

Nº 1

Allegro
CONCERT

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. L

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Poco Andante
e Affettuoso

The musical score is written for a voice and piano. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 3/4. The tempo is marked 'Poco Andante e Affettuoso'. The score begins with a vocal line in the upper staff, marked 'dolce'. The piano accompaniment is in the lower staves. The right hand of the piano part has a repeating figure in the upper register, while the left hand has a simpler, rhythmic pattern. The score includes various dynamic markings: 'f' (forte) and 'p' (piano) in the vocal line, and 'f', 'p', and 'sfo' (sforzando) in the piano accompaniment. 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.



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.
 Moor.

2
Waiting for the appointed Minute,
Off he paces to and fro;
Stopping now, now moving forwards
Sometimes quick and sometimes slow:
Hope and Fear alternate tease him,
Off 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;
ALLA* 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;
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 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 thou shalt 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 ALLA be thy Guide.

*ALLA is the Mahometan name of GOD