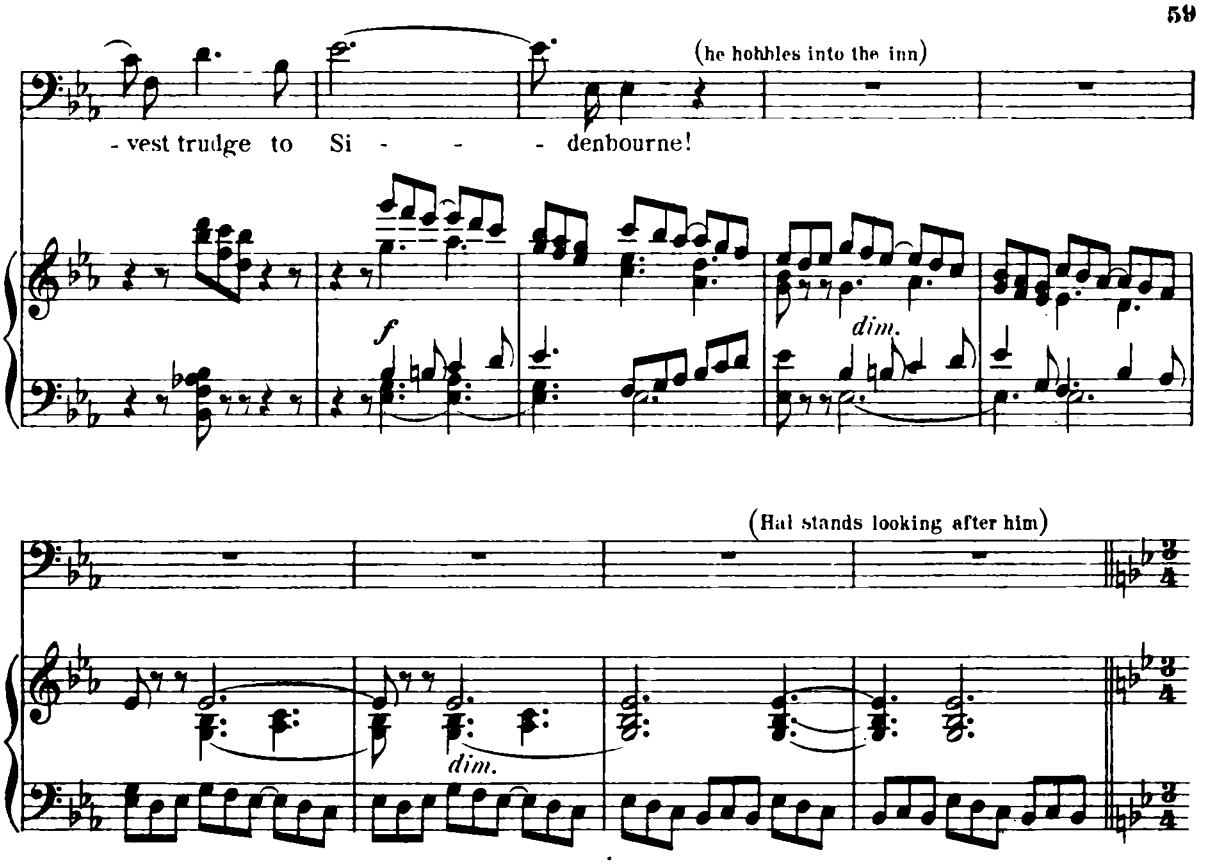

poco più lento
a tempo
p
all I ween there's one the queen a da-mozel named Ci-ce-ly.
mp espress.
p
pp
Più mosso.
Hush, hearken now, for my plot, I vow, is deep
stacc.
and of rare sub-tlety: At set of sun with jour-ney
done, when all have sought both curst and blest at Si-denbourne the
Trav'ller's Rest, 'tis there I ween thy pret-ty queen we'll
fp


(Sir Christopher displays consternation.)
car - ry off right steal - thi-ly!
Nay fear not
we shall fail or fall,
six
bra - vos to our
aid I call, the maid is con-jured through the air, is borne a - way
cresc.
accel.
rall.
a tempo
The Saints know where, thou pay - est court;
the prize is
Sir Christopher.
Thou wilt all this by set of sun!
won!
By set of sun all this will I, thy fears dis-

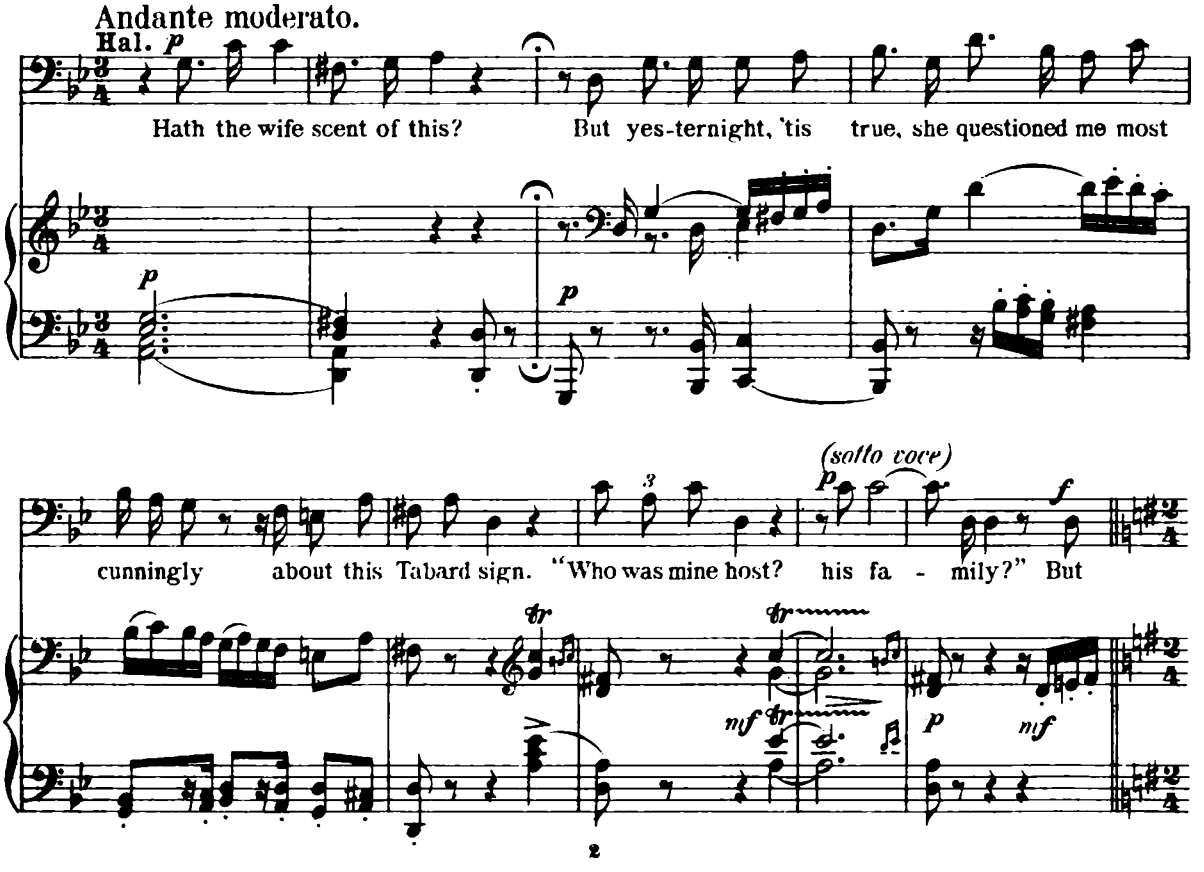

rall.
On thee re - ly? all fears dis - miss? How deftly wilt thou manage
miss, on me re - ly.
rall.
Tempo I. (Allegretto.)
this? Ay so! a - gain.
I'll tell thee plain; by my sub - tlety so ready, by my wit that's ne'er a -
cresc.
miss, by my fore - thought keen and stea - dy, deft-ly
cresc.
p
f
Allegro molto.
Sir Christopher.
f
Thou art a cle - ver knave!
(Sir Christopher shakes his hand)
will I manage this.
I am! and


thou a lus - - ty knight ready, I ween, to pace eight ho-nest leagues to
Sir Christopher.
(jauntily)
Eight! ten! a do - - zen! Where's the pretty
Si - denbourne!
(Sir Christopher turns impatiently to the porch but Hal stops him.)
Syren? where's the pretty Syren? where?
Nay! Nay! Wag not thy tongue, guard well thy
glance. In Eat. But no - thing more, the rest at

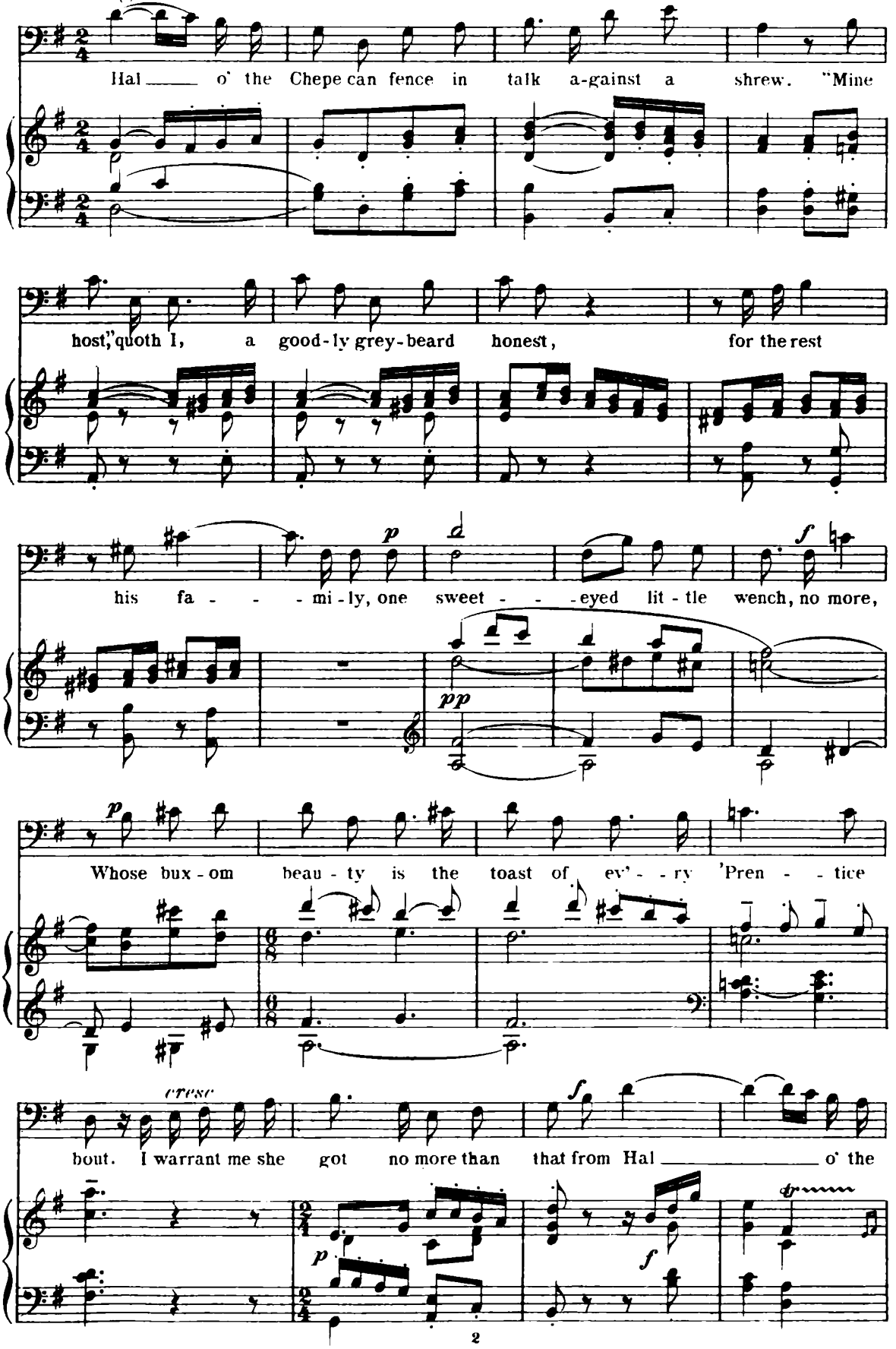

(about to enter, rubbing his hands)
short pause
(He stops short)
at Si - - denbourne.
Thou dost not
Si-denbourne.
think my wife hath scent of this?
Dame Margery? Canst thou not trust my wit? go,
Ay and a right merry one, and a right
break thy fast, thou art a pilgrim!
merry one,
eight leagues? a score!
We'll see who'll bra -
cresc.

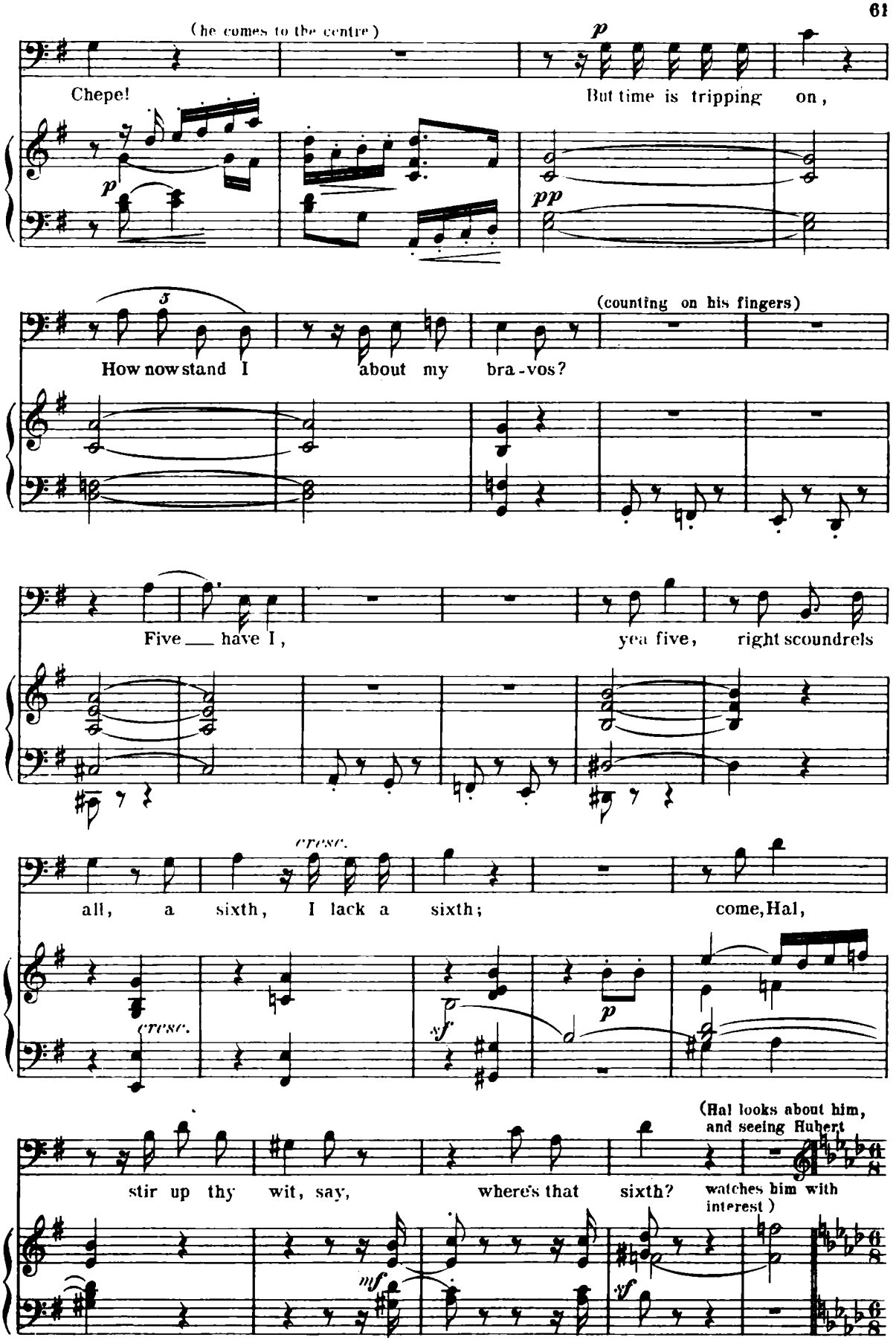

(he hobbles into the inn)
- vest trudge to Si - - - denbourne!
f
dim.
(Hal stands looking after him)
dim.

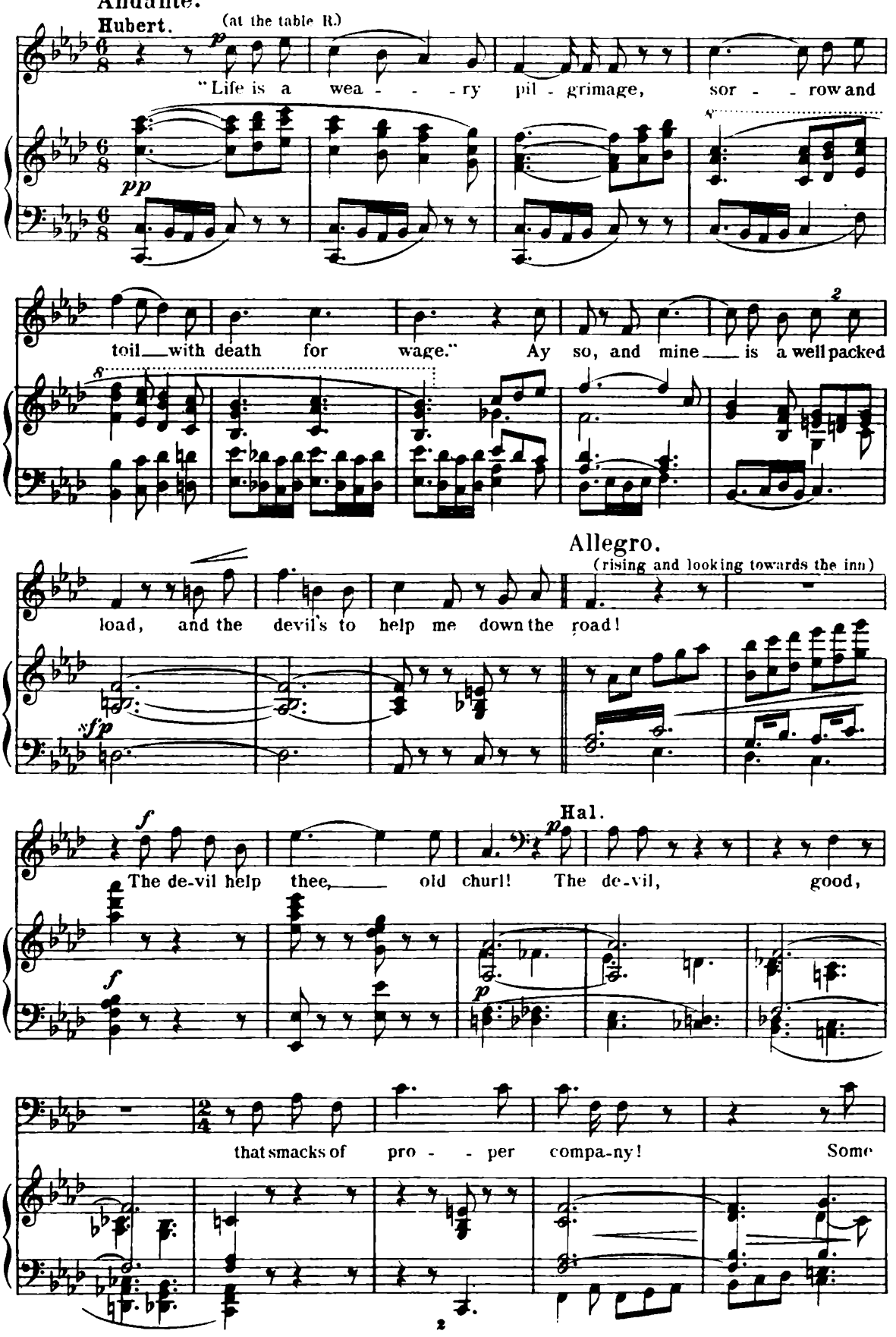
Scene V.

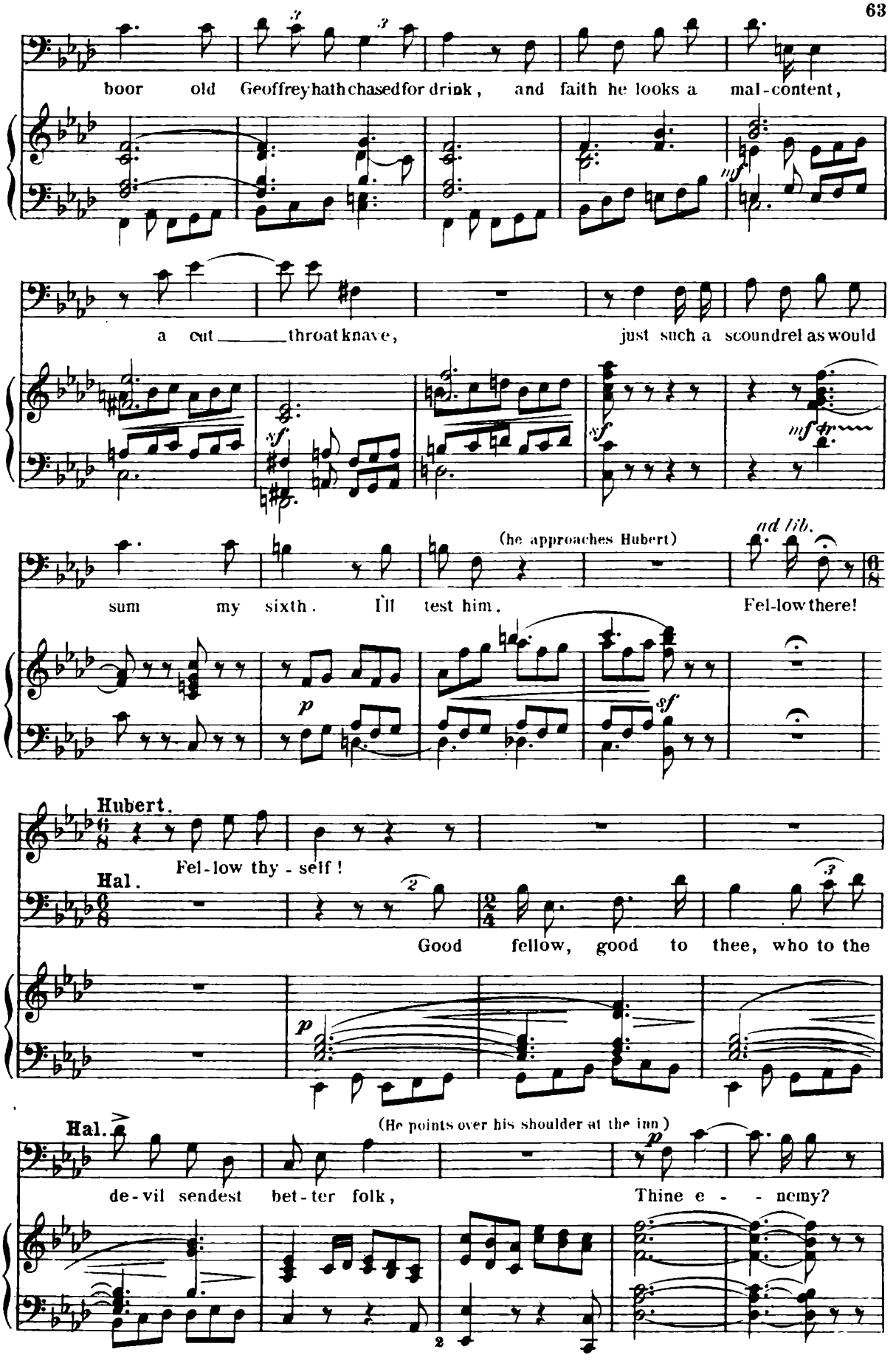

Andante moderato.
Hal. p
Hath the wife scent of this? But yes-ternight, 'tis true, she questioned me most
p
p
(sotto voce)
p
f
cunningly about this Tabard sign. "Who was mine host? his fa - mily?" But
tr
tr
nf
tr
p
nf

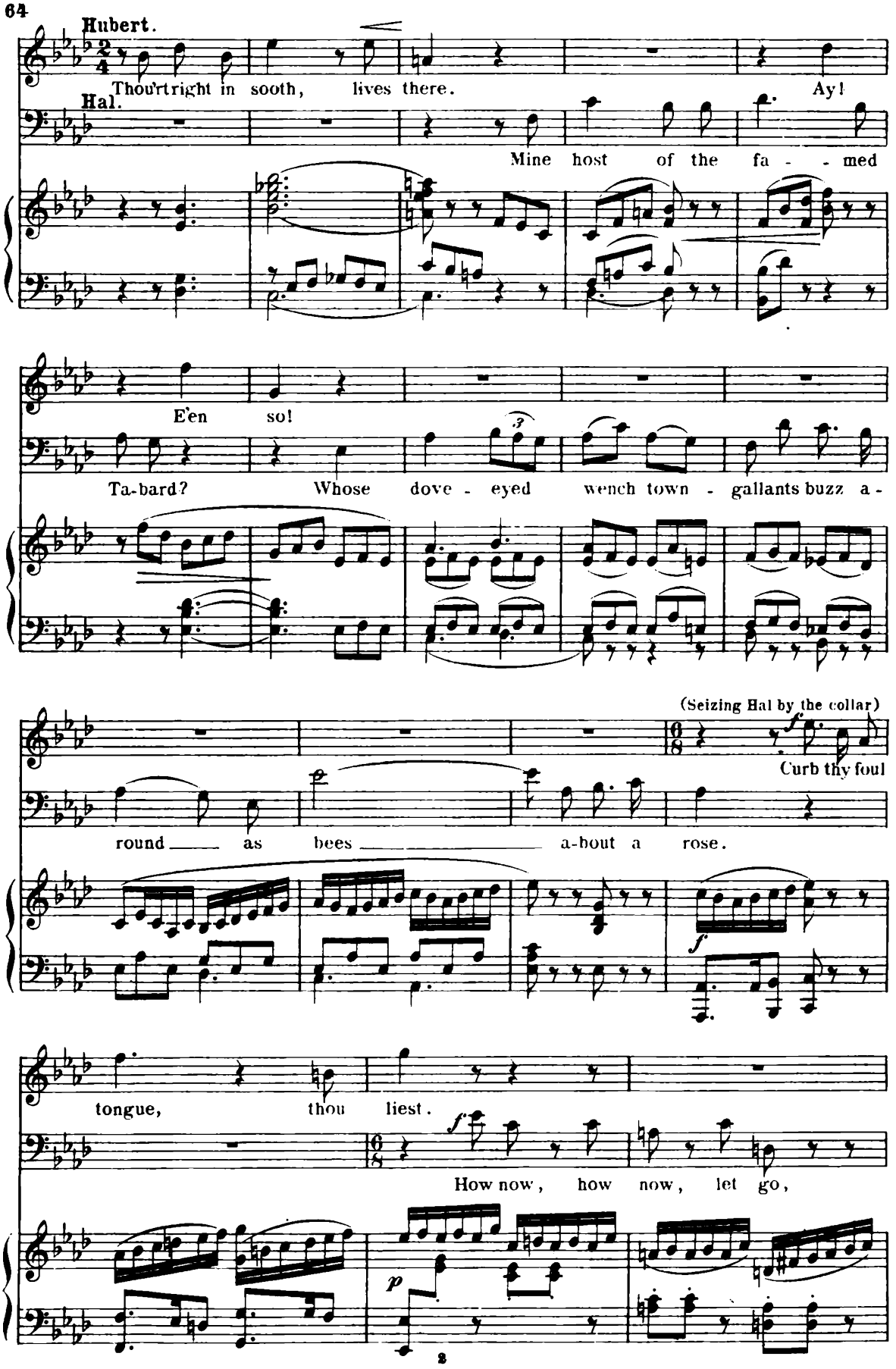
Allegretto.

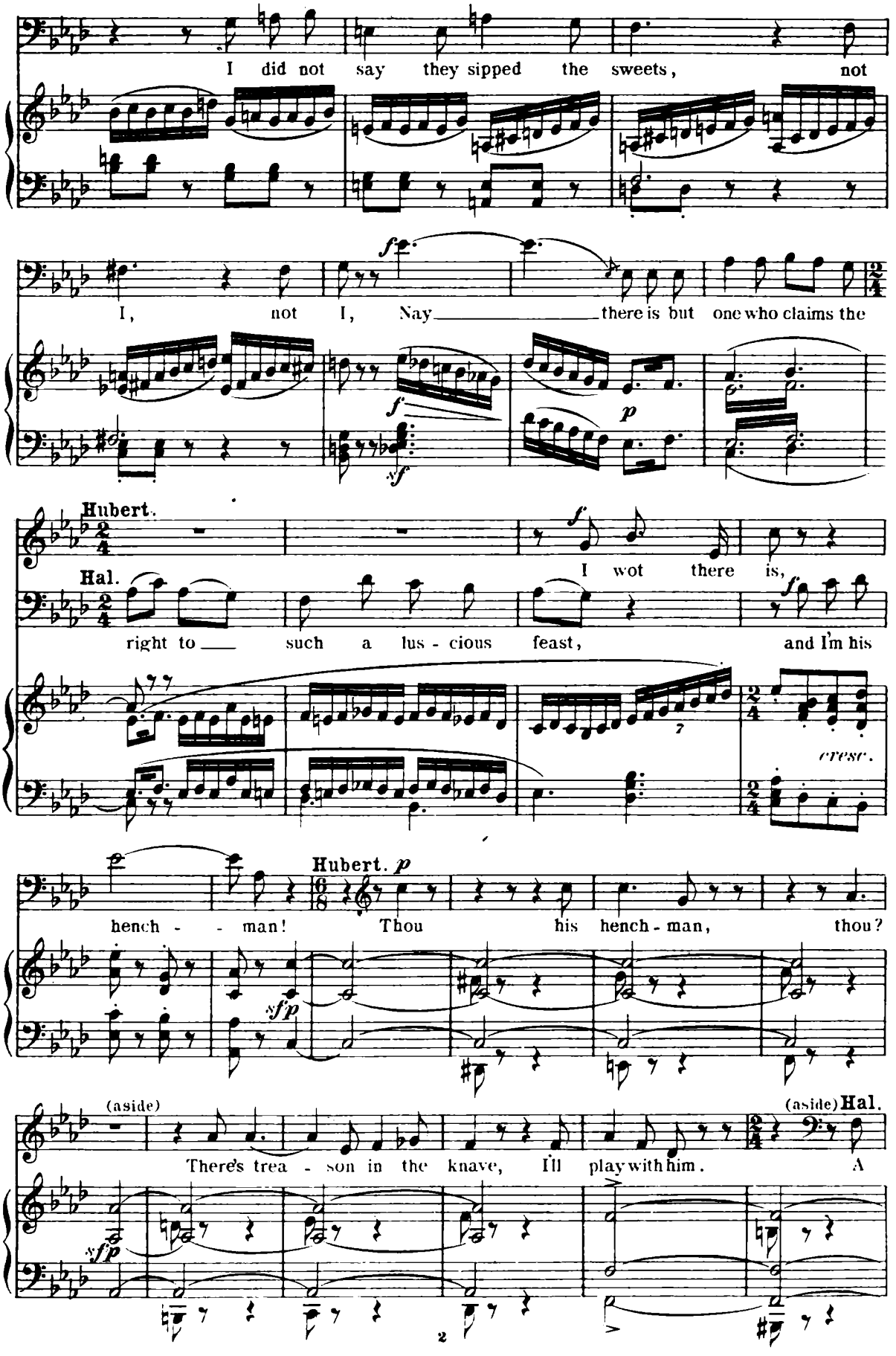

Hal ___ o' the Chepe can fence in talk a-gainst a shrew. "Mine
host," quoth I, a good-ly grey-beard honest, for the rest
his fa - - - mi - ly, one sweet - - - eyed lit - tle wench, no more,
Whose bux - om beau - ty is the toast of ev' - - ry 'Pren - - tice
cresc
bout. I warrant me she got no more than that from Hal ___ o' the

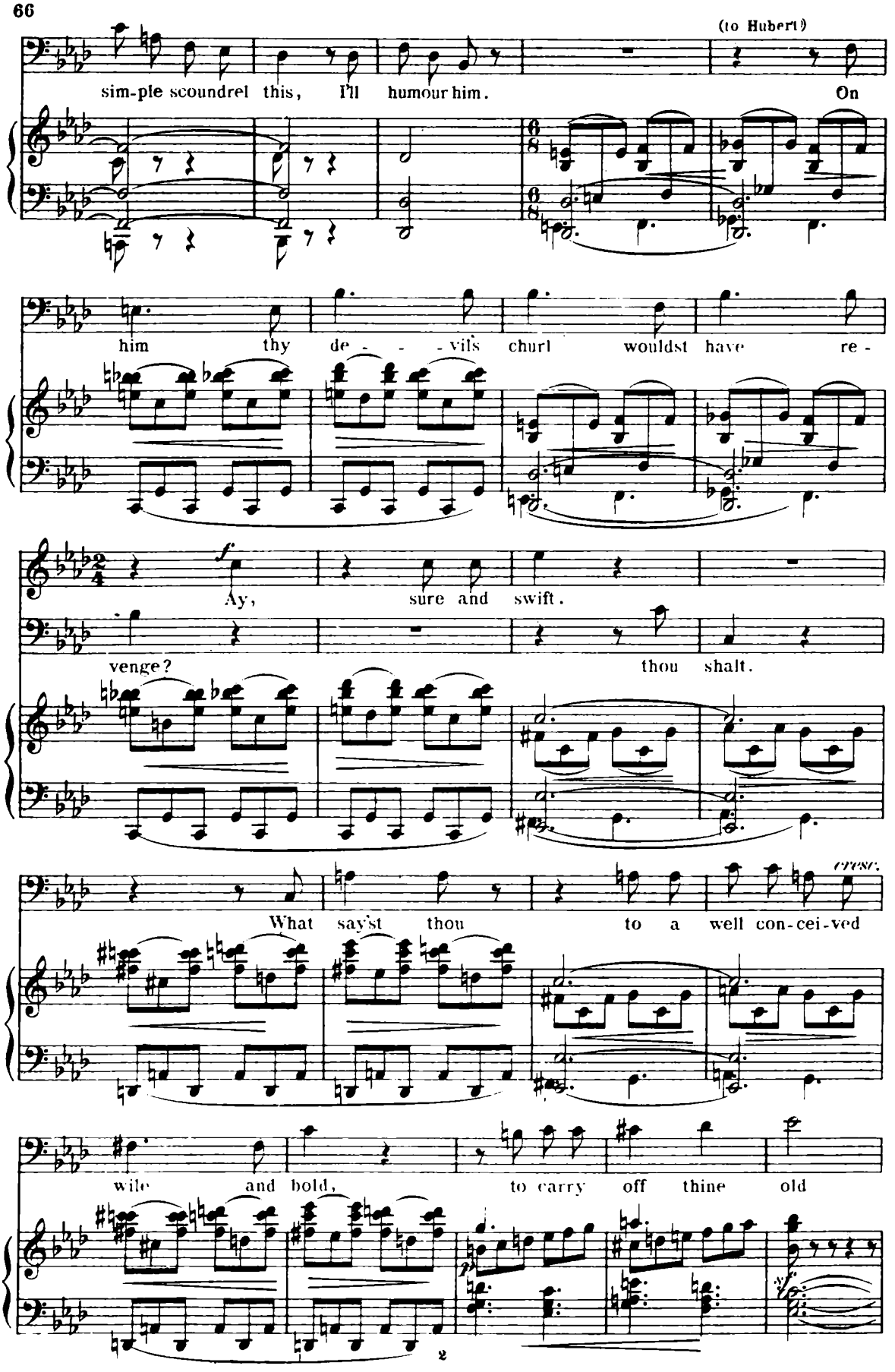

(he comes to the centre)
Chepe!
But time is tripping on,
How now stand I about my bra-vos?
(counting on his fingers)
Five ___ have I, yea five, right scoundrels
all, a sixth, I lack a sixth; come, Hal,
cresc.
stir up thy wit, say, where's that sixth?
(Hal looks about him, and seeing Hubert watches him with interest)

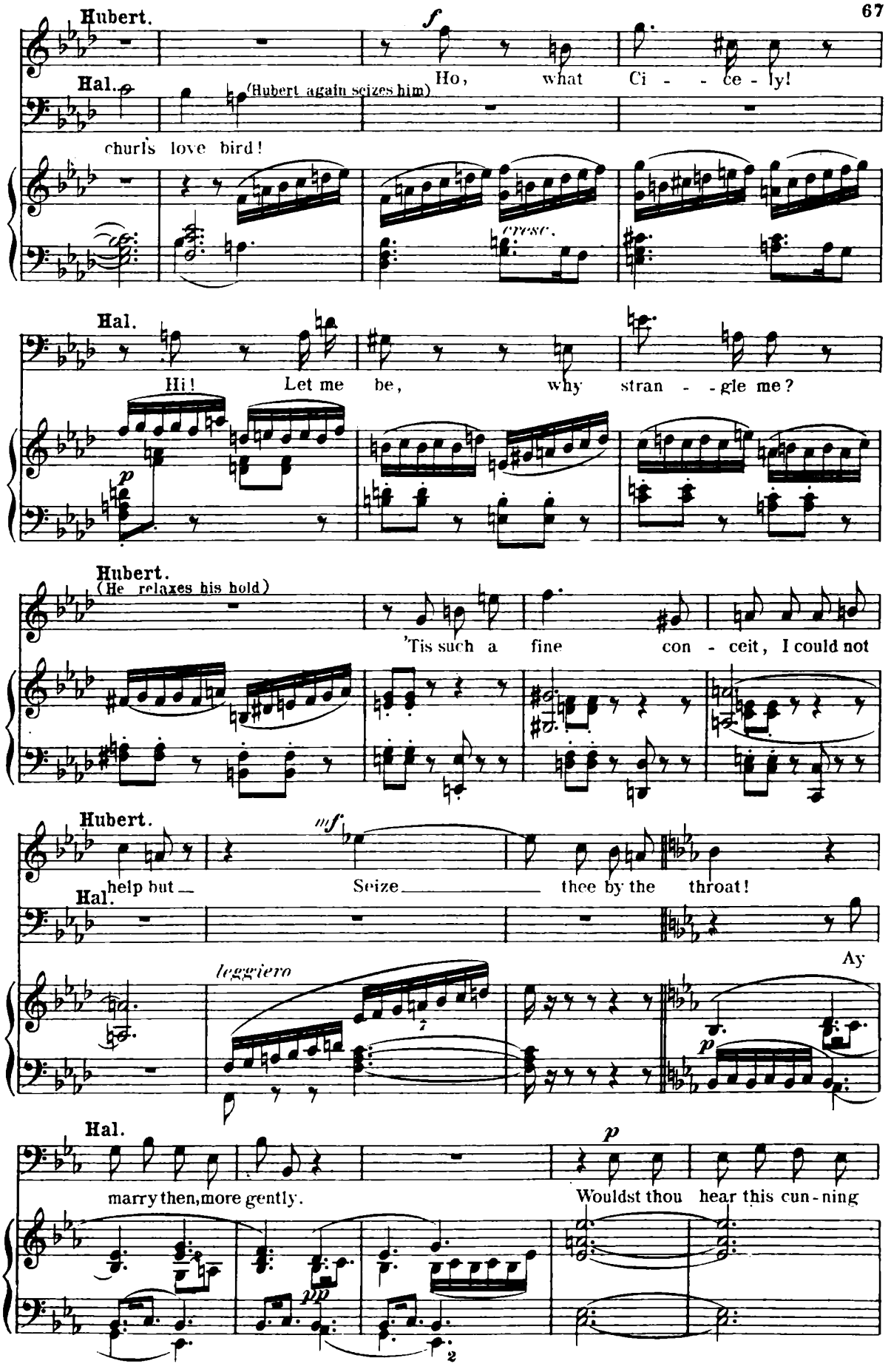

Andante.
Hubert.
(at the table R.)
"Life is a wea - - - ry pil - grimage, sor - - row and
toil — with death for wage." Ay so, and mine — is a well packed
Allegro.
(rising and looking towards the inn)
load, and the devil's to help me down the road!
Hal.
The de-vil help thee, — old churl! The de-vil, good,
that smacks of pro - - per compa-ny! Some

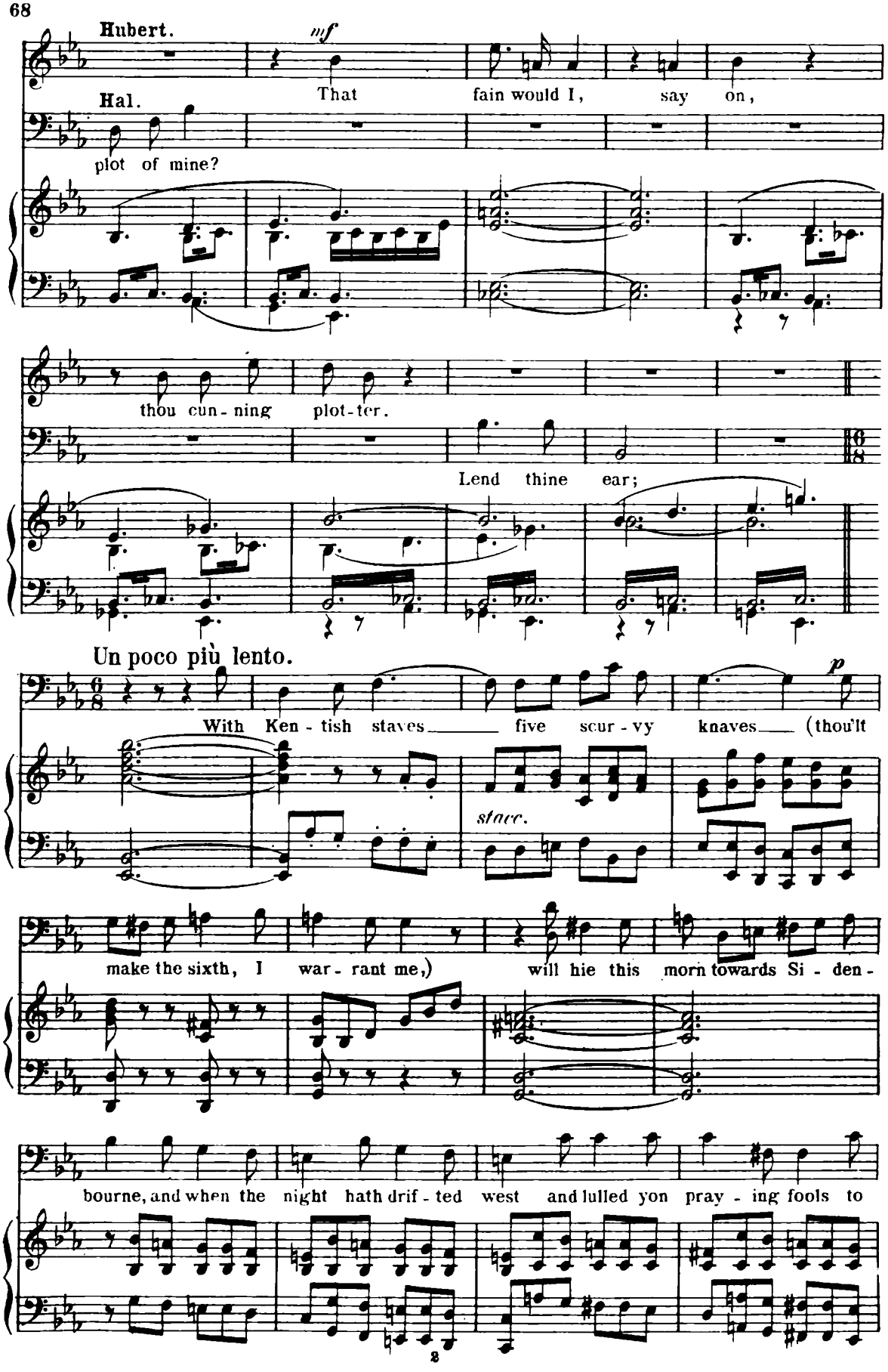

boor old Geoffrey hath chased for drink, and faith he looks a mal-content,
a cut ____ throat knave, just such a scoundrel as would
(he approaches Hubert)
ad lib.
sum my sixth. I'll test him. Fel-low there!
Hubert.
Fel-low thy-self!
Hal.
Good fellow, good to thee, who to the
(He points over his shoulder at the inn)
Hal.
de-vil sendest bet-ter folk, Thine e - - nemy?

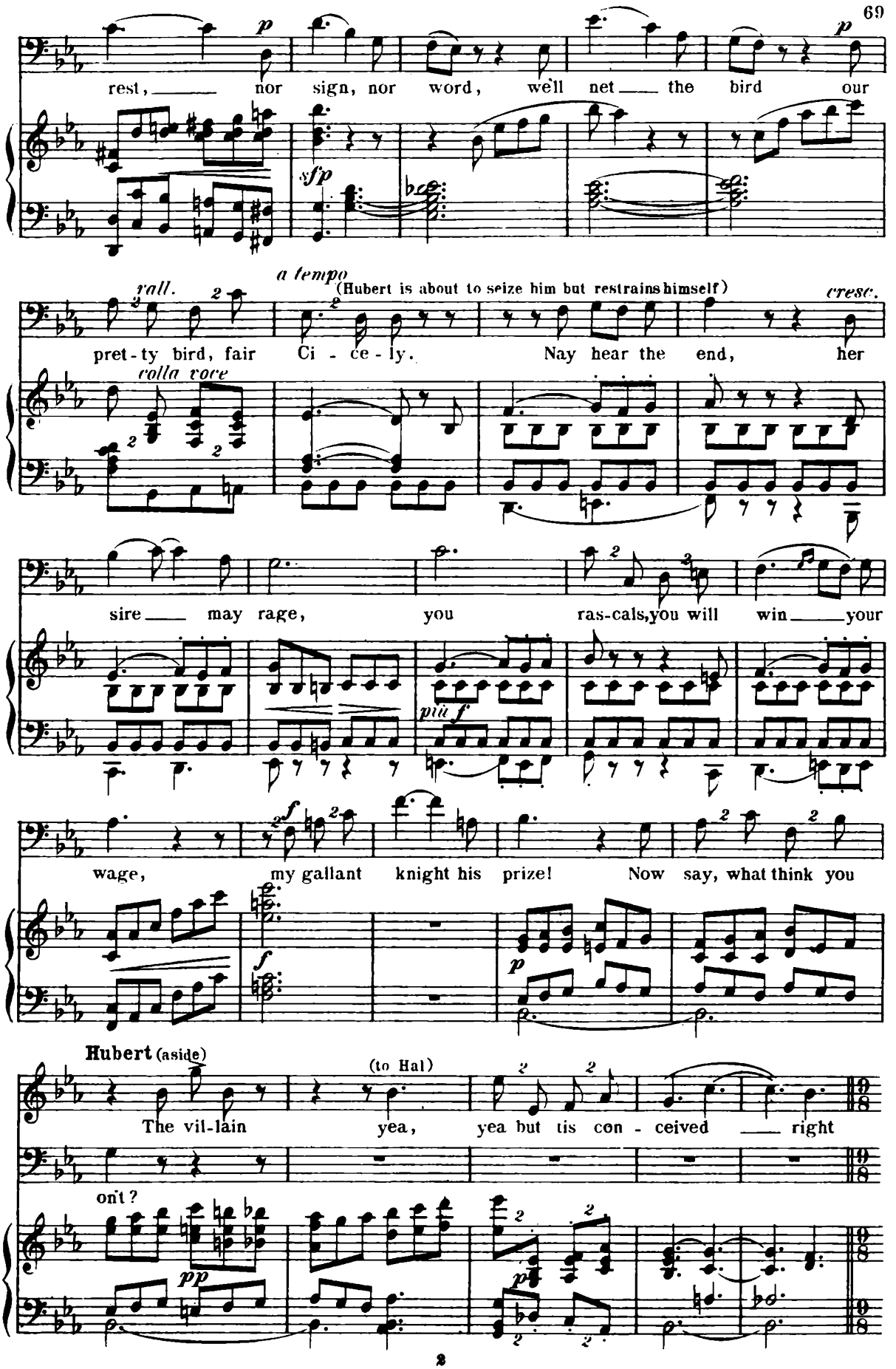

Hubert.
Thou'rt right in sooth, lives there.
Ay!
Hal.
Mine host of the fa - - med
E'en so!
Ta-bard? Whose dove - eyed wench town - gallants buzz a -
(Seizing Hal by the collar)
Curb thy foul
round as bees a-bout a rose.
tongue, thou liest.
How now, how now, let go,

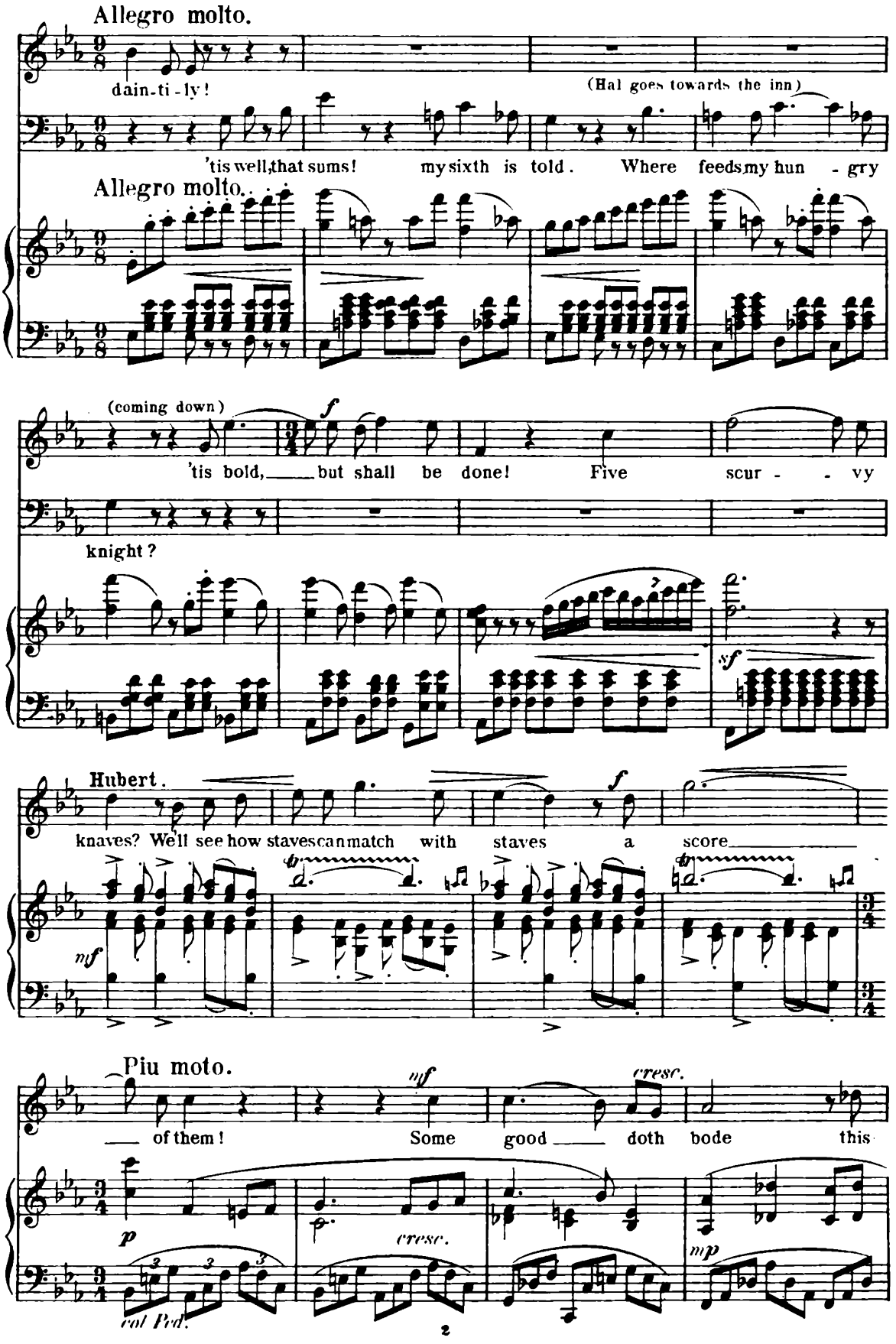

I did not say they sipped the sweets, not
I, not I, Nay there is but one who claims the
Hubert.
Hal.
I wot there is,
right to such a lus - cious feast, and I'm his
cresc.
Hubert. p
hench - man! Thou his hench - man, thou?
(aside)
(aside) Hal.
There's trea - son in the knave, I'll play with him. A

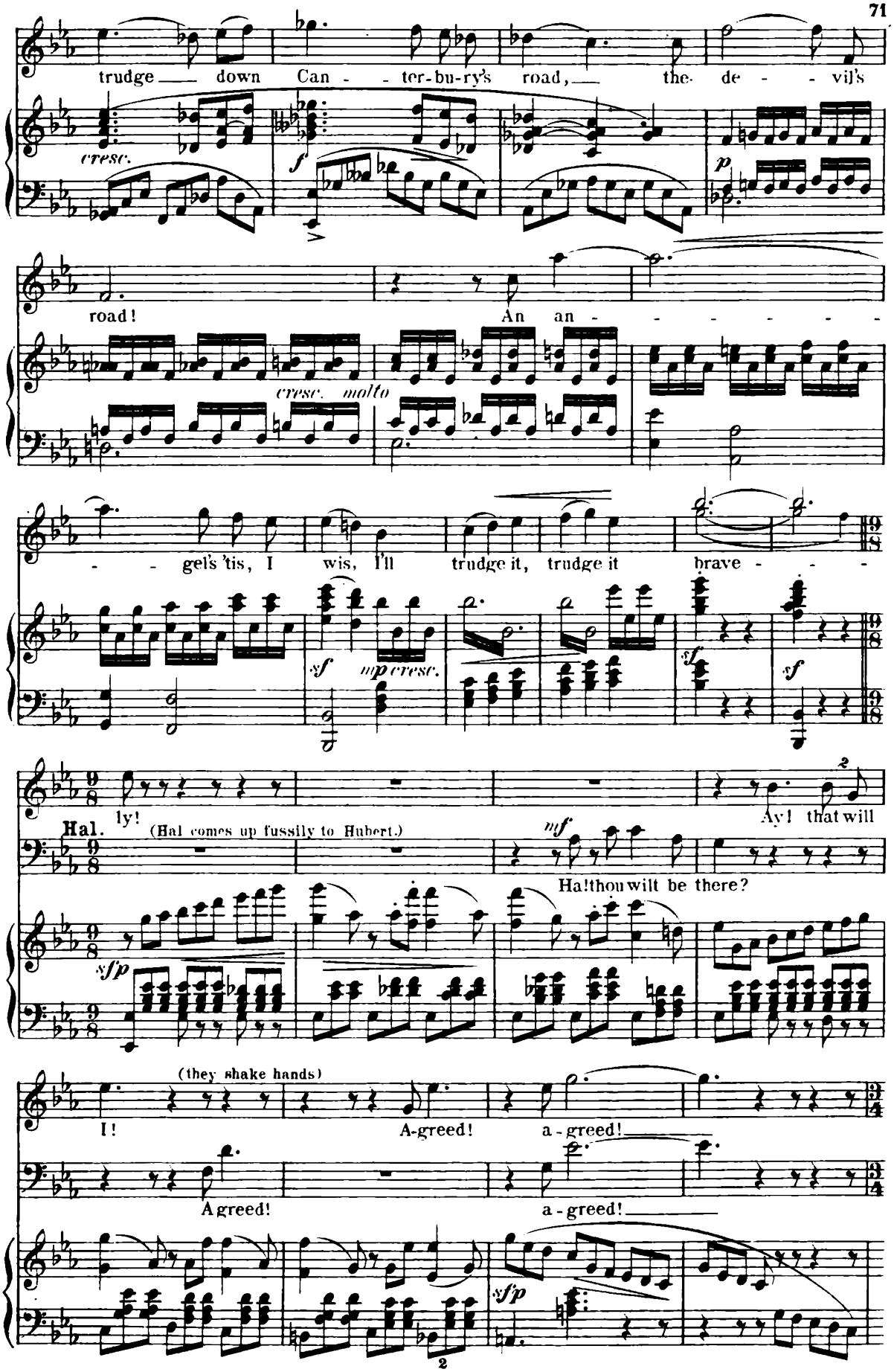

(to Hubert)
sim-ple scoundrel this, I'll humour him. On
him thy de - - - vil's churl wouldst have re -
Ay, sure and swift.
venge? thou shalt.
What say'st thou to a well con-cei-ved
wile and bold, to carry off thine old

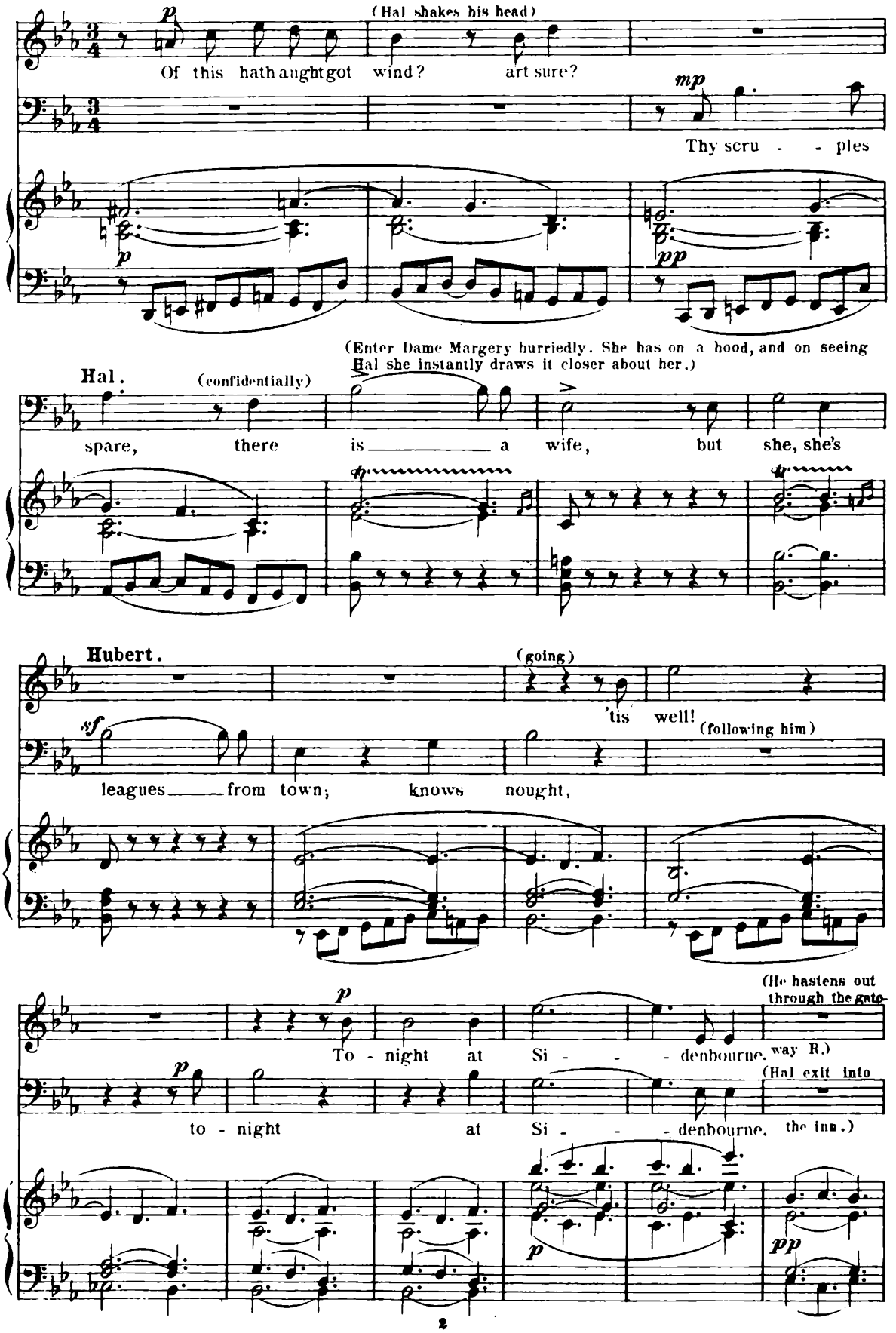

Hubert.
Hal.
churl's love bird!
(Hubert again seizes him)
Ho, what Ci - - ce - ly!
cresc.
Hal.
Hi! Let me be, why stran - - gle me?
Hubert.
(He relaxes his hold)
'Tis such a fine con - ceit, I could not
Hubert.
help but
Hal.
Seize thee by the throat!
Ay
leggiero
Hal.
marry then, more gently.
Wouldst thou hear this cun - ning


Hubert.
mf
That fain would I, say on,
Hal.
plot of mine?
thou cun - ning plot - ter.
Lend thine ear;
Un poco più lento.
p
With Ken - tish staves five scur - vy knaves (thou'lt
stacc.
make the sixth, I war - rant me,) will hie this morn towards Si - den -
bourne, and when the night hath drif - ted west and lulled yon pray - ing fools to

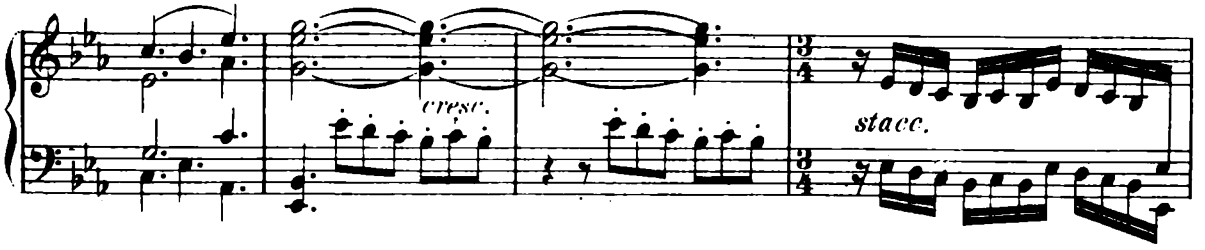

rest, nor sign, nor word, we'll net the bird our
rall.
a tempo
(Hubert is about to seize him but restrains himself)
cresc.
colla voce
pret-ty bird, fair Ci - ce - ly. Nay hear the end, her
sire may rage, you ras-cals, you will win your
più f
wage, my gallant knight his prize! Now say, what think you
Hubert (aside)
(to Hal)
The vil-lain yea, yea but tis con - ceived right
on't?


Allegro molto.
dain-ti-ly!
(Hal goes towards the inn)
'tis well, that sums! my sixth is told. Where feeds my hun - gry
Allegro molto.
(coming down)
'tis bold, but shall be done! Five scur - - vy
knight?
Hubert.
knaves? We'll see how staves can match with staves a score
Piu moto.
of them! Some good doth bode this
col Ped.


trudge down Can - ter-bu-ry's road, the de - vil's
cresc.
f
p
road! An an - - - - - -
cresc. molto
- - gel's 'tis, I wis, I'll trudge it, trudge it brave - - -
sf
mp cresc.
sf
sf
ly!
Hal.
(Hal comes up fussily to Hubert.)
Ay! that will
mf
Hal thou wilt be there?
sfp
(they shake hands)
I! A-greed! a - greed!
A greed! a - greed!
sfp
2

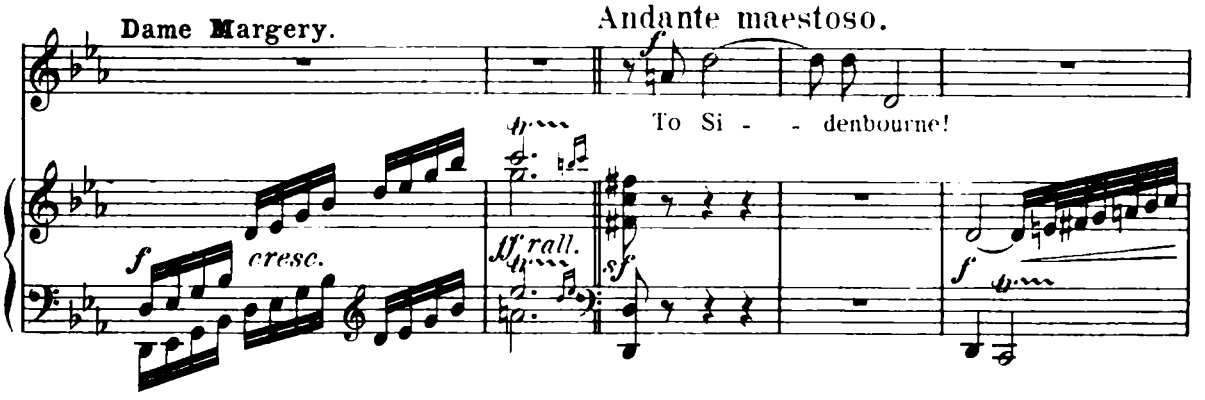

(Hal shakes his head)
Of this hath aught got wind? art sure?
Thy scru - - ples
(Enter Dame Margery hurriedly. She has on a hood, and on seeing Hal she instantly draws it closer about her.)
Hal. (confidentially)
spare, there is a wife, but she, she's
Hubert.
(going)
'tis well!
(following him)
leagues from town; knows nought,
(He hastens out through the gate-way R.)
To - night at Si - - denbourne.
(Hal exit into the inn.)
to - night at Si - - denbourne.

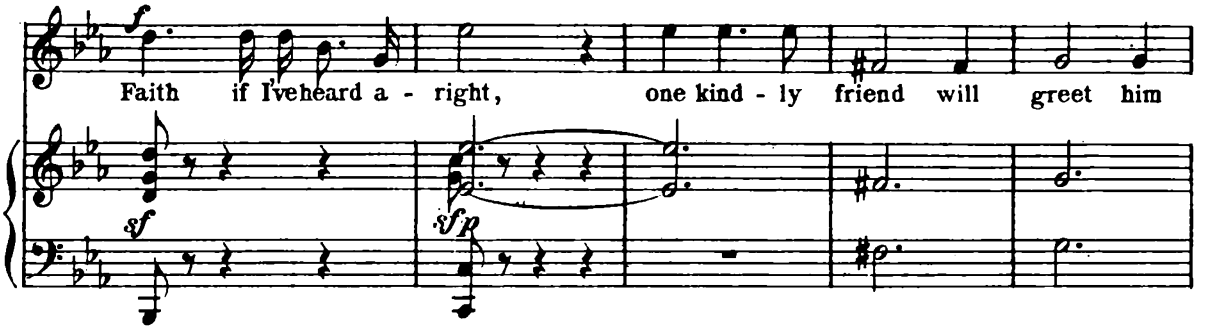
(Dame Margery has just come behind the two, as she catches the last word.)



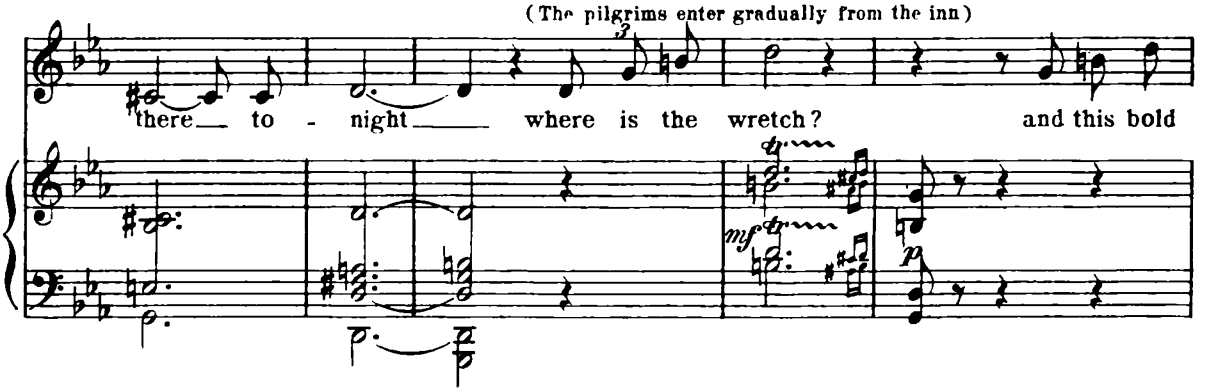
Dame Margery.

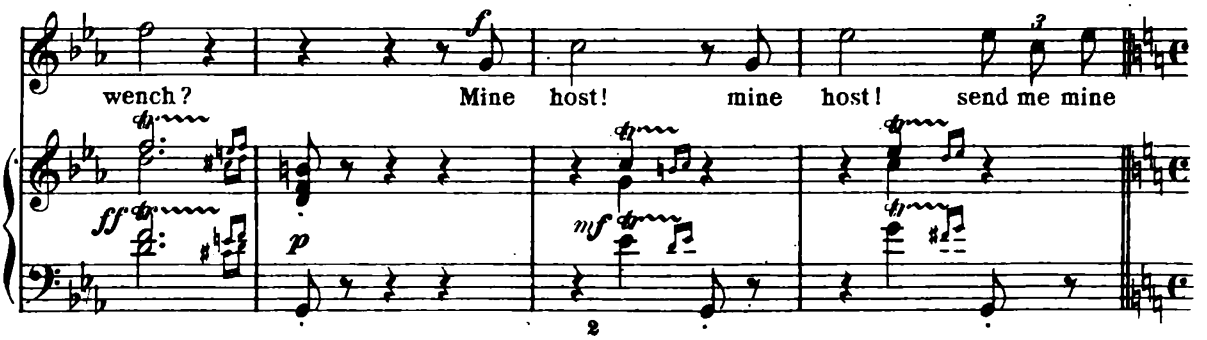
Andante maestoso.





(The pilgrims enter gradually from the inn)





Scene VI.

Allegro con brio.

(she approaches the porch)

host!

mf *cresc.*

Here mine host!

mf

Here mine host!

cresc.

Here mine host!

Allegro con brio.

p

mf *cresc.*

Here mine host! Here! Here mine host! There mine host!

mf *cresc.*

Here mine host! Here! Here mine host! There mine host!

f

Here mine host! Here mine host! Here mine host! There mine host!

f

Here mine host! Here mine host! Here mine host! There mine host!

sfp *stacc.*

(Geoffrey emerges from the inn in a state of confusion attending to his customers with a

Hi - ther answer to thy name, hi - ther answer to thy name,

Hi - ther answer to thy name, hi - ther answer to thy name,

Hi - ther ans - wer to thy name, hi - ther ans - wer to thy name, thi -

Hi - ther ans - wer to thy name, hi - ther ans - wer to thy name,

napkin under his arm, and scoring-satchel in his hand)

thi - ther, see, a wor - thy Dame at thy porch she waiteth thee.

thi - ther, see, a wor - thy Dame at thy porch she waiteth thee.

- - ther, see, a wor - thy Dame at thy porch she waiteth thee. Here mine host!

thi - ther, see, a wor - thy Dame at thy porch she waiteth thee. Here mine host!

cresc.

Here mine host! Here mine host! Hi - ther, tally up thy score, reck not thou

Here mine host! Here mine host! Hi - ther, tally up thy score, reck not thou

Here mine host! Hither bring a flagon more! Reck not

Here mine host! Hither bring a flagon more! Reck not

who rateth thee, reck not thou who rateth thee, hasten thou 'tis time for starting!

who rateth thee, reck not thou who rateth thee, hasten thou 'tis time for starting!

thou who rateth thee, reck not thou who rateth thee. Come a

thou who rateth thee, reck not thou who rateth thee. Come a

(Geoffrey is beside himself, going from one to the other)

Dost thou hear us, hasten,

Dost thou hear us, hasten,

cup ___ to speed our par-ting, one to cheer ___ us, has - ten,

cup ___ to speed our par-ting, one to cheer ___ us, has - ten,

Geoffrey.

Ne'er was pack-horse rougher rid - den!

has - - - - ten!

has - - - - ten!

do as thou art bidden!

Come a cup ___

do as thou art bidden!

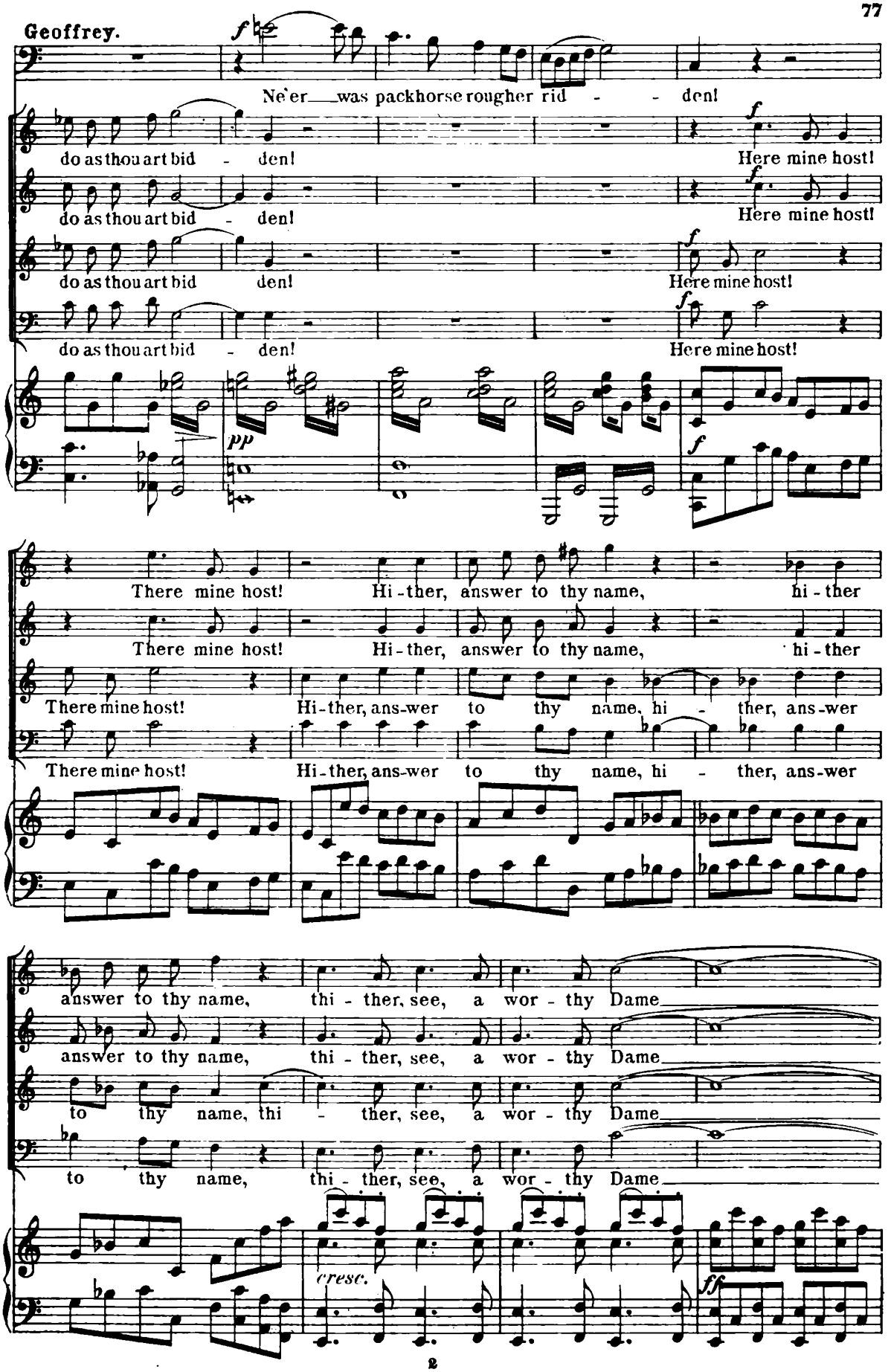
Come a cup ___

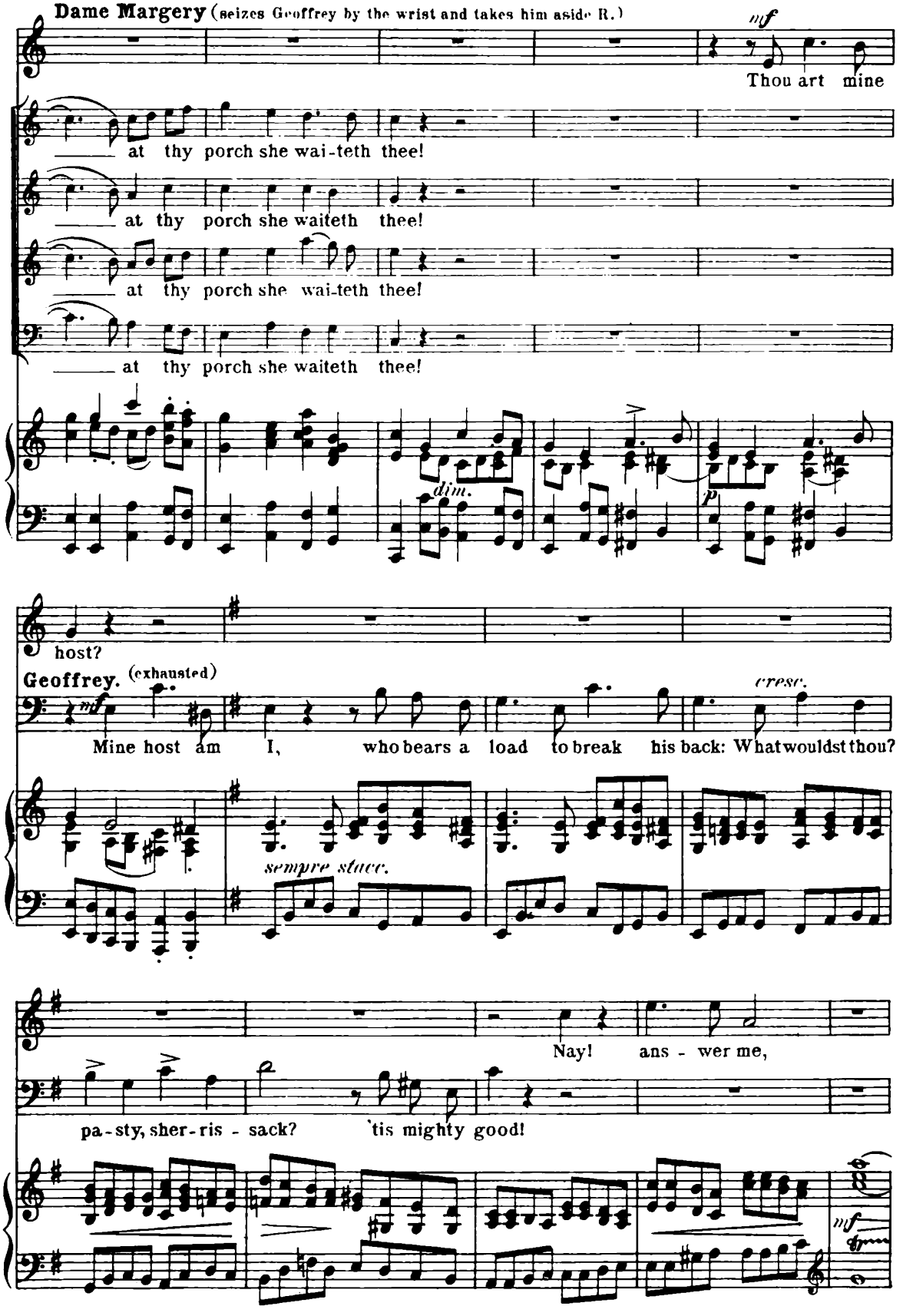
one to cheer ___ us, has - ten

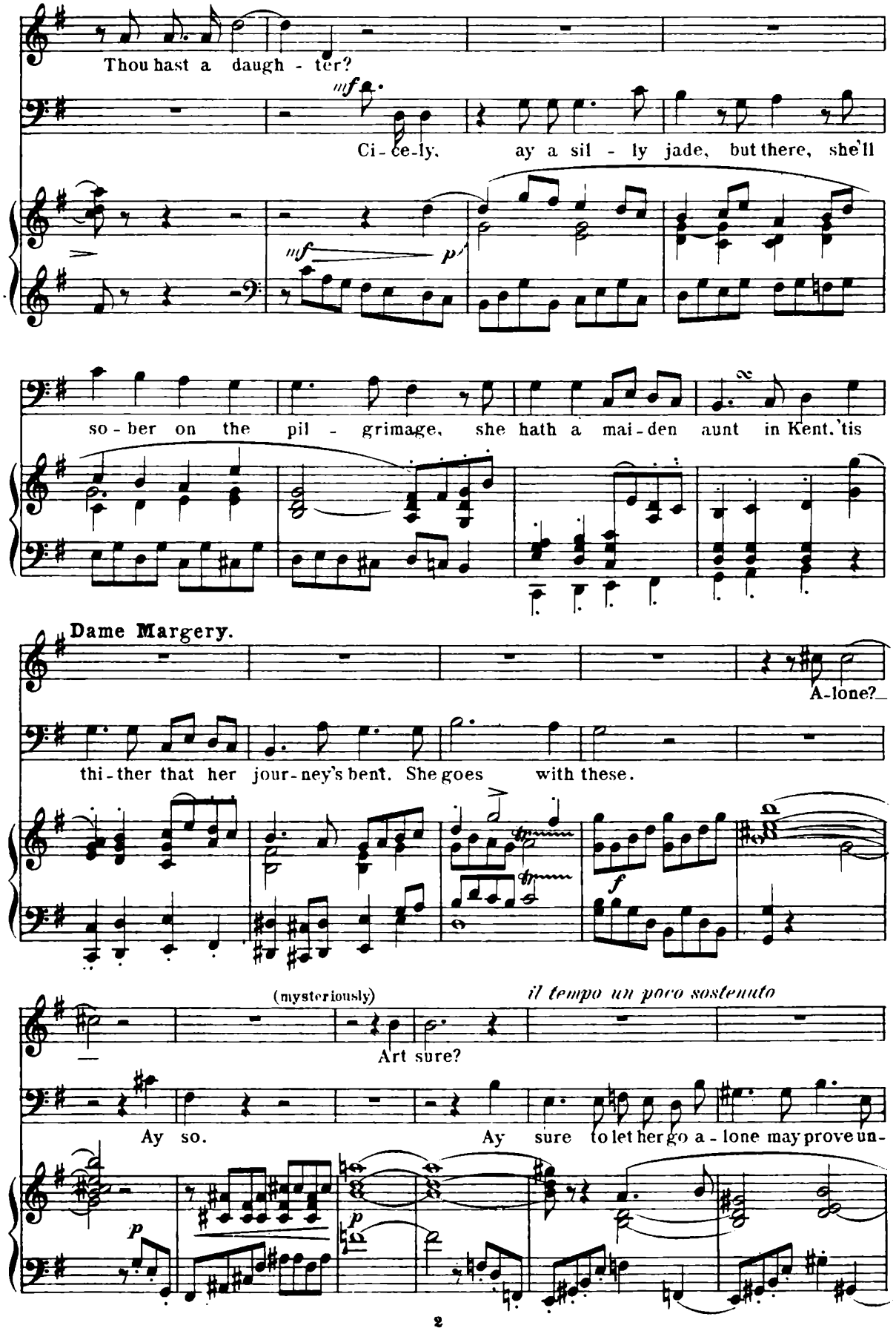
one to cheer ___ us, has - ten

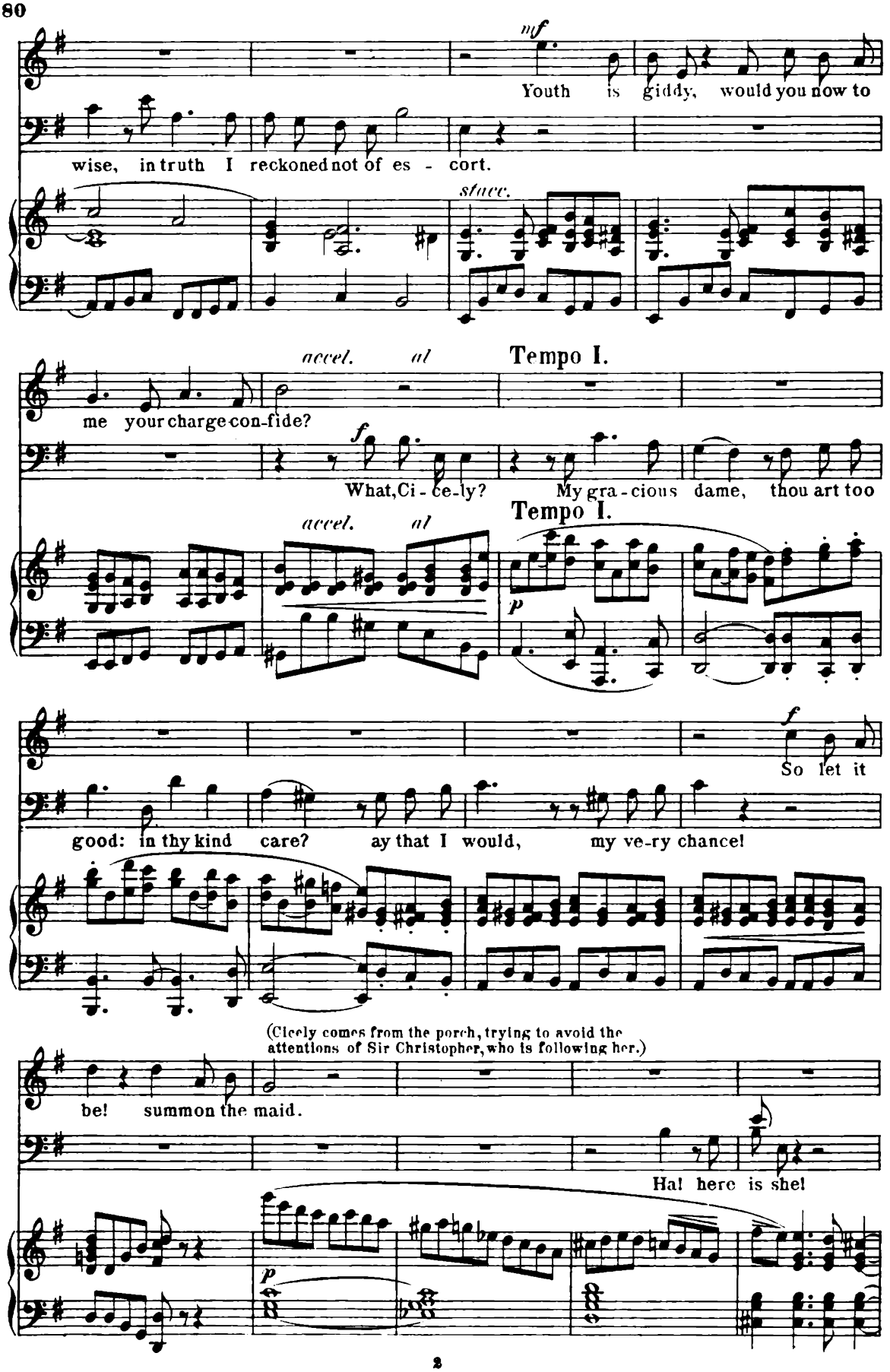
___ to speed one parting, one to cheer ___ us, one to cheer ___ us, has - ten

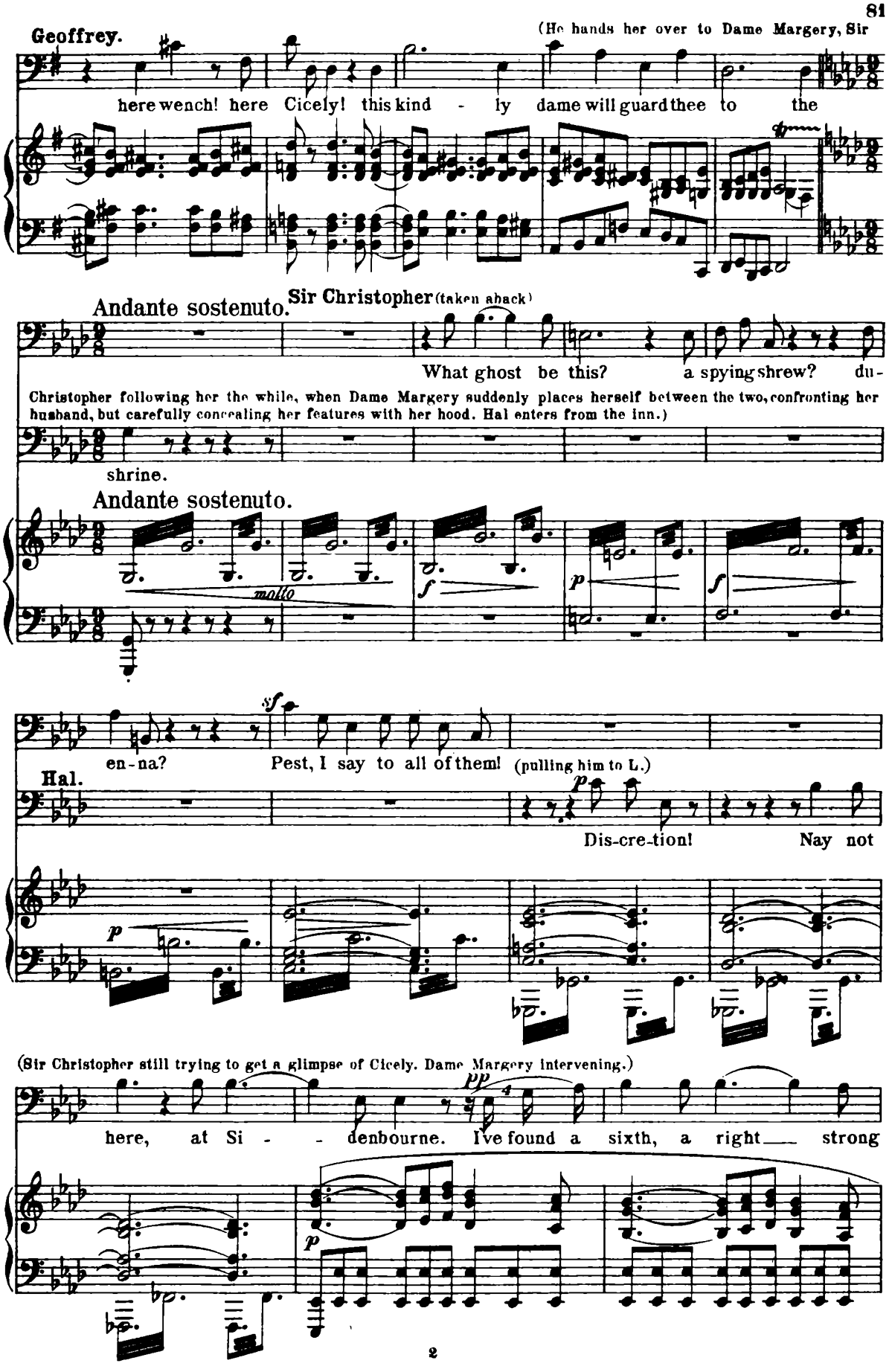
___ to speed one parting, one to cheer ___ us, one to cheer ___ us, has - ten

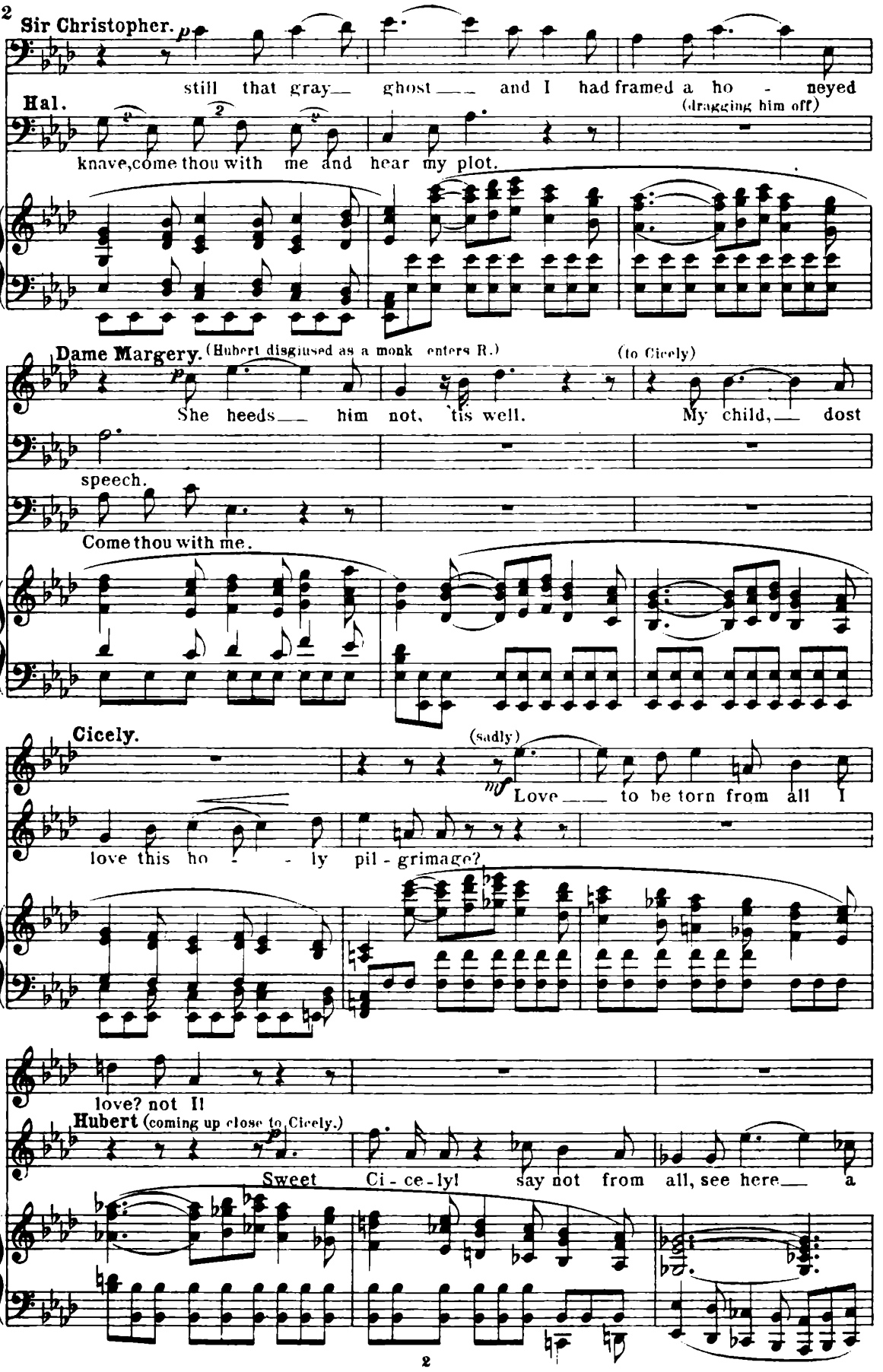

Geoffrey.
Ne'er was packhorse rougher rid - den!
do as thou art bid - den!
Here mine host!
do as thou art bid - den!
Here mine host!
do as thou art bid den!
Here mine host!
do as thou art bid - den!
Here mine host!
There mine host! Hi-ther, answer to thy name, hi-ther
There mine host! Hi-ther, answer to thy name, hi-ther
There mine host! Hi-ther, ans-wer to thy name, hi - ther, ans-wer
There mine host! Hi-ther, ans-wer to thy name, hi - ther, ans-wer
answer to thy name, thi - ther, see, a wor - thy Dame
answer to thy name, thi - ther, see, a wor - thy Dame
to thy name, thi - ther, see, a wor - thy Dame
to thy name, thi - ther, see, a wor - thy Dame
cresc.

