Zaida or the Pearl of Granada

Libretto by Oliver Summers (after Gustav von Franck)

Music by Wilhelm Meyer Lutz

Royal Amphitheatre, Liverpool
February 14, 1859.

This libretto is a transcription from the from the manuscript held in the British Library at Add MS 52930 L. There is no associated printed material.

Vocal items are placed in the centre of the page. The dialogue is in two columns with the speaker in the column on the extreme left of the page. Stage directions are in italics.

The handwriting in the manuscript was easily legible as it had been done by a copyist, J.L. Angel. However, a few pages were inserted or changed and the handwriting in these cases is very poor.

Spellings are as in the manuscript and include such words as "honor" for "honour". The capitalisation of words is usually as in the printed libretto. **{xx}** denotes the page of the manuscript. Some punctuation has been changed for clarity.

More information on the opera can be found at https://www.englishromanticopera.org/operas/Zaida.htm.

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R Burdekin, December 2026
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Zaida or the Pearl of Granada

Characters

Zaida
Ferdinand de Valor
Marquis de Mondegar
Marchesa de Mondegar
Don Alvaro
Almoradi
Agoranti
Pedro
Morenos or Abu Humaya

{3}

Act 1

A picturesque and wild romantic region in the Alpunara [Alpujarras] *Mountains near Granada. Rocks on right and left of the stage which are practicable and lead on to a rude wooden bridge that crosses the scene at the back. At the rising of the curtain Almorado and different Moors of the Abencerrages, Alabeces, Zegris and Gomelles*[1] *are discovered in front of the stage cleaning and reloading their carbines.*
A number of other Moors occupied in various ways are spread about the stage and rocks.

Quartette and Chorus

The eagle flies
Thru yonder skies
His heart all feared disdaineth
O'er mountain steep
Thru valleys deep
With his own power reigneth
Fearless and daring
Each peril sharing
Boldly thus we seek our prey
E'en as a brother
One to another
While our queen we all obey

At the end of the chorus the Moors disperse in various ways about the mountains and Morenos enters slowly from the back

{4}

Recitative and Air - Morenes

Gladness with her a ringing note
Re echoes clear thru each glade
Yet the sounds fall in sadness on mine ear
Whence comes this grief
Why this dread of coming ill
In some lone spot my house I'd seek
When memory's voice would cease to tell

[1] Different Moorish tribes

The love my bursting heart would speak
A love that holds one in its spell
Yet tho I wander'd deserts o'er
I feel alas t'would be in vain
Nor time nor scene could e'er restore
The peace I ne'er shall know again
Oh thou whose beauty fills my soul
With madning [*sic*] thoughts - with vision wild
I sink beneath thy sweet control
The Moorish chief is there a child

When thunders roll with direful voice
And lightning's blast both rock and tree
Ah then I feel my heart rejoice
My bosom's tempest then I see
Yet all is hush'd when that sweet form
So loved - so worship'd meets my eyes
No more I hear petting storm
All's hushed all's calm as zephyr's sighs
O thou whose beauty fills my soul
{5} With madning thoughts - with vision wild
I sink beneath thy sweet control
The Moorish chief is there a child

Ferdinand de Valore appears on the rocks at the back and gazes on the scene in apparent admiration. He has a small travelling case slung across his shoulders by a strap and a mandoline. As he advances the Moors reappear and perceiving him they conceal themselves but the same time watching his actions

Barcarole – Ferdinand

The orb of day illumes the sky
And gilds the mountain's topmost height
The rip'ling waves in calmness lie
Reflecting rays of dazzling light
Yon bark reposing in the bay
The Pirate's home - their joy - their pride
Now glides obedient to their sway
Like fleetest arrow o'er the tide
Bravehearts are there for deeds of noble daring
Their flag triumphant meets the breeze
No fear of death fall – for foemen nothing caring
They reign the Monarchs of the Seas

Chorus of Moors

What stranger thus are haunts invades
With boldness rash no thought of fear
He dreams not that to ruthless blades
With every step he draweth near
{6}

(*Ferdinand descends the rocks during chorus and repeats the Barcarole at the end of which the Moors surround him and at last seizing him commence at once to examine his pockets as also the travelling case which they take from him. He appears perfectly indifferent as to his property, being totally absorbed in his occupation that of committing to paper the Barcarole he has apparently just written*)

Almoradi (*Examining the case*) What's here? bread and cheese

Ferd (*Writing*) "Reflecting rays of dazzling light", Yes that line will do

Morenes (*Coming forward*) How a stranger, a Spaniard, a Christian

Almo How say you , shall we kill him Abu Humaya

Moors Aye, Aye - kill him

Ferd (*Still writing*) "Brave hearts are there for deeds of noble daring" I rather like that line "for deeds of noble daring"

Morenos (*Slapping him roughly on the shoulder*) How now Sir

Ferd Now how can I write if you go on in that absurd manner?

Morenes Who are ye and what seek ye here?

Ferd My good man do be quiet. I'm rather busy just now go on with your business and leave me to mine. (*Writes*) "No fear of death for foeman nothing caring"

Morenes What seek you hear I say?

Ferd (*Aside*) I suppose I must satisfy this fellow's abominable thirst for knowledge or I shall get no peace (*Aloud*) Well Sir if you must know I am Ferdinand de **{7}** Valor, Composer and Director of Music to the Court of Granada. I am occupied in writing a new Opera and I've wandered into these mountains thinking I should find quiet and repose so necessary for my task and perhaps gain a little inspiration from the beauty of the scenery. However you appear determined to render my errand fruitless

Morenos A poet and musician. A spy perhaps of these cursed Spaniards that begrudge us these are our native hills of the Alpunara [Alpujarra] to hide in

Ferd (*Writing*) Now do be quiet my good friend

Almo Away with him, kill him

Moors Aye, aye, away with him (*They seize him but he shakes them off*)

Ferd Excuse me gentlemen for a few moments. I shall soon have finished (*Writes*) "They reign the Monarchs of the Seas". Now I am at your service

Morenos You appear an enthusiast in your art, Signor

Ferd I live by it. All men should venerate the profession that procures them an existence. I dare say you do. Bye the bye, what is your profession?

Morenos Can't you guess?

Ferd Well I think I could, only you perhaps call it by a different name to what I should, robbers

Morenos No – Moors – outlaws, the remnants of a glorious nation whom Spanish injustice with its overpowering numbers have driven from our own lov'd city Granada, once the pride of our ancestors. But Allah will soon revenge our wrongs

Almoradi (*Coming forward with papers that he has taken from the case*) What shall we do with these scribblings? Maybe they're some incantations, sorceries

Morenos Preserve them till our Queen arrives

Ferd Your Queen?

