

Nº 1

Ad favorite
ALCANZOR & ZAYDA

1

OF

ALCANZOR & ZAYDA

A Moorish Tale

Composed by Sig.^r GIORDANI.

with an Accompaniment for a

PIANO-FORTE or HARP.

Entered at Stationer's Hall

Pr. 1

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Poco Andante
e Affettuoso

The first system of music consists of three staves. The top staff is a vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/4 time signature. It begins with the word "dolce" above the staff. The middle staff is a piano accompaniment in treble clef, and the bottom staff is in bass clef. The piano part features a steady eighth-note accompaniment in the bass and chords in the treble. Dynamics include "dolce" at the start and "f" (forte) later in the system.

The second system continues the music from the first system. It features the same three-staff structure. The vocal line continues with various dynamics including "p" (piano), "f" (forte), and "sfo" (sforzando). The piano accompaniment maintains its rhythmic pattern with dynamic markings of "p" and "f".

softly blow the evening breezes, softly fall the dews of night; yonder

walks the Moor ALCANZOR, flashing every glare of light; In you

Palace lives fair ZAIDA, whom he loves with flame for pure; loveliest

She of Moorish La - dies, He a young and noble Moor, loveliest

She of Moorish La - dies, He a young and noble Moor.

Musical score for the first section, featuring three staves (treble, middle, and bass clefs) with various musical notations including dynamics like *p*, *f*, and *sfz*.

For the other Verses see the next Page

For the Guittar

Poco Andante e Affettuoso

Musical score for the guitar section, including lyrics and musical notation.

dolce

softly

blow the evening breezes, softly fall the dews of night; yonder
 walks the Moor ALCANZOR, shunning every glare of light; In you
 Palace lives fair ZAIDA, whom he loves with flame so pure; loveliest
 She of Moorish Ladies, He a young and noble Moor, loveliest
 She of Moorish Ladies, He a young and noble Moor.

2
Waiting for the appointed Minute,
Off he paces to and fro;
Stopping now, now moving forwards;
Sometimes quick and sometimes slow;
Hops and Fear alternate tease him,
Off he fights with heart felt Care;
See, fond Youth, to yonder window
Softly steps the timorous Fair.

3
Lovely seems the Moon's fair lustre,
To the lost benighted Swain;
When, all silvery bright, she rises,
Gilding Mountain, Grove, and Plain;
Lovely seems the Sun's full glory,
To the fainting Seaman's eyes;
When, some hurrid Storm dispersing,
O'er the Waves his radiance flies.

4
But a thousand times more lovely
To her longing Lover's sight,
Steals, half seen, the beautiful Maiden,
Thro' the glimmerings of the night;
Tip-Toe bounds the anxious Lover,
Whispering forth a gentle sigh;
ALLA* keep thee, lovely Lady;
Tell me, am I doom'd to die?

5
Is it true, the dreadful Story,
Which thy Damsel tells my Page,
That, seduc'd by fordid riches,
Thou wilt sell thy Bloom to Age?
An old Lord from Antiquera,
Thy stern Father brings along;
But canst thou, inconstant Zaida,
Thus consent my Love to wrong?

6
If 'tis true, now plainly tell me,
Nor thus trifle with my Woes;
Hide not, then, from me the Secret
Which the World for clearly knows;
Deeply sigh'd the conscious Maiden,
While the pearly Tears descend,
Ah! my Lord, too true the Story,
Here our tender Loves must end.

7
Our fond friendship is discover'd,
Well are known our mutual Vows;
All my Friends are full of fury,
Storms of passion shake the house;
Threats, reproaches, fears surround me,
My stern Father breaks my Heart;
ALLA knows how dear it costs me,
Generous Youth, from thee to part.

8
Ancient wounds of hostile fury,
Long have rent our House and thine;
Why, then, did thy shining Merit
Win this tender Heart of mine?
Well thou know'st how dear I lov'd thee,
'Spite of all their hateful Pride;
Thou I fear'd my haughty Father
Ne'er would let me be thy Bride.

9
Well thou know'st what cruel chidings
Of Foes from my Mother's bosom
What Foes offer'd here to meet thee,
Still at eve and early morn;
I no longer may resist them,
All to force my hand combined
And, tomorrow, to thy Rival
This weak frame I must resign.

10
Yet think not thy faithful Zaida
Can survive to greet a Wrong,
Well my breaking Heart assures me
That my woes will not be long
Farewell, then, my dear Alcanzor!
Farewell, too, my life with thee!
Take this Scarf, a parting Token!
When thou wear'st it think on me.

11
Soon, lov'd Youth, some worthier Maiden
Shall reward thy generous Truth;
Sometimes tell her how thy Zaida
Died for thee in prime of Youth; —
To him, all amaz'd, confounded,
Thus she did her woes impart;
Deep he sigh'd, then cried O' Zaida,
Do not, do not break my Heart.

12
Canst thou think I thus will lose thee,
Canst thou hold my Love so small,
No! a thousand times I'll perish
My curst Rival too shall fall;
Canst thou, wilt thou, yield thus to them,
O break forth, and fly to me;
This fond Heart shall bleed to save thee,
These fond Arms shall shelter thee.

13
'Tis in vain, in vain, Alcanzor,
Spies surround me, Bars secure;
Scarce I steal this last dear Moment,
While my Damsel keeps the door;
Hark, I hear my Father storming!
Hark, I hear my Mother chide!
I must go — farewell for ever!
Gracious ALLA be thy Guide.

*ALLA is the Mahometan name of GOD.