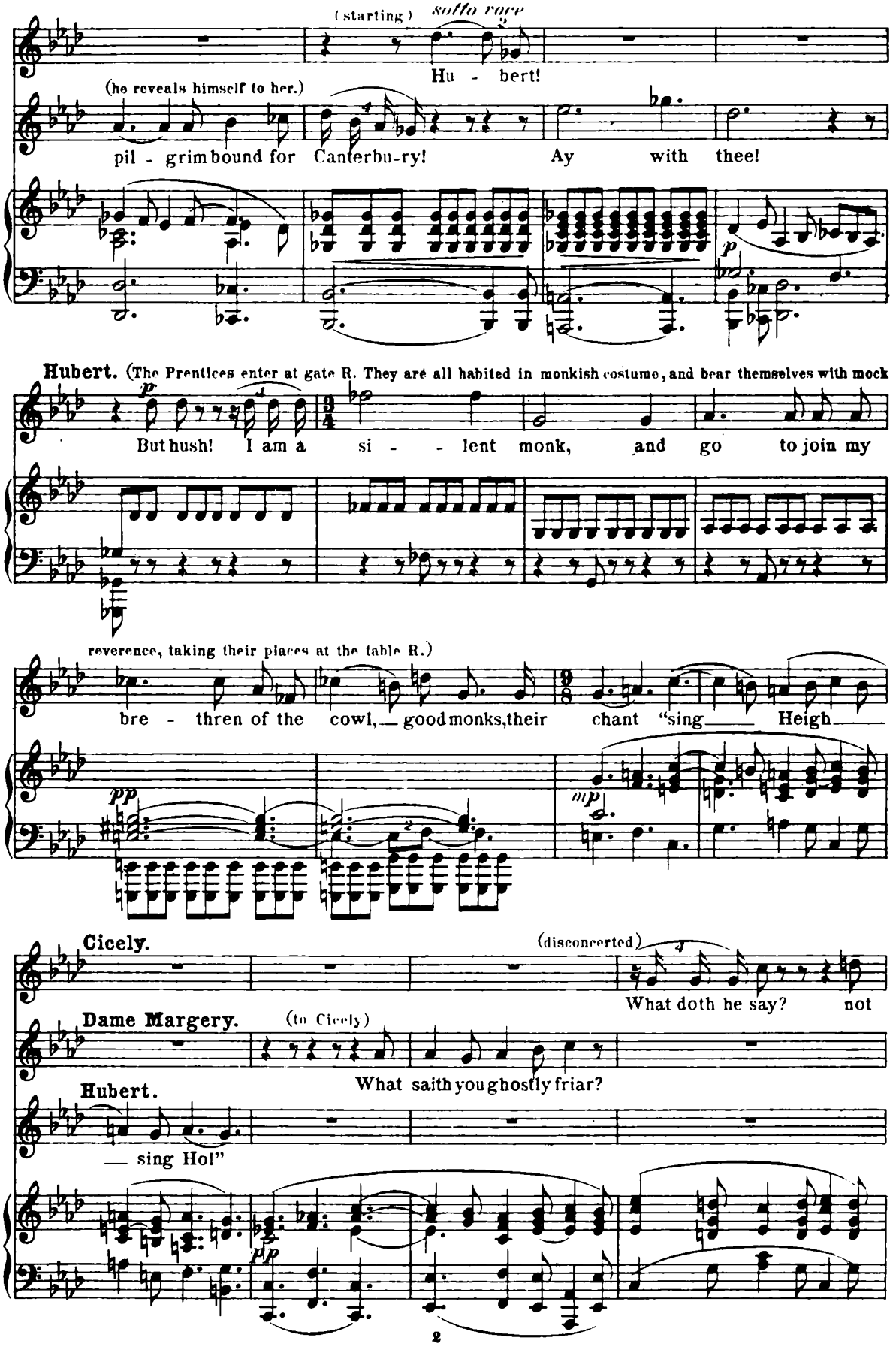

Dame Margery (seizes Geoffrey by the wrist and takes him aside R.)
mf
Thou art mine
at thy porch she wai-teth thee!
at thy porch she waiteth thee!
at thy porch she wai-teth thee!
at thy porch she waiteth thee!
dim.
p
host?
Geoffrey. (exhausted)
mf
cresc.
Mine host am I, who bears a load to break his back: What wouldst thou?
sempre stacc.
Nay! ans - wer me,
pa-sty, sher-ris - sack? 'tis mighty good!
mf

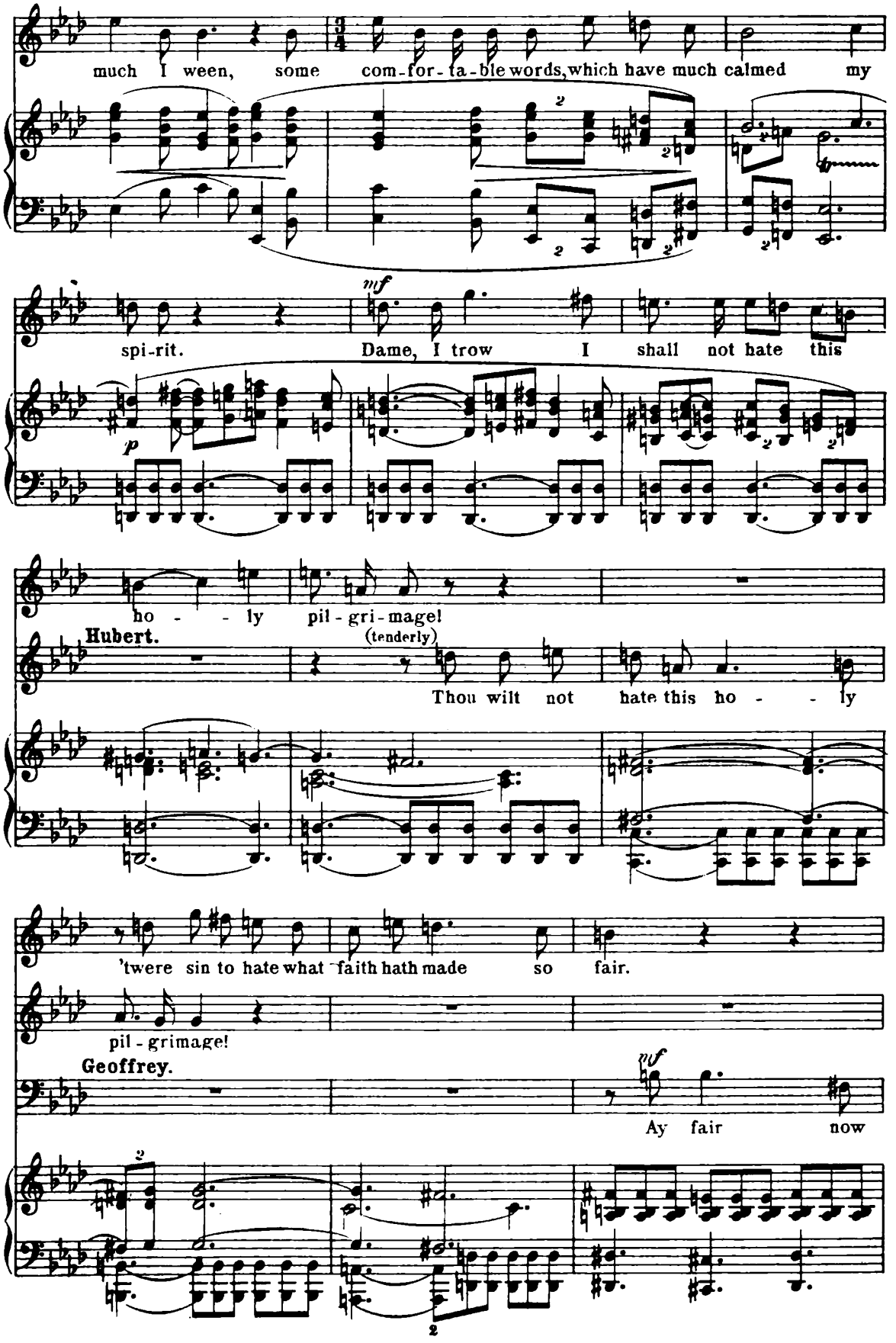

Thou hast a daugh - ter?
mf
Ci - ce-ly, ay a sil - ly jade, but there, she'll
mf
p
so - ber on the pil - grimage, she hath a mai - den aunt in Kent. 'tis
Dame Margery.
A-lone?
thi - ther that her jour - ney's bent. She goes with these.
f
(mysteriously)
il tempo un poco sostenuto
Art sure?
Ay so.
Ay sure to let her go a - lone may prove un-
p
p

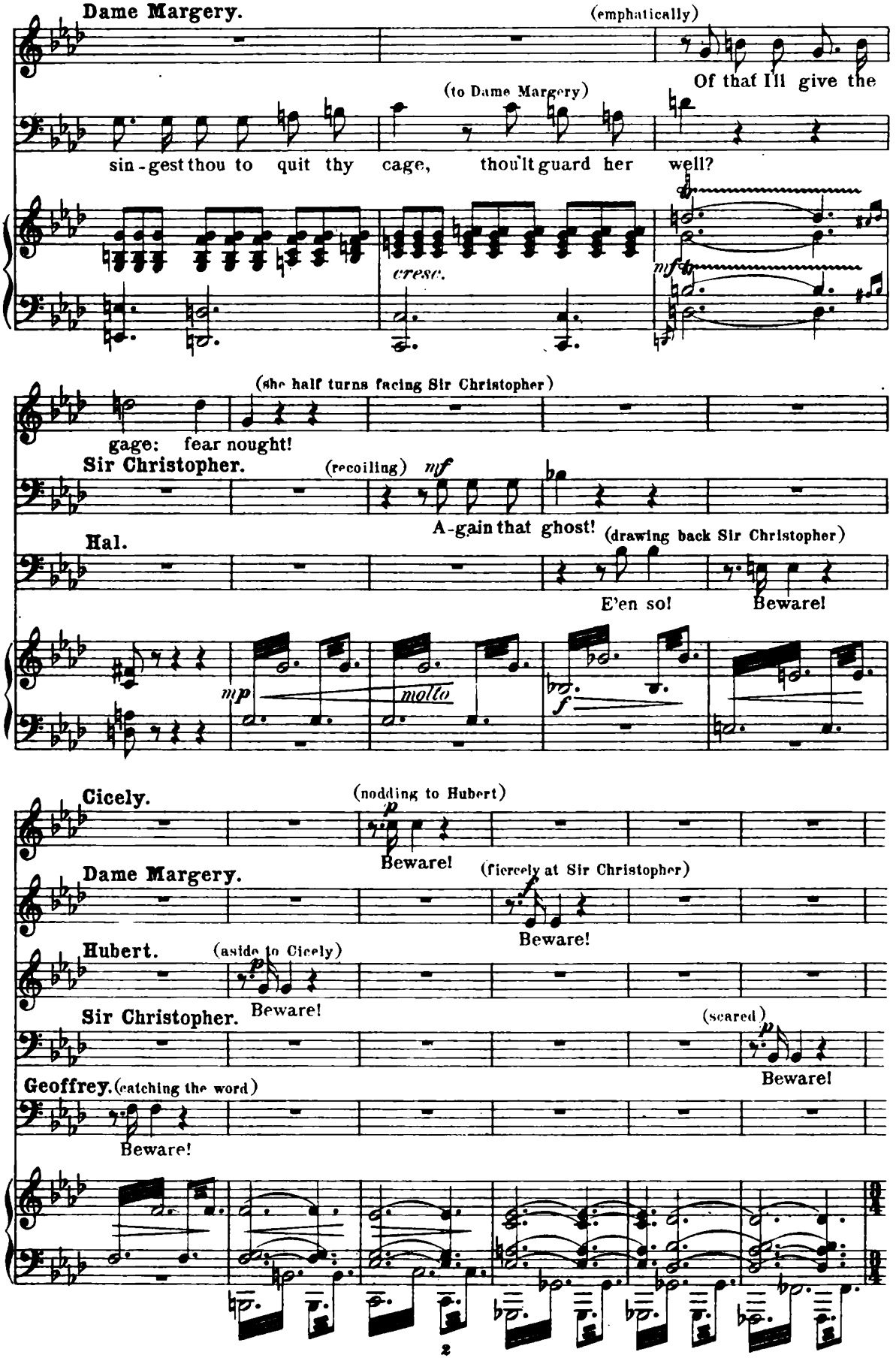

mf
Youth is giddy, would you now to
wise, in truth I reckoned not of es - cort.
stacc.
accel. al
Tempo I.
me your charge con-fide?
f
What, Ci - ce-ly?
My gra - cious dame, thou art too
accel. al
Tempo I.
p
f
So let it
good: in thy kind care? ay that I would, my ve-ry chance!
(Cicely comes from the porch, trying to avoid the attentions of Sir Christopher, who is following her.)
be! summon the maid.
Ha! here is she!
p

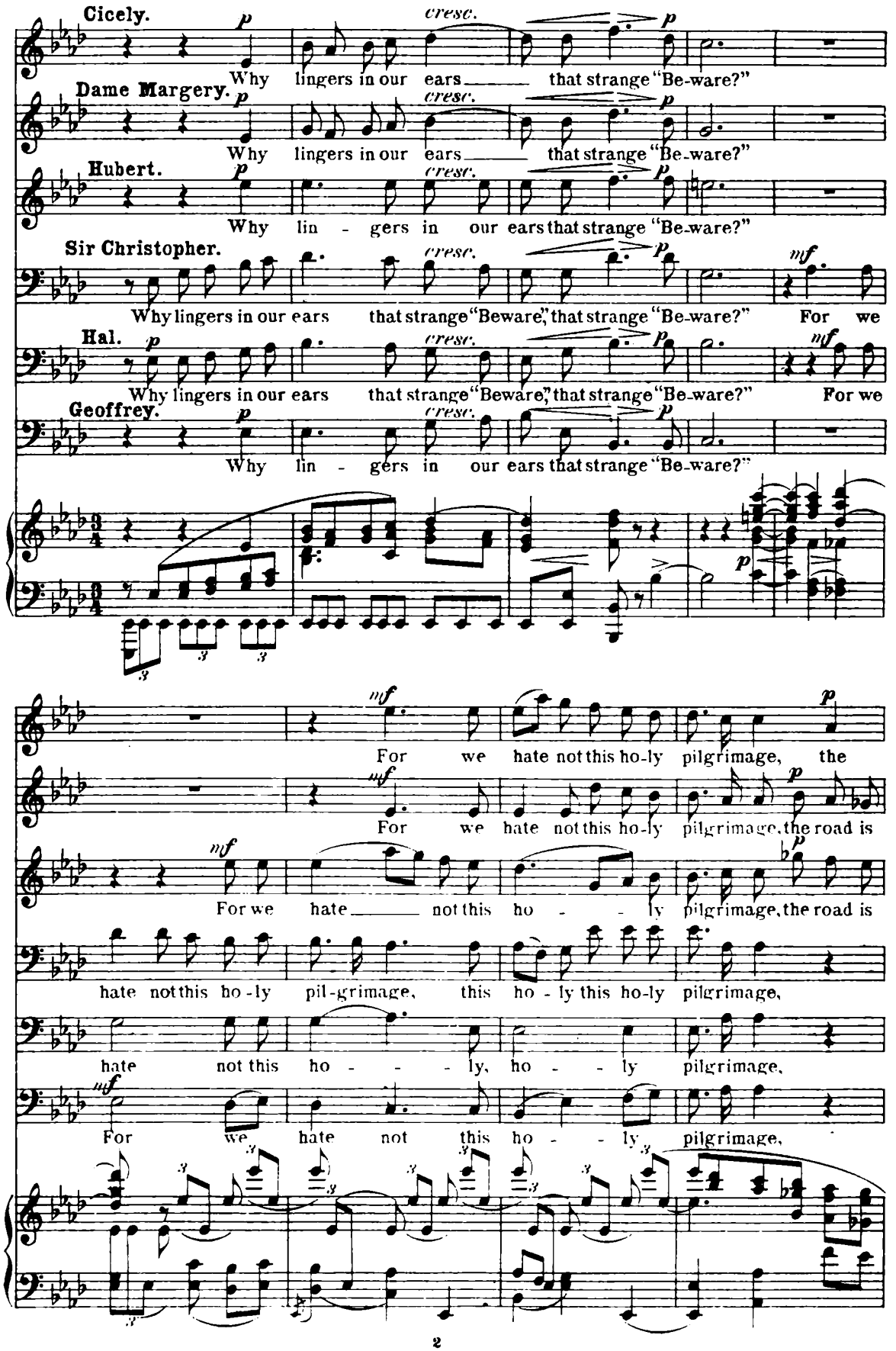

Geoffrey.
(He hands her over to Dame Margery, Sir
here wench! here Cicely! this kind - ly dame will guard thee to the
Andante sostenuto.
Sir Christopher (taken aback)
What ghost be this? a spying shrew? du-
Christopher following her the while, when Dame Margery suddenly places herself between the two, confronting her husband, but carefully concealing her features with her hood. Hal enters from the inn.)
shrine.
Andante sostenuto.
mollo
en-na? Pest, I say to all of them! (pulling him to L.)
Hal.
Dis-cre-tion! Nay not
(Sir Christopher still trying to get a glimpse of Cicely. Dame Margery intervening.)
here, at Si - - denbourne. I've found a sixth, a right strong

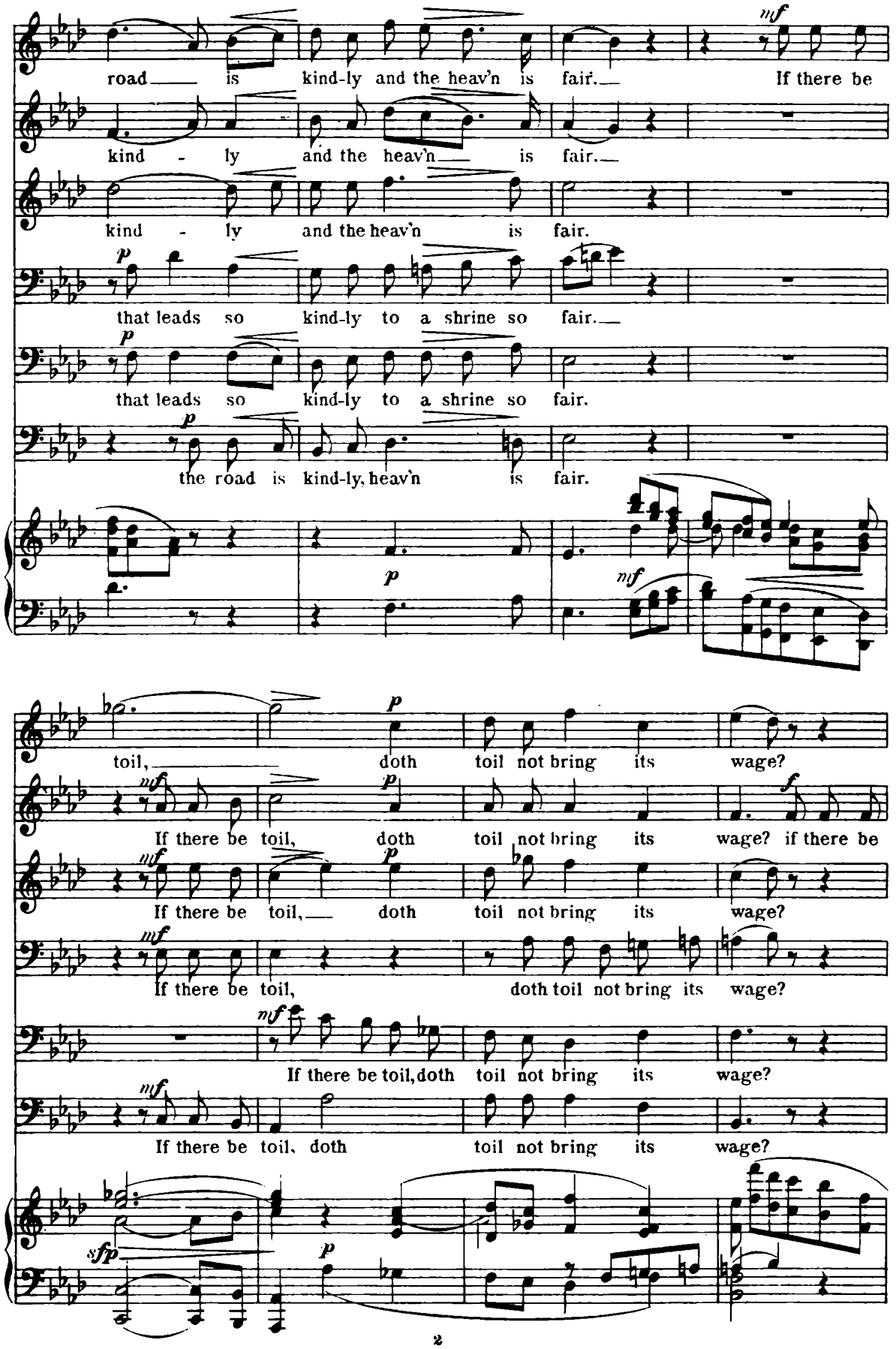

Sir Christopher.
still that gray ghost and I had framed a ho - neyed
Hal.
(dragging him off)
knave, come thou with me and hear my plot.
Dame Margery. (Hubert disguised as a monk enters R.)
(to Cicely)
She heeds him not, 'tis well. My child, dost
speech.
Come thou with me.
Cicely.
(sadly)
Love to be torn from all I
love this ho - ly pil - grimage?
love? not I!
Hubert (coming up close to Cicely.)
Sweet Ci - ce - ly! say not from all, see here a

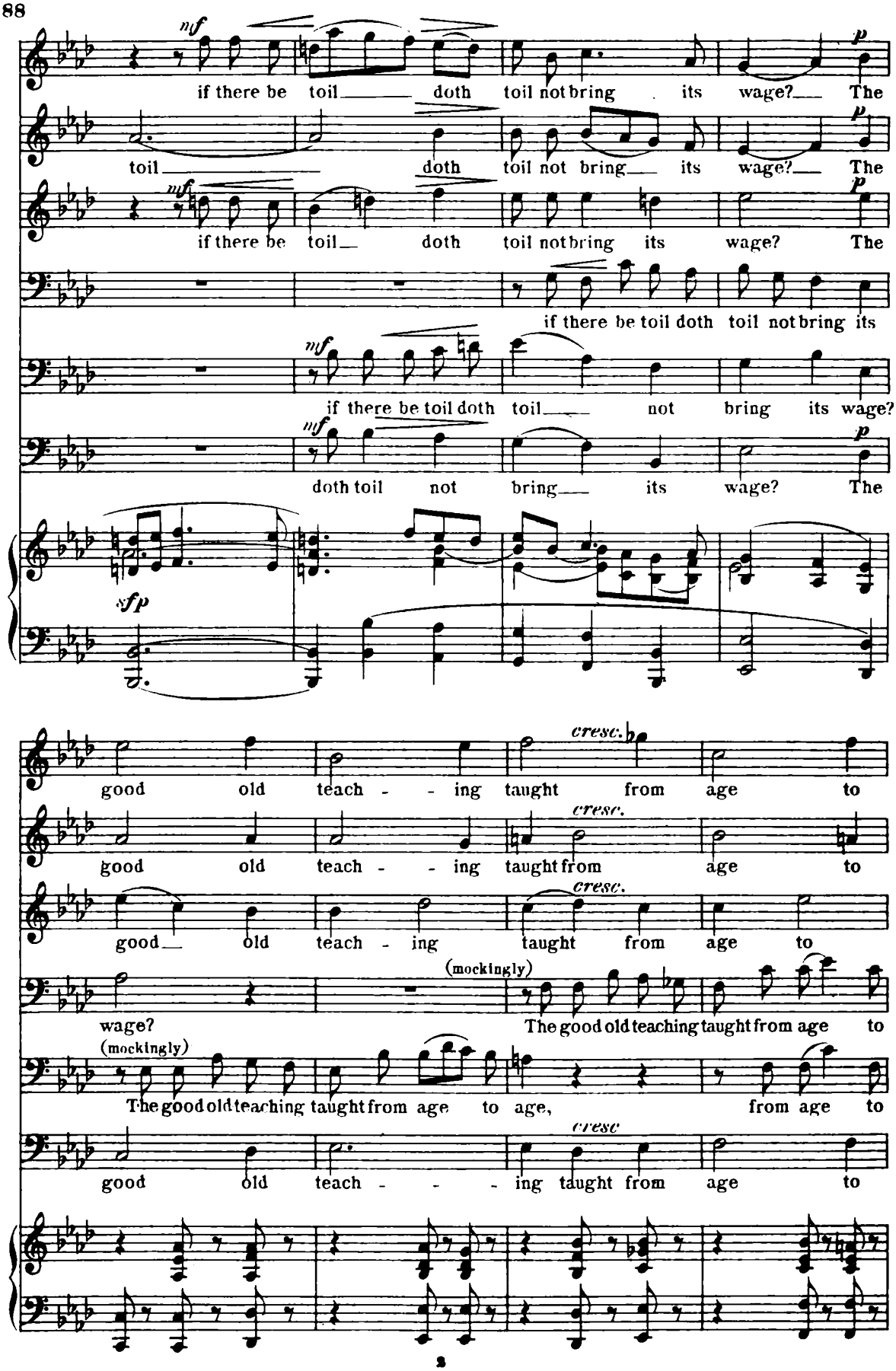

(starting)
soffo voce
Hu - bert!
(he reveals himself to her.)
pil - grim bound for Canterbu-ry!
Ay with thee!
Hubert. (The Prentices enter at gate R. They are all habited in monkish costume, and bear themselves with mock
But hush! I am a si - - lent monk, and go to join my
reverence, taking their places at the table R.)
bre - thren of the cowl, good monks, their chant "sing Heigh
Cicely.
(disconcerted)
What doth he say? not
Dame Margery.
(to Cicely)
What saith you ghostly friar?
Hubert.
— sing Ho!"

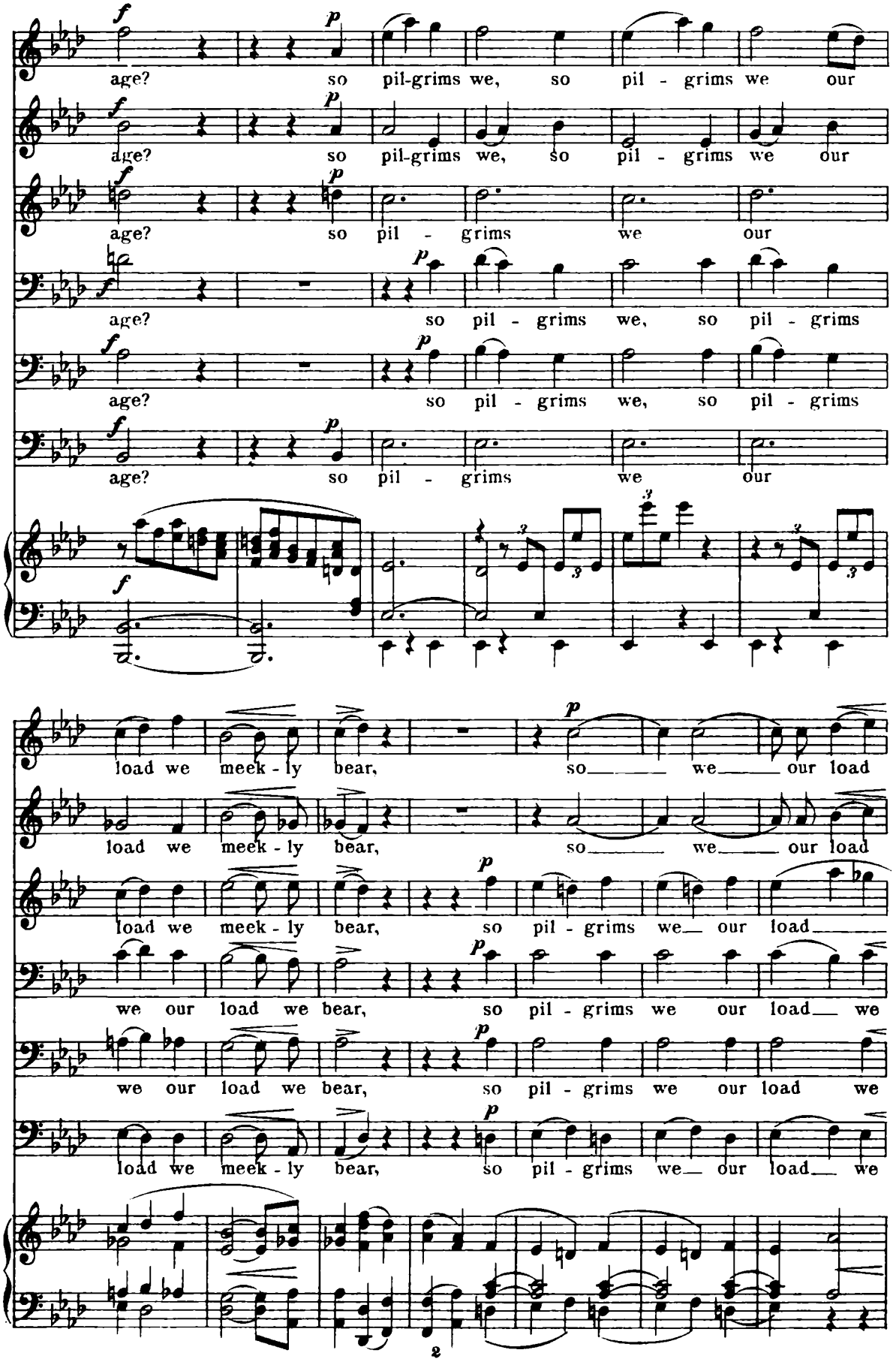

much I ween, some com-for-ta-ble words, which have much calmed my
spi-rit. Dame, I trow I shall not hate this
mf
p
ho - - ly pil-gri-mage!
Hubert.
(tenderly)
Thou wilt not hate this ho - - ly
'twere sin to hate what faith hath made so fair.
pil-grimage!
Geoffrey.
mf
Ay fair now

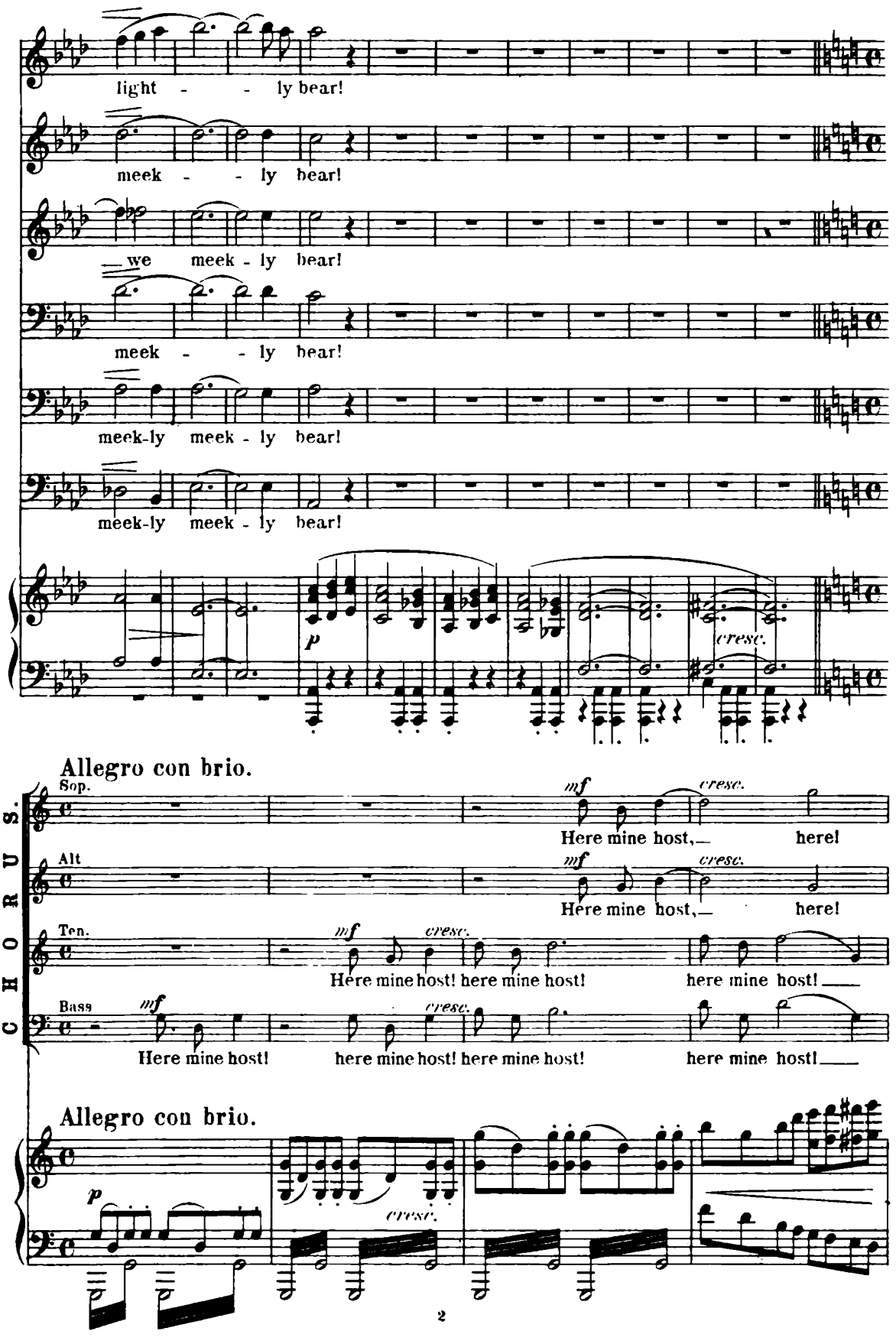

Dame Margery.
(emphatically)
Of that I'll give the
(to Dame Margery)
sin-gest thou to quit thy cage, thou'lt guard her well?
cresc.
mf
(she half turns facing Sir Christopher)
gage: fear nought!
Sir Christopher.
(recoiling)
mf
A-gain that ghost!
Hal.
(drawing back Sir Christopher)
E'en so!
Beware!
mp
molto
f
Cicely.
(nodding to Hubert)
p
Beware!
Dame Margery.
(fiercely at Sir Christopher)
Beware!
Hubert.
(aside to Cicely)
Beware!
Sir Christopher.
(scared)
Beware!
Geoffrey.
(catching the word)
Beware!

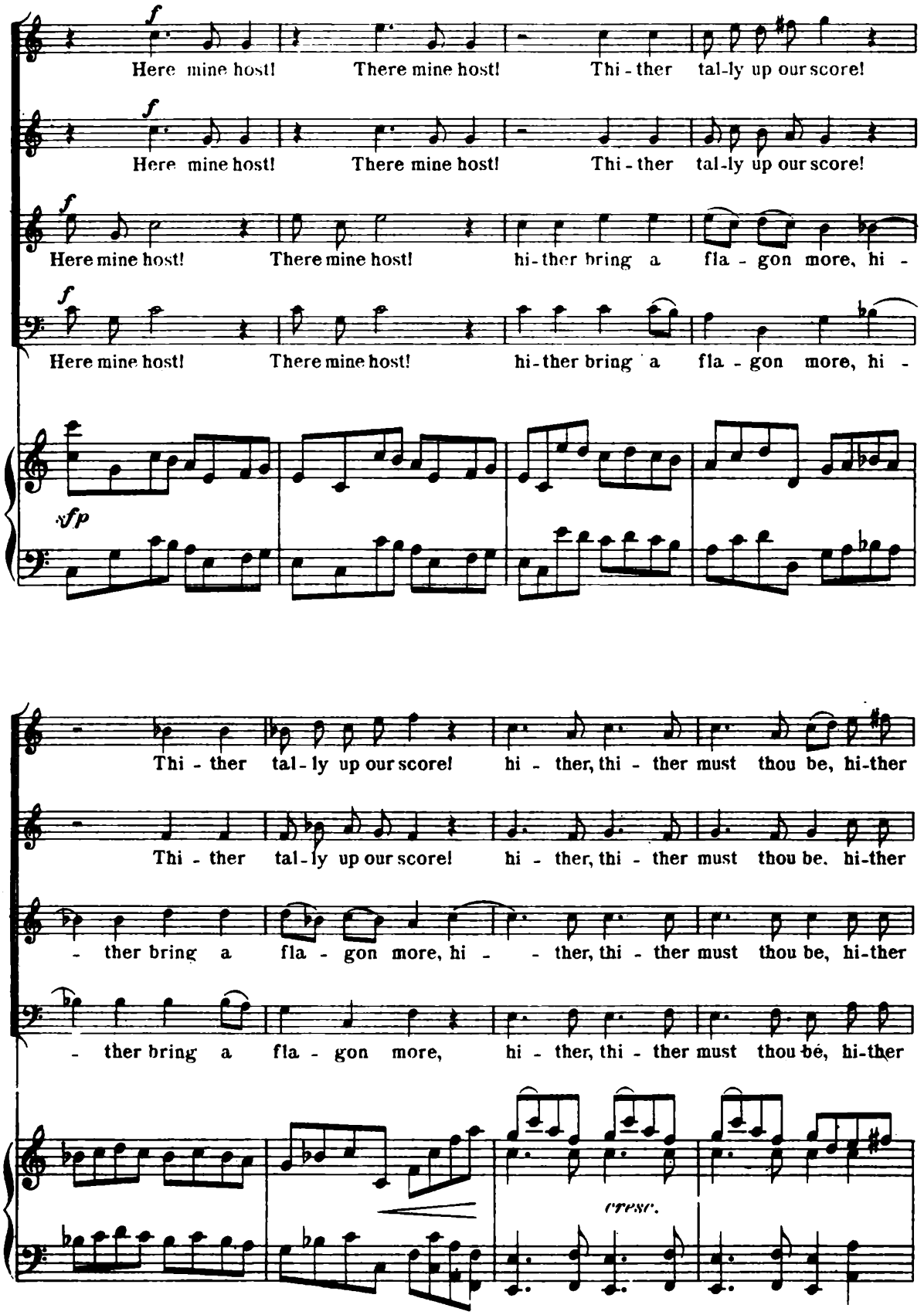

Cicely.
Why lingers in our ears that strange "Be-ware?"
Dame Margery.
Why lingers in our ears that strange "Be-ware?"
Hubert.
Why lin - gers in our ears that strange "Be-ware?"
Sir Christopher.
Why lingers in our ears that strange "Beware," that strange "Be-ware?" For we
Hal.
Why lingers in our ears that strange "Beware," that strange "Be-ware?" For we
Geoffrey.
Why lin - gers in our ears that strange "Be-ware?"
For we hate not this ho-ly pilgrimage, the
For we hate not this ho-ly pilgrimage, the road is
For we hate not this ho - - ly pilgrimage, the road is
hate not this ho-ly pil-grimage, this ho - ly this ho-ly pilgrimage,
hate not this ho - - - ly, ho - - ly pilgrimage,
For we hate not this ho - - ly pilgrimage,

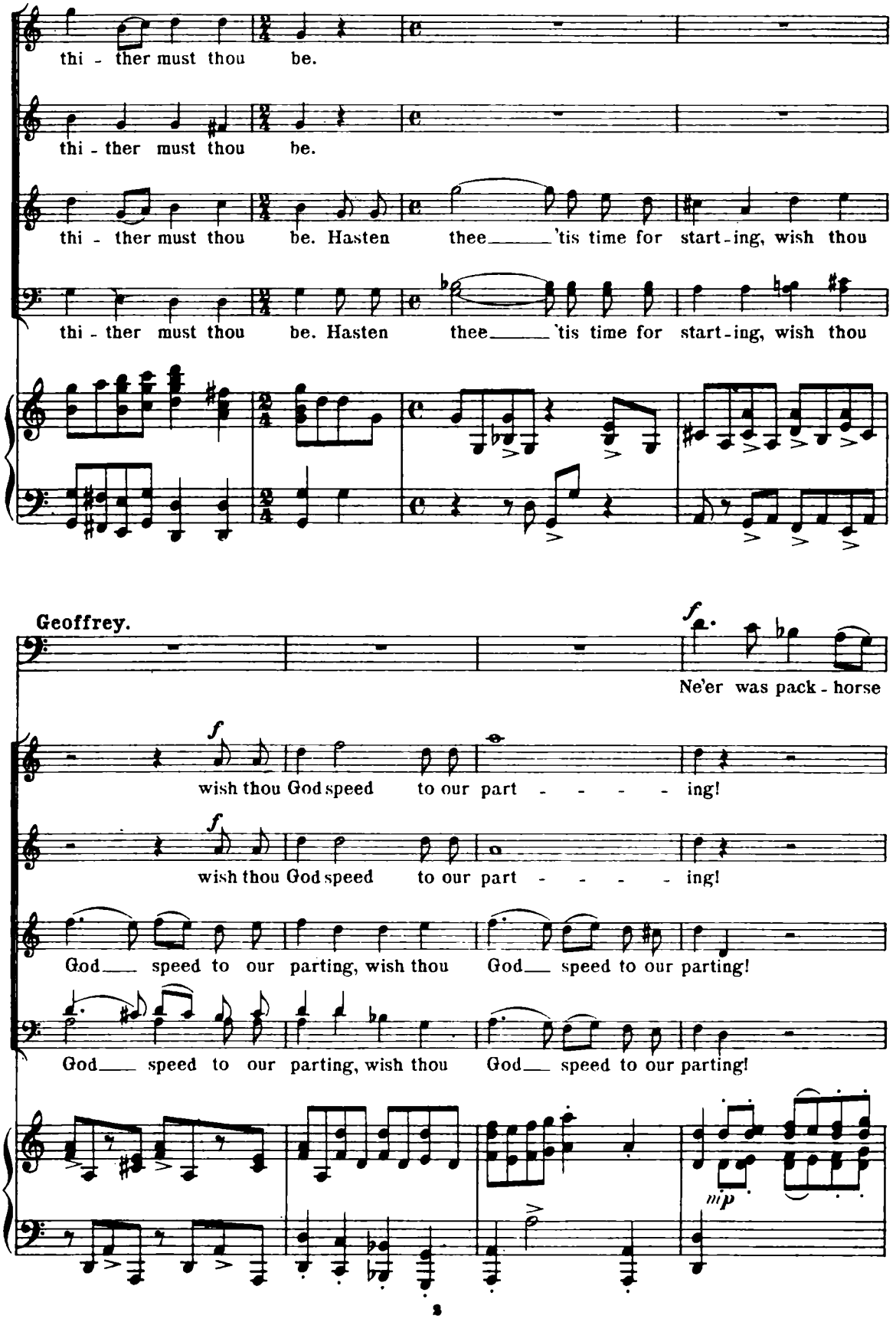

road is kind-ly and the heav'n is fair. If there be
kind - ly and the heav'n is fair.
kind - ly and the heav'n is fair.
that leads so kind-ly to a shrine so fair.
that leads so kind-ly to a shrine so fair.
the road is kind-ly, heav'n is fair.
toil, doth toil not bring its wage?
If there be toil, doth toil not bring its wage? if there be
If there be toil, doth toil not bring its wage?
If there be toil, doth toil not bring its wage?
If there be toil, doth toil not bring its wage?
If there be toil, doth toil not bring its wage?

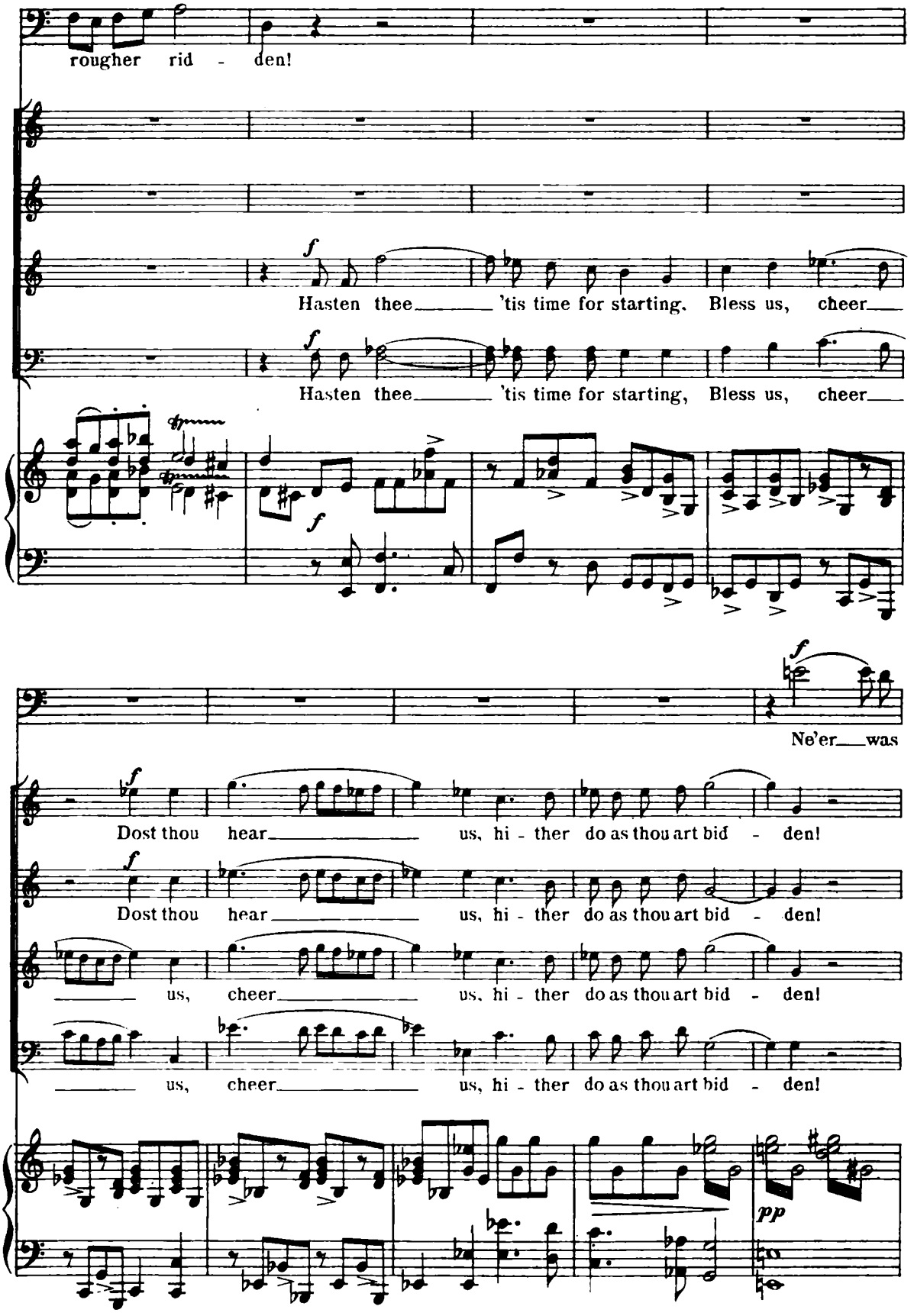

mf
if there be toil doth toil not bring its wage? The
p
toil doth toil not bring its wage? The
mf
if there be toil doth toil not bring its wage? The
p
if there be toil doth toil not bring its
mf
if there be toil doth toil not bring its wage?
mf
doth toil not bring its wage? The
p
sfp
good old teach - ing taught from age to
cresc.
good old teach - ing taught from age to
cresc.
good old teach - ing taught from age to
cresc.
(mockingly)
wage?
The good old teaching taught from age to
(mockingly)
The good old teaching taught from age to age, from age to
cresc
good old teach - - ing taught from age to

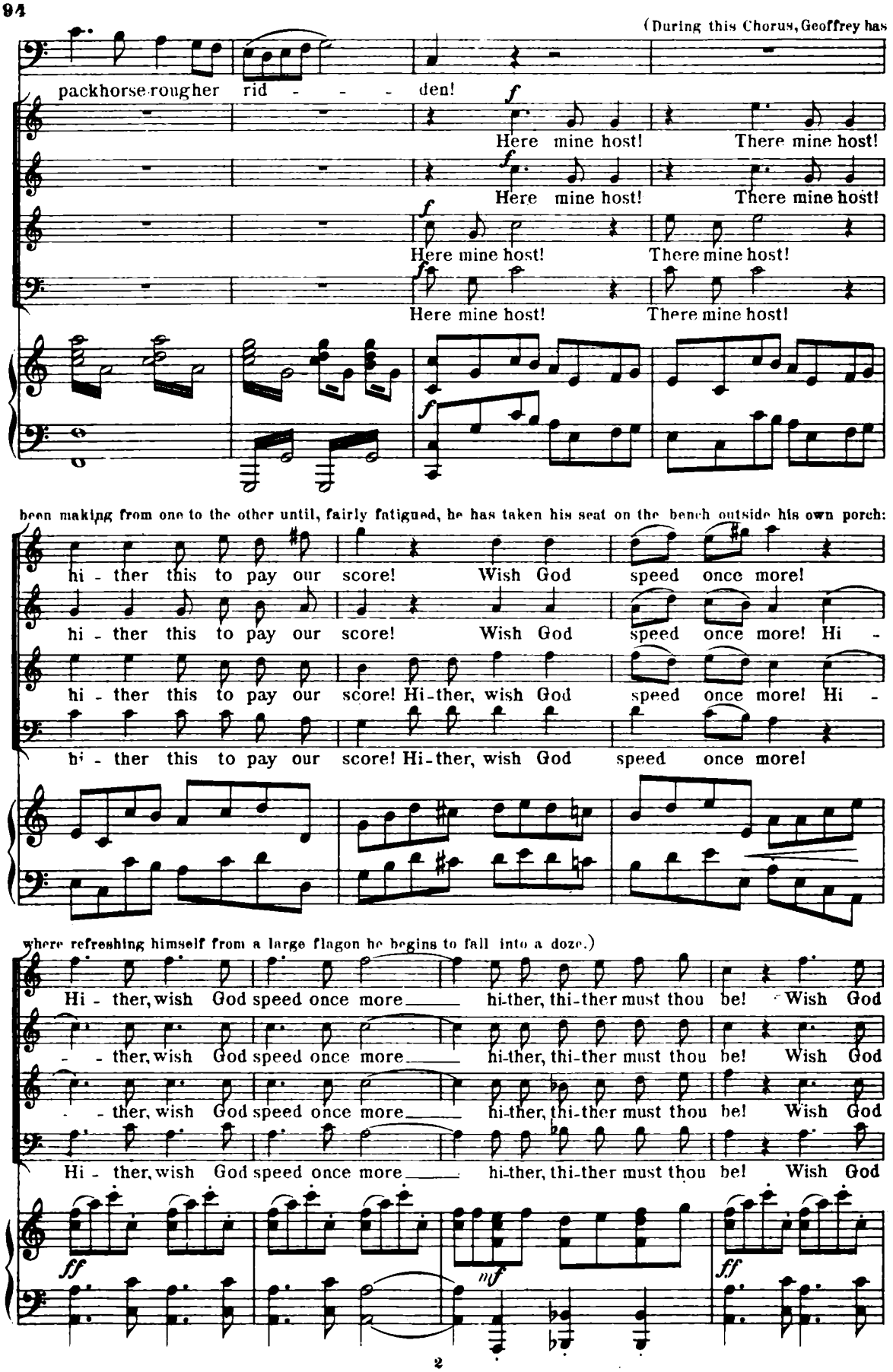

age? so pil-grims we, so pil - grims we our
age? so pil-grims we, so pil - grims we our
age? so pil - grims we our
age? so pil - grims we, so pil - grims
age? so pil - grims we, so pil - grims
age? so pil - grims we our
load we meek - ly bear, so we our load
load we meek - ly bear, so we our load
load we meek - ly bear, so pil - grims we our load
we our load we bear, so pil - grims we our load we
we our load we bear, so pil - grims we our load we
load we meek - ly bear, so pil - grims we our load we

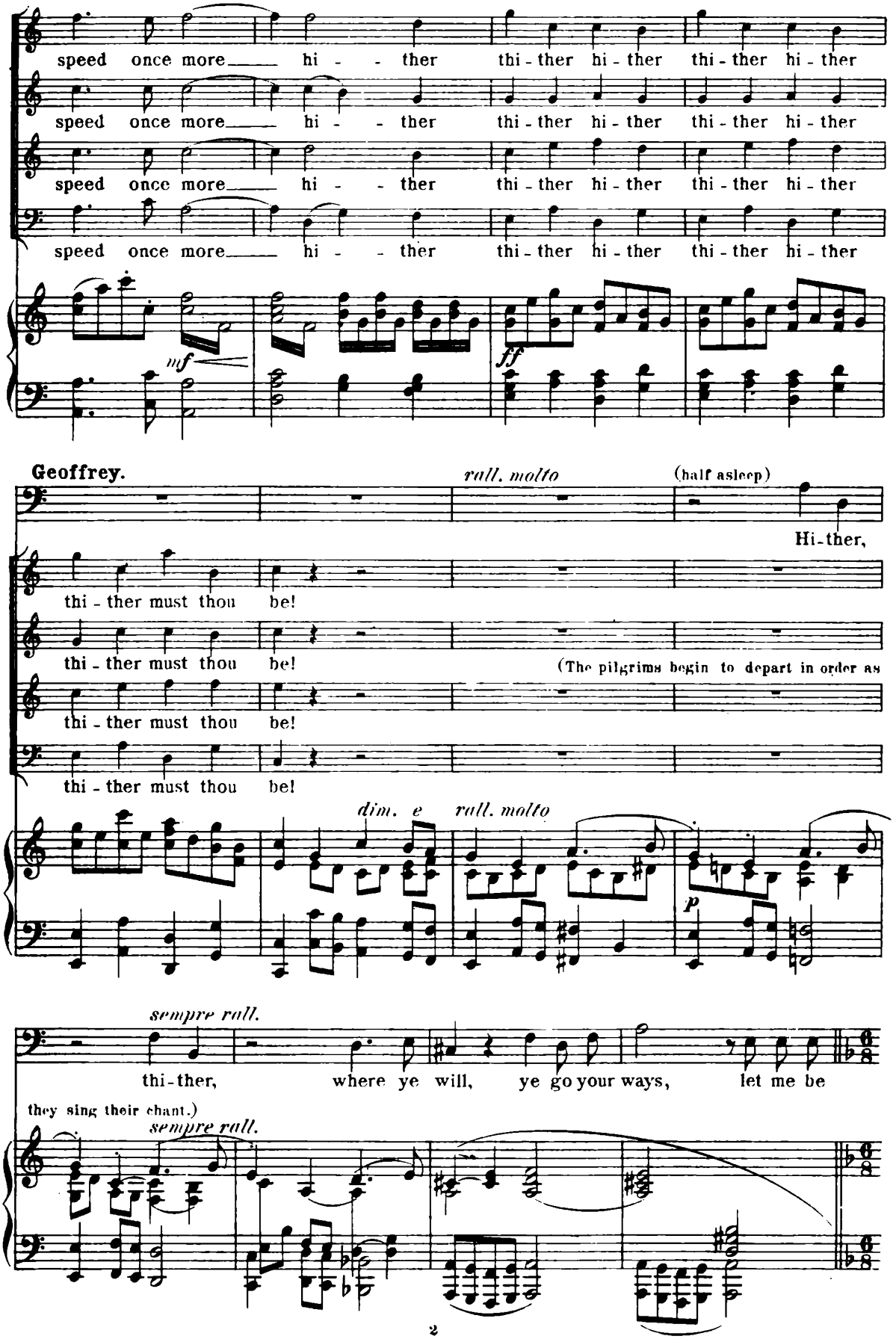

light - - ly bear!
meek - - ly bear!
we meek - ly bear!
meek - - ly bear!
meek-ly meek - ly bear!
meek-ly meek - ly bear!
p
cresc.
Allegro con brio.
CHORUS.
Sop.
Alt
Ten.
Bass
mf
cresc.
Here mine host,— here!
Here mine host! here mine host! here mine host!
Here mine host! here mine host! here mine host! here mine host!
Allegro con brio.
p
cresc.

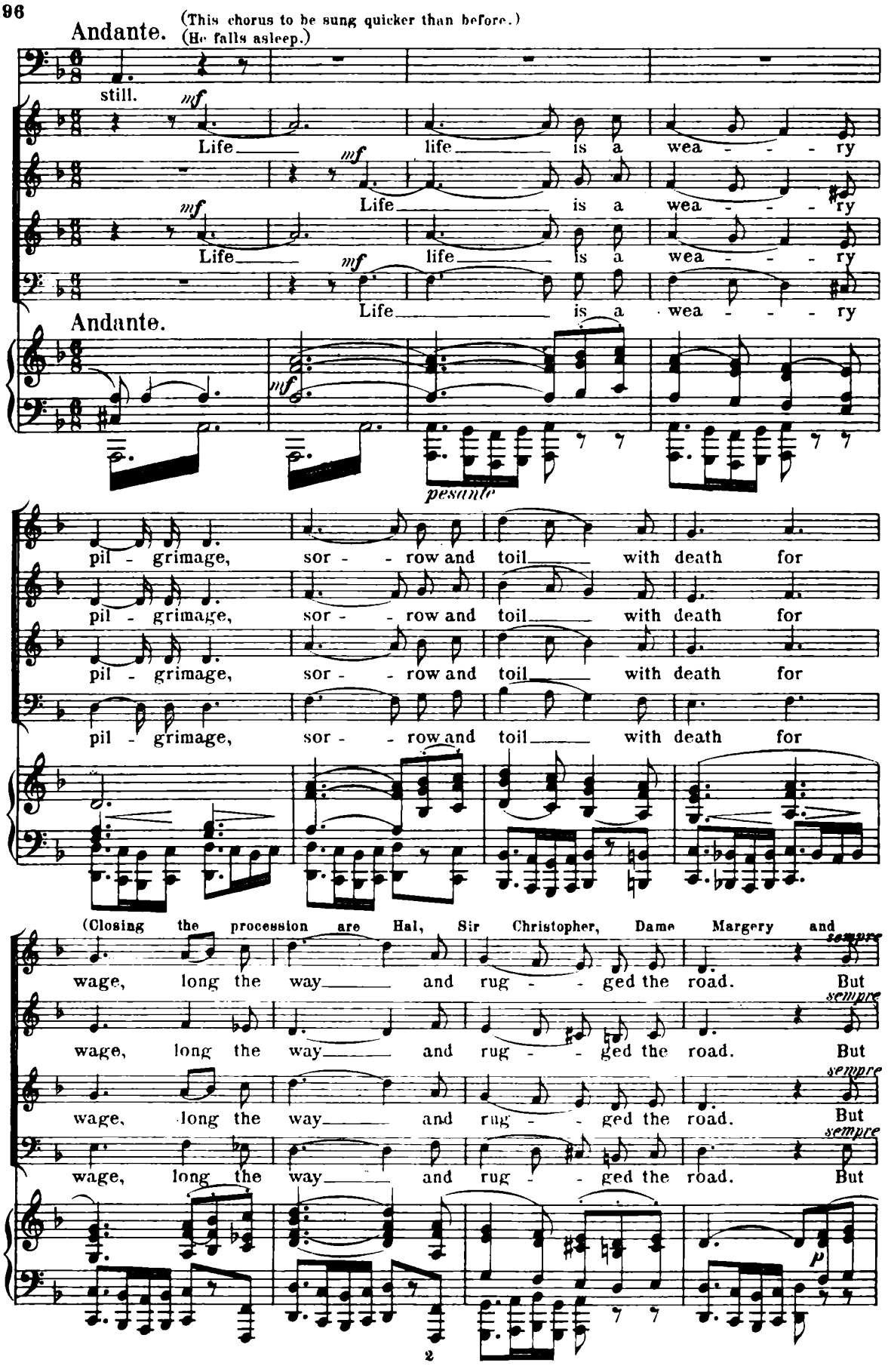

Here mine host! There mine host! Thi - ther tal-ly up our score!
Here mine host! There mine host! Thi - ther tal-ly up our score!
Here mine host! There mine host! hi-ther bring a fla - gon more, hi -
Here mine host! There mine host! hi-ther bring a fla - gon more, hi -
sfp
Thi - ther tal - ly up our score! hi - ther, thi - ther must thou be, hi-ther
Thi - ther tal - ly up our score! hi - ther, thi - ther must thou be, hi-ther
- ther bring a fla - gon more, hi - - ther, thi - ther must thou be, hi-ther
- ther bring a fla - gon more, hi - ther, thi - ther must thou be, hi-ther
cresc.


thi - ther must thou be.
thi - ther must thou be.
thi - ther must thou be. Hasten thee 'tis time for start - ing, wish thou
thi - ther must thou be. Hasten thee 'tis time for start - ing, wish thou
Geoffrey.
Ne'er was pack - horse
wish thou God speed to our part - - - - - ing!
wish thou God speed to our part - - - - - ing!
God speed to our parting, wish thou God speed to our parting!
God speed to our parting, wish thou God speed to our parting!

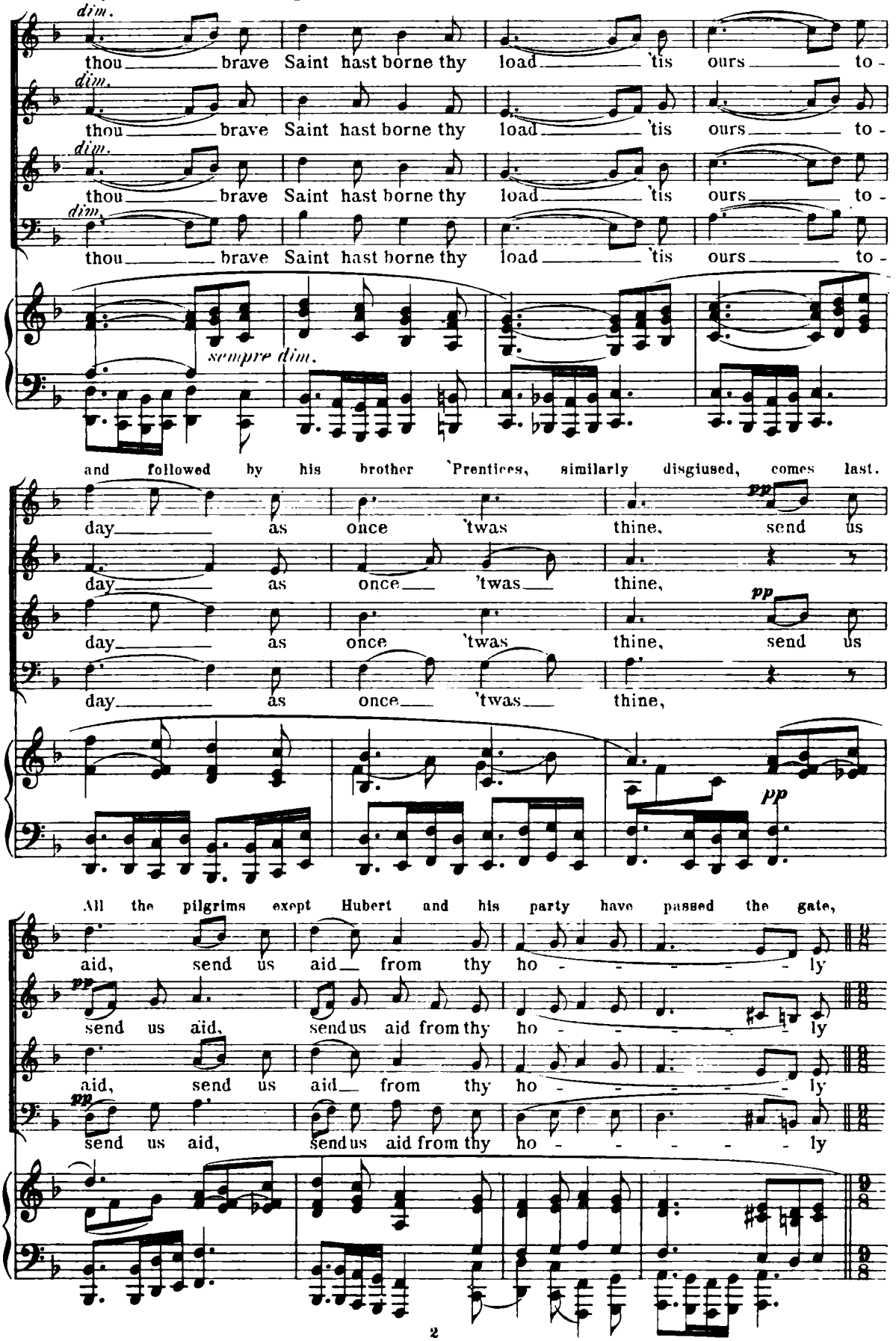

rougher rid - den!
Hasten thee 'tis time for starting. Bless us, cheer
Hasten thee 'tis time for starting, Bless us, cheer
Ne'er was
Dost thou hear us, hi - ther do as thou art bid - den!
Dost thou hear us, hi - ther do as thou art bid - den!
us, cheer us, hi - ther do as thou art bid - den!
us, cheer us, hi - ther do as thou art bid - den!
pp


(During this Chorus, Geoffrey has
packhorse-rougher rid - - - den!
Here mine host! There mine host!
Here mine host! There mine host!
Here mine host! There mine host!
Here mine host! There mine host!
been making from one to the other until, fairly fatigued, he has taken his seat on the bench outside his own porch:
hi - ther this to pay our score! Wish God speed once more!
hi - ther this to pay our score! Wish God speed once more! Hi -
hi - ther this to pay our score! Hi-ther, wish God speed once more! Hi -
hi - ther this to pay our score! Hi-ther, wish God speed once more!
where refreshing himself from a large flagon he begins to fall into a doze.)
Hi - ther, wish God speed once more hi-ther, thi-ther must thou be! Wish God
- - ther, wish God speed once more hi-ther, thi-ther must thou be! Wish God
- - ther, wish God speed once more hi-ther, thi-ther must thou be! Wish God
Hi - ther, wish God speed once more hi-ther, thi-ther must thou be! Wish God

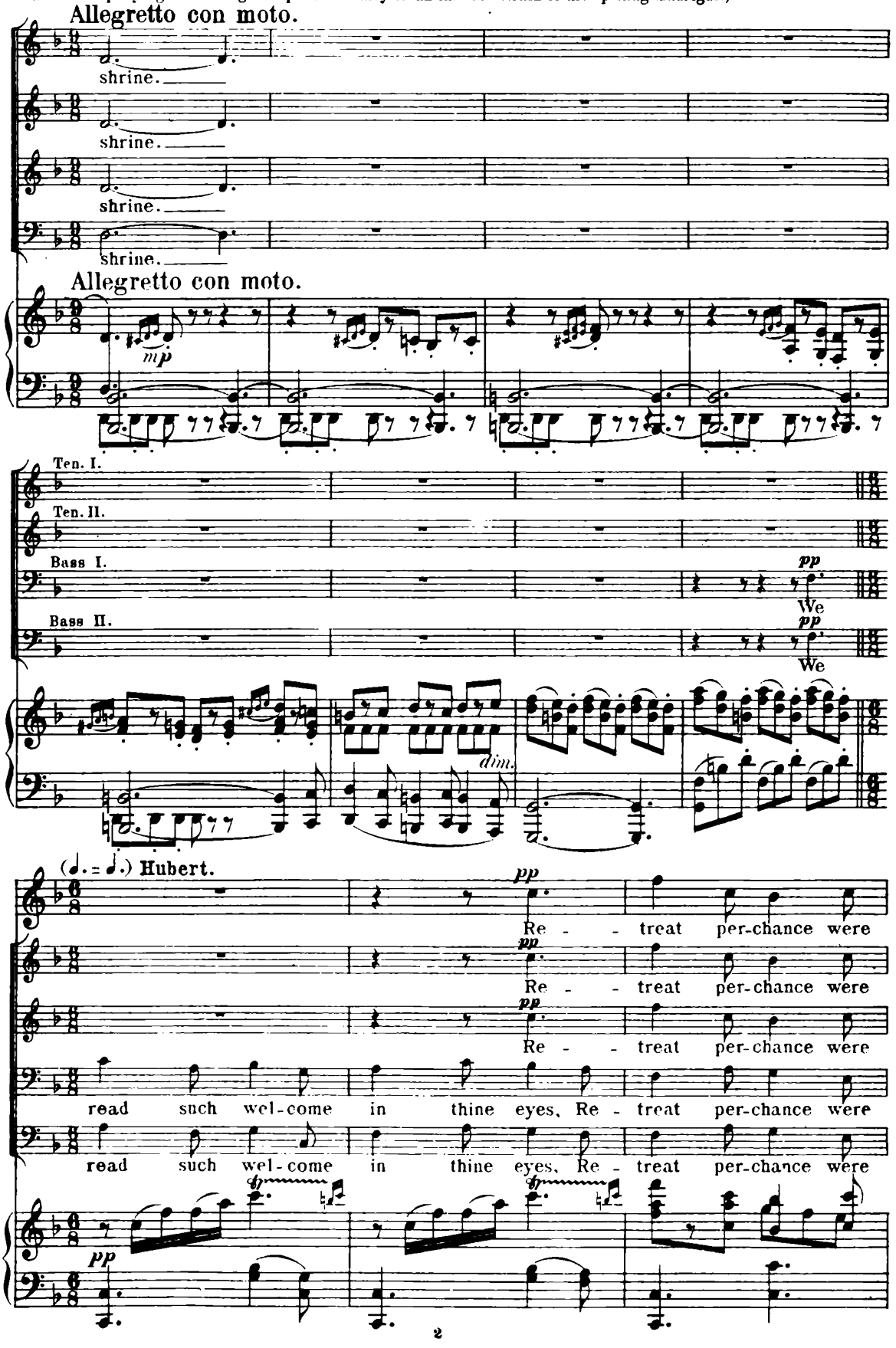

speed once more hi - - ther thi - ther hi - ther thi - ther hi - ther
speed once more hi - - ther thi - ther hi - ther thi - ther hi - ther
speed once more hi - - ther thi - ther hi - ther thi - ther hi - ther
speed once more hi - - ther thi - ther hi - ther thi - ther hi - ther
nf
ff
Geoffrey.
rall. molto
(half asleep)
Hi-ther,
thi - ther must thou be!
thi - ther must thou be!
(The pilgrims begin to depart in order as
thi - ther must thou be!
thi - ther must thou be!
dim. e
rall. molto
p
sempre rall.
thi-ther, where ye will, ye go your ways, let me be
they sing their chant.)
sempre rall.

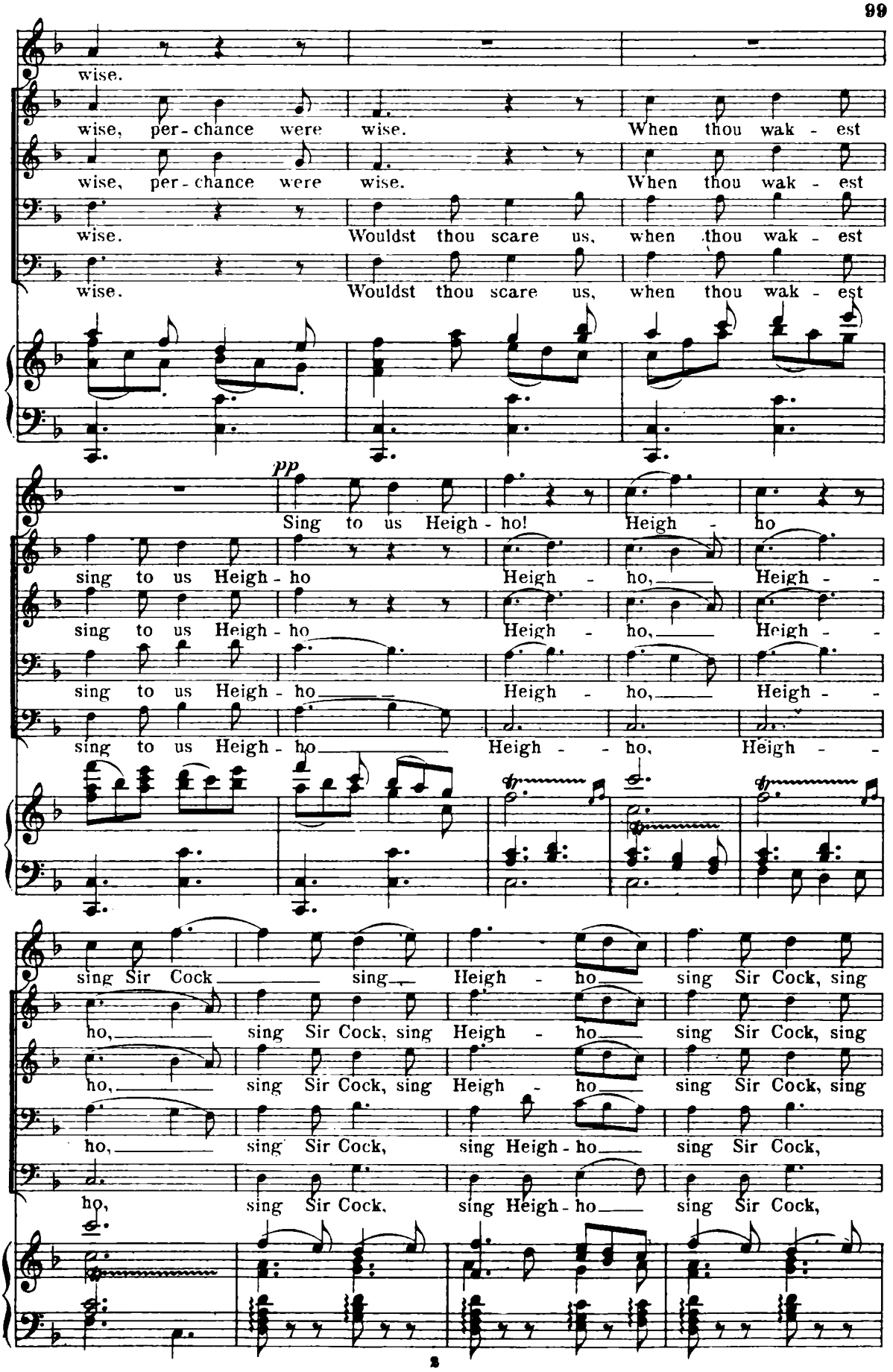

Andante.
(This chorus to be sung quicker than before.)
(He falls asleep.)
still.
mf
Life is a wea - - - ry
Andante.
pesante
pil - grimage, sor - - row and toil with death for
(Closing the procession are Hal, Sir Christopher, Dame Margery and
wage, long the way and rug - - ged the road. But
sempre
p

Cicely, who is looking back to Hubert. He clad in his monk's dress,



98 when the former goes back and has a look at Geoffrey, pointing out to the others that he is asleep. Upon which, led by him, and accompanying it with a grotesque dance they break into the strain of the opening madrigal.)




wise.
wise, per - chance were wise. When thou wak - est
wise, per - chance were wise. When thou wak - est
wise. Wouldst thou scare us, when thou wak - est
wise. Wouldst thou scare us, when thou wak - est
pp
Sing to us Heigh - ho! Heigh - ho
sing to us Heigh - ho Heigh - ho, Heigh -
sing to us Heigh - ho Heigh - ho, Heigh -
sing to us Heigh - ho Heigh - ho, Heigh -
sing Sir Cock sing Heigh - ho sing Sir Cock, sing
ho, sing Sir Cock, sing Heigh - ho sing Sir Cock, sing
ho, sing Sir Cock, sing Heigh - ho sing Sir Cock, sing
ho, sing Sir Cock, sing Heigh - ho sing Sir Cock,
ho, sing Sir Cock, sing Heigh - ho sing Sir Cock,

(As the last are disappearing,

Heigh - ho and out, yea out, we'll go.

Heigh - ho and out, yea out, we'll go. Sing, Sir Cock, sing

Heigh - ho and out, yea out, we'll go. Sing, Sir

sing Heigh - ho and out, yea out, we'll go. Sing, Sir

sing Heigh - ho and out, yea out, we'll go. Sing, Sir

still indulging in their antics, Geoffrey begins to stir:

Heigh ho— sing 'Sir Cock, sing Heigh ho and out, yea out, yea (outside)

Cock Heigh ho— sing Sir Cock Heigh ho and out, yea out, yea (outside)

Cock Heigh ho— sing Sir Cock Heigh ho and out, yea out, yea (outside)

pp

(He rubs his eyes, then rises and takes a step forward to assure himself.)

Geoffrey.

Allegro molto.

mf

What? Sing Heigh-

out, yea out we'll go.

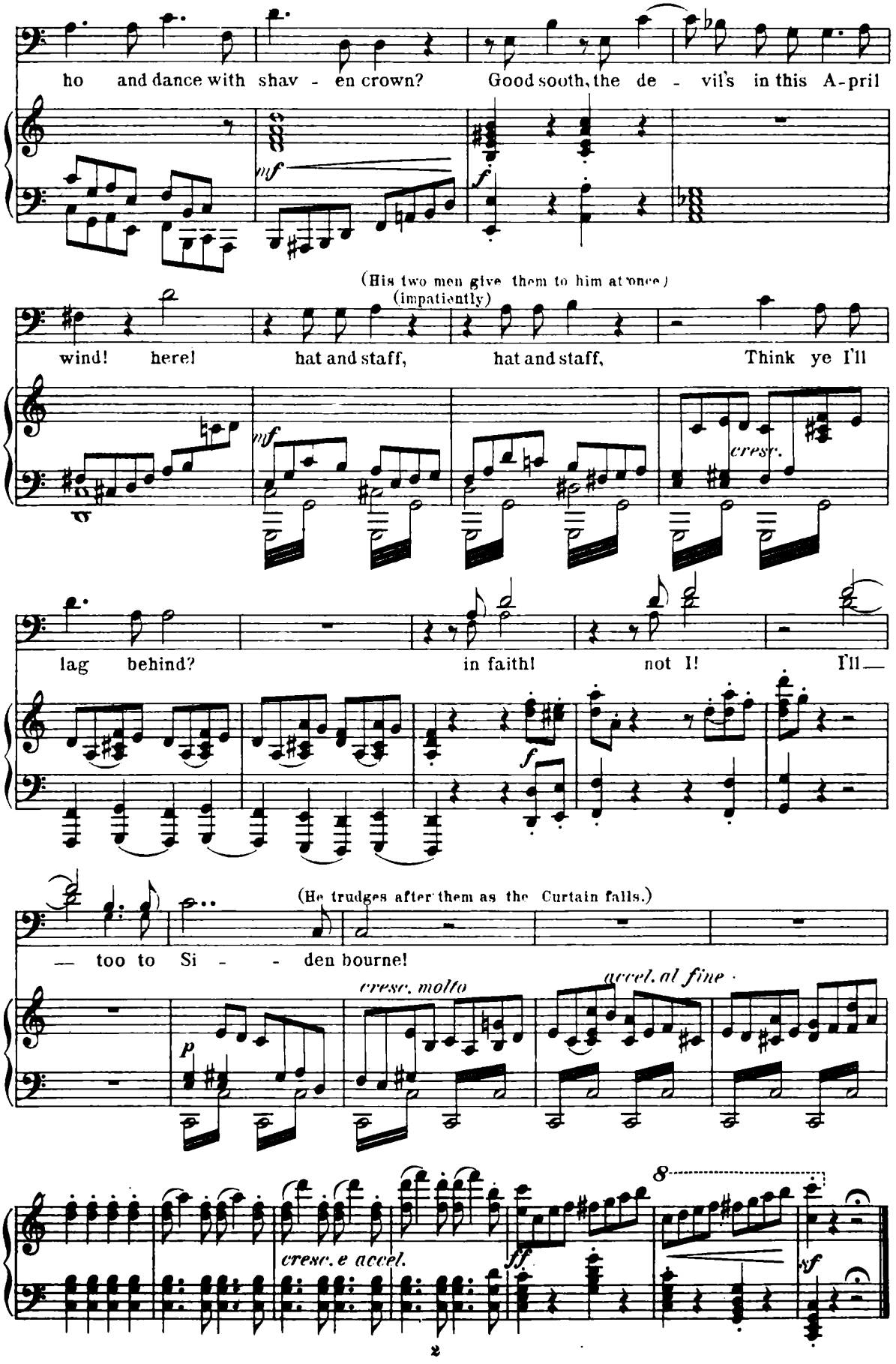
out, yea out we'll go.

out, yea out we'll go.

out, yea out we'll go.

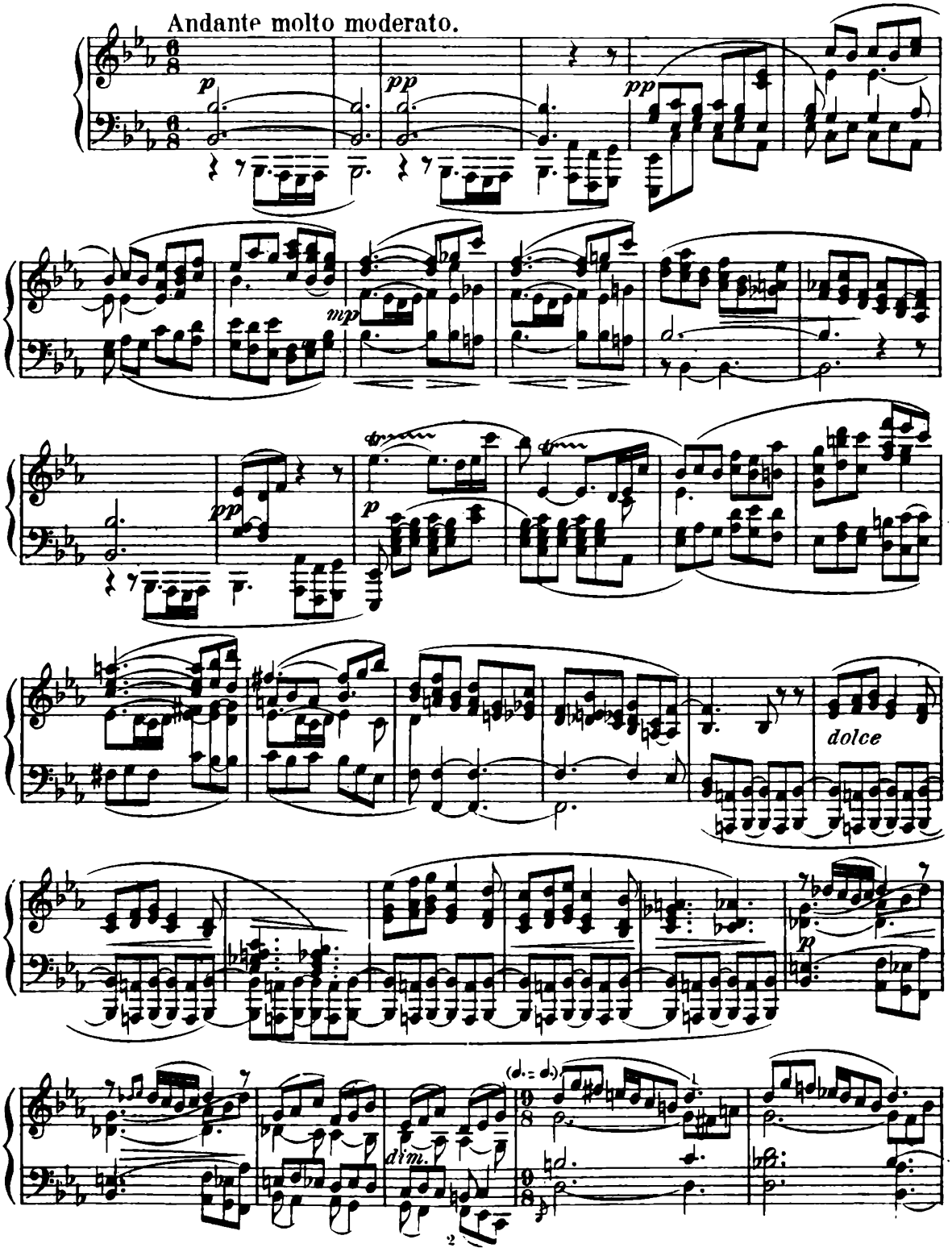
Allegro molto.

mp stacc. *cresc.*


ho and dance with shav - en crown?
Good sooth, the de - vil's in this A-pril
mf
f
(His two men give them to him at once.)
(impatiently)
wind! here! hat and staff, hat and staff, Think ye I'll
mf
cresc.
lag behind? in faith! not I! I'll—
f
(He trudges after them as the Curtain falls.)
— too to Si - - den bourne!
p
cresc. molto
accel. al fine
cresc. e accel.
ff
8
sf

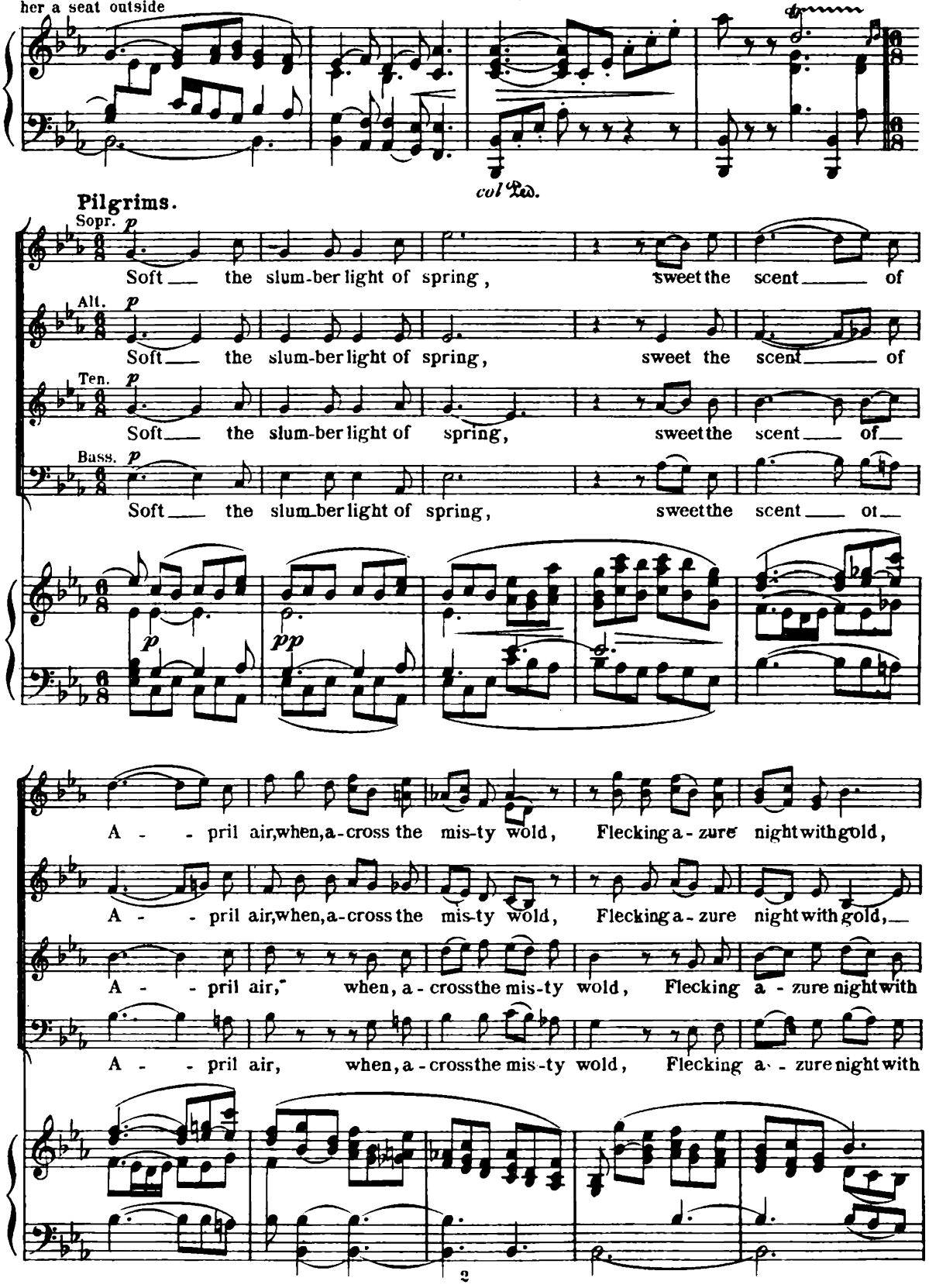
Act II.

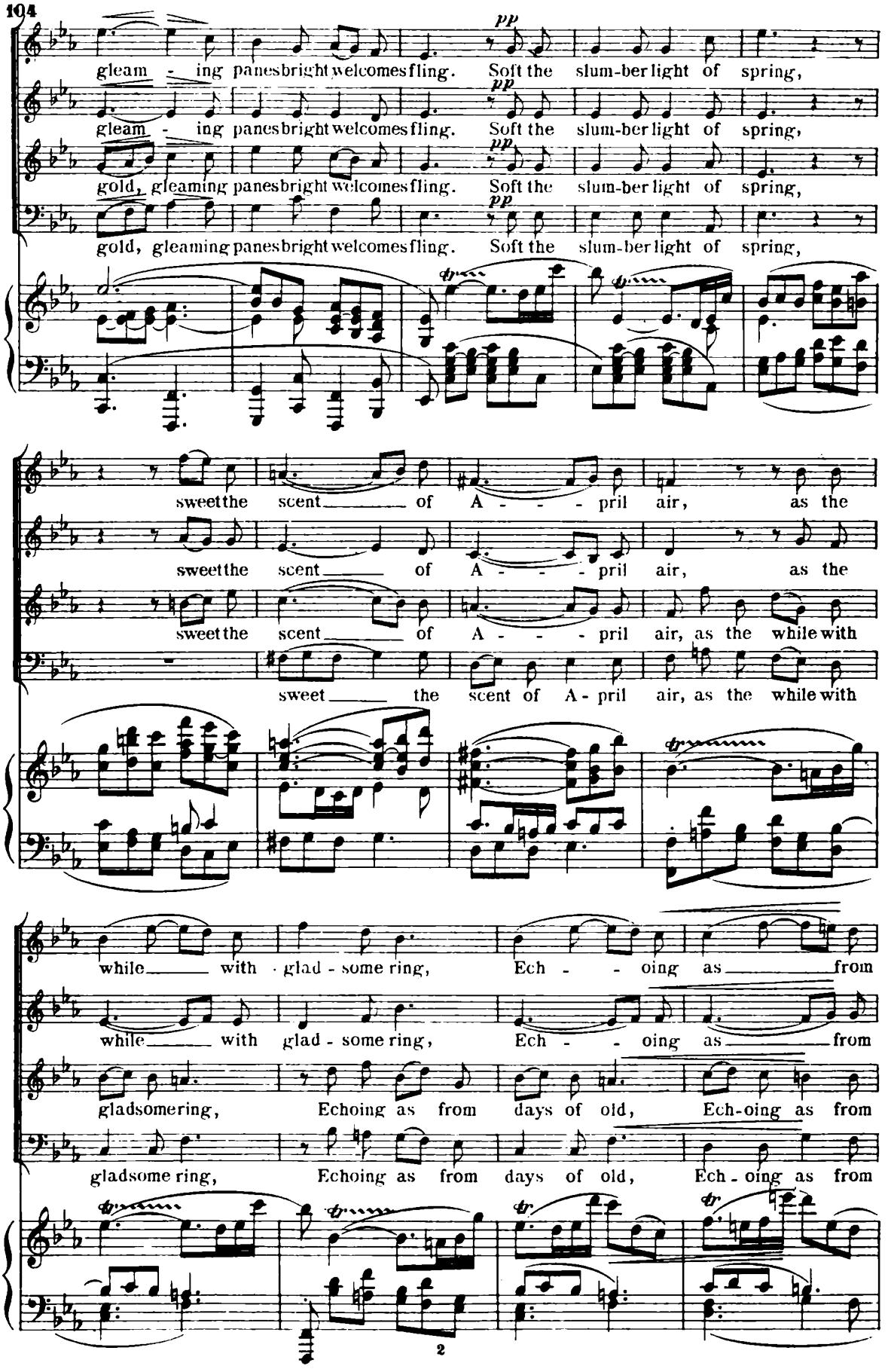
The scene represents the main street of the little village of Sidenbourne, which runs diagonally across the stage from L. back to R. In the immediate foreground (R.) the entrance to the Hostelrie of the "Traveller's Rest." Facing this as on the other side, but forming the chief feature of the background in the row of houses that wind away in picturesque irregularity towards the old ward gate in the distance, a couple of mansions (L. and L.C.) of more importance than the rest. The latter of the two, as if standing back in a courtyard, entered by a strong iron clamped door (practicable). Door of the adjoining house (L.) also practicable. There are lights in most of the casements, a bright full moon being high in the heavens above, and well illuminating the scene.

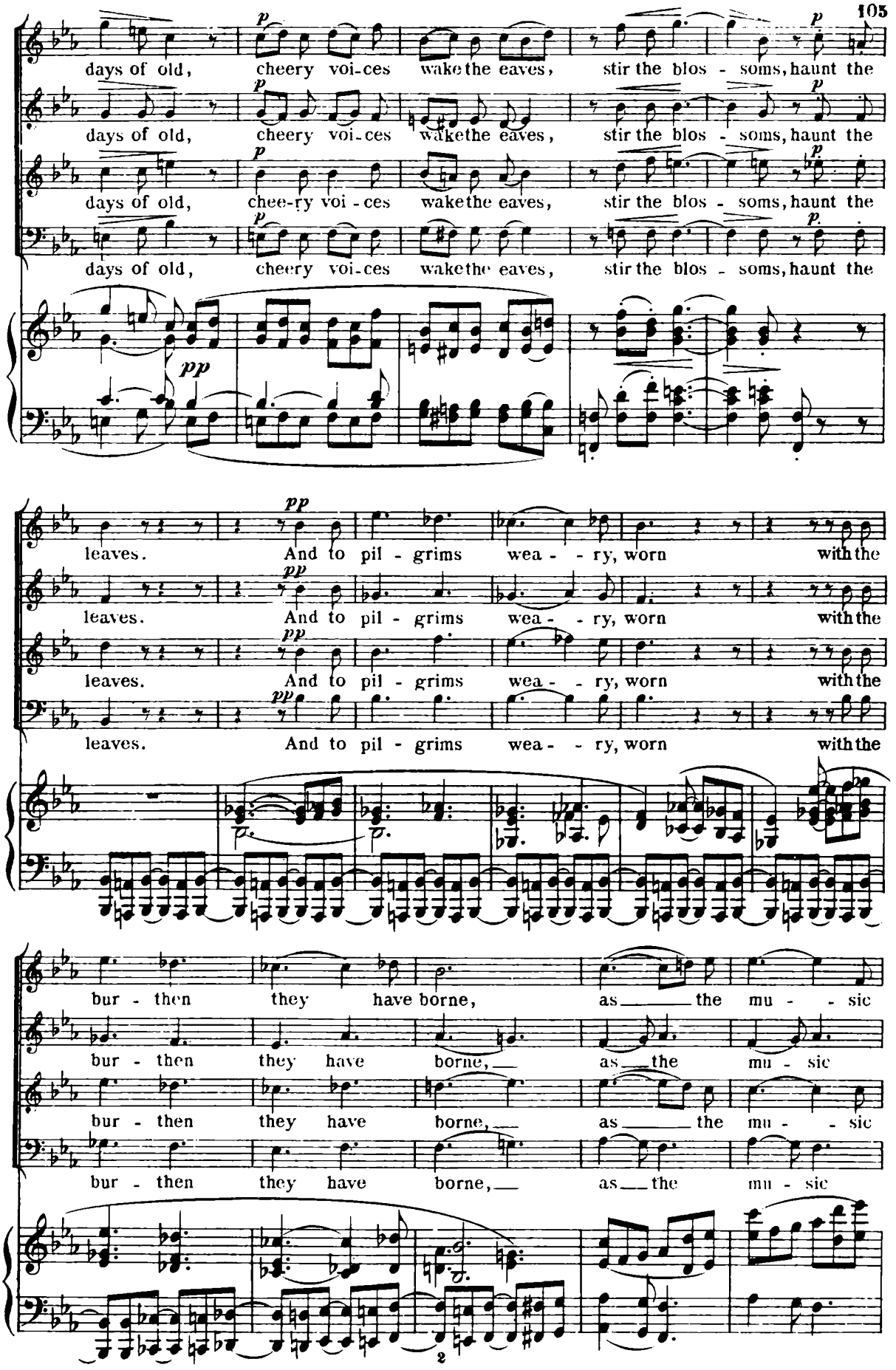


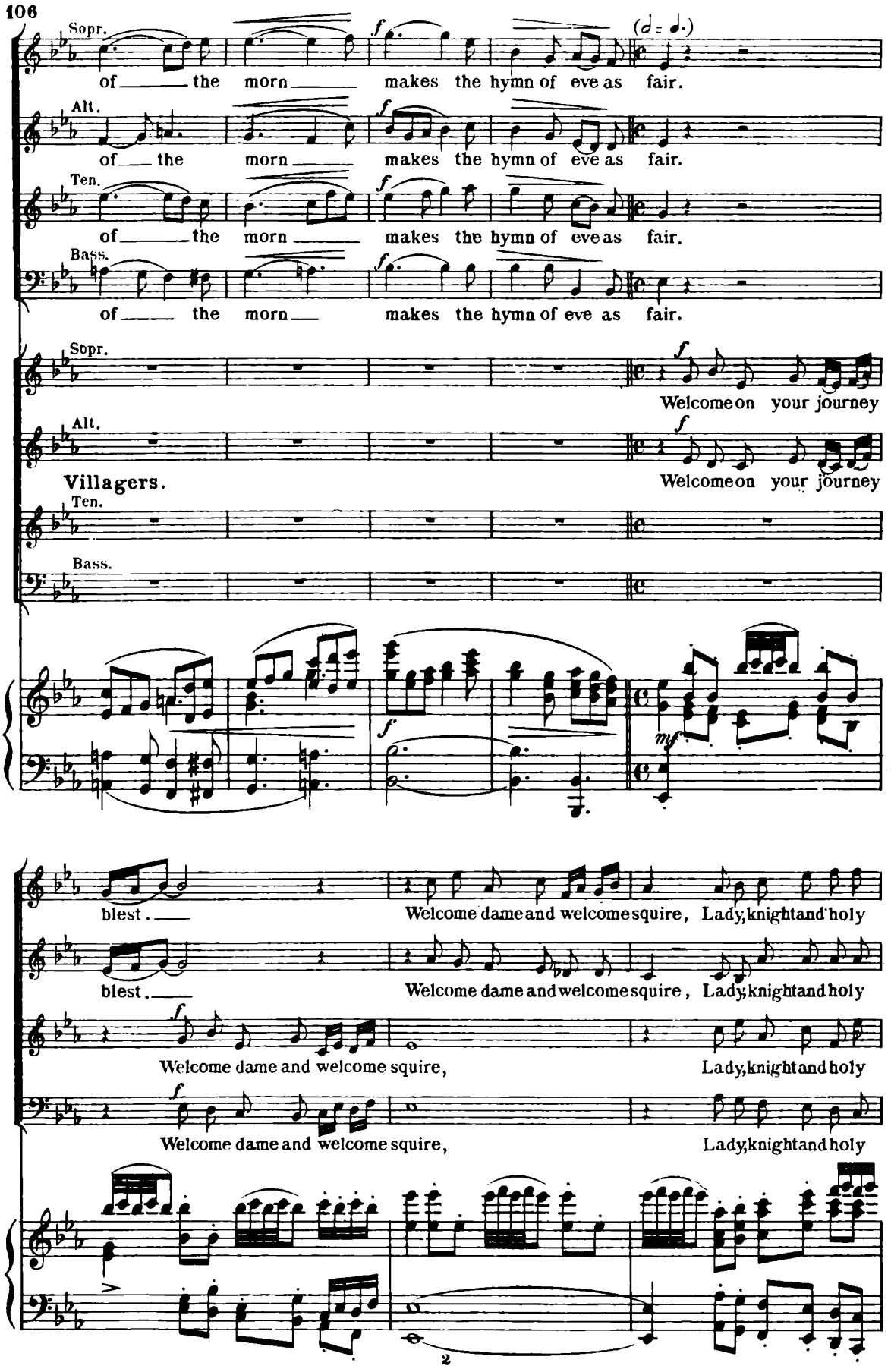
Scene I.

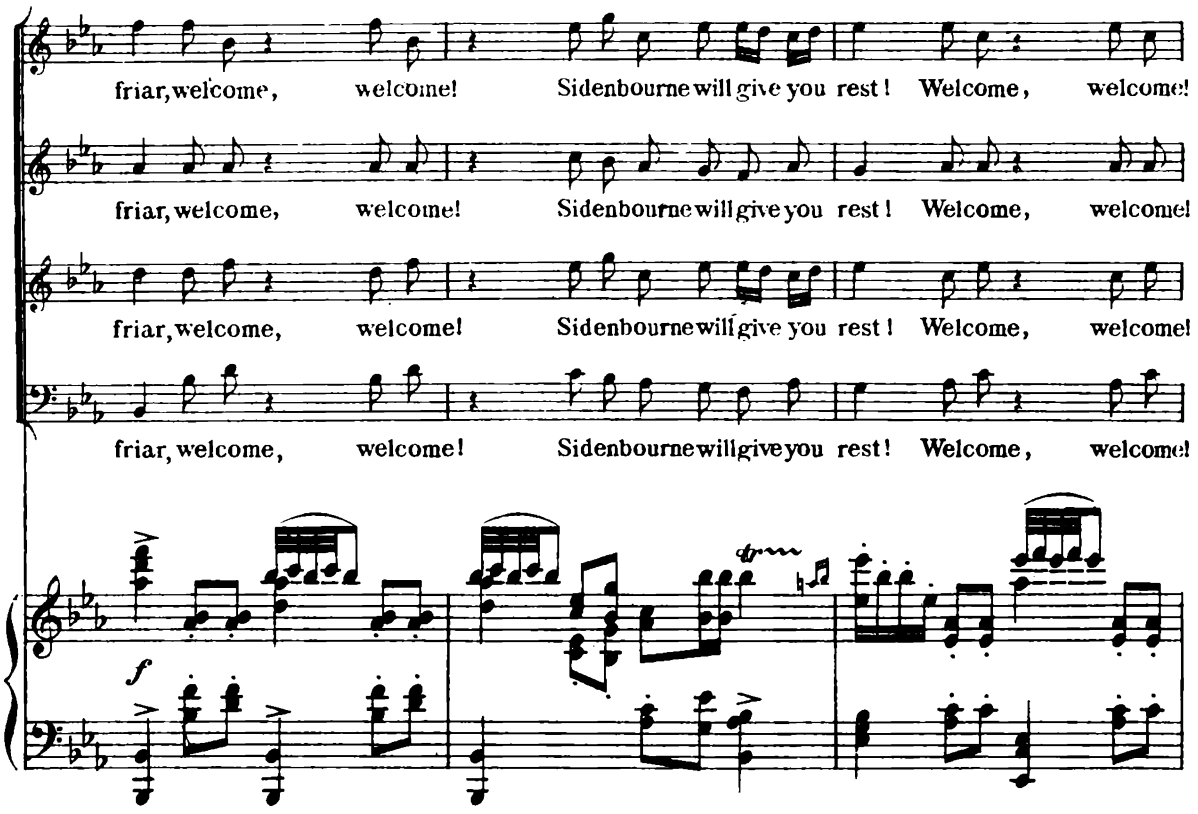
The curtain rises. Groups of the village folk are discovered waiting at the doors of the various houses to welcome the Pilgrims, who are now arriving in procession from L. Among them enter in the following order, Cicely and Dame Margery, Hubert still disguised, and last, Sir Christopher and Hal. Cicely under the watchful eye of Dame Margery, is looking back to Hubert; and Sir Christopher, restrained by Hal, is endeavouring to approach her. As Dame Margery enters she is greeted by an aged matron, who indicates house at back and offers her a seat outside

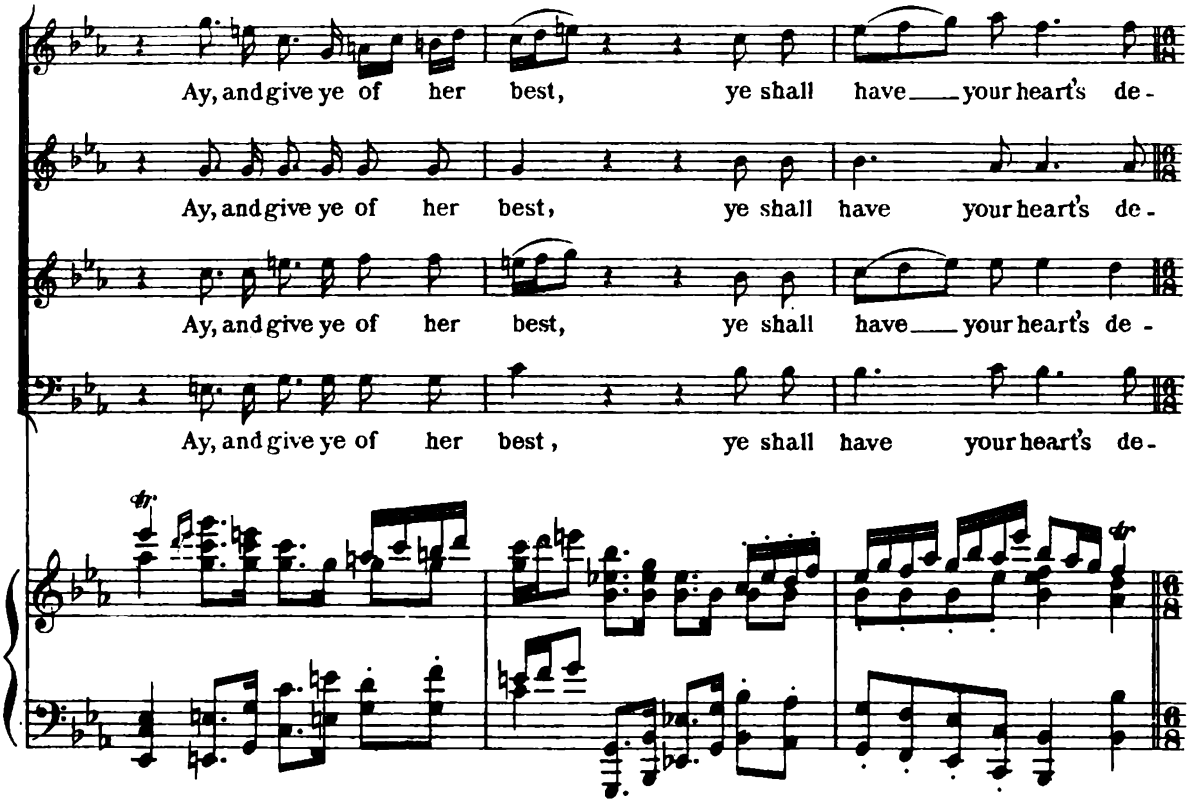



pp
gleam - ing panes bright welcomes fling. Soft the slum-ber light of spring,
gleam - ing panes bright welcomes fling. Soft the slum-ber light of spring,
gold, gleaming panes bright welcomes fling. Soft the slum-ber light of spring,
gold, gleaming panes bright welcomes fling. Soft the slum-ber light of spring,
sweet the scent of A - - - pril air, as the
sweet the scent of A - - - pril air, as the
sweet the scent of A - - - pril air, as the while with
sweet the scent of A - pril air, as the while with
while with glad - some ring, Ech - - oing as from
while with glad - some ring, Ech - - oing as from
gladsome ring, Echoing as from days of old, Ech-oing as from
gladsome ring, Echoing as from days of old, Ech - oing as from


days of old, cheery voi-ces wake the eaves, stir the blos - soms, haunt the
days of old, cheery voi-ces wake the eaves, stir the blos - soms, haunt the
days of old, chee-ry voi - ces wake the eaves, stir the blos - soms, haunt the
days of old, cheery voi-ces wake the eaves, stir the blos - soms, haunt the
leaves. And to pil - grims wea - - ry, worn with the
leaves. And to pil - grims wea - - ry, worn with the
leaves. And to pil - grims wea - - ry, worn with the
leaves. And to pil - grims wea - - ry, worn with the
bur - then they have borne, as the mu - - sic
bur - then they have borne, as the mu - sic
bur - then they have borne, as the mu - - sic
bur - then they have borne, as the mu - sic


Sopr.
of the morn makes the hymn of eve as fair.
Alt.
of the morn makes the hymn of eve as fair.
Ten.
of the morn makes the hymn of eve as fair.
Bass.
of the morn makes the hymn of eve as fair.
Sopr.
Welcome on your journey
Alt.
Villagers.
Welcome on your journey
Ten.
Bass.
blest.
Welcome dame and welcome squire, Lady, knight and holy
blest.
Welcome dame and welcome squire, Lady, knight and holy
Welcome dame and welcome squire,
Lady, knight and holy
Welcome dame and welcome squire,
Lady, knight and holy


friar, welcome, welcome! Sidenbourne will give you rest! Welcome, welcome!
friar, welcome, welcome! Sidenbourne will give you rest! Welcome, welcome!
friar, welcome, welcome! Sidenbourne will give you rest! Welcome, welcome!
friar, welcome, welcome! Sidenbourne will give you rest! Welcome, welcome!
f


Ay, and give ye of her best, ye shall have your heart's de-
Ay, and give ye of her best, ye shall have your heart's de-
Ay, and give ye of her best, ye shall have your heart's de-
Ay, and give ye of her best, ye shall have your heart's de-

Sweet the slumber light of spring, sweet the

Pilgrims. Sweet the slumber light of spring, sweet the

Sweet the slumber light of spring, sweet the

Sweet the slumber light of spring, sweet the

sire.. Ye shall have your hearts' de - - sire.

sire. **Villagers.** Ye shall have your hearts' de - - sire.

sire. Ye shall have your hearts' de - - sire.

sire. Ye shall have your hearts' de - - sire.

scent of A - pril air, sweet - er still is good - ly

scent of A - pril air, sweet - er still is good - ly

scent of A - pril air, sweeter still is good-ly

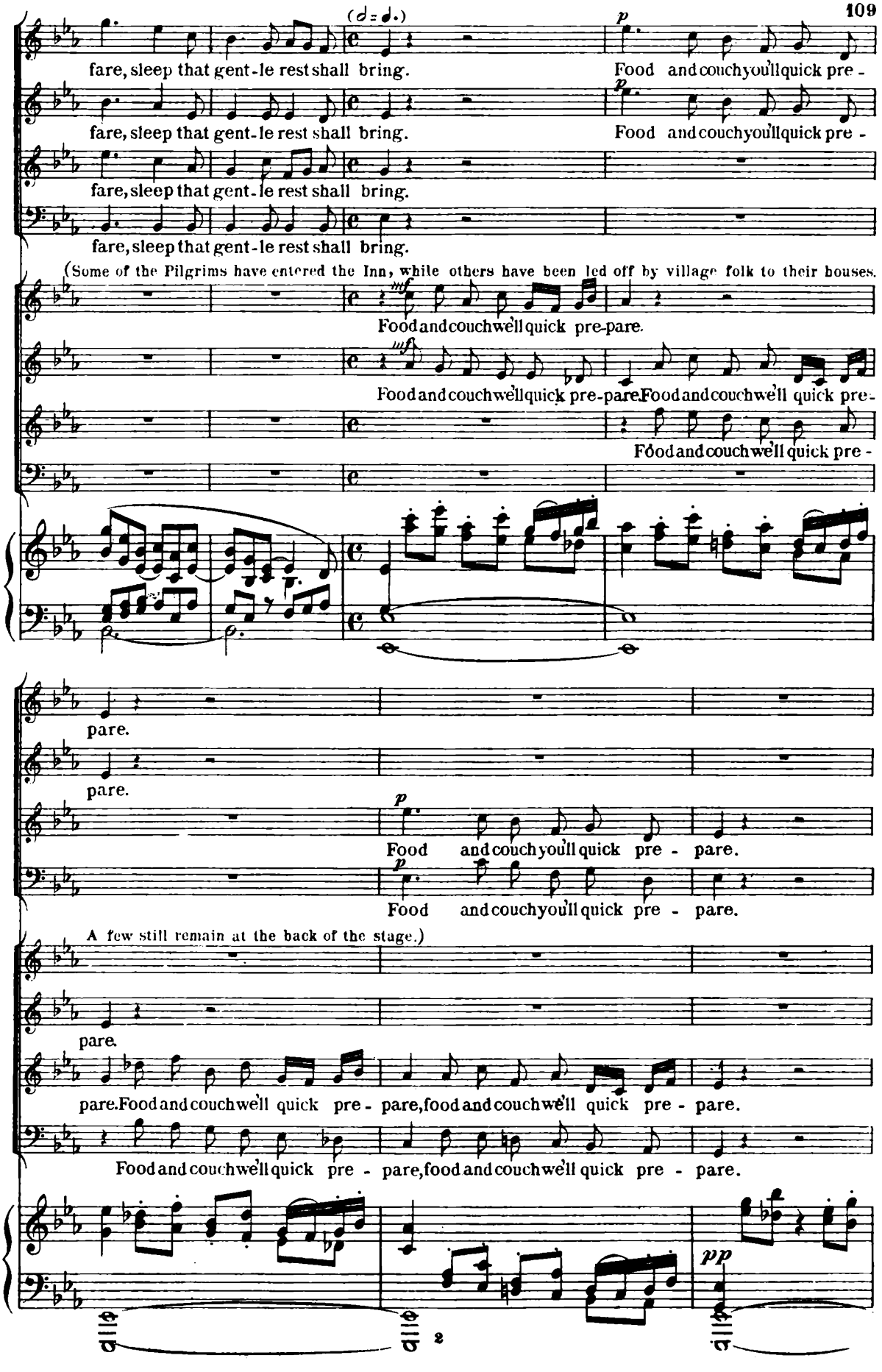
scent of A - pril air, sweeter still is good-ly

Ye shall have your hearts' de - sire.