Morenos Yes, our Queen. Didst never hear of such a thing before that you stare so. Zaida is a great admirer of the arts and her partiality for them may serve you a good turn

Ferd Zaida did you say

Morenos Yes - Queen of this brave band and ruler of these mountain passes. But she comes

Ferd I hope she's young and pretty

Morenos What matters it to thee? She seeks not your admiration therefore be cautious in bestowing it where it may prove offensive

Ferd That fellow is by no means as civil as he might be

(*Zaida is heard singing amongst the Mountains*)

Air – Zaida (*Without*)

Sweet land of my birth
Thou'rt lovely to see
The spot on the earth
So welcome to me
Unclouded as morn
The blue of thy sky
'Twas here I was born
Here calmly I'll die

{9}

Moors' Ritornello
Our hearts are all thine
So true and so brave
Our lives we'ed resign
Our young queen to save

(*Zaida appears on bridge*)

Zaida
So gaily I rove
With carbine in hand
Secure in the love
Of this dreaded band.
Their hearts are all mine
So true and so brave
Their lives they'd resign
Their young queen to save

Ritornello Our hearts are all thine etc
(*Zaida descends from the bridge and comes forward*)

Concerted peace

Tutti Hail lovely Moorish queen
Our hearts are thine

Zai With loving smiles brave hearts I greet ye
Here rest ye unmolested in this wild mountain pass
What foe will dare intrude

Tutti Lov'd Zaida bright and peerless
Hearts around thee bold and fearless
Allah Allah long preserve thee
O'er our band to reign

{10}

Ferd How lovely fair the Moorish Queen

Cabaletta - Zaida
Far from scenes of strife
Lov'd and free I stand
Who would score the life
Of this noble band.
Crag and peak we roam
Clad with spirits light
These we make our home
Fearless in our might
Dangers may assail
From the threatning foe

Still our hearts ne'er fail
Fear we never know
Firm as rock we stand
While with flag unfurled
This our gallant band
Still defies the world
Everywhere has humble Right
Been subdued by lordly might
Are we not still warriors bold
Still the conquerors as of old
But see with cautious stride
Our foes approach our lair
Back, back your carbines hide
They'll fall into the snare
Up, up brave hearts they're nigh
Now fire -they fly - they fly

(*She presents her carbine as pointing at the enemy*)

{11}

Recitative
Come forth ye fair troop, your ardour show

(*Female Moriscoes appear from different parts of the scene arm'd with Carbines*)

Your flashing eyes bespeak no fear

Cabaletta (repeated)
Far from scenes of strife etc

(*During the symphonies of the Cabaletta, the female Moriscoes execute various evolutions*)

Morenos Honoured Queen - we have here an intruder

Zaida (*To Ferdinand*) Stand forth Sir. What seek you in these mountains

Ferd Beauty - My search is ended (*Bowing low*) for I have found it

Zaida Your sex are ever on the same errand

Ferd But few are successful as I am now

Zaida You are an adept in the art of flattery I fear

Ferd To render homage to beauty is not to flatter it Signora

Zaida Who and what are you Sir?

Ferd (*Pointing to Morenos*) Yon sombre looking follower of yours will inform you

Morenos He is a musician and poet, by name Ferdinand de Valor. He has strayed into our mountains to seek repose and inspiration. These papers are all we found upon him.

(*He takes from Almoradi and gives them to Zaida who examines them*)

{12}

Zaida He has spoken truly (*to Ferdinand*) Signor, your art has no greater admirer of its beauties than your humble servant Might I presume to request a sample of that skill of which your name alone is a sufficient guarantee for its excellence

Ferd Lady, your will is law, with me as with your followers here. You have but to speak to be obeyed. The air I'll sing is one of the earliest of my boyhood efforts. Events long since passed away have caused it to remain a favourite with me. I trust Signora it will meet your approval.

Ballad - Ferdinand
Mem'ry's ray
Oft will stray
Back to that scene of childhood done
Snow clad hills
Murm'ring rills
Break on my vision clear
That lake so fair so calmly bright
Before my fancy beams
For ever present to my sight
I see it in my dreams
Sweet peaceful lake
Thou e'er dost wake
Bright dreams set slumbering lie

Hope is o'er
Never more
Shall I behold that peaceful home
Friends are gone
Sad and lone
O'er the cold earth I roam
Yet till I dwell with fond delight
So bright the vision scenes
Lov'd home thou'rt present to my sight
I see it in my dreams
Sweet peaceful lake
Thou e'er dost wake
Bright dreams set slumbering lie

Zaida Why should that strain to me recall
The thoughts of early years?

(*During the following dialogue the Moors, Male and Female,* **{13}** *retire in various ways. Morenos alone excepted who remains in the background and watches with jealousy the actions of Zaida and Ferdinand*)

Zaida What strange and indistinct recollections of the past does that melody seem to awaken within me

Ferd It was a great favourite with the family of the late Count of Cabra whose mansion once stood on the banks of the Duaro [Douro] of which it speaks. His infant daughter, an only child, was taught by me to warble it almost as early as she could speak. It was my delight then a mere boy to sing it with her and often wandering hand in hand along the margin of the graceful lake have our united voices aroused the sleeping echoes of that lovely spot. Since that happy time all that pertained to the stately house of Cabra has vanished from the earth. The father slain - and that fair child alas - who shall say where?

