01

ALCANZOR & ZAYDA

A Moorith Tale

Composed by Sig! GIORD INI. with an . Iccompaniment for a PIANO-FORTE OF HARP.

Entered at Stationer's Hall

12. 10

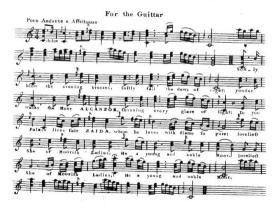
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For the other Verfes fee the next Page



Waiting for the appointed Minute.

Of the pares to and frost
Stopping now, now moving fortwards
Sometimes quick and fonetimes flow;
Hope and Fear alternate teize him,
Off the figh, with heart fell Care;
Soe, fond Youth, to younder window
Softly freps the timenus Fair.

Lovely frems the Moon's fair buffer, To the boff benighted Swains. When, all filvers bright, the rifes, Gilding Moon ain, Grove, and Paline. Lovely frems, the Smis full glory. To the fai.id.; Sammar's eyes! When, fome horrid Storm differring, O'er the Wees his radiance these.

But a thousand times more levely
To ber longing Lover's fight,
Studs, half four, the beautieurs Maiden,
Thro the glimmerings of the night,
Tip-Time franch the survious Lover,
Whitpering forth a gentle fight
ALLA* keep thee, lovely Lady:
Tell me, and I doou'd to die!

Is it true, the dreadful Story,
Which thy Damelt tells my Page,
That, feduc'd by fordid riches,
Thou wilt full thy Bloom to Age?
An old Lord from Antiquera,
Thy ftern Father brings along:
But can't thou, inconfiant Zaidas,
Thus confeet my Love to wrong?

If 'tis true, now plainty tell me.
Nor thus trifle with my Woos'
Hide not, thou, from me the Secret
Which the World fo clearly knows'.
Deeply fight the confcious Maiden,
While the pearly Tears defeend,
Ah my Lord, too true the Story.
Here our tender Loves mut) end.

Our fond friendfhip is difcoverd,
Well are known our mutual Vows;
All my Friends are full of fury,
Storms of patsion shake the houfe:
Threats, reproaches, feers furround me,
My stern Father breaks my Heart;
ALLA knows how dear it costs me,
Generous Youth, from the to part.

Ancient wounds of hotfile bury.
Long have rear our Houfe and thines
Why, then did thy thining Merit
Win this tender Heart of mine;
Well thou know't how dear I low'd thee,
Spite of all their hateful Prides
Tho I fearlt my hangluy Bather
Ne'er would let me be thy Bride.

Well thou know's what crost chidings OF I've from my Mother bornes' What I've Griffer'd here to meet thee Still at eve and early more: I no longer may refift them. All to force my hand combines And, longerous, to thy Rival This week frame I mill refign.

Yer think not the faithful Zaida
Can furrive for great a Wrong,
Well my breaking Heart afours me
That my wees will not be long
Farewell, then, my dear Alcanzor!
Farewell, too, my life with thee!
Take this Scarfia parting Token!
When thon wear't it hink on me.

Soun, lov'd Youth, fome worthier Maiden
Shall reward thy generous Truth;
Sometimes tell her how thy Zaide
Died for thee in prime of Youth;
To him, all amax'd, confounded.
Thus the did her wors impart;
Deep he fight, then cried O.Zaide.

Do not, do not break my Heart.

12 .

Canft thou think I thus will lofe these.
Canft thou hold my Love fo finall.
No! a thoufand times I'll perifil.
My curft Rival too thall fall!
Canft thou, wilt thou, yield thus to them.
O break forth, and fly to me:
This fond Meart thall bleed to fave thee,
Thefe fond Aren thall falleter thee.

'Tis in vain, in vain, Alcanzor, Spies furround me, Bars fecures Scarce I foat this laft dear Moment, While my Damfel keeps the door: Hark, I hear my Father fiorming! Hark, I hear my Mother chide!

I must go _farewell for ever! Gracious ALLA be thy Guide.