Ye shall have your hearts' de - sire.

Ye shall have your hearts' de - sire.

Ye shall have your hearts' de - sire.


(♩=♩.)
fare, sleep that gent-le rest shall bring.
p
Food and couch you'll quick pre -
fare, sleep that gent-le rest shall bring.
p
Food and couch you'll quick pre -
fare, sleep that gent-le rest shall bring.
fare, sleep that gent-le rest shall bring.
(Some of the Pilgrims have entered the Inn, while others have been led off by village folk to their houses.
mf
Food and couch we'll quick pre-pare.
mf
Food and couch we'll quick pre-pare. Food and couch we'll quick pre-
Food and couch we'll quick pre -
pare.
pare.
p
Food and couch you'll quick pre - pare.
p
Food and couch you'll quick pre - pare.
A few still remain at the back of the stage.)
pare.
pare. Food and couch we'll quick pre - pare, food and couch we'll quick pre - pare.
Food and couch we'll quick pre - pare, food and couch we'll quick pre - pare.
pp
2

(Dame Margery followed by Cicely is conducted by the aged matron towards the door of the principal house at back.)

Allegretto molto mod^to

Dame Margery.

This thine a-bode? 'Tis well. We thank thee much for thy good

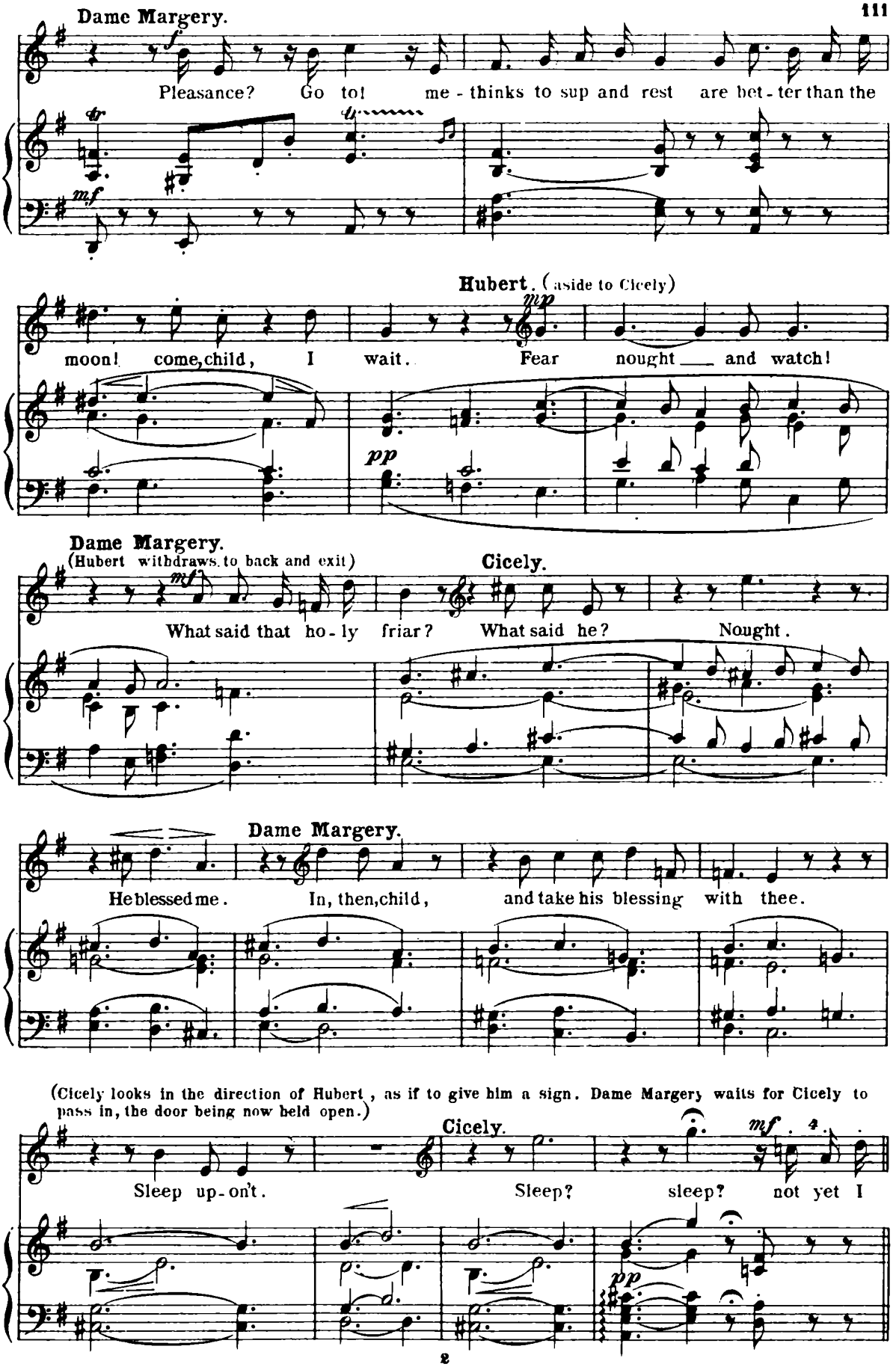
(to Cicely)

cour-te-sy. Come, child, we'll in. How now? Why tarriest thou?

Cicely (looking towards Hubert.)

Why tar-ry I? For-sooth, I know not, save the night is fair, the

air is cool, and there be plea - - sance here!


Dame Margery.
Pleasance? Go to! me - thinks to sup and rest are bet - ter than the
Hubert. (aside to Cicely)
moon! come, child, I wait. Fear nought ___ and watch!
Dame Margery.
(Hubert withdraws to back and exit)
Cicely.
What said that ho - ly friar? What said he? Nought.
Dame Margery.
He blessed me. In, then, child, and take his blessing with thee.
(Cicely looks in the direction of Hubert, as if to give him a sign. Dame Margery waits for Cicely to pass in, the door being now held open.)
Cicely.
Sleep up - on't. Sleep? sleep? not yet I

(Sir Christopher has been standing apart with Hal, and making efforts to approach Cicely.)

Allegro. (exit through door)

Sir Christopher (to Hal).

ween! It was to me, let go, she signed

mf

to me. This sig- net ring, these ver- - ses I have framed,

mp *mf*

(He moves up towards the door; Hal follows and holds him back.)

marry let go! I'll give them to her now!

mf *fp*

Hal.

(As Sir Christopher reaches the door, he meets Dame Margery, who turns upon him majestically, but carefully concealing her face with her hood. She sweeps in. The door slams in his face.)

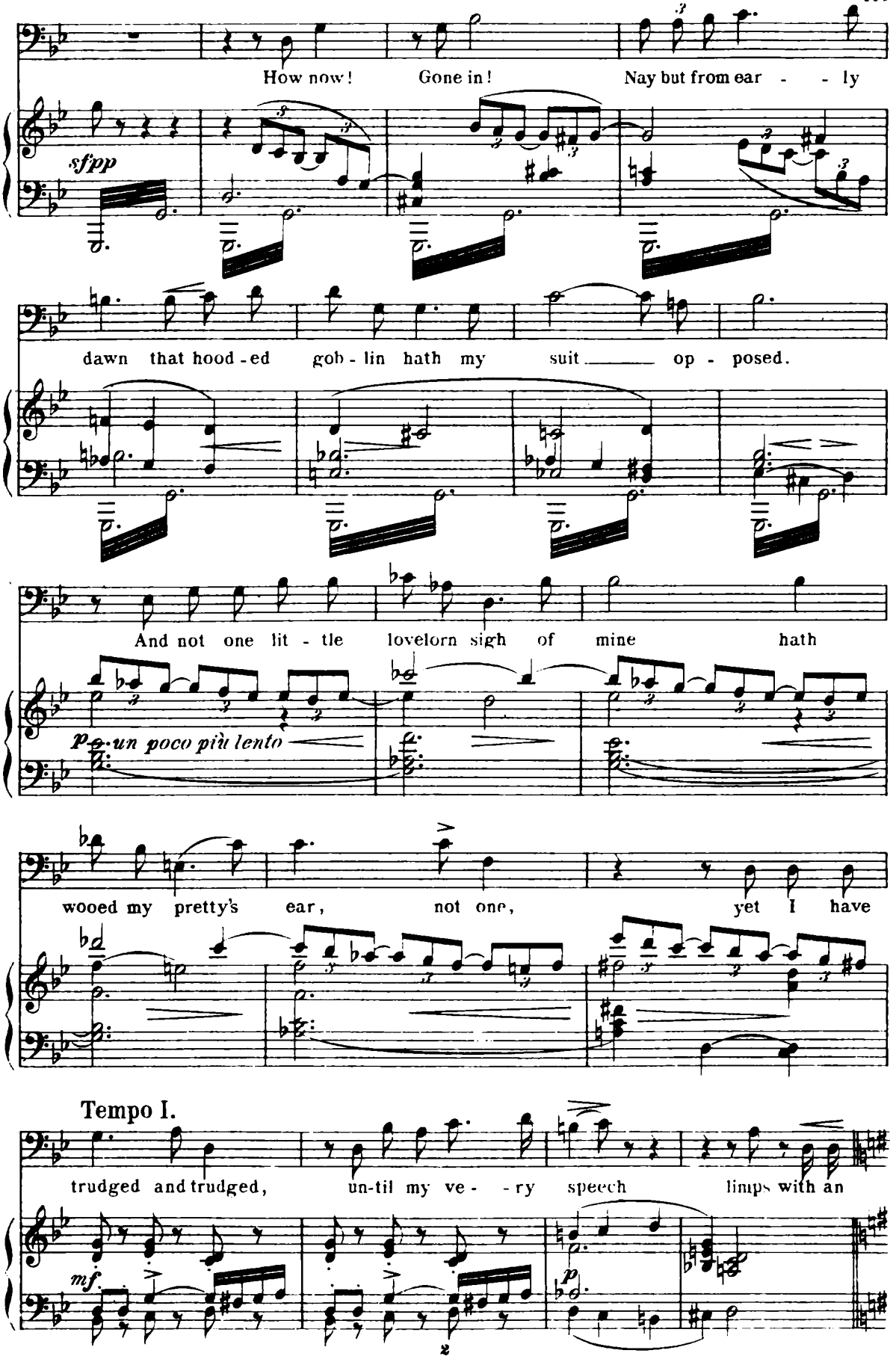
Nay, prithee wait, thoult spoil the plot!

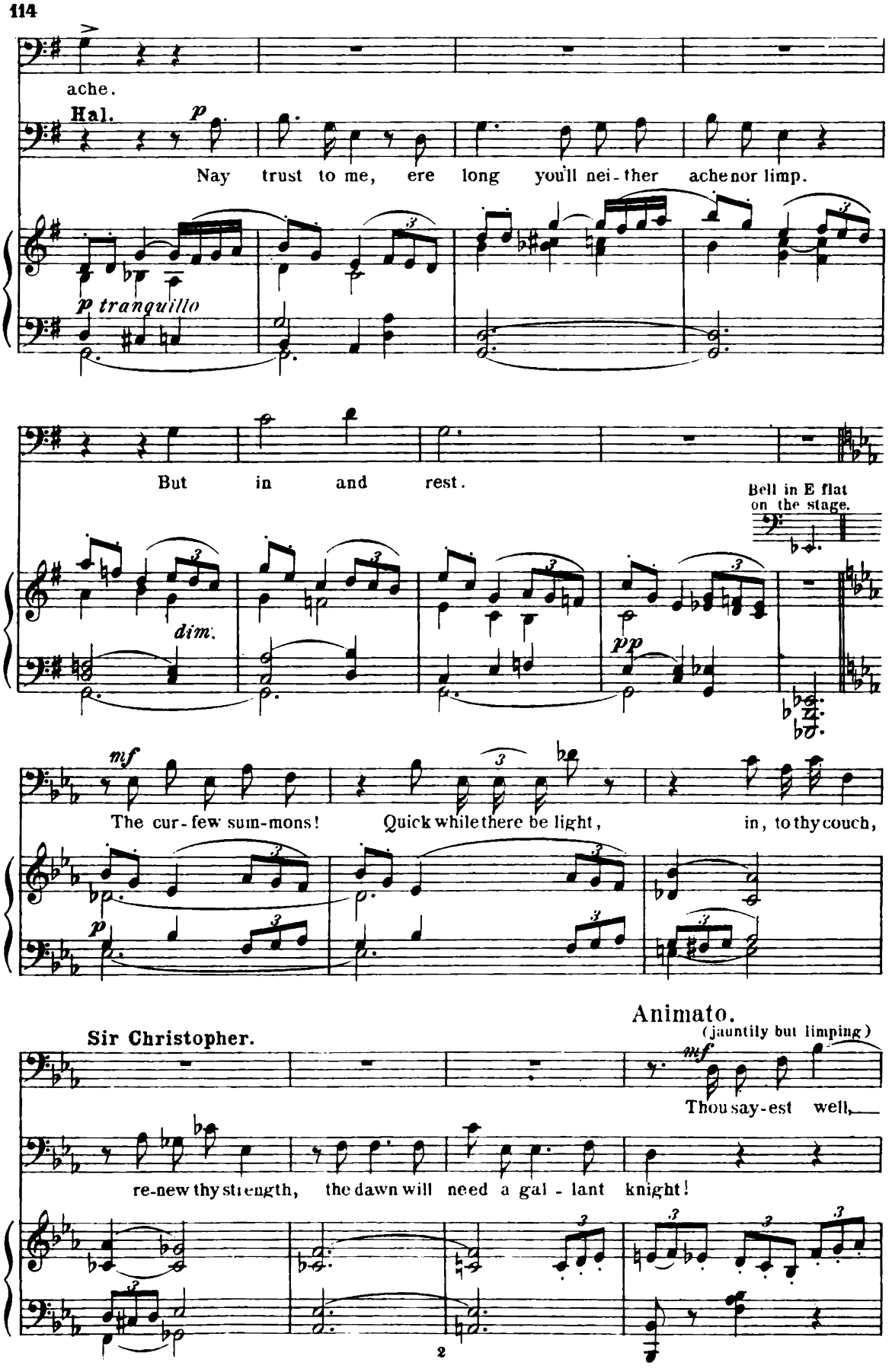
mf

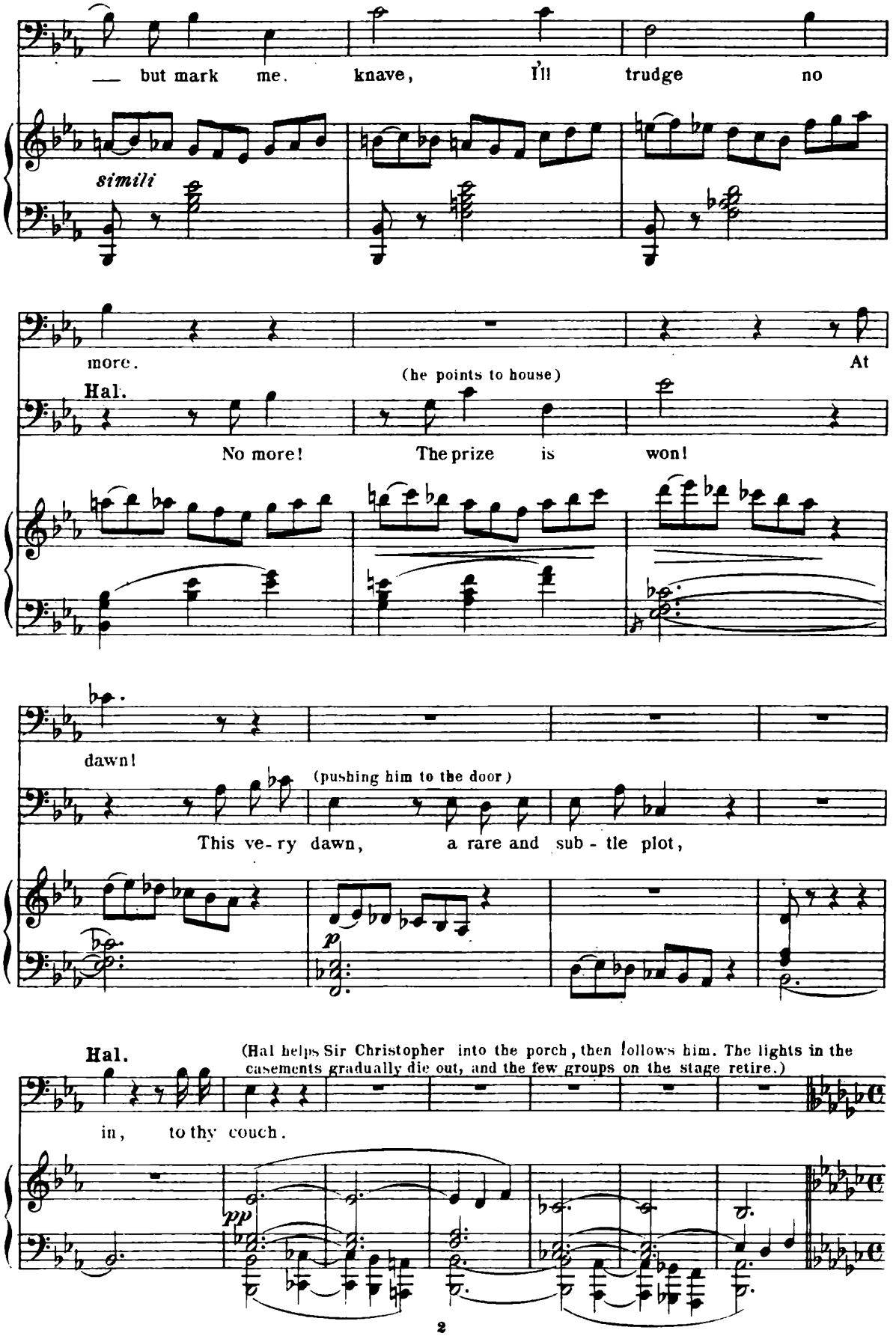
Sir Christopher. *f*

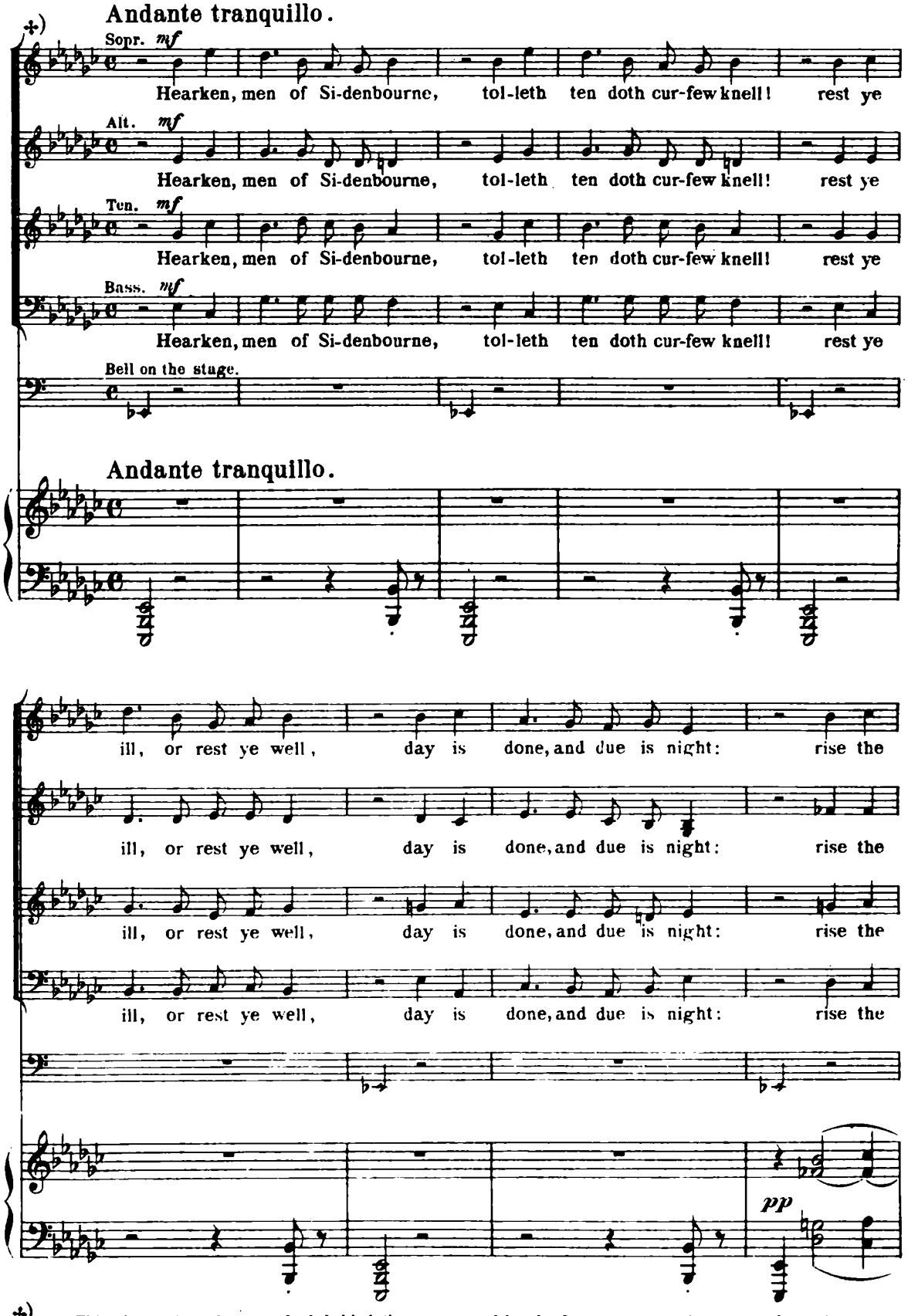
A - - gain that ug-ly ghost!

sf *p*

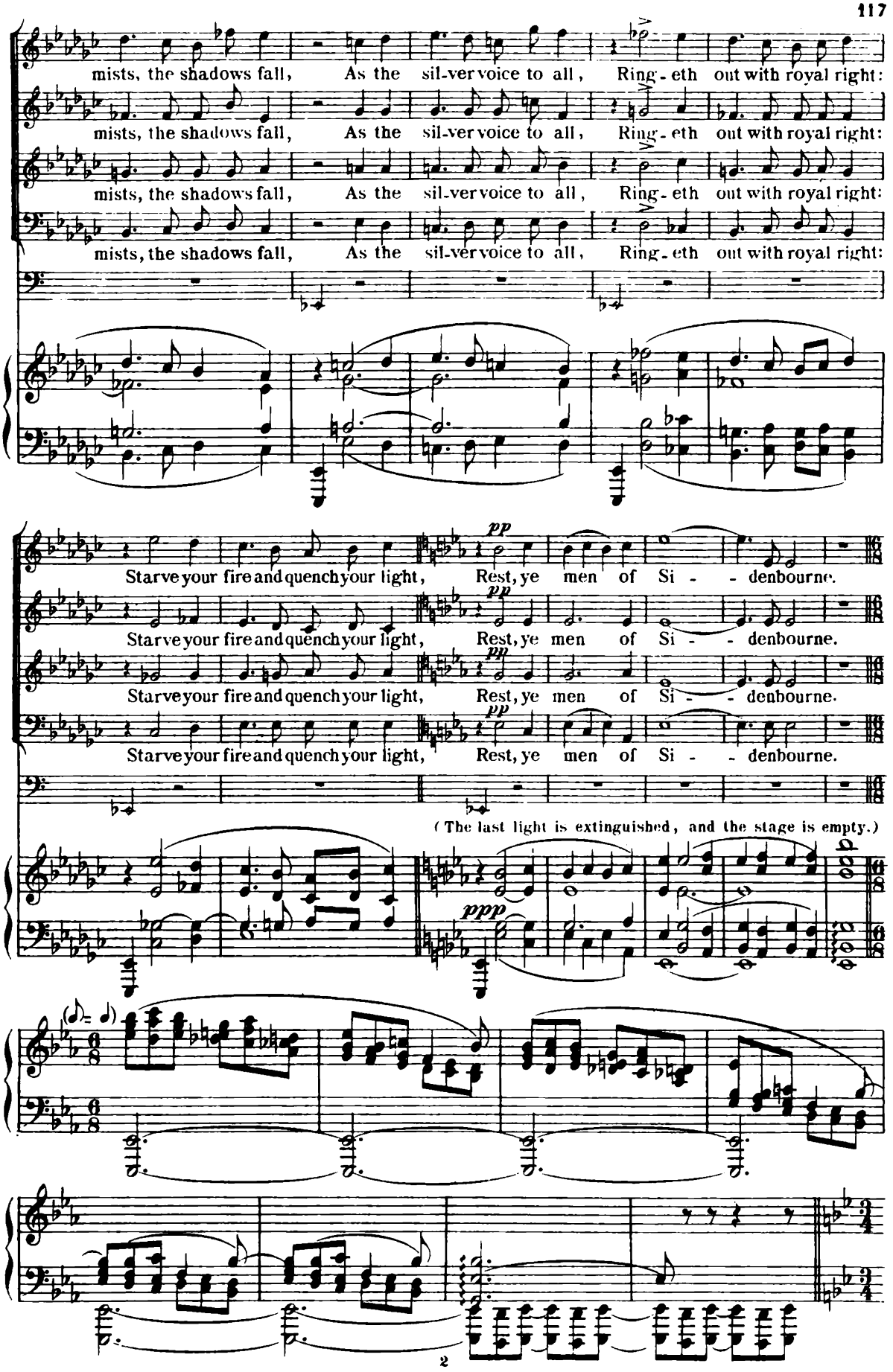

How now! Gone in! Nay but from ear - - ly
sfpp
dawn that hood - ed gob - lin hath my suit op - posed.
And not one lit - tle lovelorn sigh of mine hath
p un poco più lento
wooed my pretty's ear, not one, yet I have
Tempo I.
trudged and trudged, un-til my ve - - ry speech limps with an
mf
p


ache.
Hal.
p
Nay trust to me, ere long you'll nei-ther ache nor limp.
p tranquillo
But in and rest.
Bell in E flat on the stage.
dim.
pp
mf
The cur-few sum-mons! Quick while there be light, in, to thy couch,
p
Animato.
(jauntily but limping)
Sir Christopher.
mf
Thou say-est well,
re-new thy strength, the dawn will need a gal-lant knight!


— but mark me. knave, I'll trudge no
simili
more.
At
(he points to house)
Hal.
No more! The prize is won!
dawn!
(pushing him to the door)
This ve-ry dawn, a rare and sub-tle plot,
p
Hal.
(Hal helps Sir Christopher into the porch, then follows him. The lights in the casements gradually die out, and the few groups on the stage retire.)
in, to thy couch.
pp



✢) N.B. This chorus is to be sung both behind the scenes and by the few groups on the stage, who retire gradually, until at the last line the whole chorus is behind the scenes.


mists, the shadows fall, As the sil-ver voice to all, Ring-eth out with royal right:
mists, the shadows fall, As the sil-ver voice to all, Ring-eth out with royal right:
mists, the shadows fall, As the sil-ver voice to all, Ring-eth out with royal right:
mists, the shadows fall, As the sil-ver voice to all, Ring-eth out with royal right:
pp
Starve your fire and quench your light, Rest, ye men of Si - - denbourne.
pp
Starve your fire and quench your light, Rest, ye men of Si - - denbourne.
pp
Starve your fire and quench your light, Rest, ye men of Si - - denbourne.
pp
Starve your fire and quench your light, Rest, ye men of Si - - denbourne.
(The last light is extinguished, and the stage is empty.)
ppp

Scene II.

Lento.

(Hal emerges from the porch with a piece of chalk in his hand, looking carefully about him as he advances.)

p

Good, all is still!

poco cresc.

pp

p

(He goes up, then halts in

No pry - ing eye to note the sub - tle cunning of my scheme!

uncertainty)

(He approaches the wrong

the house? sure this was it?

p

door.)

They entered here! I'll swear they entered here! and it were well, I

un poco più animato

mf

ween, ere to this cau - tious bus' - - ness from their cups I

rall. al Tempo I.

summon my six knaves, to make the risk of blun - der void: 'Tis here they've

(He makes a conspicuous cross on the wrong door.)

lodged, and here I make my mark!

So, good! And now to rouse these scur - vy churls. Hal o' the

Chepe, good sooth, thy wit's in trim tonight: a fair plain mark, that a-ny

cresc.

(coming down and looking off R.)

(confused)

fool can note! stay now! the way? The

(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* *sf*

Scene III.

Geoffrey.

gin! A league be-hind, at length I

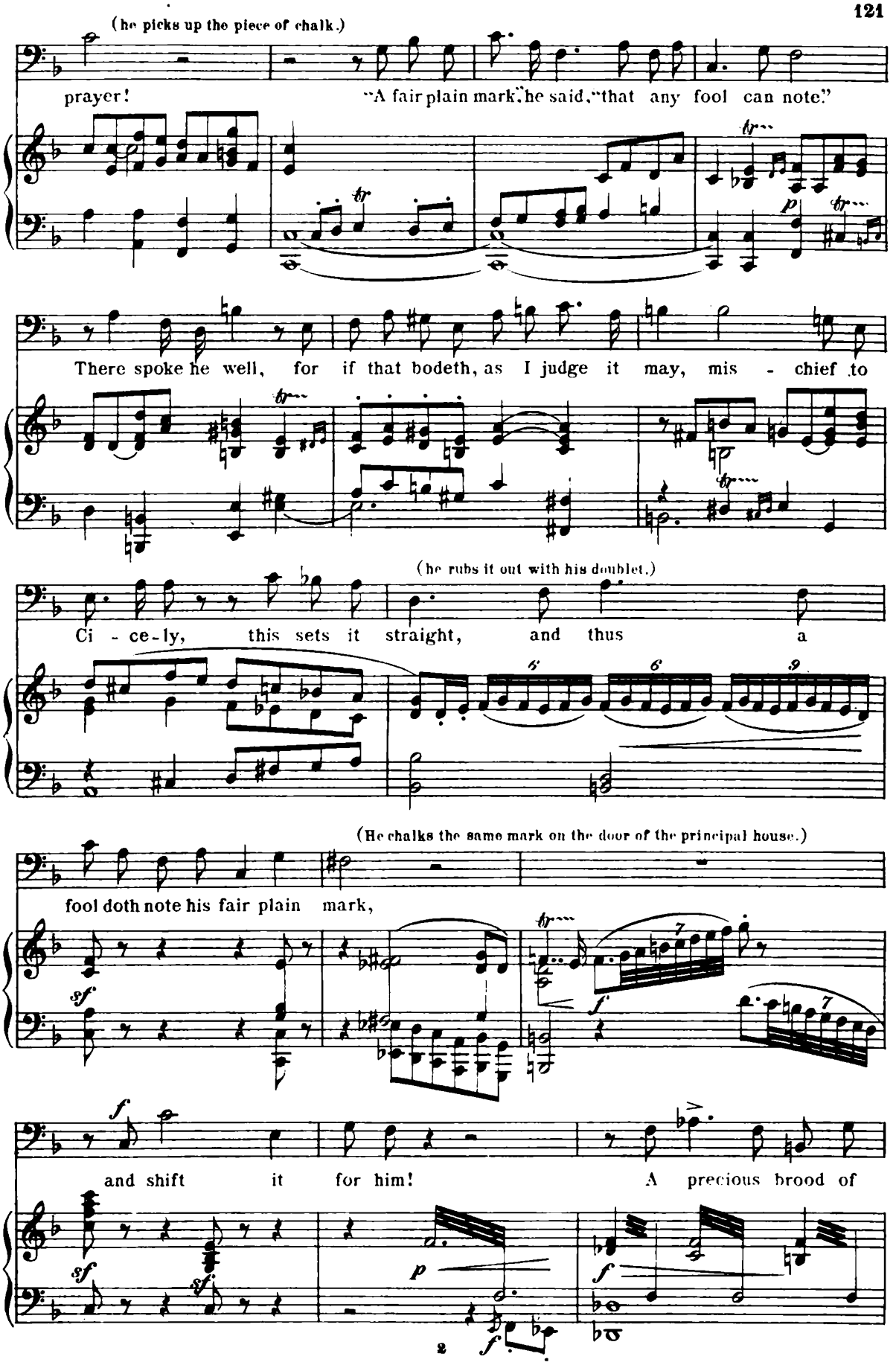
Allegretto moderato.

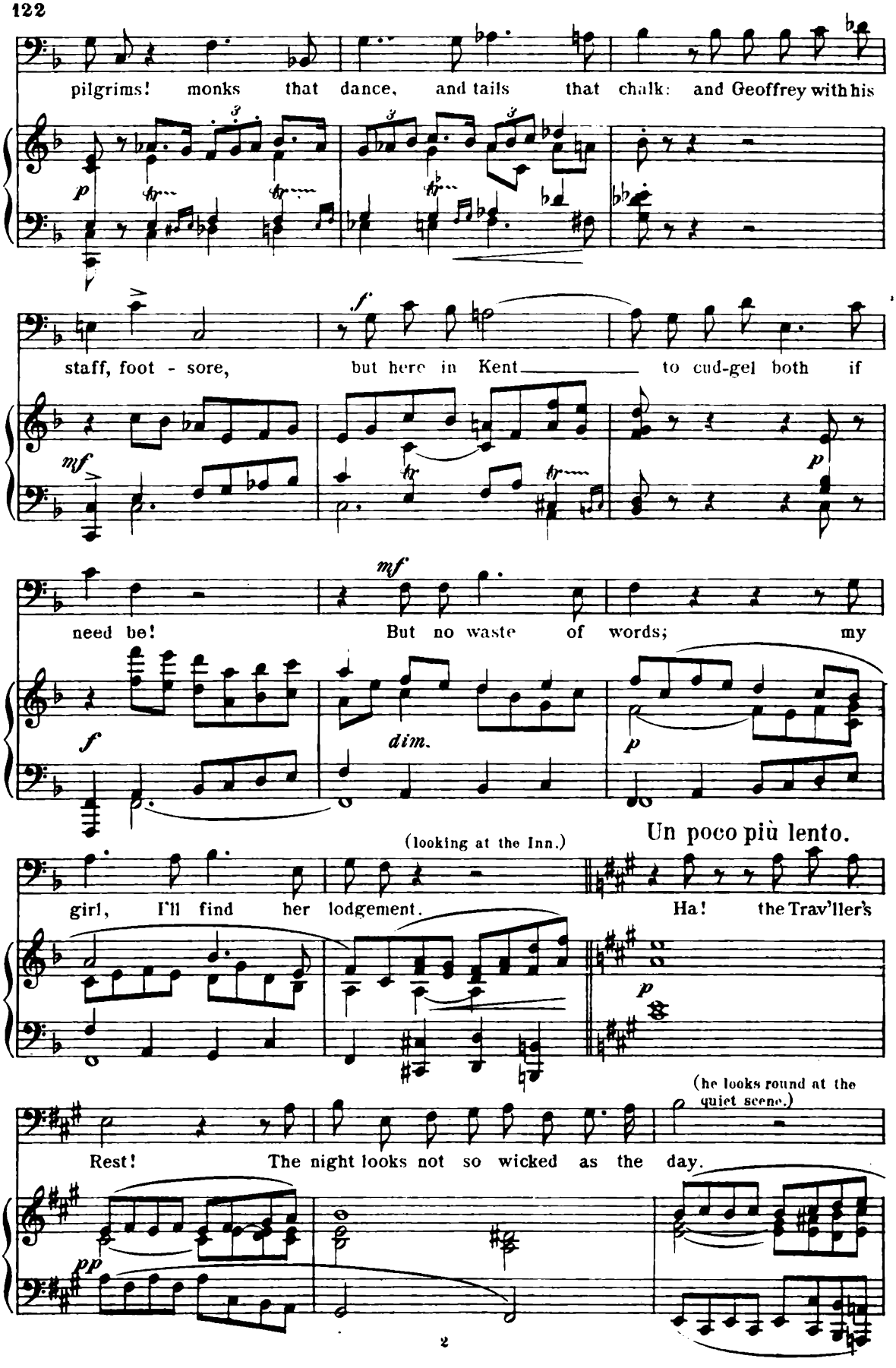
mf pesante e staccato

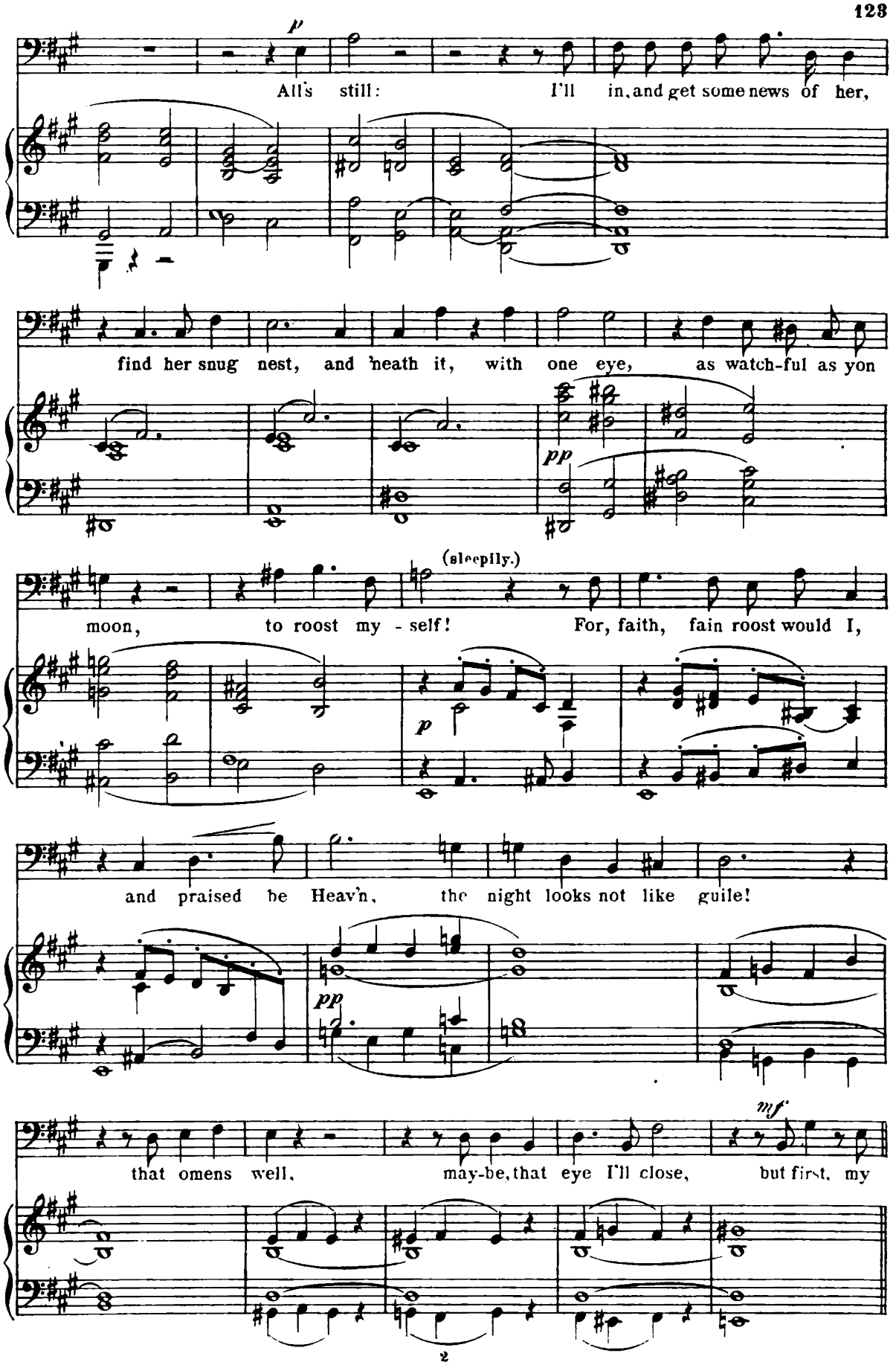
catch the tail of this blest company; for 'tis the tail, the head and trunk

cresc.

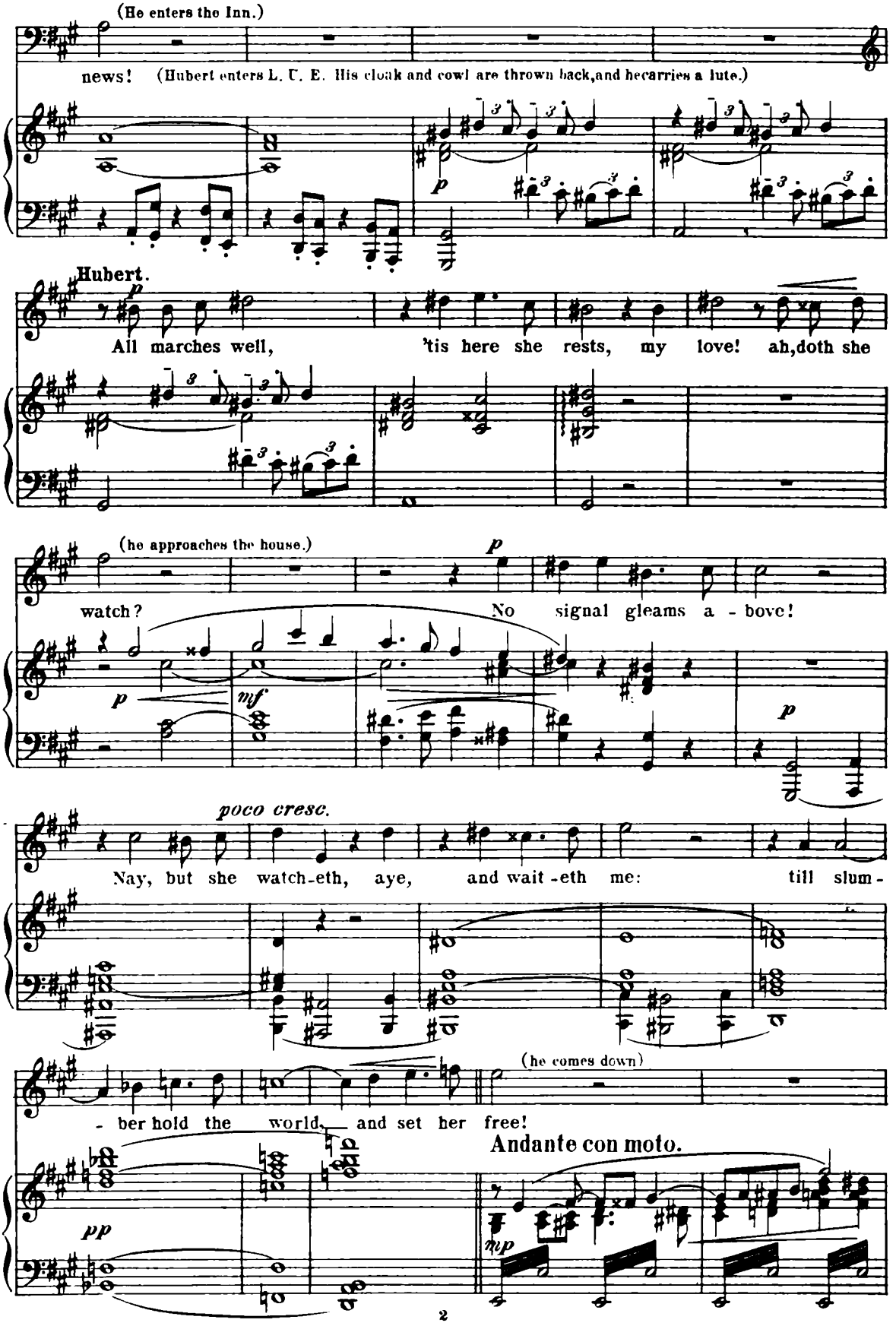
gone-who knows where? and find treason and trick more rife, I warrant me, than praise and

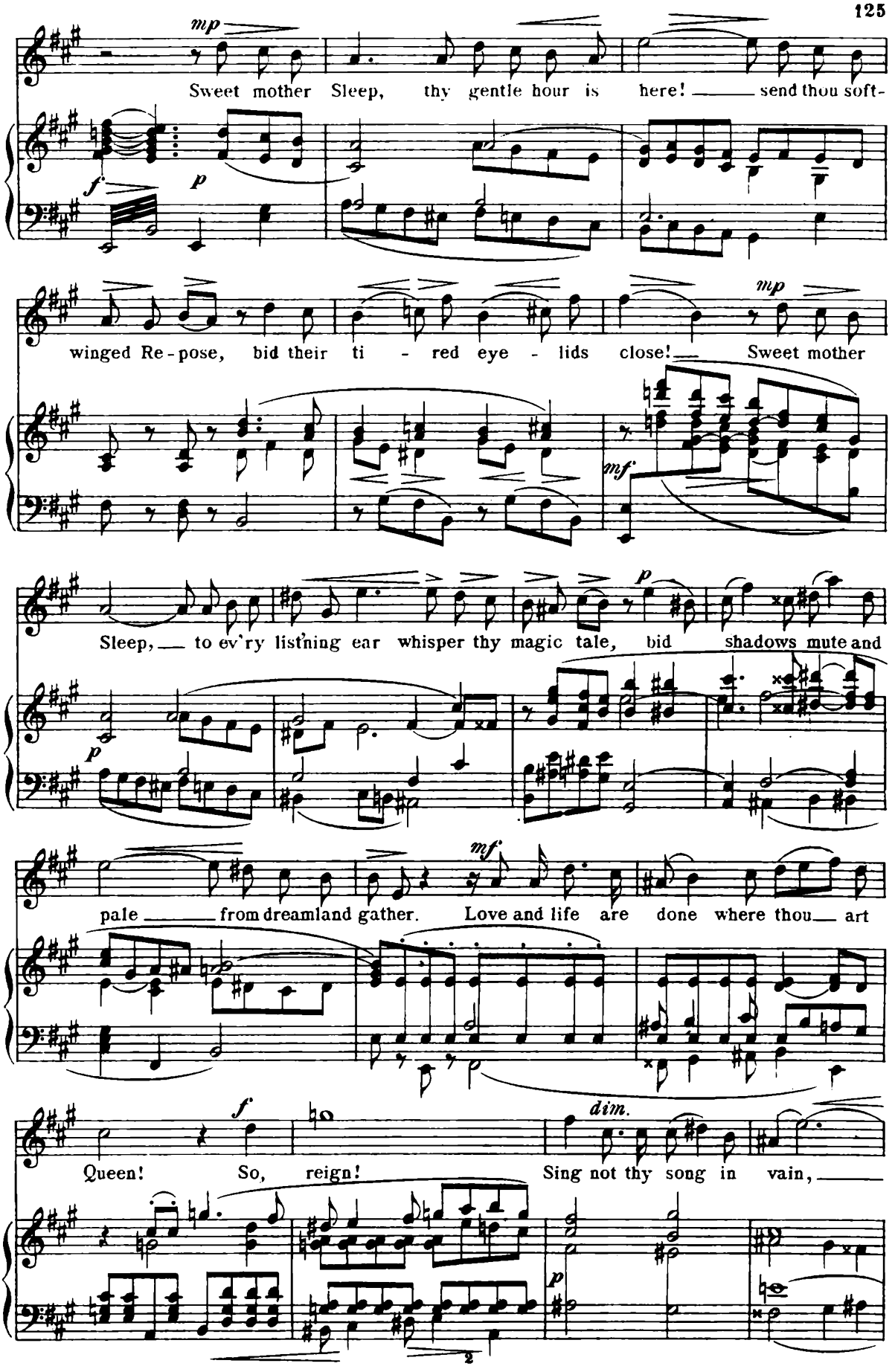

(he picks up the piece of chalk.)
prayer!
"A fair plain mark," he said, "that any fool can note."
There spoke he well, for if that bodeth, as I judge it may, mis - chief to
(he rubs it out with his doublet.)
Ci - ce - ly, this sets it straight, and thus a
(He chalks the same mark on the door of the principal house.)
fool doth note his fair plain mark,
and shift it for him! A precious brood of

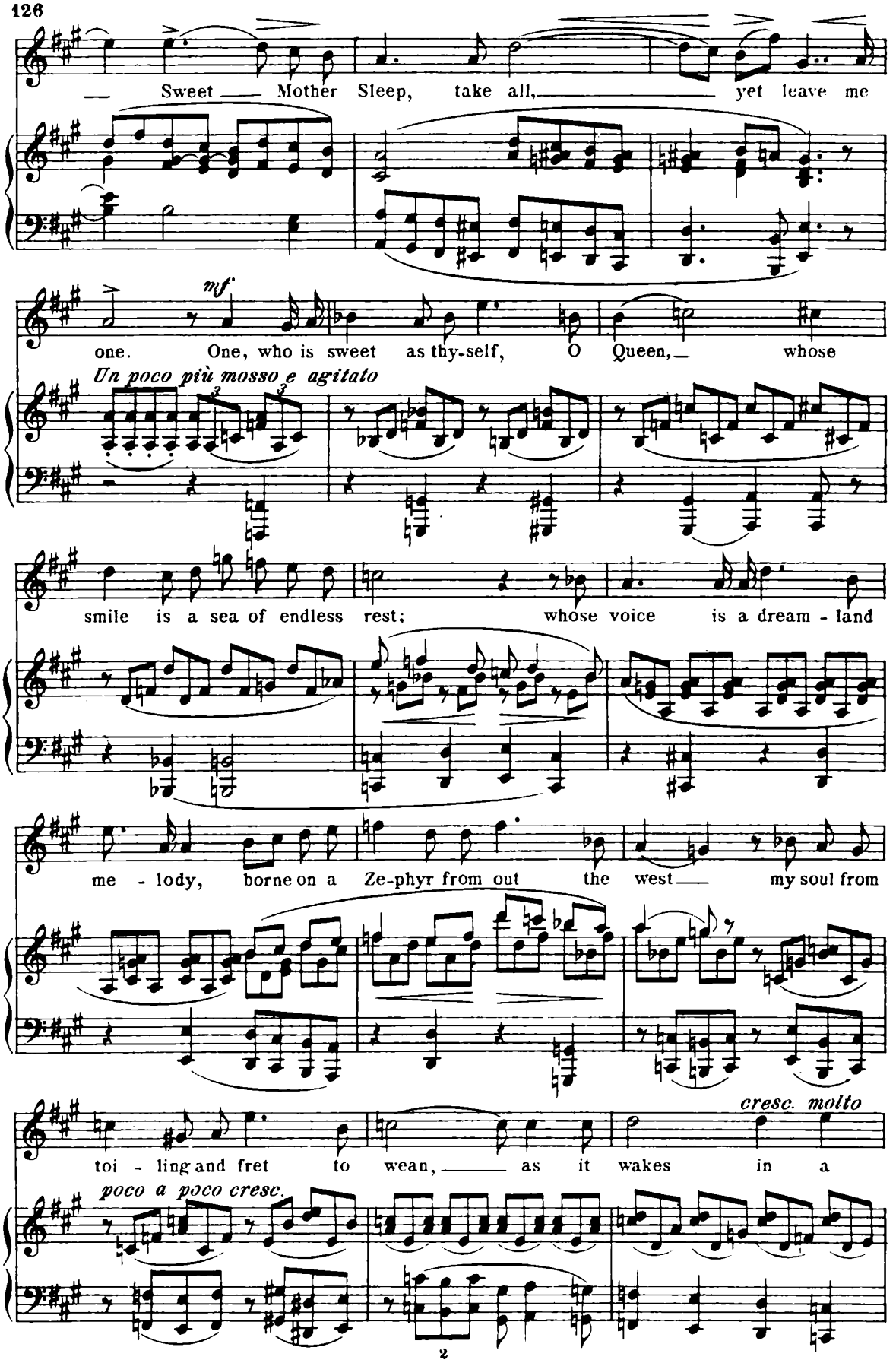

pilgrims! monks that dance, and tails that chalk: and Geoffrey with his
staff, foot - sore, but here in Kent to cud-gel both if
need be! But no waste of words; my
(looking at the Inn.)
girl, I'll find her lodgement.
Un poco più lento.
Ha! the Trav'ller's
(he looks round at the quiet scene.)
Rest! The night looks not so wicked as the day.

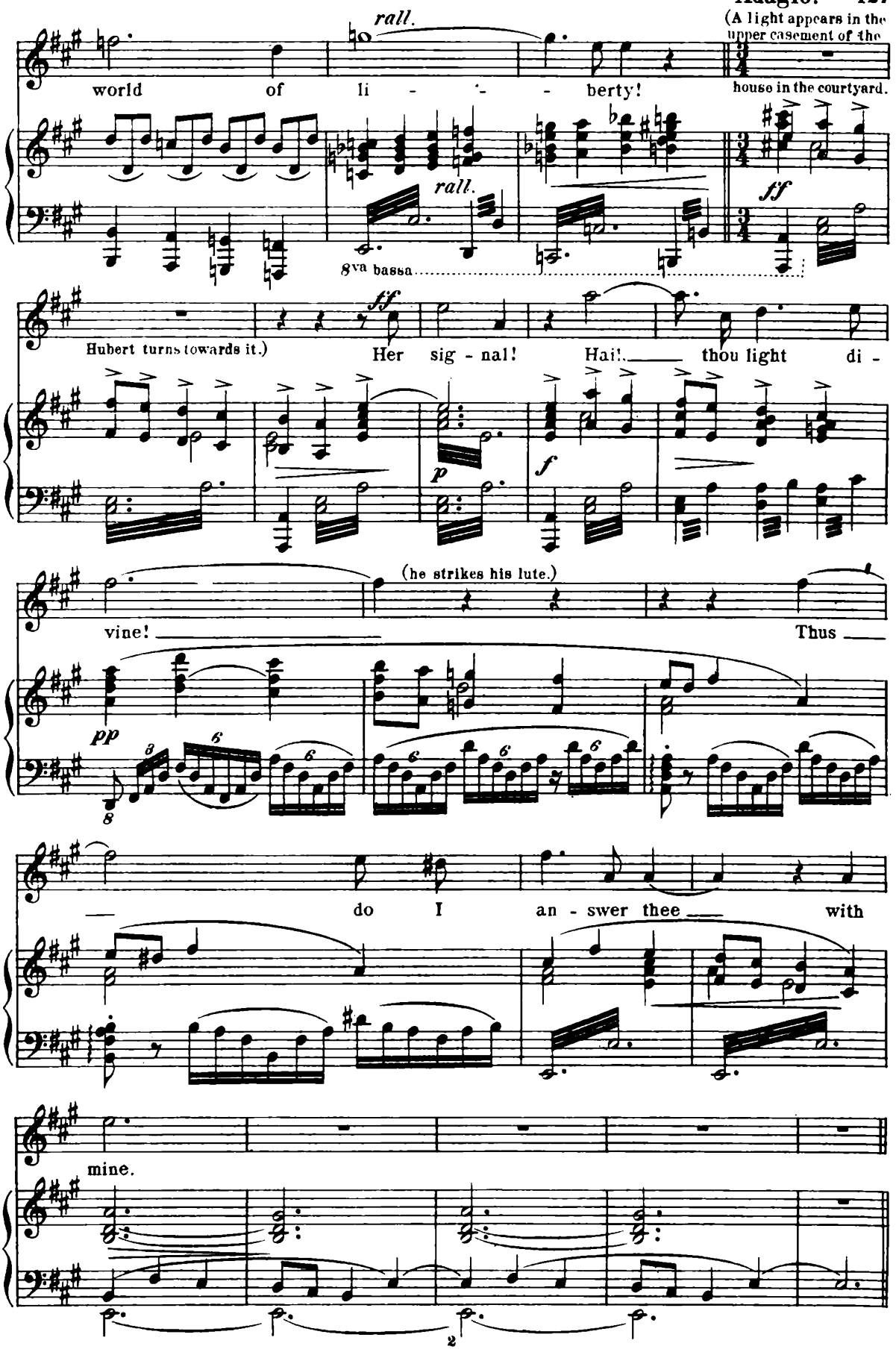

p
All's still: I'll in, and get some news of her,
find her snug nest, and 'neath it, with one eye, as watch-ful as yon
pp
(sleepily.)
moon, to roost my - self! For, faith, fain roost would I,
p
and praised be Heav'n, the night looks not like guile!
pp
mf
that omens well, may-be, that eye I'll close, but first, my

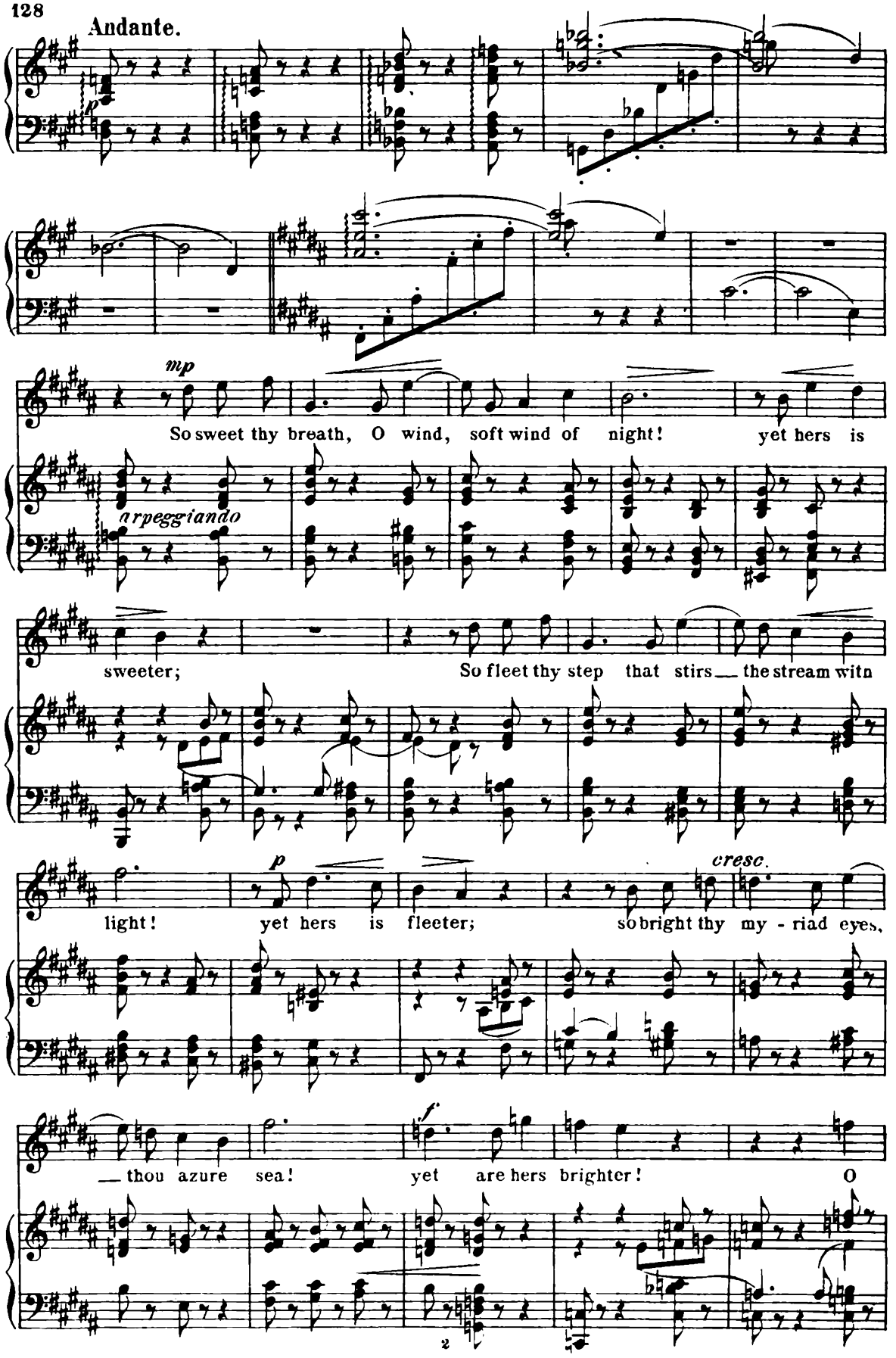
Scene IV.

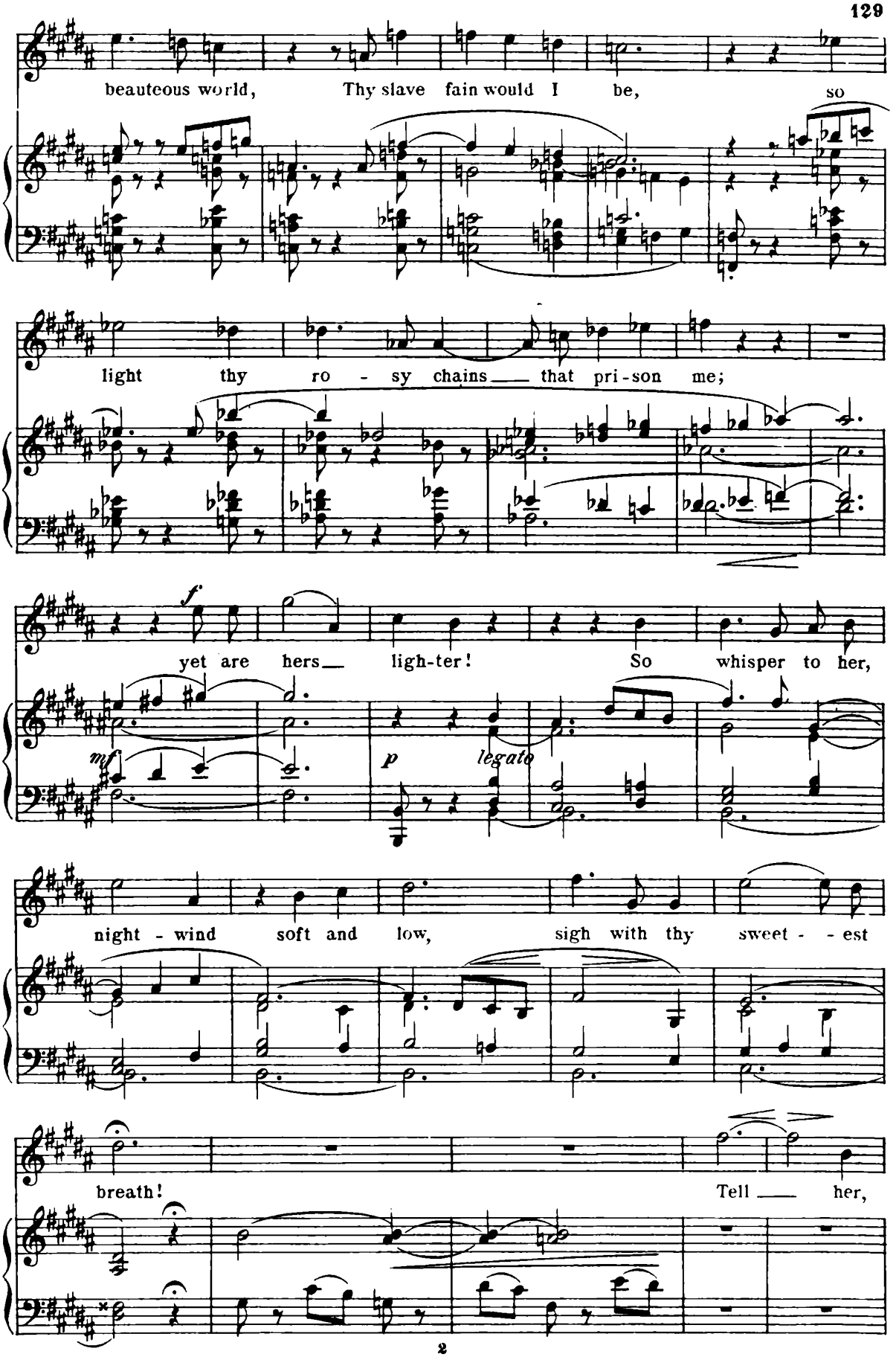

(He enters the Inn.)
news! (Hubert enters L. U. E. His cloak and cowl are thrown back, and he carries a lute.)
Hubert.
All marches well, 'tis here she rests, my love! ah, doth she
(he approaches the house.)
watch? No signal gleams a - bove!
poco cresc.
Nay, but she watch-eth, aye, and wait-eth me: till slum-
(he comes down)
- ber hold the world, and set her free!
Andante con moto.

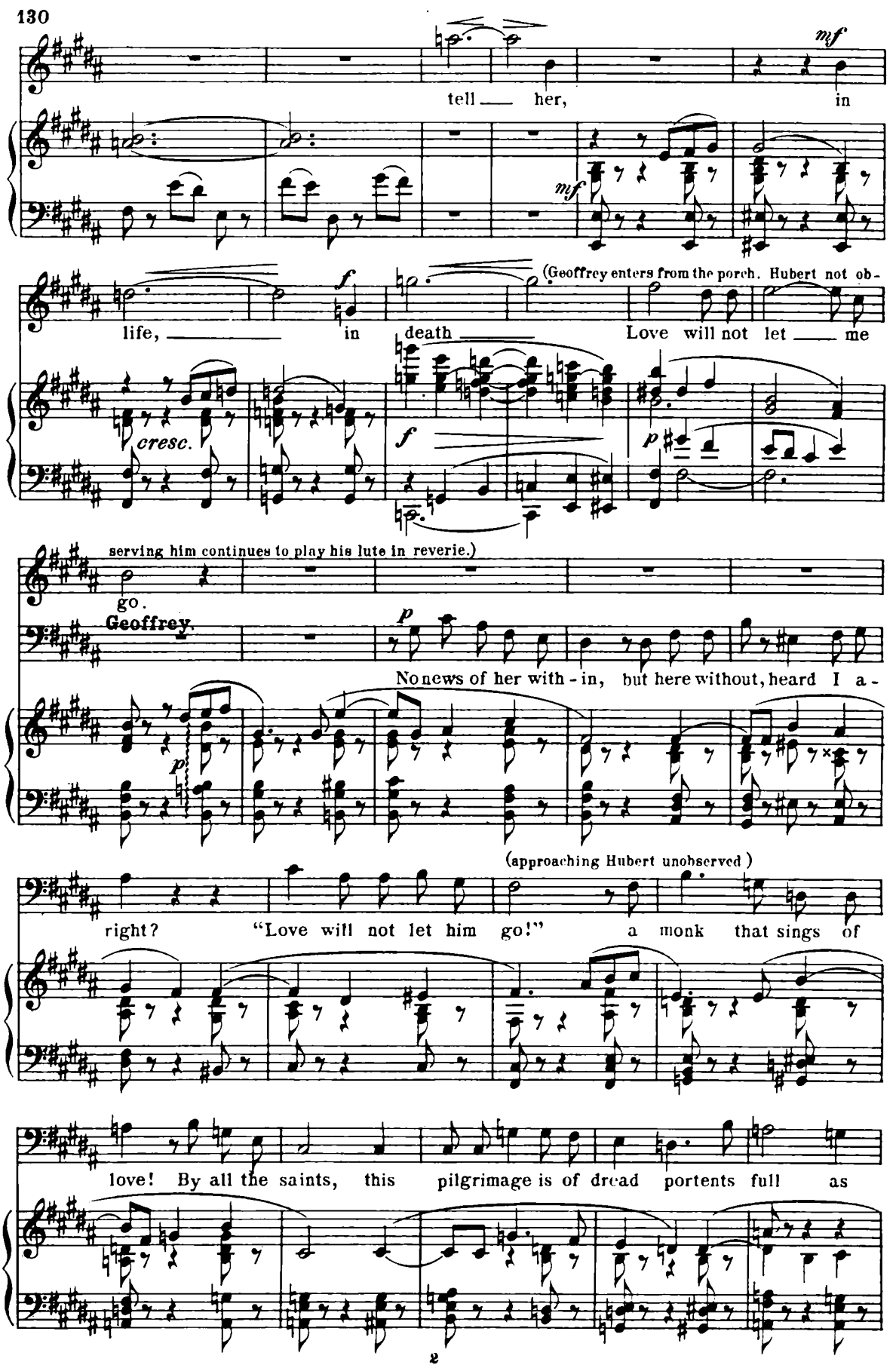

mp
Sweet mother Sleep, thy gentle hour is here! send thou soft-
f
p
winged Re-pose, bid their ti - red eye - lids close! Sweet mother
mp
mf
Sleep, to ev'ry list'ning ear whisper thy magic tale, bid shadows mute and
p
p
pale from dreamland gather. Love and life are done where thou art
mf
Queen! So, reign! Sing not thy song in vain,
f
dim.
p

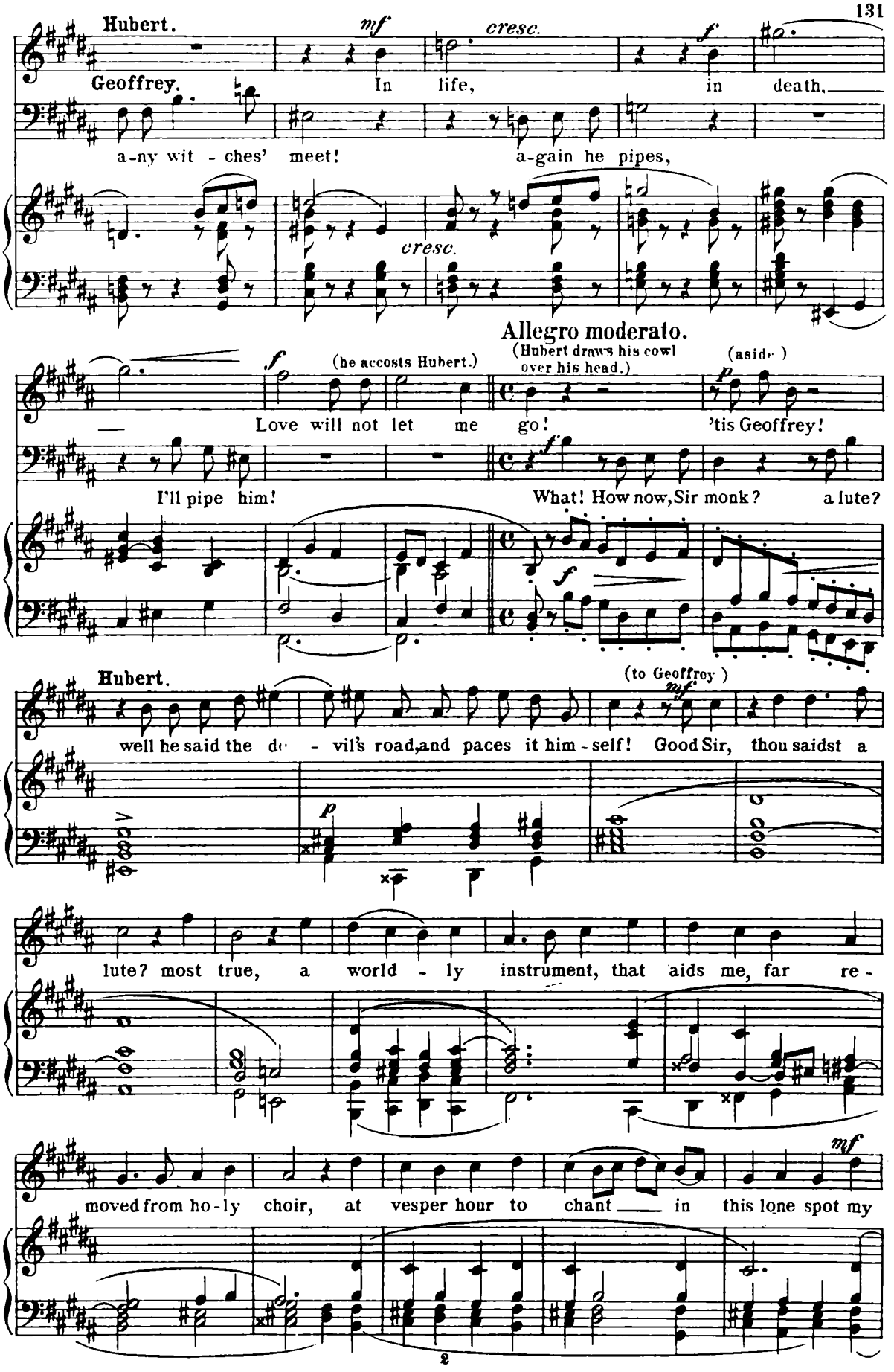

Sweet Mother Sleep, take all, yet leave me
mf
one. One, who is sweet as thy-self, O Queen, whose
Un poco più mosso e agitato
smile is a sea of endless rest; whose voice is a dream - land
me - lody, borne on a Ze-phyr from out the west my soul from
cresc. molto
toi - ling and fret to wean, as it wakes in a
poco a poco cresc.

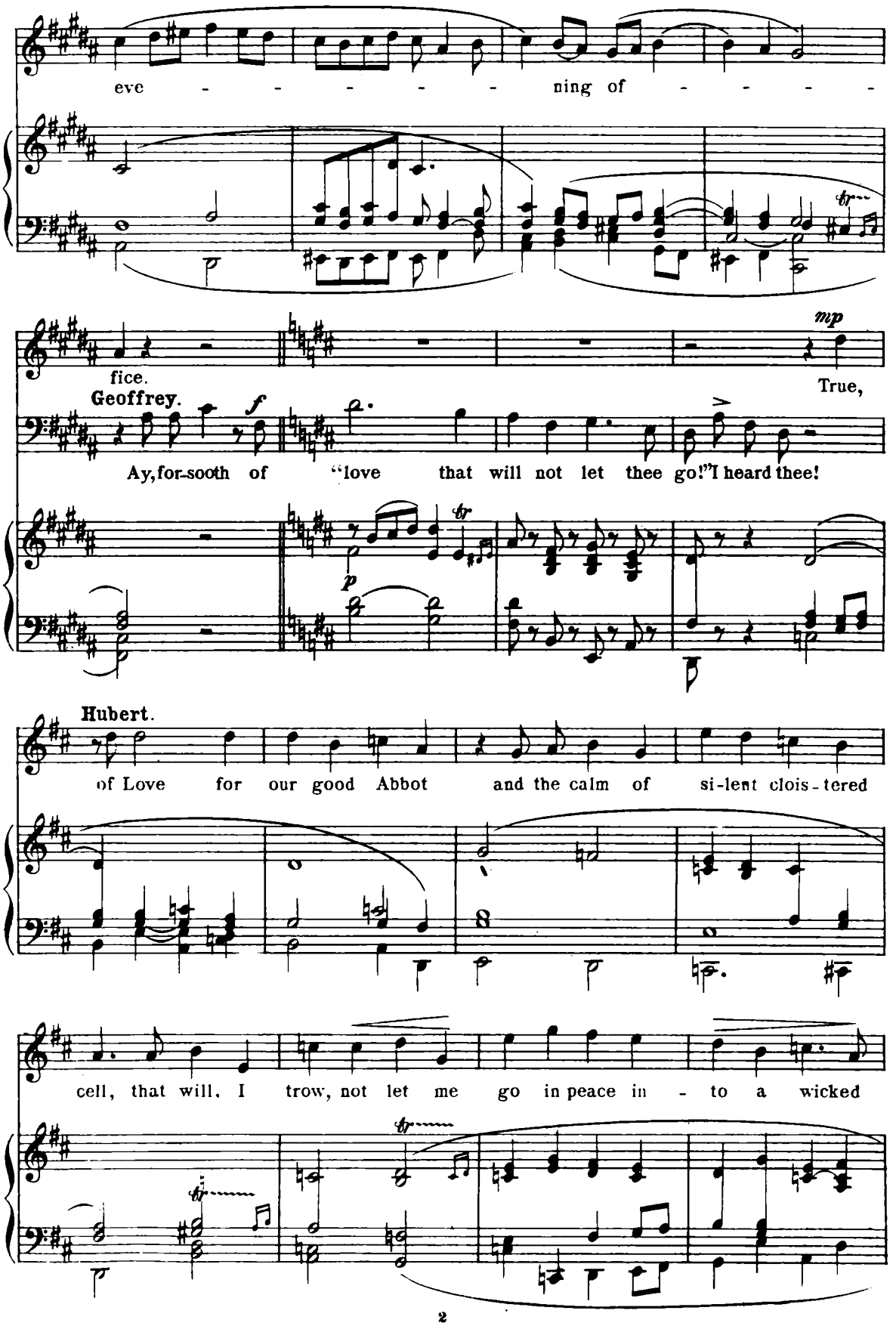

(A light appears in the upper casement of the
rall.
world of li - - - berty!
house in the courtyard.
rall.
8va bassa
ff
Hubert turns towards it.)
Her sig - nal! Hail! thou light di -
p
f
(he strikes his lute.)
vine!
Thus
pp
do I an - swer thee with
mine.

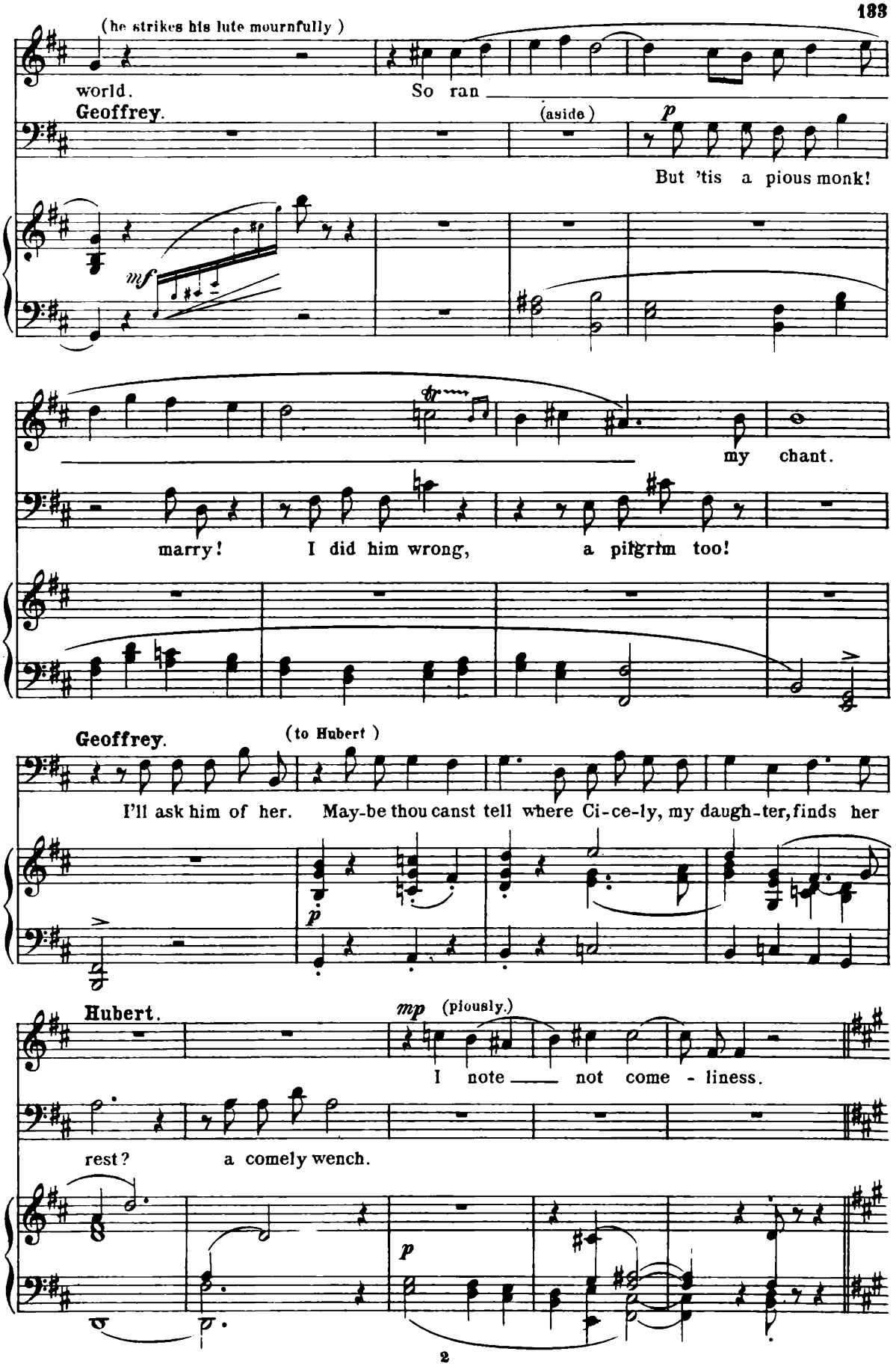

Andante.
mp
So sweet thy breath, O wind, soft wind of night! yet hers is
arpeggiando
sweeter; So fleet thy step that stirs the stream with
p
cresc.
light! yet hers is fleeter; so bright thy my - riad eyes,
f
thou azure sea! yet are hers brighter! O

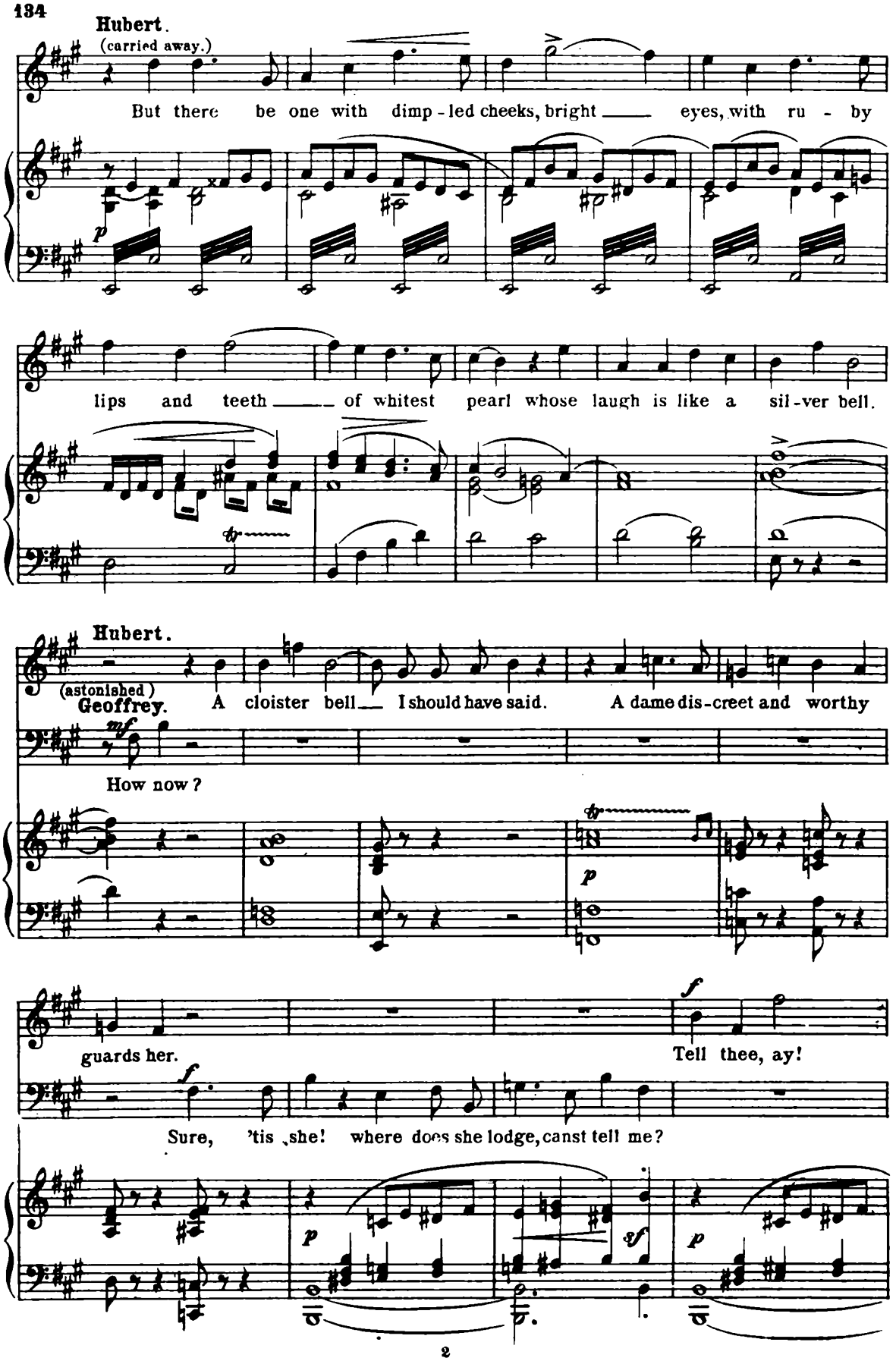

beauteous world, Thy slave fain would I be, so
light thy ro - sy chains that pri-son me;
f
yet are hers ligh-ter! So whisper to her,
mf
p legato
night - wind soft and low, sigh with thy sweet - est
breath! Tell her,


tell her, in
life, in death
(Geoffrey enters from the porch. Hubert not observing him continues to play his lute in reverie.)
Love will not let me go.
Geoffrey.
No news of her with-in, but here without, heard I a-
right? "Love will not let him go!"
(approaching Hubert unobserved)
a monk that sings of
love! By all the saints, this pilgrimage is of dread portents full as


Hubert.
mf
cresc.
f
Geoffrey.
In life, in death,
a-ny wit - ches' meet! a-gain he pipes,
cresc.
Allegro moderato.
(Hubert draws his cowl over his head.)
(aside.)
(he accosts Hubert.)
Love will not let me go!
'tis Geoffrey!
I'll pipe him!
What! How now, Sir monk? a lute?
Hubert.
(to Geoffrey.)
well he said the de - vil's road, and paces it him - self! Good Sir, thou saidst a
lute? most true, a world - ly instrument, that aids me, far re -
moved from ho - ly choir, at vesper hour to chant in this lone spot my


eve - - - - - - ning of - - - - -
fice.
Geoffrey.
Ay, for-sooth of "love that will not let thee go!" I heard thee!
mp
True,
Hubert.
of Love for our good Abbot and the calm of si-lent clois-tered
cell, that will, I trow, not let me go in peace in - to a wicked


(he strikes his lute mournfully)
world.
So ran
Geoffrey.
(aside)
But 'tis a pious monk!
my chant.
marry!
I did him wrong,
a pilgrim too!
Geoffrey.
(to Hubert)
I'll ask him of her.
May-be thou canst tell where Ci-ce-ly, my daugh-ter, finds her
Hubert.
(piously.)
I note not come - liness.
rest?
a comely wench.


Hubert.
(carried away.)
But there be one with dimp - led cheeks, bright ___ eyes, with ru - by
p
lips and teeth ___ of whitest pearl whose laugh is like a sil - ver bell.
Hubert.
(astonished)
Geoffrey.
A cloister bell ___ I should have said. A dame dis - creet and worthy
mf
How now?
p
guards her.
f
Tell thee, ay!
f
Sure, 'tis she! where does she lodge, canst tell me?
p
sf
p

(looking at the house.)

Nay, not so far, a turn or two,

right good! 'tis far from here?

for Sidenbourne hath turns.

And South-wark too, I wot; show me thy turns, marry, Sir

Allegro vivace.

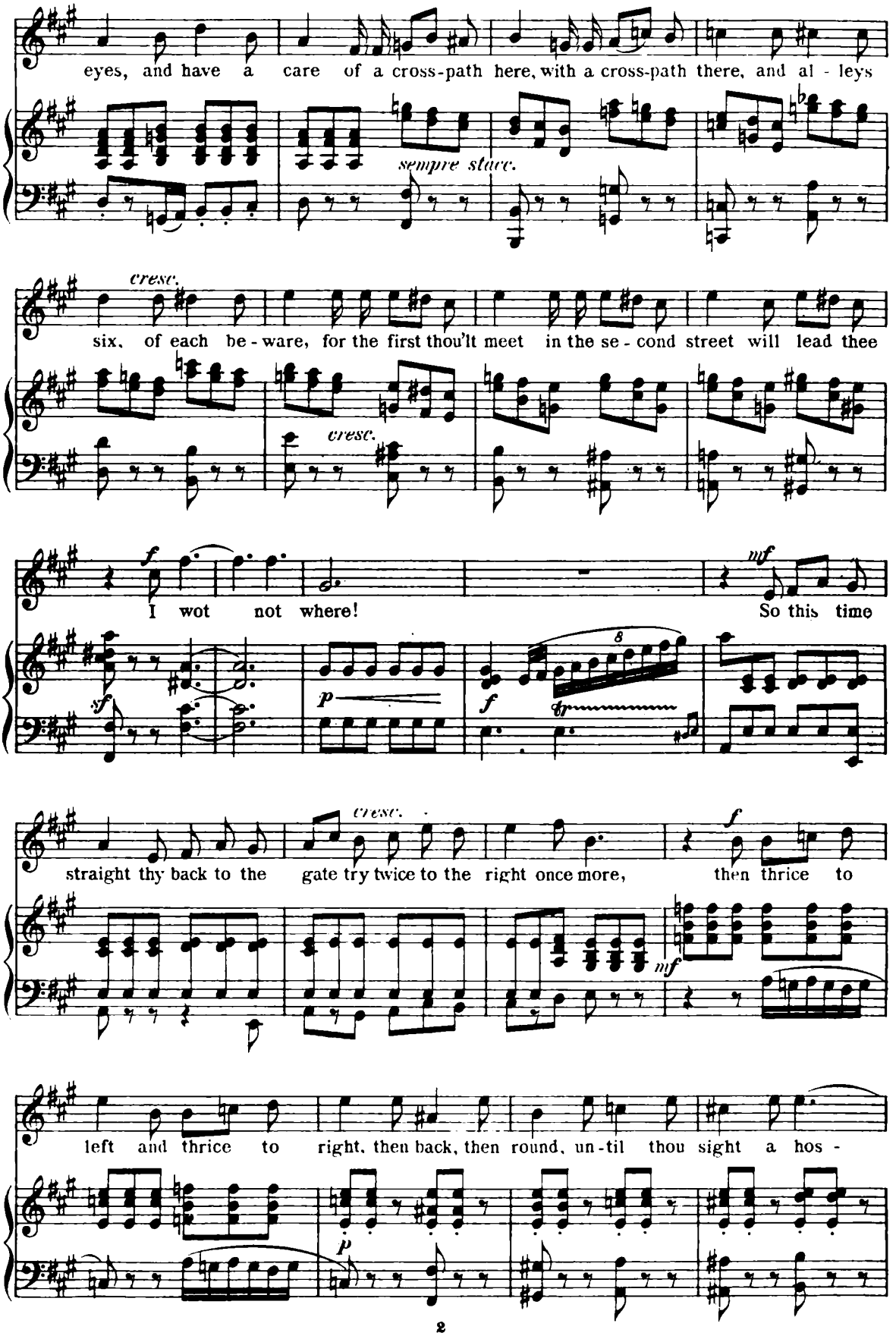
Set thither thy

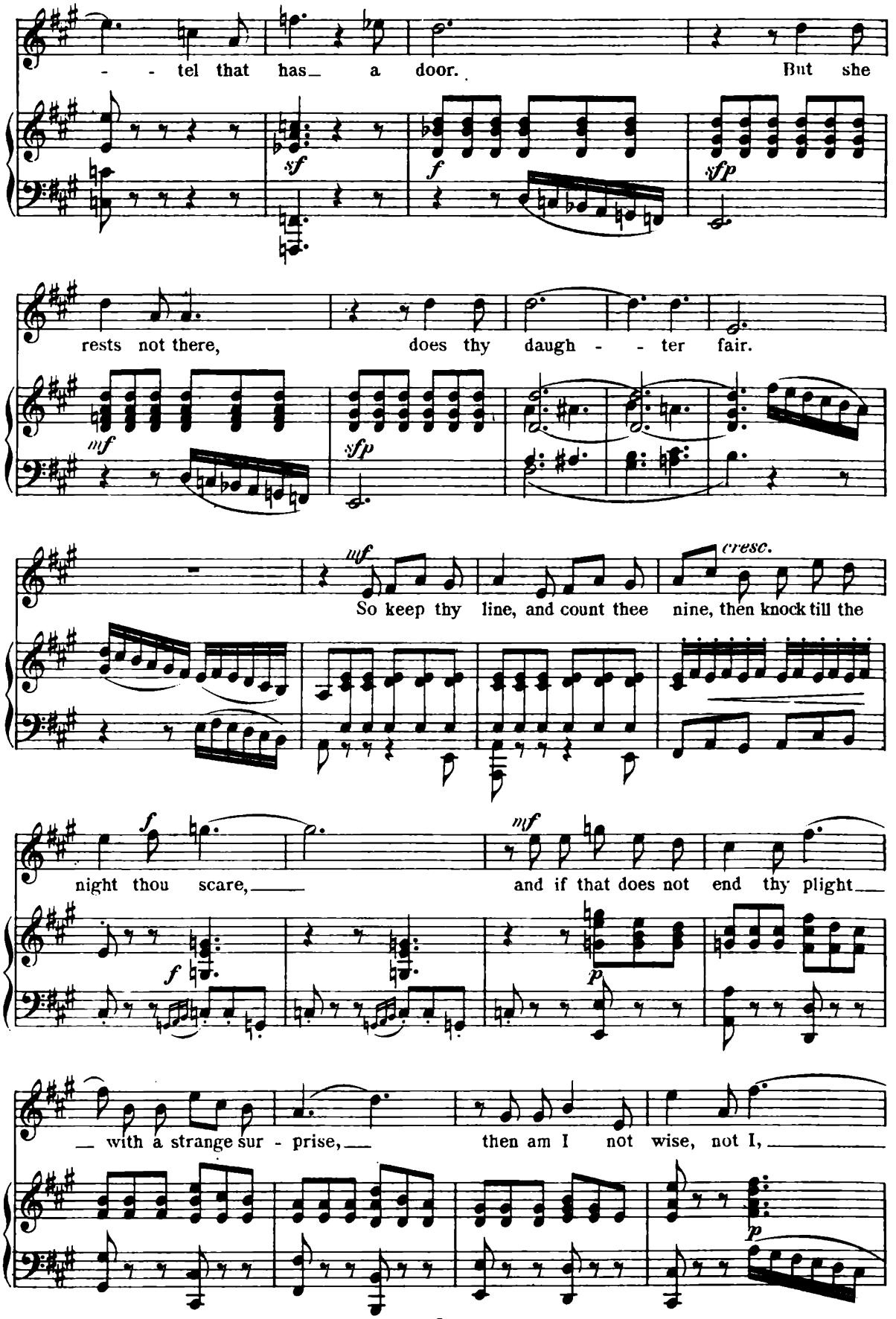
monk, I'll ra-vel them. Say on.

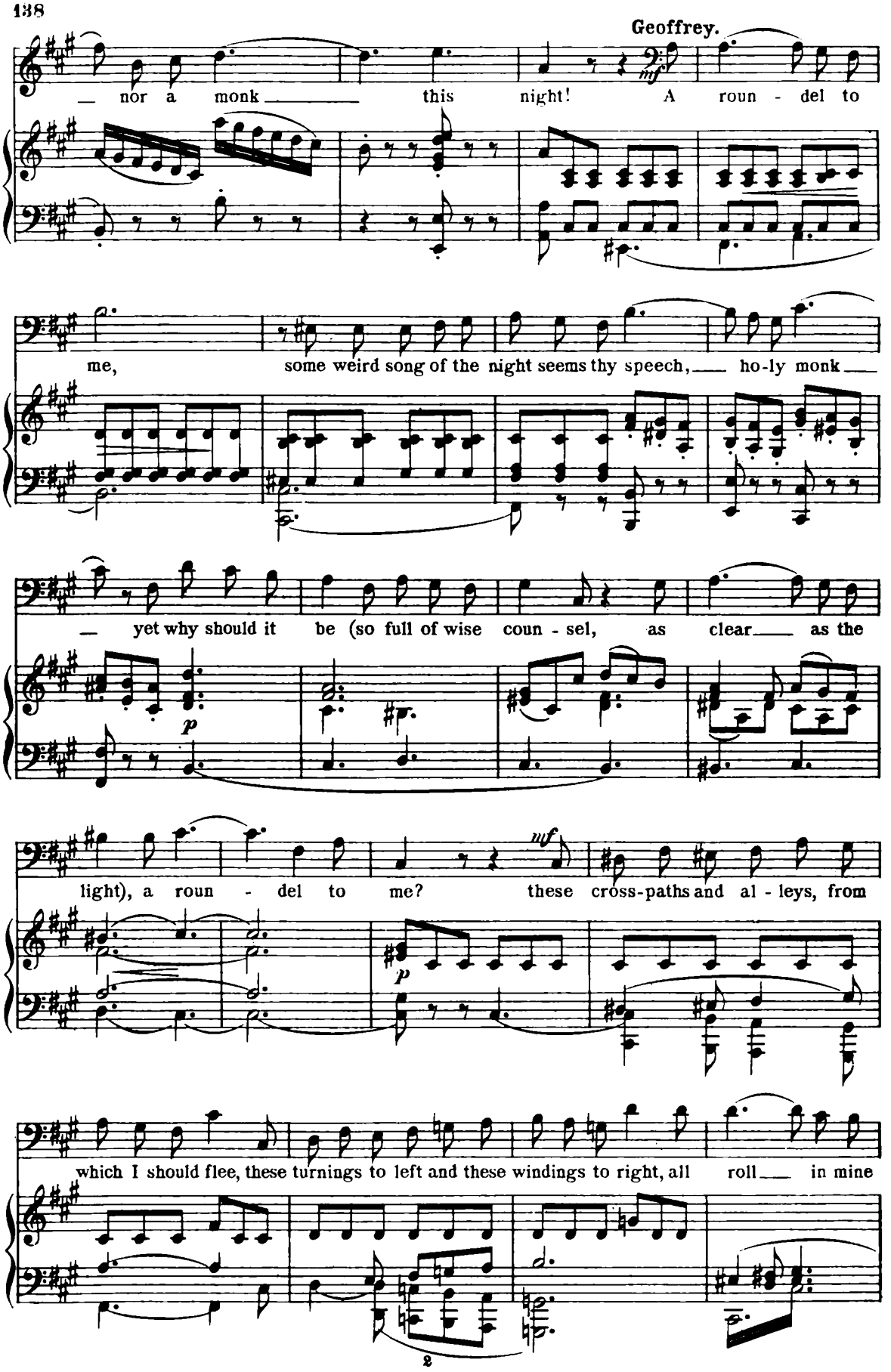
Allegro vivace.