Grand Duett – Zaida and Ferd

Zaida Remembrance wakes a blissful chord
Ferd There you are?
Zaida One that friendless, homeless
In childhood's hour torn from my kindred
Ferd Then know'st thou not the friends that lov'd thee?
Who now perchance still more thy fate
Ah fly this scene this life of peril
And seek their shelter e'er too late
Zaida My childhood's dream has long since vanished
And to recall it would be vain **{14}**
From kindred thus forever banish'd
Their love I ne'er shall know again
Ferd Ah think not that the love will perish
That's nurtured in a mother's heart
In death alone t'will cease to cherish
Zaida The balm that mem'ry must impact
No no my fate lies clear before me
The gloom that in the distance low'rs
Foretells the strife that's threat'ning o'er me
Not one sweet dream of sunny hours
A happy picture is before thee
Afar from here where danger low'rs
No threat'ning strife to hover o'er thee
Thy life one dream of sunny hours
Morenos Rash man beware nor brave my ire
Thy daring words will rouse my vengeance dire
Zaida How fondly is my bosom yearning
T'wards those scenes thou'dst have me find
The love of home again returning
Awakes now new raptures in my mind

(*Zaida is up in the act of flying with Ferdinand and Morenos makes a movement as though to stay the flight when Moors are heard in the distance singing a portion of the opening chorus "fearless and daring". At the sound of their voices she pauses and finally relinquishes the idea of flight*)

Zaida But no! the vow I dare not sever **{15}**
That bends me to each rocky dell
To dreams of home, I bid forever
One last eternal fond farewell
O'er mountains steep and woodland green
I still will reign the Moorish Queen

Ferd Ah, must then forget thee
Sweet maid I feel how much this heart
For love will regret thee
Would'st thou then bid me hence depart
Farewell thou'lt sometimes think on me
My dreams will ever be of thee

Zaida Away! these scenes forgetting
As some past vision lost to view
In vain our fate regretting
No hope of love can we renew
Farewell thou'lt sometimes think on one
My dreams will ever be of thee

Zaida Ah now for evermore
My thoughts will be of thee
Tho' nought will e'er restore
The bliss now lost to me

Ferd Ah, now for evermore
My thoughts will turn to thee
Tho' nought will e'er restore
That dream of bliss to me

Morenos Away lest you deplore
The rage thou wak'st in me
Thy dreams of love are o'er
Revenge shall follow thee.

{16}

(*Ferdinand reluctantly tears himself away from Zaida and crossing the bridge disappears. Zaida watches his retreating footsteps and when he is lost to view she buries her face in her hands unable to repress her grief. Morenos whose jealousy has rendered him furious advances towards her to reproach her. He seizes her hand when on the instant a whistle is heard from the outside. They both start. Moors appear from every part of the scene at the same time as another party of them are seen dragging along the Marquis and Marchesa de Mondegar*)

Chorus
A spy a spy
You here shall die

Solo - Marquis

Mercy gentlemen I pray
In pity spare don't kill me quite.
Why in this uncivil way
Ill use a lord half dead with fright
Take my jewels - take my gold
If not content, why take my wife
Gentle robbers brave and bold
Take all I have but spare my life

Zaida Who are these people

Morenos Doubtless spies

Marquis I a spy? my wife a spy? Take care what you say - I repeat Sir emphatically - take care what you say

Zaida Examine them

Marq What's that? Stand off you grim looking monsters **{17}** examine me if you like but damme you don't examine my wife

March O my Lord don't let them do anything of the sort to either of us. I'm sure you won't bear examination any more than myself

Morenos No resistance or -

Marq You will repent it if you but a finger on us. For know (and let the knowledge paralyze you that I am the Marquis de Mondegar and that lady my adored wife

Morenos Your business

Marq My business? Ye gods listen to the man. Had ever a Marquis any business. Where were you educated my friend to display such horrid ignorance?

Morenos And your companion

Marq She is not my companion I tell you, she is my wife. Perhaps you'd like to know her business as well

Zaida What brought you here?

Morenos A carriage and two horses which your people have taken illegal possession of

Zaida And what seek you in the mountains

Marq A particular friend of mine whom I honour with my patronage and countenance

Zaida The latter he might dispense with methinks

Marq I beg your pardon, did you make an observation?

Morenos (*Aside*) He means the stranger who has just left

Zaida And your friend's name is?

Marq Ferdinand de Valor. composer and director of **{18}** Music to the Count of Granada

Zaida (*Aside*) It is the same

Marq We were told that he had wandered towards these mountains to gather some new ideas for his forthcoming opera

Zaida A strange place surely for such a purpose. Here amongst outlaws

Marq He would visit the old gentleman below if he thought he could get an idea by his journey

Zaida But why do you follow him here. Are you in want of an idea too?

Marq Well I - I don't know - ask my wife (*Turning he perceived the Marchesa conversing with a group of Moors*). My love how can you so far compromise your dignity as to stand conversing with these horrid wretches in that familiar manner and with Musselmen - tis perfect heresy

March My darling mind your own affairs and leave me to mine. They are not the horrid wretches you imagine. On the contrary they are very polite and civil spoken gentlemen and have as keen an eye for beauty as you have.

Marq Come away - I won't have it. S'death Madam do you hear?

March (*to Moors*) Don't mind him gentlemen I beg. He's apt to be a little jealous at times, which is not to be wondered at you'll say all things considered . But he's quite harmless I assure you

Moors Ha! Ha! **{19}**

March Here take this purse and divide it amongst ye. Though now a Marchesa I was once like yourselves (*Giving purse*)

Moors How? like us

March I don't mean in personal appearance. Heaven forbid. I mean that like you I once had to work for my living. What you get by your villainy.

Morenos Taken for robbers. Oh Allah grant me patience

March That is I mean bravery. I got by my I by my toes as premier danseuse at the Grand Opera in Naples. My heart was empty and so was the Marquis's head and with one "Entrechat" I sprang into it, where I find I am not pinch'd for room, as there is nothing else in it so I have it all to myself. Ah this love.

Quartette – Mar, March, Zaida, & Morenos

Love in ambush lying
Every care defying
Sends his arrow flying
Heedless of his aim
Old and young he teases
'Gainst their will he seizes
Hearts where he pleases
Victims to his flame
Once within his power
Struggle as we may
Ev'ry after hour
Owns his hallow'd sway

(*Ferdinand is seen hurrying across the bridge and down the rocks*)

{20}

Ferd What fly a Spanish regiment is approaching fly

Zaida Thanks Senor. Moors though a humbled race and exiled will yet know how to defend themselves.

Ferd And I will save thee or die with thee

March Oh Ferdinand! Senor de Valor. I mean be careful what you do

Morenos He here

Marq Stay my love me. I'll protect you. I wish I could make my escape

Zaida No generous youth away

Ferd Permit me to remain

Morenos No. Who knows but he brought these soldiers into this our retreat

Zaida Not so. Morenos such thoughts befit not so valiant a chief as Abu Humaya. (*to Ferd*) Be it as you desire

(*Ferdinand takes cloak and gun from the nearest Morisco*)

(*Enter Almoradi*)

Concerted peace

Almo Thro' the valley soldiers approach
No chance of flight

Morenos Quick to our arms then

March (*to Marq*) Why husband you look dead with fright

Marq I'd give the world for means of flight

Zaida (*Loading gun*) We'll make the boldest of them tremble
(*To Moors*) Your posts you know, now haste away
Like tigers crouching for their prey
We'll give them for a warm reception

Marq In my alarm there's one deception
I own I don't feel quite at rest

March My Lord you must conceal
This fear within your breast **{21}**

Marq I wish I could love (*Conceals himself behind rock*)

Zaida (*To Moors*) Brave hearts they soon must fly before us

Morenos Her courage nerves each arm with vigour

Zaida Some to the bridge - be steady - they are here

Morenos (*To Zaida*) I'll follow thee to guard.

