

Nº 1

*Allegro*  
*ALANZON ET*

OF

ALCANZOR & ZAYDA

A Moorish Tale

*Composed by Sig.<sup>r</sup> GIORDANI.*

*with an Accompaniment for a*

PIANO-FORTE or HARP.

Entered at Stationer's Hall

*Pr. L*

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Poco Andante  
e Affettuoso

The musical score is written for a voice and piano/harp. It begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The time signature is 3/4. The tempo and mood are indicated as 'Poco Andante e Affettuoso'. The score includes dynamic markings: 'dolce' at the beginning, 'f' (forte) in the first system, and 'p' (piano) and 'sfo' (sforzando) in the second system. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note pattern in the left hand and a more complex melodic line in the right hand. The vocal line follows a similar melodic pattern. The score concludes with a double bar line.



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. *dolce*



For the other Verses see the next Page

### For the Guittar

Poco Andante e Affettuoso

*dolce*

*soft-ly*

blow the evening breezes, softly fall the dews of night; yonder  
 walks the Moor ALCANZOR, thunning every glare of light; In yon  
 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,  
 Oft he paces to and fro;  
 Stopping now, now moving forwards;  
 Sometimes quick and sometimes slow:  
 Hope and Fear alternate tease him,  
 Oft he sighs, 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 horrid 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;  
 ALLAH\* keep thee, lovely Lady;  
 Tell me, am I doan'd to die?

5

Is it true, the dreadful Story,  
 Which thy Damsel tells my Page,  
 That, seduc'd by sordid 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 so 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;  
 ALLAH 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;  
 Tho' I fear'd my haughty Father  
 Ne'er would let me be thy Bride.

9

Well thou know'st what cruel chidings  
 Oft I've from my Mother earn'd;  
 What I've suffer'd here to meet thee,  
 Still at eve and early morn;  
 I no longer may resist them,  
 All to force my hand combin'd;  
 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 assues me  
 That my woes will not be long:  
 Farewell, then, my dear Alcazor!  
 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, Alcazor,  
 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 ALLAH be thy Guide.

\* ALLAH is the Mahometan name of GOD