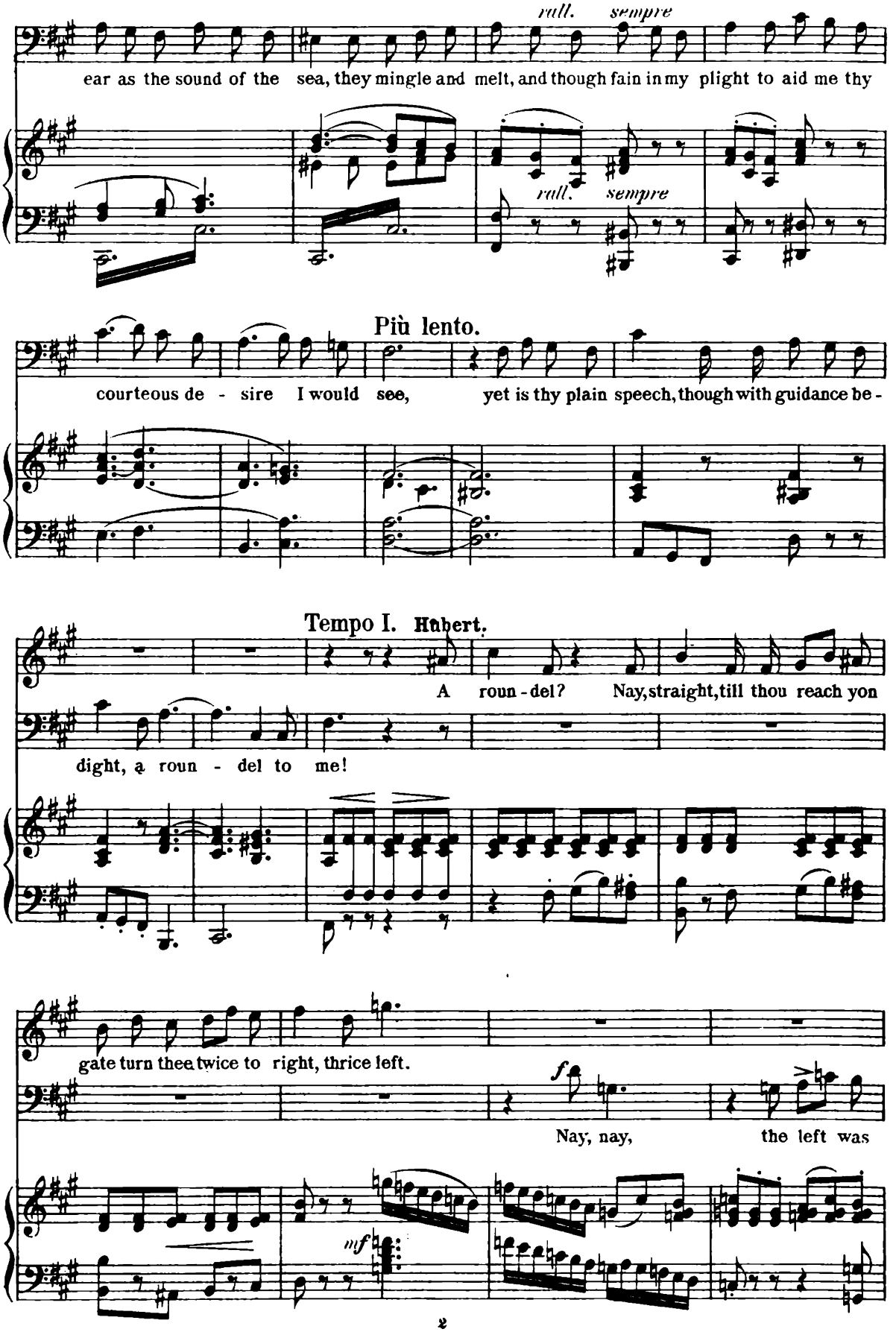
face, and with good-ly pace, till thou canst no more, go straight; to the left then

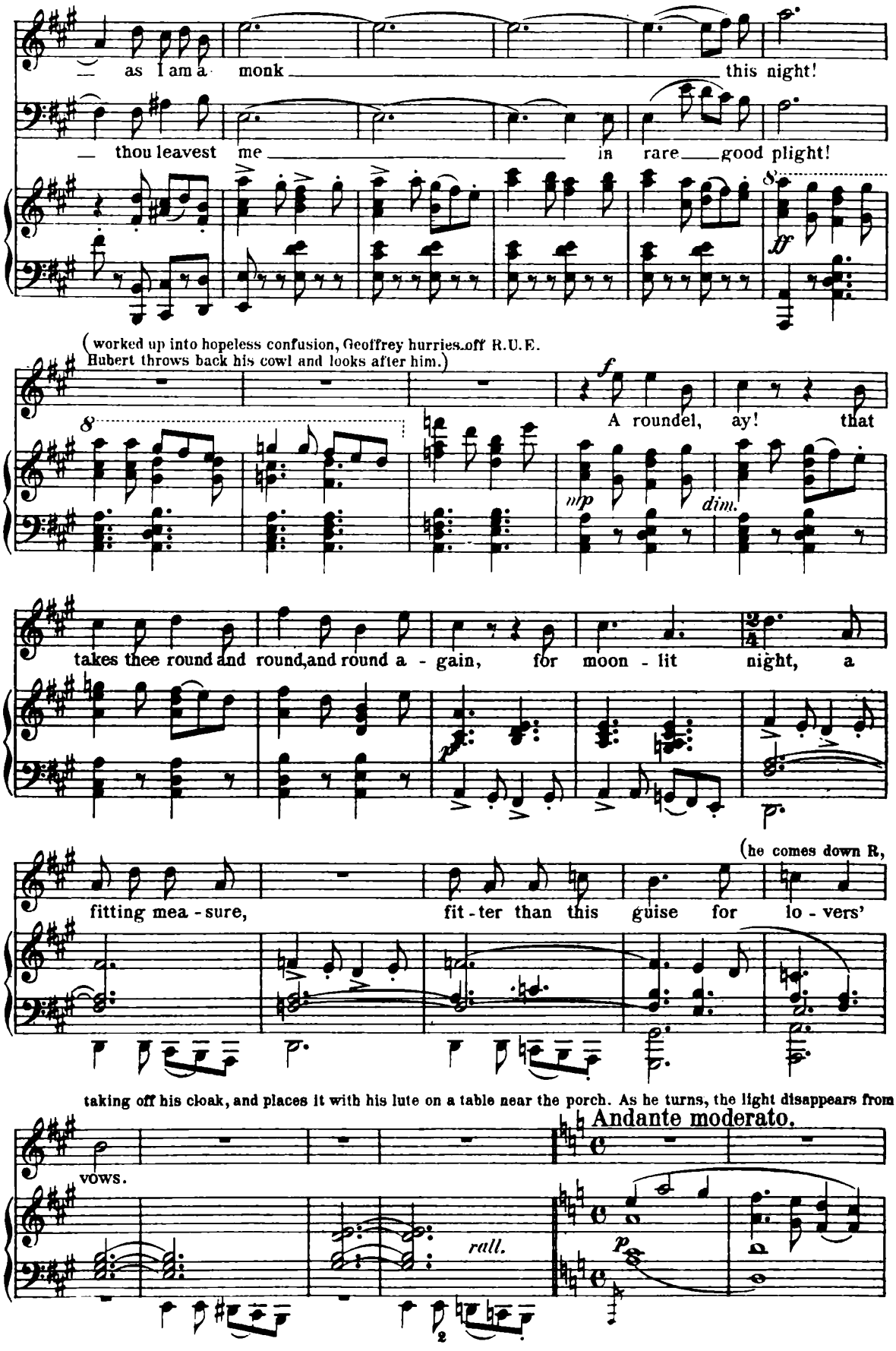
twice, to the right, ay, thrice, all this till thou reach the gate. But ope thine

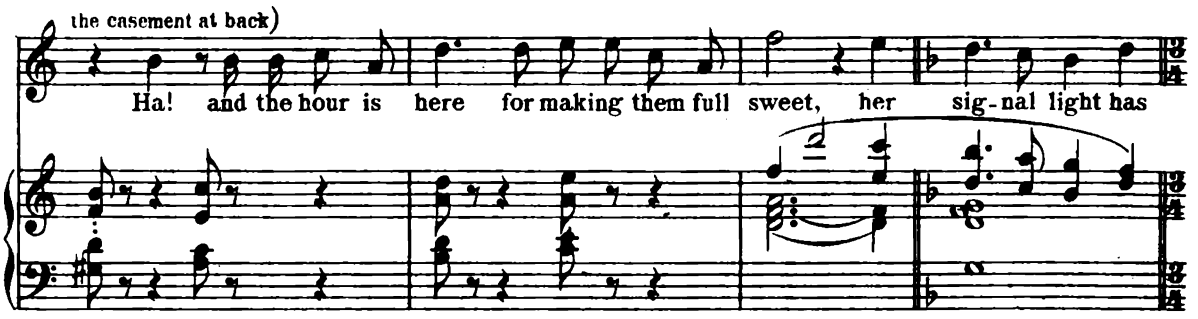

eyes, and have a care of a cross-path here, with a cross-path there, and al - leys
sempre stacc.
cresc.
six, of each be - ware, for the first thou'lt meet in the se - cond street will lead thee
cresc.
f
I wot not where!
mf
So this time
sf
p
f
8
cresc.
straight thy back to the gate try twice to the right once more,
f
then thrice to
mf
left and thrice to right, then back, then round, un - til thou sight a hos -
p


- - tel that has_ a door. But she
rests not there, does thy daugh - - ter fair.
So keep thy line, and count thee nine, then knock till the
night thou scare, and if that does not end thy plight
_ with a strange sur - prise, then am I not wise, not I,

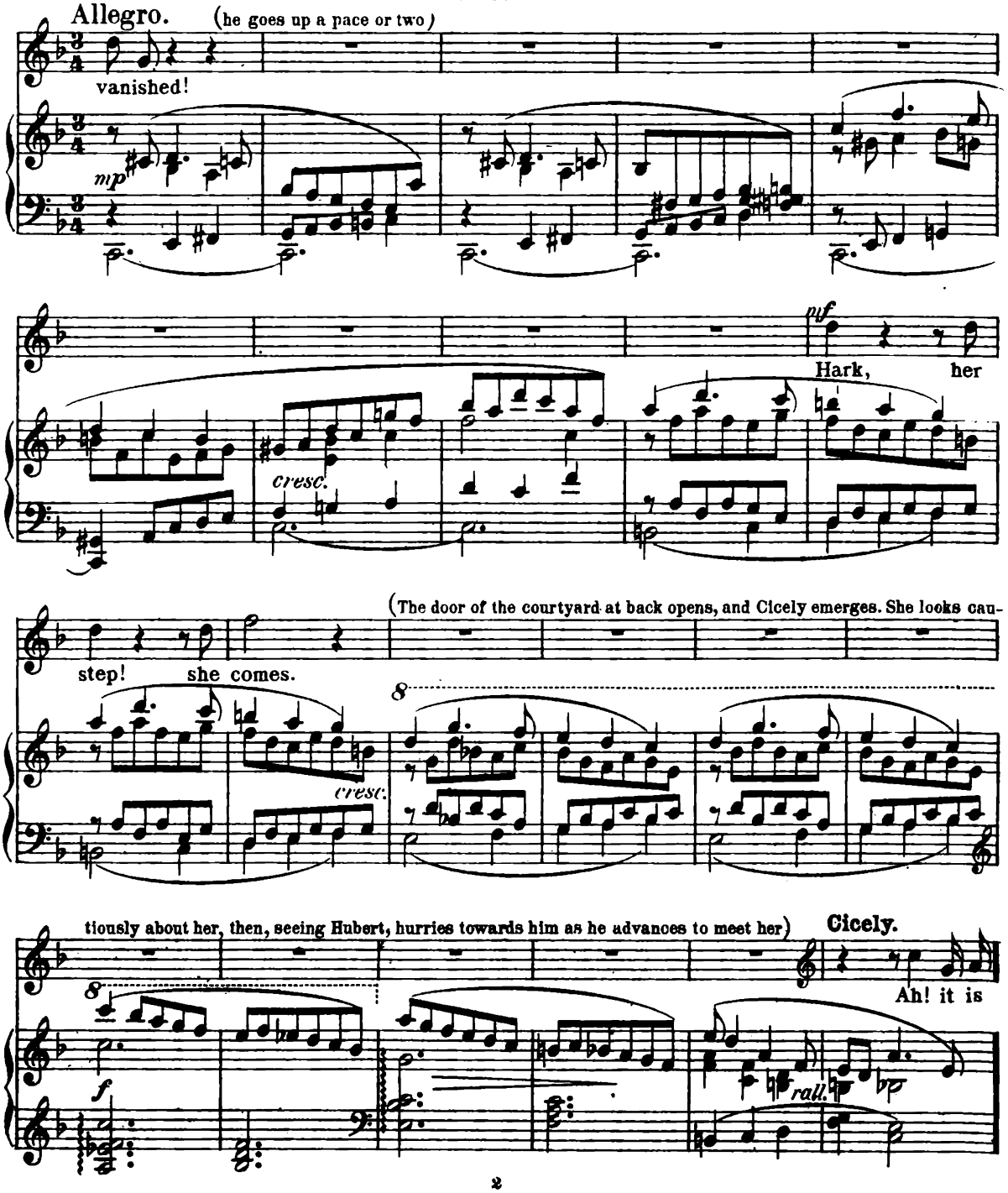

Geoffrey.
— nor a monk — this night! A roun - del to
me, some weird song of the night seems thy speech, — ho-ly monk —
— yet why should it be (so full of wise coun - sel, as clear — as the
light), a roun - del to me? these cross-paths and al - leys, from
which I should flee, these turnings to left and these windings to right, all roll — in mine

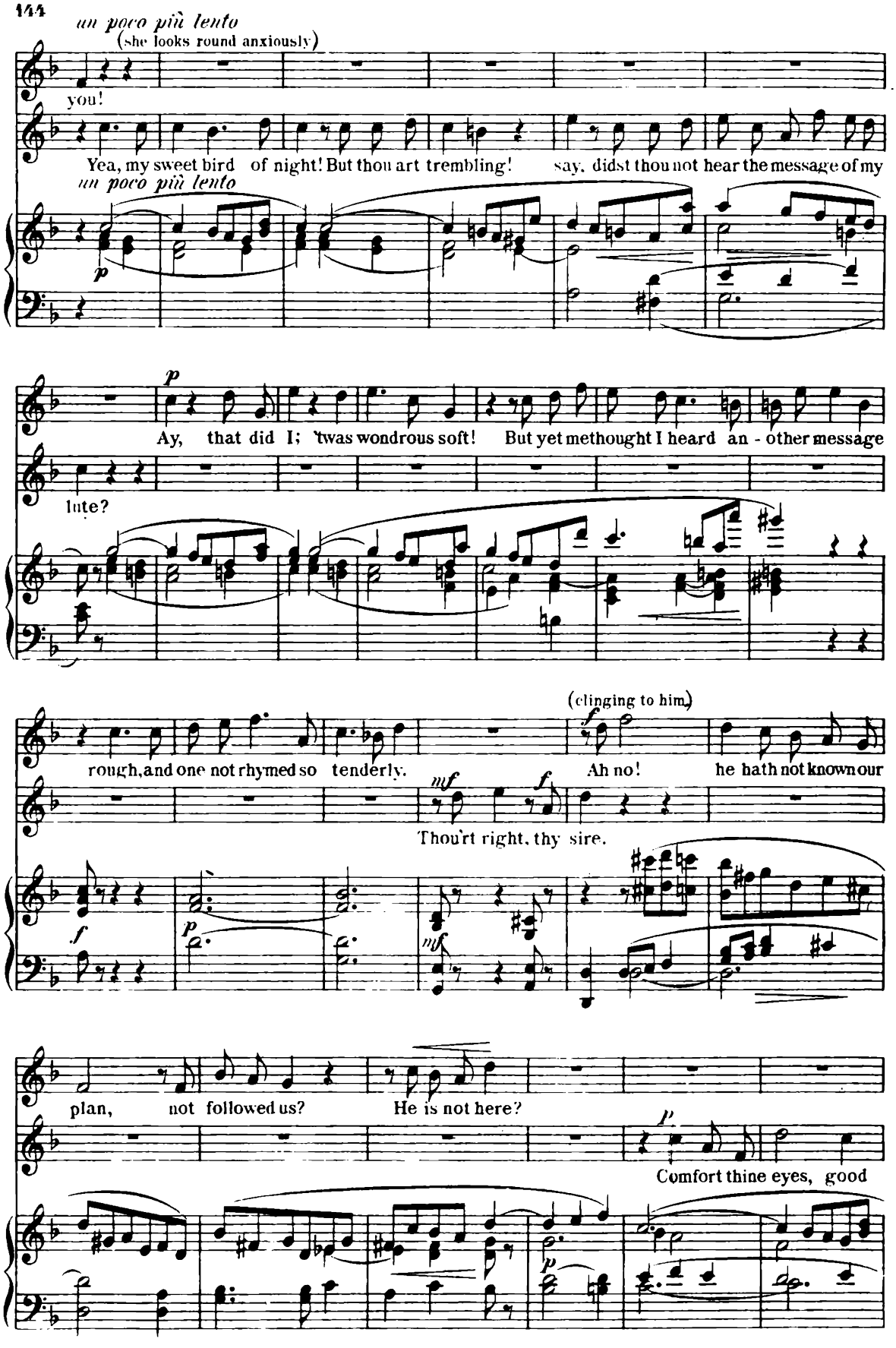

rall. sempre
ear as the sound of the sea, they mingle and melt, and though fain in my plight to aid me thy
rall. sempre
Più lento.
courteous de - sire I would see, yet is thy plain speech, though with guidance be -
Tempo I. Hubert.
A roun - del? Nay, straight, till thou reach yon
dight, a roun - del to me!
gate turn thee twice to right, thrice left.
f
Nay, nay, the left was
mf

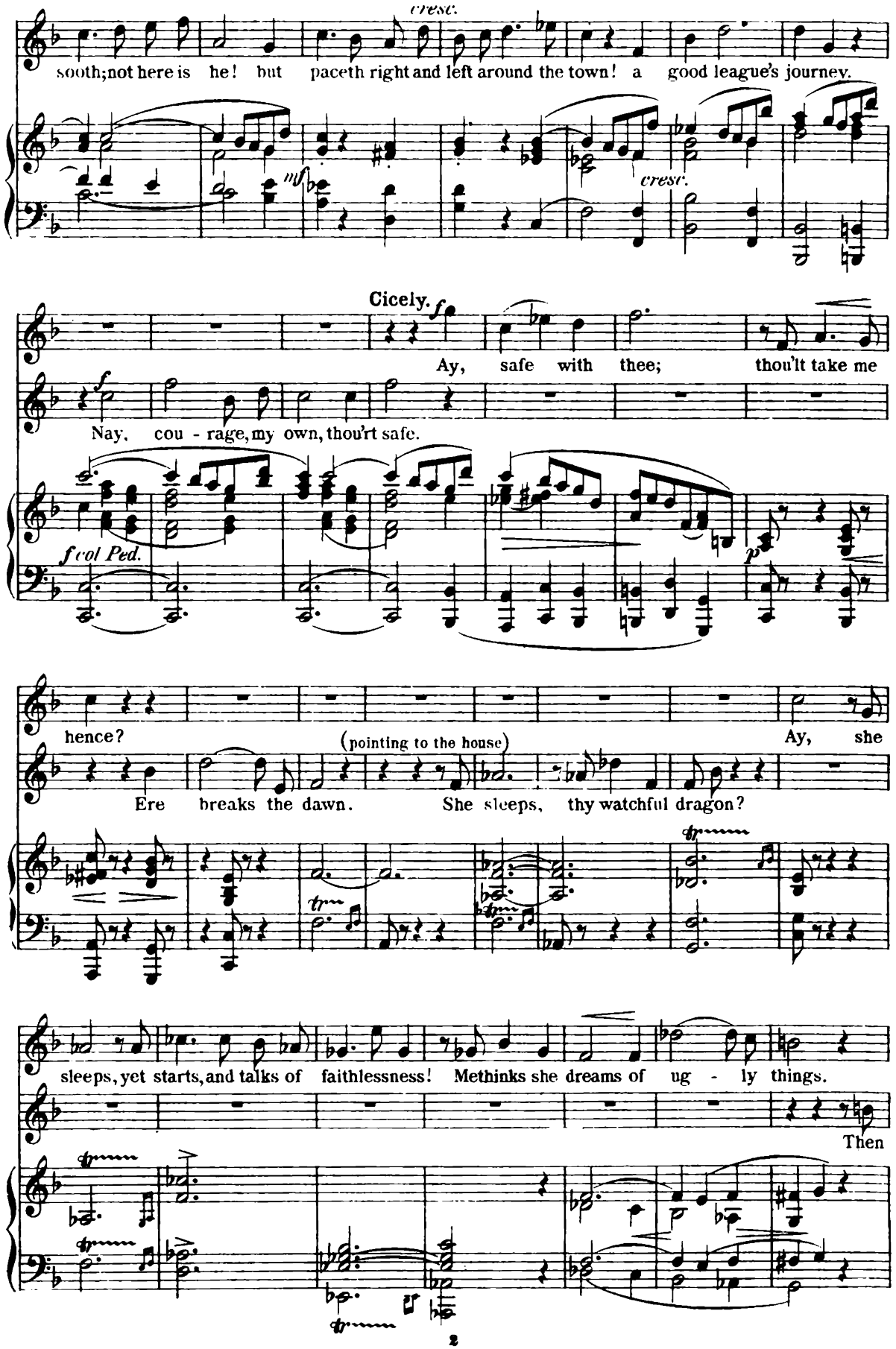

— as I am a monk — this night!
— thou leavest me — in rare — good plight!
ff
(worked up into hopeless confusion, Geoffrey hurries off R.U.E.
Hubert throws back his cowl and looks after him.)
f
A roundel, ay! that
mp
dim.
takes thee round and round, and round a - gain, for moon - lit night, a
p
(he comes down R,
fitting mea - sure, fit - ter than this guise for lo - vers'
taking off his cloak, and places it with his lute on a table near the porch. As he turns, the light disappears from
vows.
Andante moderato.
rall.
p

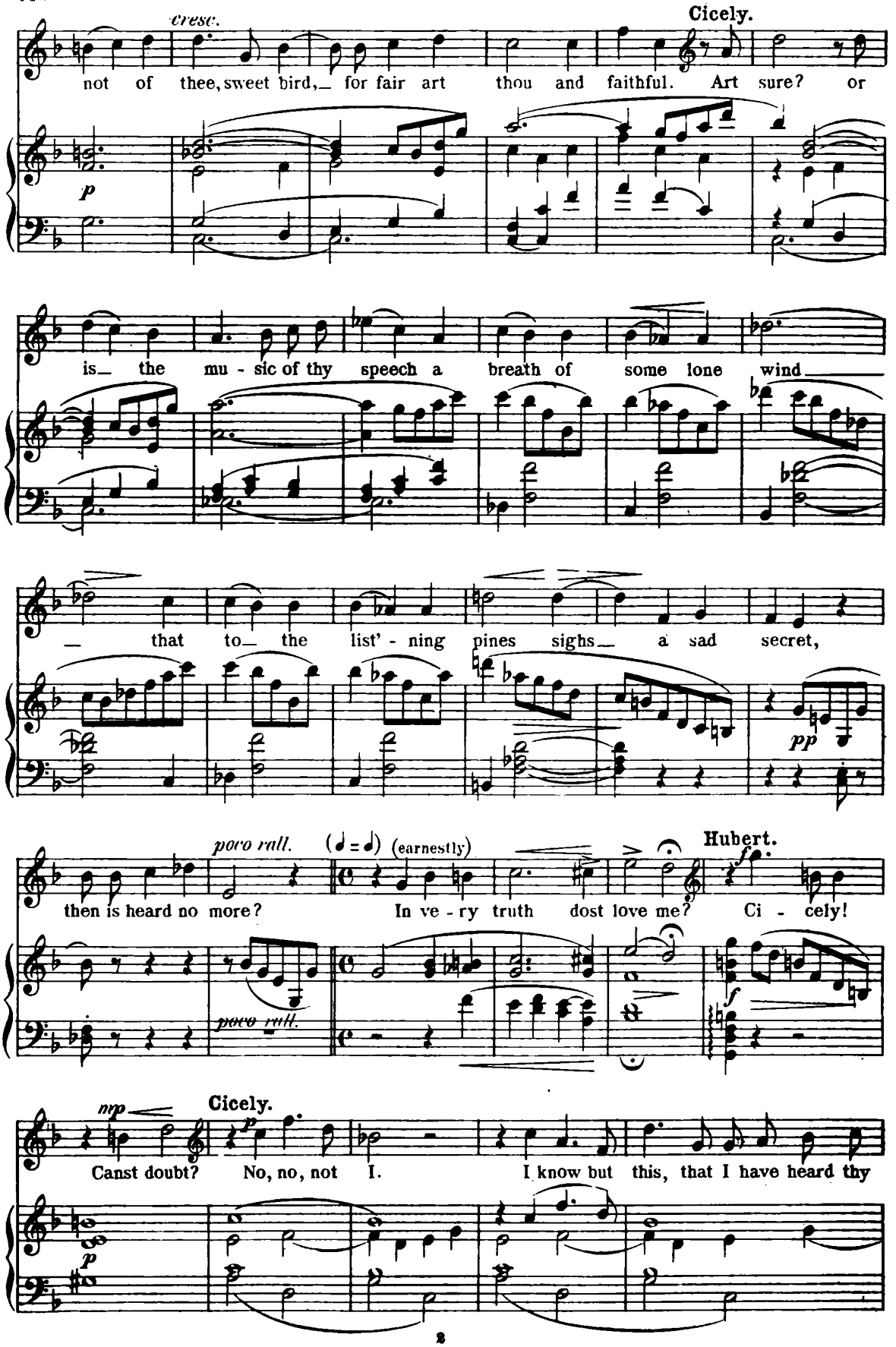

the casement at back)
Ha! and the hour is here for making them full sweet, her sig-nal light has

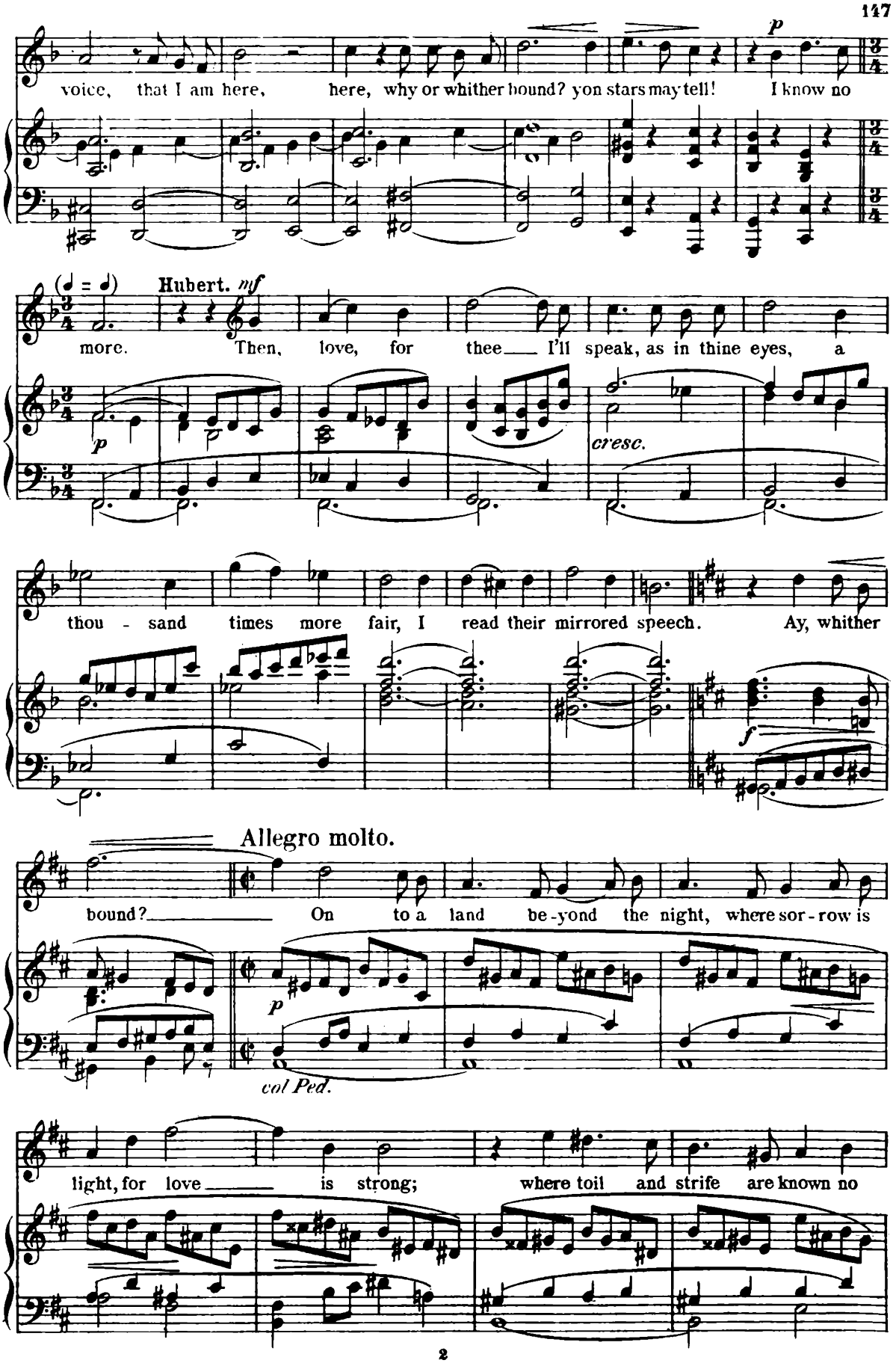
Scene V.

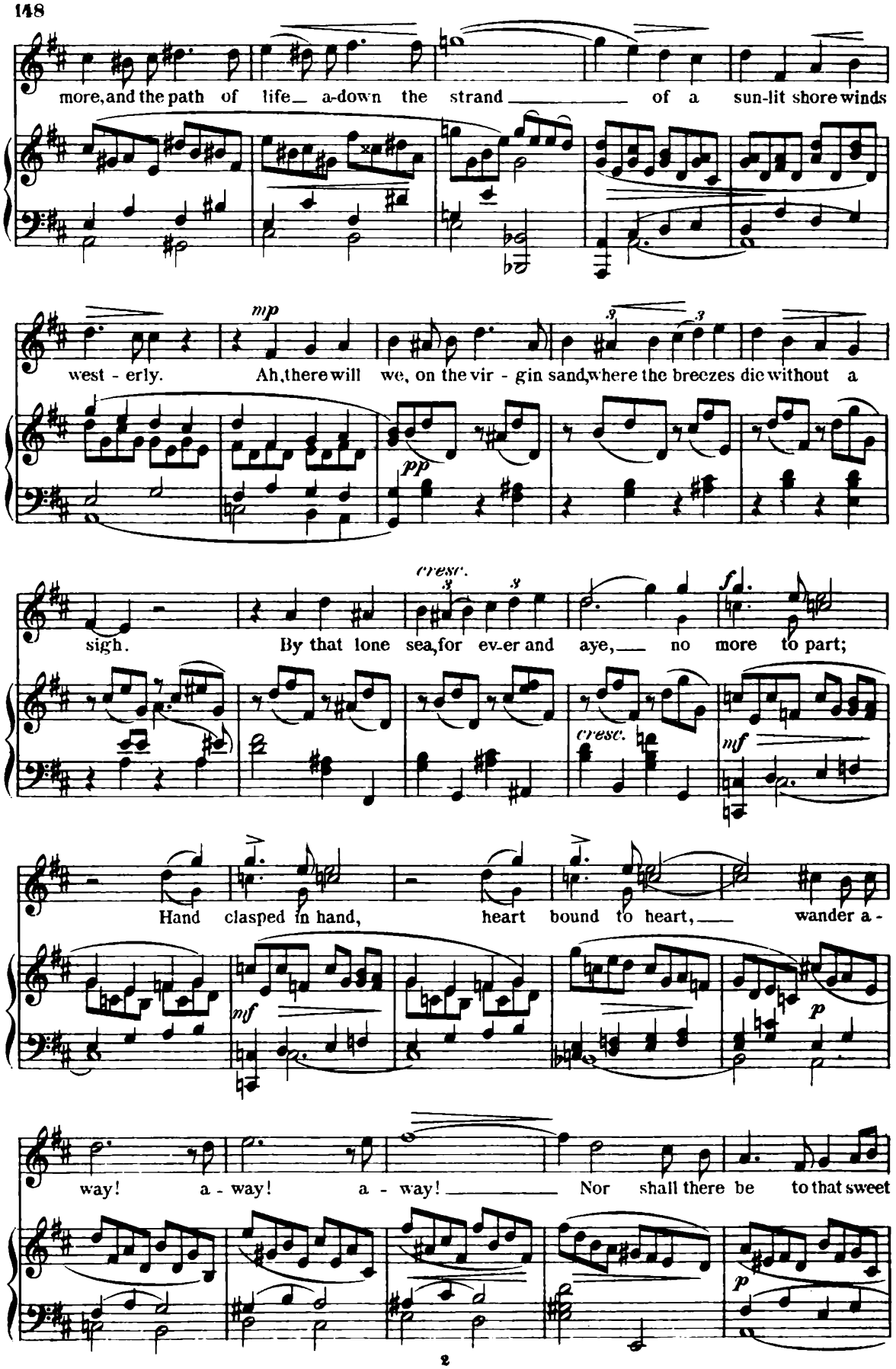

Allegro.
(he goes up a pace or two)
vanished!
mp
cresc.
nf
Hark, her
(The door of the courtyard at back opens, and Cicely emerges. She looks cau-
step! she comes.
cresc.
tiously about her, then, seeing Hubert, hurries towards him as he advances to meet her)
Cicely.
Ah! it is
f
rall.


un poco più lento
(she looks round anxiously)
you!
Yea, my sweet bird of night! But thou art trembling! say, didst thou not hear the message of my
un poco più lento
p
Ay, that did I; 'twas wondrous soft! But yet methought I heard an - other message
lute?
(clinging to him)
rough, and one not rhymed so tenderly.
Ah no! he hath not known our
Thou'rt right, thy sire.
plan, not followed us? He is not here?
Comfort thine eyes, good


cresc.
sooth; not here is he! but paceth right and left around the town! a good league's journey.
mf
cresc.
Cicely.
f
Ay, safe with thee; thou'lt take me
Nay, cou - rage, my own, thou'rt safe.
f col Ped.
p
hence?
(pointing to the house)
Ay, she
Ere breaks the dawn. She sleeps, thy watchful dragon?
sleeps, yet starts, and talks of faithlessness! Methinks she dreams of ug - ly things.
Then


cresc.
Cicely.
not of thee, sweet bird,— for fair art thou and faithful. Art sure? or
p
is— the mu - sic of thy speech a breath of some lone wind
— that to— the list' - ning pines sighs— a sad secret,
pp
poco rall.
(♩ = ♩) (earnestly)
Hubert.
then is heard no more? In ve - ry truth dost love me? Ci - cely!
poco rall.
f
mp
Cicely.
Canst doubt? No, no, not I. I know but this, that I have heard thy
p


voice, that I am here, here, why or whither bound? yon stars may tell! I know no
p
(♩ = ♩)
Hubert. mf
more. Then, love, for thee I'll speak, as in thine eyes, a
p
cresc.
thou - sand times more fair, I read their mirrored speech. Ay, whither
f
Allegro molto.
bound? On to a land be-yond the night, where sor-row is
p
col Ped.
light, for love is strong; where toil and strife are known no


more, and the path of life a-down the strand of a sun-lit shore winds
mp
west - erly. Ah, there will we, on the vir - gin sand, where the breezes die without a
pp
cresc.
sigh. By that lone sea, for ev-er and aye, no more to part;
f
cresc.
mf
Hand clasped in hand, heart bound to heart, wander a -
mf
p
way! a - way! a - way! Nor shall there be to that sweet
p

day nor set, nor cease; as love and life

are lost in peace to all e -

ter - nity! For thi-ther we are bound, my Queen, that way is

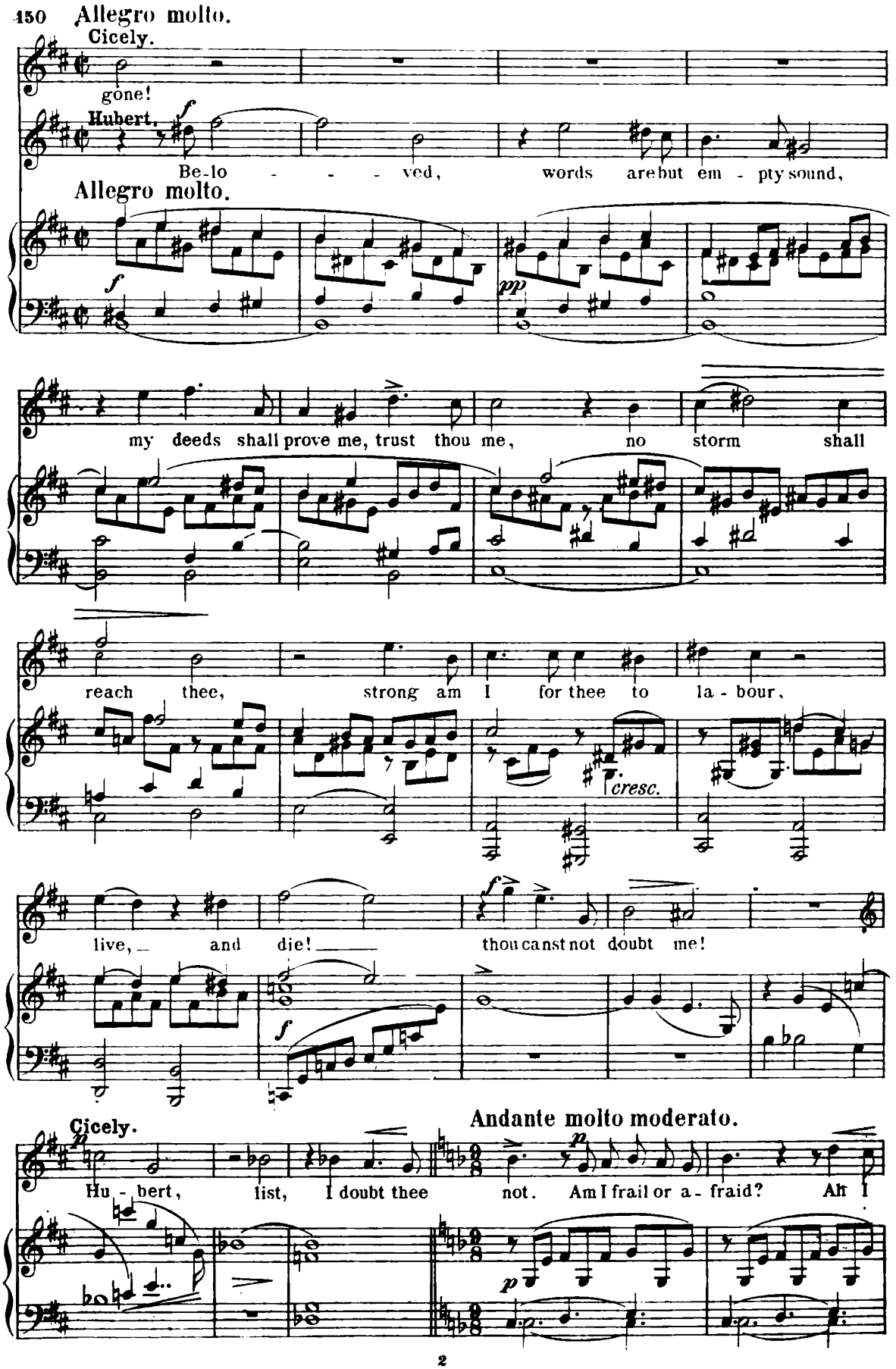
Allegro quasi al primo, ma tranquillo.

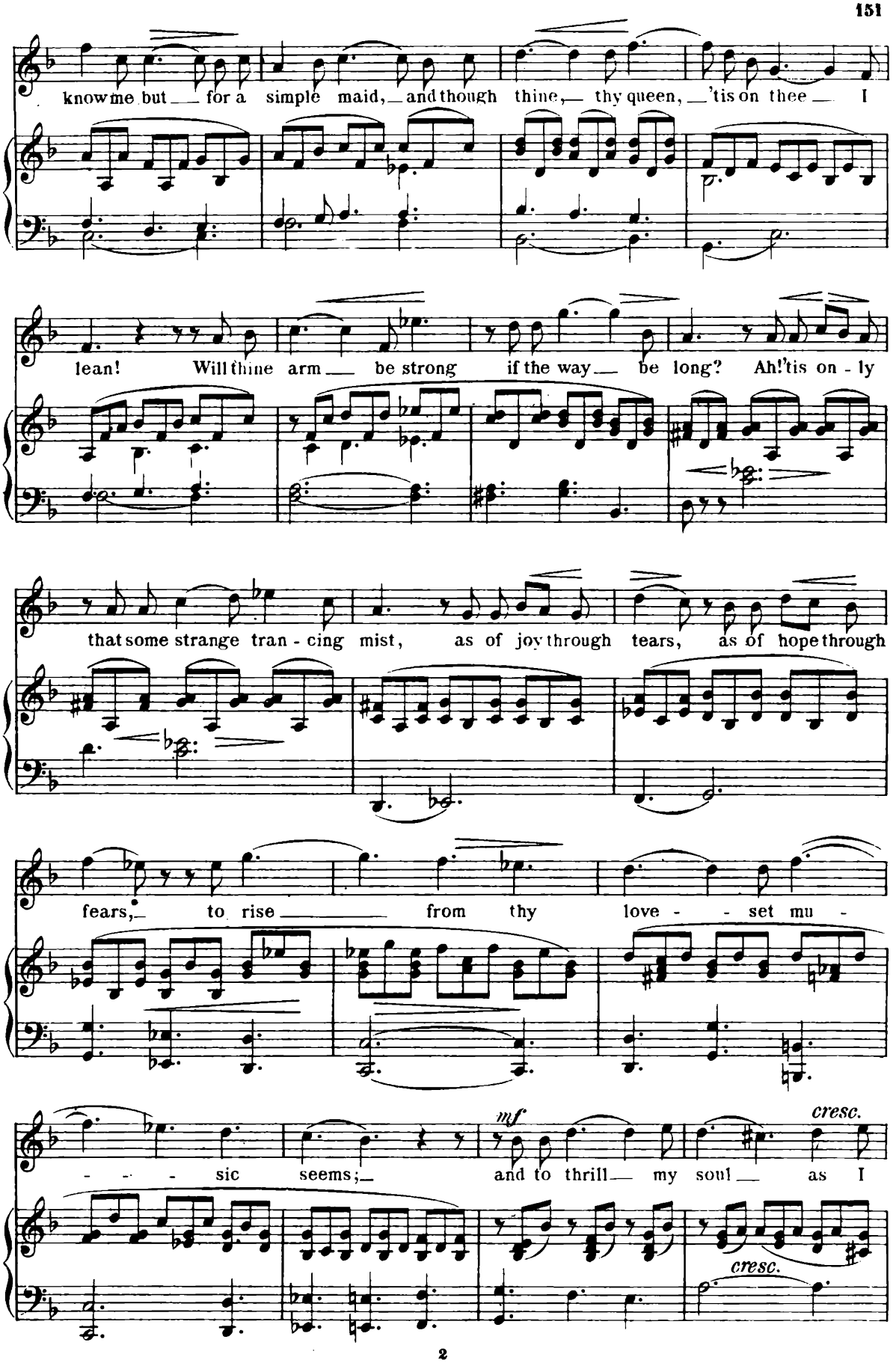
Cicely.

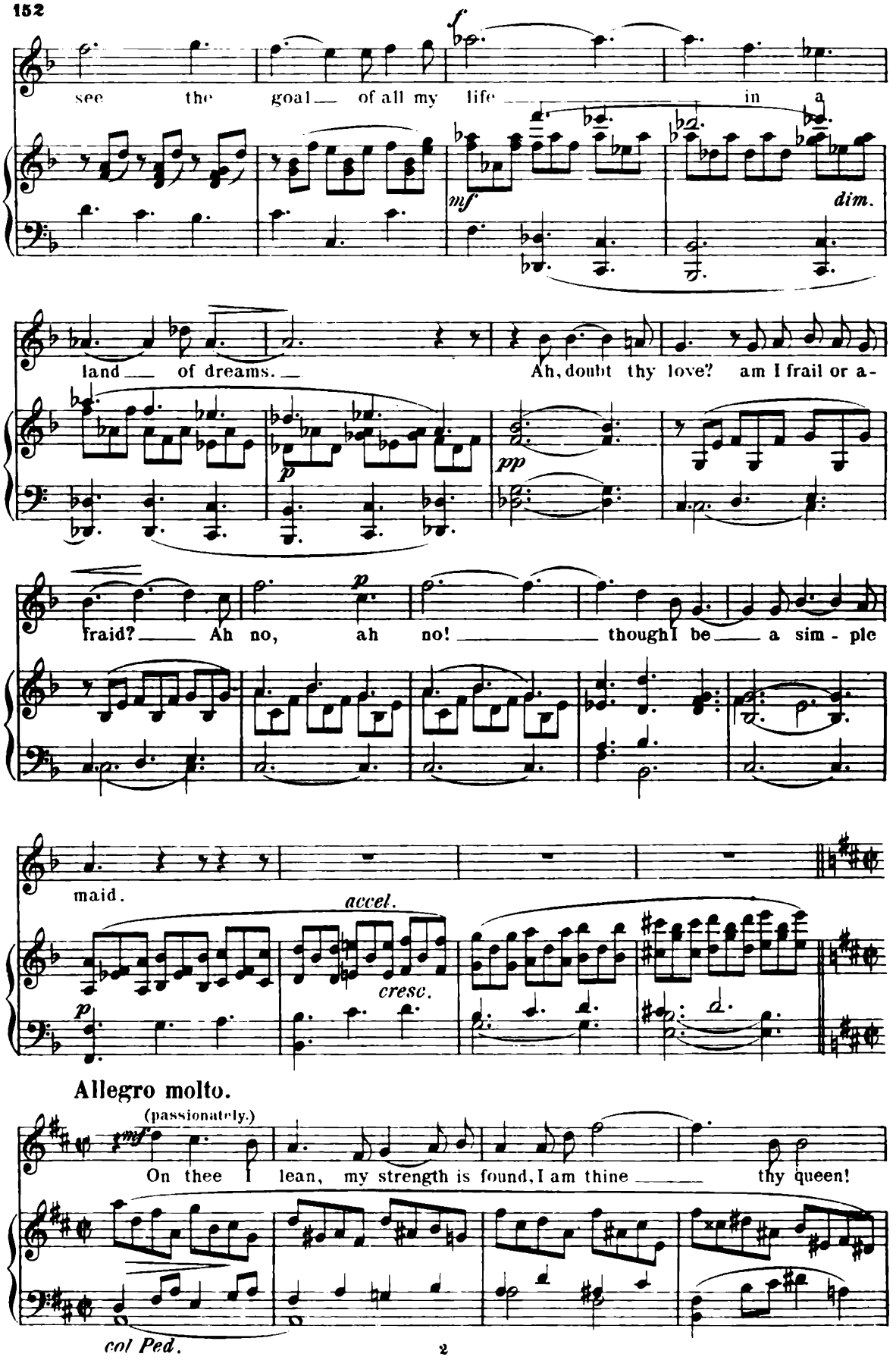
thine. 'Tis fair, I own, thy words, too, full as fair, I ween. But speech is oft

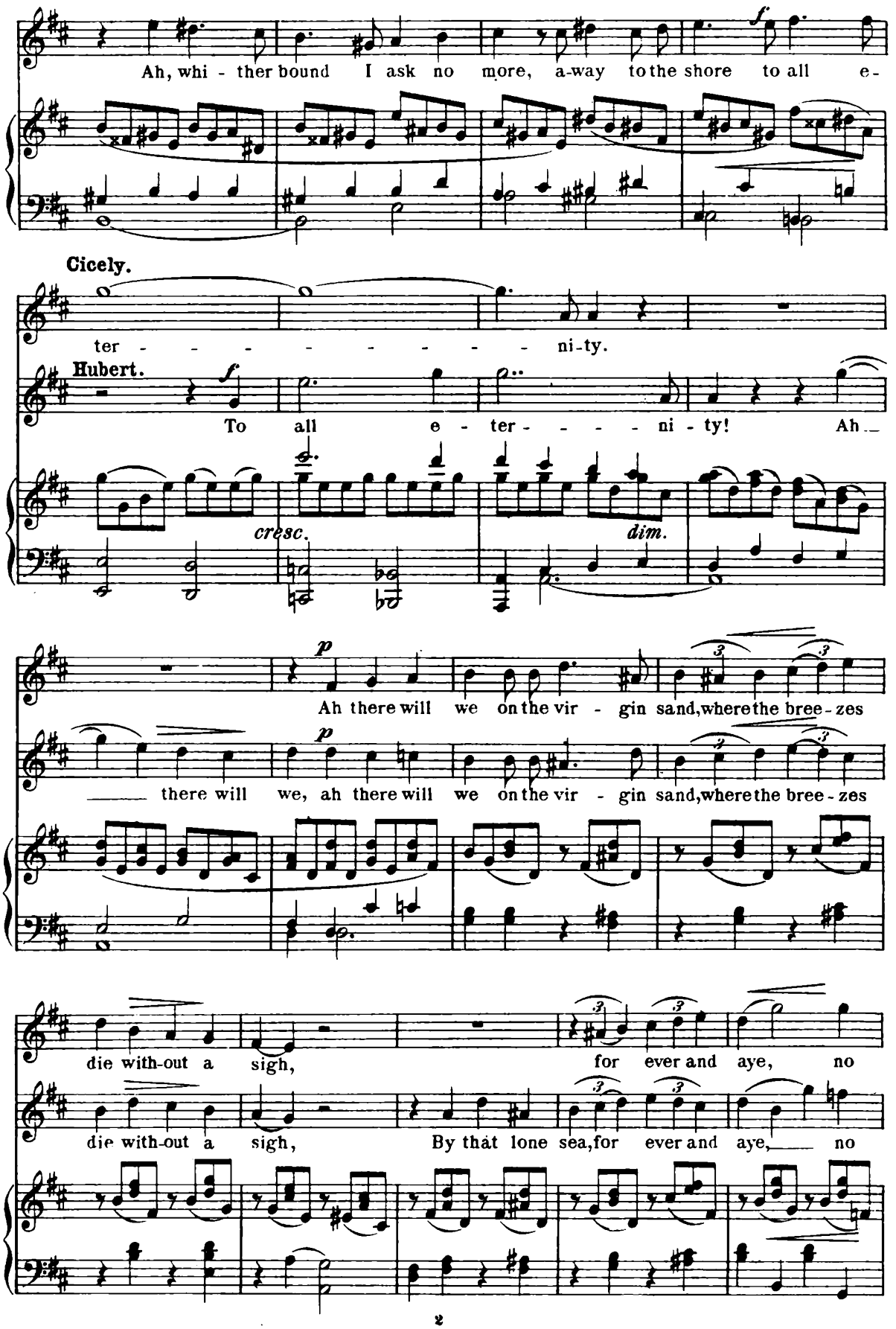
col Ped.

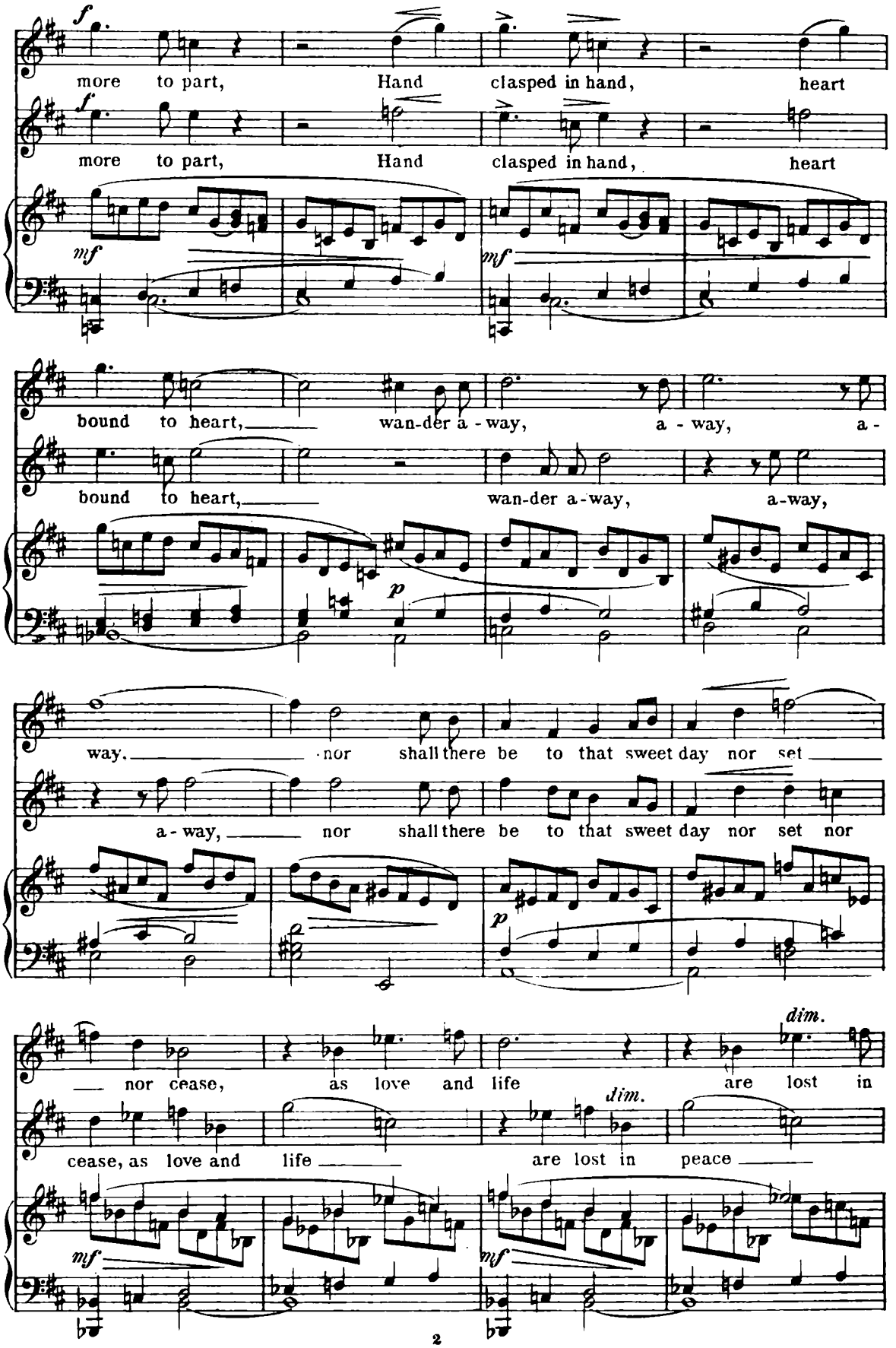
as flow'r full - blown, let come a cruel summer shower, 'tis

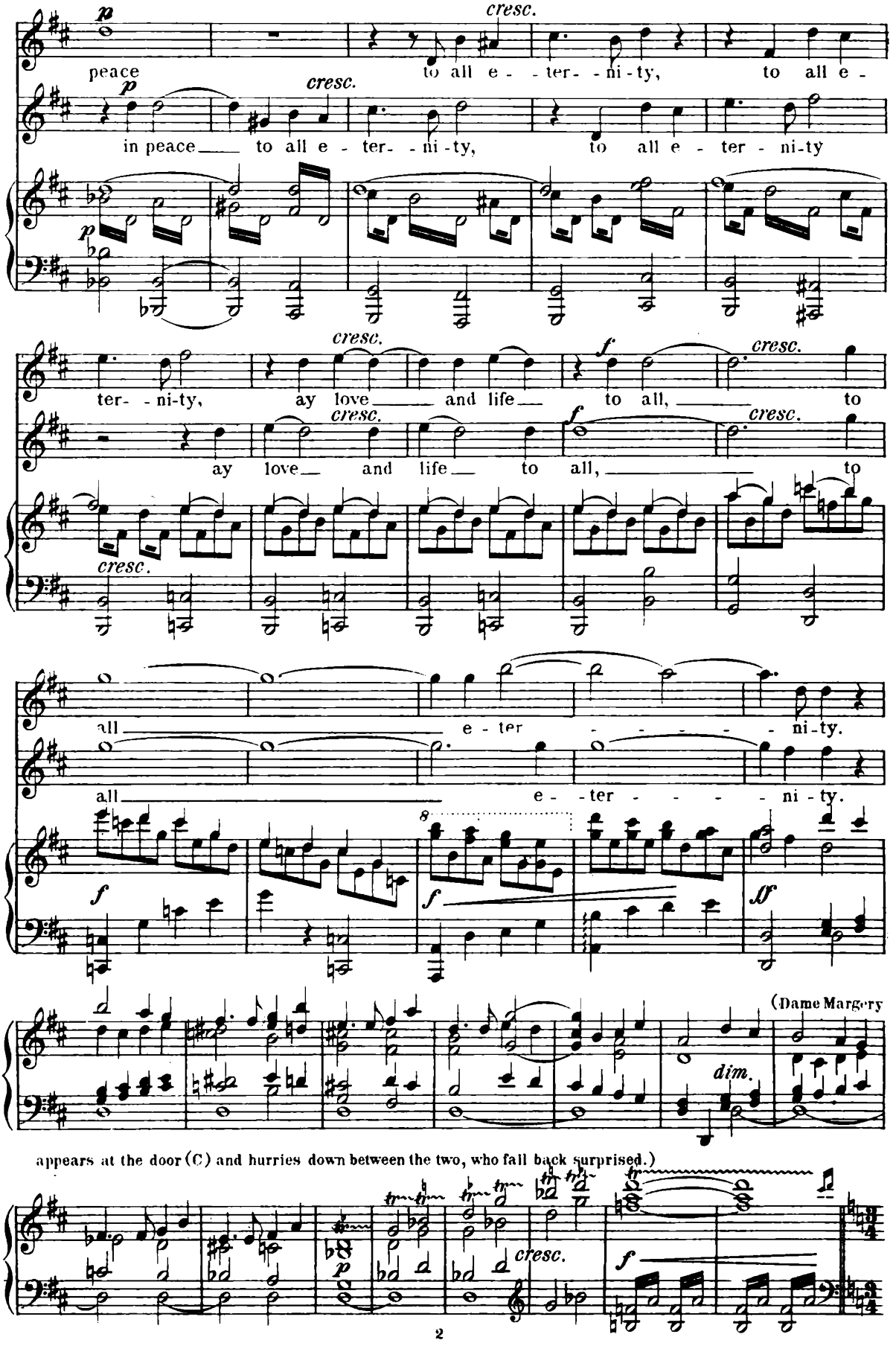

Allegro molto.
Cicely.
gone!
Hubert.
Be-lo - - - ved, words are but em - pty sound,
Allegro molto.
my deeds shall prove me, trust thou me, no storm shall
reach thee, strong am I for thee to la - bour,
cresc.
live, and die! thou canst not doubt me!
Cicely.
Andante molto moderato.
Hu - bert, list, I doubt thee not. Am I frail or a - fraid? Ah I


know me but — for a simple maid, — and though thine, — thy queen, — 'tis on thee — I
lean! Will thine arm — be strong if the way — be long? Ah! 'tis on - ly
that some strange tran - cing mist, as of joy through tears, as of hope through
fears, — to rise — from thy love - - set mu -
- - - sic seems; —
mf
and to thrill — my soul — as I
cresc.
cresc.


see the goal of all my life in a
mf
dim.
land of dreams.
Ah, doubt thy love? am I frail or a-
pp
fraid? Ah no, ah no! though I be a sim - ple
maid.
accel.
cresc.
Allegro molto.
(passionately.)
On thee I lean, my strength is found, I am thine thy queen!
col Ped.


Ah, whi - ther bound I ask no more, a-way to the shore to all e-
Cicely.
ter - - - - - - - - - ni-ty.
Hubert.
To all e - ter - - - - ni - ty! Ah
cresc.
dim.
Ah there will we on the vir - gin sand, where the bree - zes
there will we, ah there will we on the vir - gin sand, where the bree - zes
die with-out a sigh, for ever and aye, no
die with-out a sigh, By that lone sea, for ever and aye, no


more to part, Hand clasped in hand, heart
more to part, Hand clasped in hand, heart
bound to heart, wan-der a-way, a-way, a-
bound to heart, wan-der a-way, a-way,
way. nor shall there be to that sweet day nor set
a-way, nor shall there be to that sweet day nor set nor
nor cease, as love and life are lost in
cease, as love and life are lost in peace


p
cresc.
peace
to all e - - ter - - ni - ty,
to all e -
p
cresc.
in peace
to all e - ter - - ni - ty,
to all e - ter - ni - ty
p
cresc.
ter - - ni - ty,
ay love
and life
f
to all,
cresc.
to
cresc.
ay love
and life
f
to all,
cresc.
to
cresc.
all
e - ter - - - - - ni - ty.
all
e - - ter - - - - - ni - ty.
f
f
ff
(Dame Margery
dim.
appears at the door (C) and hurries down between the two, who fall back surprised.)
p
cresc.
f

(♩ = ♩)

Scene VI.

Dame Margery.

(Hubert hurriedly catches up his monk's disguise.)

Ah! is it so? thou false-faced minx! thou dar'st chirrup of thine e - ter - ni-ties!

(Turning on Hubert.)

And thou, thou faithless mon - - ster!

(Recognizing that it is not Sir Christopher.)

How? thou art not

Hubert (courteously.)

he! Faith, not, most gra - - cious Dame, since I am I.

Cicely (confused.)

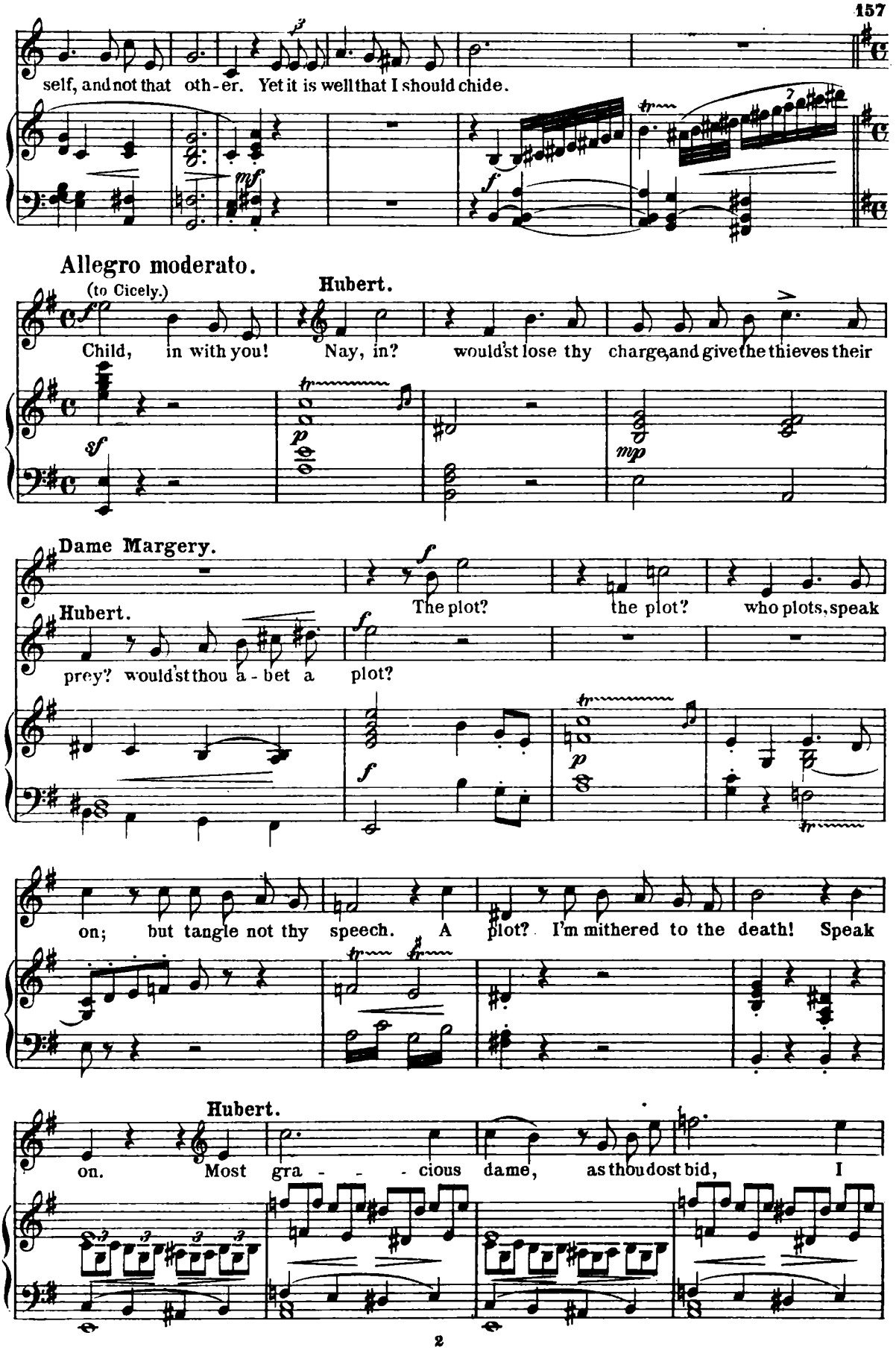
E'en

Dame Margery.

so, he speaks but truth, 'tis all he is! 'Tis all he is! Heyday! what now? Though

(aside)

that be all, good sooth, be-ing that, he is e - nough. Yet do I bless him, be-ing him


self, and not that oth-er. Yet it is well that I should chide.
Allegro moderato.
(to Cicely.)
Hubert.
Child, in with you! Nay, in? would'st lose thy charge, and give the thieves their
Dame Margery.
The plot? the plot? who plots, speak
Hubert.
prey? would'st thou a-bet a plot?
on; but tangle not thy speech. A plot? I'm mithered to the death! Speak
Hubert.
on. Most gra - - - cious dame, as thou dost bid, I

più f

will, the plot I'll tell thee. Nay, I'll tell thee all, and trust thy cha-ri-ty,

Cicely (coaxingly on the other side.)

for thou art kind. Ay, thou art migh - ty kind!

Dame Margery.

Tut, tut; speak

mf

cresc.

on, there's scent of mis-chief in thy speech. Thou saidst a plot? a thief?

p *f*

and this the prey, speak, speak, tell quick thy tale, or I shall wake the

p *cresc.* *f*

Allegretto leggiero.

Cicely.

mf

Dame Margery.

night.

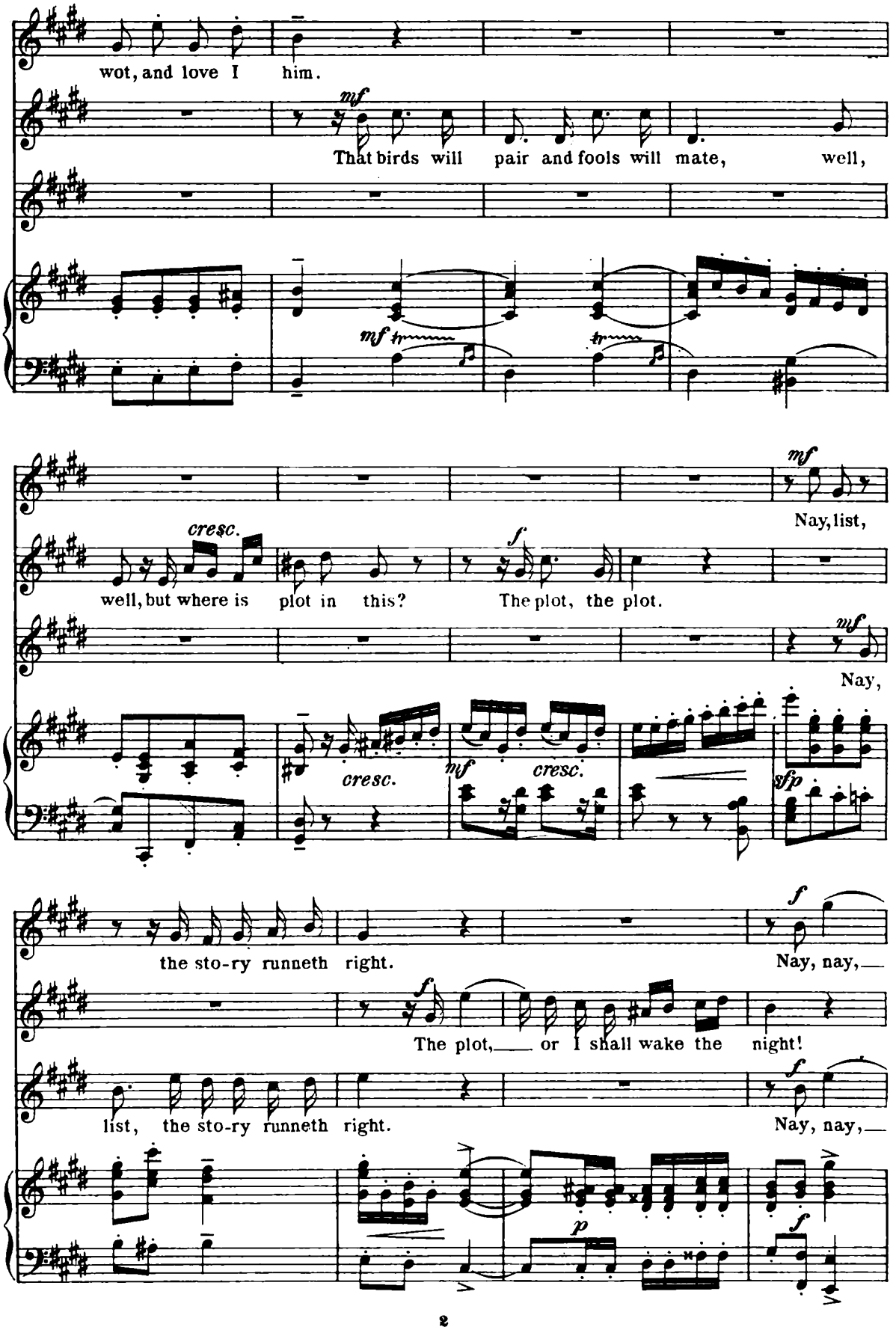
'tis true, I

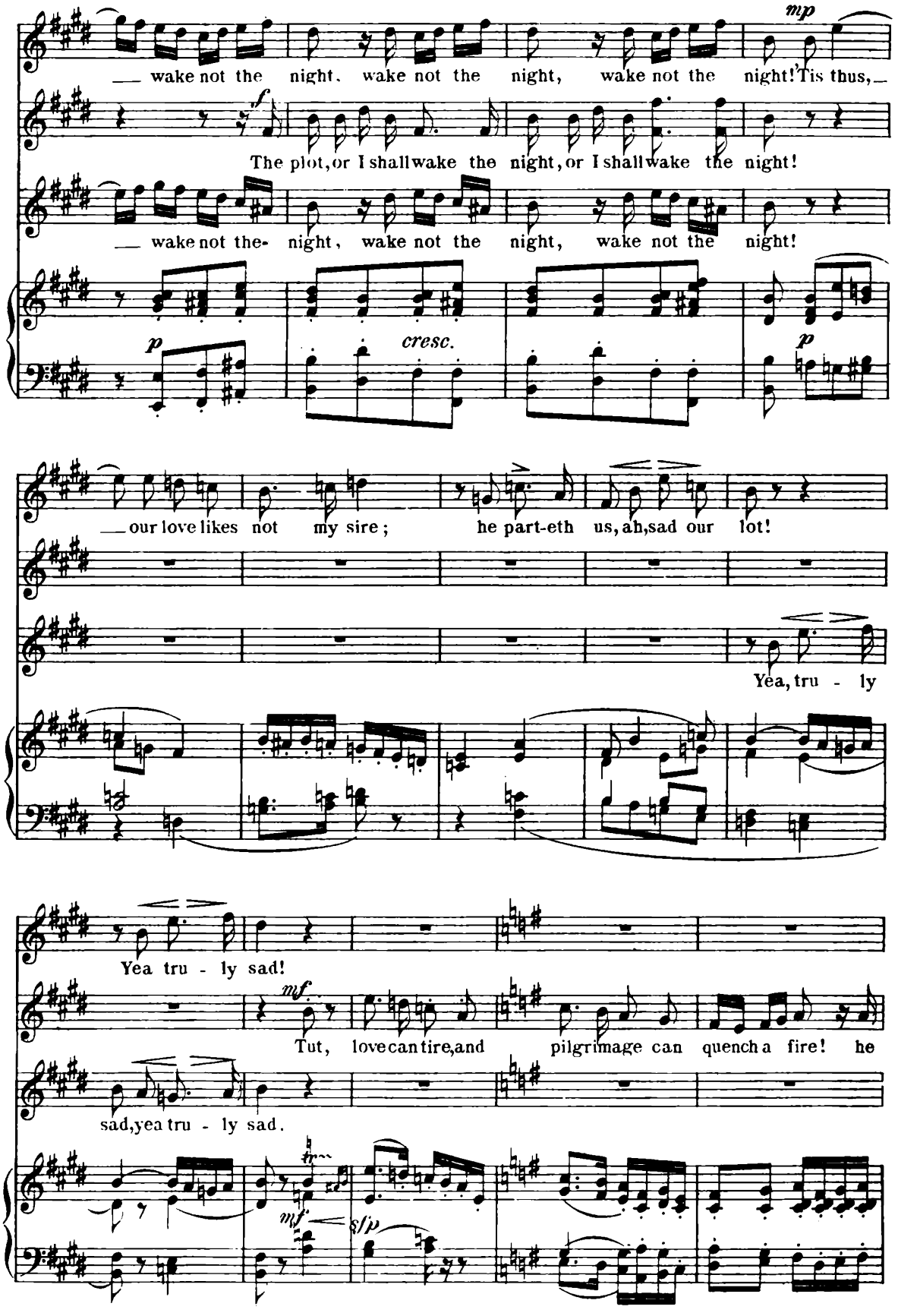
Hubert. *mp*

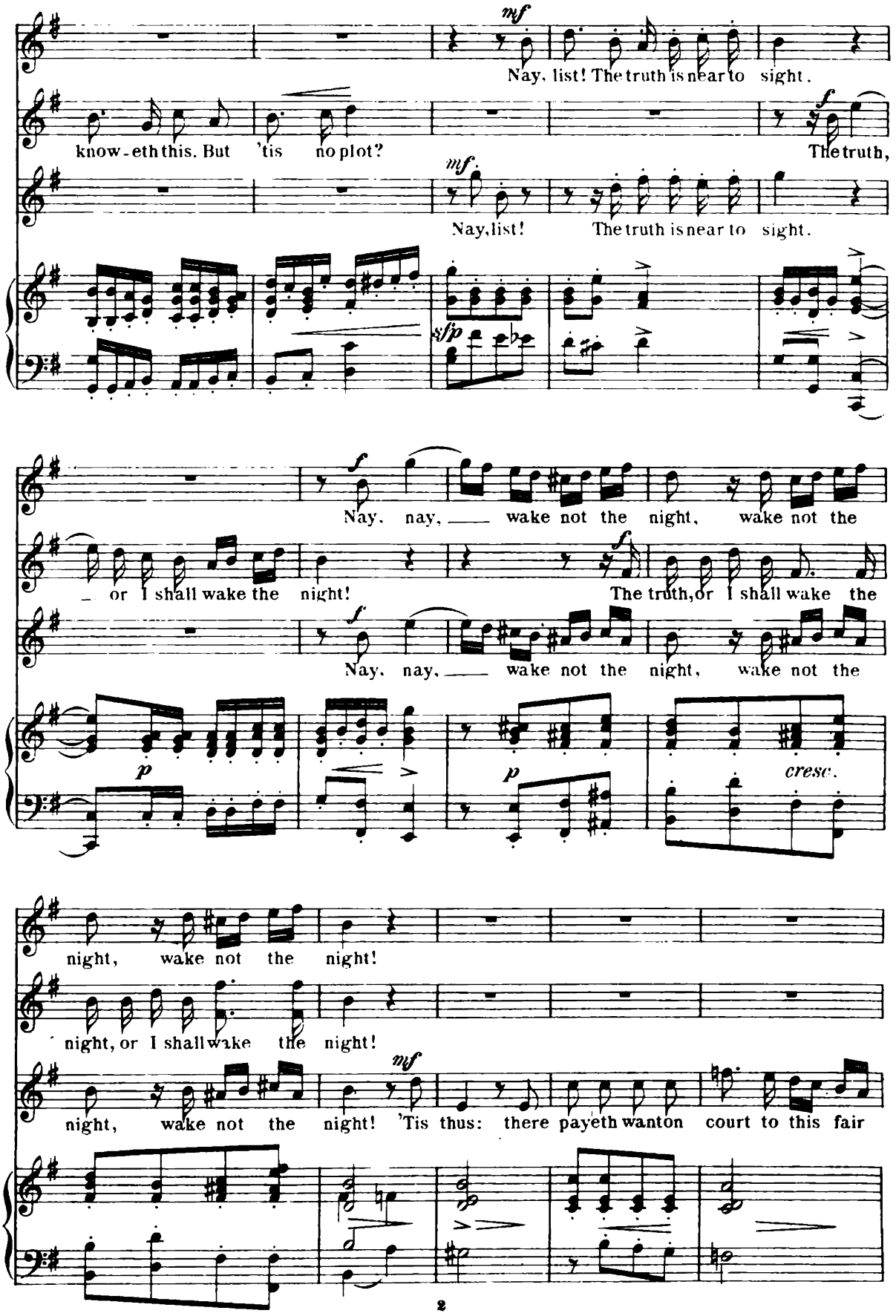
'Tis thus, I love this mai - den fair; she loveth me

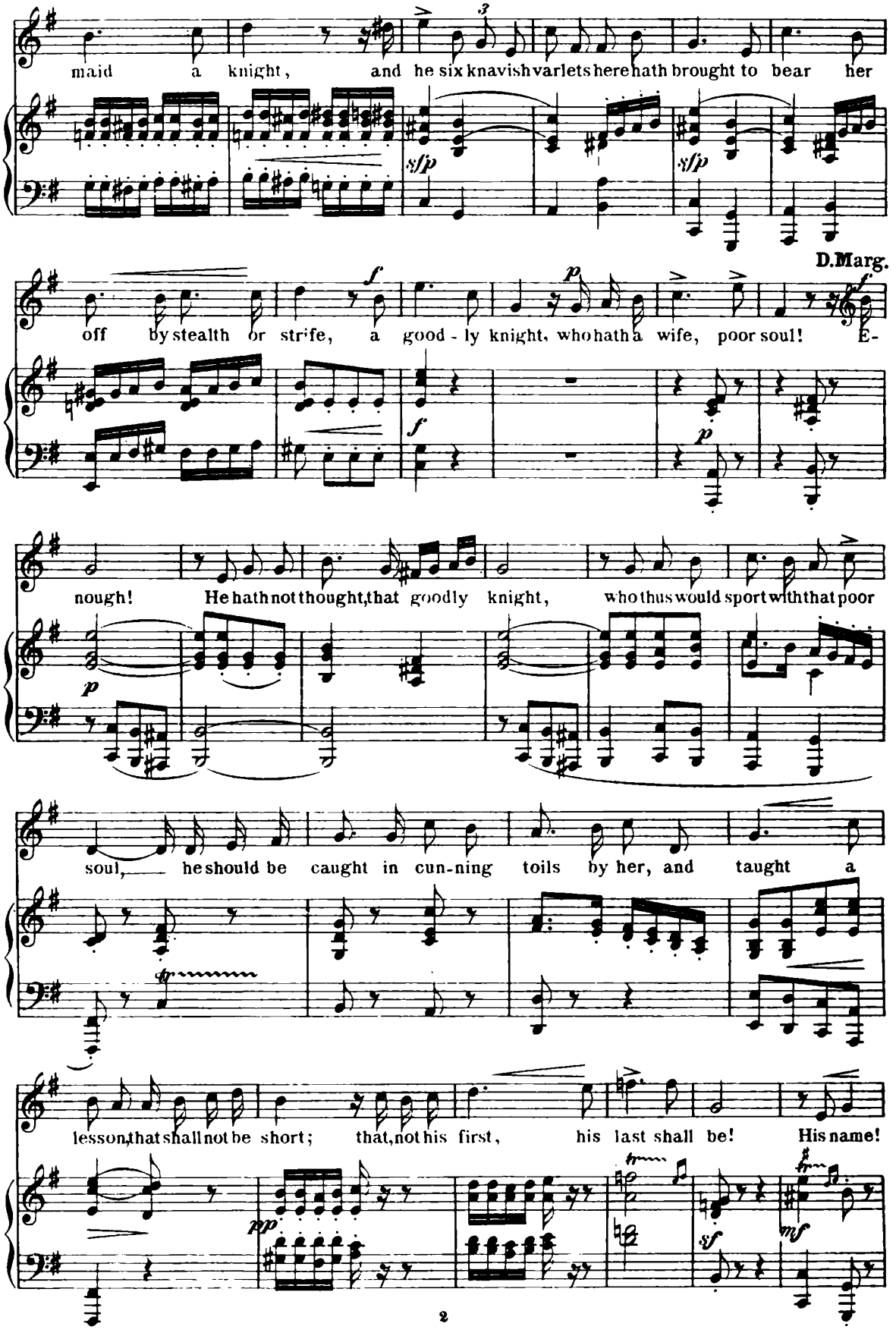
Allegretto leggiero.

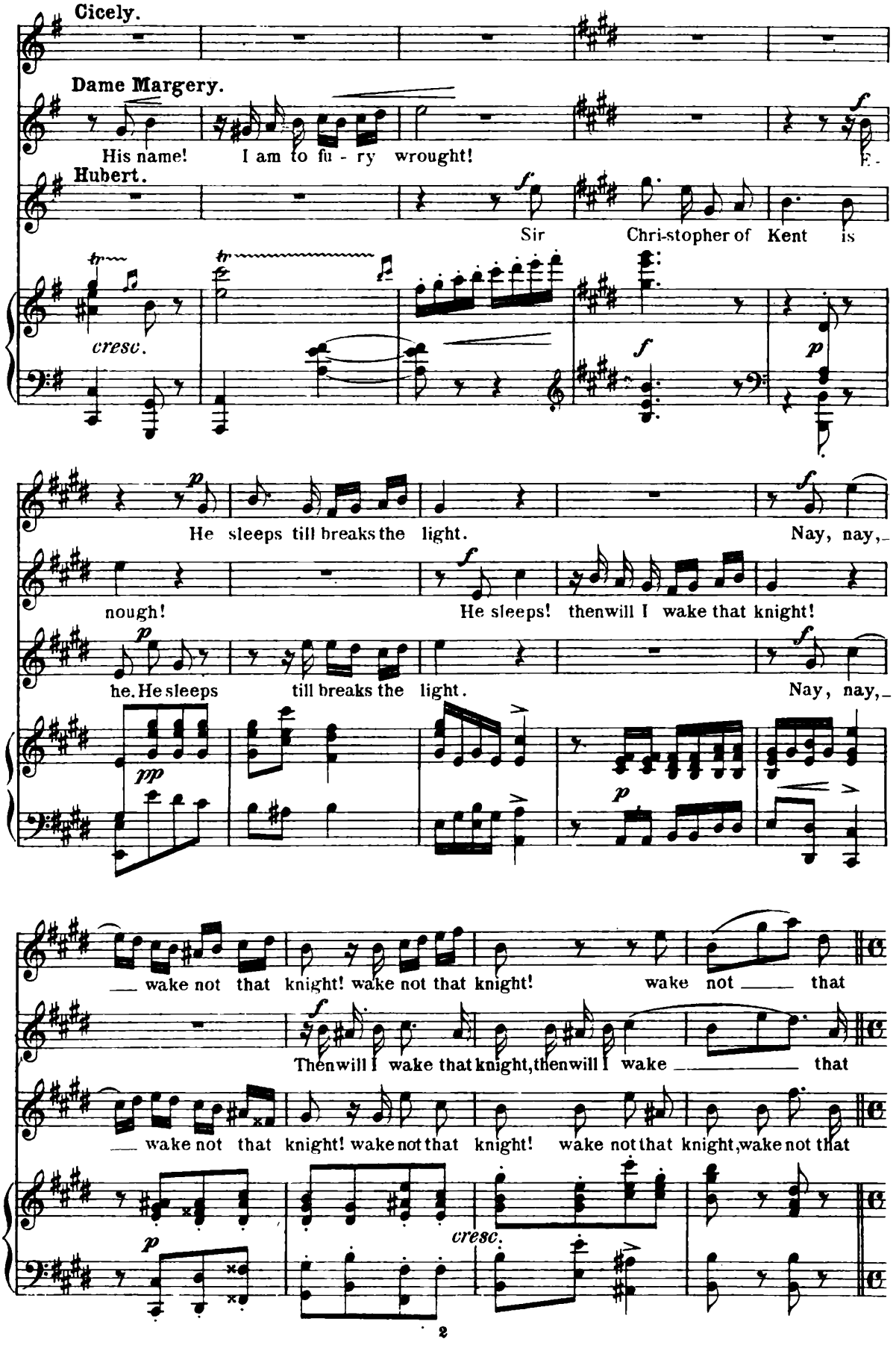
sfp

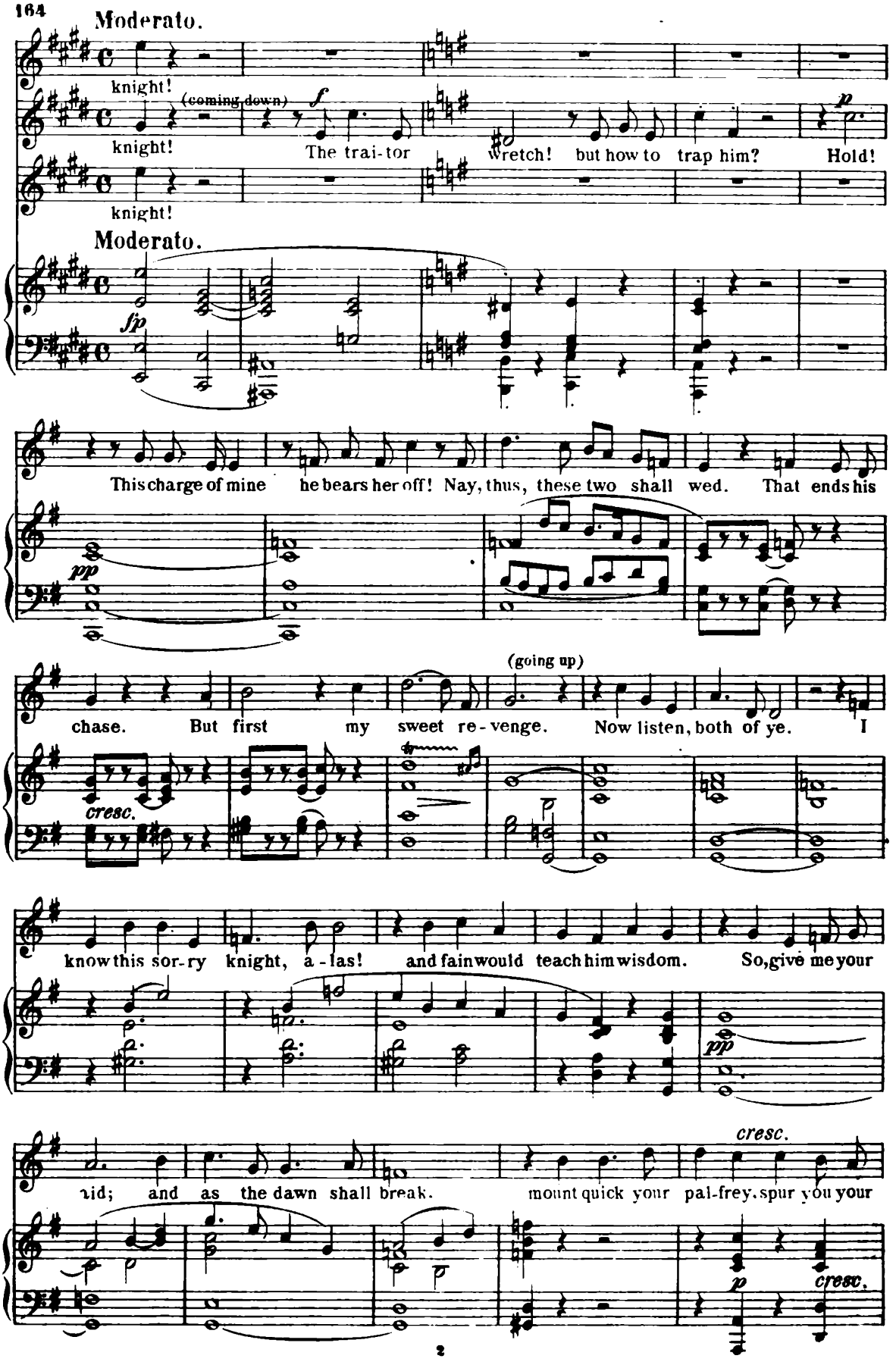

wot, and love I him.
That birds will pair and fools will mate, well,
Nay, list,
well, but where is plot in this?
The plot, the plot.
Nay,
the sto-ry runneth right.
Nay, nay,
The plot, or I shall wake the night!
list, the sto-ry runneth right.
Nay, nay,

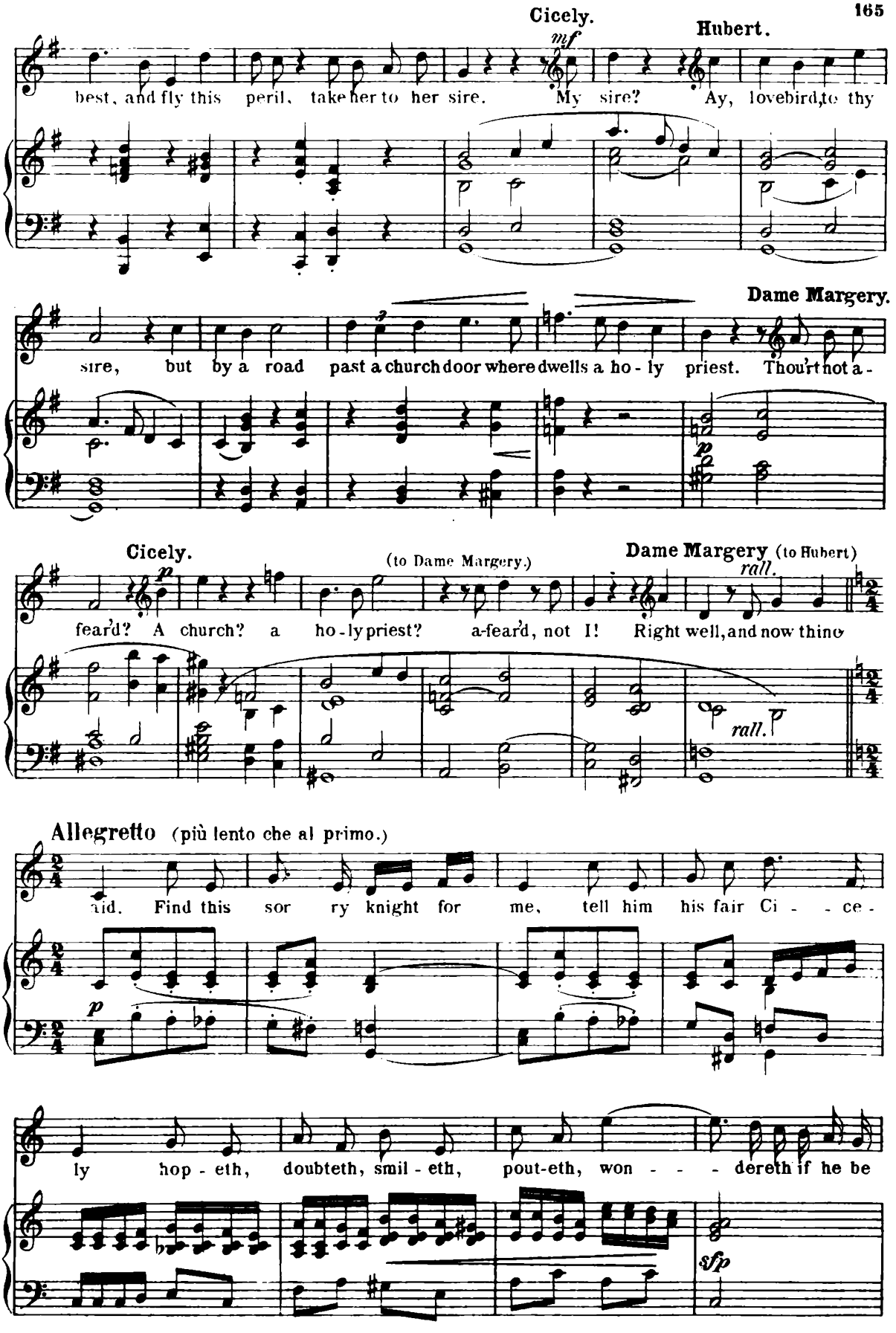

mp
wake not the night, wake not the night, wake not the night! 'Tis thus,
f
The plot, or I shall wake the night, or I shall wake the night!
wake not the- night, wake not the night, wake not the night!
p
cresc.
p
our love likes not my sire; he part-eth us, ah, sad our lot!
Yea, tru - ly
Yea tru - ly sad!
mf
Tut, love can tire, and pilgrimage can quench a fire! he
sad, yea tru - ly sad.
mf
s/p

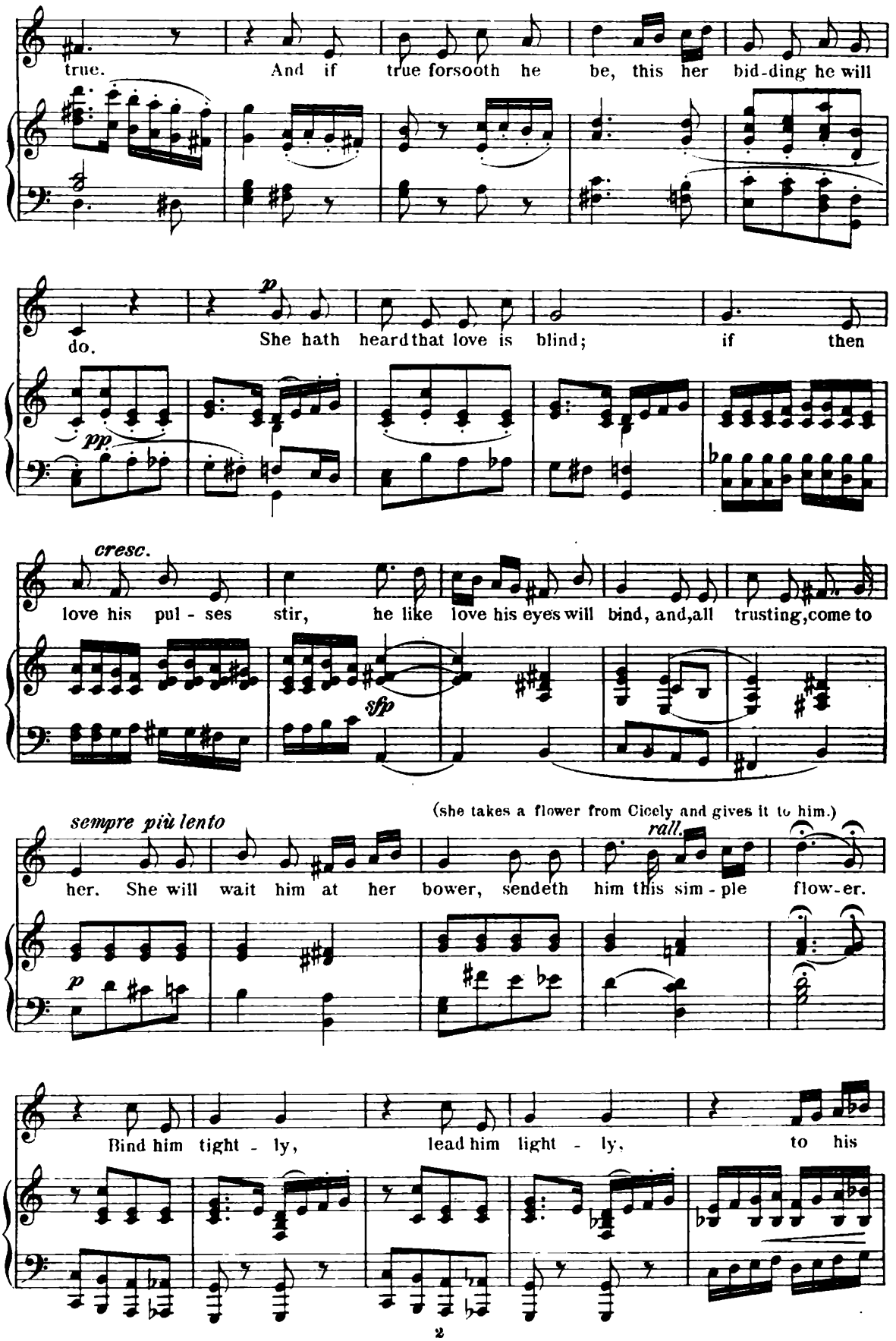

mf
Nay, list! The truth is near to sight.
know-eth this. But 'tis no plot?
f
The truth,
mf
Nay, list! The truth is near to sight.
sfp
f
Nay, nay, wake not the night, wake not the
or I shall wake the night!
f
The truth, or I shall wake the
f
Nay, nay, wake not the night, wake not the
p
p
cresc.
night, wake not the night!
night, or I shall wake the night!
mf
night, wake not the night! 'Tis thus: there payeth wanton court to this fair


maid a knight, and he six knavish varlets here hath brought to bear her
sfp
sfp
D.Marg.
off by stealth or strife, a good - ly knight, who hath a wife, poor soul! E-
nough! He hath not thought, that goodly knight, who thus would sport with that poor
soul, — he should be caught in cun-ning toils by her, and taught a
lesson, that shall not be short; that, not his first, his last shall be! His name!
pp
sf
mf


Cicely.
Dame Margery.
His name! I am to fu - ry wrought!
Hubert.
Sir Chri-stopher of Kent is
cresc.
He sleeps till breaks the light.
Nay, nay,
nough!
He sleeps! thenwill I wake that knight!
he. He sleeps till breaks the light.
Nay, nay,
wake not that knight! wake not that knight! wake not that
Thenwill I wake that knight, thenwill I wake that
wake not that knight! wake not that knight! wake not that knight, wake not that
cresc.


Moderato.
knight!
(coming down)
knight!
The trai-tor
wretch! but how to trap him?
Hold!
knight!
Moderato.
This charge of mine
he bears her off! Nay, thus, these two shall wed.
That ends his
chase.
But first
my
sweet re-venge.
(going up)
Now listen, both of ye.
I
know this sor-ry knight, a-las!
and fain would teach him wisdom.
So, give me your
aid; and as the dawn shall break.
mount quick your pal-frey, spur you your


Cicely.
Hubert.
mf
best, and fly this peril, take her to her sire. My sire? Ay, lovebird, to thy
Dame Margery.
sire, but by a road past a church door where dwells a ho - ly priest. Thou'rt not a -
Cicely.
(to Dame Margery.)
Dame Margery (to Hubert)
rall.
fear'd? A church? a ho - ly priest? a-fear'd, not I! Right well, and now thine
rall.
Allegretto (più lento che al primo.)
aid. Find this sor ry knight for me, tell him his fair Ci - - ce -
ly hop - eth, doubteth, smil - eth, pout-eth, won - - - dereth if he be
sfp


true. And if true forsooth he be, this her bid-ding he will
do. She hath heard that love is blind; if then
pp
cresc.
love his pul - ses stir, he like love his eyes will bind, and, all trusting, come to
sfp
sempre più lento
(she takes a flower from Cicely and gives it to him.)
rall.
her. She will wait him at her bower, sendeth him this sim - ple flow-er.
p
Bind him tight - ly, lead him light - ly, to his

gen - - tle Ci - ce-ly; then I wot 'twill com - fort me

cresc. molto

Allegretto vivace (come al primo.)

Dame Margery.

f

Blessings on his head to shower!

Hubert.

mf

Thy good be - best to do I fly, he lod - geth here.

Allegretto vivace (come al primo)

f *mf*

f

'Tis well. Hard by. Mark - tightly bound. If but a ray he seeth, then thou'lt not a - way.

(he enters porch R.)

f

As blind as a mole he'll be!

Cicely.

dim.

Good dame, I love thee, knowing not thy na - me. Thou saidst at

Cicely.

dawn. Yet lo, I fear, and yet—

Dame Margery.

How, child! The dawn is

(She points off L.)

Scene VII.

Adagio.

(Exit into house at back. The day begins to break.)

here!

Cicely.