Chorus of soldiers (*without*)
Haste! Fetter and bind her
Strike! grant them no quarter
No chance of retreating
Lost now is their power
Death quickly shall find her
Doom all to the slaughter
Soon must they the meeting
Fate's sternest decree

(*During the above Zaida takes up a position on the bridge Ferd near her. The remaining Moors station themselves at different parts of the rocks. Firing is heard without which the Moors return. A few soldiers appear and aiming at Zaida she falls wounded into the arms of Ferdinand who bears her away followed by Morenos*)

Marq The queen is shot her reign is o'er

March What dauntless courage she display'd

Marq Could I unhurt but once discern
A safe way out I'd ne'er return

(*Enter Don Alvaro with soldiers*)

Alvaro She flies fire (*Soldiers fire*)

Chorus Haste fetter and bind her etc (*Repeated*)

(*The soldiers attack the Moors many of whom they make prisoners. Others escape over the mountains. In the* **{22}** *extreme distance Ferdinand is seen to leap from a rock with Zaida in his arms Morenos following. Two or three soldiers who have pursued them stand petrified unable to follow. A picture is formed and the Act Drop descends*

{25} [2] **Act 2, Scene 1**

(*A distant mountain landscape on the left of the stage. At back a rude shed or outhouse with practicable door opening in front. From the roof rises a chimney also practicable. Trees are dispersed about the scene under which are benches and tables. On the right of the stage a Posada is seen with the sign of "*[blank]*" projecting. An arbor or passage overgrown with creeping shrubs* (*with seats on either side of the interior*) *leads to the door of the Posada.*

Villagers and Mountaineers discovered)

Chorus[3]
Bright eyes thro' ev'ry mask
Peeping like a dreamy star
Invite him who did ask
Beauty's smile but from afar
The air is filled with fragrance sweet
The knight his Ladylove does meet
And to soft cadence of sweet sounds
Each thrilling pulse with pleasure bounds
The laugh and jokes are loud and high
But fiery eyes full oft reply
My heart for thee with love doth glow
What mortal skill could e'er devise
Is seen here on the festive night
To make this world a paradise
Grace, art and beauty all unite.

(*Pedro enters from the bazaar designer and addresses a Mountaineer*)

Pedro (*to Tonelli*) I hear there are soldiers in the mountains again. Is it known what brings them amongst us this time

Ton They are in search of Moors that still are hiding in the mountains and especially Zaida, the Queen of the Valiant and Morenos or as they call him Abu Humaya

{26}

Pedro Well as good Christians we ought to wish them to be exterminated I've no doubt. But between you and I – There are no rascally spies here now I think - no they all look tolerably honest. Well between you and I these poor Moors are not half such a nuisance to me as those rascally soldiers who come prying and smoking about eating and drinking everything before them in the name of Law and Justice and always forgetting to pay for it.

Ton But what think you would be the fate of this Zaida if they caught her

[2] Pages 23 and 24 are just title pages saying Act 2. Both include "The Property of Herr W.M. Lutz

[3] The chorus is written in a different hand that is difficult to read.

Pedro Why they would dispose of her as quickly as they disposed of my eatables and drinkables and of course in the name of Law and Justice but of course you are aware they will have to catch her before they do anything of the sort and that will be no easy task I take it

Ton For my part, it will be many a long day before they do. She is as good as she is beautiful. Her ear is ever as open to a tale of sorrow as her hand is to charity

Pedro I am sure she has a right to my good wishes and assistance also if needed. Every stick I possess at the present moment I owe to her goodness. Two years ago a rascally old Podesta[4] took it into his head to turn myself and family suddenly out of the house I then kept, seizing on everything I possessed simply because I was somewhat behind hand with my rent and for some considerable time I lived at the sign of the "Moonshine and Empty Belly". Zaida chanced to hear my story and like a good Christian as she is

Ton As she is not. Why she is one of the Moriscoes

{27}

Pedro When I have my doubts about it. Look how fair she is in comparison with the others - be that as it will she supplied me with money to start again. Of course I was all gratitude and couldn't rest till I had found her to tell her so but she wouldn't hear a word. I asked permission to kiss her hand if she would not let me speak, when she gave me a stinging slap on the face and bursting into a hearty laugh said if I was so fond of kissing I was to go and kiss the old Podesta for it was he who had sent me the money. The fact was she and her band had plundered him as he was returning home with the gold he had realised by the sale of my goods and chattels and in her opinion I had more right to it than he had

Omnes Ha ha. A long life and a happy reign to queen Zaida (*All drink*)

(*Music commences*)

Pedro (*Through music*) What's a stir now? (*Looks off*). A man bearing a female in his arms. She is wounded or is fainting. Saints preserve us - tis Zaida herself

(*Zaida is born in by Ferdinand wounded and apparently fainting. He places her in a chair in the centre of the stage. All gather round in alarm*)

Duett[5]

Zaida I owe to thee my life my all

Ferd Speak not of that but hear me
Dark clouds have passed, the storm is o'er
See bright again the starlets shine
Silent and calm upon the green (?)
And on the deep crystal lake
By moonbeams bright in (…?) sheen
No sounds this sleep echo awake.
Yes by that storm that has pass'd by

[4] Magistrate

[5] The duet is written by a different hand and is difficult to read.

By your expanse of azure sky
By yonder stars that brightly shine
Which maid let me call thee mine.

Zaida Forbear! Forbear!
A sister's love is all I can give.