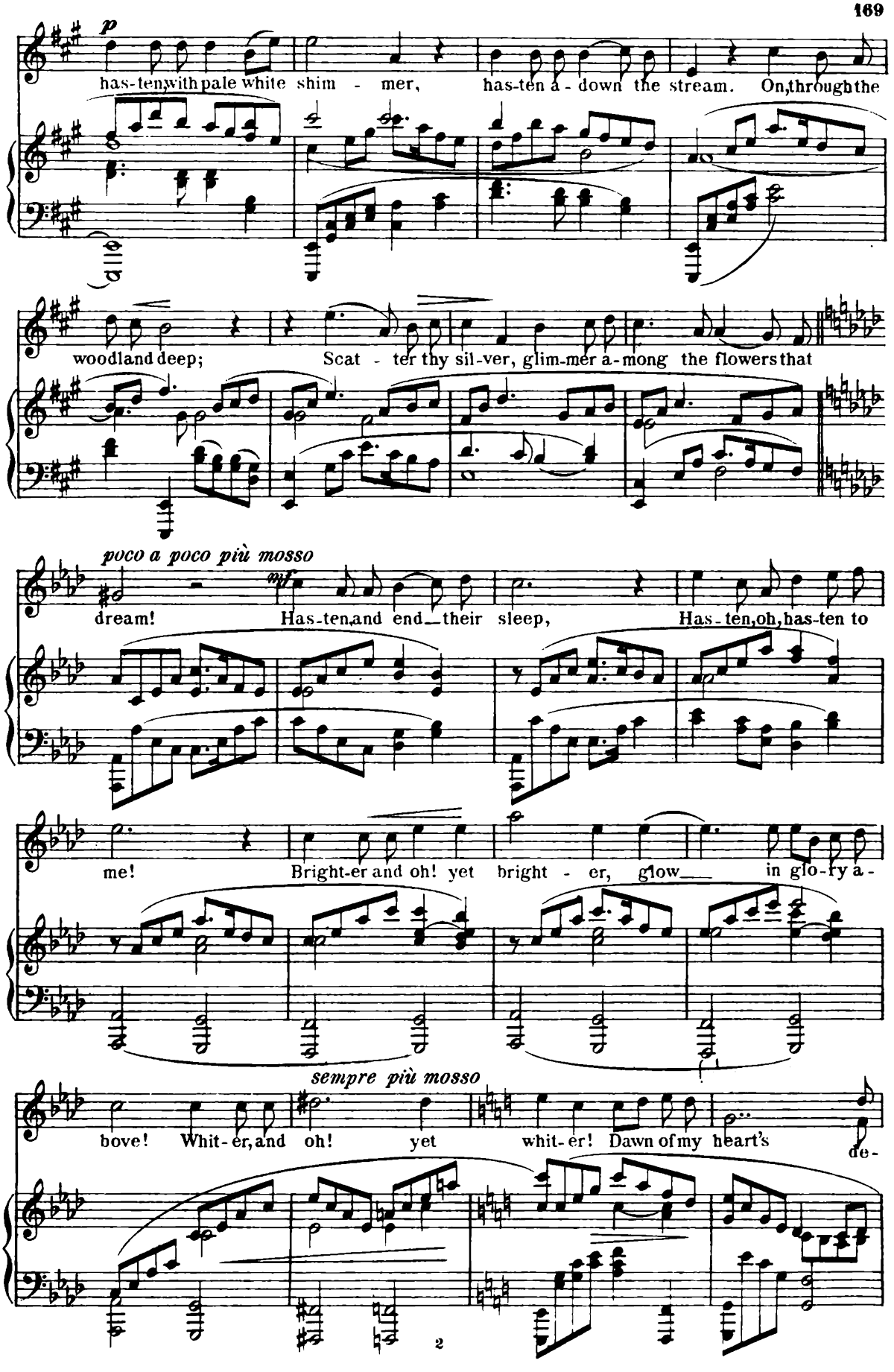
Dawn — of the young day, break - ing ov - er the eastern hill!

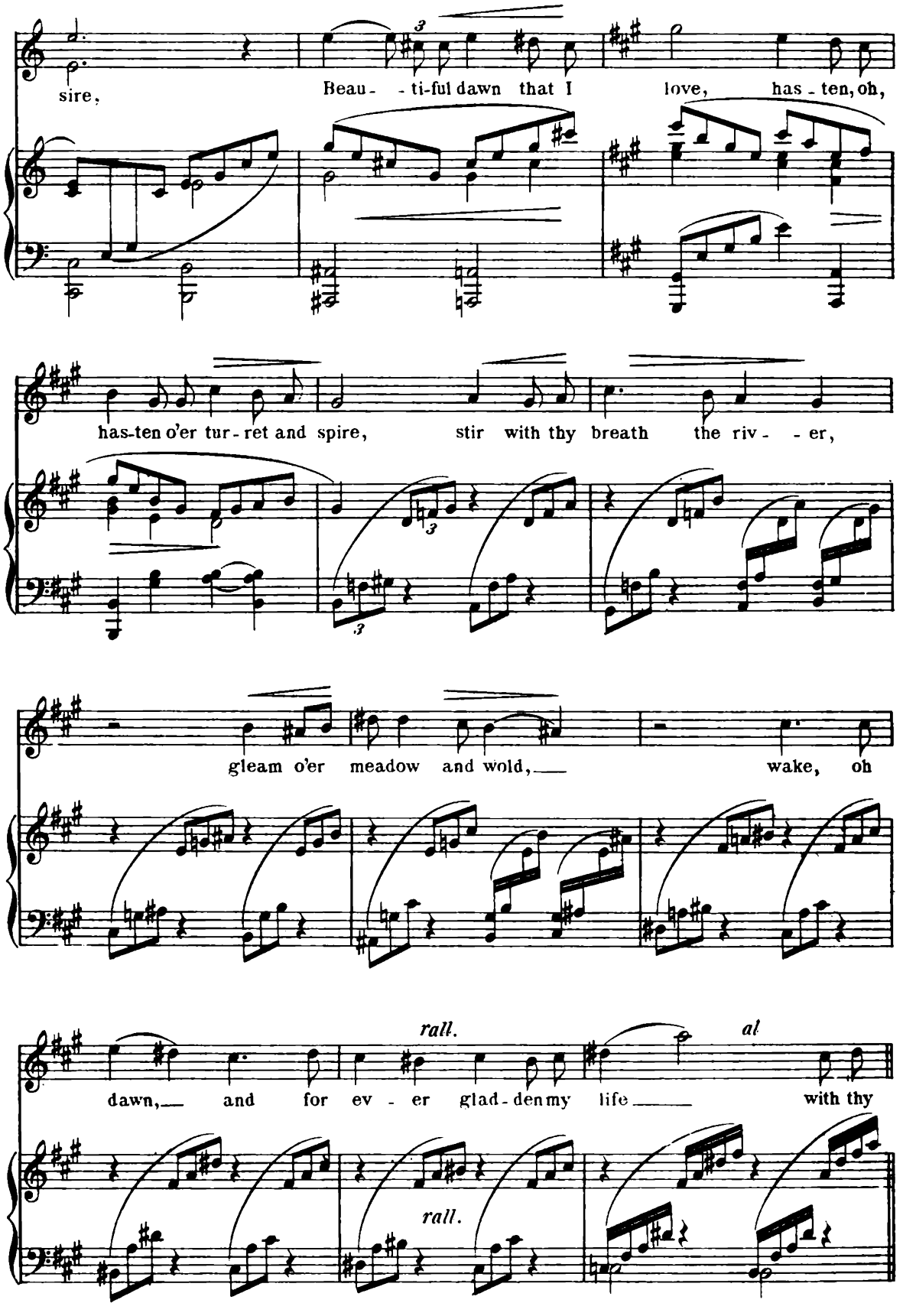
Fleet thou of foot, o'er - tak - - ing the night that standeth still!

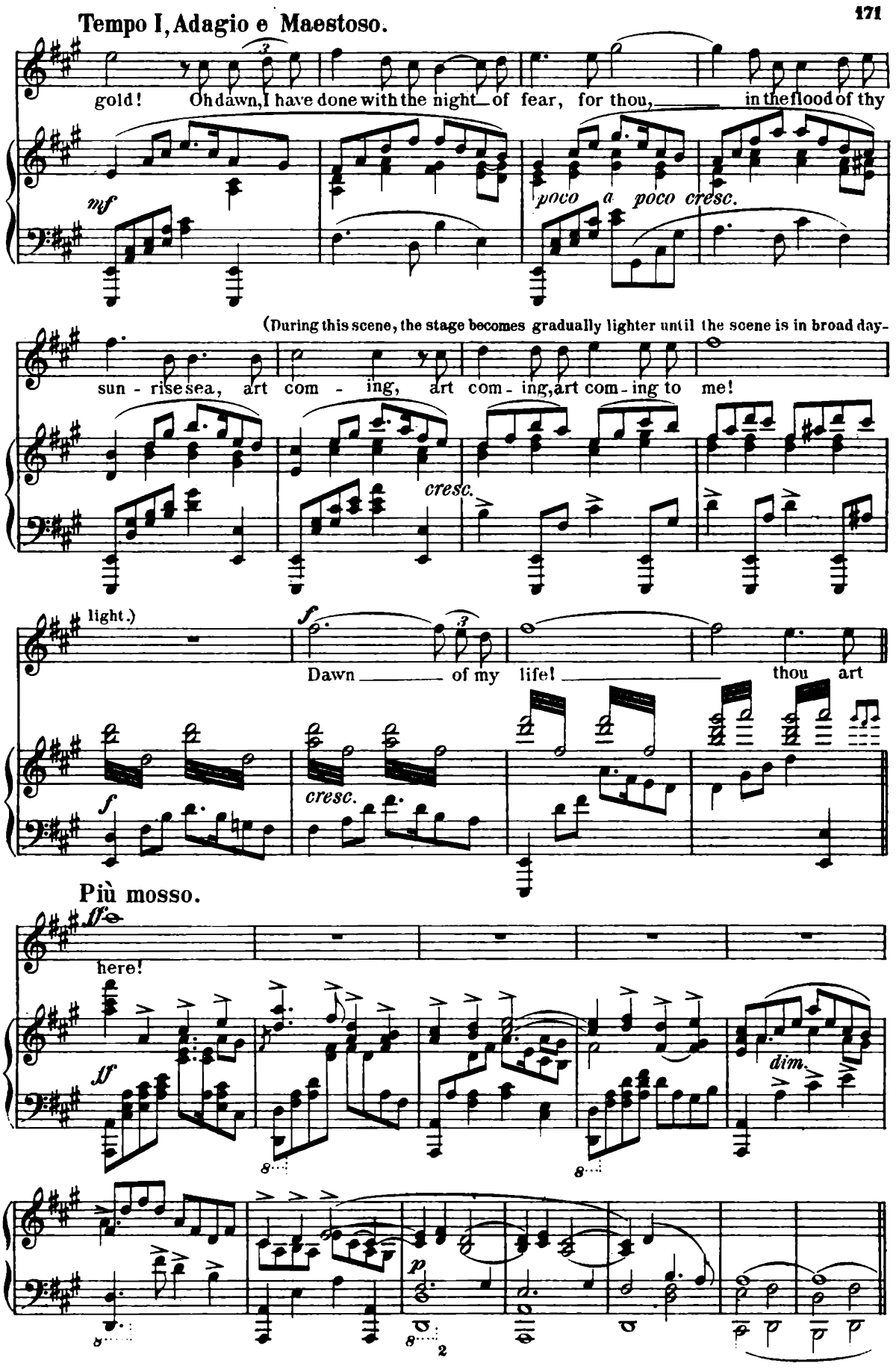
col Ped. sempre

cresc.

Has - - ten, oh, has - - - - ten to me!

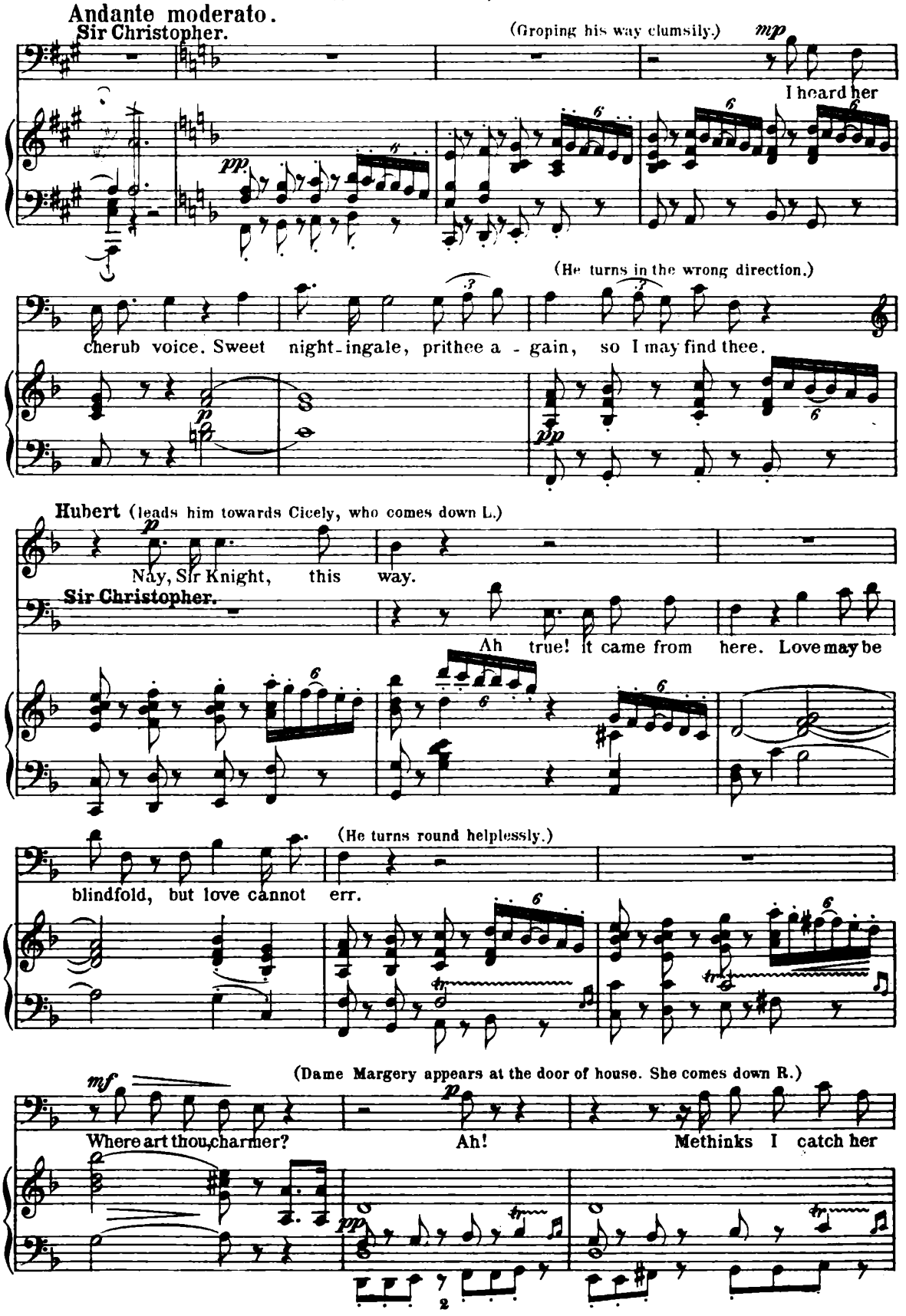

p
has-ten with pale white shim - mer, has-ten a - down the stream. On, through the
woodland deep; Scat - ter thy sil-ver, glim-mer a-mong the flowers that
poco a poco più mosso
mf
dream! Has-ten, and end their sleep, Has-ten, oh, has-ten to
me! Bright-er and oh! yet bright - er, glow in glo-ry a-
sempre più mosso
bove! Whit-er, and oh! yet whit-er! Dawn of my heart's de-


sire,
Beau- - ti-ful dawn that I love, has - ten, oh,
has-ten o'er tur - ret and spire, stir with thy breath the riv - - er,
gleam o'er meadow and wold, wake, oh
rall.
al
dawn, and for ev - er glad - den my life with thy
rall.


Tempo I, Adagio e Maestoso.
gold! Oh dawn, I have done with the night of fear, for thou, in the flood of thy
mf
poco a poco cresc.
(During this scene, the stage becomes gradually lighter until the scene is in broad day-
sun - rise sea, art com - ing, art com - ing, art com - ing to me!
cresc.
light.)
f
Dawn of my life! thou art
cresc.
Più mosso.
ff
here!
ff
dim.
p

Scene VIII.

(Enter Hubert and Sir Christopher from porch. Sir Christopher, who is blindfold, and has a copy of verses in his hand, is making his way cautiously, led on by Hubert.)



(He now faces Dame Margery.) (He stretches out towards Dame Mar-

dain - ty step. But speak, thou little one; for I would place upon that snow-white

gery, holding a ring in his hand.) (She gives him her hand.)

hand this jewel! Say, where is that li-ly hand? Ha, so! a

espress. *f* *mf*

(He kisses

plump, a most che - ru - bic hand, such hand as I have nev-er kissed ere now.

p

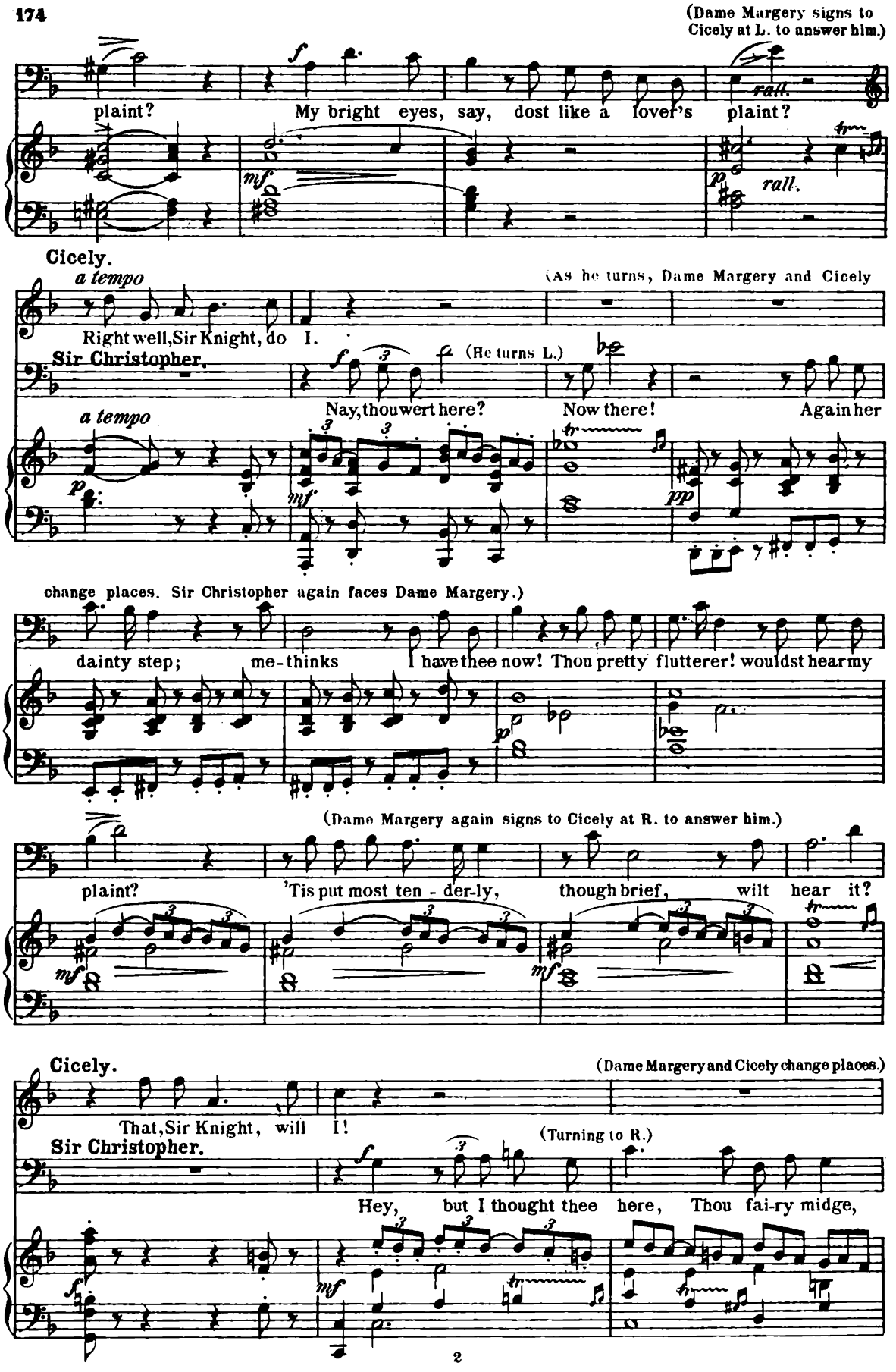
it and puts the ring on her finger.) (She snatches her hand away, tearing the ring off and throw-

This for my li - ly handed love. Nay, sweet, a moment

f *p*

ing it from her in disgust. Hubert picks it up.)

more! Take this poor verse o' mine. in which I tell my plaint, dost like a


(Dame Margery signs to Cicely at L. to answer him.)
plaint?
My bright eyes, say, dost like a lover's plaint?
rall.
rall.
Cicely.
a tempo
(As he turns, Dame Margery and Cicely
Right well, Sir Knight, do I.
Sir Christopher.
(He turns L.)
a tempo
Nay, thou wert here?
Now there!
Again her
change places. Sir Christopher again faces Dame Margery.)
dainty step;
me-thinks
I have thee now! Thou pretty flutterer! wouldst hear my
(Dame Margery again signs to Cicely at R. to answer him.)
plaint?
'Tis put most ten - der-ly,
though brief,
wilt
hear it?
Cicely.
(Dame Margery and Cicely change places.)
That, Sir Knight, will I!
Sir Christopher.
(Turning to R.)
Hey, but I thought thee here, Thou fai-ry midge,

Hubert. (Dame Margery nods to Hubert.)

Sir Christopher. (to Hubert.)

circling me round! Face I mine own true love? I wot thou

dim. f sf

fa-cest no man el - se's.

Good. Then will I sing my plaint to her.

p

List, sweet! 'Tis but mine own poor minstrel-sy, yet mark its

(He holds it out. Hubert snatches it from him.)

bur-then. Take it, li - ly hand! That li - ly hand is

p f

(considering.) p rall.

strong! How ea-ger-ly it clasps my plaint! Nay then, how runs my

rall.

Allegro molto. (Tempo del duetto.)

Dame Margery (draws Hubert and Cicely aside.)

mf

Enough! I'll listen to his plaint; and then I'll

plaint?

Allegro molto. (Tempo del duetto.)

pp

(She points off R.)

ans-wer him! But speed ye now; for see! I mark some u - gly fellows yonder.

cresc.

mf **Cicely.**

Quick! your pillioned pal-frey! Gra - - - cious dame, good

Cicely. *p*

dame, fare-well.

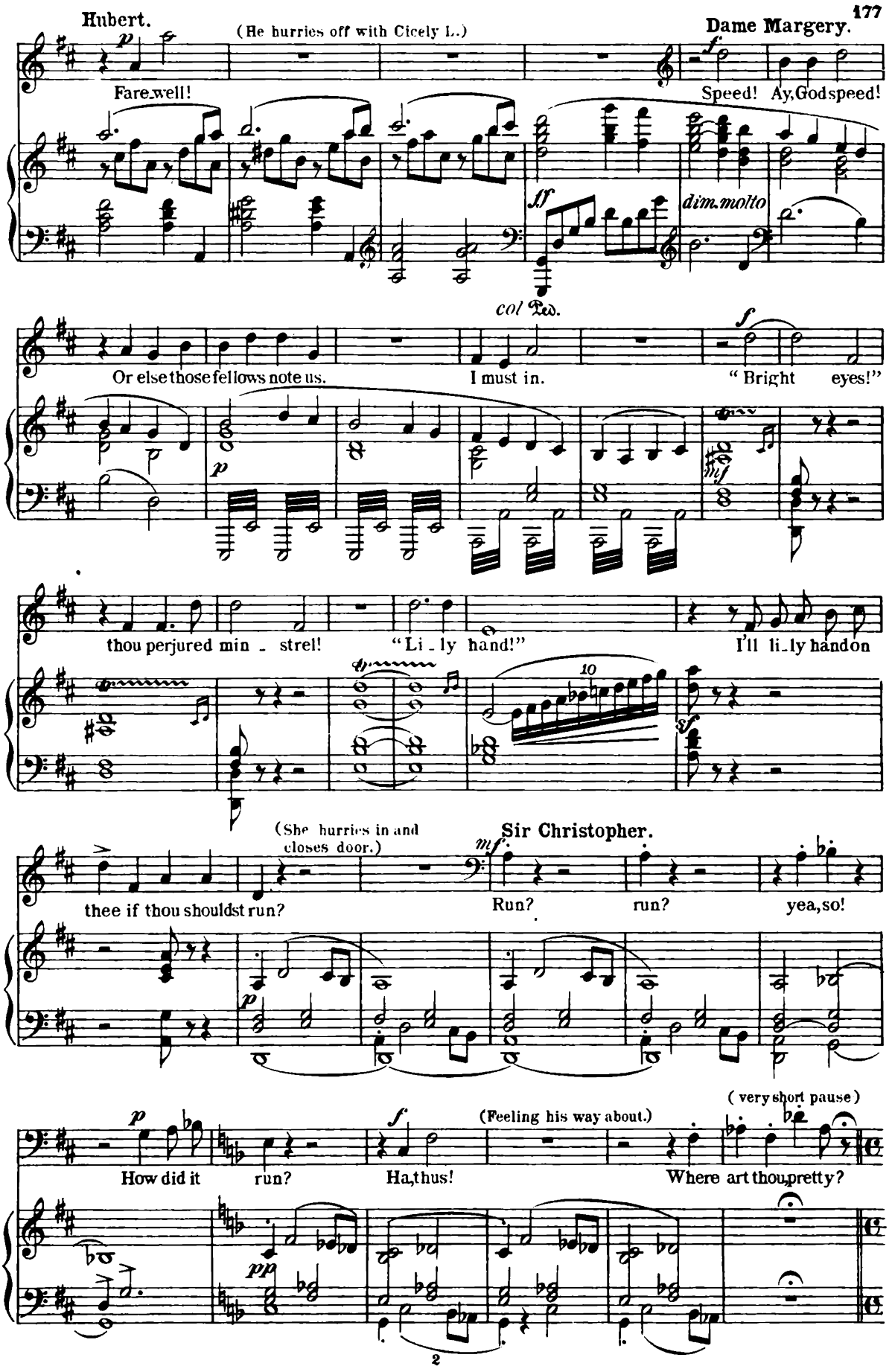
Hubert. *mf*

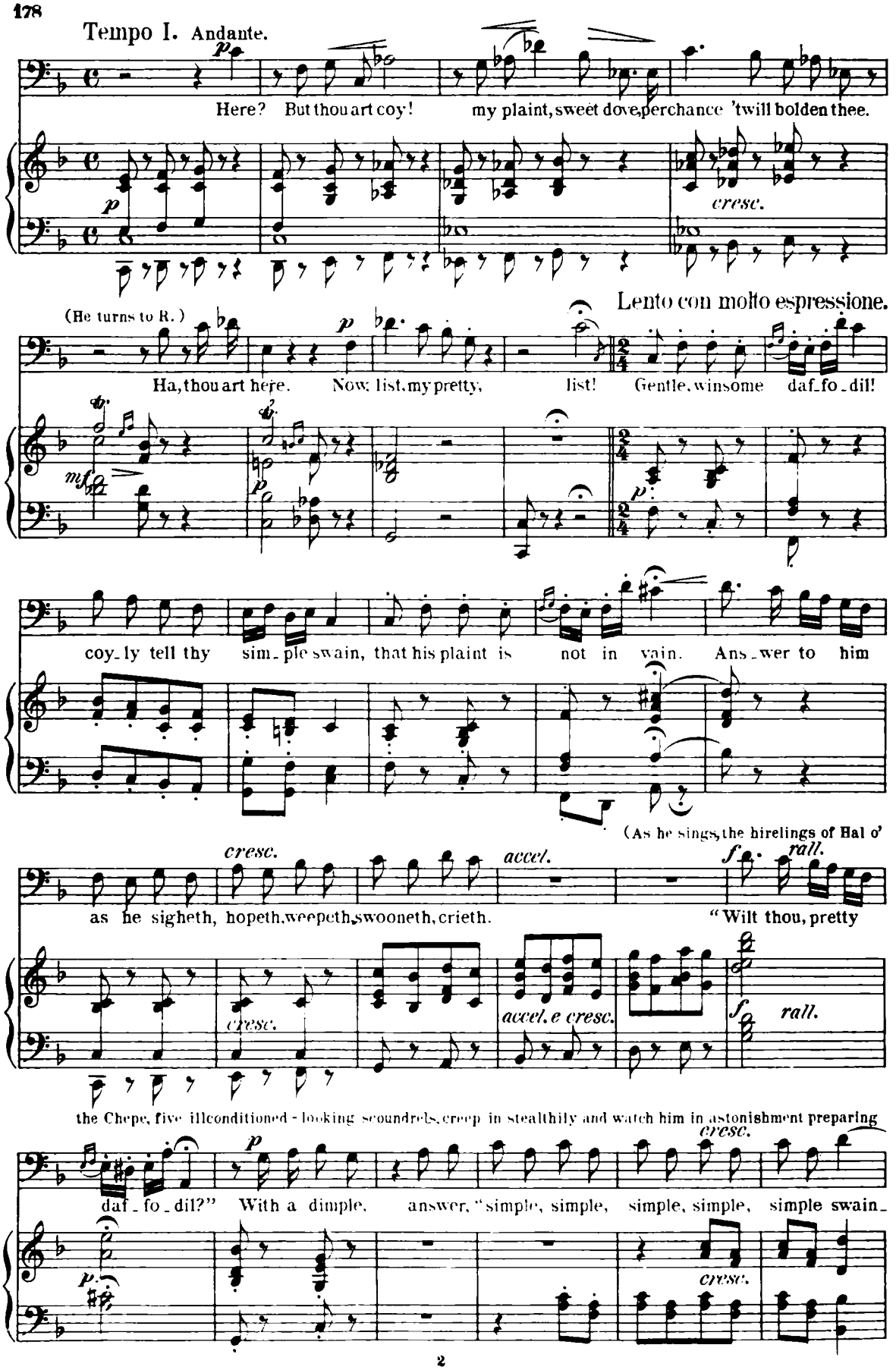
Fare-well, for sure they come. God speed us all.

p

cresc.

col Ped.


Hubert.
(He hurries off with Cicely L.)
Dame Margery.
Fare well!
Speed! Ay, God speed!
dim. molto
col Ped.
Or else those fellows note us.
I must in.
"Bright eyes!"
thou perjured min - strel!
"Li - ly hand!"
I'll li - ly hand on
(She hurries in and closes door.)
Sir Christopher.
thee if thou shouldst run?
Run?
run?
yea, so!
(very short pause)
How did it
run?
Ha, thus!
(Feeling his way about.)
Where art thou, pretty?


Tempo I. Andante.
Here? But thou art coy! my plaint, sweet dove, perchance 'twill bolden thee.
cresc.
Lento con molto espressione.
(He turns to R.)
Ha, thou art here. Now, list, my pretty, list! Gentle, winsome daf_fo_dil!
coy_ly tell thy sim_ple swain, that his plaint is not in vain. Ans_wer to him
(As he sings, the hirelings of Hal o'
cresc.
accel.
rall.
as he sigheth, hopeth, weepeth, swooneth, crieth. "Wilt thou, pretty
cresc.
accel. e cresc.
rall.
the Chepe, five illconditioned - looking scoundrels, creep in stealthily and watch him in astonishment preparing
daf_fo_dil?" With a dimple, answer, "simple, simple, simple, simple, simple swain_
cresc.

their cudgels.)

I will!" "Wilt thou, pretty daf - fo - dil?" With a dimple,

2 1st Basses. mf. rall. a tempo

The Hirelings. Ha, ha, ha, ha, my gallant daf - fo - dil.

3 2nd Basses. mf

Ha, ha, ha, ha, my gallant daf - fo - dil.

mf cresc. f rall. p a tempo

cresc.

answer, "simple, simple, simple, simple, simple swain, I will!" (They are

p cresc.

We'll give thee simple, simple,

p

We'll give thee simple, simple,

p cresc. mf cresc.

about to set on him, when Hal hurries in.)

accel. f

simple, simple, simple, with a right good will! Ha, ha, my gallant daf - fo - dil.

simple, simple, simple, with a right good will! Ha, ha, ha, ha, my gallant daf - fo - dil.

accel. mp cresc.

Più mosso.

Hal. *f*

Hold! hold, ye knaves! 'tis he, Sir Chri - stopher!

(They threaten him again.)

He said "a simple

f

He said "a simple, simple

Più mosso.

Sir Christopher.

Hold! back, ye scur - vy ones! Yea, back!

swain," let's test him.

swain," let's test him.

p *cresc.*

(He takes off the bandage.)

and loose mine eyes; for that, I ween, is not my charmer's voice. Where

dim. *p*

Hal.

is she? Well to ask, 'tis thee we seek. The hour is here,

Sir Christopher.

rall.

Hal. The prize is in the

the plot is rife; and now to net the prize.

cresc.

rall.

Tempo I. Maestoso.

Sir Christopher.

meno f

net! my grace hath con - - quered! Nay, she bade me come, was

dim.

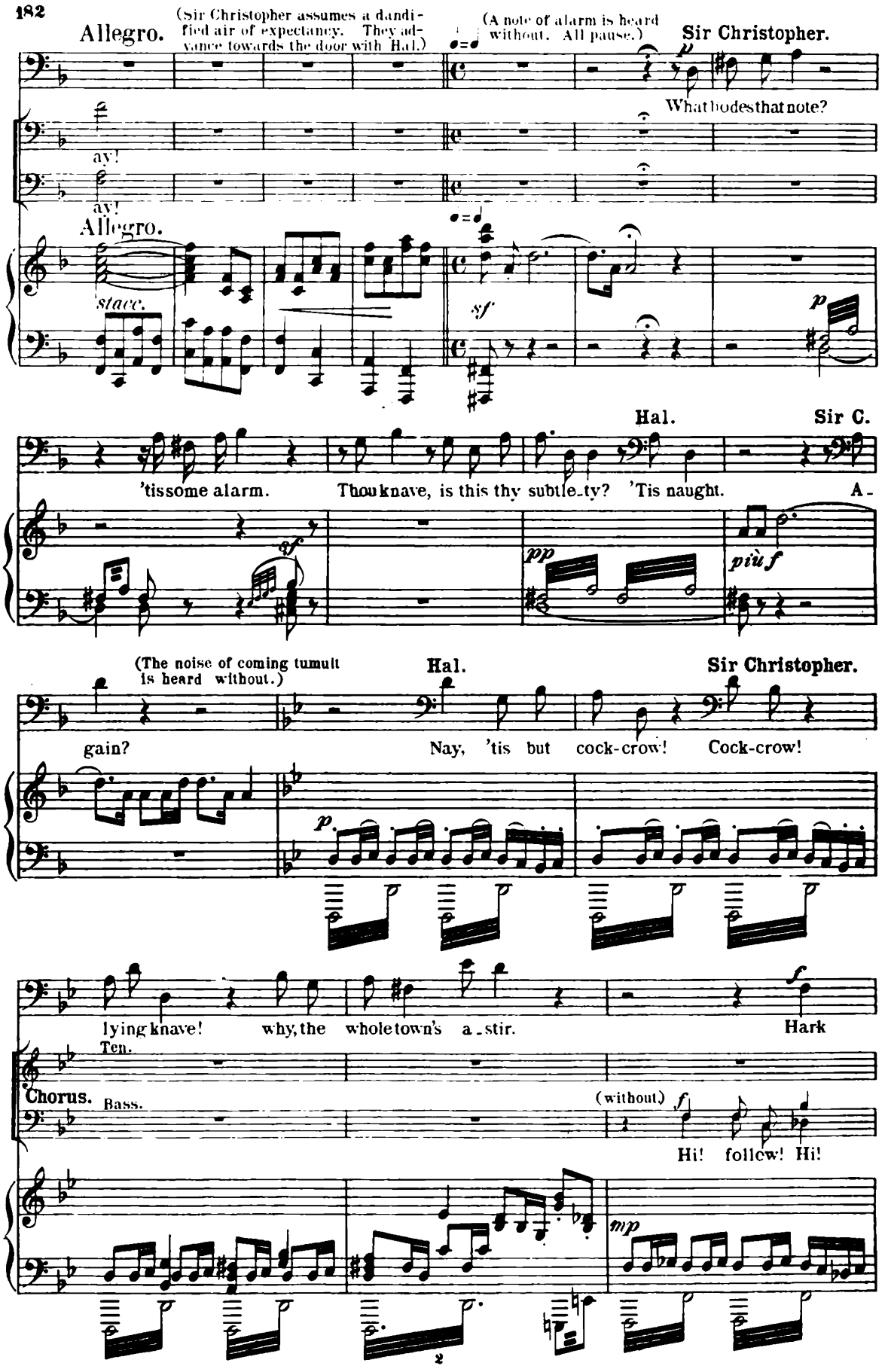
(looking about) Hal.

here but now. I wot she was; for here is her a - bode, 'tis

here, I've marked the door. So, scurvy ones, ye're rea - - dy?

Hirelings. Ready?

Ready?


Allegro.
(Sir Christopher assumes a dandified air of expectancy. They advance towards the door with Hal.)
(A note of alarm is heard without. All pause.)
Sir Christopher.
What bodes that note?
ay!
ay!
Allegro.
stacc.
sf
p
Hal.
Sir C.
'tis some alarm.
Thou knave, is this thy subtle-ty? 'Tis naught.
A-
pp
più f
(The noise of coming tumult is heard without.)
Hal.
Sir Christopher.
gain?
Nay, 'tis but cock-crow! Cock-crow!
lying knave! why, the whole town's a-stir.
Hark
Ten.
Chorus.
Bass.
(without)
Hi! follow! Hi!
mp

Hal. Sir Christopher. (He points off R.U.E.)

voices! Thou'rt right, I heard a voice! A voice, thou knave! a hundred

Seize him, seize him, follow, follow seize him,

follow seize him, seize him, follow, follow, follow, follow seize him,

(One or two townsfolk hurry in, beckoning to others to follow them, and pointing off towards L. as if in pursuit, other townsfolk, aroused by the tumult, hastily enter from all sides. Sir Christopher, bewildered at first, withdraws to back, Hal and his hirelings covering him. The Pilgrims, in a state of alarm at the disturbance, appear at the doors R. and L. and fill in the scene, which gradually becomes crowded, leaving an avenue from R. U. E. to front L.)

voi - ces! see! and here they come.

fol - low, fol - low!

follow, fol - low, follow, fol - low, fol - low, fol - low,

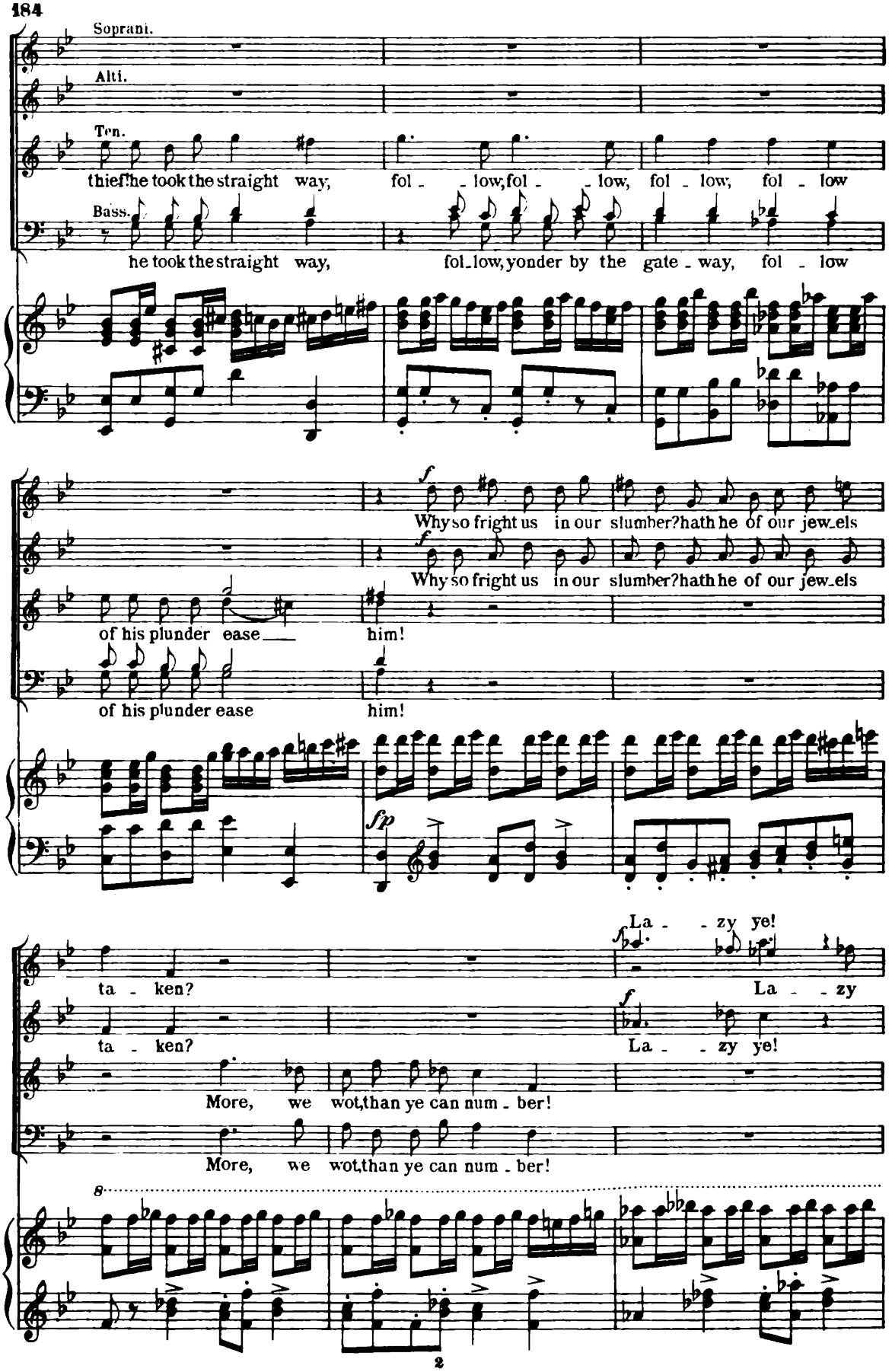
cresc.

cresc.

cresc.

fol - low, fol - - - low track him, seize him! Hi! the

fol - low, fol - - - low, follow track him, seize him! Hi! the thief!


Soprani.
Alti.
Ten.
thief! he took the straight way, fol - - low, fol - - low, fol - low, fol - low
Bass.
he took the straight way, fol - low, yonder by the gate - way, fol - low
f
Why so fright us in our slumber? hath he of our jew - els
f
Why so fright us in our slumber? hath he of our jew - els
of his plunder ease — him!
of his plunder ease him!
fp
La - - zy ye!
f
ta - ken?
La - - zy
ta - ken?
La - - zy ye!
More, we wot, than ye can num - ber!
More, we wot, than ye can num - ber!
8
2

so late to waken! Gone our jewels, whither, whither?

ye, so late to waken! Gone our jewels? Gone our jewels, whither

so late to wa - ken! Gone our jewels? Gone our jewels!

cresc.

whither went he?

went he? whither went he? fol - - - - low,

whither went he? whi - ther? fol - - - - low,

(pointing L.) Yon - - der, thi - ther, fol - - - - - -

Yon - - der, thi - ther, fol - - - - - -

Tutti.

fol - - low, fol - - low, fol - low, in the pri - son stow him,

fol - - low, fol - - low, fol - low, in the pri - son stow him,

- low, fol - low, fol - low, fol - low, fol - low, in the pri - son stow him,

- low, fol - low, fol - low, fol - low, fol - low, in the pri - son stow him,

fol - - low, fol - - low, Ken - tish staves the way shall show him,

fol - - low, fol - - low, Ken - tish staves the way shall show him,

fol-low, fol-low, fol-low, Ken - tish staves the way shall show him,

fol-low, fol-low, fol-low, Ken - tish staves the way shall show him,

8

(Enter by R. U. E. Geoffrey. He is out of breath, hurrying along, staff in hand, in the same direction as the others. A few come with him pointing on towards L.)

fol - low, fol - low, fol - low, fol - low!

fol - low, fol - low, fol - low, fol - low!

fol - low, fol - low, fol - low, fol-low!

fol - - low, fol - - low, fol - - low, fol - - low!

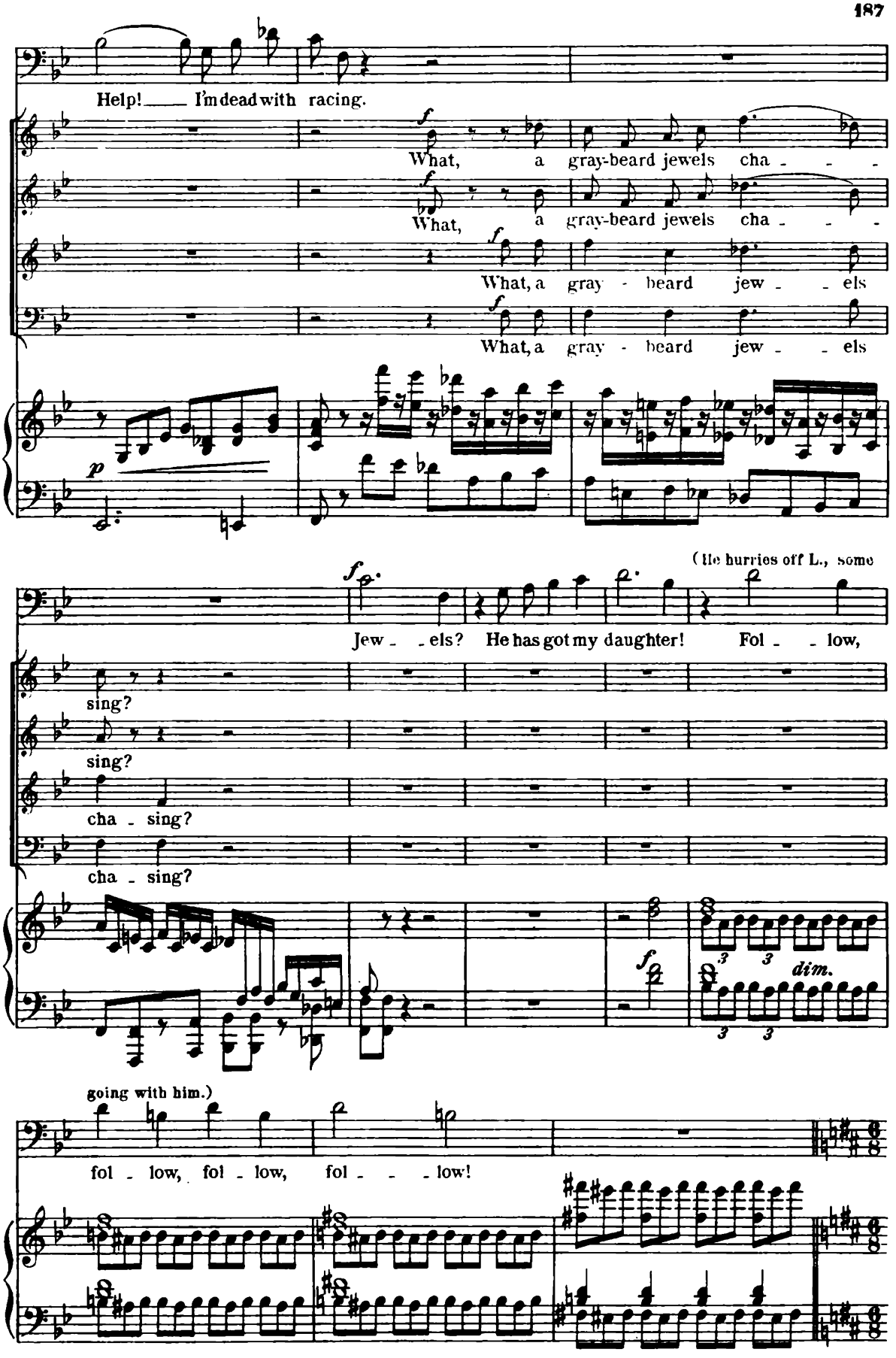
fol - low, fol-low, fol - low, fol-low!

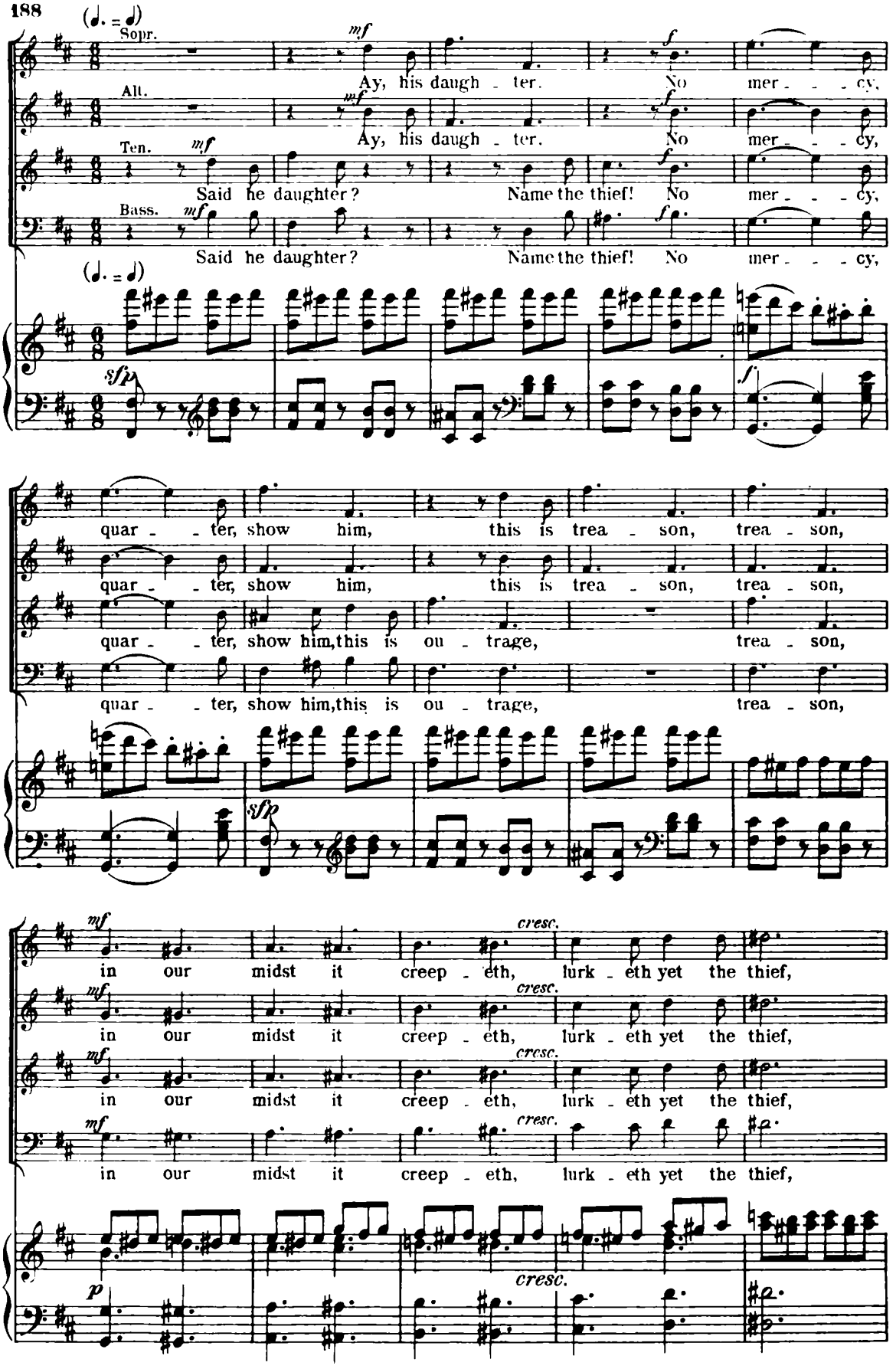
sf

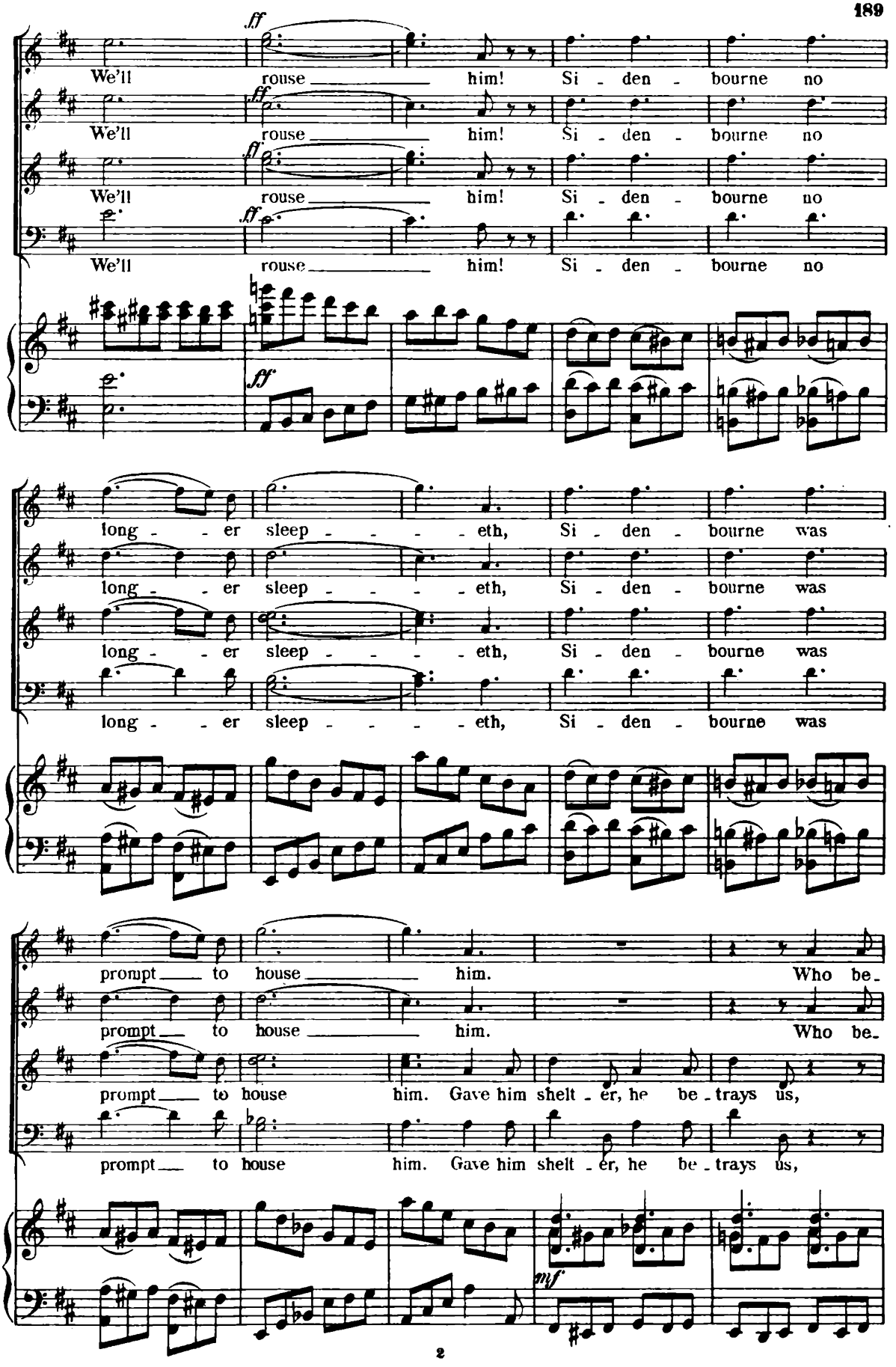
Geoffrey.

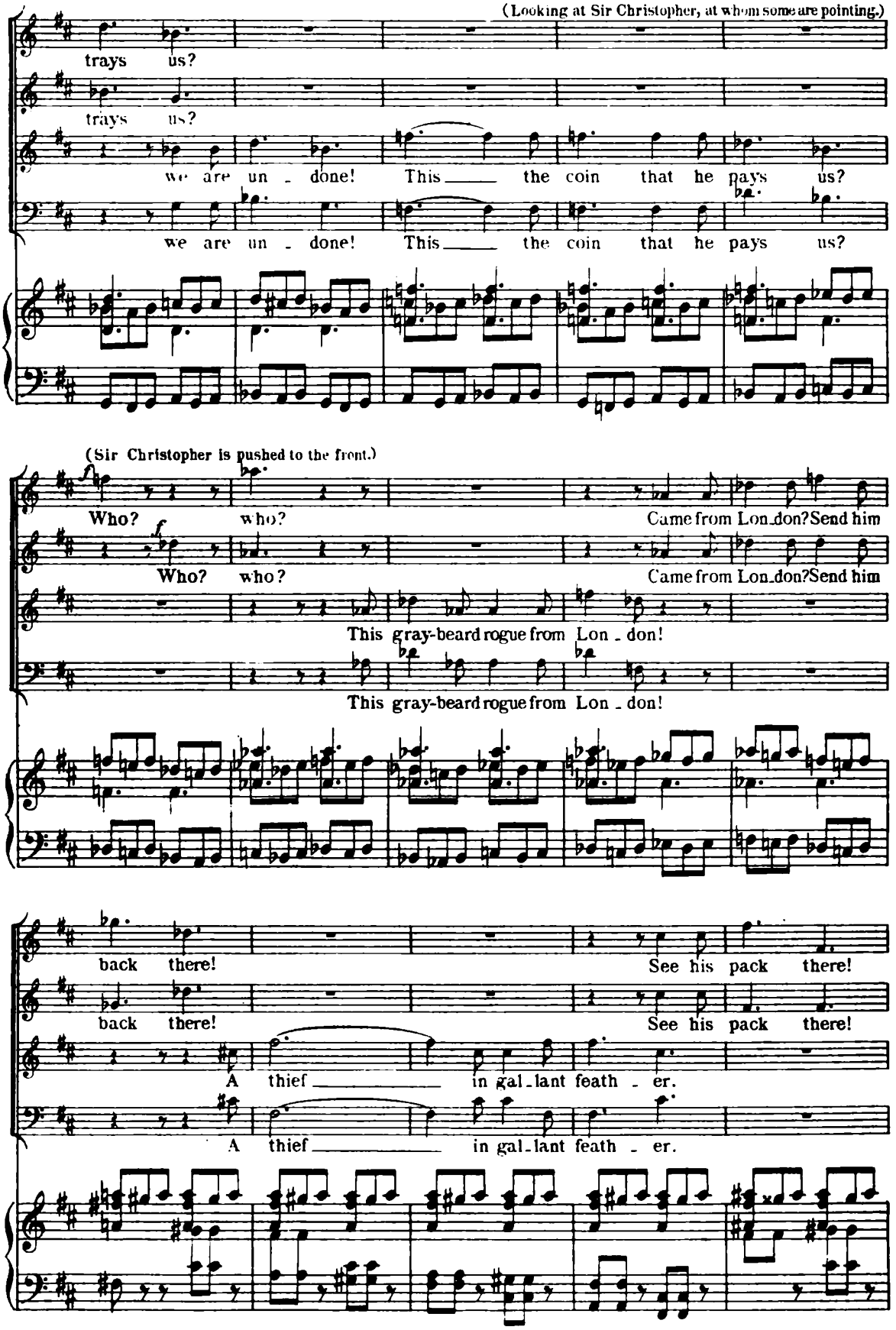
f

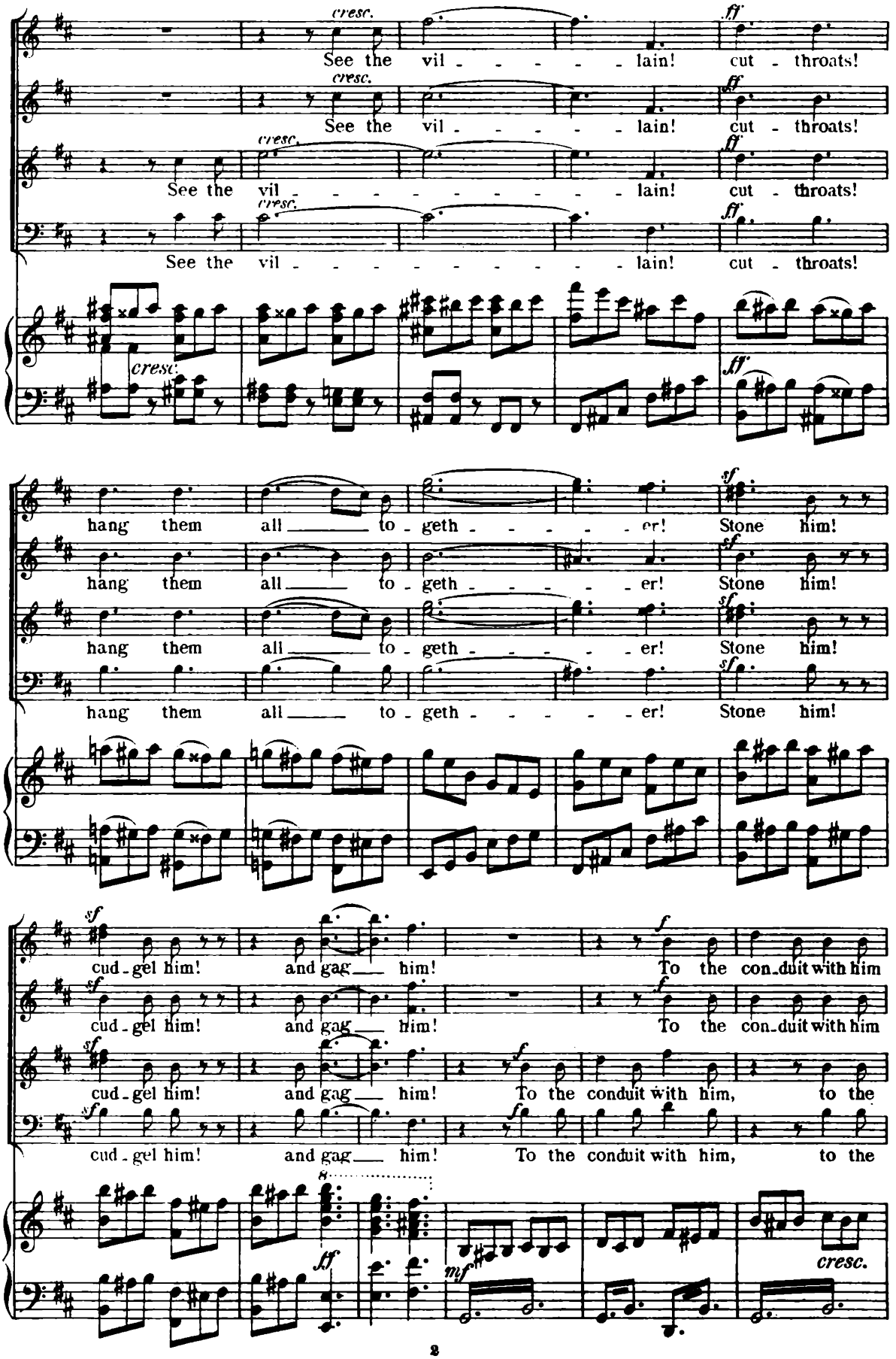
Fol - low, fol - - - low, 'twas to yon-der quarter went he!

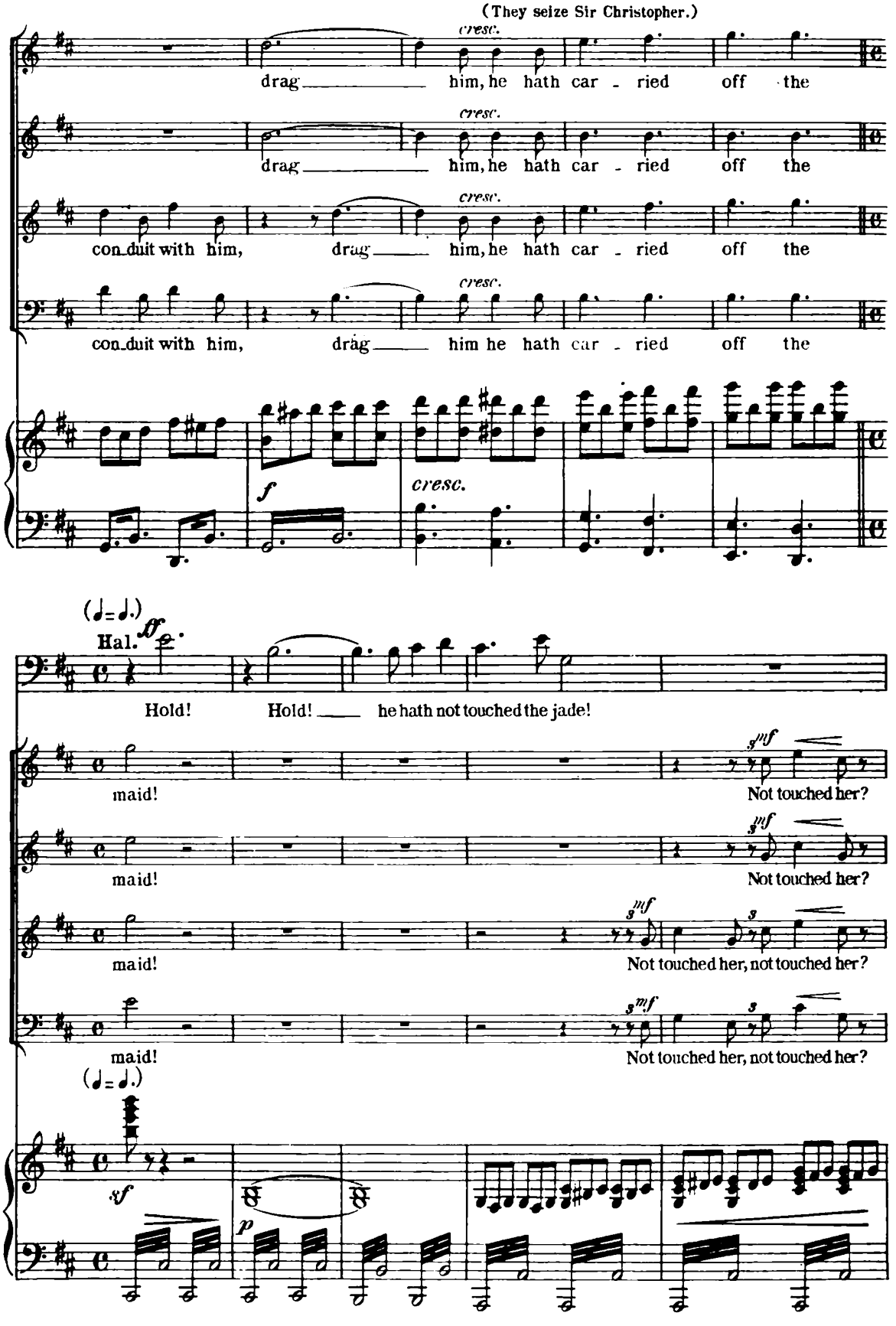

Help! I'm dead with racing.
What, a gray-beard jewels cha - - -
What, a gray-beard jewels cha - - -
What, a gray - beard jew - - els
What, a gray - beard jew - - els
(He hurries off L., some
Jew - - els? He has got my daughter! Fol - - low,
sing?
sing?
cha - sing?
cha - sing?
dim.
going with him.)
fol - low, fol - low, fol - - - low!


(♩. = ♩)
Sopr.
mf
Ay, his daugh - ter. No mer - - - cy,
Alt.
mf
Ay, his daugh - ter. No mer - - - cy,
Ten.
mf
Said he daughter? Name the thief! No mer - - - cy,
Bass.
mf
Said he daughter? Name the thief! No mer - - - cy,
(♩. = ♩)
sfp
f
quar - - ter, show him, this is trea - son, trea - son,
quar - - ter, show him, this is trea - son, trea - son,
quar - - ter, show him, this is ou - trage, trea - son,
quar - - ter, show him, this is ou - trage, trea - son,
sfp
mf
cresc.
in our midst it creep - eth, lurk - eth yet the thief,
in our midst it creep - eth, lurk - eth yet the thief,
in our midst it creep - eth, lurk - eth yet the thief,
in our midst it creep - eth, lurk - eth yet the thief,
p
cresc.


ff
We'll rouse him! Si - den - bourne no
We'll rouse him! Si - den - bourne no
We'll rouse him! Si - den - bourne no
We'll rouse him! Si - den - bourne no
ff
long - er sleep - eth, Si - den - bourne was
long - er sleep - eth, Si - den - bourne was
long - er sleep - eth, Si - den - bourne was
prompt to house him. Who be-
prompt to house him. Who be-
prompt to house him. Gave him shelt - er, he be - trays us,
prompt to house him. Gave him shelt - er, he be - trays us,
mf


(Looking at Sir Christopher, at whom some are pointing.)
trays us?
trays us?
we are un - done! This the coin that he pays us?
we are un - done! This the coin that he pays us?
(Sir Christopher is pushed to the front.)
Who? who? Came from Lon_don? Send him
Who? who? Came from Lon_don? Send him
This gray-beard rogue from Lon - don!
This gray-beard rogue from Lon - don!
back there! See his pack there!
back there! See his pack there!
A thief in gal_lant feath - er.
A thief in gal_lant feath - er.


cresc.
See the vil - - - - - lain!
ff
cut - throats!
hang them all — to - geth - - - - - er!
sf
Stone him!
cud - gel him!
and gag — him!
f
To the con - duit with him
To the conduit with him,
to the
8
mf
cresc.


(They seize Sir Christopher.)
cresc.
drag him, he hath car - ried off the
drag him, he hath car - ried off the
con-duit with him, drag him, he hath car - ried off the
con-duit with him, drag him he hath car - ried off the
f
cresc.
(♩=♩.)
Hal. ff
Hold! Hold! he hath not touched the jade!
maid! Not touched her?
maid! Not touched her?
maid! Not touched her, not touched her?
maid! Not touched her, not touched her?
(♩=♩.)
sf
p

Sir Christopher (shaking them off.)

f

Nay! 'tis true, 'tis true, I vow! naught have I done!

pp

(They let him go.)

Hal.

(He indicates house at back.)

f

But how, ye fools? the maid is

Sopr. *p*

Nay, nay, 'tis clear he car-ried off the maid!

Alt. *p*

Nay, nay, 'tis clear he car-ried off the maid!

Ten. *p*

Nay, nay, 'tis clear he car-ried off the maid!

Bass. *p*

Nay, nay, 'tis clear he car-ried off the maid!

cresc.

mf

p

(The crowd fall back on one side, leaving an avenue up to it.)

(aside to Sir Christopher)

p

(to the crowd)

f

safe and here! The door chalked I. With - in is

f

Sir Christopher (gaining confidence.)

she. In sooth, good folk; and wait - ing me!

mp The maid with - in, and

mp The maid with - in, and

mp The maid with - in, and

mp The maid within, and

p

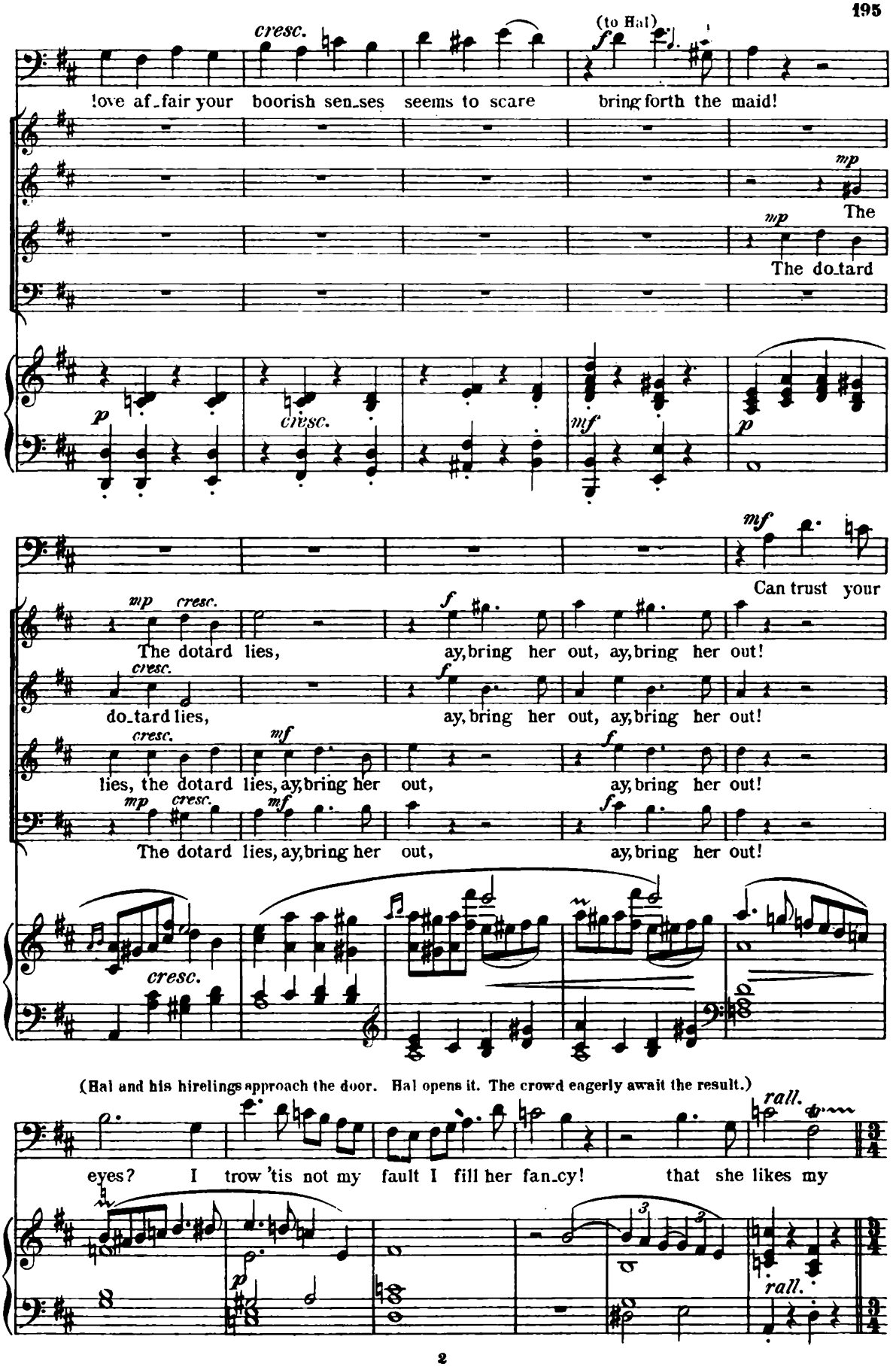
mf *p* May - be her whim, but since a sim - ple

waiting him, the dotard raves!

waiting him, the dotard raves!

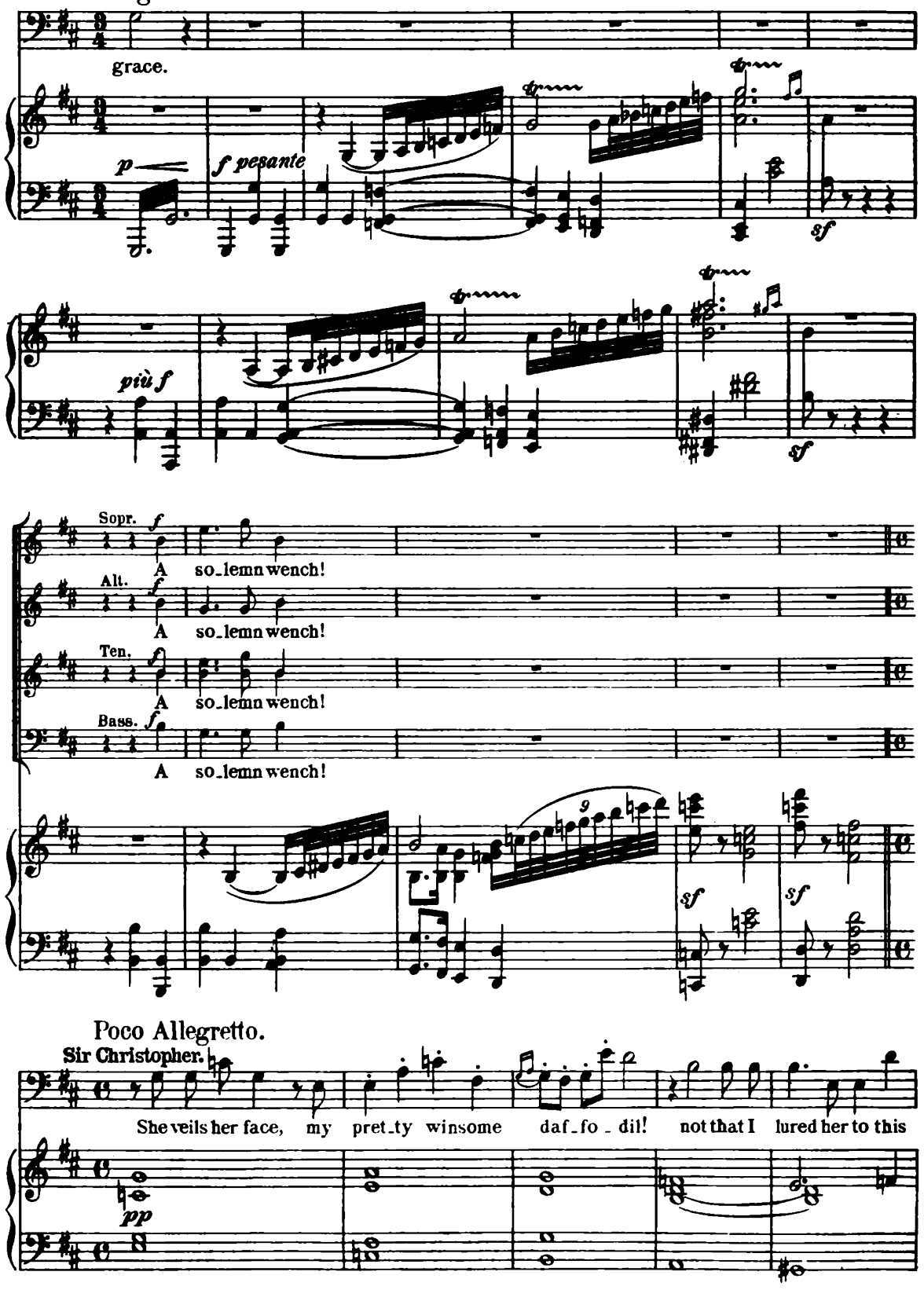
waiting him, the dotard raves, he raves!

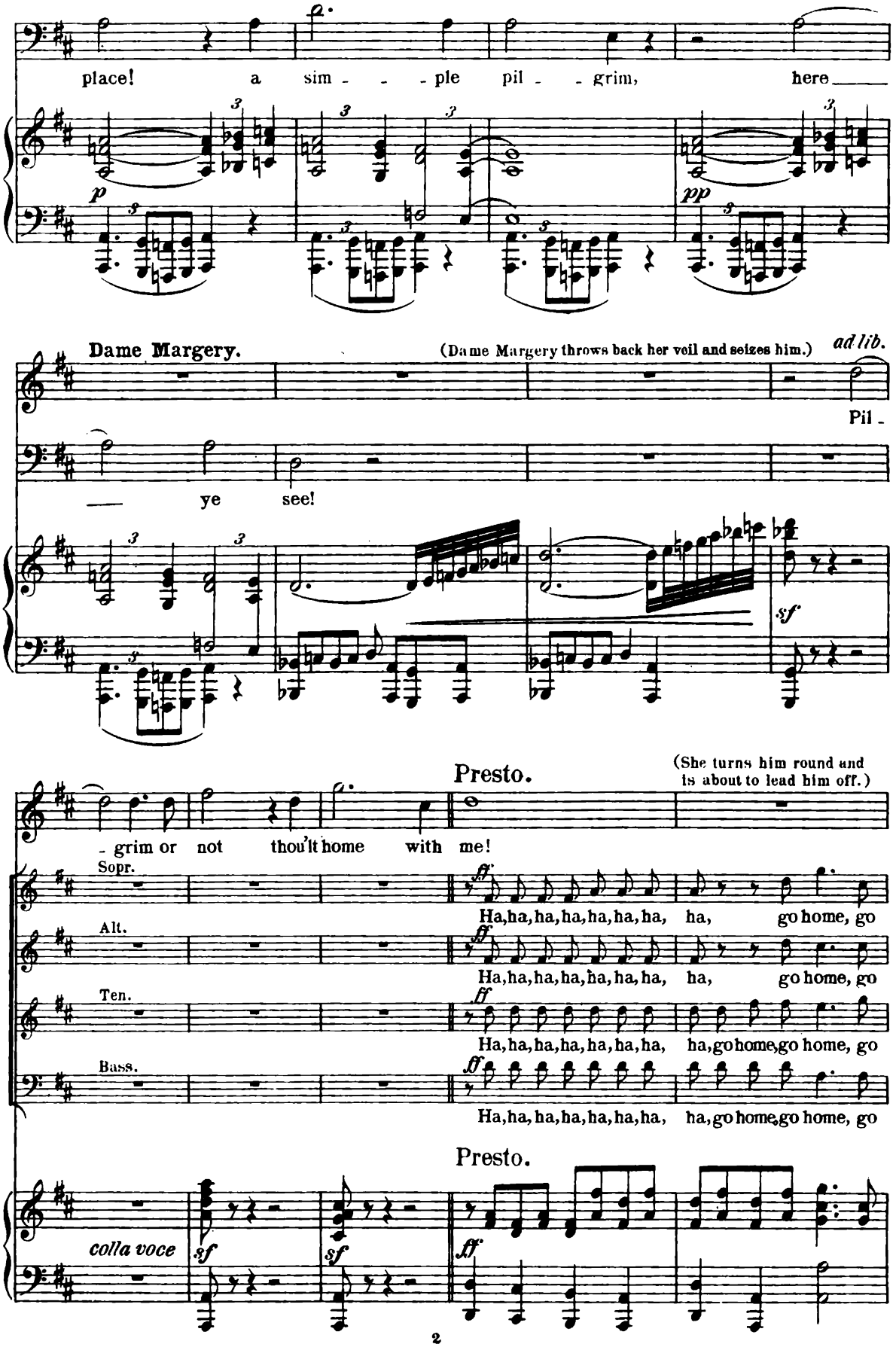
waiting him, the dotard raves, he raves!

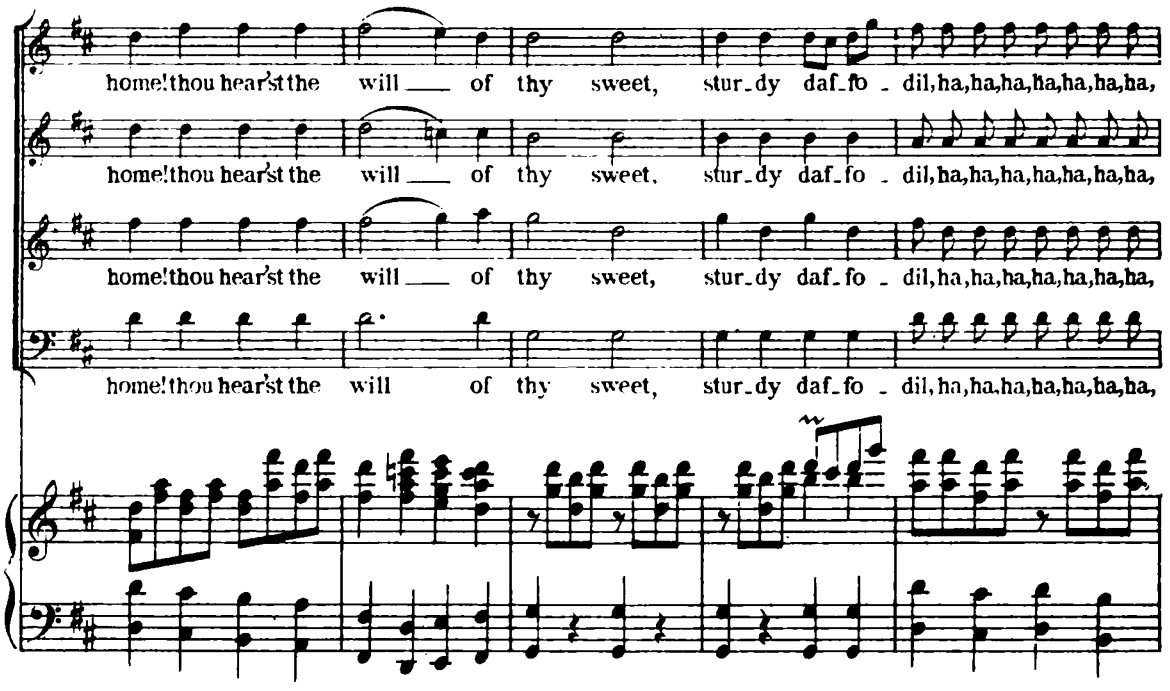

cresc.
(to Hal)
love af_fair your boorish sen_ses seems to scare bring forth the maid!
mp
The
mp
The do_tard
p
cresc.
mf
p
mf
Can trust your
mp cresc.
The dotard lies, ay, bring her out, ay, bring her out!
cresc.
do_tard lies, ay, bring her out, ay, bring her out!
cresc.
mf
lies, the dotard lies, ay, bring her out, ay, bring her out!
mp cresc.
mf
The dotard lies, ay, bring her out, ay, bring her out!
cresc.
(Hal and his hirelings approach the door. Hal opens it. The crowd eagerly await the result.)
rall.
eyes? I trow 'tis not my fault I fill her fan_cy! that she likes my
p
rall.

Dame Margery emerges. She has discarded her disguise, and now wears a handsome dress, but conceals her features with a white veil. She advances slowly but directly towards Sir Christopher. The crowd make way.

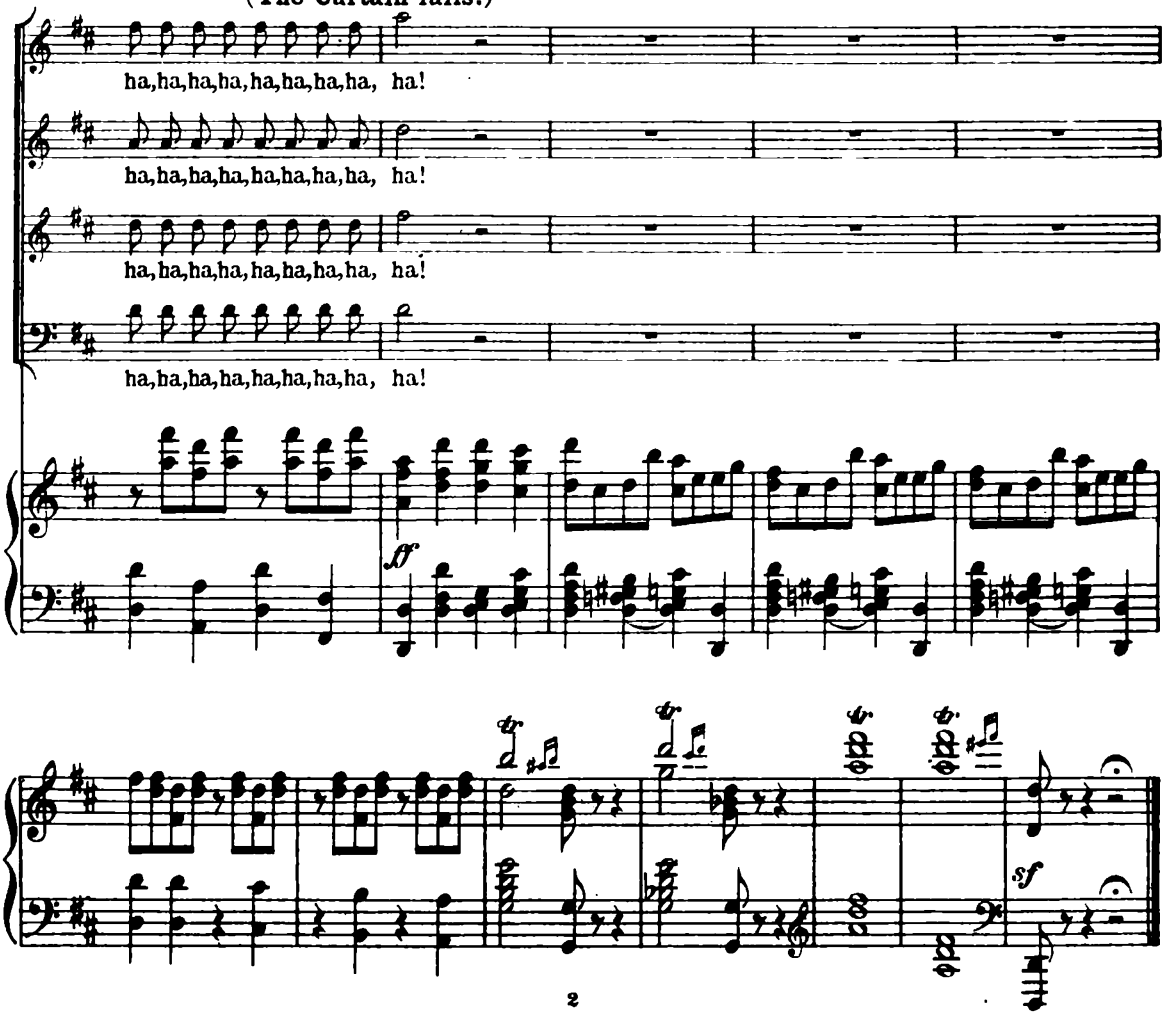
Adagio Maestoso.




place! a sim - - - ple pil - - grim, here
p
pp
Dame Margery.
(Dame Margery throws back her veil and seizes him.)
ad lib.
Pil -
ye see!
sf
Presto.
(She turns him round and is about to lead him off.)
- grim or not thou'lt home with me!
Sopr.
Alt.
Ten.
Bass.
ff
Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, go home, go
Presto.
colla voce
sf
ff

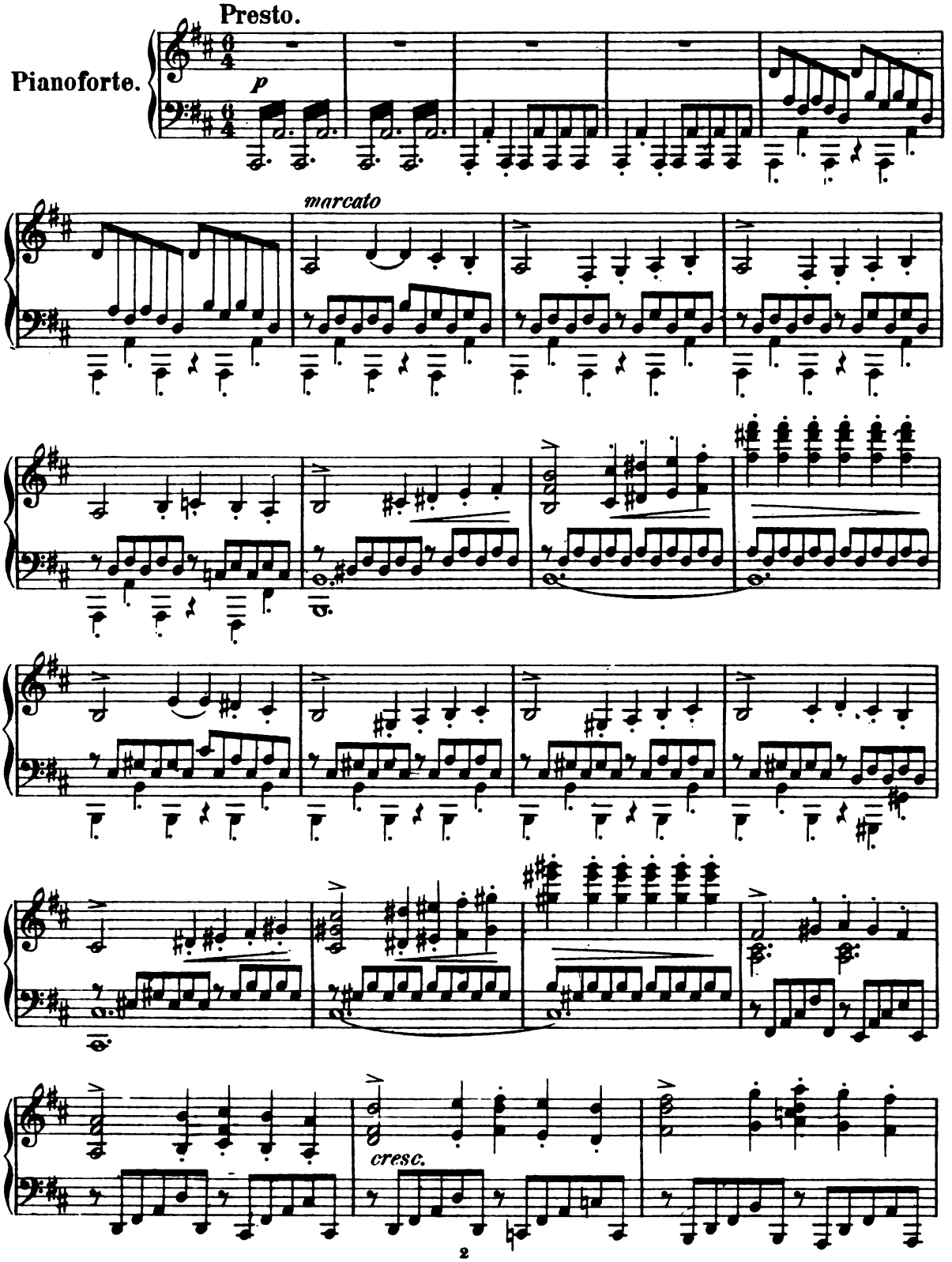


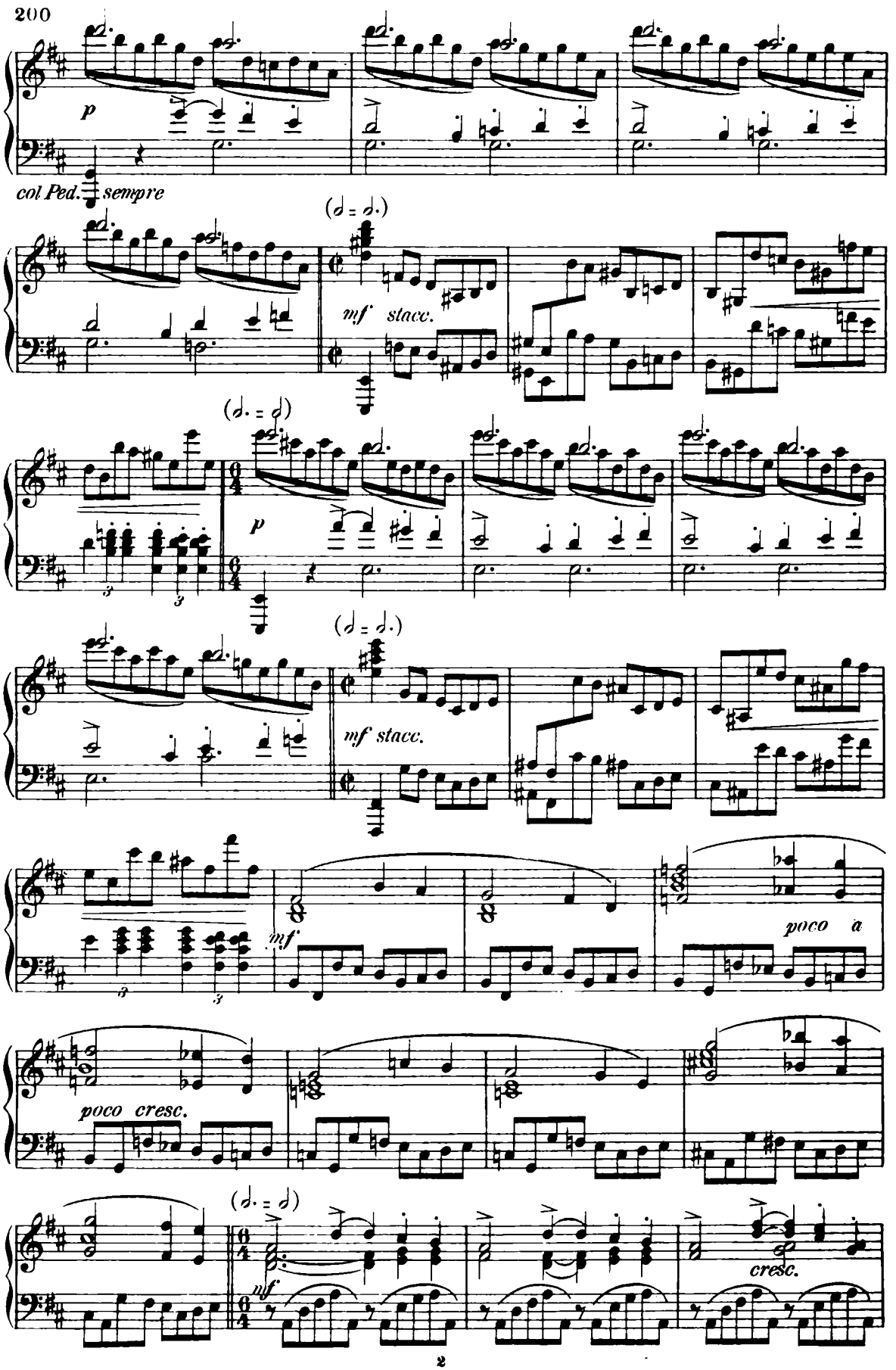
(The Curtain falls.)

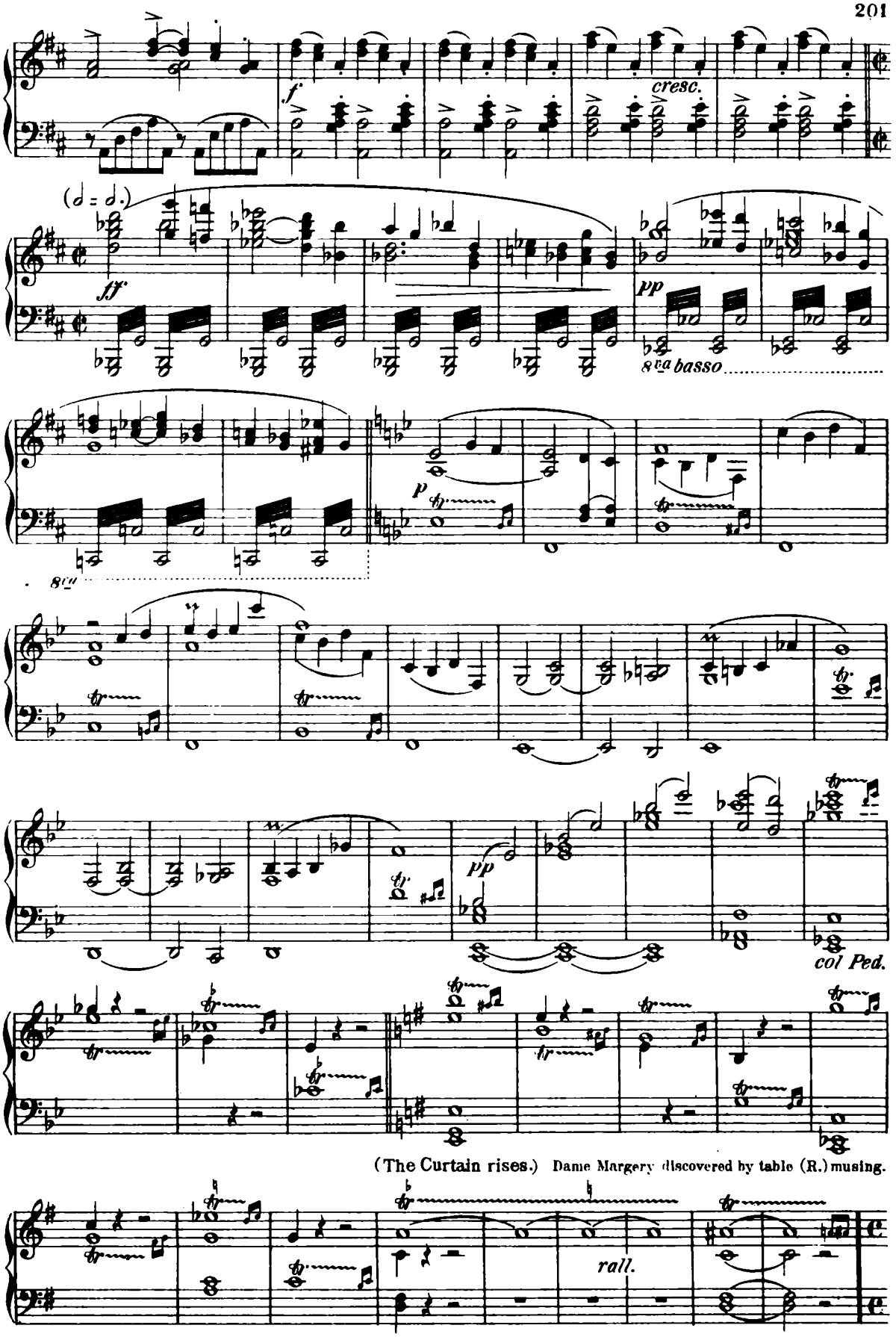


Act III.

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.