Ferd For thee alone I live

Zaida Forbear!
Our countrys (*sic*) are at war their
Hatred never will allow
Us ever to unite **{28}**

Ferd Alas thou knowst not what it is to love. Thy heart of stone like marble's cold

Zaida Kiss me

Love duet between Zaida and Ferdinand, starting on page 28 and continuing on the other side of page 27. It was added later and has been omitted at this time because of the lack of legibility. It is hoped to add it later after further study

(*Enter Morenos*)

Concerted Piece

Morenos Conceal her or she's lost for certain.
The troops pursue us

Pedro Ah is it so (*Calls*) Giamina. Here my child (*To Zaida*) Within this house a welcome honour'd guest you'll safety find

Morenos They're close upon our track

Pedro Here you're safe. The vile soldiers
We'll defy - From their rude power
Your queen I'll save (*To Giam*) One of your dresses
Must with haste conceal her (*To Zaida*) Forget not
That here as my daughter you are passing now

Zaida (*Reviving*) Accept my thanks

Pedro Delay not
Fast the moments fly

Zaida But Morenos

Morenos Think not of me till thou art safe

Zaida (*To Pedro*) Canst thou not think of some disguise
O say

Pedro The habit of a monk I have here handy
To serve at least to hide your face
And screen you from detection

Morenos The shades of night are gathering fast **{29}**
And veils both leaf and tree
Beneath their shelter I'm secure
They're approaching. No moments lose
Beware and guard each lock
Be cautious of each word you speak
For watchful ears these soldiers have

(*Zaida goes into the Posada with Giamina and Morenos puts on a monk's hood and gown that Pedro has fetched as Don Alvaro enters with his soldiers and the prisoners they have taken, Almoradi amongst the number. Alvaro orders the prisoners into the shed fastens the door and places a sentinel before it. The soldiers commence drinking with the peasants. Morenos sits apart leaning his head on a table feigning to be asleep yet at the same time anxiously watching the movements of Alvaro and his men. Ferdinand mingles with the country people*)

Alvaro (*Wiping the perspiration from his face*) Phew! Corpo di Bacco[6]. I am nearly stew'd, frazzled and fried to death by boiling sun I have been under all this day. If fate was determined to make a soldier of me why the devil didn't she cleared the world first of these plundering cutthroat Moors who have led me this infernal dance. Clambering up one side of a rock only to slip down the other in a most uncomfortable and undignified manner. I don't think I shall be able to sit down for the next six months. Here landlord (*Pedro comes forward*) Oh! You are the landlord are you. But I need not ask – There's double reckoning and no trust written in every line of his face. Well bring me a cask of wine and a huge pail of water to **{30}** drink it out of. Nothing short of that will quench the fire that's consuming me by inches (*Pedro goes off for wine - Alvaro brings a stool to the front and seats himself*) Phew! I shall never be cool again. All this valuable substance and vitality thrown away on a set of miserable hangdog infidels and their she tiger of a Queen. Now landlord do be quick. Know ye not that a noble pillar of this mighty state is tottering and will fall unless it has something to support it *(Pedro returns with a very small cask of wine and a drinking cup, very small*)

(*Looking at flask*) Well this is a pretty thing to offer a man of my size and importance. Did I call for a bottle of ink and a thimble Sir. I want to quench my thirst Sir and not fill a hollow tooth.

Pedro Pardon me Your Excellency it's as large as (*Aside*) he'll think of paying for.

Alvaro As large as what

Pedro As I can spare at present. I expect the Marquis de Mondegar and his wife here shortly on their return from the mountain and being rather short of wine just now, until I know what they require, I must be careful

Alvaro What is a marquis or his wife either to do with me? Unless she's pretty and that makes a difference certainly. Zounds Sir it wouldn't quench my thirst to see them drinking would it. Besides am I not entitled to consideration? Am I not as I said before a pillar of the state?

Pedro (*Aside*) Yes and I should like to see fall to the ground amazingly

Alvaro (*Seeing Morenos*) That lazy monk there seems to have had enough. **{31}** You don't appear to have considered the Marquis' wants while supplying him

[6] An Italian exclamation meaning "By Bacchus" or "By Jove". It seems somewhat illogical that a Spanish nobleman should use it.

Pedro The Church always commands my first and best attention

Alvaro Ah! you are a pious and devout member of it. I've no doubt (*Morenos rises and comes forward. He feigns to be slightly overcome by drink*)

Morenos Soldiers here (*To Alvaro*) Benedicte my son. What brings the sons of Mars into these peaceful regions?

Alvaro Peaceful you call them. Excuse me if I beg to differ with you on that point. Scattering a nest of mountain rats in the shape of Moors appears to me anything but a peaceful occupation for a scorching day as this has been. Bye the bye Landlord you don't happen to have seen any of them flying past here?

Pedro I can't say that I have your Excellence

Morenos Ah! What these infidels escape then my Son?

Alvaro Confound them yes or at least the ringleaders of them did. The Queen of them was wounded during the fight and I made sure of taking her alive and pocketing the reward offered for her head - but one of her band and her rascally Lieutenant and contrived to escape with her by leaping down a precipice that would have scared the devil himself from attempting it with such a burthen in his arms. They are now concealed somewhere amongst these mountains but I have a full description of her and also of her noble companion. And, careful as the devil may be of his children, I'll lay my hands on them soon as surely as I am lay this hand on you

Morenos Be not so sure my son. So steeped are they in cunning and so expert are they in their disguises that you might stand side by side even as we do now and yet not discover them.

{32}

Alvaro What! Corpo di Bacco? I should like to catch myself being deceived in that manner. Why I have a keen scent for them as a cat has for a mouse. I can sniff the crescent a mile off . No, no good father, let me but come within arm's length of this Zaida and her rascally associate and you'll see the slender chance I'll give them for another escape.

Morenos You have my blessings on your undertaking my son and in a cup of wine I'll drink to your success

Alvaro If I might venture to make the remark, I should say you had already taken as much as befits the dignity of the Church

Morenos A false notion and a vulgar prejudice. The sons of the Church require stimulants as you do sons of the sword. We uphold one wing of the State and you the other and unless we are equally supported to bear the weight the building

must fall to the ground. So landlord bring more wine and I'll favor you with an appropriate chant to relish it with

(*Pedro brings wine and Morenos and Alvaro pledge each other during the Symphony. Morenos throws his wine away*)

Brindisi - Morenos

Where'er Hispanes wine is grown
The jovial monk is ever known
Why should the pious heart repine
When Spanish soil gives sparkling wine
Tho' rob'd in sober saintly cowl
Why should we spurn the flowing bowl
A noble blessing is the grape
We give ours in another shape
The soldier drinks to nerve his arm **{33}**
When danger sounds the fierce alarm
Tho' we no danger have to brave
We drink success to those that have

(*At the end of Brindisi, Morenos retires up the stage and Zaida comes out of the house attired as a peasant. She busies herself with the customers in order to sustain the character of the Hostess. Alvaro sits at a table*)

Alvaro (*Suspiciously eyeing Morenos as he retires*) I don't half like that blustering monk. I must keep an eye on him

Pedro (*Aside to Zaida*) Are you not imprudent to venture forth regardless of your wound?