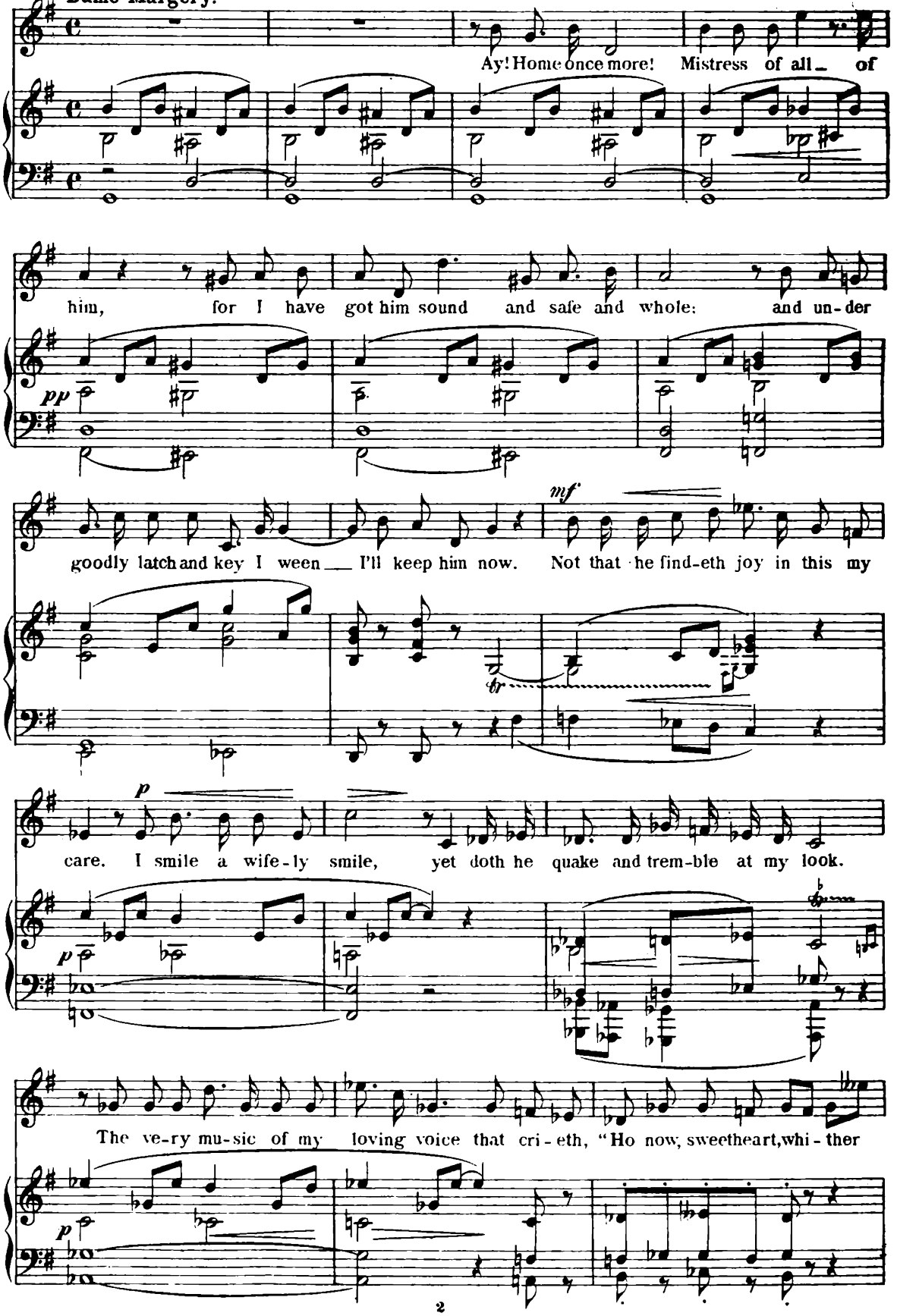

p
col Ped. sempre
sempre
(𝅗𝅥 = 𝅗𝅥.)
mf stacc.
(𝅗𝅥. = 𝅗𝅥)
p
(𝅗𝅥 = 𝅗𝅥.)
mf stacc.
mf
poco a
poco cresc.
(𝅗𝅥. = 𝅗𝅥)
mf
cresc.

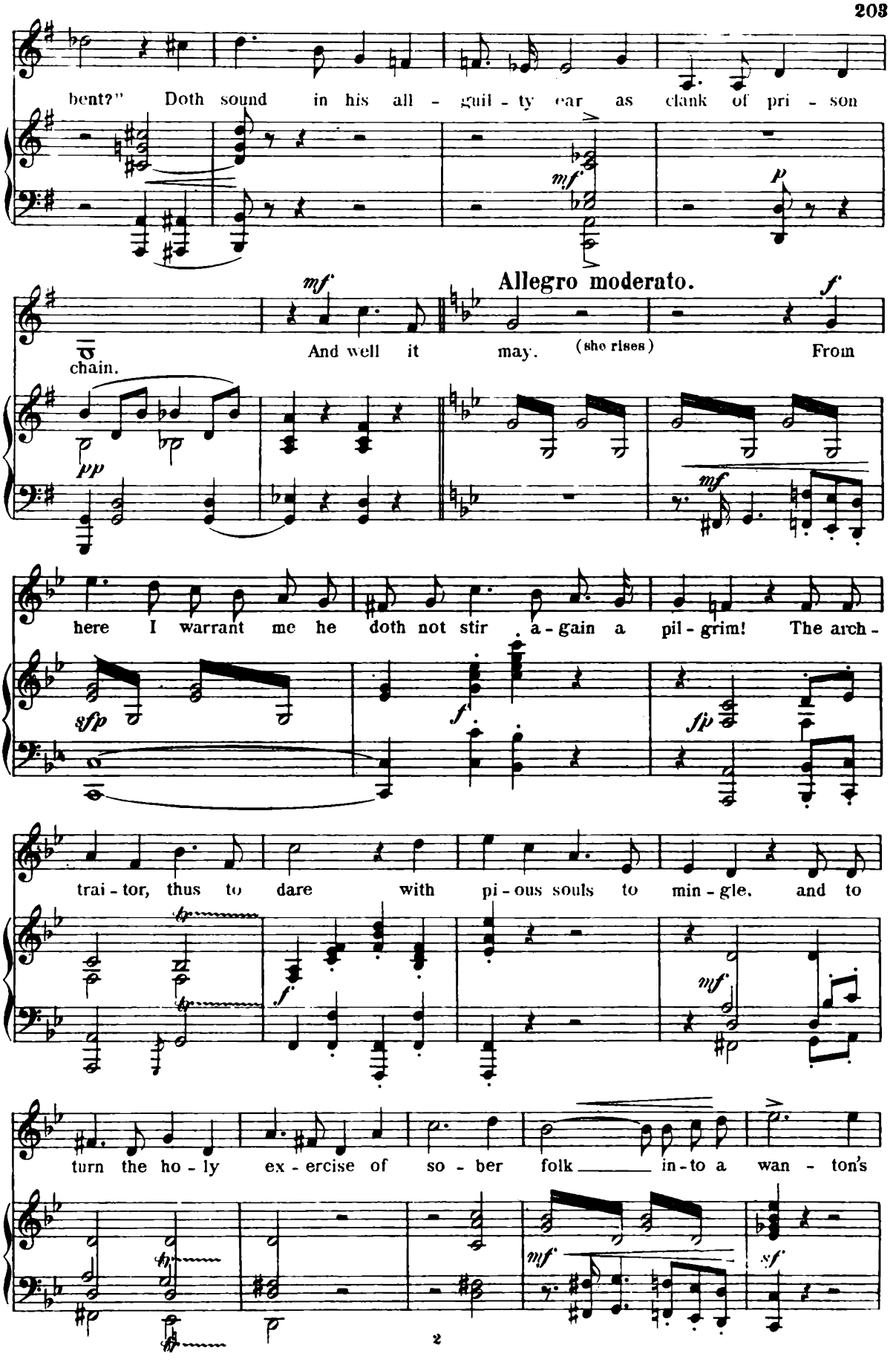

cresc.
(𝅗𝅥 = 𝅗𝅥.)
ff
pp
8va basso
p
8va
pp
col Ped.
(The Curtain rises.) Dame Margery discovered by table (R.) musing.
rall.

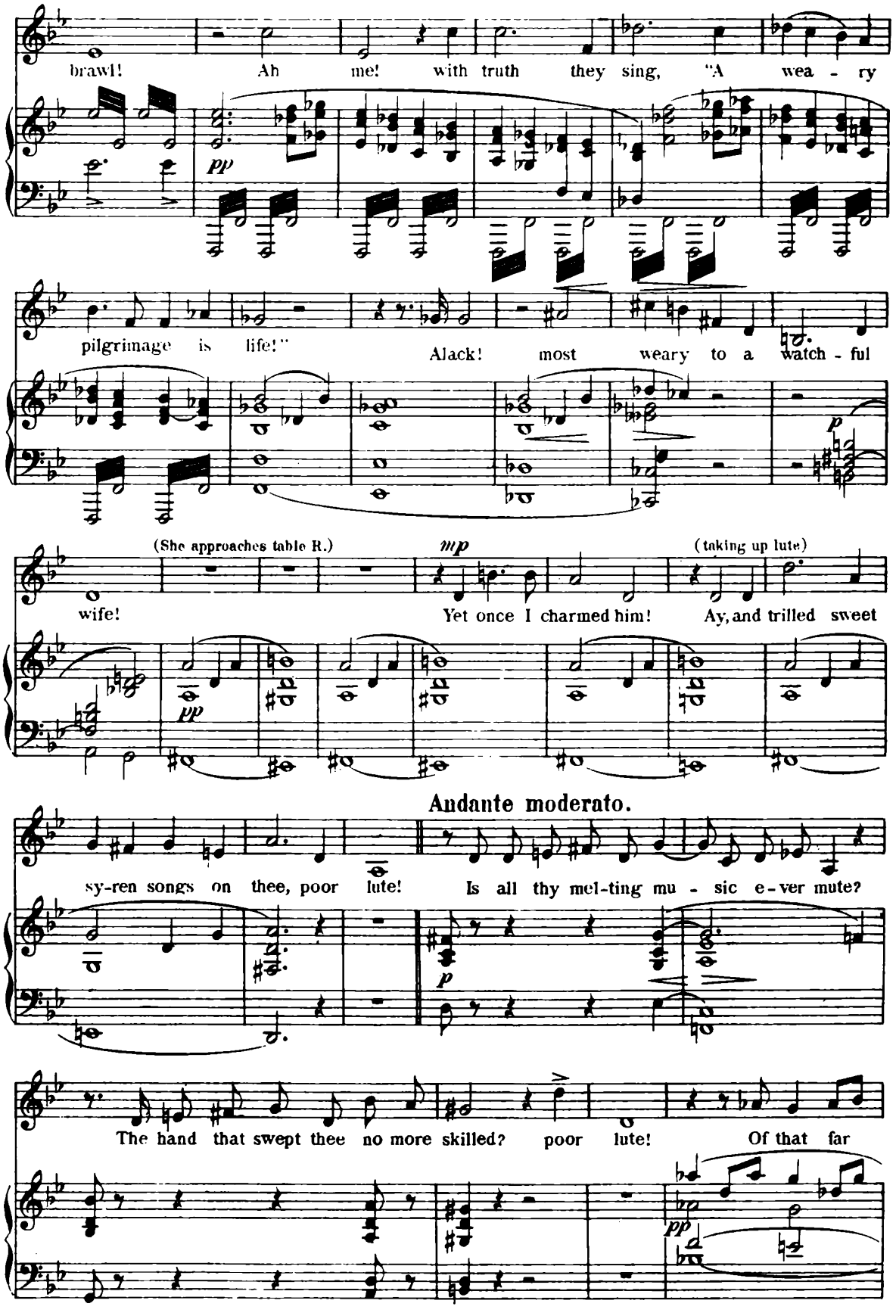
Adagio.

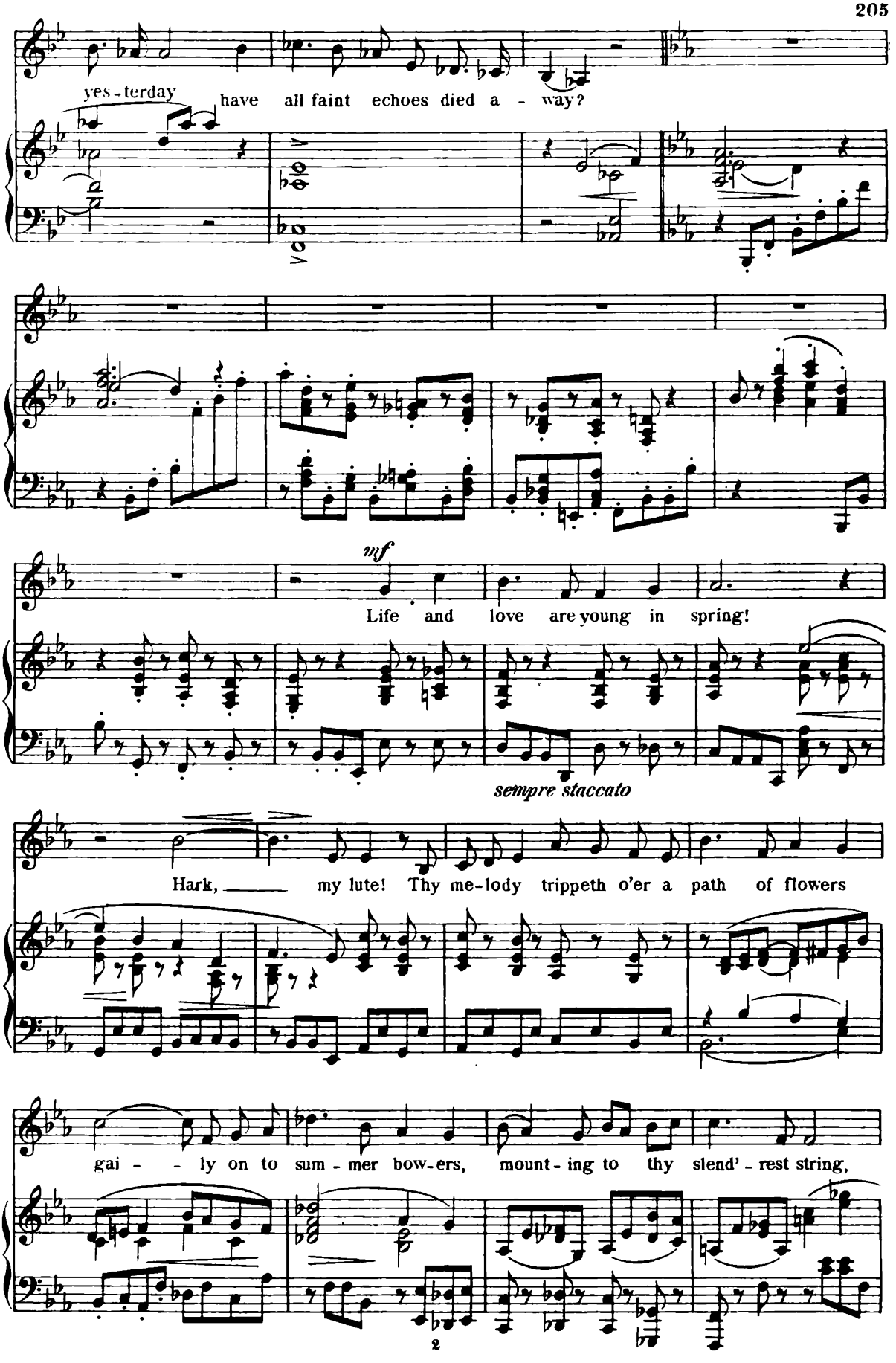
Dame Margery.

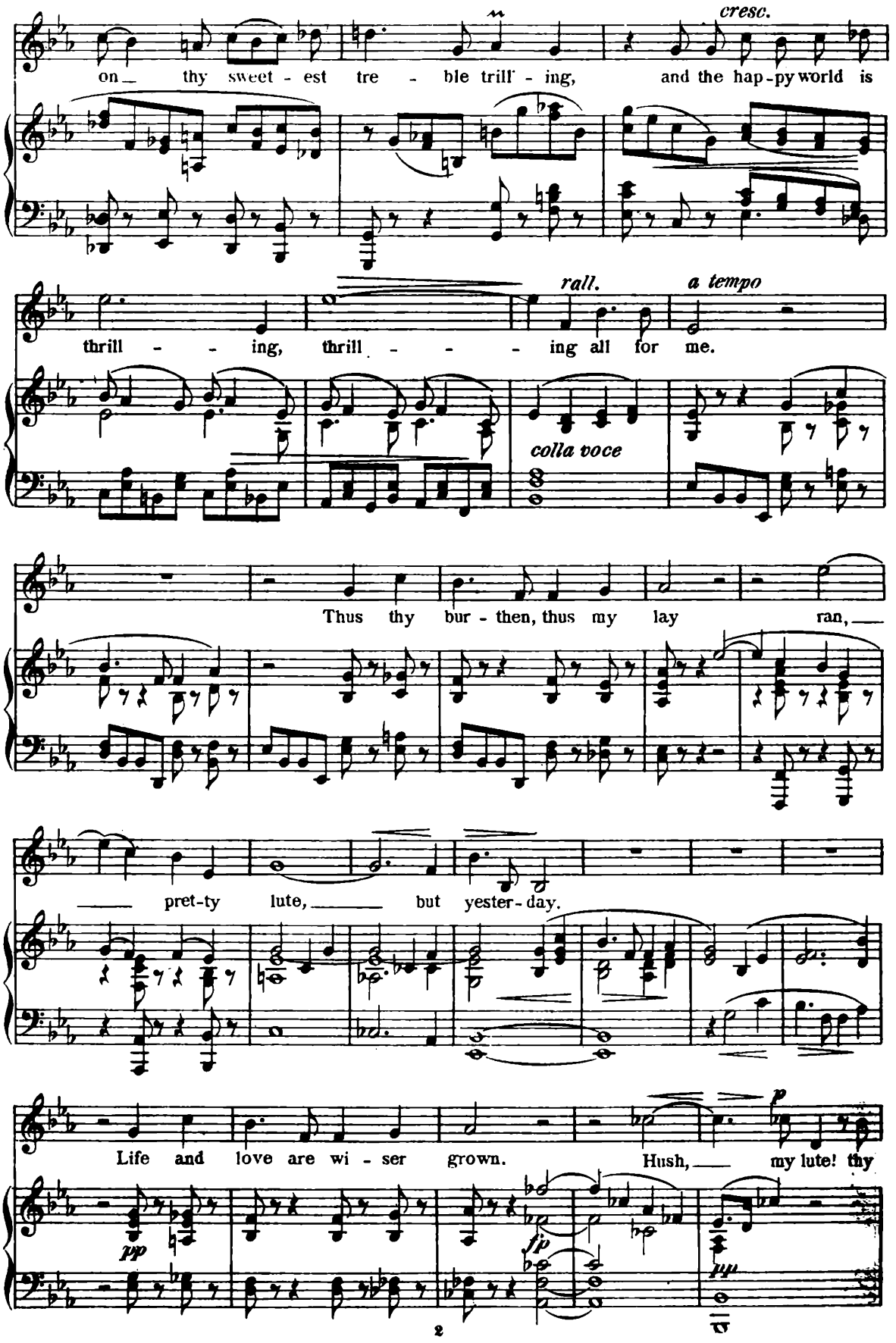
Scene I.

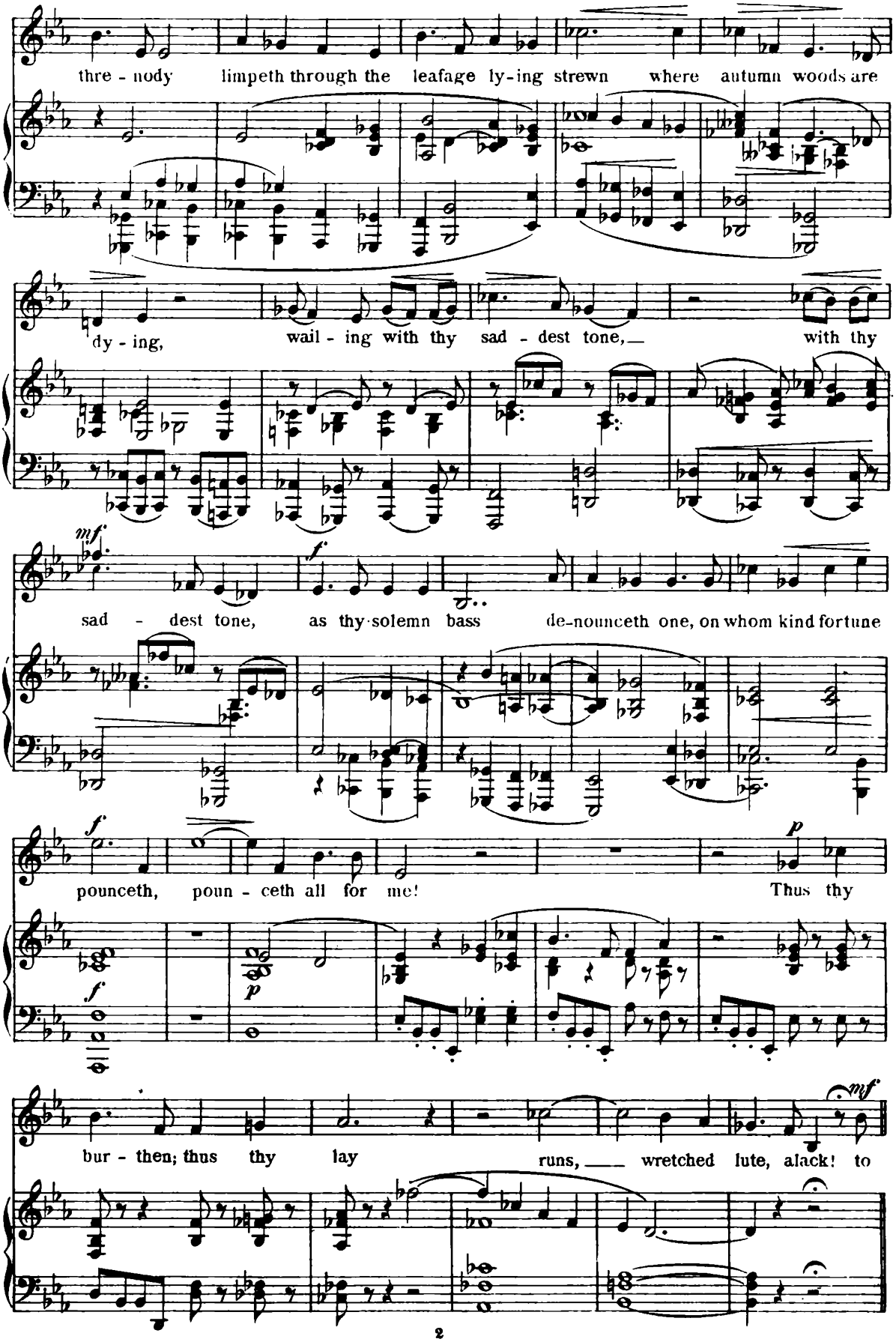


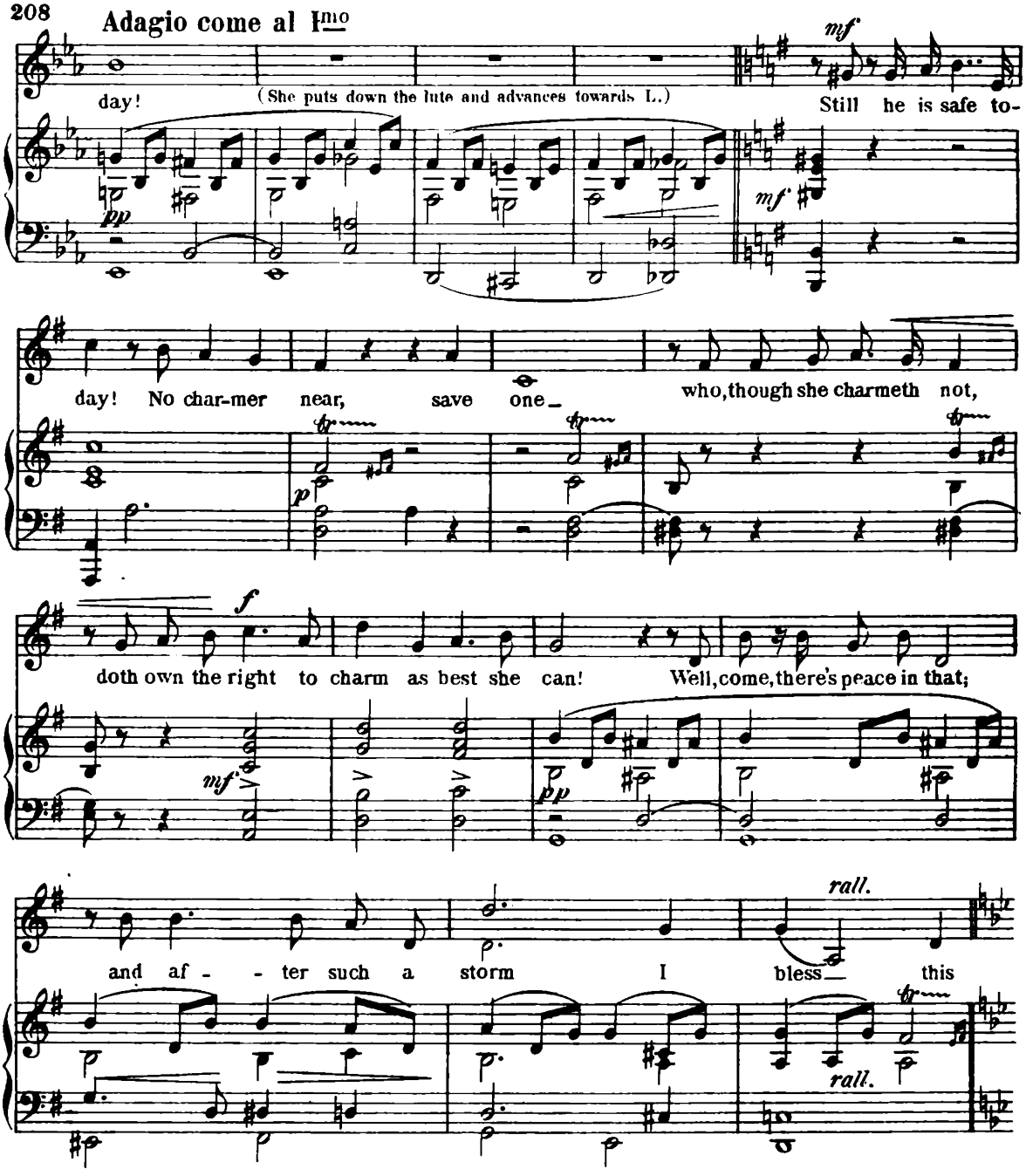

bent?" Doth sound in his all - guil - ty ear as clank of pri - son
mf
p
Allegro moderato.
mf
f
chain.
And well it may. (she rises) From
pp
mf
here I warrant me he doth not stir a - gain a pil - grim! The arch -
sfp
f
fp
trai - tor, thus to dare with pi - ous souls to min - gle, and to
f
mf
turn the ho - ly ex - ercise of so - ber folk in - to a wan - ton's
mf
sf


brawl! Ah me! with truth they sing, "A wea - ry
pp
pilgrimage is life!" Alack! most weary to a watch - ful
p
(She approaches table R.)
mp
(taking up lute)
wife! Yet once I charmed him! Ay, and trilled sweet
pp
Andante moderato.
sy-ren songs on thee, poor lute! Is all thy mel-ting mu - sic e-ver mute?
p
The hand that swept thee no more skilled? poor lute! Of that far
pp

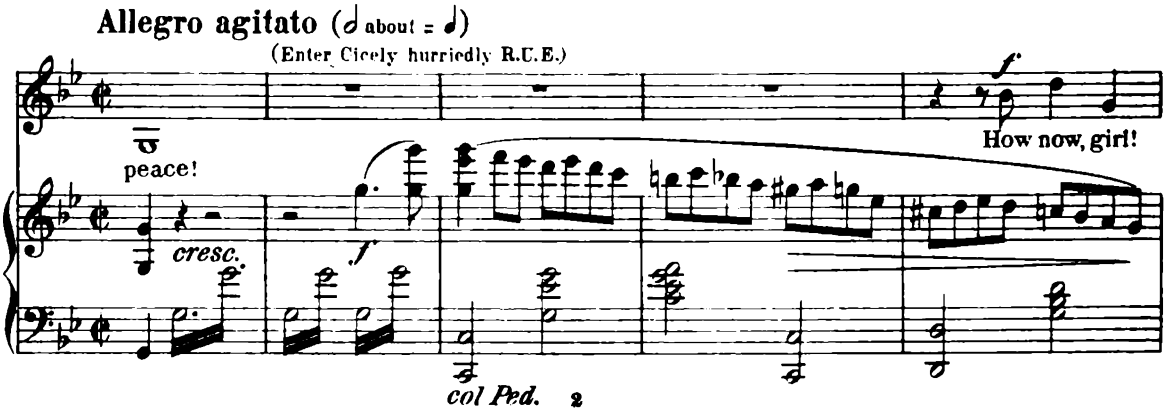

yes - terday have all faint echoes died a - way?
mf
Life and love are young in spring!
sempre staccato
Hark, my lute! Thy me-lody trippeth o'er a path of flowers
gai - - ly on to sum - mer bow-ers, mount - ing to thy slend' - rest string,

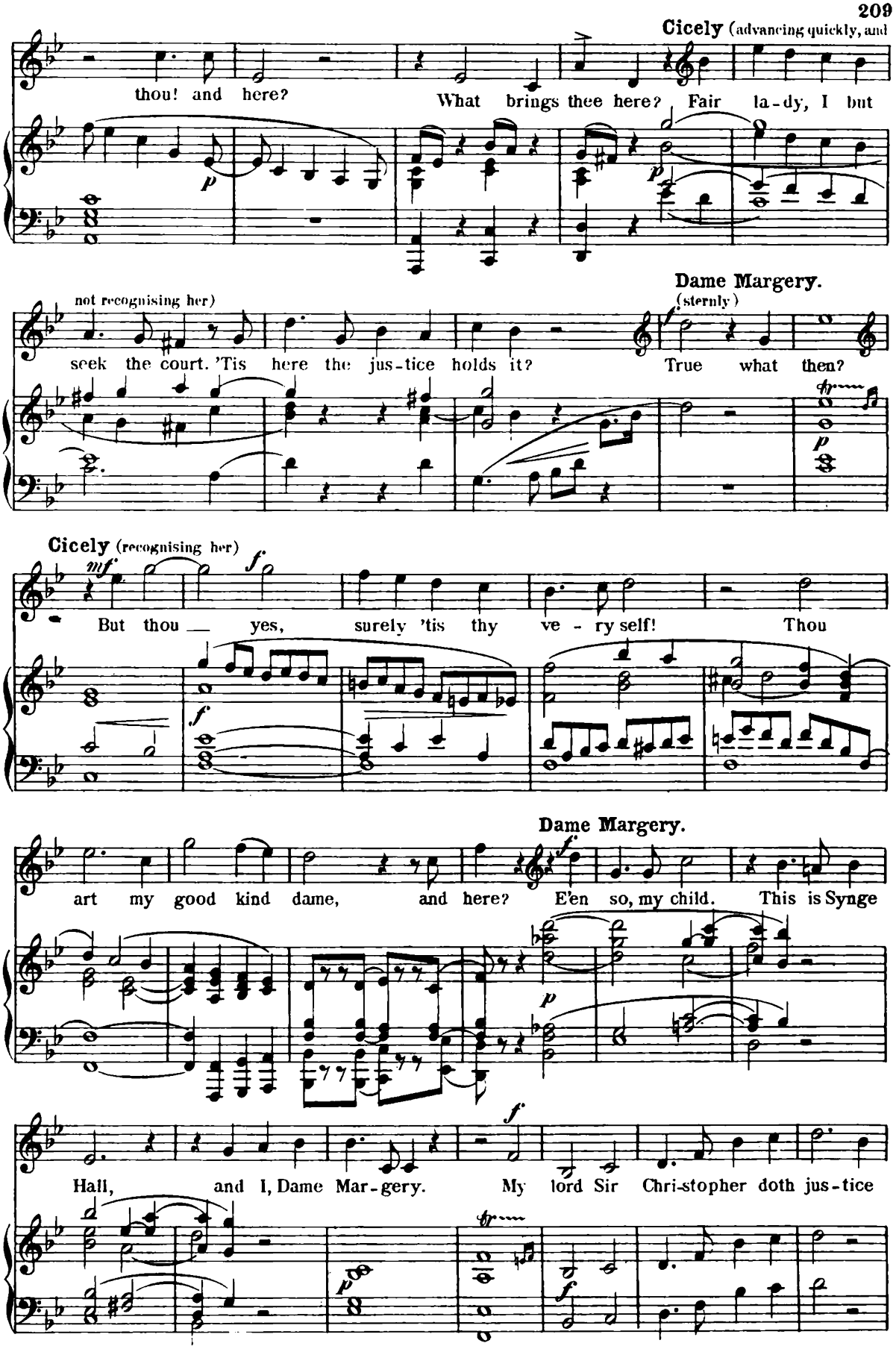

cresc.
on thy sweet - est tre - ble trill' - ing, and the hap - py world is
rall.
a tempo
thrill - - ing, thrill - - - ing all for me.
colla voce
Thus thy bur - then, thus my lay ran,
pret-ty lute, but yester-day.
Life and love are wi - ser grown. Hush, my lute! thy
pp
fp
p

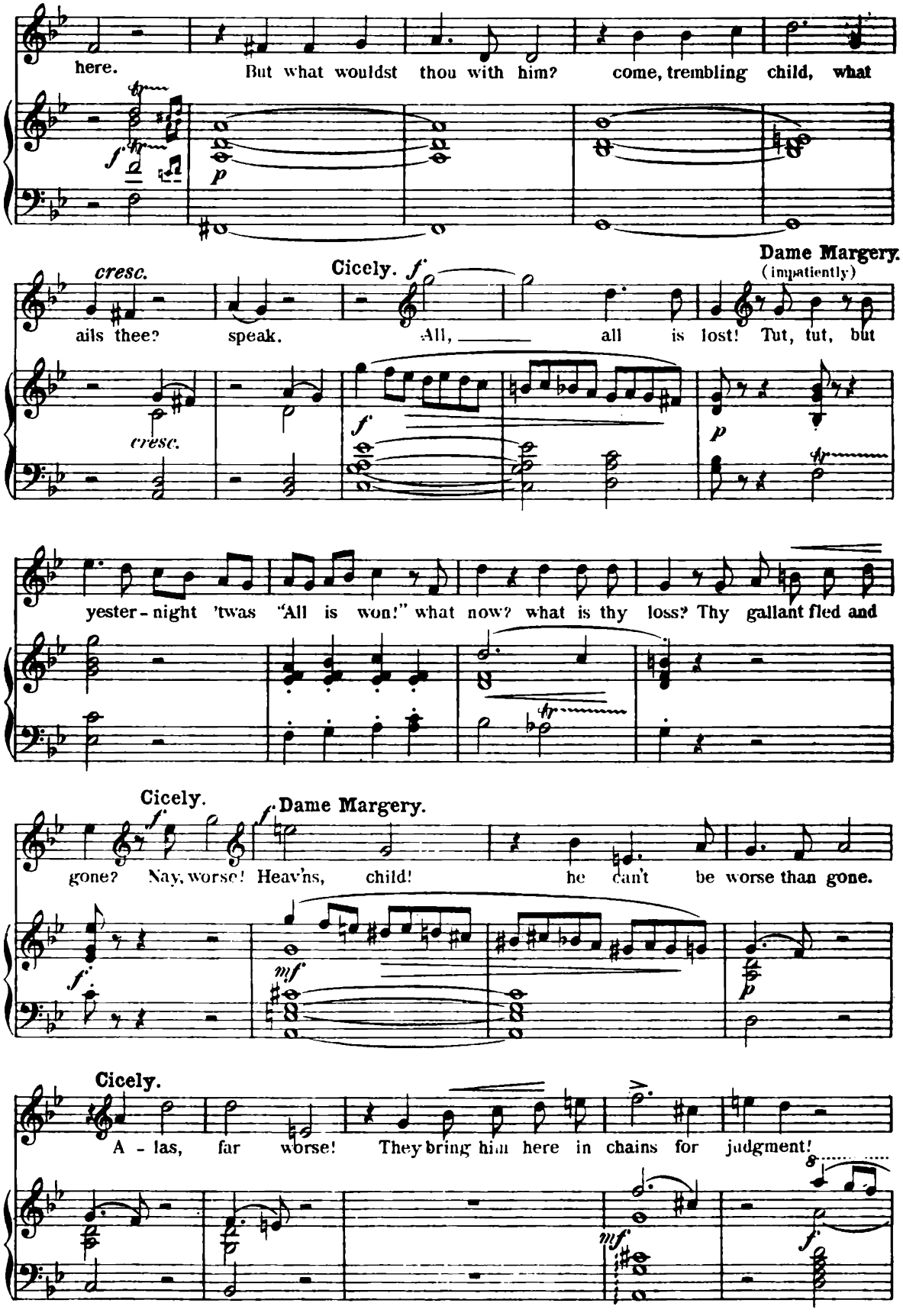

thre - nody limpeth through the leafage ly-ing strewn where autumn woods are
dy - ing, wail - ing with thy sad - dest tone, with thy
mf
sad - dest tone, f as thy solemn bass de-nounceth one, on whom kind fortune
f
pounceth, poun - ceth all for me! p Thus thy
f
p
bur - then; thus thy lay runs, wretched lute, alack! to
mf

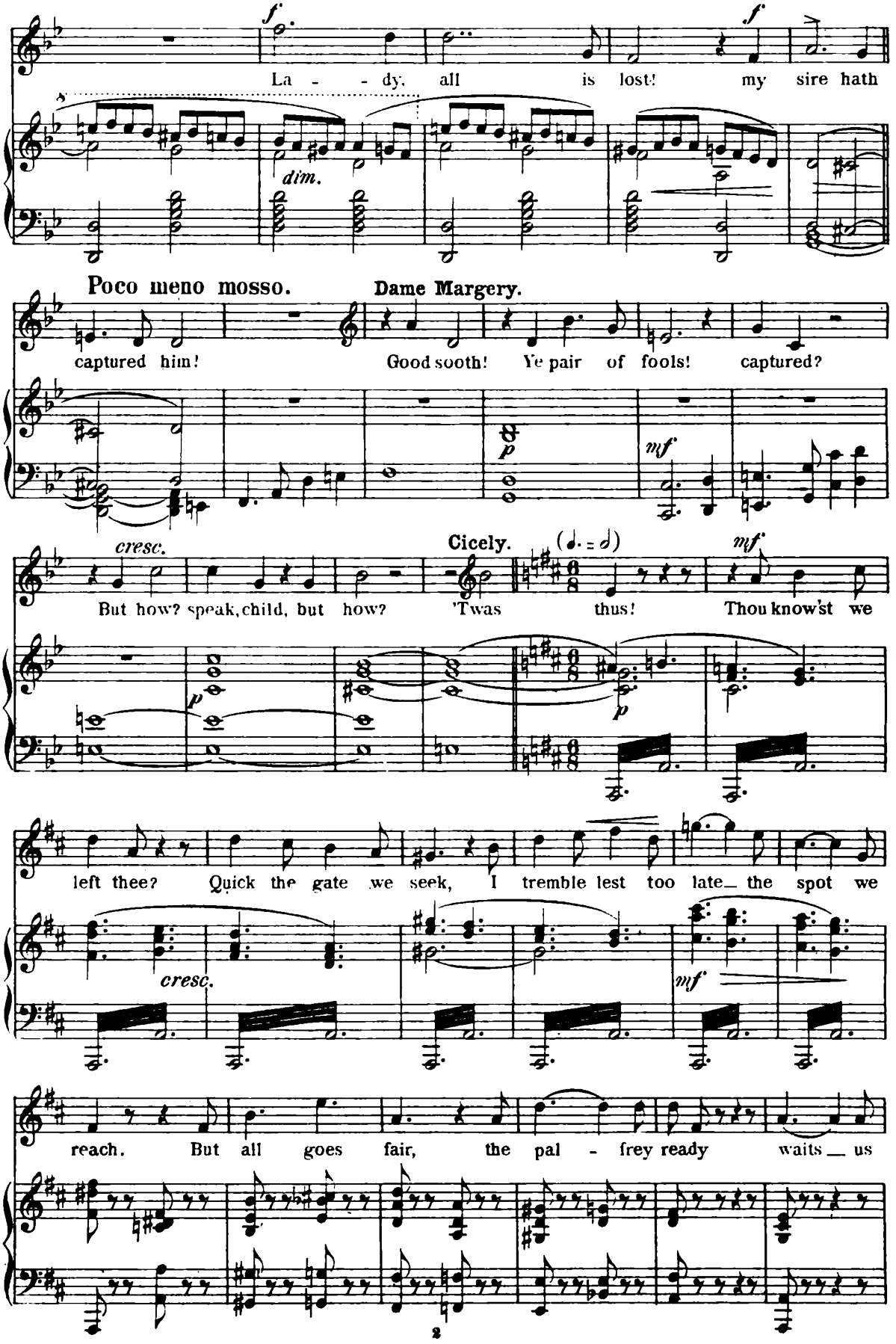

Adagio come al I^mo
day!
(She puts down the lute and advances towards L.)
Still he is safe to-
day! No char-mer near, save one
who, though she charmeth not,
doth own the right to charm as best she can!
Well, come, there's peace in that;
and af - - ter such a storm I bless this
rall.
rall.

Scene II.


Allegro agitato (𝅗𝅥 about = 𝅗𝅥)
(Enter Cicely hurriedly R.C.E.)
peace!
How now, girl!
cresc.
col Ped.


Cicely (advancing quickly, and
thou! and here?
What brings thee here? Fair la-dy, I but
Dame Margery.
(sternly)
not recognising her)
seek the court. 'Tis here the jus-tice holds it?
True what then?
Cicely (recognising her)
But thou — yes, surely 'tis thy ve - ry self!
Thou
Dame Margery.
art my good kind dame, and here?
E'en so, my child. This is Synge
Hall, and I, Dame Mar-gery.
My lord Sir Chri-stopher doth jus-tice


here.
But what wouldst thou with him? come, trembling child, what
cresc.
Cicely. f
Dame Margery.
(impatiently)
ails thee? speak. All, all is lost! Tut, tut, but
yester-night 'twas "All is won!" what now? what is thy loss? Thy gallant fled and
Cicely.
Dame Margery.
gone? Nay, worse! Heav'ns, child! he can't be worse than gone.
Cicely.
A - las, far worse! They bring him here in chains for judgment!


f
La - - dy, all is lost! my sire hath
dim.
Poco meno mosso.
Dame Margery.
captured him! Good sooth! Ye pair of fools! captured?
p
mf
cresc.
Cicely.
But how? speak, child, but how? 'Twas thus! Thou know'st we
left thee? Quick the gate we seek, I tremble lest too late the spot we
reach. But all goes fair, the pal - frey ready waits us

there. We mount, we fly, and fleet as the wind we cross the bridge, and we reach the

stacc. *mp*

ridge, nor heed a cry nor sound of a horn that wakes the morn; for a-

cresc.

way we're borne and greet the day. Swifter, swif-ter, a-way,

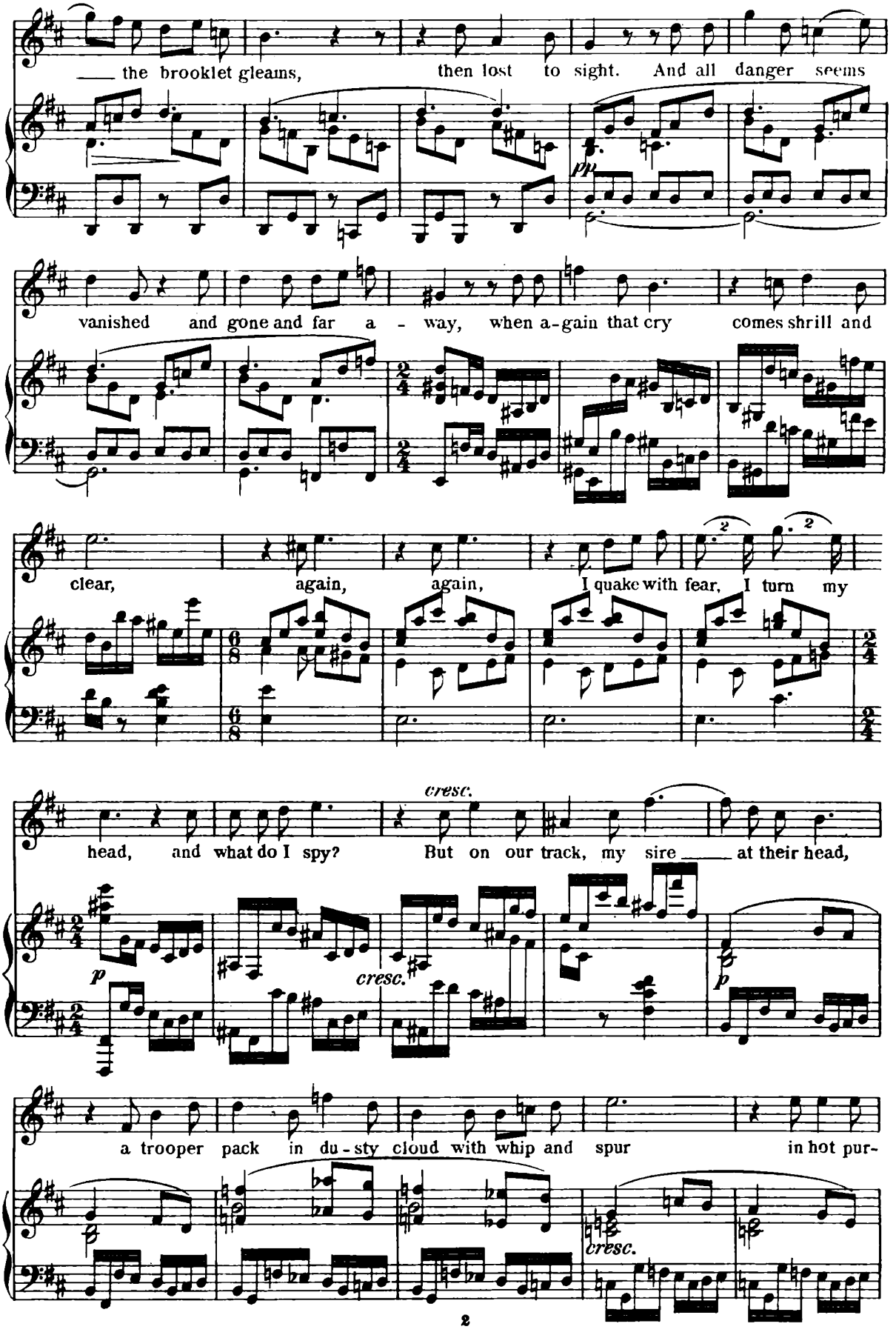
cresc.

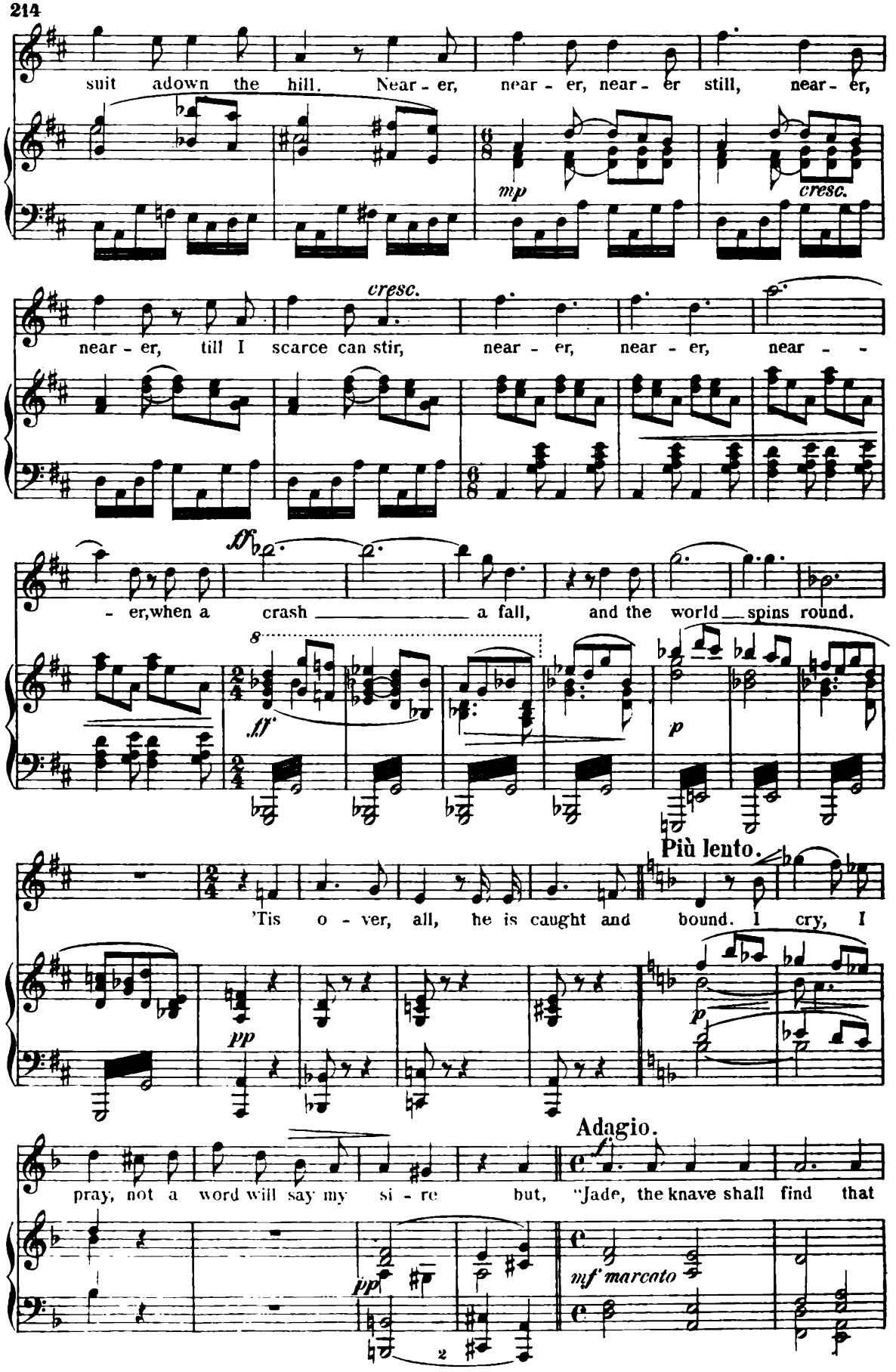
f *mf*

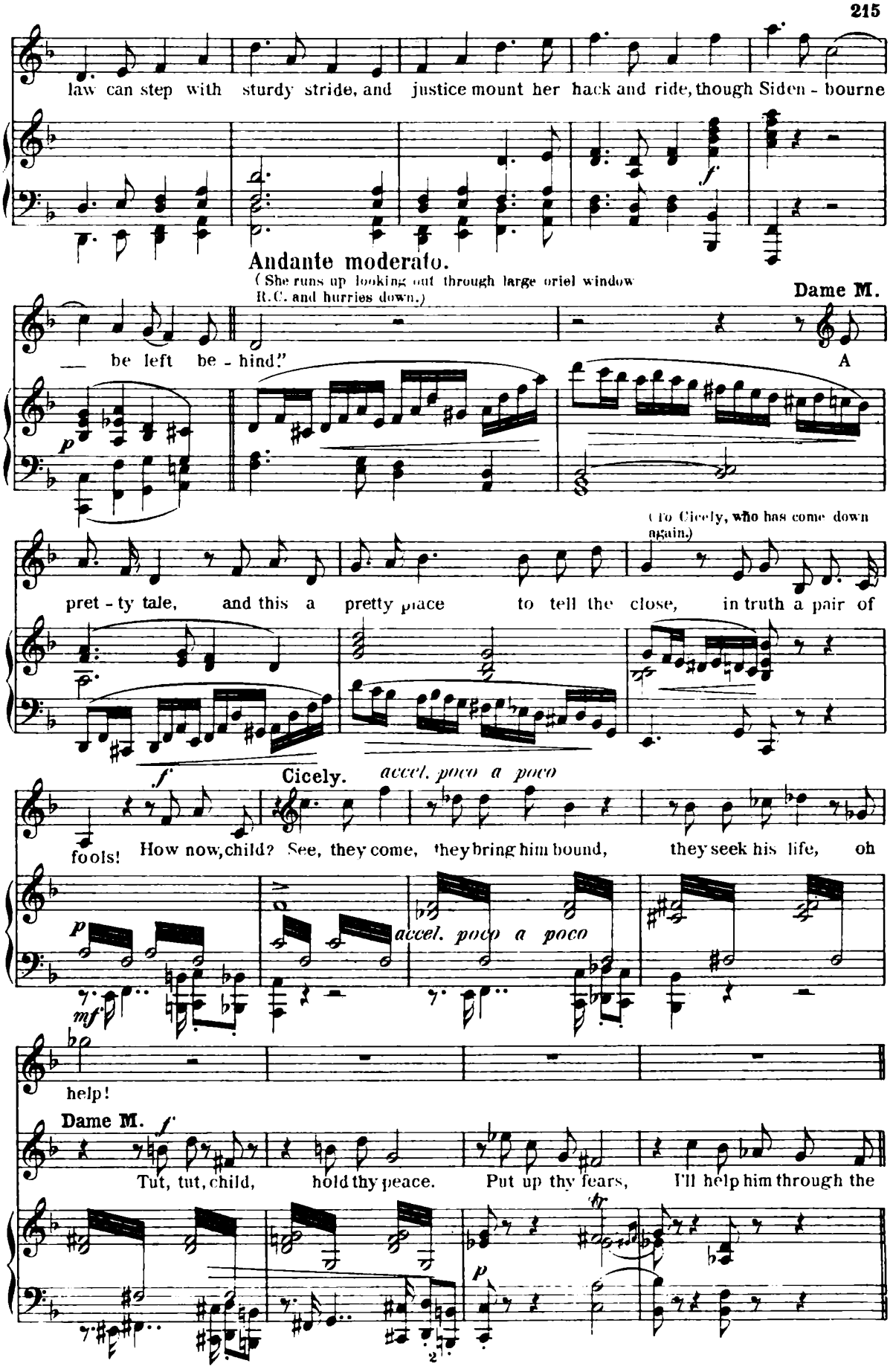
a-way and Si - den-bourne is left be-hind. But on go we with the

f *p*

morn-ing breeze, the ham-lets flee and hur-ry the trees, a flash of light


the brooklet gleams, then lost to sight. And all danger seems
vanished and gone and far a - way, when a-gain that cry comes shrill and
clear, again, again, I quake with fear, I turn my
cresc.
head, and what do I spy? But on our track, my sire at their head,
p
cresc.
p
a trooper pack in du - sty cloud with whip and spur in hot pur-
cresc.


suit adown the hill. Near - er, near - er, near - er still, near - er,
mp
cresc.
near - er, till I scarce can stir, near - er, near - er, near - -
cresc.
- er, when a crash a fall, and the world spins round.
ff
8
ff
p
Più lento.
'Tis o - ver, all, he is caught and bound. I cry, I
pp
p
Adagio.
pray, not a word will say my si - re but, "Jade, the knave shall find that
pp
mf marcato


law can step with sturdy stride, and justice mount her hack and ride, though Siden - bourne
Andante moderato.
(She runs up looking out through large oriel window R.C. and hurries down.)
Dame M.
be left be - hind."
A
(To Cicely, who has come down again.)
pret - ty tale, and this a pretty place to tell the close, in truth a pair of
Cicely.
accel. poco a poco
fools! How now, child? See, they come, they bring him bound, they seek his life, oh
accel. poco a poco
help!
Dame M.
Tut, tut, child, hold thy peace. Put up thy fears, I'll help him through the

Allegro.

Thou wilt! (motioning her to R.) Thou'lt plead for

scrape. Ay, sure now in with thee.

Allegro.

cresc.

Cicely. Dame Margery.

mer - cy and thy lord will list to thee? warrant me I'll plead,

and he will list. Now in, child, in, until I summon thee. Dry

Cicely.

up thy tears! Oh la - - - dy thou art kind; may

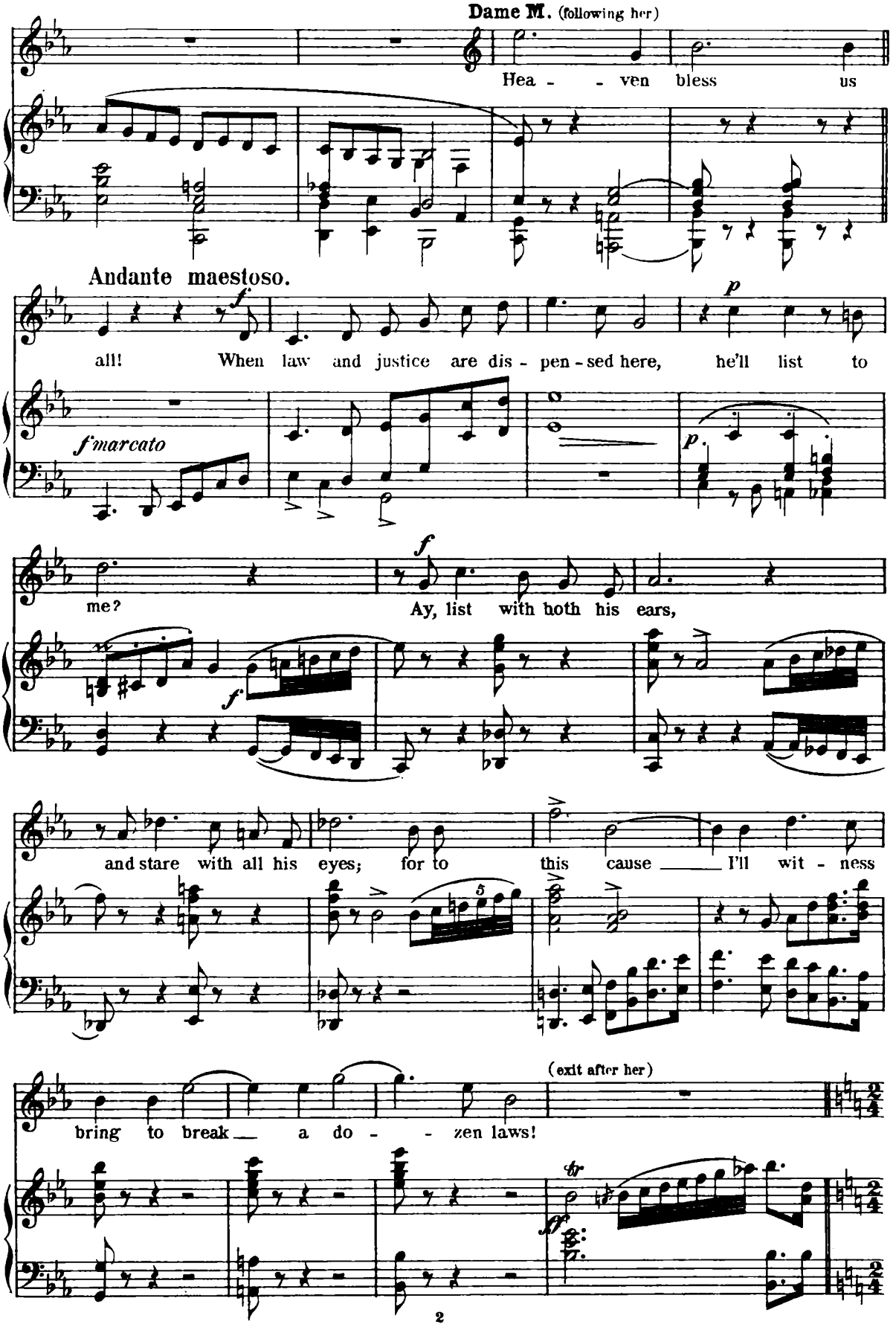
mf cresc.

(exit through door R.)

hea - - - - ven bless thee!

sf

col Ped.


Dame M. (following her)
Hea - - ven bless us
Andante maestoso.
all! When law and justice are dis - pen - sed here, he'll list to
f marcato
me?
Ay, list with both his ears,
and stare with all his eyes; for to this cause I'll wit - ness
bring to break a do - - zen laws!
(exit after her)
2

Allegretto moderato. Scene III.

Chorus.

Sop.

Alto. (The central doors are flung open and a crowd of villagers, retainers, and other country folk pour into the

Ten. great Hall, looking back as they enter, as if expecting the approach of some one in their midst.)

Bass.

Allegretto moderato.

p

mf This way, this way, my good masters,

mf This way, this way, my good masters,

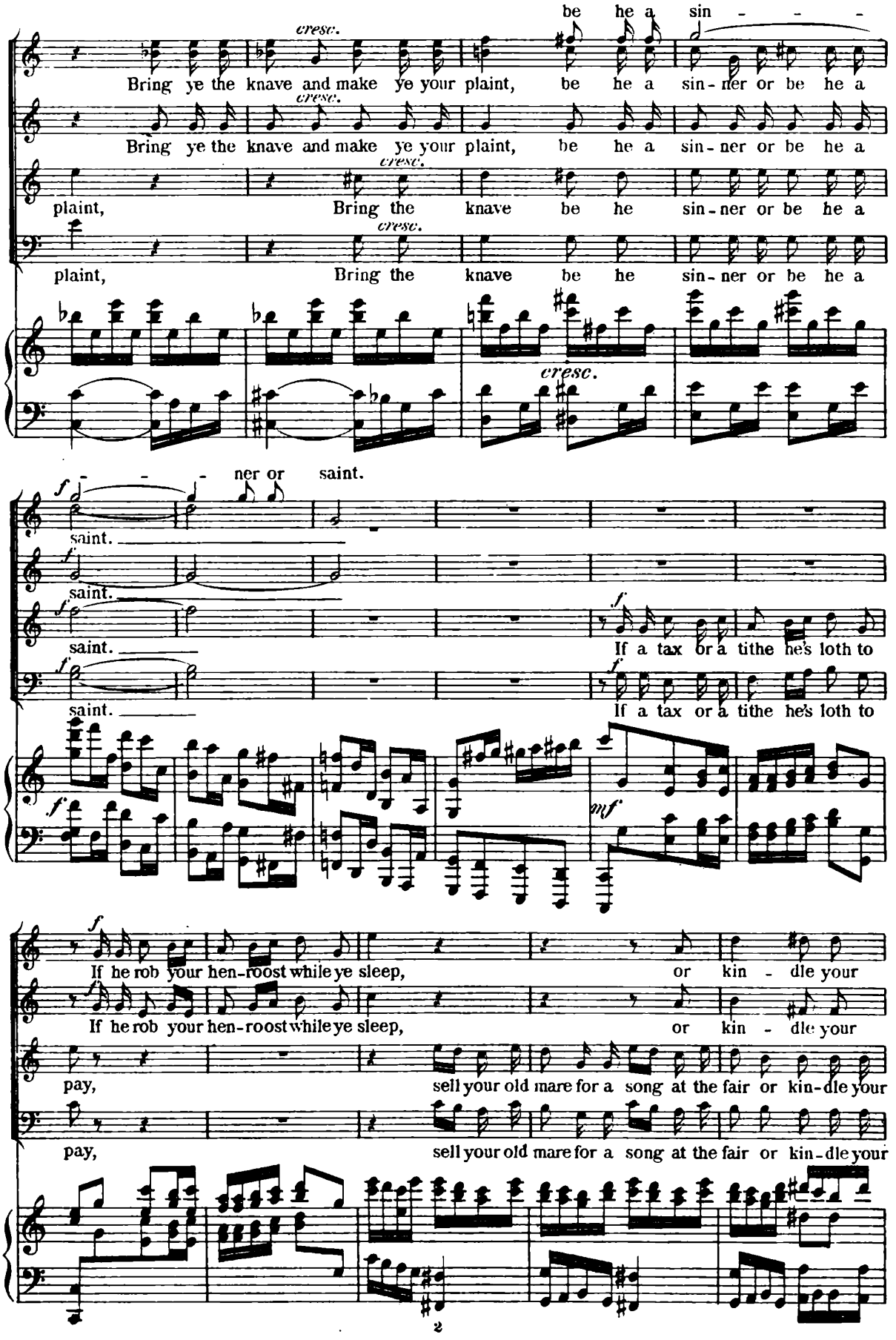
cresc. *poco a* *poco*

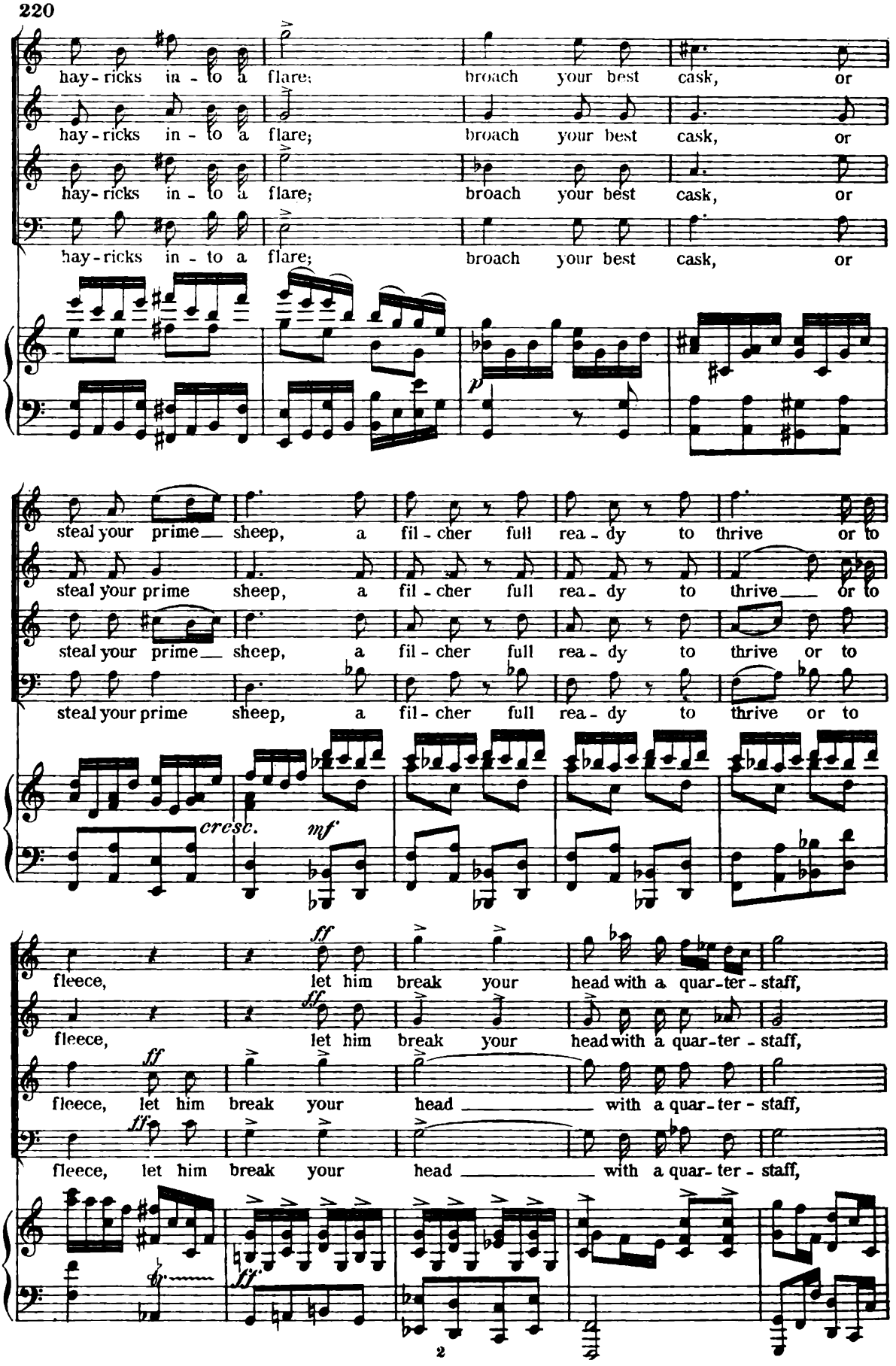
mf Ho! here this way, ho! here this way,

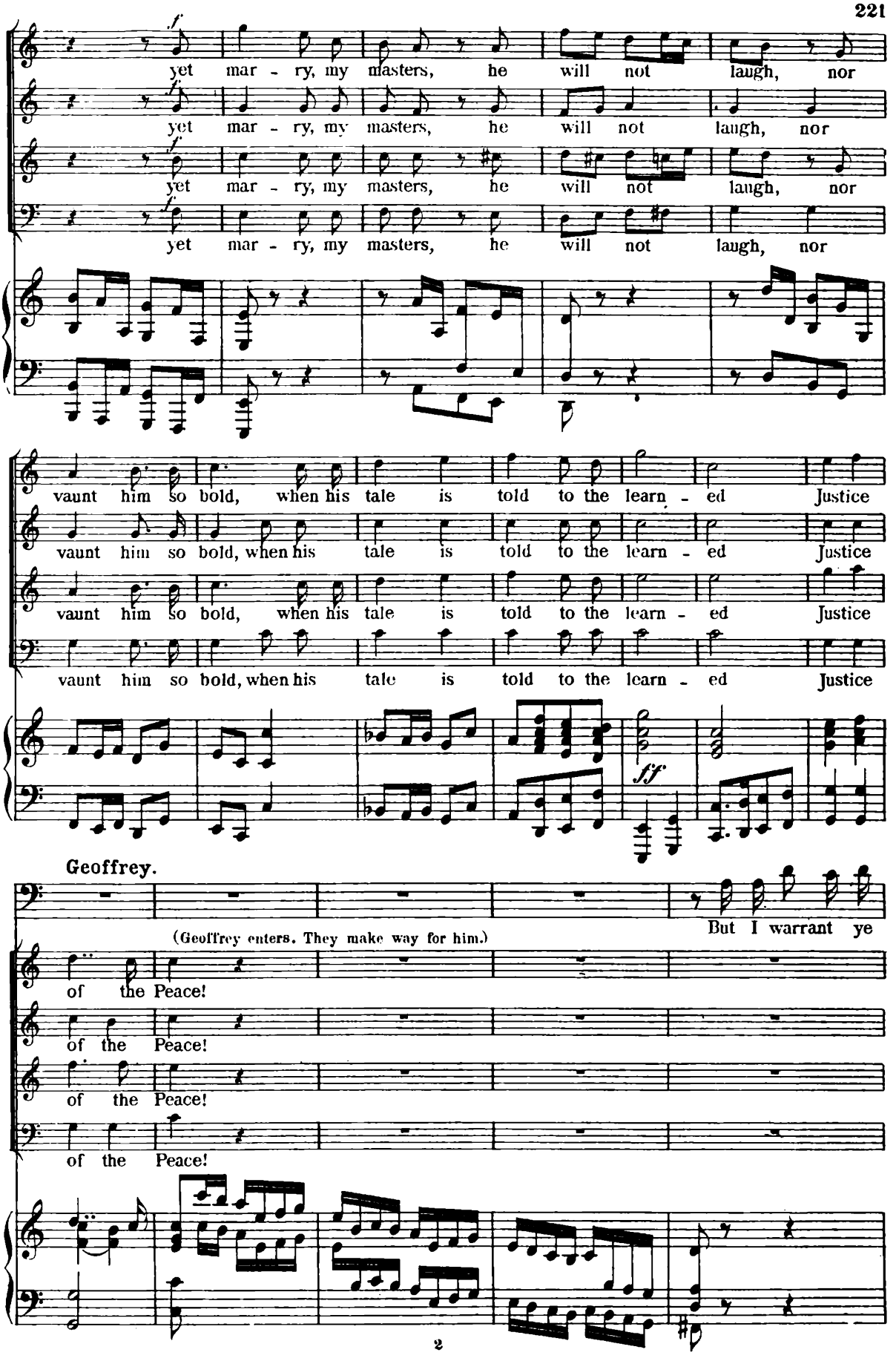
mf Ho! here this way, ho! here this way,

Ho! here this way, ho! bring ye the knave and make ye your

Ho! here this way, ho! bring ye the knave and make ye your


be he a sin - - -
cresc.
Bring ye the knave and make ye your plaint, be he a sin - ner or be he a
cresc.
Bring ye the knave and make ye your plaint, be he a sin - ner or be he a
cresc.
plaint, Bring the knave be he sin - ner or be he a
cresc.
plaint, Bring the knave be he sin - ner or be he a
cresc.
f
- - - ner or saint.
f
saint.
f
saint.
f
saint.
f
saint.
f
If a tax or a tithe he's loth to
f
If a tax or a tithe he's loth to
f
mf
f
If he rob your hen-roost while ye sleep, or kin - dle your
If he rob your hen-roost while ye sleep, or kin - dle your
pay, sell your old mare for a song at the fair or kin-dle your
pay, sell your old mare for a song at the fair or kin-dle your


hay-ricks in-to a flare; broach your best cask, or
hay-ricks in-to a flare; broach your best cask, or
hay-ricks in-to a flare; broach your best cask, or
hay-ricks in-to a flare; broach your best cask, or
p
steal your prime sheep, a fil-cher full rea-dy to thrive or to
steal your prime sheep, a fil-cher full rea-dy to thrive or to
steal your prime sheep, a fil-cher full rea-dy to thrive or to
steal your prime sheep, a fil-cher full rea-dy to thrive or to
cresc.
mf
fleece, let him break your head with a quar-ter-staff,
fleece, let him break your head with a quar-ter-staff,
fleece, let him break your head with a quar-ter-staff,
fleece, let him break your head with a quar-ter-staff,
ff
ff
ff
ff
ff


yet mar - ry, my masters, he will not laugh, nor
yet mar - ry, my masters, he will not laugh, nor
yet mar - ry, my masters, he will not laugh, nor
yet mar - ry, my masters, he will not laugh, nor
vaunt him so bold, when his tale is told to the learn - ed Justice
vaunt him so bold, when his tale is told to the learn - ed Justice
vaunt him so bold, when his tale is told to the learn - ed Justice
vaunt him so bold, when his tale is told to the learn - ed Justice
ff
Geoffrey.
But I warrant ye
(Geoffrey enters. They make way for him.)
of the Peace!
of the Peace!
of the Peace!
of the Peace!

(officiously)

judge right well. Good sooth, what he reckoned not he'll get for his pains. Bring

(Hubert is led in by several armed rustics. He has a chain conspicuously fastening his wrists, and advances with a defiant bearing.)

in the churl!

This your villain! in truth his mien is good.

Chorus.

This your villain! in truth his mien is good.

Ay,

Ay,

Geoffrey.

'tis worse!

so! but note ye his chains? his crime? 'tis mur-der! 'tis treason!

so! but note ye his chains? his crime? 'tis mur-der! 'tis treason!

Più lento.

— He cutteth no throat, he filcheth no purse, nor plotteth the knave 'gainst our liege lord's

p

f

life; his crime—

Hubert.

mf

is to plot for a wife.

Tempo I.

ff

His crime?

ff

His crime?

ff

His crime?

ff

His crime?

Tempo I.

ff

mp

Geoffrey.

ff

Have ye brains of wood? No wife, said I.

mp

To plot for a wife! nay his mien is good.

mp

To plot for a wife! nay his mien is good.

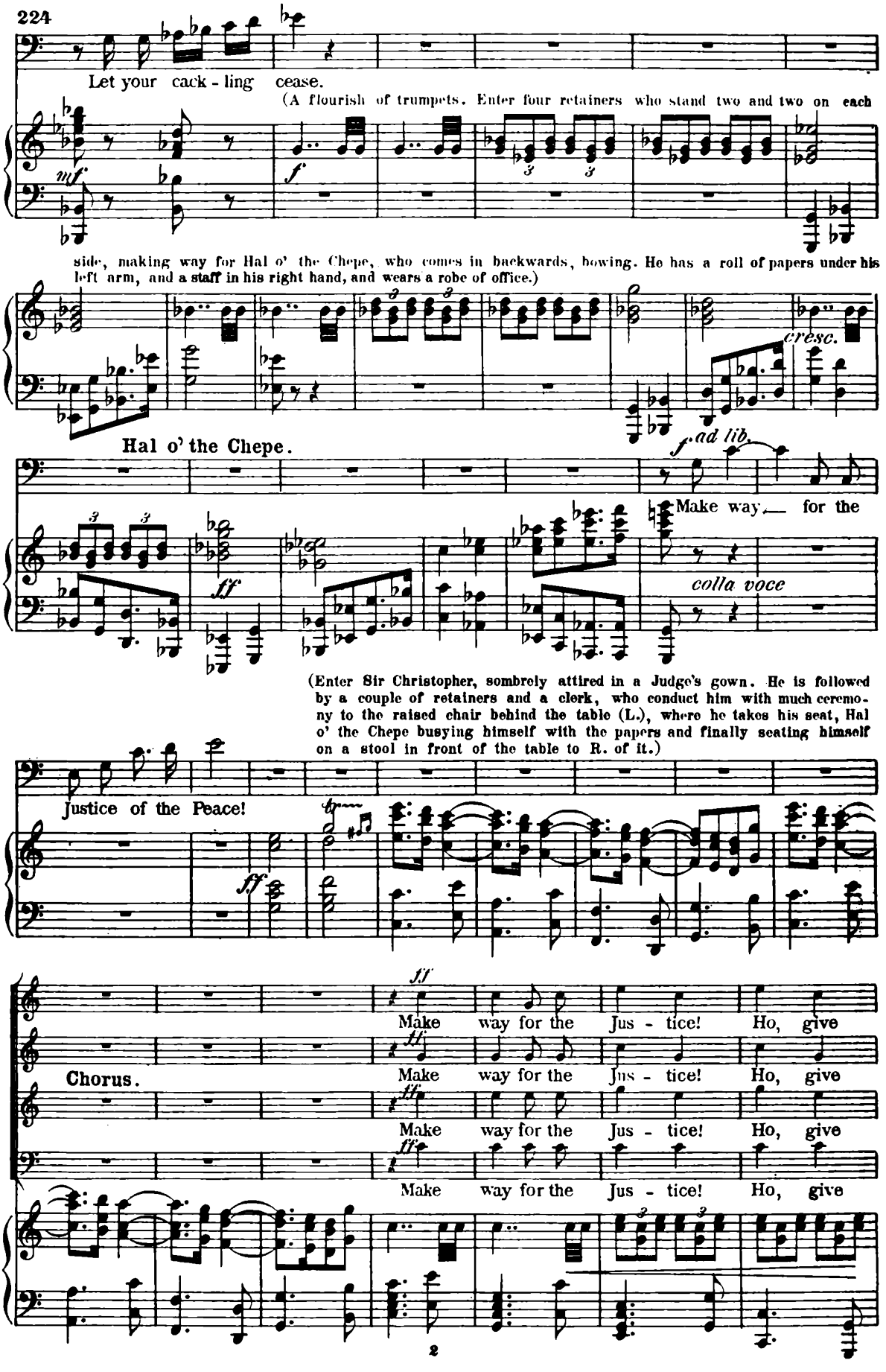
f

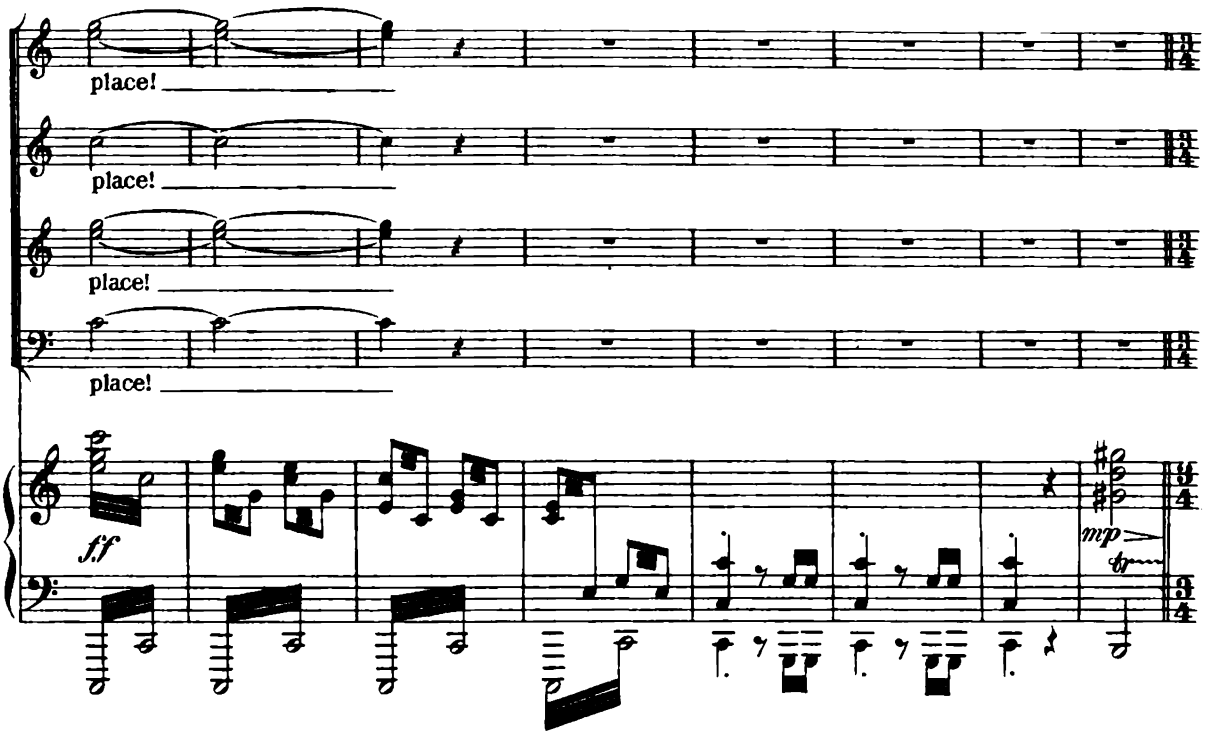
a wife? whose wife?

f

a wife? whose wife?

cresc.


Let your cack - ling cease.
(A flourish of trumpets. Enter four retainers who stand two and two on each side, making way for Hal o' the Chepe, who comes in backwards, bowing. He has a roll of papers under his left arm, and a staff in his right hand, and wears a robe of office.)
mf
f
cresc.
Hal o' the Chepe.
f ad lib.
Make way for the
ff
colla voce
(Enter Sir Christopher, sombrely attired in a Judge's gown. He is followed by a couple of retainers and a clerk, who conduct him with much ceremony to the raised chair behind the table (L.), where he takes his seat, Hal o' the Chepe busying himself with the papers and finally seating himself on a stool in front of the table to R. of it.)
Justice of the Peace!
ff
Chorus.
Make way for the Jus - tice! Ho, give
Make way for the Jus - tice! Ho, give
Make way for the Jus - tice! Ho, give
Make way for the Jus - tice! Ho, give



Allegro moderato.

Hal.

(stopping him, and turning him round to Sir Christopher.)

The bench is

Geoffrey.

(addressing the crowd)

mf

My charge is this

(They push Geoffrey forward C.)

mf

Come on, thou graybeard, state thy case.

mf

Come on, thou graybeard, state thy case.

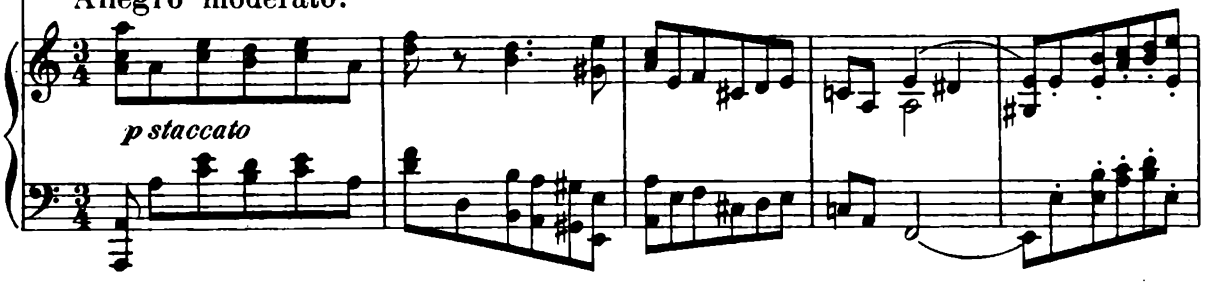
mf

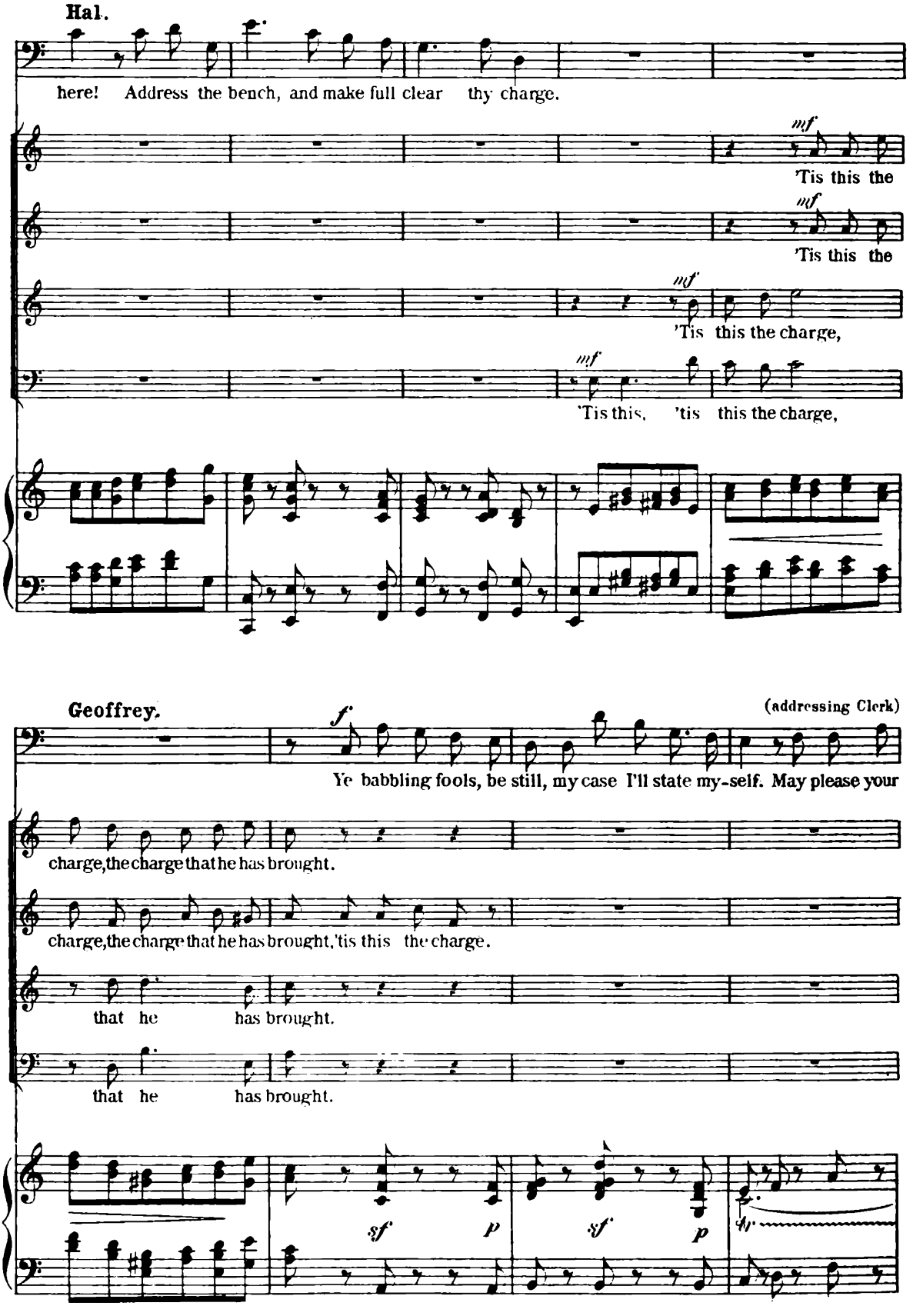
Come on, thou graybeard, state thy case.

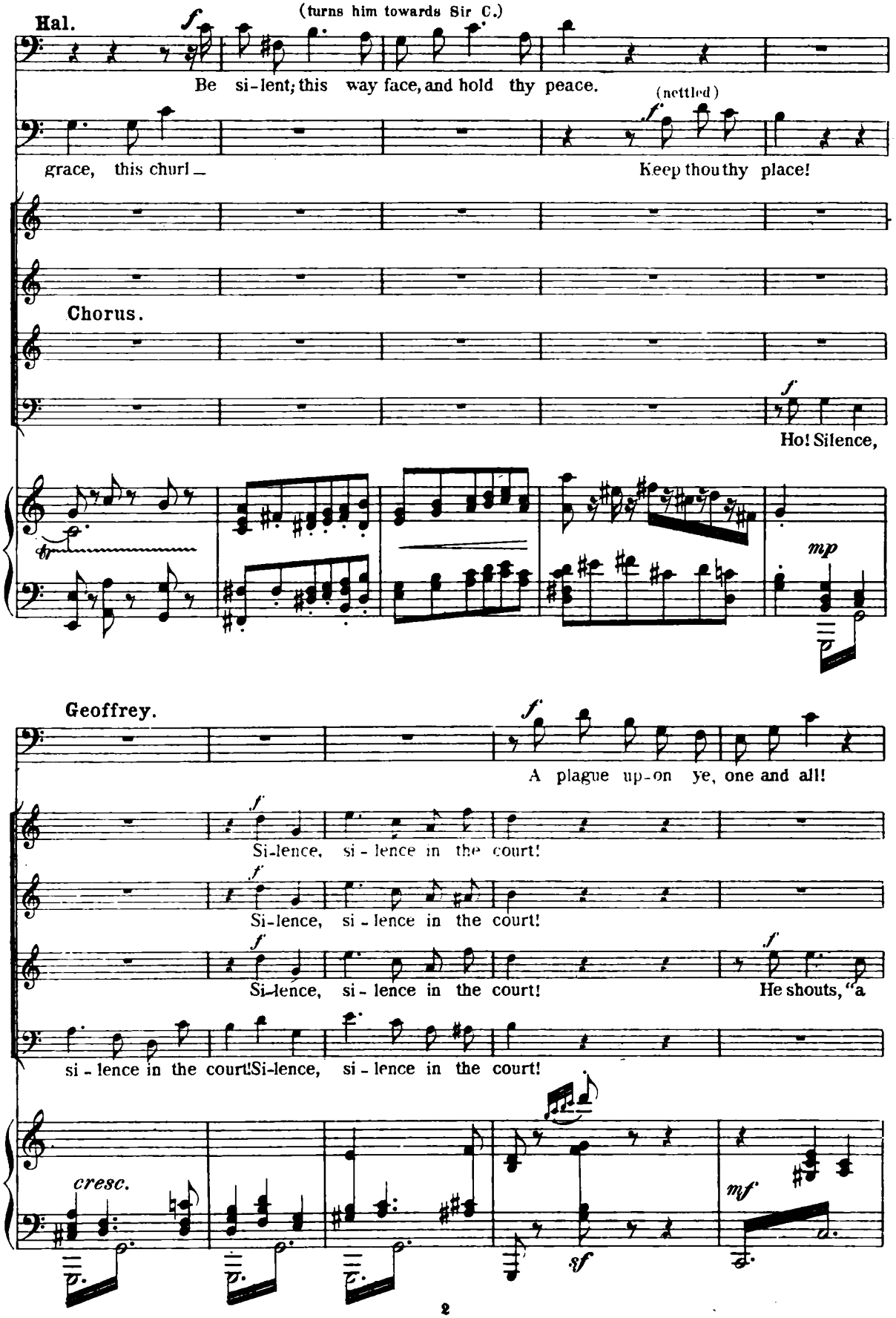
mf

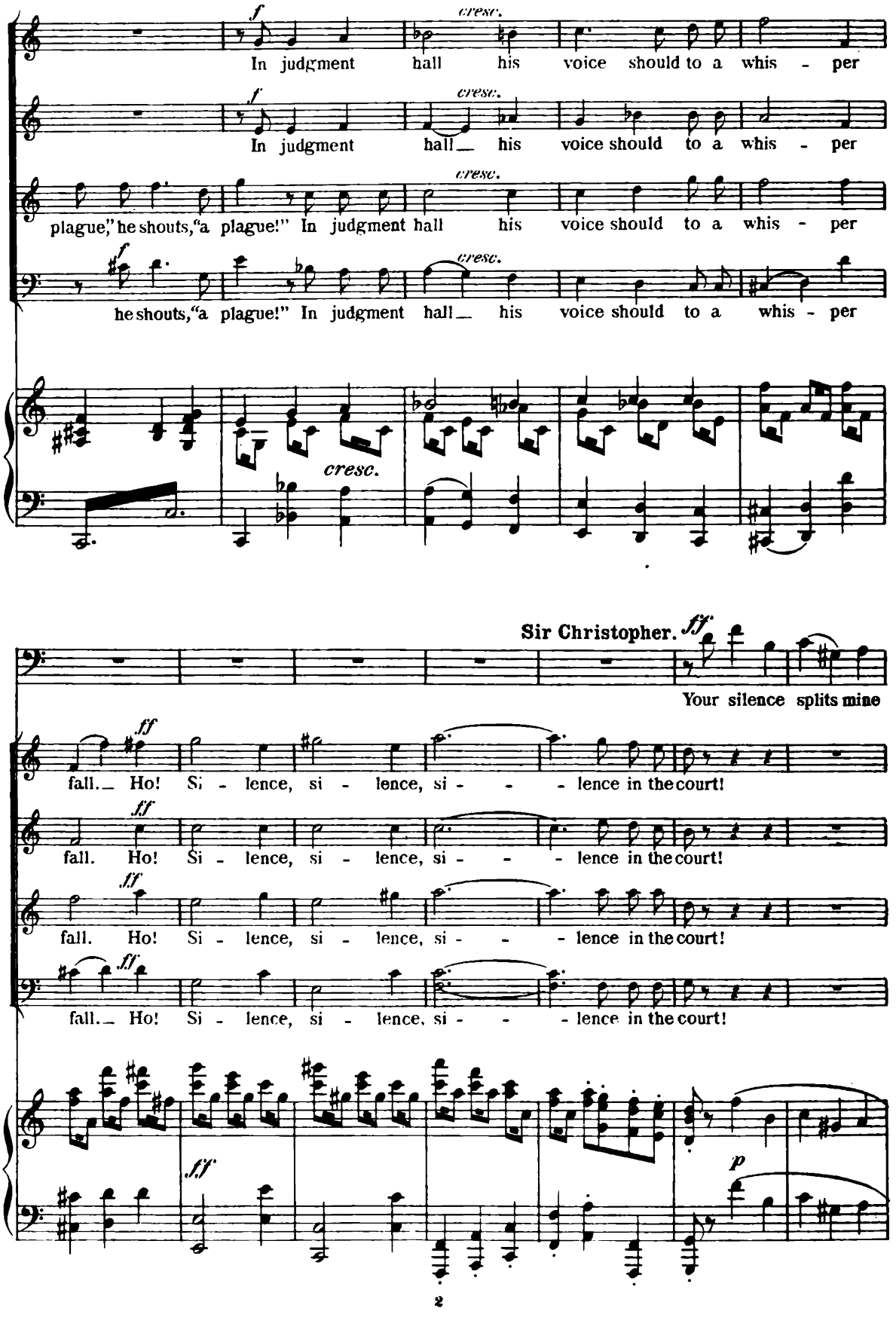
Come on, thou graybeard, state thy case.

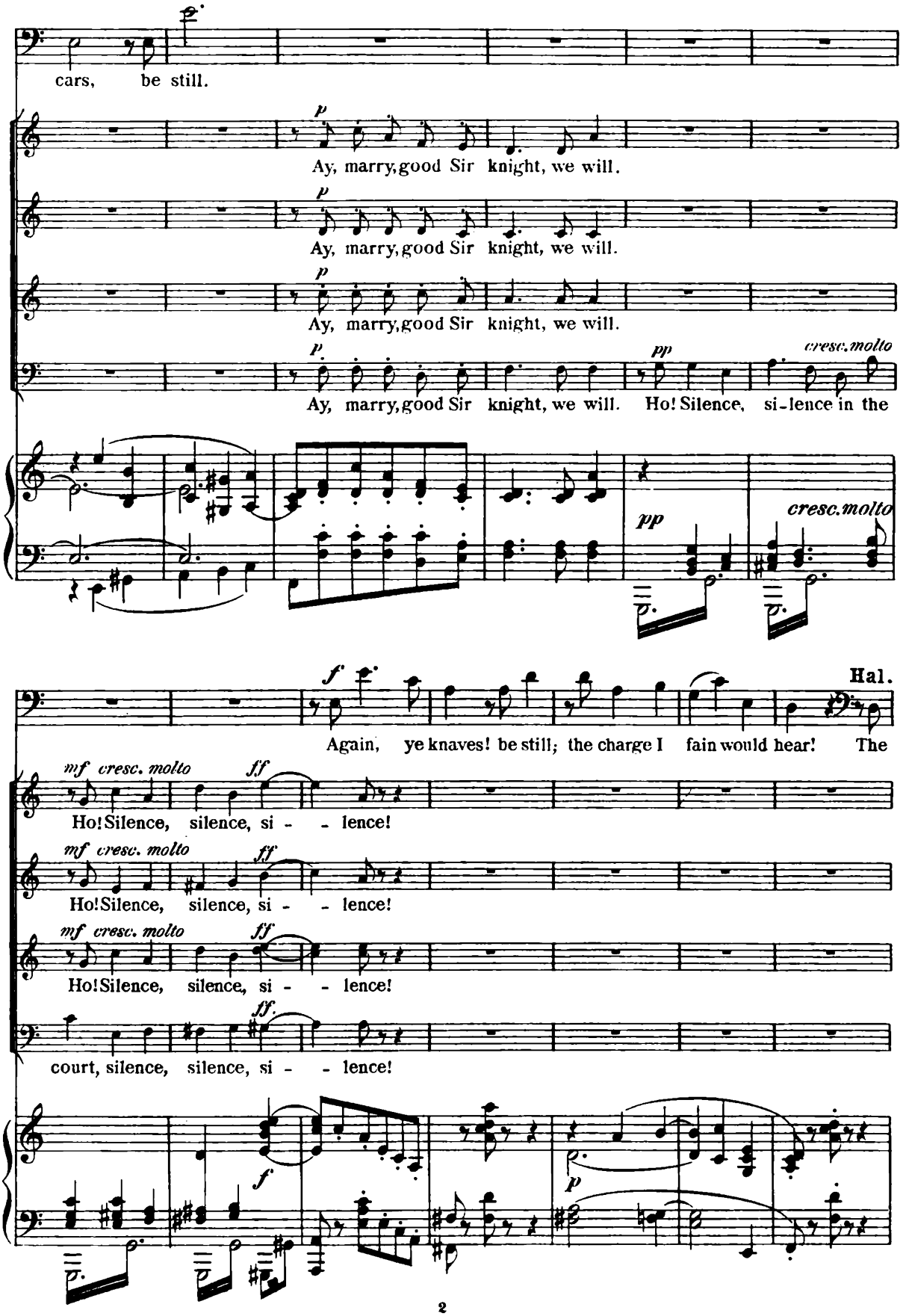
Allegro moderato.

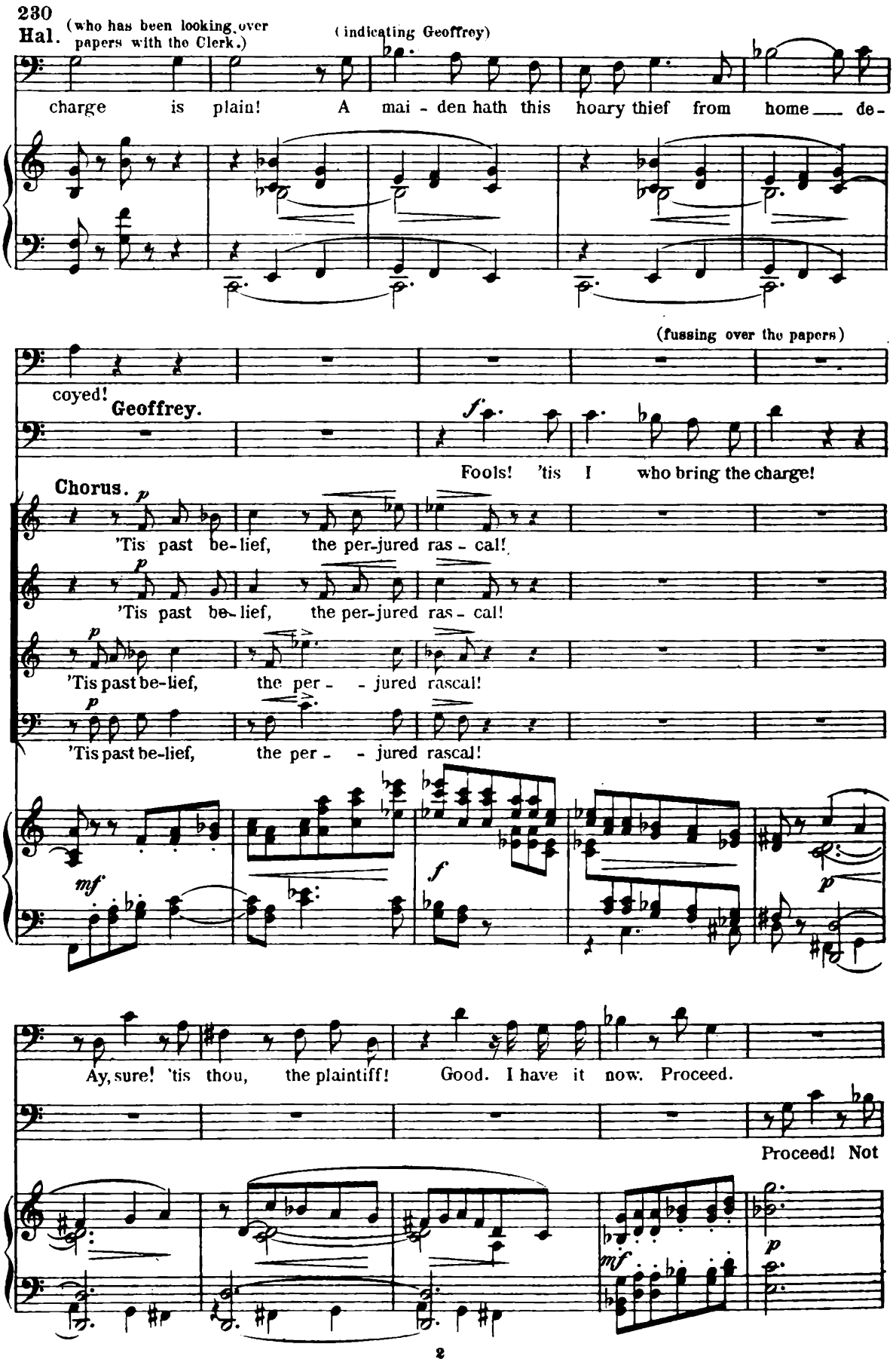


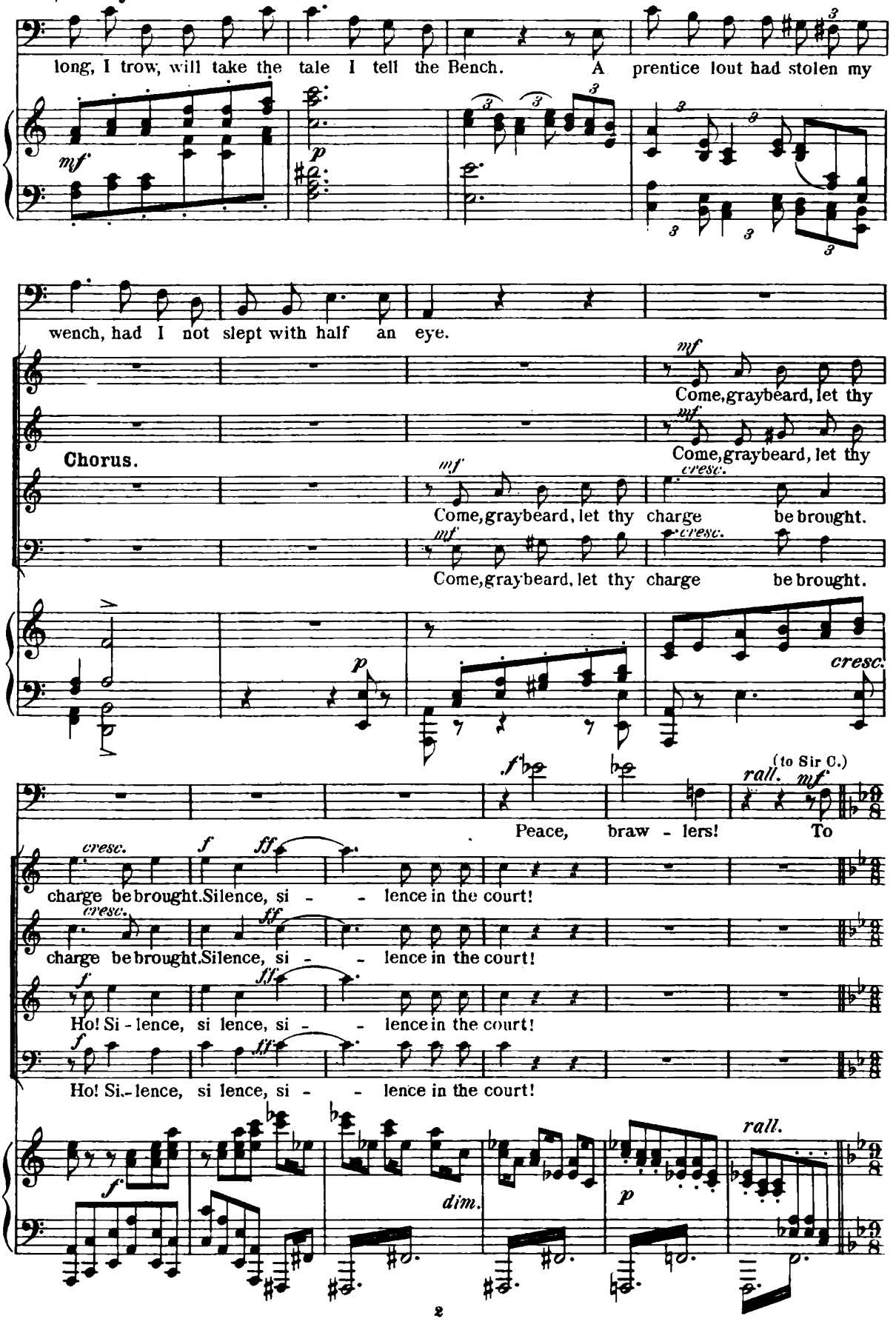

Hal.
here! Address the bench, and make full clear thy charge.
mf
'Tis this the
mf
'Tis this the
mf
'Tis this the charge,
mf
'Tis this, 'tis this the charge,
Geoffrey.
(addressing Clerk)
f
Ye babbling fools, be still, my case I'll state my-self. May please your
charge, the charge that he has brought.
charge, the charge that he has brought, 'tis this the charge.
that he has brought.
that he has brought.
sf
p
sf
p

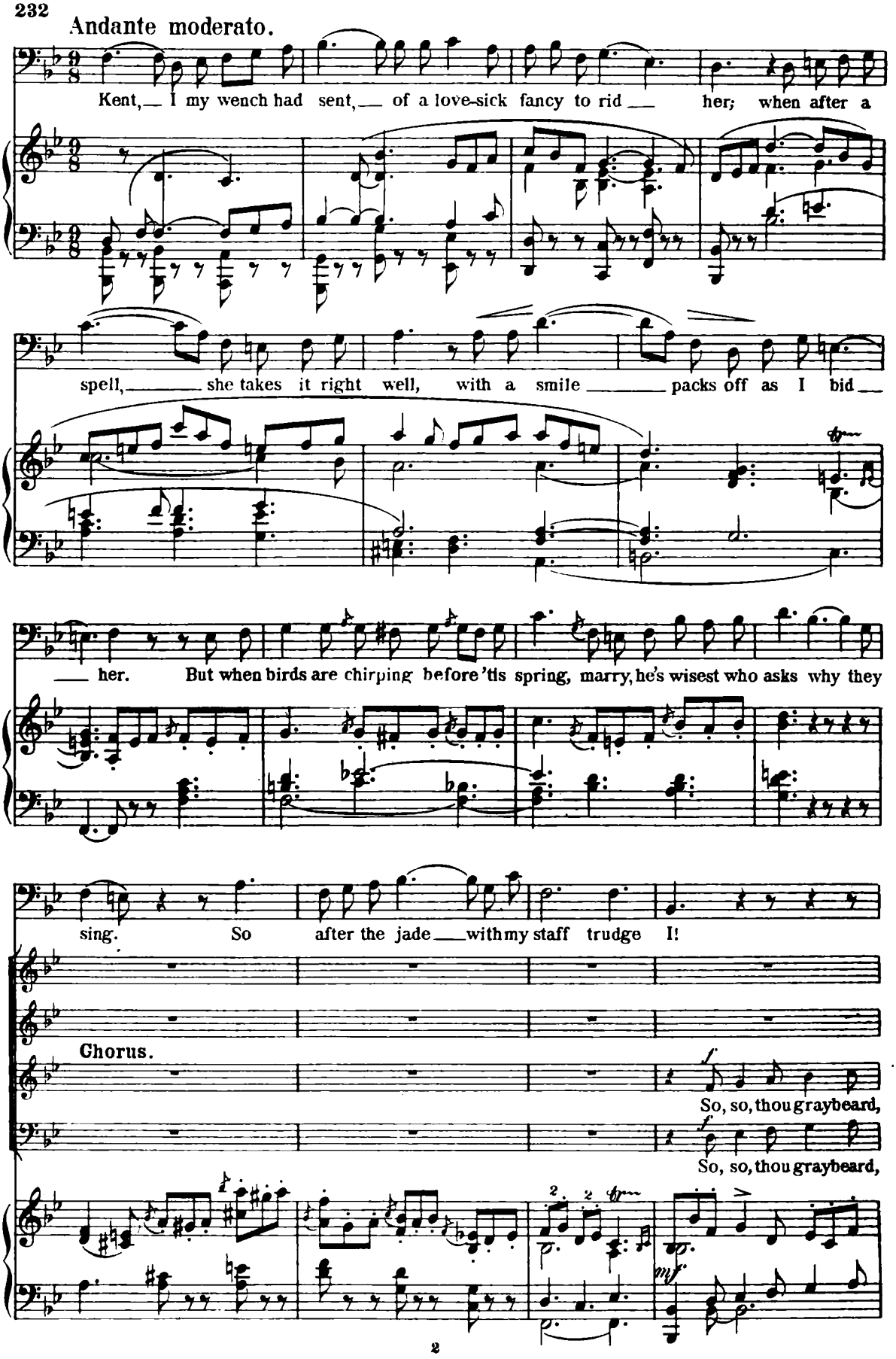

Hal.
(turns him towards Sir C.)
Be si-lent; this way face, and hold thy peace.
(nettled)
grace, this churl — Keep thou thy place!
Chorus.
Ho! Silence,
Geoffrey.
A plague up-on ye, one and all!
Si-lence, si-lence in the court!
Si-lence, si-lence in the court!
Si-lence, si-lence in the court! He shouts, "a
si-lence in the court! Si-lence, si-lence in the court!
cresc.

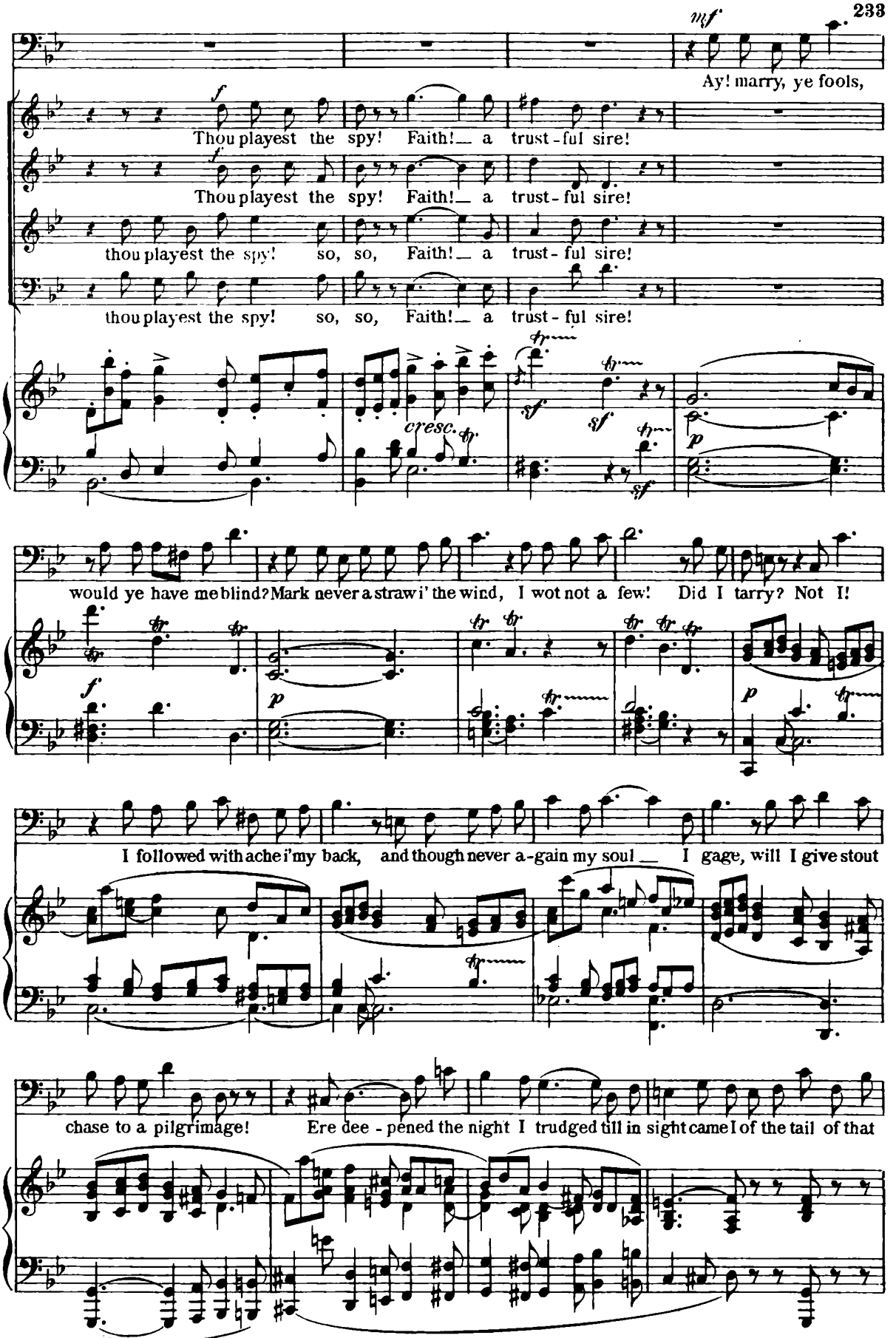

In judgment hall his voice should to a whis - per
In judgment hall his voice should to a whis - per
plague," he shouts, "a plague!" In judgment hall his voice should to a whis - per
he shouts, "a plague!" In judgment hall his voice should to a whis - per
cresc.
Sir Christopher.
Your silence splits mine
fall. Ho! Si - lence, si - lence, si - - - lence in the court!
fall. Ho! Si - lence, si - lence, si - - - lence in the court!
fall. Ho! Si - lence, si - lence, si - - - lence in the court!
fall. Ho! Si - lence, si - lence, si - - - lence in the court!

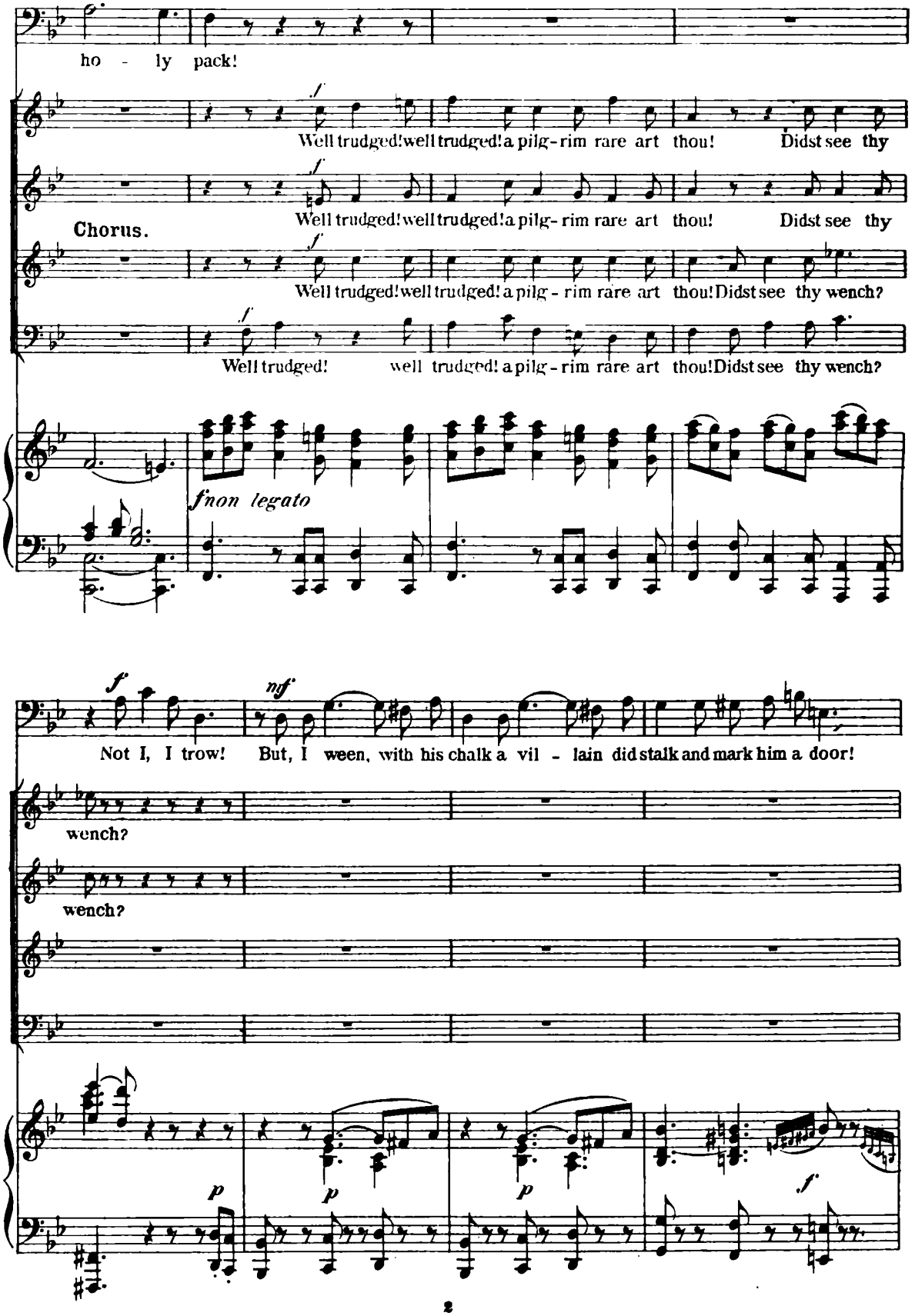

cars, be still.
p
Ay, marry, good Sir knight, we will.
p
Ay, marry, good Sir knight, we will.
p
Ay, marry, good Sir knight, we will.
p
Ay, marry, good Sir knight, we will.
pp
Ho! Silence, si-lence in the
cresc. molto
pp
cresc. molto
f
Again, ye knaves! be still; the charge I fain would hear! The
Hal.
mf cresc. molto
ff
Ho! Silence, silence, si - - lence!
mf cresc. molto
ff
Ho! Silence, silence, si - - lence!
mf cresc. molto
ff
Ho! Silence, silence, si - - lence!
ff.
court, silence, silence, si - - lence!
f
p

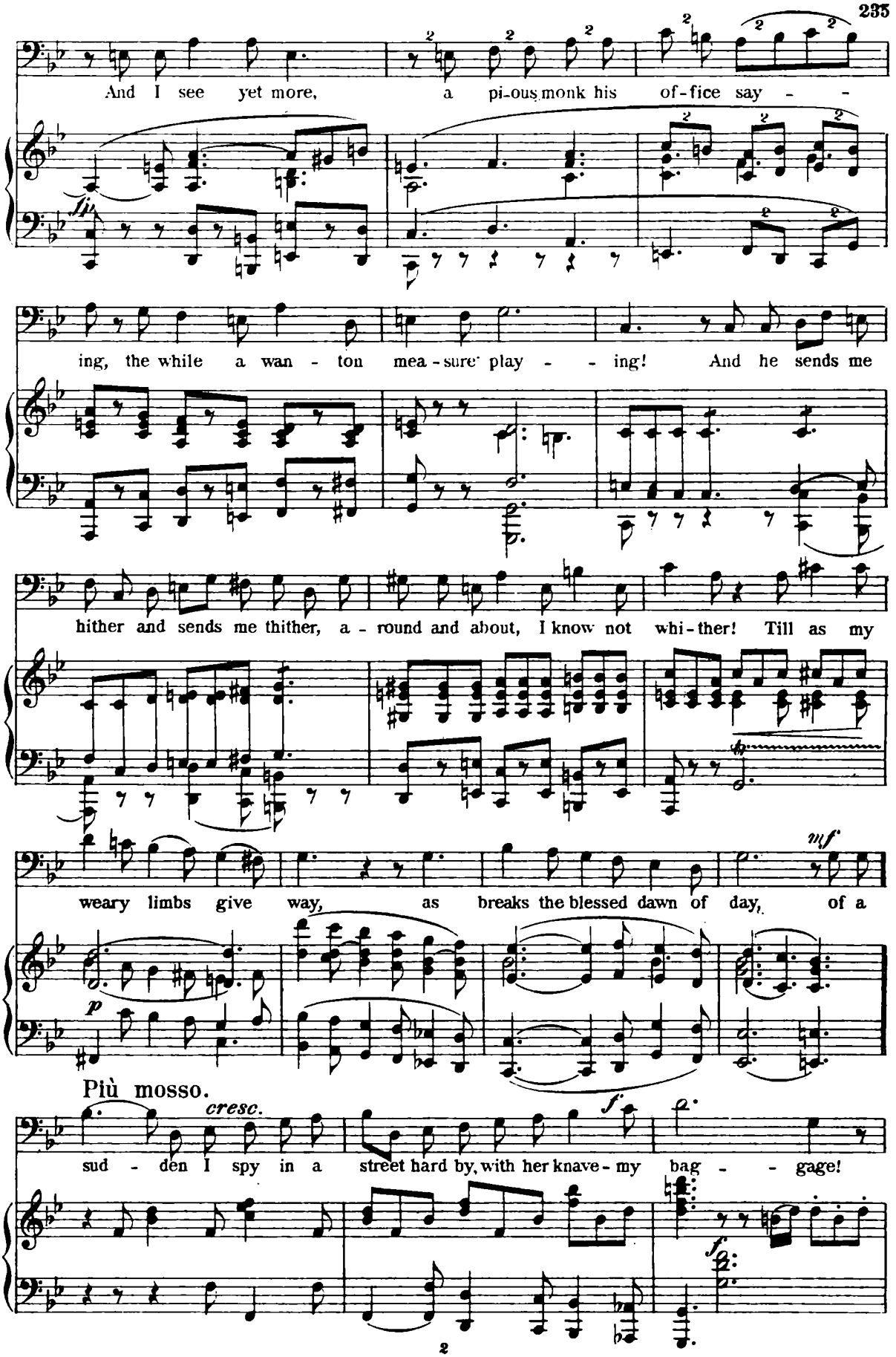

230
Hal. (who has been looking over papers with the Clerk.)
(indicating Geoffrey)
charge is plain! A mai - den hath this hoary thief from home de-
(fussing over the papers)
coyed!
Geoffrey.
Fools! 'tis I who bring the charge!
Chorus.
'Tis past be-lief, the per-jured ras - cal!
'Tis past be-lief, the per-jured ras - cal!
'Tis past be-lief, the per - - jured rascal!
'Tis past be-lief, the per - - jured rascal!
Ay, sure! 'tis thou, the plaintiff! Good. I have it now. Proceed.
Proceed! Not

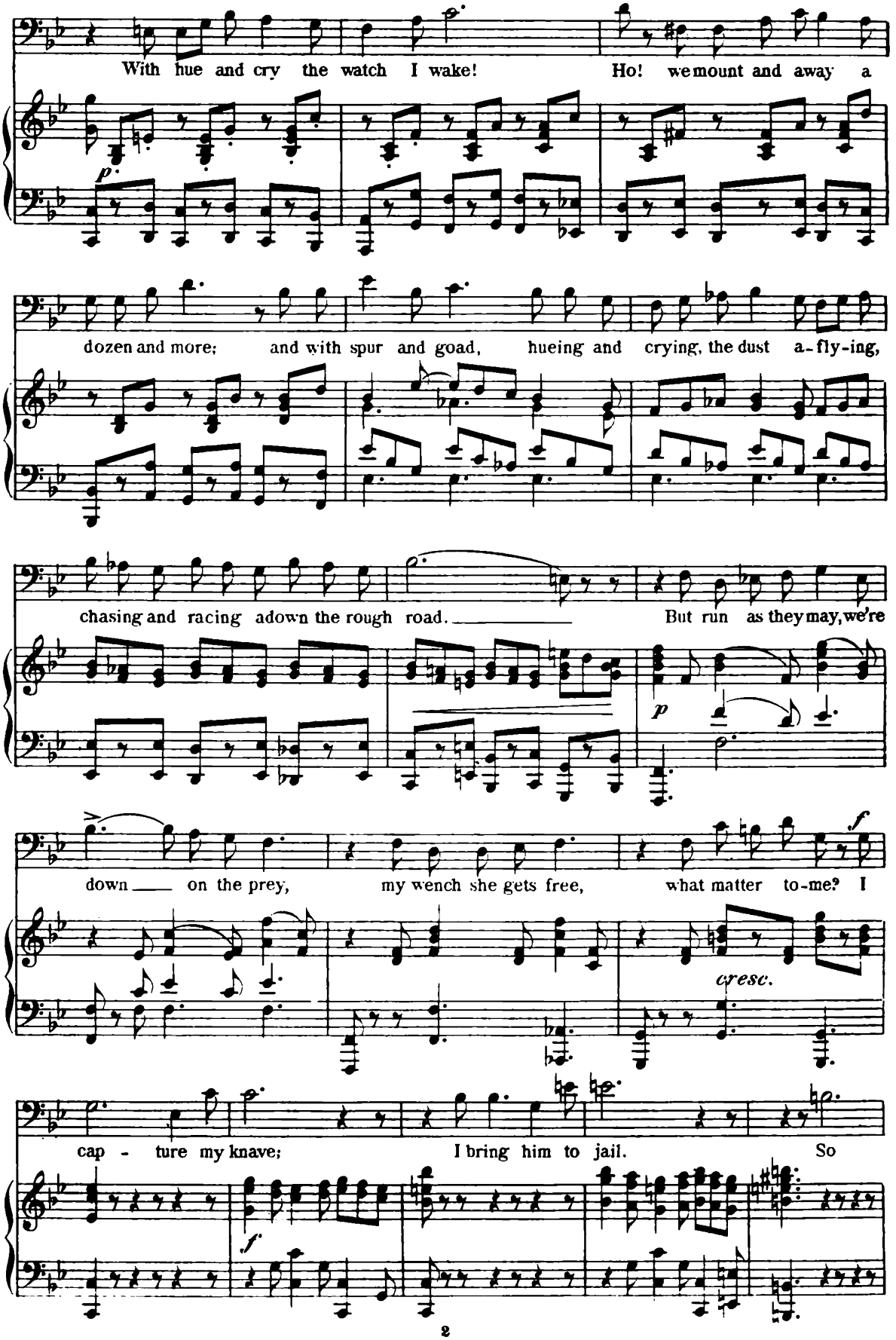

Geoffrey.
long, I trow, will take the tale I tell the Bench. A prentice lout had stolen my
wench, had I not slept with half an eye.
Chorus.
Come, graybeard, let thy
Come, graybeard, let thy
Come, graybeard, let thy charge be brought.
Come, graybeard, let thy charge be brought.
Peace, braw - lers! To
charge be brought. Silence, si - - lence in the court!
charge be brought. Silence, si - - lence in the court!
Ho! Si - lence, si lence, si - - lence in the court!
Ho! Si - lence, si lence, si - - lence in the court!

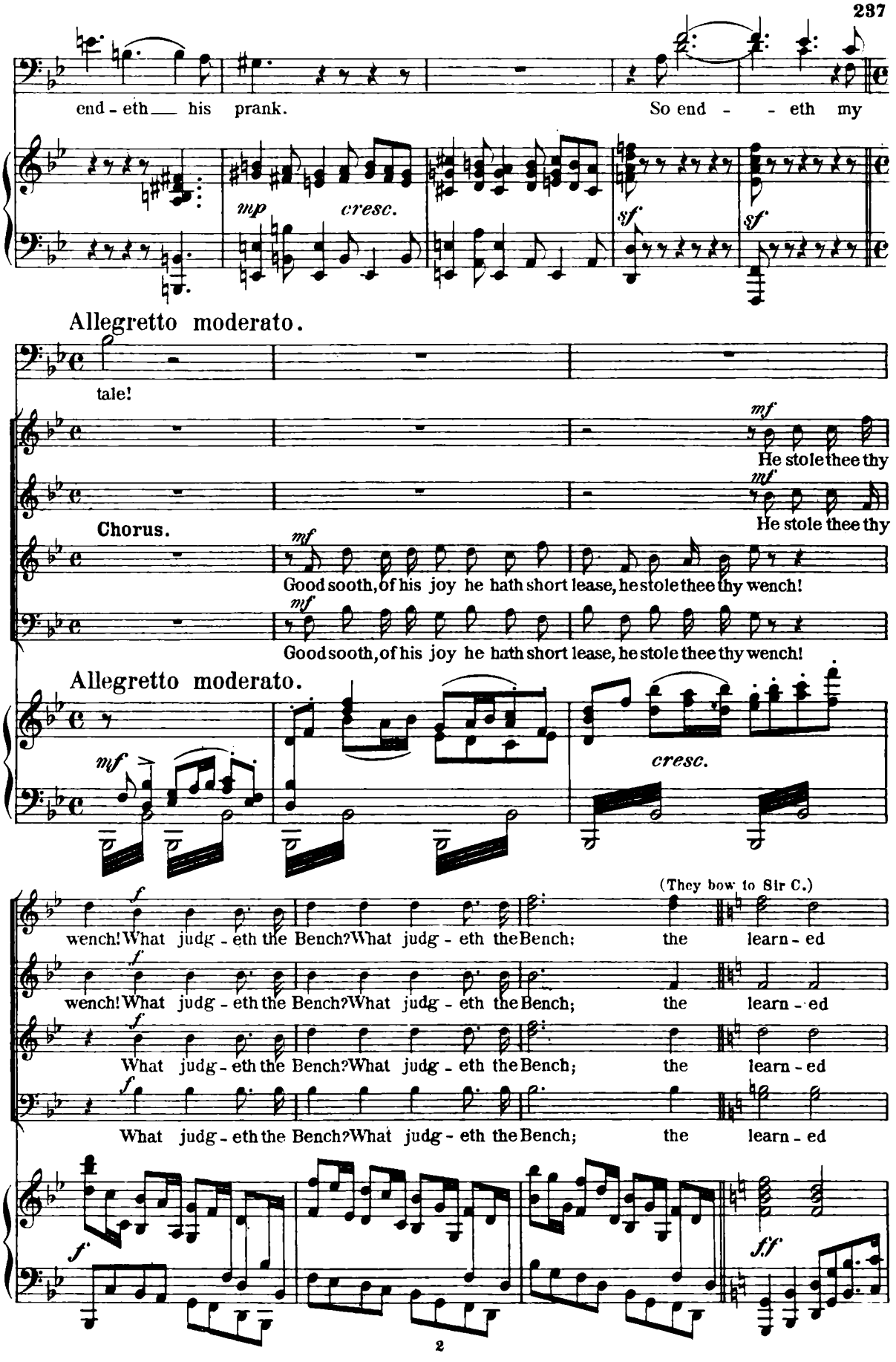

Andante moderato.
Kent, I my wench had sent, of a love-sick fancy to rid her; when after a
spell, she takes it right well, with a smile packs off as I bid
her. But when birds are chirping before 'tis spring, marry, he's wisest who asks why they
sing. So after the jade with my staff trudge I!
Chorus.
So, so, thou graybeard,
So, so, thou graybeard,

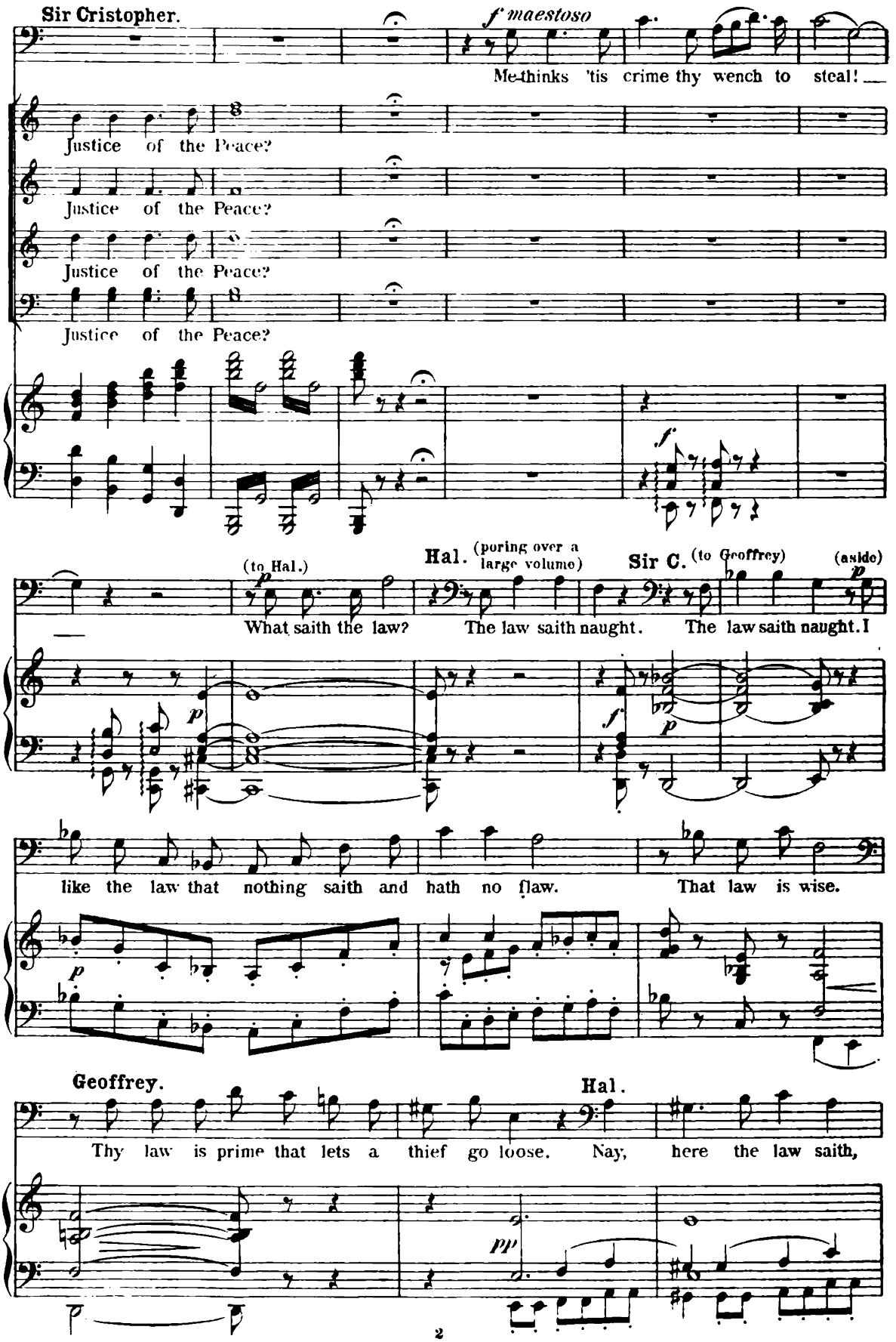

mf
Ay! marry, ye fools,
f
Thou playest the spy! Faith!_ a trust-ful sire!
f
Thou playest the spy! Faith!_ a trust-ful sire!
thou playest the spy! so, so, Faith!_ a trust-ful sire!
thou playest the spy! so, so, Faith!_ a trust-ful sire!
cresc.
sf
sf
sf
p
would ye have me blind? Mark never a straw i' the wind, I wot not a few! Did I tarry? Not I!
f
p
p
I followed with ache i' my back, and though never a-gain my soul _ I gage, will I give stout
chase to a pilgrimage! Ere dee-pened the night I trudged till in sight came I of the tail of that


ho - ly pack!
Well trudged! well trudged! a pilg-rim rare art thou! Didst see thy
Chorus.
Well trudged! well trudged! a pilg-rim rare art thou! Didst see thy
Well trudged! well trudged! a pilg-rim rare art thou! Didst see thy wench?
Well trudged! well trudged! a pilg-rim rare art thou! Didst see thy wench?
f non legato
Not I, I trow! But, I ween, with his chalk a vil - lain did stalk and mark him a door!
wench?
wench?


And I see yet more, a pi-ous monk his of-fice say - -
ing, the while a wan - ton mea - sure play - - ing! And he sends me
hither and sends me thither, a - round and about, I know not whi - ther! Till as my
weary limbs give way, as breaks the blessed dawn of day, of a
mf
p
Più mosso.
cresc.
f
sud - den I spy in a street hard by, with her knave - my bag - - gage!
f


With hue and cry the watch I wake!
Ho! we mount and away a
p
dozen and more; and with spur and goad, hueing and crying, the dust a-fly-ing,
chasing and racing adown the rough road.
But run as they may, we're
p
down on the prey,
my wench she gets free,
what matter to-me? I
f
cresc.
cap - ture my knave;
I bring him to jail.
So
f


end - eth his prank.
So end - - eth my
mp
cresc.
sf
sf
Allegretto moderato.
tale!
mf
He stole thee thy
mf
He stole thee thy
Chorus.
mf
Good sooth, of his joy he hath short lease, he stole thee thy wench!
mf
Good sooth, of his joy he hath short lease, he stole thee thy wench!
Allegretto moderato.
mf
cresc.
(They bow to Sir C.)
f
wench! What judg - eth the Bench? What judg - eth the Bench; the learn - ed
f
wench! What judg - eth the Bench? What judg - eth the Bench; the learn - ed
f
What judg - eth the Bench? What judg - eth the Bench; the learn - ed
f
What judg - eth the Bench? What judg - eth the Bench; the learn - ed
f
ff


Sir Cristopher.
f maestoso
Me-thinks 'tis crime thy wench to steal!
Justice of the Peace?
Justice of the Peace?
Justice of the Peace?
Justice of the Peace?
f
(to Hal.)
p
What saith the law?
Hal. (poring over a large volume)
The law saith naught.
Sir C. (to Geoffrey)
The law saith naught. I
(aside)
p
f
p
like the law that nothing saith and hath no flaw.
That law is wise.
p
Geoffrey.
Thy law is prime that lets a thief go loose.
Hal.
Nay, here the law saith,
pp
p

(Shows book to Sir C. They have the book between them.)

if thy thief be caught, and if thy case be fair and clear, that, af - ter being on

Sir C.

hur - die strung_ The law now saith, thy thief_ is hung!

hung!

hung!

Chorus.

hung!

hung!

Allegro moderato.

Geoffrey.

Ay, and right well served. But send him to jail, ___ the knave, with a taste of the good cart's

(Hubert, who has been standing at back R.C. guarded,

tail, that 'll cure the ras - cal.

In jail, poor swain, ne'er a wife he'll

A - lack - a - day! in jail, poor swain, ne'er a wife he'll

but with his arms crossed in a defiant attitude, now steps forward, and getting free of his captors, comes well to the front.)

find. Ah! men are as hard. Go to with your

find. Ah! men are as hard. Go to with your

As women are blind.

As women are blind.

cresc.

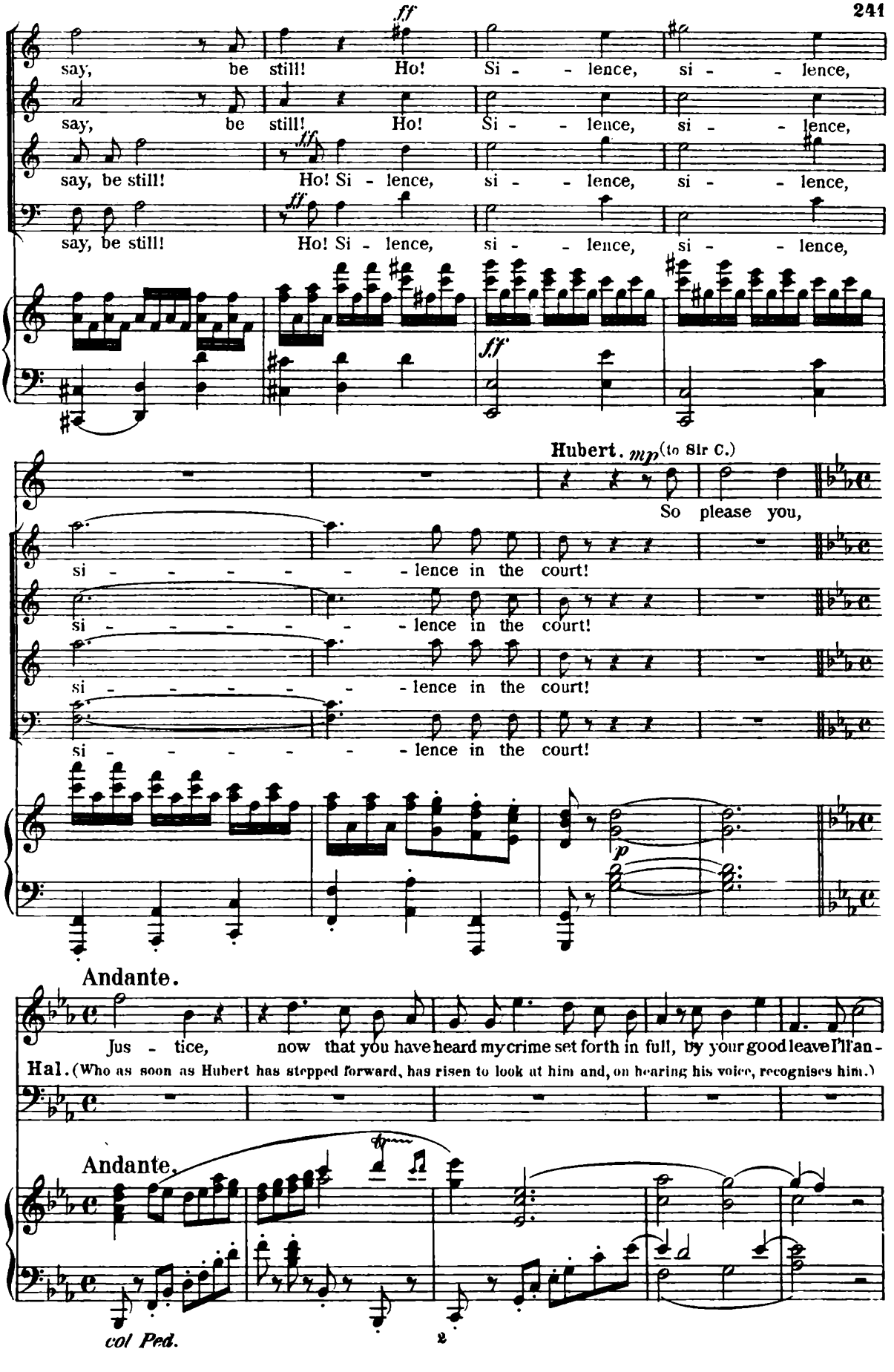
charge! Go to with your charge be still! We would hear what our swain will

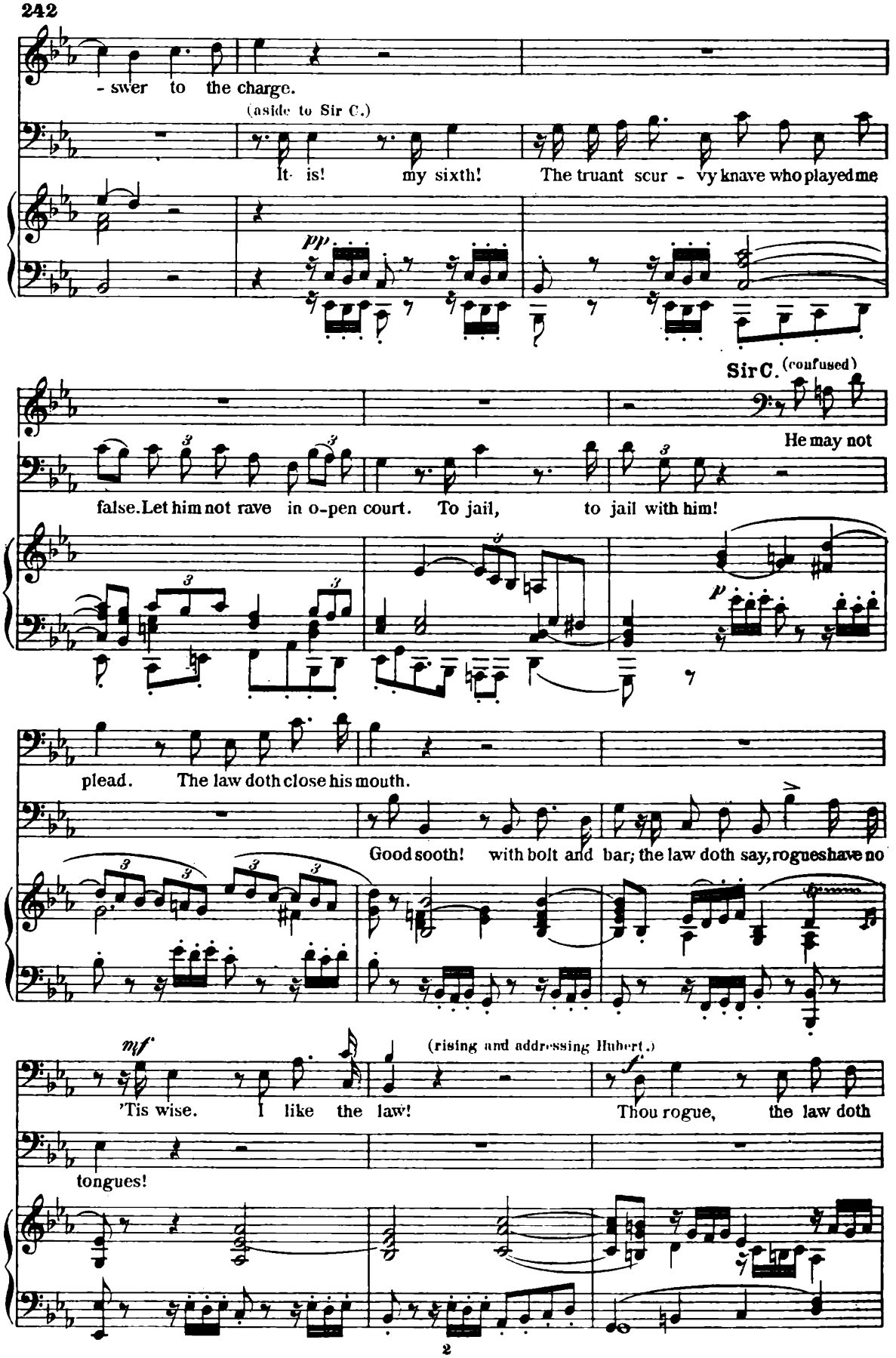
charge! Go to with your charge be still! We would hear what our swain will

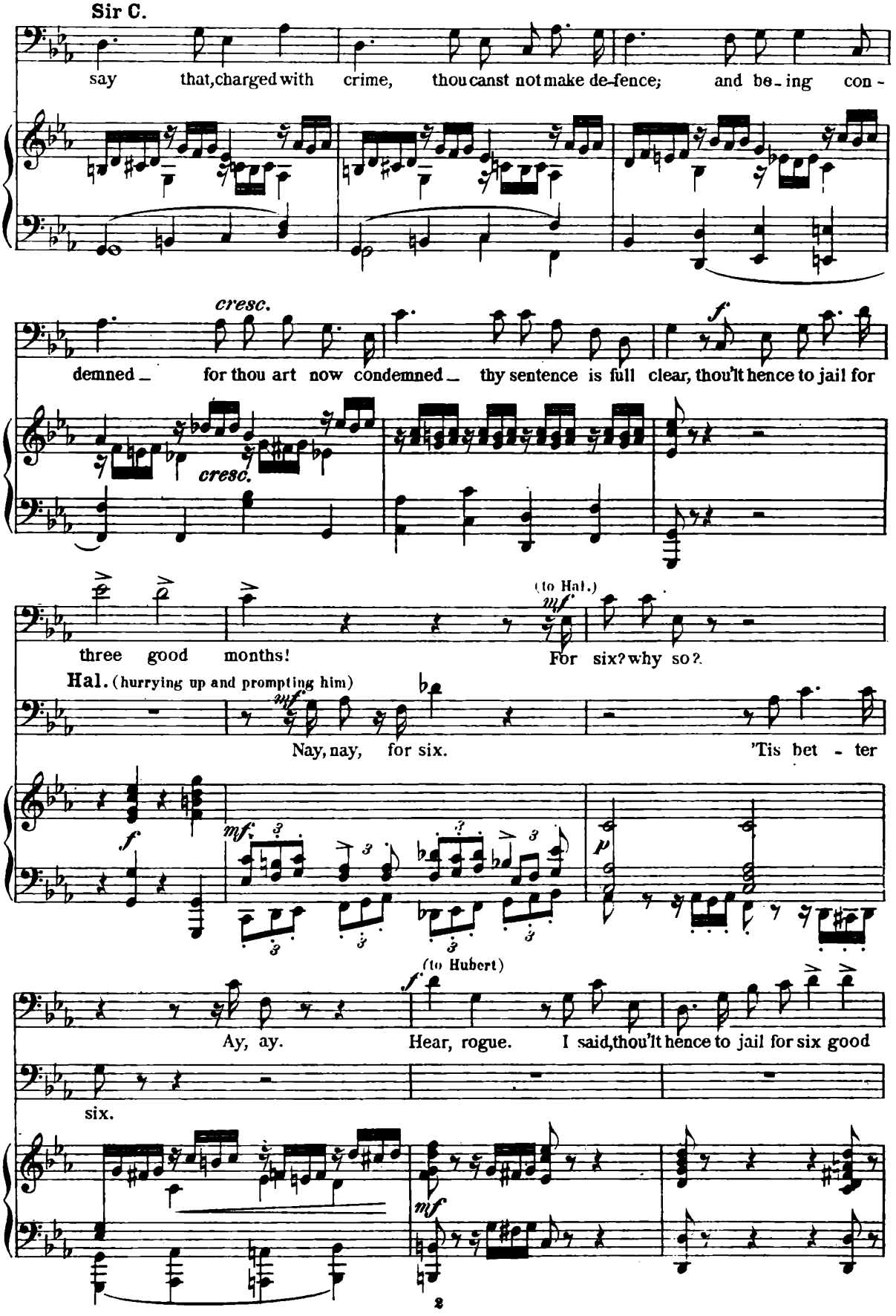
'Tis clear - - ly brought! Be still! Ye shall hear what the rogue will

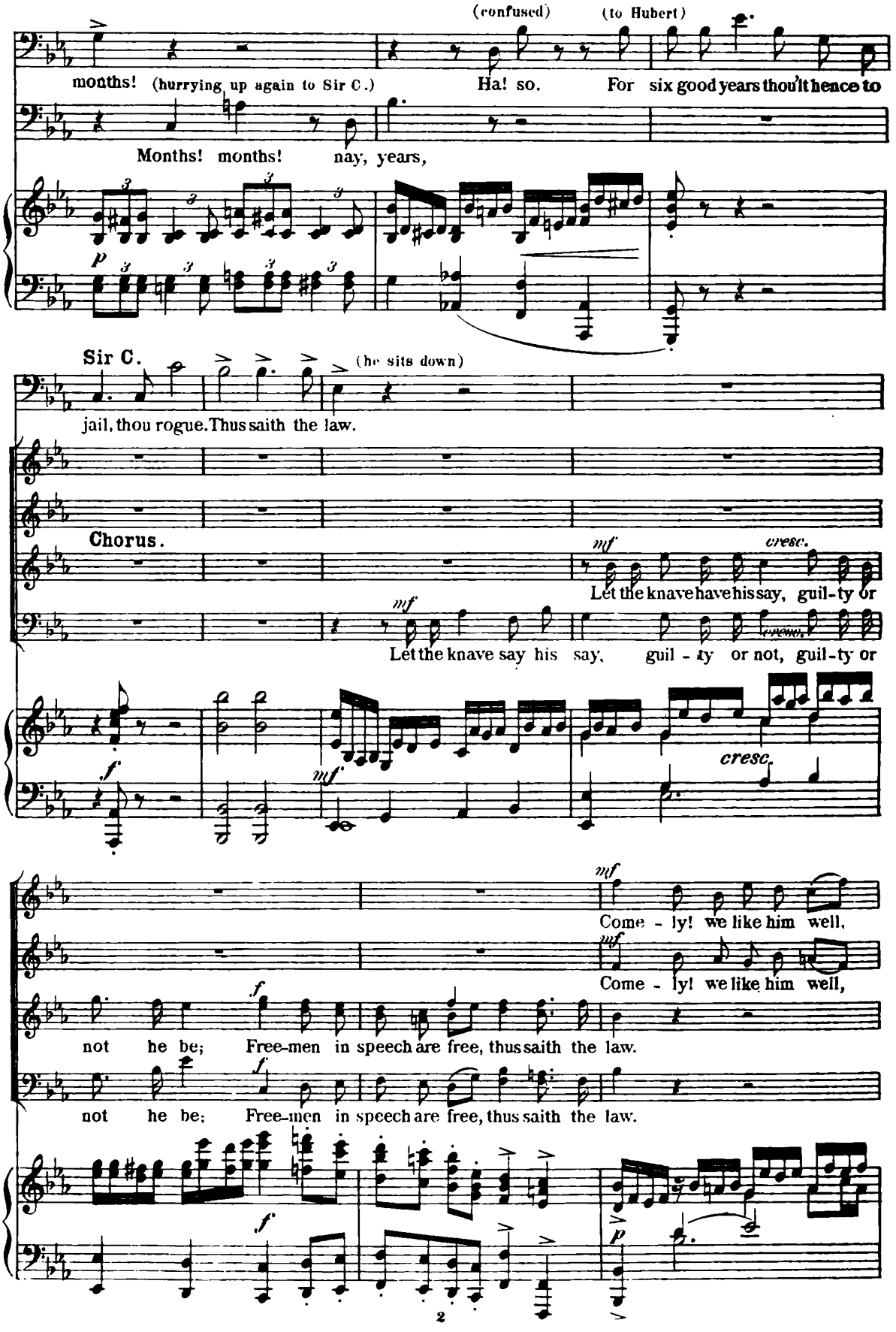
'Tis clear - - ly brought! Be still! Ye shall hear what the rogue will

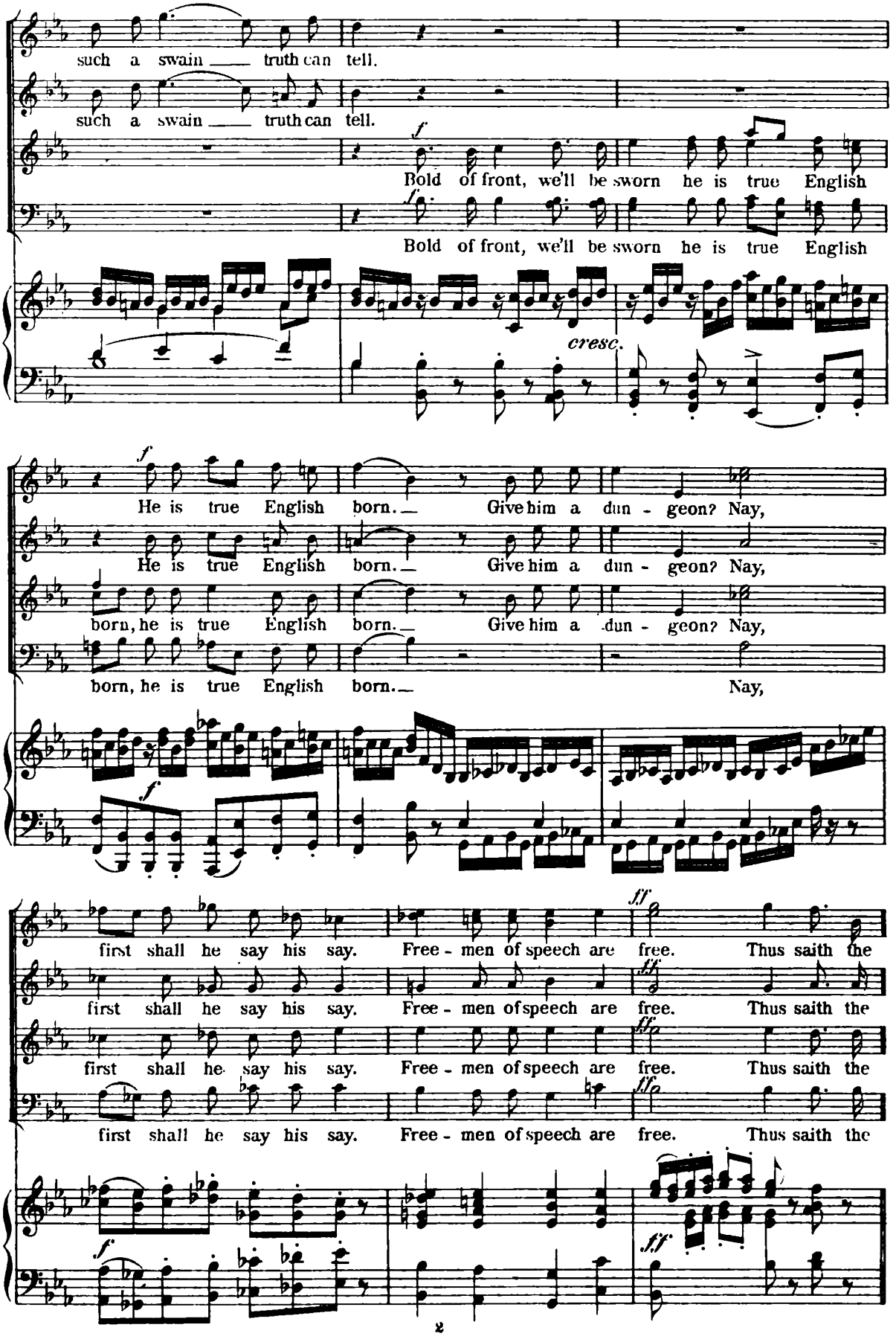
cresc.

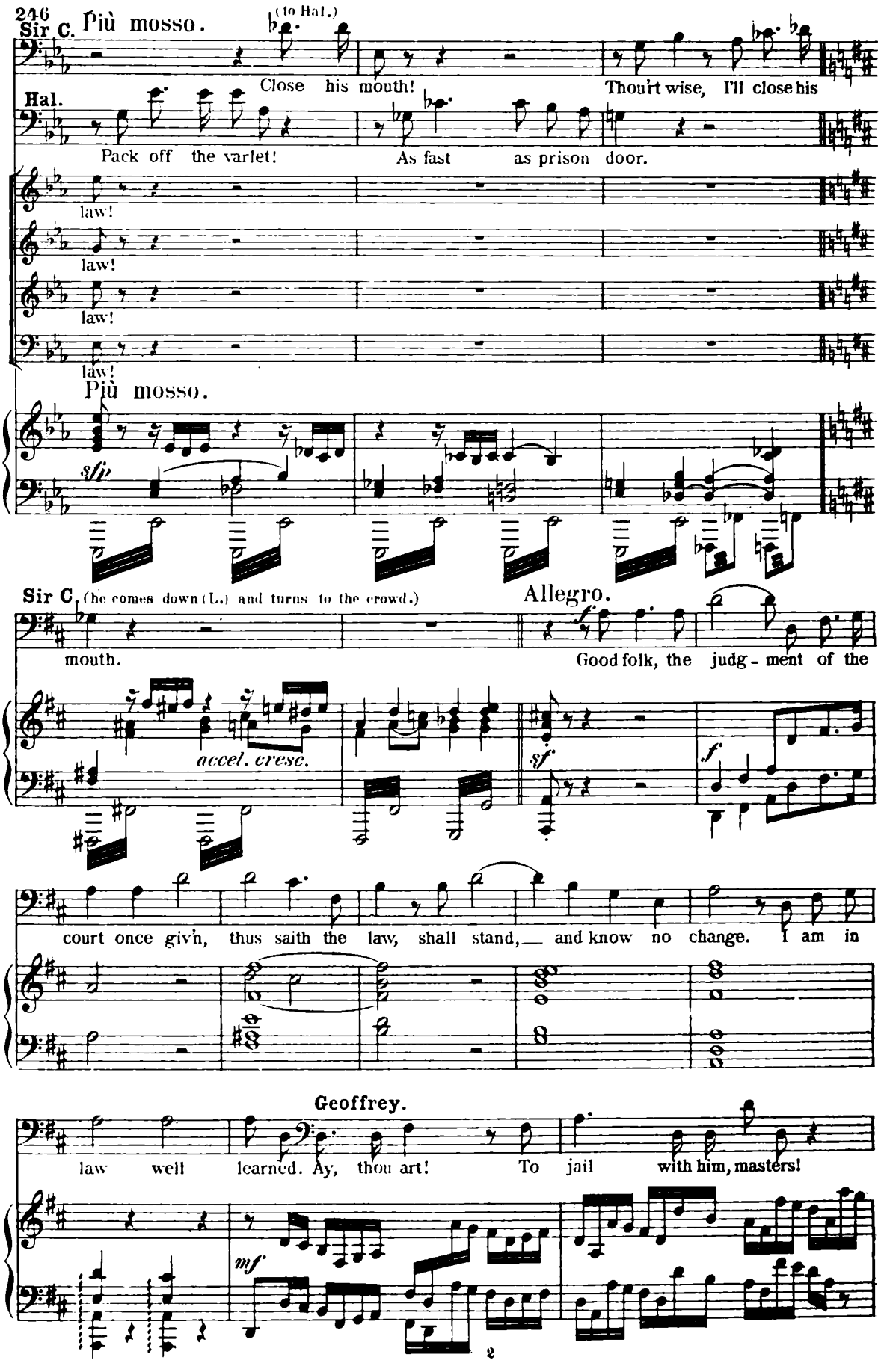

ff
say, be still! Ho! Si - - lence, si - - lence,
say, be still! Ho! Si - - lence, si - - lence,
say, be still! Ho! Si - lence, si - - lence, si - - lence,
say, be still! Ho! Si - lence, si - - lence, si - - lence,
ff
ff
Hubert. mp (to Sir C.)
So please you,
si - - - - - - lence in the court!
si - - - - - - lence in the court!
si - - - - - - lence in the court!
si - - - - - - lence in the court!
p
Andante.
Jus - tice, now that you have heard my crime set forth in full, by your good leave I'll an -
Hal. (Who as soon as Hubert has stepped forward, has risen to look at him and, on hearing his voice, recognises him.)
Andante.
col Ped.
2

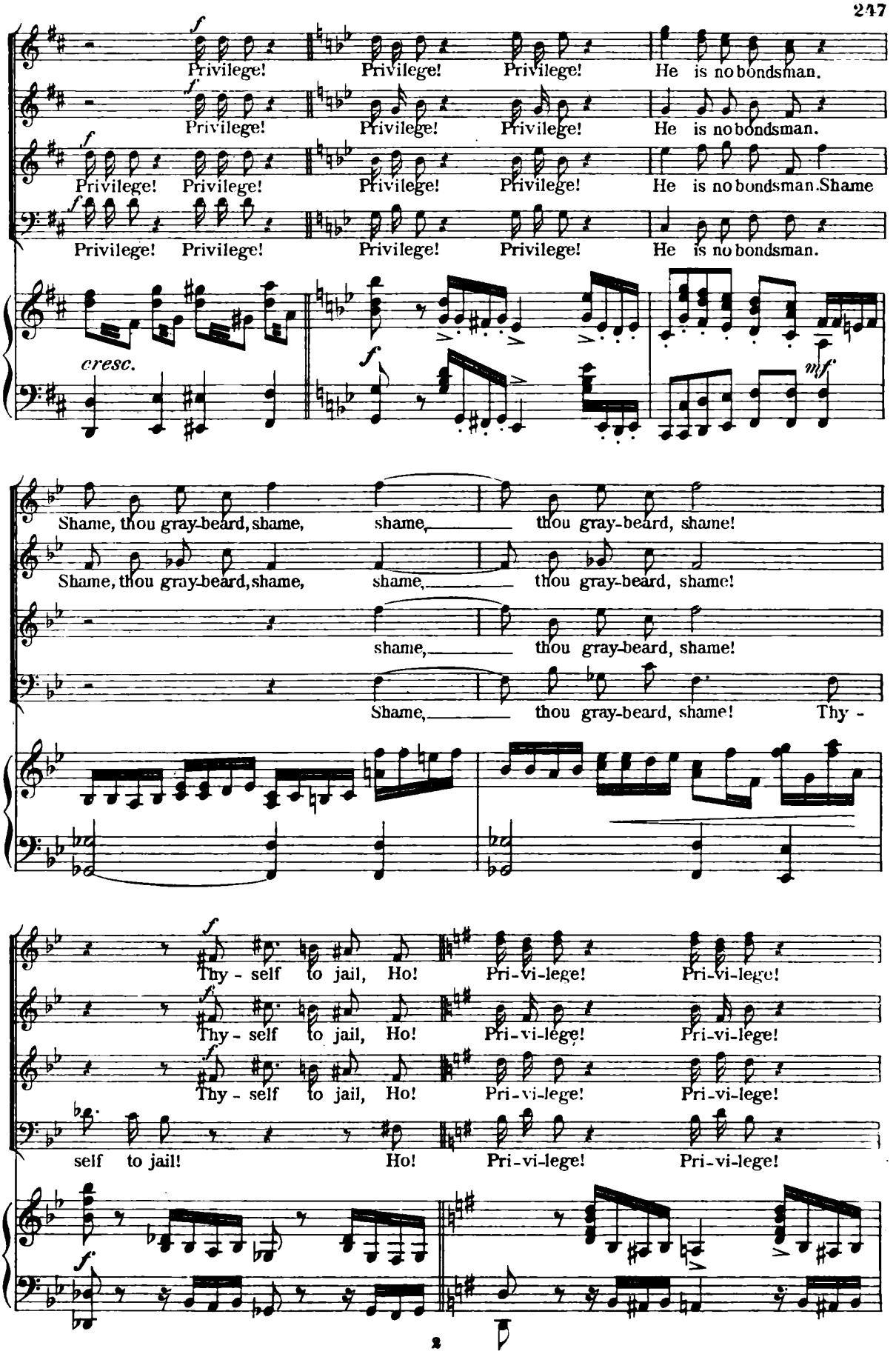

- swer to the charge.
(aside to Sir C.)
It is! my sixth! The truant scur - vy knave who played me
pp
Sir C. (confused)
He may not
false. Let him not rave in o-pen court. To jail, to jail with him!
p
plead. The law doth close his mouth.
Good sooth! with bolt and bar; the law doth say, rogues have no
mf
(rising and addressing Hubert.)
'Tis wise. I like the law!
Thou rogue, the law doth
tongues!


Sir C.
say that, charged with crime, thou canst not make de-fence; and be-ing con-
cresc.
demned — for thou art now condemned — thy sentence is full clear, thou'lt hence to jail for
cresc.
f
three good months!
(to Hal.)
mf
For six? why so?
Hal. (hurrying up and prompting him)
mf
Nay, nay, for six.
'Tis bet - ter
f
mf
p
(to Hubert)
f
Ay, ay.
Hear, rogue. I said, thou'lt hence to jail for six good
six.
mf


(confused)
(to Hubert)
months! (hurrying up again to Sir C.)
Ha! so. For six good years thou'lt hence to
Months! months! nay, years,
p
Sir C.
(he sits down)
jail, thou rogue. Thus saith the law.
Chorus.
mf
cresc.
Let the knave have his say, guil-ty or
Let the knave say his say, guil - ty or not, guil-ty or
f
mf
cresc.
mf
Come - ly! we like him well,
mf
Come - ly! we like him well,
f
not he be; Free-men in speech are free, thus saith the law.
f
not he be; Free-men in speech are free, thus saith the law.
f
p


such a swain truth can tell.
such a swain truth can tell.
f
Bold of front, we'll be sworn he is true English
f
Bold of front, we'll be sworn he is true English
cresc.
f
He is true English born. Give him a dun - geon? Nay,
He is true English born. Give him a dun - geon? Nay,
born, he is true English born. Give him a dun - geon? Nay,
born, he is true English born. Nay,
f
first shall he say his say. Free - men of speech are free. Thus saith the
ff
first shall he say his say. Free - men of speech are free. Thus saith the
first shall he say his say. Free - men of speech are free. Thus saith the
first shall he say his say. Free - men of speech are free. Thus saith the
f
ff


246
Sir C. Più mosso.
(to Hal.)
Close his mouth!
Thou'rt wise, I'll close his
Hal.
Pack off the varlet!
As fast as prison door.
law!
law!
law!
law!
Più mosso.
sfp
Sir C. (he comes down (L.) and turns to the crowd.)
Allegro.
mouth.
Good folk, the judg - ment of the
accel. cresc.
sf
f
court once giv'n, thus saith the law, shall stand, and know no change. I am in
Geoffrey.
law well learned. Ay, thou art! To jail with him, masters!
mf
2


Privilege! Privilege! Privilege! He is no bondsman.
Privilege! Privilege! Privilege! Privilege! He is no bondsman.
Privilege! Privilege! Privilege! Privilege! He is no bondsman. Shame
Privilege! Privilege! Privilege! Privilege! He is no bondsman.
cresc.
Shame, thou gray-beard, shame, shame, thou gray-beard, shame!
Shame, thou gray-beard, shame, shame, thou gray-beard, shame!
shame, thou gray-beard, shame!
Shame, thou gray-beard, shame! Thy -
Thy - self to jail, Ho! Pri-vi-lege! Pri-vi-lege!
Thy - self to jail, Ho! Pri-vi-lege! Pri-vi-lege!
Thy - self to jail, Ho! Pri-vi-lege! Pri-vi-lege!
self to jail! Ho! Pri-vi-lege! Pri-vi-lege!

Hubert (bowing to Sir C.)

mf

Nay, list! this learned Jus - tice speaketh well, good friends; right well!

p

col Ped.

Sir C. (aside)

p

He saith I speak right well! Good sooth, this knave I trow hath wit. Say on, thou

(to Hubert)

f

Hubert.

(with mock deference)

Sir Knight, so just,

churl, 'tis just, my judgment? Ay, say on!

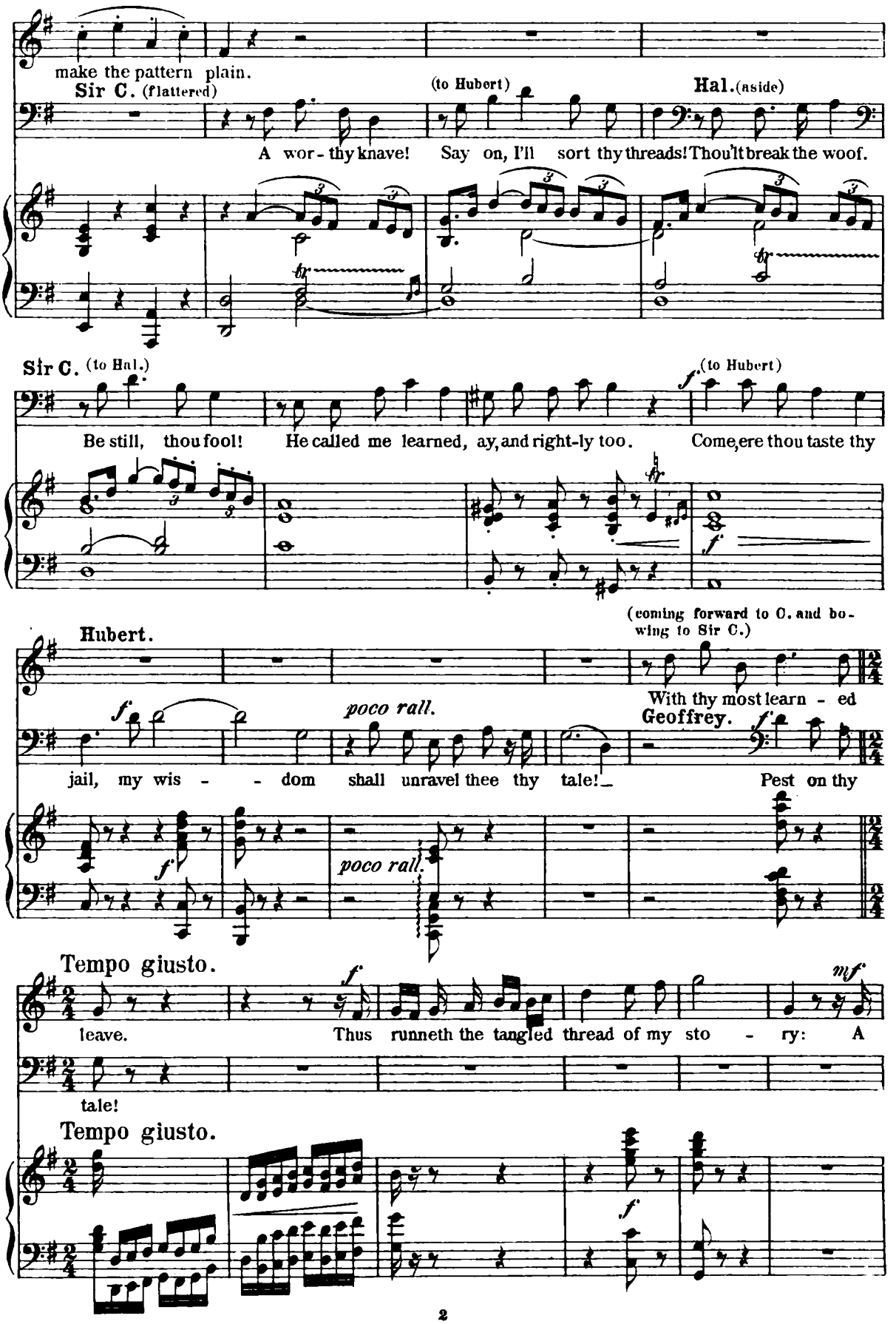
Hubert.

that I would hear thee judge a - gain a case I wot of tangled; but I ween thy

cresc.

lore and learning will un - ravel it. Ay, set each thread aright up - on the loom and

p


make the pattern plain.
Sir C. (flattered)
(to Hubert)
Hal. (aside)
A wor - thy knave! Say on, I'll sort thy threads! Thou'lt break the woof.
Sir C. (to Hal.)
Be still, thou fool! He called me learned, ay, and right-ly too.
(to Hubert)
Come, ere thou taste thy
(coming forward to C. and bowing to Sir C.)
Hubert.
With thy most learn - ed
poco rall.
Geoffrey.
jail, my wis - - dom shall unravel thee thy tale!
Pest on thy
poco rall.
Tempo giusto.
leave. Thus runneth the tangled thread of my sto - ry: A
tale!
Tempo giusto.

Hubert.

knight who is fit - ter for aches and pains, for his limbs are stiff and his head is hoa - ry,

set - teth him out on a gal - lant's cam-paigns; and he

casteth his gaze on a mai - den low - ly, but his suit, I wot, is a suit un -

ho - ly, ay, one that leadeth to ter - ror and strife; for though he thus

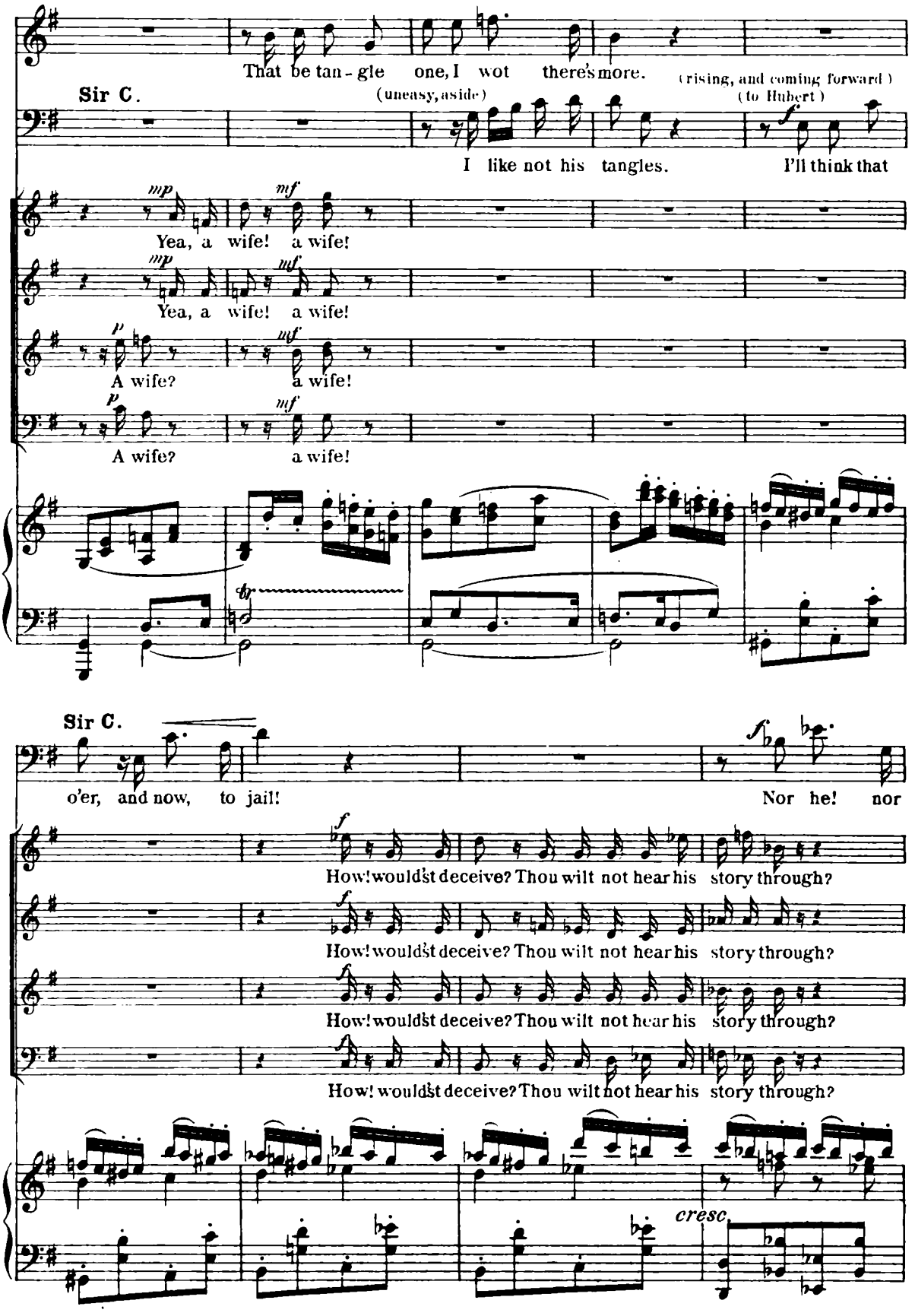
poco rall.

poco rall.

roam he leav - eth at home— a wife!

a tempo

a tempo


That be tan - gle one, I wot there's more.
Sir C.
(uneasy, aside)
(rising, and coming forward)
(to Hubert)
I like not his tangles. I'll think that
Yea, a wife! a wife!
Yea, a wife! a wife!
A wife? a wife!
A wife? a wife!
Sir C.
o'er, and now, to jail!
Nor he! nor
How! wouldst deceive? Thou wilt not hear his story through?
How! wouldst deceive? Thou wilt not hear his story through?
How! wouldst deceive? Thou wilt not hear his story through?
How! wouldst deceive? Thou wilt not hear his story through?
cresc.

(the chorus hustle Geoffrey, who struggles)

(he is hustled to the back)

I! He should be hung, so said the Justice.

Wilt rein thy tongue! Shame, hoary pate! Ay, shame!

Wilt rein thy tongue! Shame, hoary pate! Ay, shame!

Hang thee too! Ay, shame!

Hang thee too! Ay, shame!

Hubert. (He bows to Sir C. who assumes an air of resignation.)

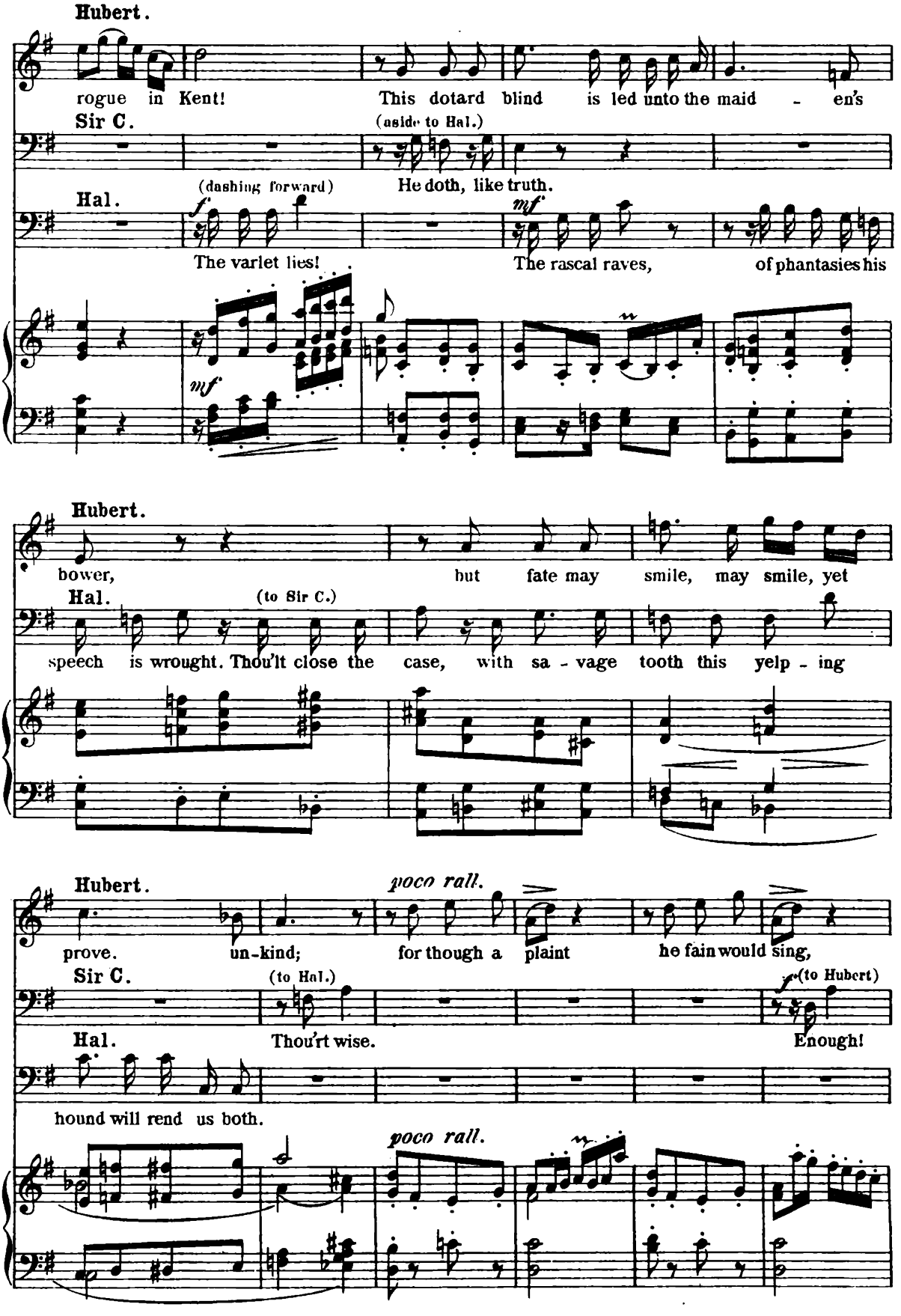
ad lib.

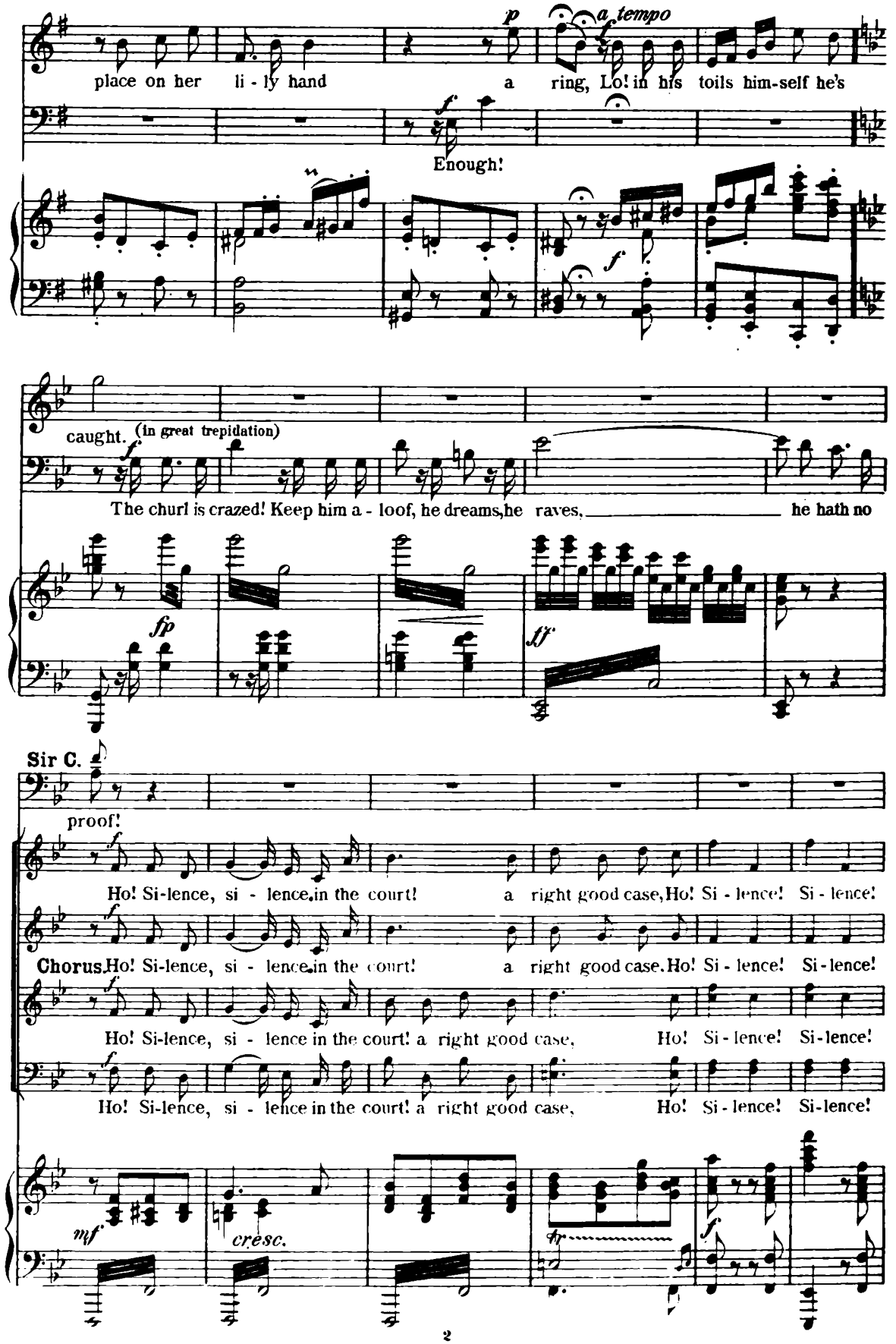
But nay! — By thy good leave! — This gen - tle maid to seize, I wot, my

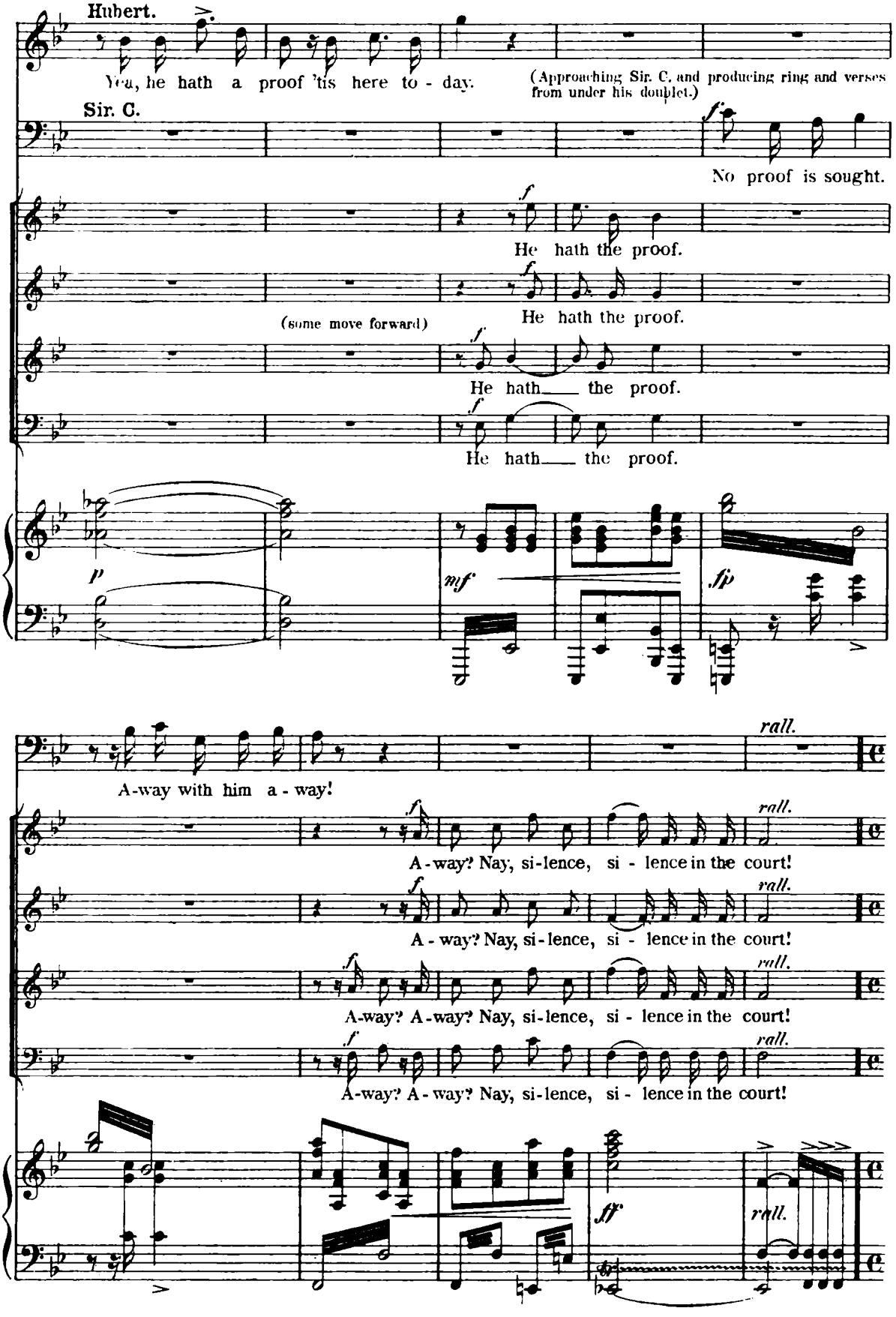
colla voce p

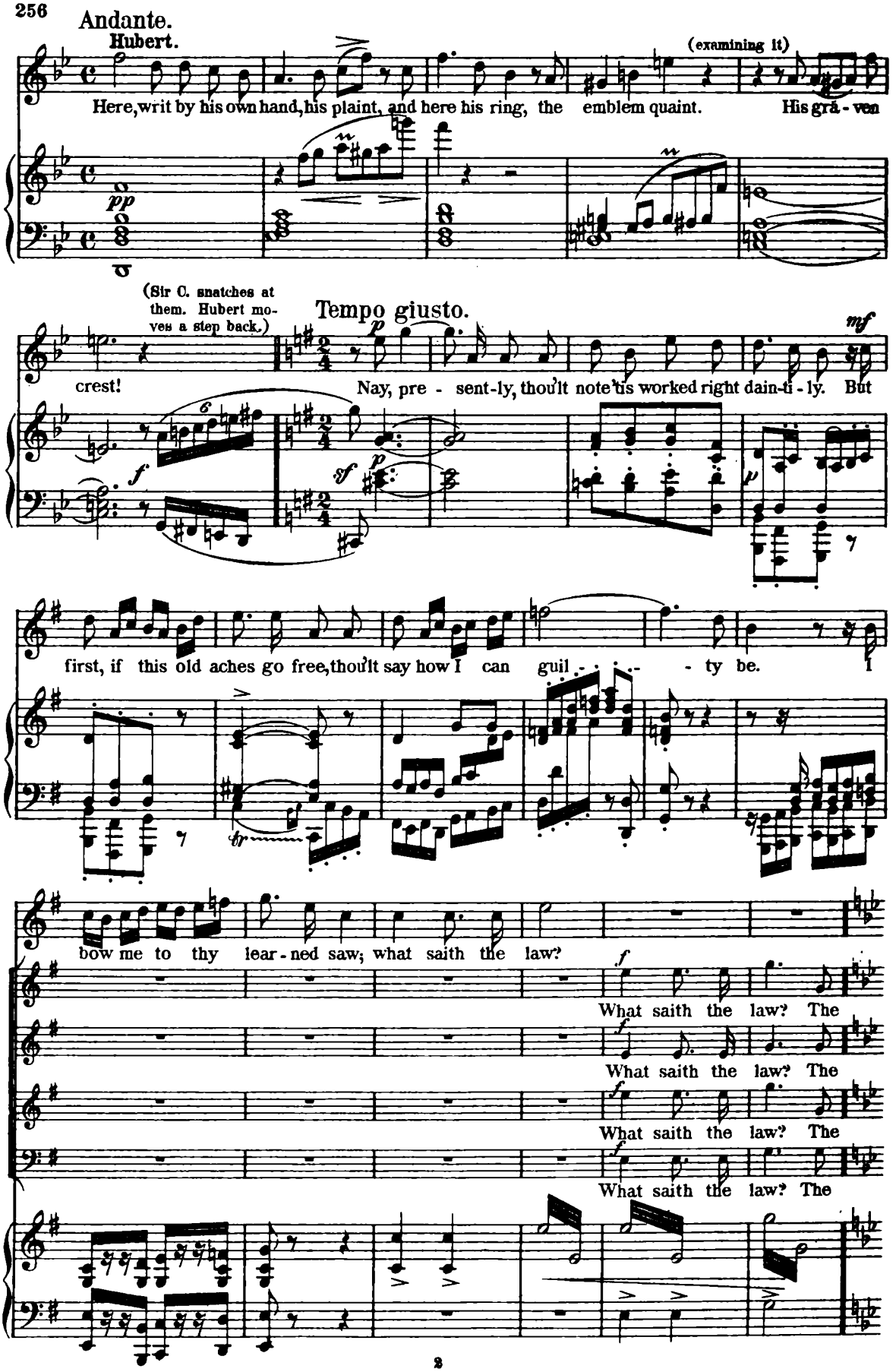
gal-lant do - tard weaves a plot. And weaving this, on

jour - ney bent, this maid he tracks with six arch - knaves, and one, the chiefest


Hubert.
rogue in Kent! This dotard blind is led unto the maid - en's
Sir C.
(aside to Hal.)
(dashing forward)
He doth, like truth.
Hal.
f
mf
The varlet lies! The rascal raves, of phantasies his
mf
Hubert.
bower, but fate may smile, may smile, yet
Hal.
(to Sir C.)
speech is wrought. Thou'lt close the case, with sa - vage tooth this yelp - ing
Hubert.
poco rall.
prove. un-kind; for though a plaint he fain would sing,
Sir C.
(to Hal.)
f
(to Hubert)
Hal.
Thou'rt wise.
Enough!
hound will rend us both.
poco rall.


p
a tempo
place on her li - ly hand a ring, Lo! in his toils him-self he's
f
Enough!
f
caught. (in great trepidation)
f
The churl is crazed! Keep him a - loof, he dreams, he raves, he hath no
fp
ff
Sir C.
proof!
f
Ho! Si-lence, si - lence in the court! a right good case, Ho! Si - lence! Si - lence!
Chorus. Ho! Si-lence, si - lence in the court! a right good case, Ho! Si - lence! Si - lence!
Ho! Si-lence, si - lence in the court! a right good case, Ho! Si - lence! Si-lence!
Ho! Si-lence, si - lence in the court! a right good case, Ho! Si - lence! Si-lence!
mf
cresc.
tr
f


Hubert.
Yea, he hath a proof 'tis here to - day.
(Approaching Sir. C. and producing ring and verses from under his doublet.)
Sir. C.
No proof is sought.
He hath the proof.
He hath the proof.
(some move forward)
He hath___ the proof.
He hath___ the proof.
A-way with him a - way!
A - way? Nay, si-lence, si - lence in the court!
A - way? Nay, si-lence, si - lence in the court!
A-way? A-way? Nay, si-lence, si - lence in the court!
A-way? A-way? Nay, si-lence, si - lence in the court!
rall.


Andante.
Hubert.
(examining it)
Here, writ by his own hand, his plaint, and here his ring, the emblem quaint. His gra - ven
pp
(Sir C. snatches at them. Hubert moves a step back.)
Tempo giusto.
mf
crest!
Nay, pre - sent-ly, thou'lt note 'tis worked right dain-ti - ly. But
f
sf
p
first, if this old aches go free, thou'lt say how I can guil - - - - ty be. I
bow me to thy lear - ned saw; what saith the law?
What saith the law? The
What saith the law? The
What saith the law? The
What saith the law? The

Più mosso.

do - - tard 'scapes the cart's good tail, while hon-est youth be sent to jail.

do - - tard 'scapes the cart's good tail, while hon-est youth be sent to jail.

do - - tard 'scapes the cart's good tail, while hon-est youth be sent to jail.

do - - tard 'scapes the cart's good tail, while hon-est youth be sent to jail.

ff

'Tis put right plain, nor flam, nor flaw. Ho! Justice say! What saith the

'Tis put right plain, nor flam, nor flaw. Ho! Justice say! What saith the

'Tis put right plain, nor flam, nor flaw. Ho! Justice say! What saith the

'Tis put right plain, nor flam, nor flaw. Ho! Justice say! What saith the

Sir C. (taking Hal aside, in hopeless trepidation.)

I trem - ble in my

law? what saith the law?

law? what saith the law?

law? what saith the law?

law? what saith the law?

8

ff

sf

sf

p

Poco più lento.

Sir C.

shoon!

Hal. *p* (aside to Sir C.)

He know - eth all, but, mar - ry, hath no wit - ness; safe in

Poco più lento.

Right art thou! he's best in

jail, thou'lt get thy plaint and sig - net.