Zaida Have no fear good friend. Your daughter's kindly aid and a somewhat hardened frame have overcome its effects which are less than was at first expected.

Pedro The captain looked rather suspiciously on your friend. Bid him be careful

Zaida Have no fear for him. I'll engage to keep the Captain's head from troubling itself about him (*She advances to Alvaro and curtseys very low*) Shall I have the honour and felicity of refilling your cup your Excellence

Alvaro (*Rising and bowing very pompously*) Angelic creature - the honour - the felicity - will be mine. (*Aside*) What a devilish nice girl. Hem! I must become better acquainted

Zaida Bacchus and Mars go hand in hand. The greater the hero the more he loves good wine. You are I am sure a hero, Sir

Alvaro My darling your beauty and discrimination are unequal'd (*Aside*) She's very pretty

Zaida I trust Signor that you have sustained no injury in your conflict with the Moors this morning

{34}

Alvaro None I am happy to say although I remain'd the whole time (*Aside*) where the balls could not reach me

Zaida I am all tempted to regret your escaping so freely

Alvaro What! well that's cool

Zaida (*Archly*) I mean Signor that, had you been wounded, you would doubtless have been conveyed here and I should have been permitted the sweet task of administering to your wants. Oh what delight there must be in nursing a wounded Hero and such a Hero

(*She looked languishingly at him and sighs heavily*)

Alvaro Oh curse it I can't stand this much longer. There was a look (*Aloud*) I say don't sigh like that, you'll make one quite melancholy (*Aside*) Corpo di Bacco but they are all alike; as soon as they encounter my eye they are like a rabbit before a boa constrictor they remain transfixed by the gaze until they are gobbled up.

Zaida I think I have disarmed the valiant Captain (*Aloud to him*) Shall I offer you a dish of macaroni? It shall be prepared entirely by myself (*Bashfully*) Not as I am bold enough to imagine it would be in the slightest degree more acceptable on that account

Alvaro Indeed, but it would though. A dish of macaroni prepared by your fair hands (*Aside*) or anyone else's (*Aloud*) would merit such a reward (*Aside*) Stop, I'd better say nothing about the reward though or she'll expect a handsome present and that don't fall in with my line of tactics

Zaida Oh you're Excellency, name not the reward - A smile-

Alvaro O you shall have lots of smiles (*Aside*) they're not expensive (*Zaida retires up*) She smitten to an enormous extent. But they're all alike when I show myself

{35} (*The Marquis and his wife enter from the back*)

Zaida (*Aside and alarmed*) The Marquis and his wife here. The Saints grant me courage. Should they recognise Morenos or myself, we are lost. (*She endeavours to conceal her face, retires up and (...?) sits at table in front LH. Marquis comes down*)

Marq Will heaven be praised I think we are safe here at all events

March (*Coming down*) Yes, my love, safer even than behind your favourite rock

Marq I don't mean to be disrespectful my dear but I wish with all my heart that (…?) rock was down your throat

March My Lord! If you feel called upon to make use of such coarse expressions for heaven's sake don't let anyone overhear you. I should quite blush for you. Bye the bye I have been conversing with some of these soldiers and I have a much better opinion of them than I had. Some of them are really good-looking fellows.

Marq I should like to know what you have to do with them their good looks my Lady. Look towards me if you are in search of that commodity.

March 'Twould be a waste of time anyhow and that I've an objection to.

Marq (*Looking at her indignantly crosses to the soldiers*) Gallant friends I rejoice at meeting with you again (*He is returning when he recognises Zaida. He starts violently*) Ha!

Concerted piece

Marq See I write right
Zaida (*Aside to him and showing her dagger*)
What you see you speak
Marq (*Frightened*) Wh-wh-what? I saw
On your head a wasp alight
(*Ferdinand enters. Zaedo and Ferd advance quickly to the Marquis and motion him to remain silent*)
Marq & March Ferdinand here too
{36}
Ferd Nothing strange in that I see
In the fairest flow'r
May be rifled by the bee
Yet not feel its pow'r
Zaida To Marq Noble Sir with all my heart
Thou'st my thanks sincere
Much I thought that sudden start
Told of danger near

(*The Marquis retires timidly and with his wife goes into Arbor. Alvaro taking a written paper from his belt*)

Alvaro Zaida Moorish Queen divine
This paper soon will make you mine
(*Places it on the table*)
Zaida (Aside) That paper I can well divine
for me speaks death in every line
(*Taking another paper from his belt*)
Alvaro This a description full and plain
Of one Morenos in her train
Morenos *(Aside)*That's my description fault is plain
Should he but see me flight were vain

Ferd (*aside to Zaida*) If recognised how sure your fate
Begone from here ere tis too late
Zaida Be calm I pray. I bow to fate
I'll fly for sure ere 'tis too late

Recit – Zaida to Ferdinand

Zaida But Sir hast thou no gentle lay
To while the tedious hours away
Ferd Thus gladly I comply

(*Here it becomes darker. Pedro brings more wine to the several guests, places lighted lamp on table where Alvaro is sitting. He takes out a cigarette and begins to smoke*)

{37} Romance - Ferdinand

Soft and fair
Thro' the air
O'er each gentle glade
Zephyr's sigh
Floating by
Sweetest echoes made
Fresh and clear
To the ear
Song birds tuned their lay
Flow'rets free
Leaf and tree
Hailed the coming day
Near the old fountain
Deep in the valley
O'er which the mountain
Flings its cool shade
Fresh as the morning
Graceful as fairy
Nature adorning
Stood a fair maid
An aged swain was near
His suit she feign[7] must hear
Yet are her glances
Turn'd to the hillside
No one advances
Why should she sigh
O'er the vale
Soft and pale
Graceful shadows sweep
From on high
Thro' the sky

[7] Must mean "Fain"

Stars begin to creep
Twilight hour
Bids each flow'r
Fast their eyelids close
Not a word
All around
Lays in calm repose
List to that (…?)
Fervent and plain plaintive
Old age is wooing
Beauty's sweet smile
Vain is thy pleading
Old man beware thee
See all unheeding
Wanders the maid
But now her eyes grow bright
A youth appears in sight
Those ripe lips pressing
Old man thou'rt vanquished
Love she's confessing
But not for thee