Sir C. (addressing them)

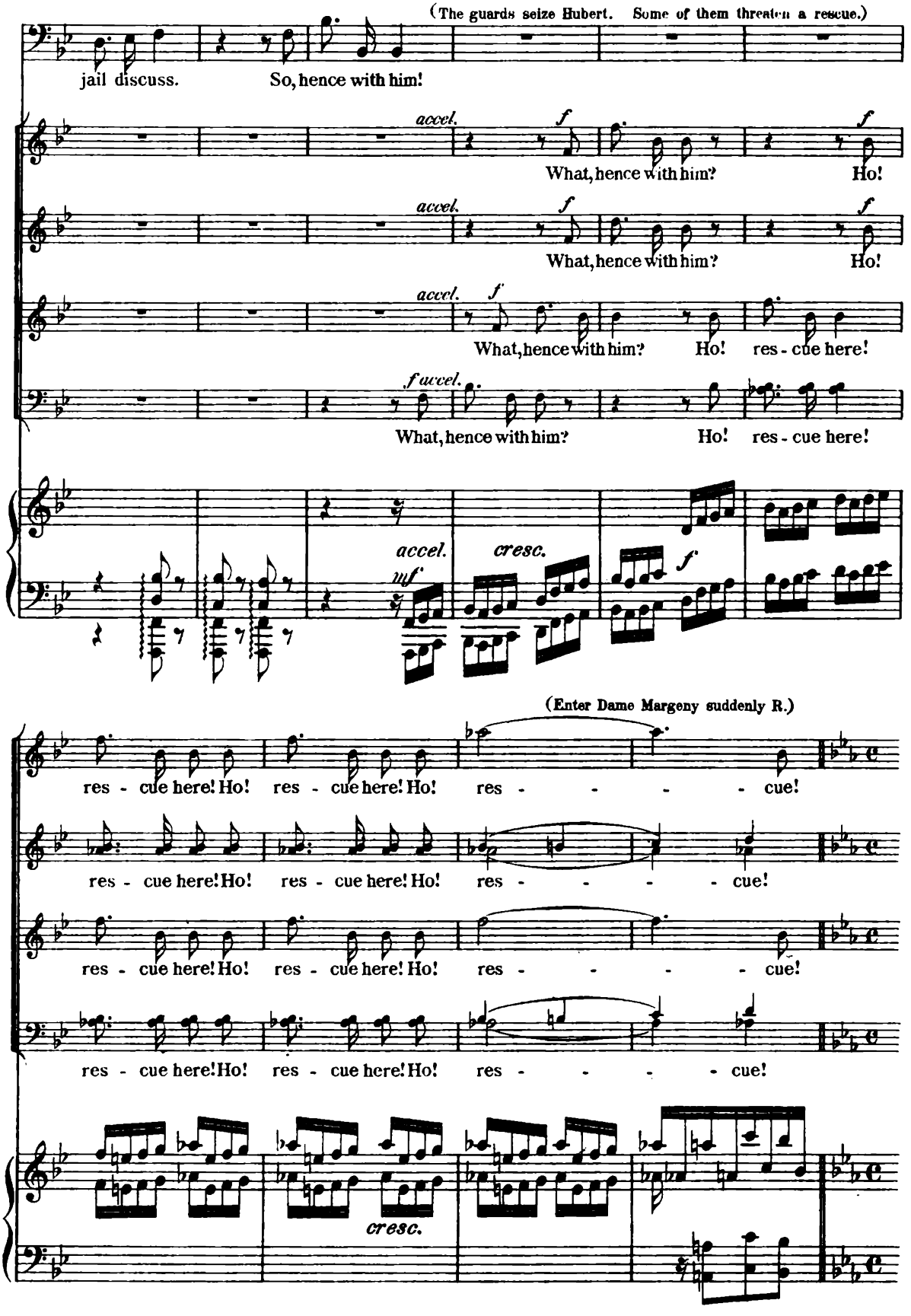
jail! Good folk, since this arch knave he know - eth

f *mp*

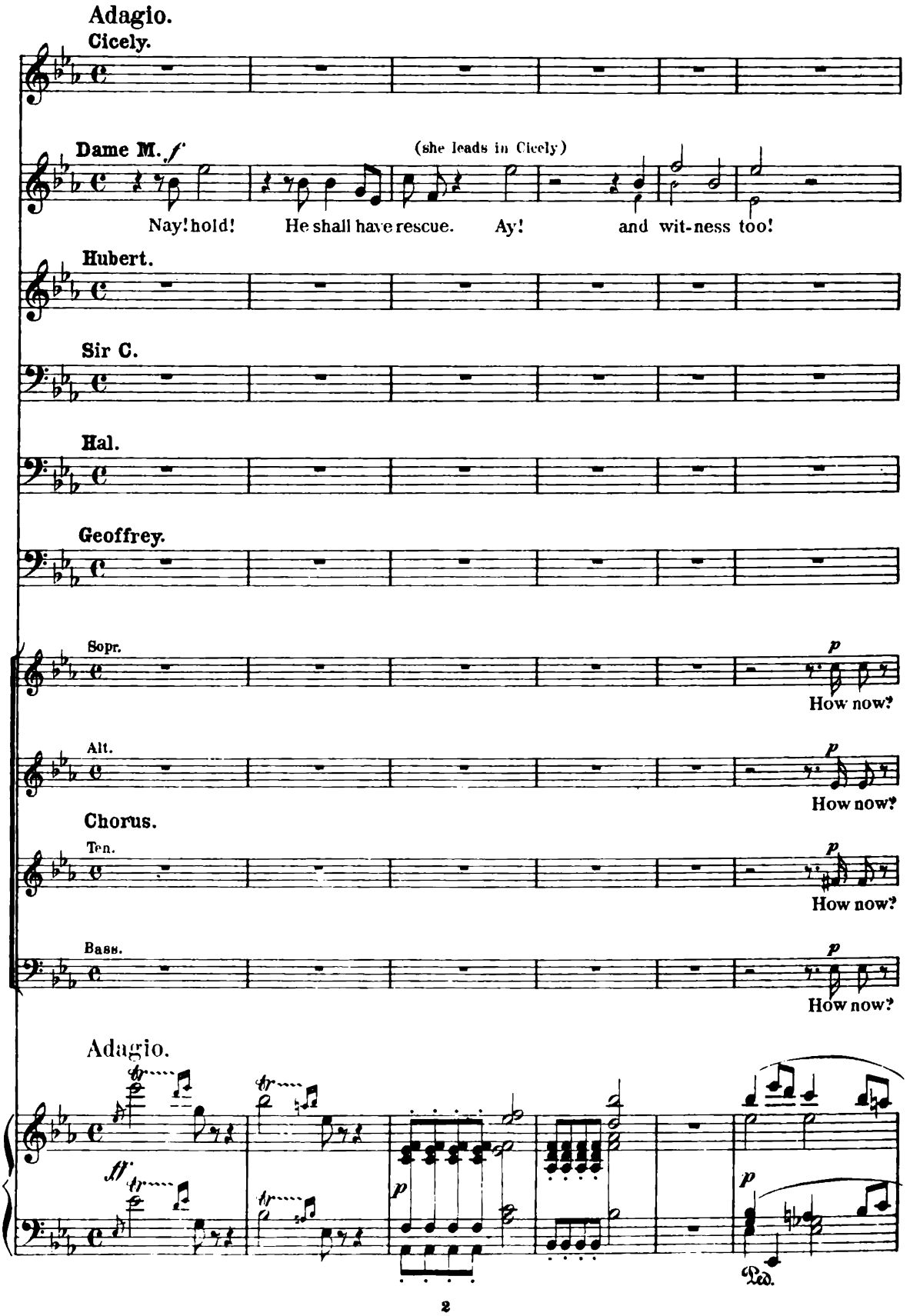
(points to his plaint and ring)

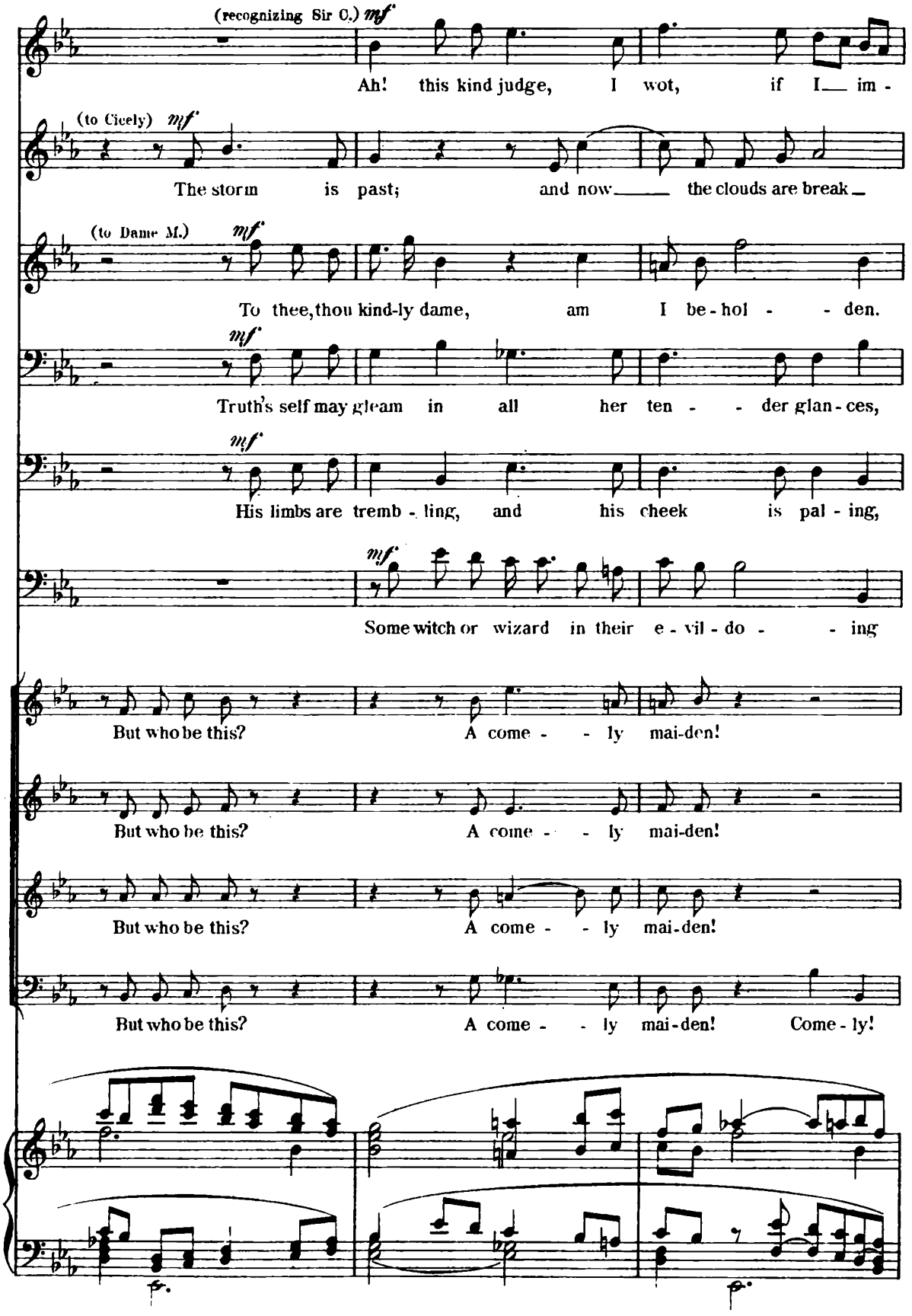
all, I mean all he should know, These i - dle proofs we will in.

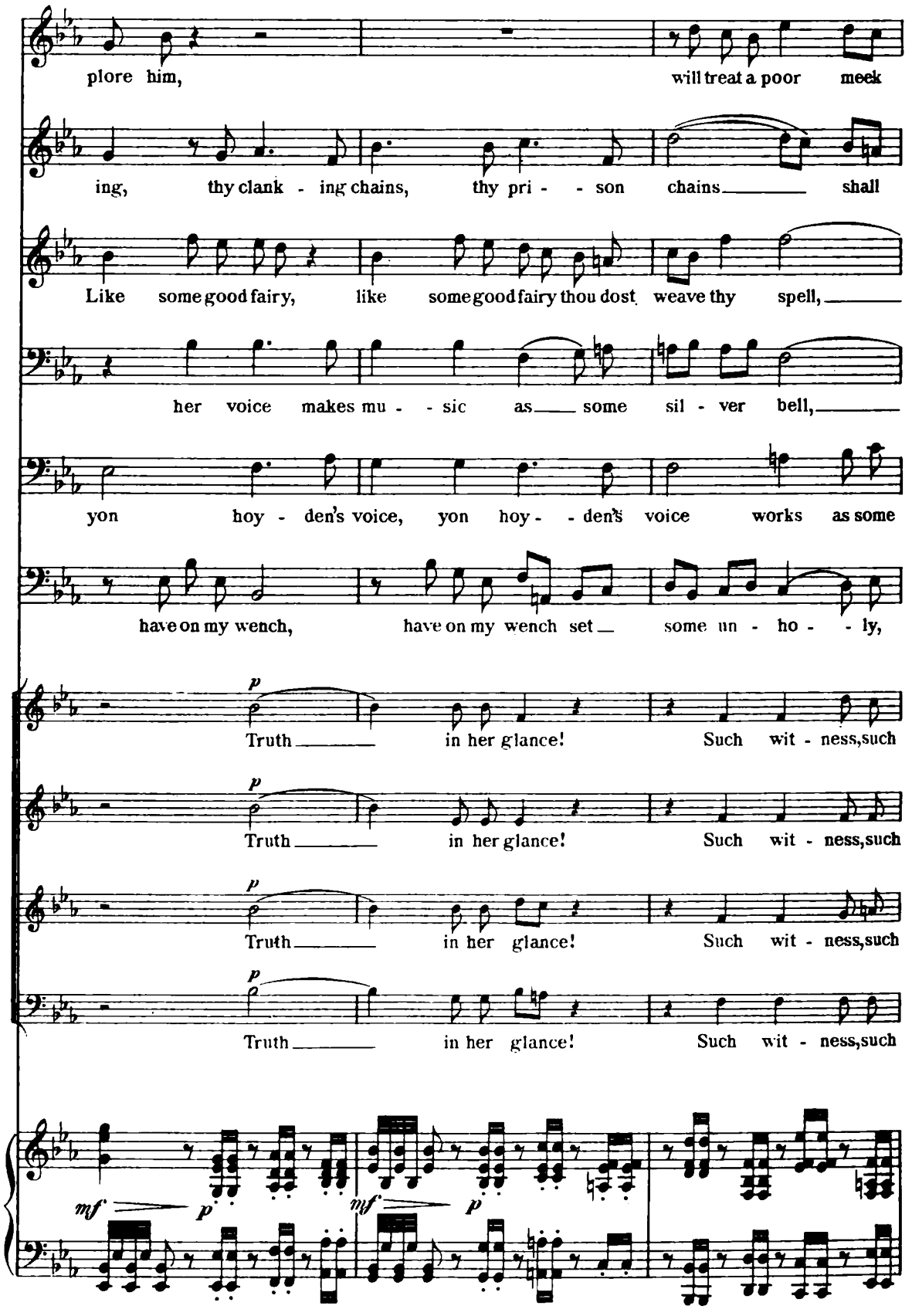
f

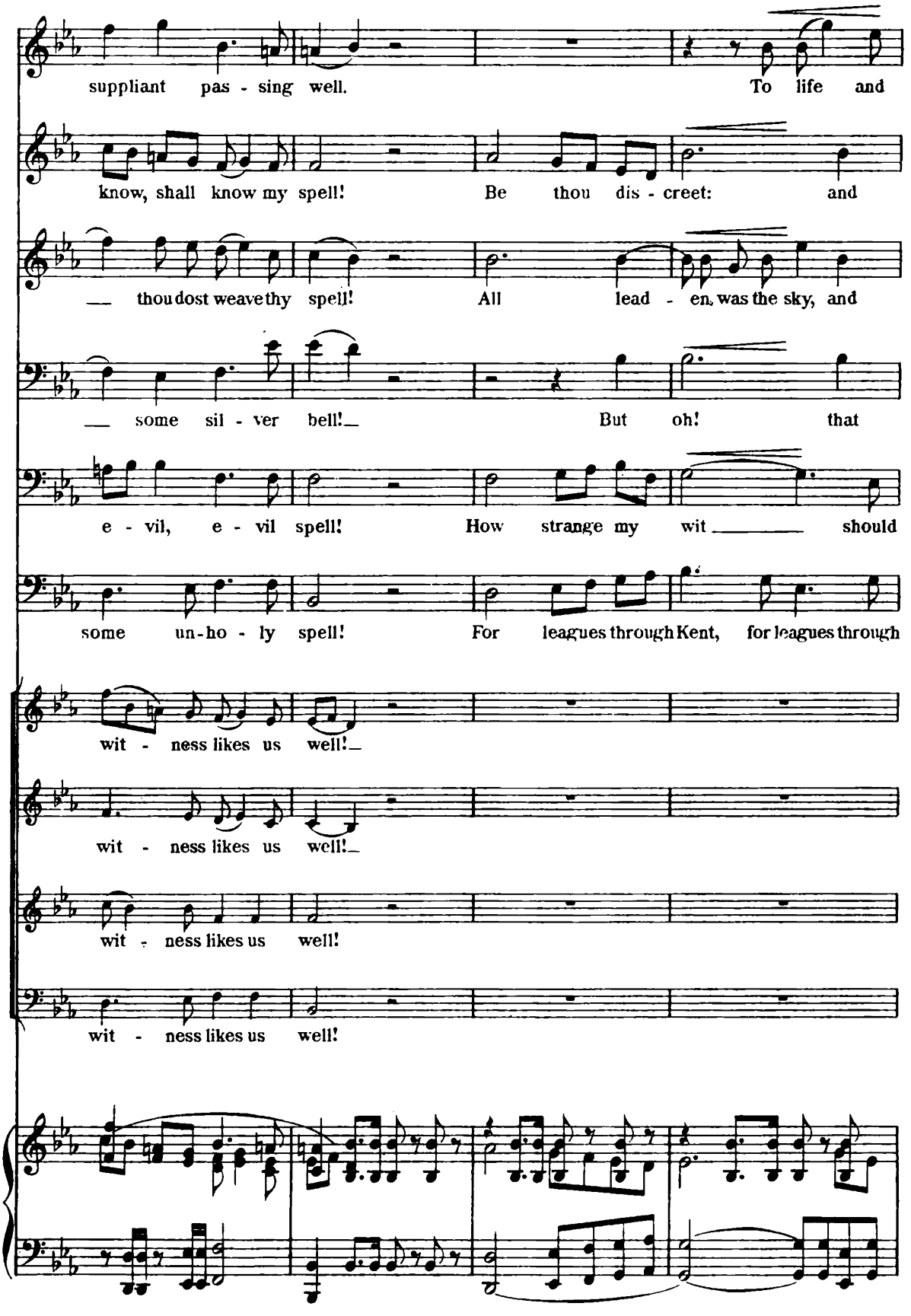

(The guards seize Hubert. Some of them threaten a rescue.)
jail discuss. So, hence with him!
accel. f
What, hence with him? Ho!
accel. f
What, hence with him? Ho!
accel. f
What, hence with him? Ho! res - cue here!
f accel.
What, hence with him? Ho! res - cue here!
accel. cresc.
mf f
(Enter Dame Margeny suddenly R.)
res - cue here! Ho! res - cue here! Ho! res - - - - cue!
res - cue here! Ho! res - cue here! Ho! res - - - - cue!
res - cue here! Ho! res - cue here! Ho! res - - - - cue!
res - cue here! Ho! res - cue here! Ho! res - - - - cue!
cresc.

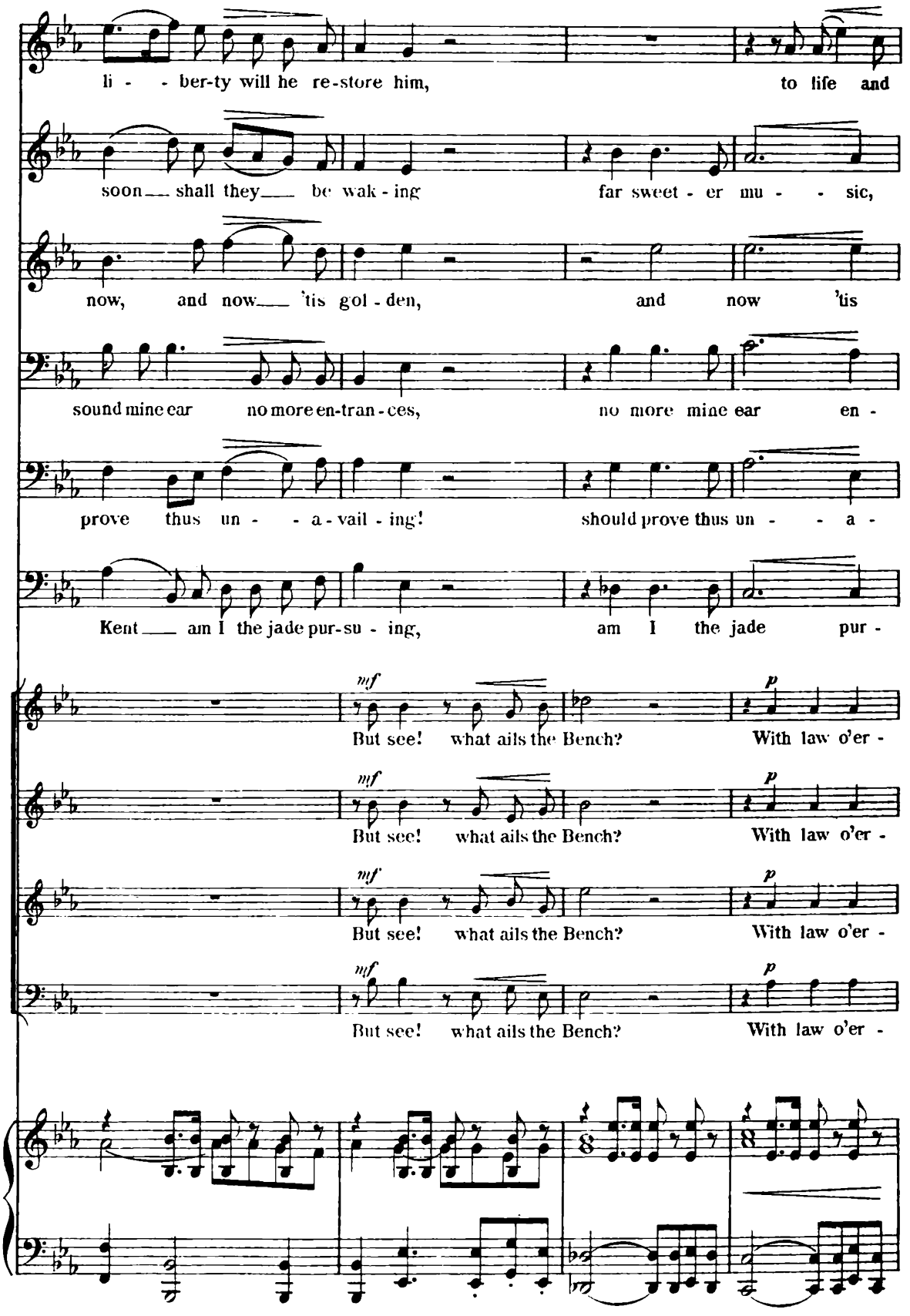
Scene IV.

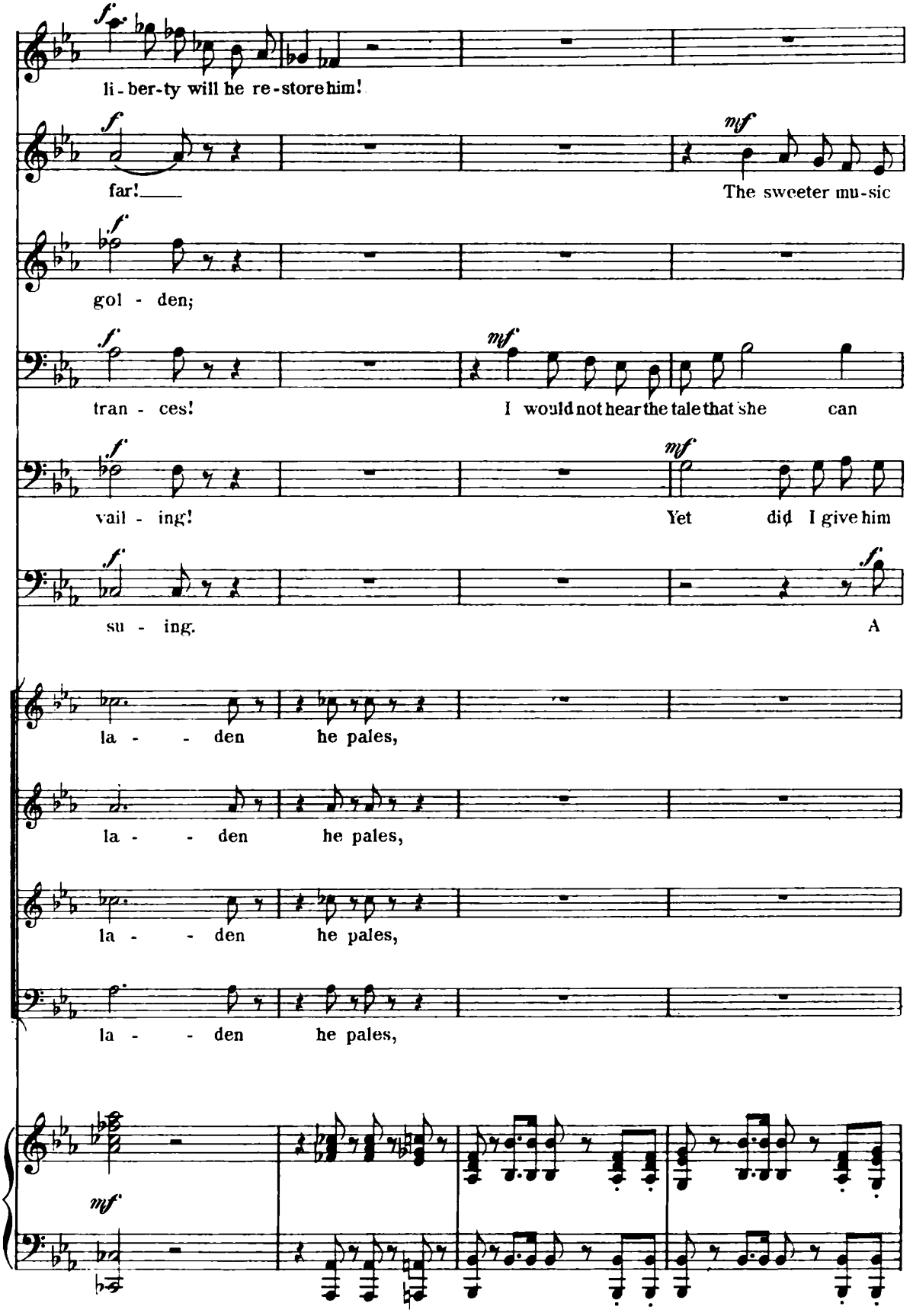

Adagio.
Cicely.
Dame M. f
(she leads in Cicely)
Nay! hold! He shall have rescue. Ay! and wit-ness too!
Hubert.
Sir C.
Hal.
Geoffrey.
Sopr.
p
How now?
Alt.
p
How now?
Chorus.
Ten.
p
How now?
Bass.
p
How now?
Adagio.
ff
p
Ped.

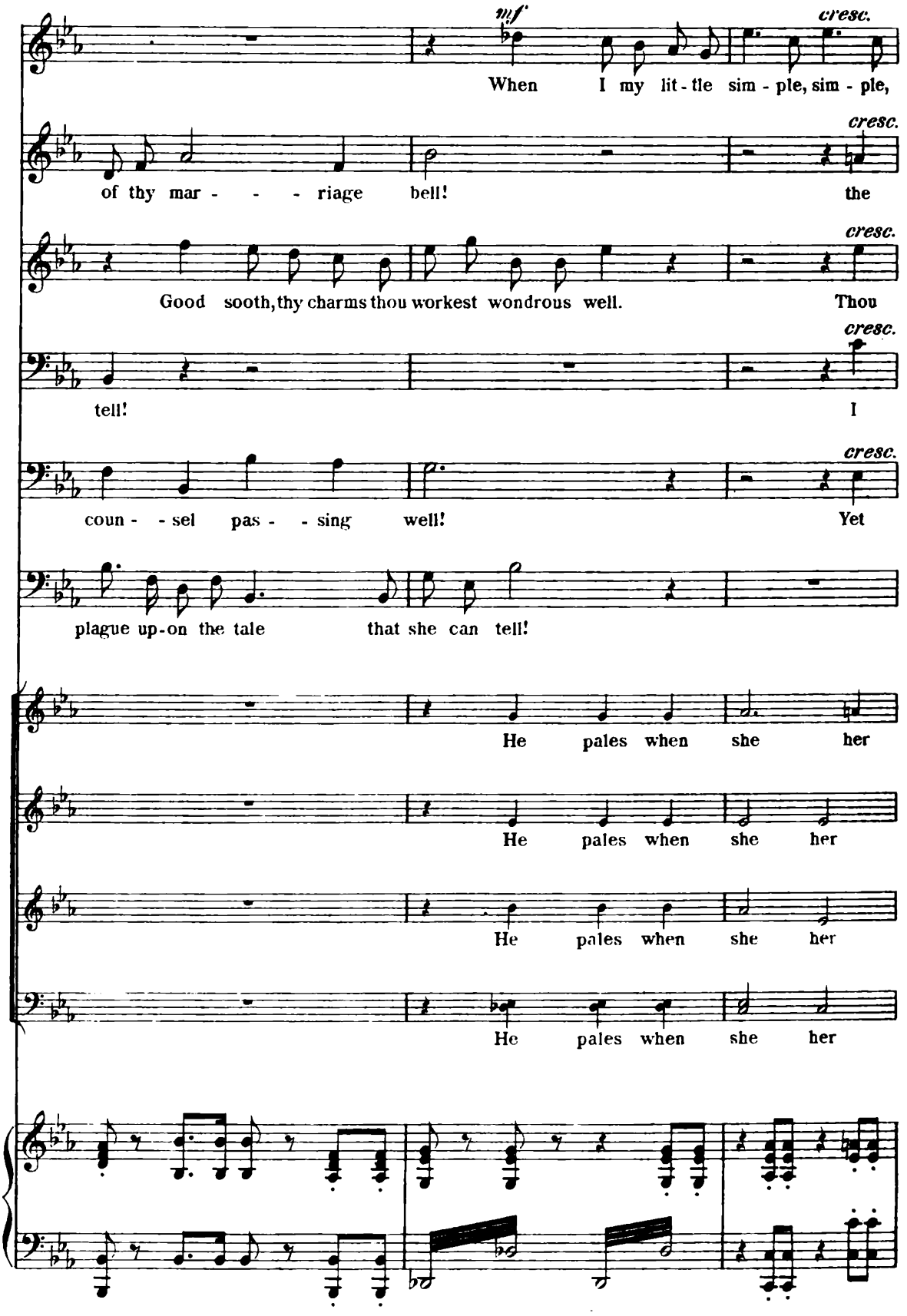

(recognizing Sir C.) mf
Ah! this kind judge, I wot, if I im -
(to Cicely) mf
The storm is past; and now the clouds are break -
(to Dame M.) mf
To thee, thou kind-ly dame, am I be-hol - den.
mf
Truth's self may gleam in all her ten - der glan-ces,
mf
His limbs are tremb - ling, and his cheek is pal - ing,
mf
Some witch or wizard in their e - vil - do - ing
But who be this? A come - ly mai-den!
But who be this? A come - ly mai-den!
But who be this? A come - ly mai-den!
But who be this? A come - ly mai-den! Come - ly!

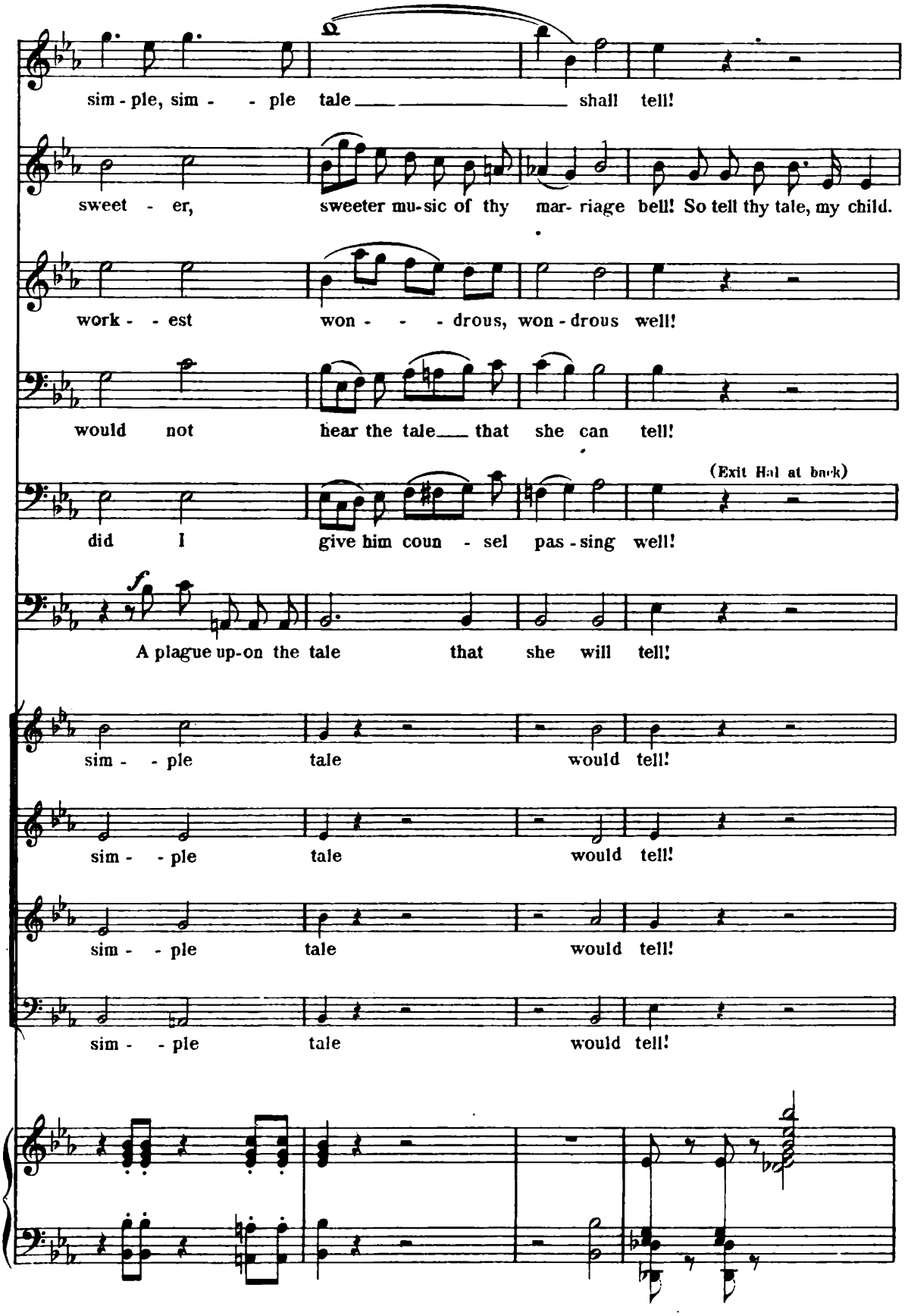

plore him, will treat a poor meek
ing, thy clank - ing chains, thy pri - - son chains shall
Like some good fairy, like some good fairy thou dost weave thy spell,
her voice makes mu - - sic as some sil - ver bell,
yon hoy - den's voice, yon hoy - - den's voice works as some
have on my wench, have on my wench set some un - ho - - ly,
p
Truth in her glance! Such wit - ness, such
Truth in her glance! Such wit - ness, such
Truth in her glance! Such wit - ness, such
Truth in her glance! Such wit - ness, such
mf p mf p


suppliant pas - sing well. To life and
know, shall know my spell! Be thou dis - creet: and
thou dost weave thy spell! All lead - en was the sky, and
some sil - ver bell! But oh! that
e - vil, e - vil spell! How strange my wit should
some un-ho - ly spell! For leagues through Kent, for leagues through
wit - ness likes us well!
wit - ness likes us well!
wit - ness likes us well!
wit - ness likes us well!


li - - ber-ty will he re-store him, to life and
soon shall they be wak - ing far sweet - er mu - - sic,
now, and now 'tis gol - den, and now 'tis
sound mine ear no more en-tran - ces, no more mine ear en -
prove thus un - - a - vail - ing! should prove thus un - - a -
Kent am I the jade pur-su - ing, am I the jade pur -
mf
But see! what ails the Bench?
p
With law o'er -
mf
But see! what ails the Bench?
p
With law o'er -
mf
But see! what ails the Bench?
p
With law o'er -
mf
But see! what ails the Bench?
p
With law o'er -


f
li - ber-ty will he re-store him!
f
far!
mf
The sweeter mu-sic
f
gol - den;
f
mf
tran - ces!
I would not hear the tale that she can
f
mf
vail - ing!
Yet did I give him
f
f
su - ing.
A
la - - den he pales,
la - - den he pales,
la - - den he pales,
la - - den he pales,
mf


mf
cresc.
When I my lit - tle sim - ple, sim - ple,
cresc.
of thy mar - - - - riage bell! the
cresc.
Good sooth, thy charms thou workest wondrous well. Thou
cresc.
tell! I
cresc.
coun - - sel pas - - sing well! Yet
plague up-on the tale that she can tell!
He pales when she her
He pales when she her
He pales when she her
He pales when she her


sim - ple, sim - - ple tale shall tell!
sweet - er, sweeter mu-sic of thy mar- riage bell! So tell thy tale, my child.
work - - est won - - - drous, won - drous well!
would not hear the tale that she can tell!
(Exit Hal at back)
did I give him coun - sel pas - sing well!
f
A plague up-on the tale that she will tell!
sim - - ple tale would tell!
sim - - ple tale would tell!
sim - - ple tale would tell!
sim - - ple tale would tell!

Dame M. (hands her the roll of M.S.)

Take thou the plaint. Fear not, but tell my lord the Justice here, with what a vile in-tent that o-ther

Cicely (glancing at it)

speaks. He calls me "win-some daf-fo-dil!" him-self, "a sim-ple

Allegretto. **Dame M.** (seizing the roll and showing it to Sir C. mimicking his manner.)

swain!" Ay, here 'tis writ, can'st read? "Answer to him as he sigh-eth,

cresc.

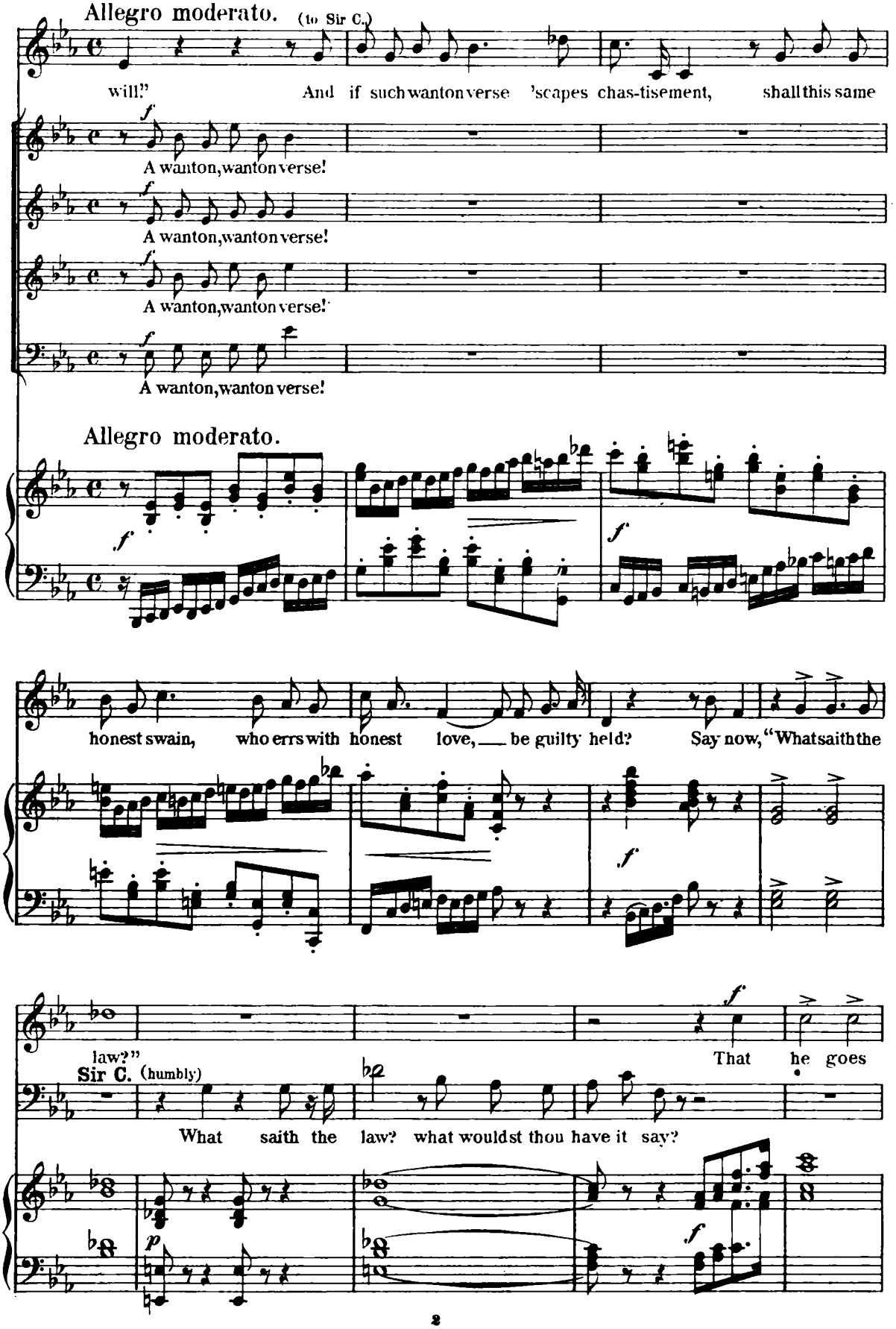
ho-peth, wee-peth, swoo-neth. cri-eth, "Wilt thou, pret-ty daf-fo-dil?"

cresc.

cresc.

With a dim-ple, answer "sim-ple, sim-ple, sim-ple, sim-ple, sim-ple swain, I

cresc.


Allegro moderato.
(to Sir C.)
will!" And if such wanton verse 'scapes chas-tisement, shall this same
A wanton, wanton verse!
A wanton, wanton verse!
A wanton, wanton verse!
A wanton, wanton verse!
Allegro moderato.
honest swain, who errs with honest love, — be guilty held? Say now, "What saith the
law?"
That he goes
Sir C. (humbly)
What saith the law? what wouldst thou have it say?

(peremptorily)

free! Un-jail him then! This do I

(abjectly)

The sentence was for jail. Thou pressest this?

Sir C. (coming forward)

press. Good folk, the judgment of the court once giv'n doth

stand. I said, doth

A learned justice! Si - lence! Si - lence in the court!

A learned justice! Si - lence! Si - lence in the court!

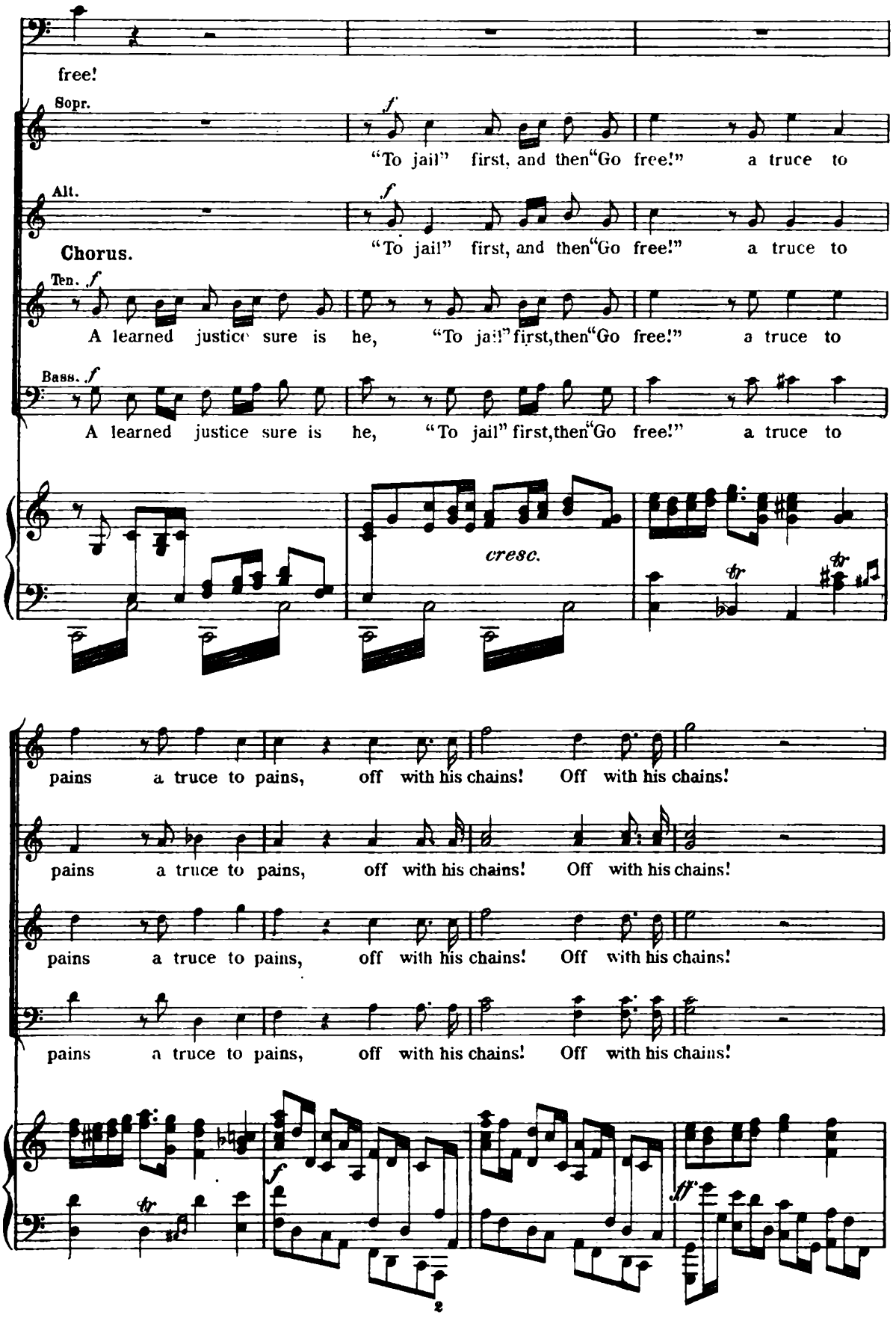
A learned justice! Si - lence! Si - lence in the court!

A learned justice! Si - lence! Si - lence in the court!

cresc.

(confused)

stand, that is, I mean, I wot, it stand - eth if it can. The youth is


free!
Sopr.
"To jail" first, and then "Go free!" a truce to
Alt.
Chorus.
"To jail" first, and then "Go free!" a truce to
Ten.
A learned justice sure is he, "To jail" first, then "Go free!" a truce to
Bass.
A learned justice sure is he, "To jail" first, then "Go free!" a truce to
cresc.
pains a truce to pains, off with his chains! Off with his chains!
pains a truce to pains, off with his chains! Off with his chains!
pains a truce to pains, off with his chains! Off with his chains!
pains a truce to pains, off with his chains! Off with his chains!

(Hubert is liberated and moves at once to Cicely Geoffrey dragging her away.)

Geoffrey.

f

The law is crazed, say I. Come thou with

ff

Thus saith the law!

ff

Thus saith the law!

ff

Thus saith the law!

ff

Thus saith the law!

mf

(about to

me. We'll see thee lodged with thy good grif-fin aunt. To

sfp

Dame M. (in his path)

Andante sostenuto.

f

lead her off)

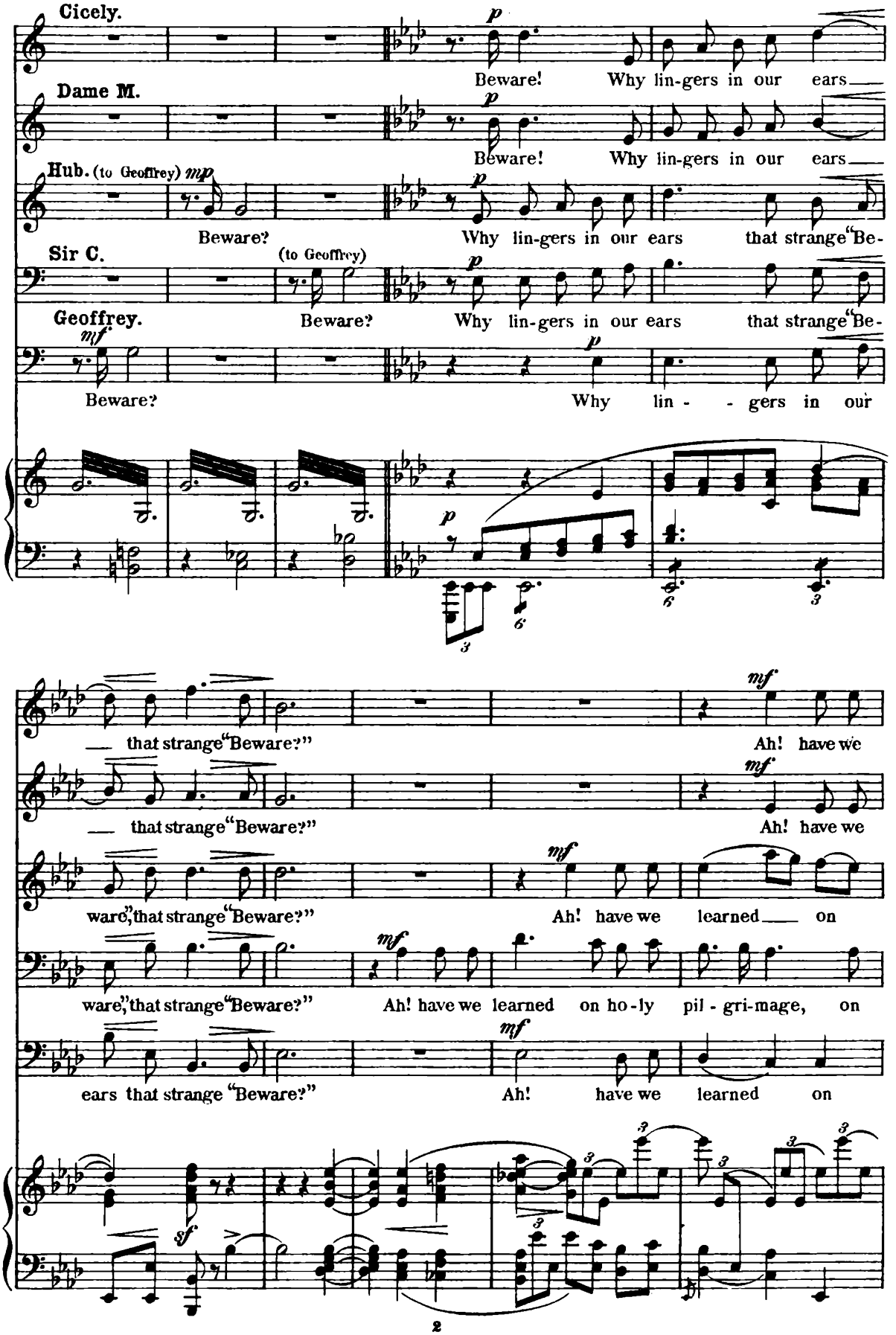
That road a-gain! Dost hear no warning voice? Beware!

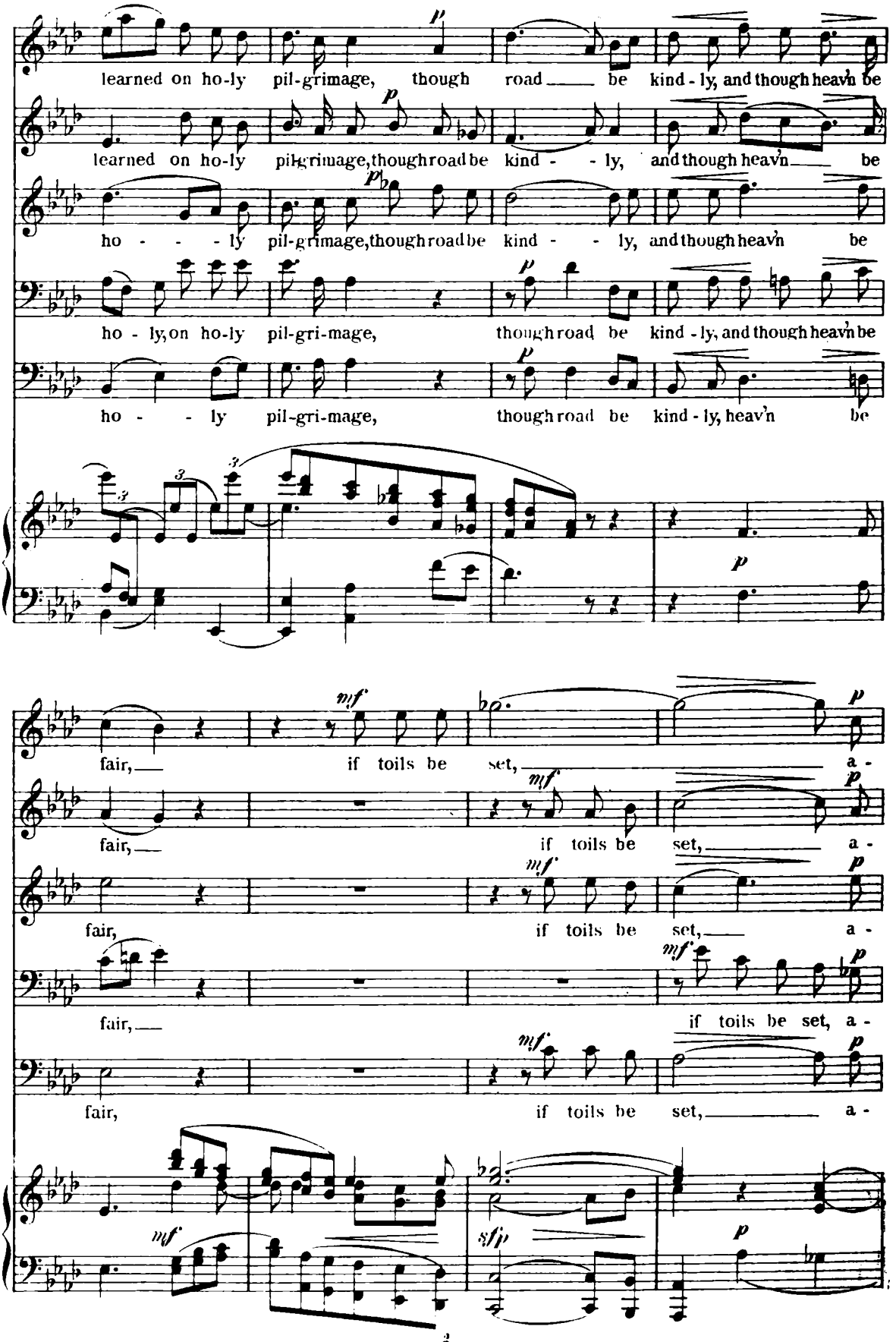
Can-ter-bu-ry! Come!

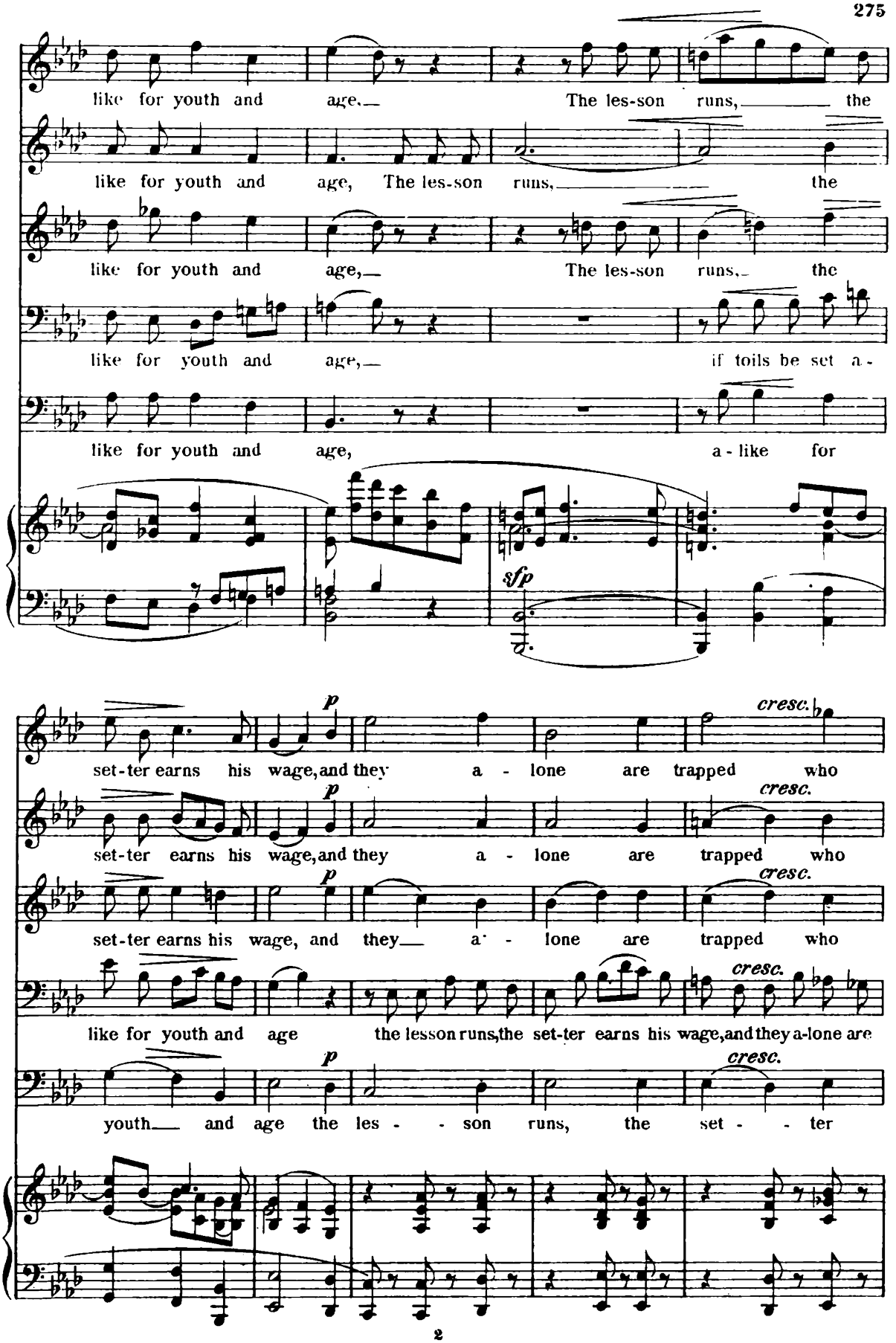
Andante sostenuto.

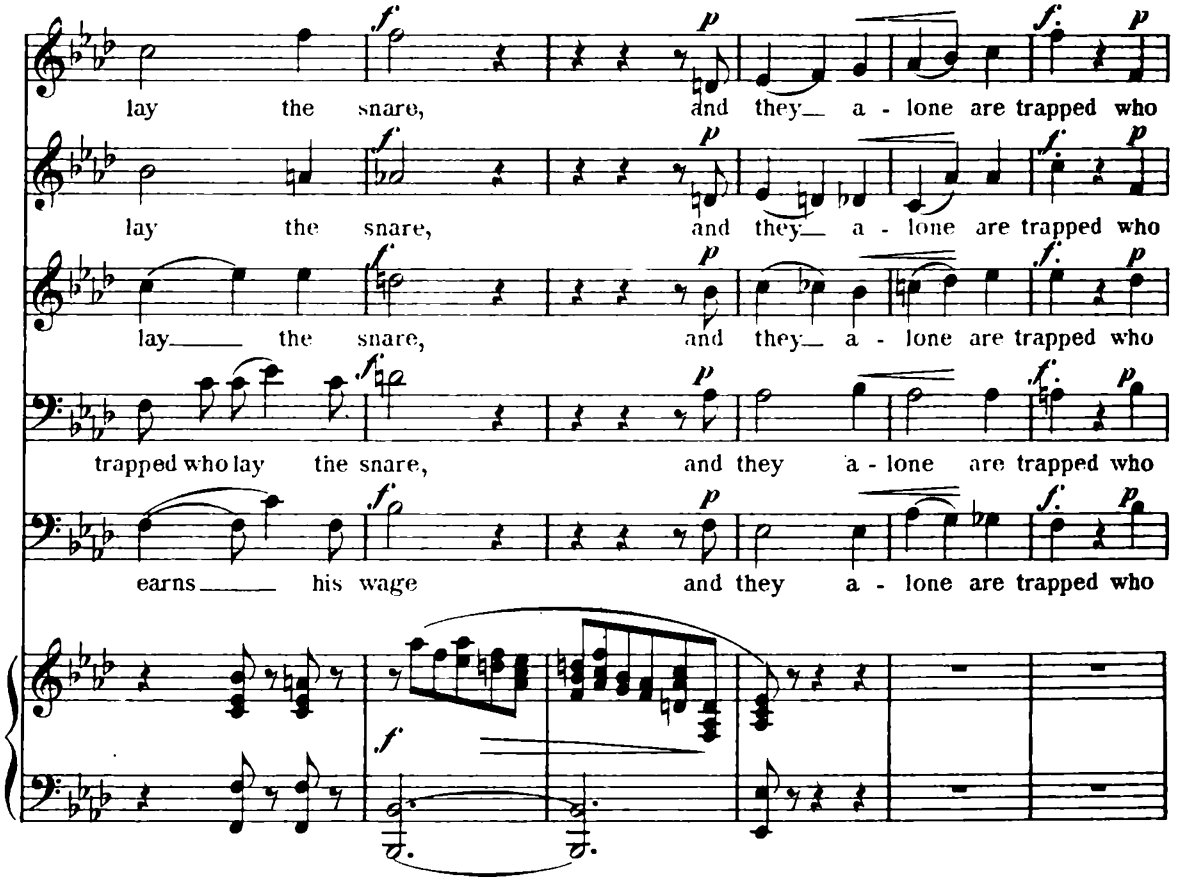
sfp

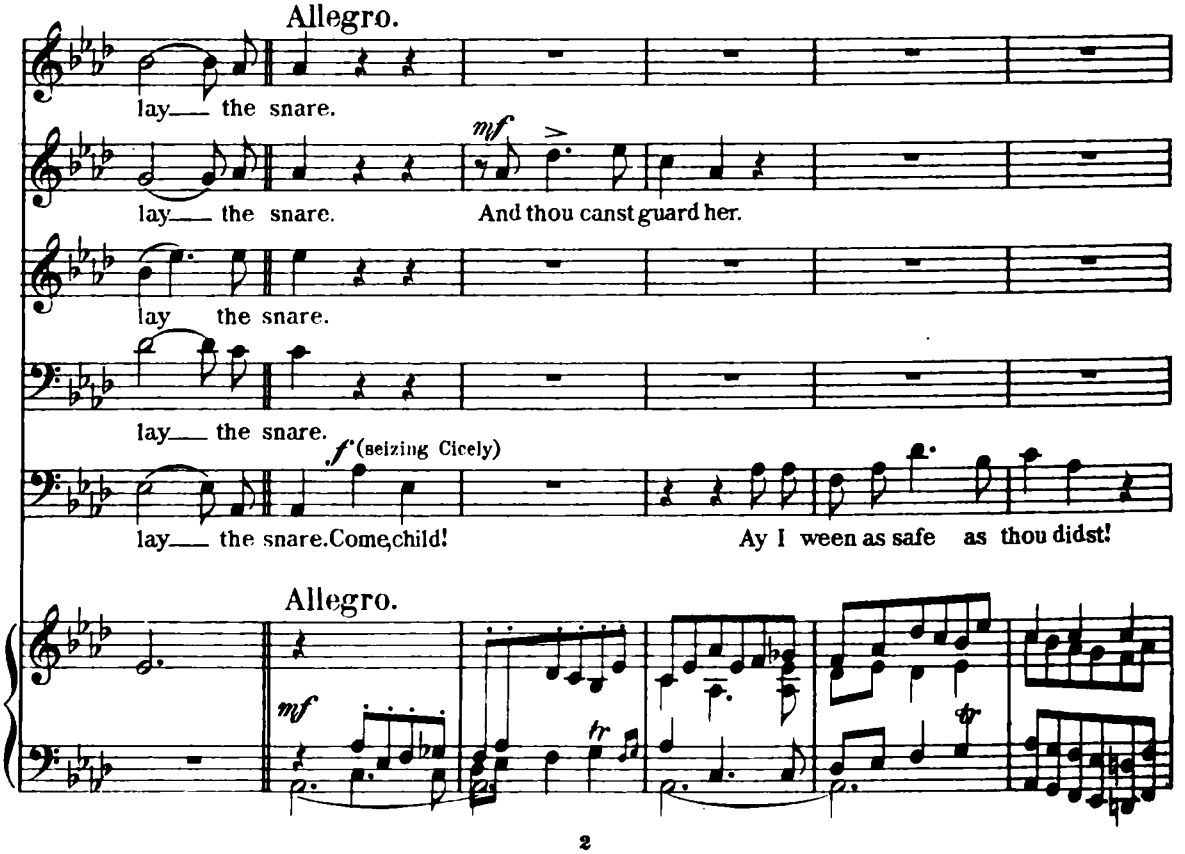
mfp

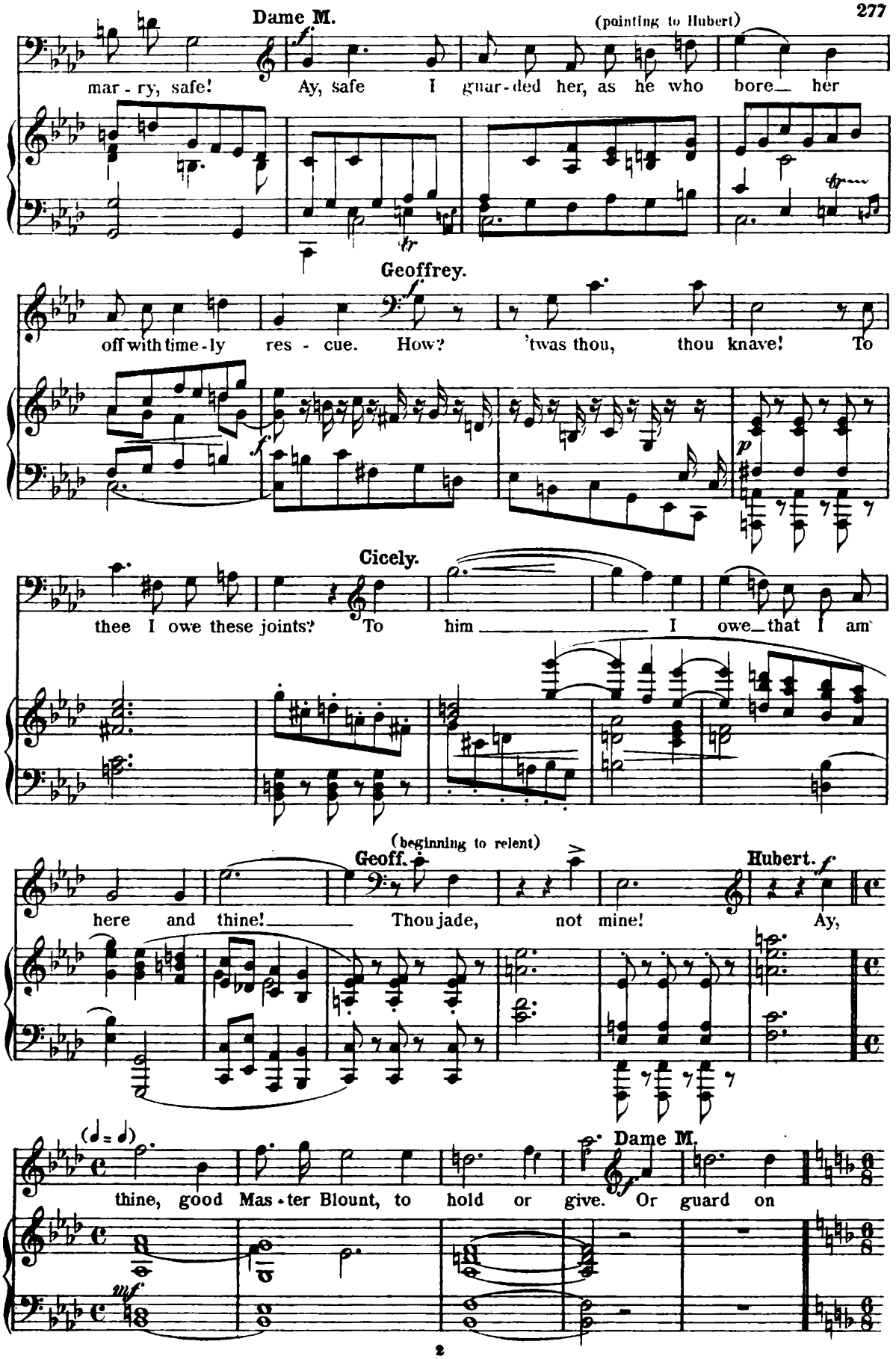

Cicely.
Beware! Why lin-gers in our ears
Dame M.
Beware! Why lin-gers in our ears
Hub. (to Geoffrey)
Beware? Why lin-gers in our ears that strange "Be-
Sir C.
(to Geoffrey)
Geoffrey.
Beware? Why lin-gers in our ears that strange "Be-
Beware? Why lin - - gers in our
that strange "Beware?" Ah! have we
that strange "Beware?" Ah! have we
ware," that strange "Beware?" Ah! have we learned on
ware," that strange "Beware?" Ah! have we learned on ho-ly pil-gri-mage, on
ears that strange "Beware?" Ah! have we learned on

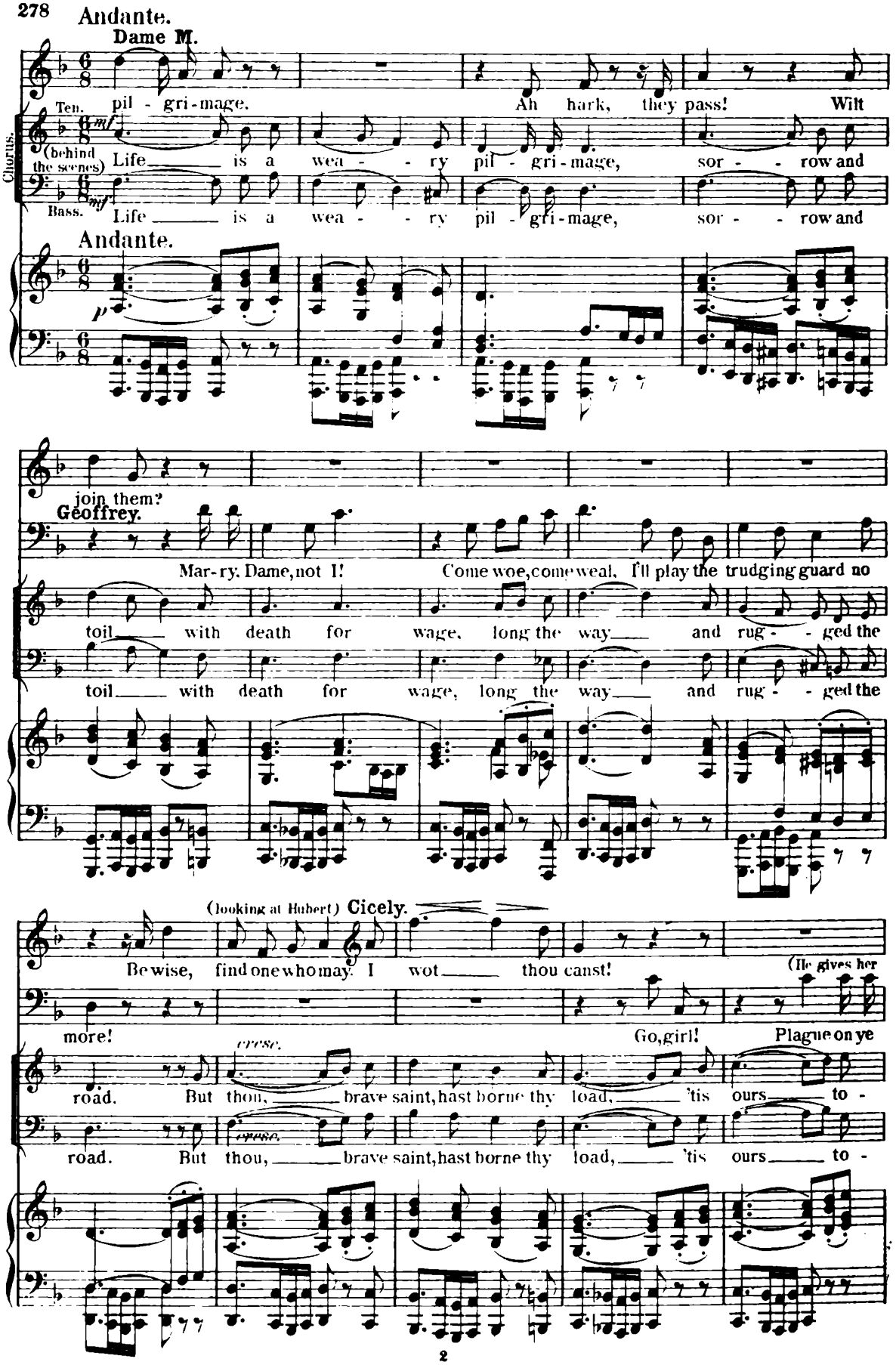

learned on ho-ly pil-grimage, though road be kind - ly, and though heav'n be
learned on ho-ly pil-grimage, though road be kind - ly, and though heav'n be
ho - - - ly pil-grimage, though road be kind - ly, and though heav'n be
ho - ly, on ho-ly pil-gri-mage, though road be kind - ly, and though heav'n be
ho - - ly pil-gri-mage, though road be kind - ly, heav'n be
fair, if toils be set, a -
fair, if toils be set, a -
fair, if toils be set, a -
fair, if toils be set, a -
fair, if toils be set, a -


like for youth and age.— The les-son runs,— the
like for youth and age, The les-son runs,— the
like for youth and age,— The les-son runs,— the
like for youth and age,— if toils be set a-
like for youth and age, a-like for
sfp
set-ter earns his wage, and they a-lone are trapped who
p
cresc.
set-ter earns his wage, and they a-lone are trapped who
set-ter earns his wage, and they— a-lone are trapped who
like for youth and age the lesson runs, the set-ter earns his wage, and they a-lone are
youth— and age the les-son runs, the set-ter


lay the snare, and they a - lone are trapped who
lay the snare, and they a - lone are trapped who
lay the snare, and they a - lone are trapped who
trapped who lay the snare, and they a - lone are trapped who
earns his wage and they a - lone are trapped who


Allegro.
lay the snare.
lay the snare. And thou canst guard her.
lay the snare.
lay the snare.
(seizing Cicely)
lay the snare. Come, child! Ay I ween as safe as thou didst!
Allegro.


Dame M.
(pointing to Hubert)
mar - ry, safe! Ay, safe I guar - ded her, as he who bore her
Geoffrey.
off with time - ly res - cue. How? 'twas thou, thou knave! To
Cicely.
thee I owe these joints? To him I owe that I am
(beginning to relent)
Geoff.
Hubert.
here and thine! Thou jade, not mine! Ay,
Dame M.
thine, good Mas - ter Blount, to hold or give. Or guard on


Andante.
Dame M.
Ten. pil - gri - mage. Ah hark, they pass! Wilt
Chorus.
(behind the scenes) Life is a wea - - ry pil - gri - mage, sor - - row and
Bass. Life is a wea - - ry pil - gri - mage, sor - - row and
Andante.
join them?
Geoffrey.
Mar-ry. Dame, not I! Come woe, come weal, I'll play the trudging guard no
toil with death for wage, long the way and rug - - ged the
toil with death for wage, long the way and rug - - ged the
(looking at Hubert) Cicely.
Be wise, find one who may. I wot thou canst!
(He gives her
more!
Go, girl! Plague on ye
cresc.
road. But thou, brave saint, hast borne thy load, 'tis ours to -
road. But thou, brave saint, hast borne thy load, 'tis ours to -

to Hubert: then turns to Cicely.)

all! there, take the jade. And if thou canst, make hon - est stuff of him, but

day as once 'twas thine, send us aid, send us

day as once 'twas thine, send us aid,

Allegretto con moto.

(Hal enters and comes down)

Hal. *mf*

I'll not an - swer for his cha-rac-ter. An't please you,

aid from thy ho - - - - - ly shrine.

send us aid from thy ho - - - - - ly shrine.

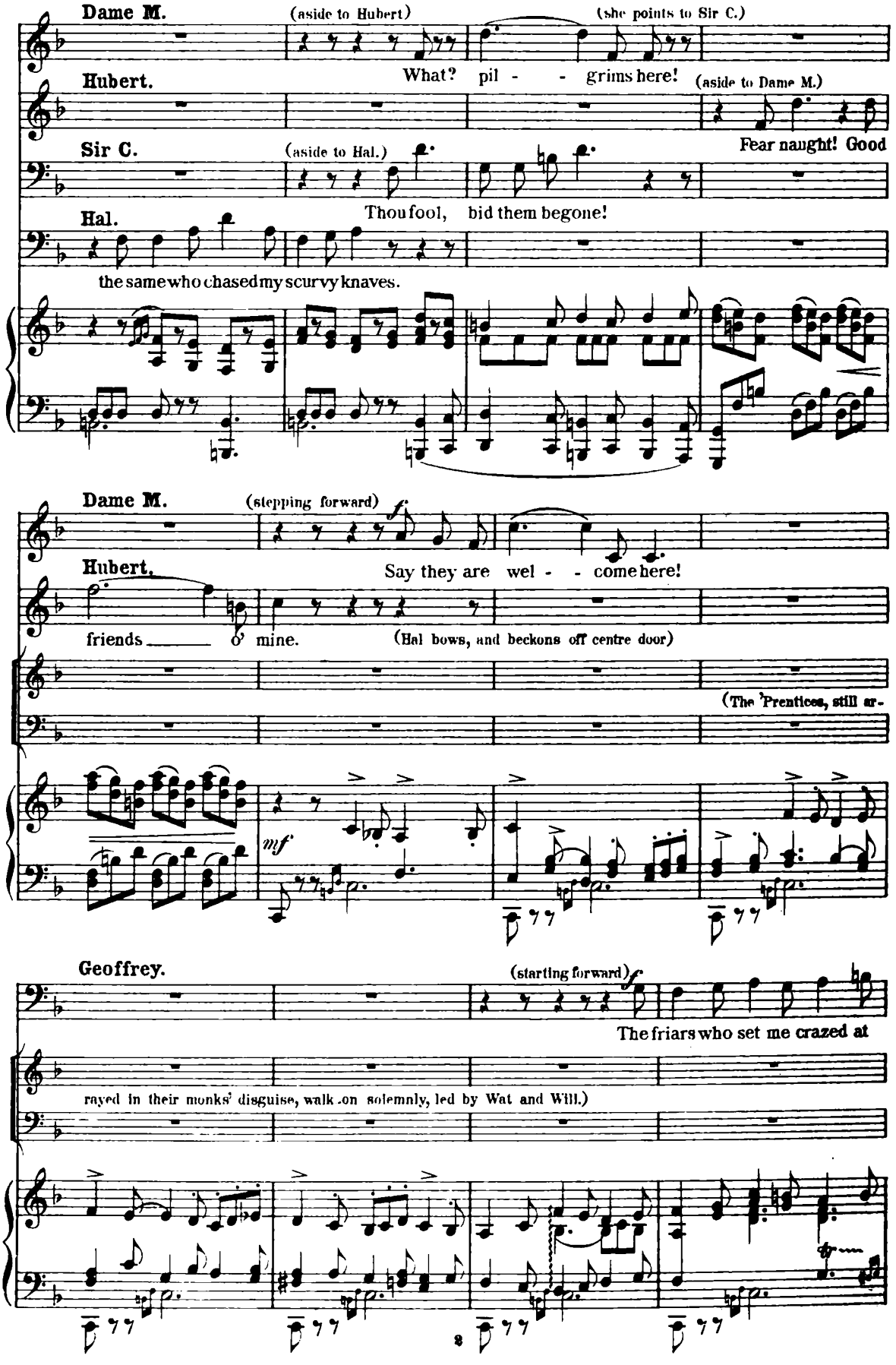
Allegretto con moto.

dim. *p* *pp*

but there wait without a band of pi - ous folk who will;

(aside to Sir C.)

they beg me state their bus' ness here. The pil - grim monks,


Dame M.
(aside to Hubert)
(she points to Sir C.)
Hubert.
What? pil - - grims here!
(aside to Dame M.)
Sir C.
(aside to Hal.)
Fear naught! Good
Hal.
Thou fool, bid them begone!
the same who chased my scurvy knaves.
Dame M.
(stepping forward)
Hubert.
Say they are wel - - come here!
friends o' mine.
(Hal bows, and beckons off centre door)
(The 'Prentices, still ar-
mf
Geoffrey.
(starting forward)
The friars who set me crazed at
rayed in their monks' disguise, walk on solemnly, led by Wat and Will.)

Hubert.

Si - - denbourne. Friars an thou wilt, but my good friends, and

f And

(doing a step of their dance) *f* And

cresc. *tr* *tr*

Geoffrey. *f*

thine. Ha, ha, ye knaves!

come to sing Heigh ho, Sir Cock, heigh ho, Sir Cock, heigh ho! (They fling off their disguise)

come to sing Heigh ho, Sir Cock, heigh ho, Sir Cock, heigh ho!

f *mf*

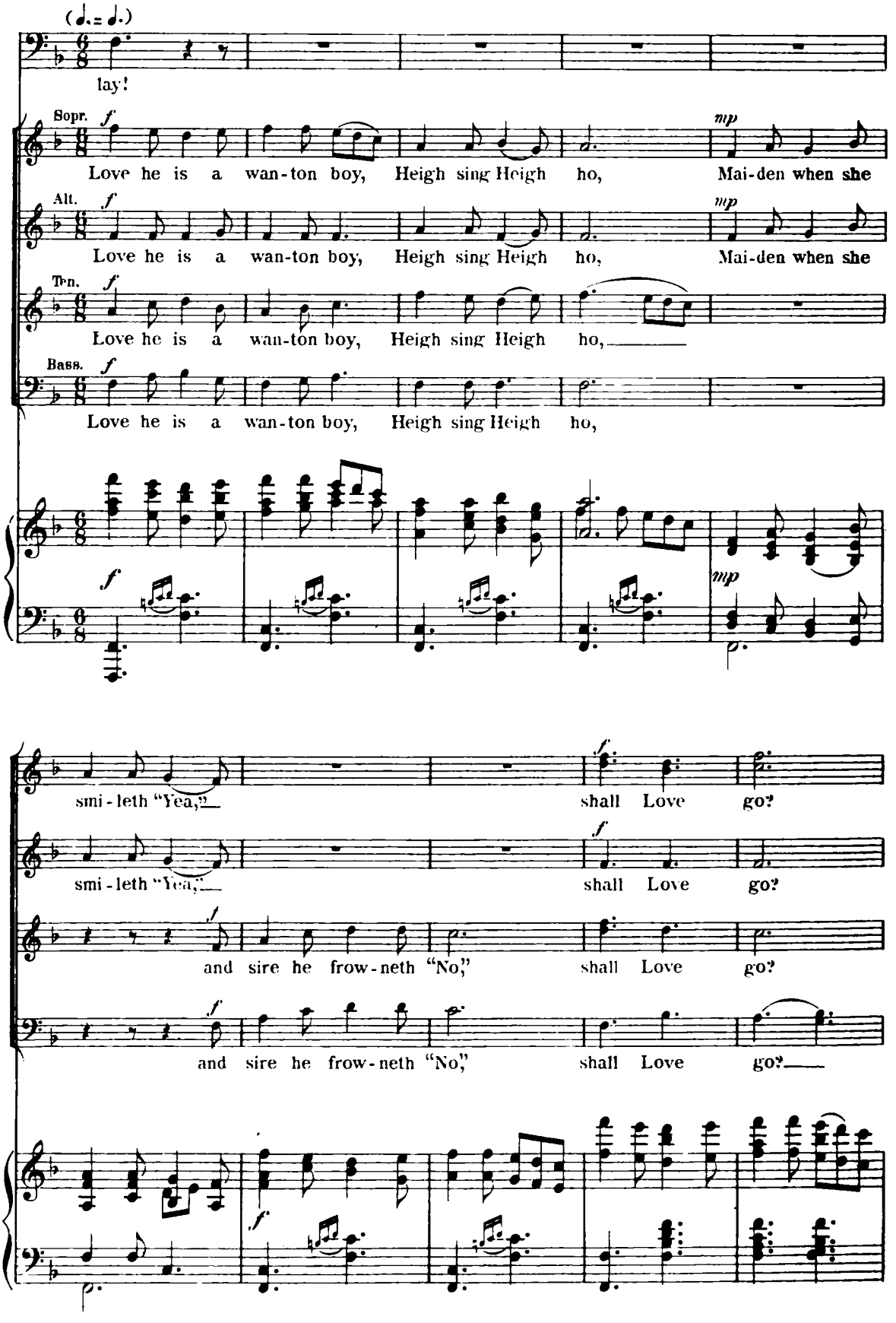
Ped.

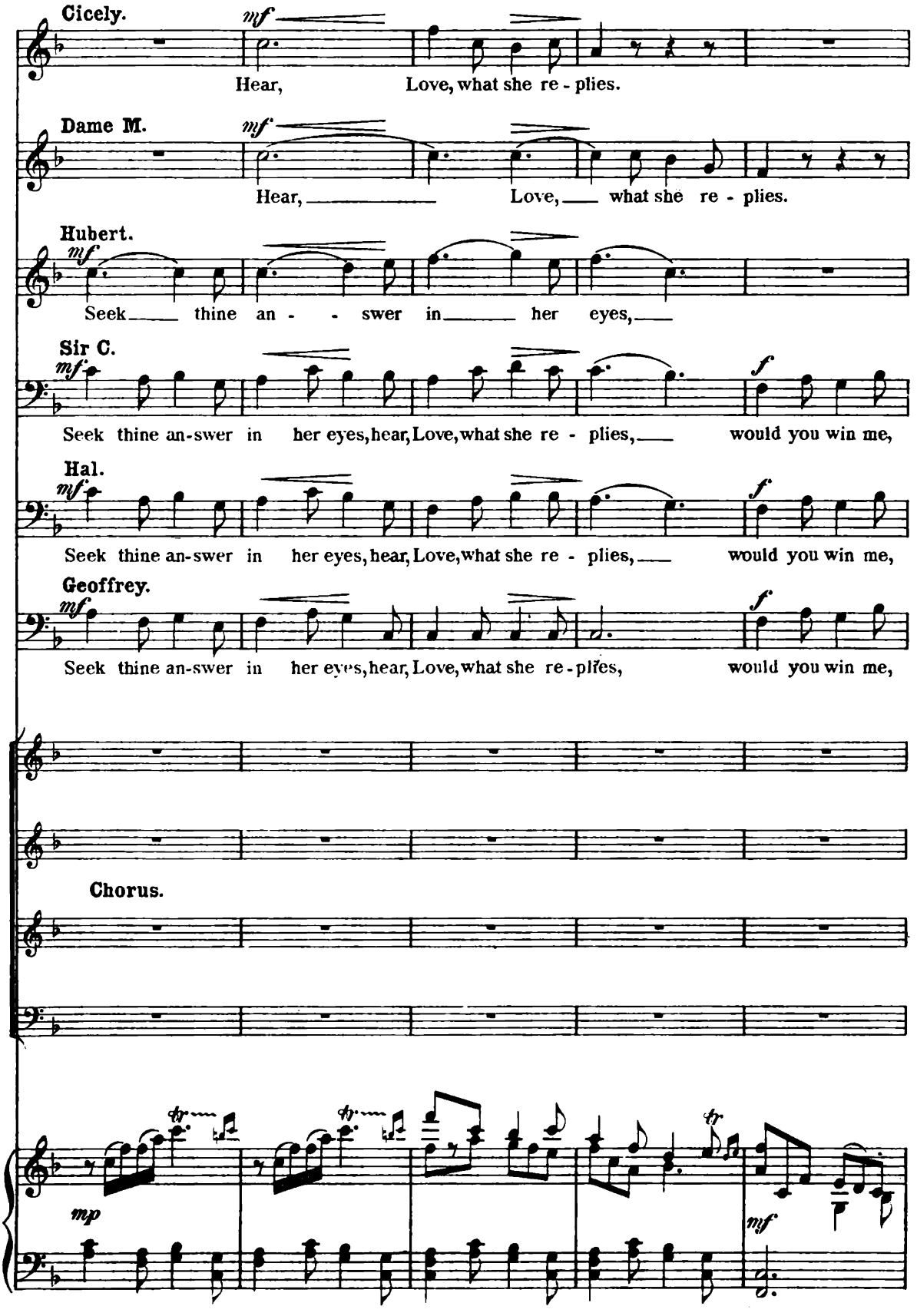
I still can wield my staff! But there! An end of cudgellings to -

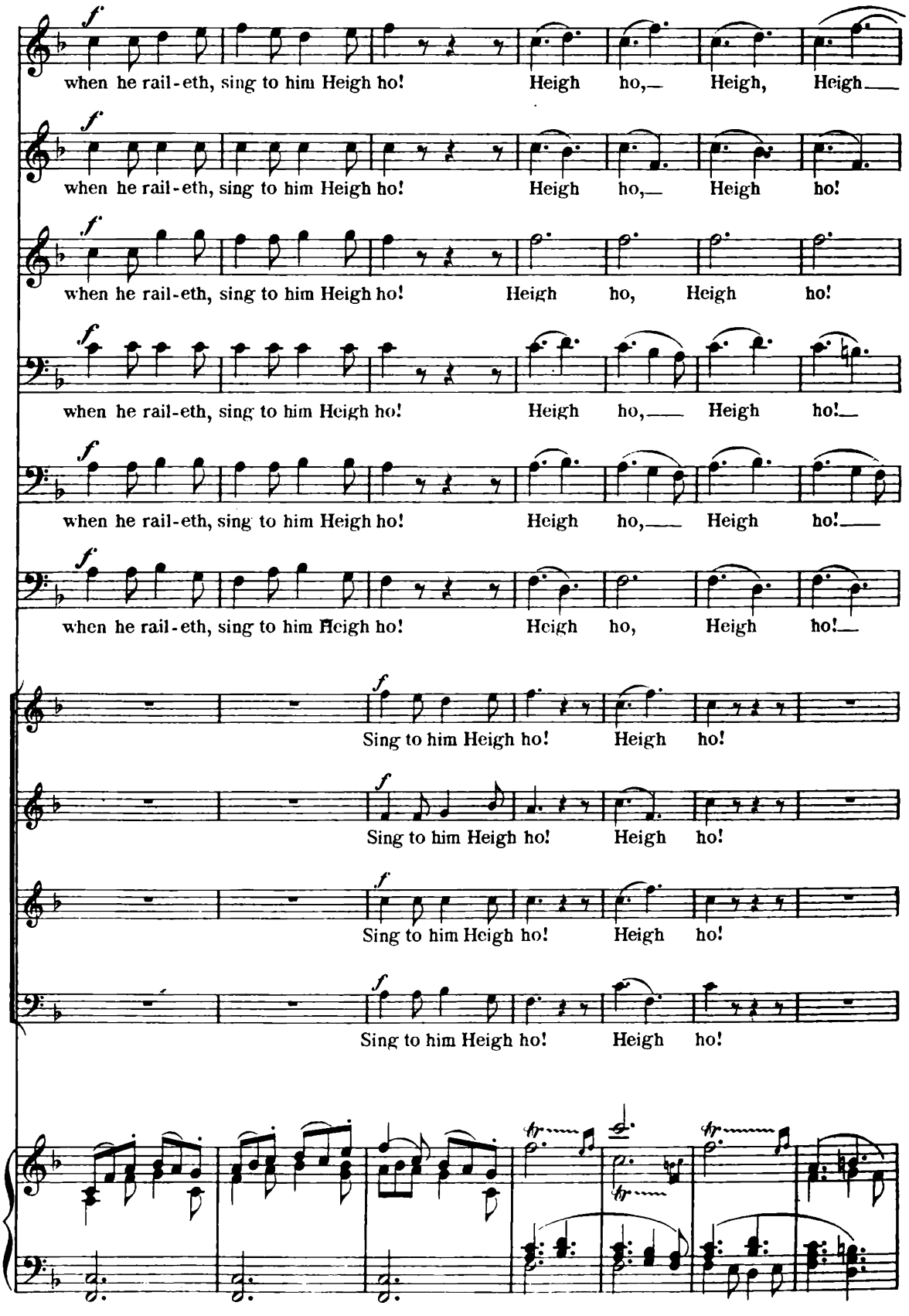
f

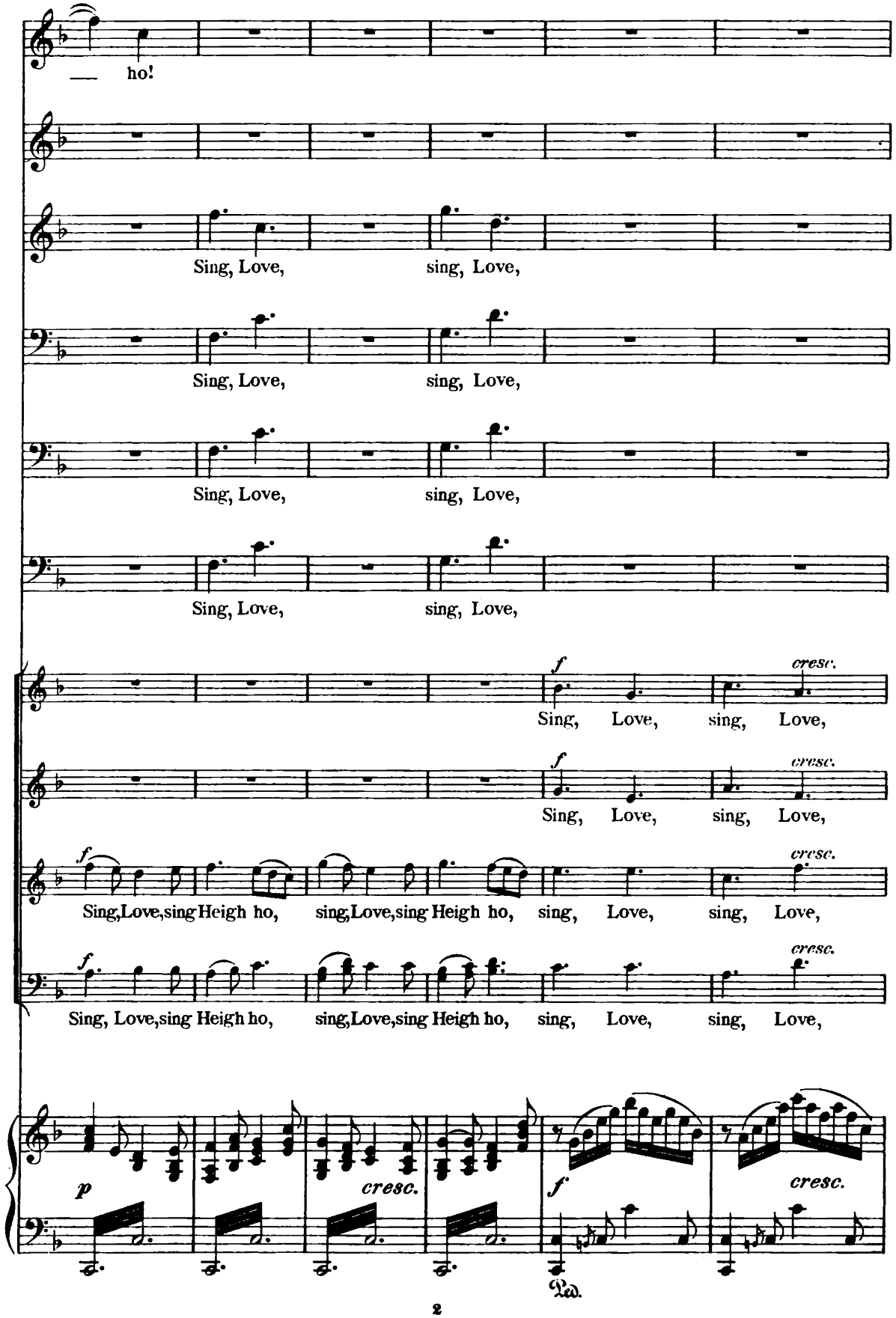
day. Two fools are happy, so pipe ye your

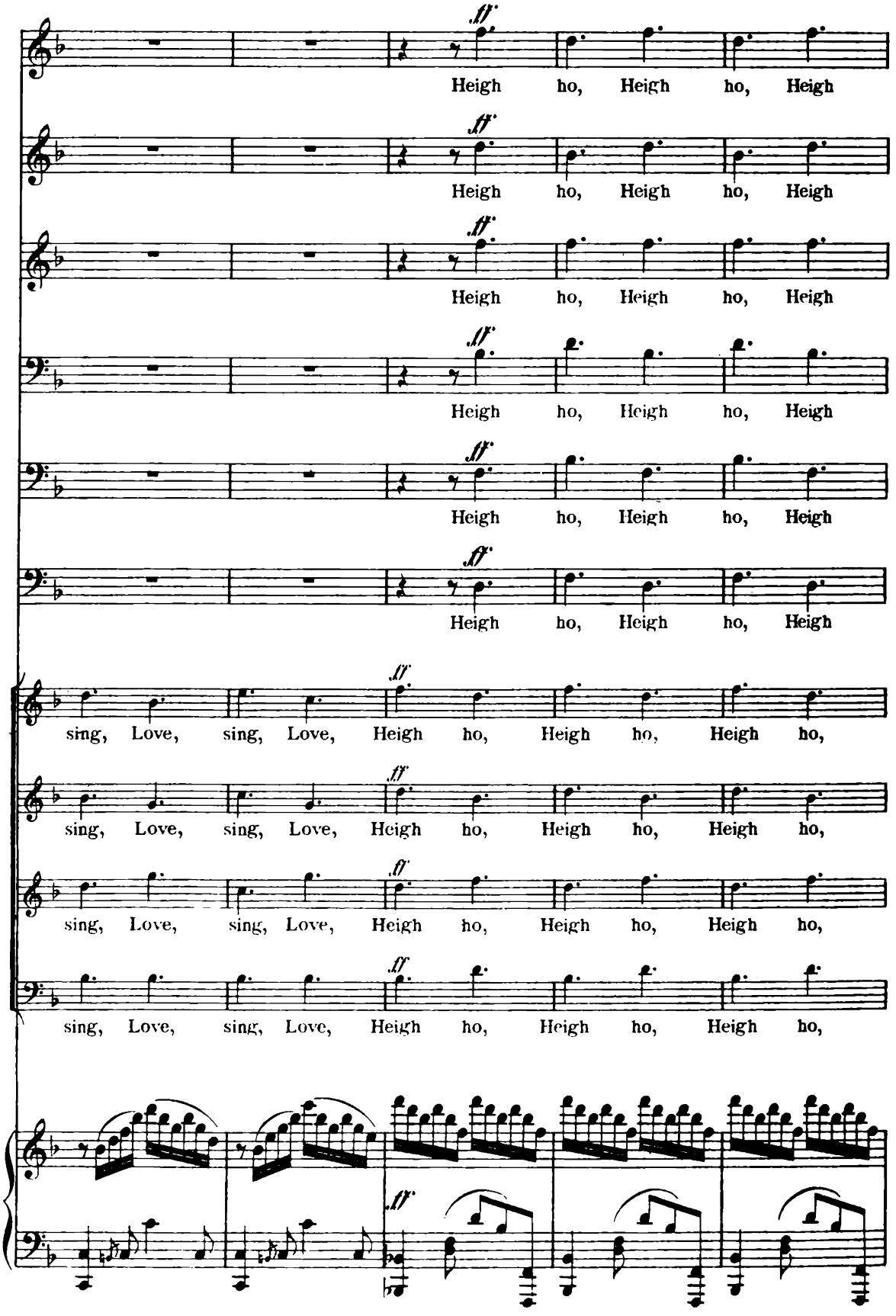
f *mf* *cresc.*

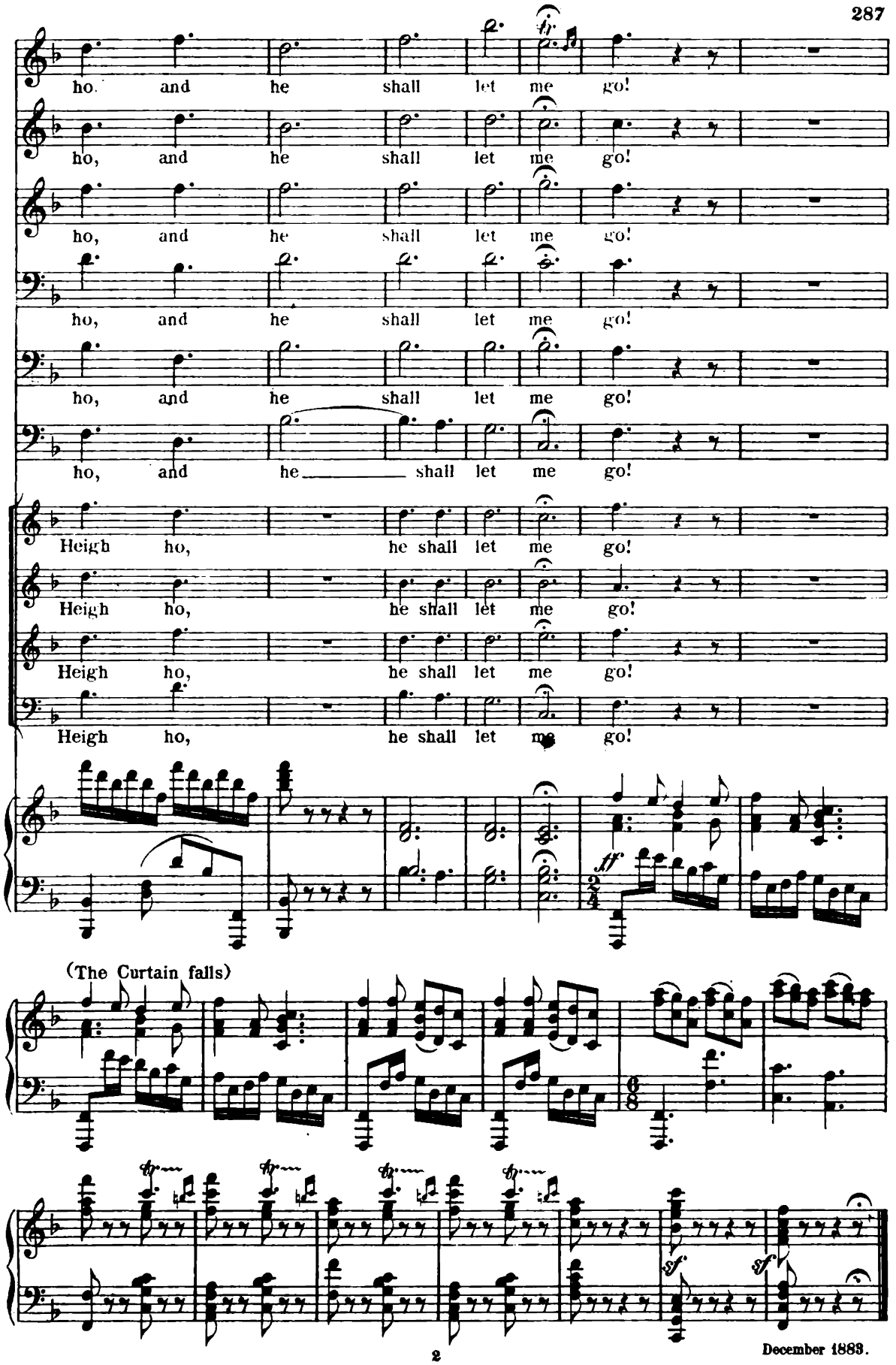

(♩.= ♩.)
lay!
Sopr.
Love he is a wan-ton boy, Heigh sing Heigh ho, Mai-den when she
Alt.
Love he is a wan-ton boy, Heigh sing Heigh ho, Mai-den when she
Ten.
Love he is a wan-ton boy, Heigh sing Heigh ho,
Bass.
Love he is a wan-ton boy, Heigh sing Heigh ho,
smi-leth "Yea,"
shall Love go?
smi-leth "Yea,"
shall Love go?
and sire he frow-neth "No,"
shall Love go?
and sire he frow-neth "No,"
shall Love go?


Cicely.
mf
Hear, Love, what she re - plies.
Dame M.
mf
Hear, Love, what she re - plies.
Hubert.
mf
Seek thine an - swer in her eyes,
Sir C.
mf
Seek thine an-swer in her eyes, hear, Love, what she re - plies, would you win me,
f
Hal.
mf
Seek thine an-swer in her eyes, hear, Love, what she re - plies, would you win me,
f
Geoffrey.
mf
Seek thine an-swer in her eyes, hear, Love, what she re-plies, would you win me,
f
Chorus.
mp
mf


when he rail-eth, sing to him Heigh ho! Heigh ho,— Heigh, Heigh—
when he rail-eth, sing to him Heigh ho! Heigh ho,— Heigh ho!
when he rail-eth, sing to him Heigh ho! Heigh ho, Heigh ho!
when he rail-eth, sing to him Heigh ho! Heigh ho,— Heigh ho!—
when he rail-eth, sing to him Heigh ho! Heigh ho,— Heigh ho!—
when he rail-eth, sing to him Heigh ho! Heigh ho, Heigh ho!—
Sing to him Heigh ho! Heigh ho!
Sing to him Heigh ho! Heigh ho!
Sing to him Heigh ho! Heigh ho!
Sing to him Heigh ho! Heigh ho!


ho!
Sing, Love, sing, Love,
Sing, Love, sing, Love,
Sing, Love, sing, Love,
Sing, Love, sing, Love,
f
cresc.
Sing, Love, sing, Love,
Sing, Love, sing, Love,
Sing,Love,sing Heigh ho, sing,Love,sing Heigh ho, sing, Love, sing, Love,
Sing, Love,sing Heigh ho, sing,Love,sing Heigh ho, sing, Love, sing, Love,
p
cresc.
Ped.


ff
Heigh ho, Heigh ho, Heigh
Heigh ho, Heigh ho, Heigh
Heigh ho, Heigh ho, Heigh
Heigh ho, Heigh ho, Heigh
Heigh ho, Heigh ho, Heigh
Heigh ho, Heigh ho, Heigh
sing, Love, sing, Love, Heigh ho, Heigh ho, Heigh ho,
sing, Love, sing, Love, Heigh ho, Heigh ho, Heigh ho,
sing, Love, sing, Love, Heigh ho, Heigh ho, Heigh ho,
sing, Love, sing, Love, Heigh ho, Heigh ho, Heigh ho,



December 1883.