{38}

(*During the first verse Zaida takes the description of herself from the table and unseen by Alvaro, whose attention is attracted by song, tears it into pieces which she throws under the table. Morenos at the same time is seen whispering to Pedro who with a flask of wine crosses to Sentinel on guard at the shed who, perceiving that he is unseen by Alvaro or his comrades, drinks freely.*
During the second verse Zaida is prevented from obtaining the description of Morenos as Alvaro's arm is resting upon it. At conclusion of the song Alvaro unconsciously puts the wrong end of cigarette into his mouth which, burning both that and his fingers at the same time, he jumps up violently with the pain and in doing so overturns the light. Zaida as quickly as possible places the remaining paper in such a position that it ignites and is speedily consumed. Alvaro perceiving that one paper is torn in the other burnt is furious

Alvaro High treason of the blackest hue
The devil! Now what shall I do
The papers lost my plans betray'd
The fiends of darkness lend them aid
Zaida Ah! look at thus, nor fiercely start
(to Alvaro) Such glances never win her heart
(*Alvaro retires up in great anger. Zaida following him laughing at him*)
Omnes Howso'er he storm'd and rav'd
Her ready wit her life has saved

(*Giamina enters with macaroni. Zaida takes it from her and places it on the table where Alvaro has been sitting. Giamina spreads a cloth on the table with plate, spoon, folded napkin etc. Alvaro apparently* **{39}** *forgetting his anger seats himself and commences eating immediately, tucking the napkin under his chin. Pedro brings on musicians and the soldiers and peasants commence a dance at the desire of Zaida*)

Dance and Chorus
Joy, joy sparkles around
Mirth, mirth, o'er us shall reign
Light, light hearts shall abound
Care, care threatens in vain
Sing, sing joyous and free
Drink, drink goblets we sip
Laugh, laugh loud is our glee
Kiss, kiss roseate lip

Dance, dance happy and light
Hail, hail pleasures fair queen
Shout, shout - bold in our might
Trip, trip o'er the gay scene
Joy, joy sparkles around
Mirth, mirth o'er us shall reign
Light, light hearts shall abound
Care, care threatens in vain.

(*During this Almoradi is seen to emerge from the chimney of the shed and clambering down upon the outside assists Marinus unseen by the Sentinel, who has fallen asleep overcome by drink, to liberate those inside who, when the doors are opened, steal out and with Almoradi cautiously retreat during the following*)

{40}

Ensemble

Ferd Have a care
Haste, away be flying
Ah beware
Lurking eyes are prying
Quick away
Dangers hover o'er thee
No delay
Flight is now before thee

Zaida Have no care
Soon will I be flying
I'll beware
Eyes I know are prying
I'll away
Heav'n that hovers o'er me
Will delay
Danger that's before me

Morenos Have a care
(*To Moors*) We must soon be flying
Ah beware
Lurking eyes are prying
Quiet away

Dangers hover o'er thee
No delay
Flight is now before thee

Alvaro Without care
To this dish applying
Such rich fare
Who could be denying
Light and gay
Beauty shines before me
Here I'll stay
All the girls adore me

Marq, *March*, *Pedro* Without care
Nought can aid their flying
We'll/I'll beware
Of these soldiers prying
While they stay
Fears and doubts are o'er me
Once away
Danger flies before me

(*The moon is seen to break through the clouds. By its light Alvaro perceives the door of the shed open and the prisoners gone*)

Alvaro They are gone
Soldiers on
Ferd (*Drawing sword*) Who moves one step their flight to stay
Beneath my sword he'll surely fall
With life he'll for his rashness pay
Thus we alone defy ye all
Omnes Haste fetter and bind her etc

Chorus of women
Ah! in mercy stay O stay
This deadly strife
Alvaro Back thou rash fool of death beware
There's danger in my person
Thou'rt frantic to dare
A soldier of renown

(*Ferdinand advances on Alvaro who retreats quickly behind soldiers. Morenos is seized by them and in the struggle his monk's gown is dragged off and discovers him with his turban and in Moorish attire and fully armed. He breaks from them and joins Ferdinand and Zaida in the centre of the stage. The soldiers are on the left hand with Alvaro hiding behind them. The Marquess and Marchesa are still in the arbor*[8])

[8] Summers had obviously forgotten that he had them singing in the previous ensemble and the finale

Finale to Act Two

Zaida Now is the hour at hand
Uprouse ye gallant band
Obedient to command
Fighting we'll fly
Forcing our way
Mountains are nigh
O'er which I sway **{42}**

Morenos Back to our mountain home we fly
Thro' blood and strife, we force our way
And midst are native rocks defy
The tyrants all oppressive sway

Marq/ March From hence we ne'er shall live to fly
My love how shall we get away
Once safe, their power I'd there defy
To catch one where grim death holds sway

Alvaro Upon them lads in vain they'd fly
Ne'er shall they homeward force their way
Their mountains gain'd, they'll death defy
Lost then will be our sway

Chorus of Soldiers Comrades on - the foe defying
Soon in death will they be lying
On then on - their doom is sealed
Traitors all they soon must yield

Chorus of Women Kneeling Heaven to thee for aid appealing
See us thus before the kneeling
Hear us now. Oh grant our pray'r
Save us from this dark despair

Chorus of Soldiers Haste fetter and bind them (Repeated)

(*Zaida blows a whistle and a number of Moors rush in*)

Chorus of Moors Thou lov'd queen, our aid we lend thee
With our hearts we will defend thee
Back ye bloodhounds back

Morenos To Zaida Lov'd Zaida seek once more
Safety 'neath our forest's green
Happy hours are yet in store
Surrounded by hearts who would die for their Queen **{43}**

Ensemble

As a storm sets all in motion
Seas and their madly dancing spray
To each heart in wild[9] commotion
Trembling heaves throughout this fray

[9] The word actually was "will" but "wild" makes more sense

Soldiers On on
Moors Back back
Tutti We'll teach them repentance
Let death be their sentence

(*A general attack takes place. The Moors by a sudden rush force a passage through the soldiers bearing Zaida with them. Ferdinand is about to follow her but the Marquis and Marchesa force him off. Alvaro during the melee creeps under a table in doing which his wig comes off showing his bald head. The Posada and sheds are seen to be on fire and falls with a large crash as the curtain descends*)

Curtain descends
End of Act 2nd

Act 3[10]

Page 45½ on the other side of page 45 was inserted later.
It is in poor handwriting so possibly with transcription errors.

It looks like the chorus below fitted somewhere in Act 2 with Morenos's recitative the start of Act 3..

Chorus (of second act t(…?)
See gladness neighbour but for a day
And like a dream twill pass away
Then seize it ere it be too late
And let the sunshine on us wait
some I Something singing no delay
Sweet smiles exist as then away
Come drink the rosy
And every care resign
(*Enter Morenos*)
Recitative
Oh! Granada while thus more I gaze
On thy beloved walls – a gentle spell steals o'er
My soul as if to drown the cry of vengeance

Ballad
How neath a mother's watchful care
Life's early breath I drew
And then with wings as light as air
Joy's halo round me threw
Scenes of my youth an exile I
Mid(?) thee (?) no more may dwell
Heartbroken I can only sigh
A boy a last farewell

[10] Pages 44 and 45 are just title pages saying Act 3. Both include "The Property of Herr W.M. Lutz". Page 45½ was an inserted page written with poor handwriting

Land of my birth from thy bright spell
Tis anguish to depart
My fond adieu like midnight knell
Tells coldly on my heart.
Alhambra ev'ry scene recalls
Some joy too bright to tell
Farewell ye honour'd walls
Home of my youth farewell

{46}

Zaida Morenos is in Granada. Jealousy has aroused a demon in his heart. Tis against de Valor that his anger burns and to frustrate his deadly schemes have I incurred (?) the risk of entering Granada. Yet what perils would I not encounter to save him who my heart tells me is now so dear from the assassin's knife.

(*Enter Alvaro in dress of a jester*)

Alvaro I never could have believed I was such a fine figure. How splendidly this dress shows off the elegance of one's outline. I was totally ignorant till now of the most magnificent fall in the back I possess. I feel so light and buoyant that it is with difficulty I prevent myself from soaring above and mingling with the stars that glitter of my costume causes me nearly to resemble. What havoc I shall make amongst the poor devils of women. I long to see the effect I produce. It's no use my trying I can't stand still (*He dances and skips about intending to be very graceful but in reality very awkward*) There is a degree of tightness though in this costume that causes a curious sensation about the eyes. They seem to have an inclination to jump out of my head. However I must get used to it so here goes again (*Dances as before*) Phew! It's excessively warm. (*Forgetful of his costume he feels behind him for the pockets is the tail of coat in order to get his handkerchief*). Bless me I forgot I had got no pockets. That's awkward. I'm afraid it will be dangerous to cut one anywhere (*He commences fanning himself with his mask while so doing a Domino*[11] *enters and slipping a letter into his hands retires immediately*) **{47}** they're beginning already. This is assignation number one. I shall be torn to bits before the night's over (*To the Domino unaware of her having left him*) Would it be impertinent to inquire who sent this? I say would be – (*Turns*) Gone! Well that's cool she might have waited for the answer. But now to see what the poor thing has to say (*Opens letter and reads*)

"You seek Zaida. She is not in the mountains but near at hand. In an hour from hence be on this spot, you will there learn more of her you seek, as also, secrets that cannot be entrusted in a letter" "A lady"

and a very mysterious one too. I certainly should like to learn how I could lay hold of that mountain Tigress without feeling the effects of the claws. But I suppose it should only be a "ruse" after all of some infatuated damsel who has made up her mind to elope with me whither I will or no.

[11] A domino is traditionally a voluminous black robe-like hooded cape worn with a black half mask as a disguise during Venetian Carnival.

(*A lady dressed as a flower girl and the Marchesa de Mondegar as _____ are seen crossing the stage. Alvaro perceives them*).

Alvaro Ah there is that pretty flower girl and with her my adorable _____ I'll after them as swiftly as the wings of love will carry me (*Dances off grotesquely. Zaida enters in Domino and Mask, as also Marquis de Mondegar in the character of Hercules. He perceives Zaida*)

Marq I wonder who that charming Domino is? I must find out. This carnival time is really very exciting and uncommonly pleasant. She's not gone yet. I'll speak to her.

Quartette – Mar, Alva, March, Zaida

Marq (*To Zaida)* Lovely creature , by your leave **{48}**
Zaida Some mistake I fear Sir you have made
Marq No! Ev'ry beauty claims my homage
And devotion, Be not coy
Zaida Beware I charge thee
Flowers that look most fair do sometimes poison
Insect bright will often sting
(*Alvaro enters pursuing the Marchesa*)
Marq (*seeing March*) How! my wife - how curs'd provoking
Alvaro (*to March*) Not so fast, I'm really out of breath
March Your size not me for that's to blame
Alvaro (Aside) Now to the charge. St Cupid aid me
(*To March*) This heart for you with love is burning
March That moistened brow its fire will surely damp
Zaida (*To Marq repulsing him*) Quick Sir begone
Alvaro (To March) See me expiring
Marq (*Aside*) The Captain, I'm afraid like me
Is not so welcome as he's free
Zaida (*Aside*) I'd fain begone, but yet would see
Him I so love from danger free
Alvaro Ah, fair one why so cruel be
(*To March*) Those charms were form'd to captivate
Then smile on one who would for thee
(*Kneels*) A throne of glory abdicate (*Seizes her hand*)
March Now don't be silly
(*Repulsing him*) I've heard many their soft vows pleading
But none like thee
Alvaro Ah no believe me
No lover yet (*Wiping his forehead*) **{49}**
March Perspired so freely
Alvaro Then cruel lady frankly own
That so perspires love alone

Ensemble

Zaida I'd fain begone but first would see
His pathway clear ere tis too late
Assured from danger he is free
Then hopes of love I'll terminate
Marq That horrid monster's arts I see
Yet dare not speak - O bitter fate
For should my wife my tricks but see
All hope of peace would terminate
Alvaro Our fair one why so cruel be?
Those charms were form'd to captivate
Then smile on one who would for thee
A throne of glory abdicate
March O noble Sir - this ecstasy
And passion fierce pray moderate
Beware a husband's jealousy
And caution take ere tis too late

(*The Marchesa sees the Marquis talking to Zaida*)

March You here Marquis? Oh horror
And with a female
Marq Credit me
Mere accident upon my life
March Think not my eyes thus to deceive
I see too well; your falsehood now is clear

(*He endeavours to pacify her but she repulses him angrily*)

No more your truth will I believe

{50}

Ensemble repeated

Zaida I'd fain begone but first would see etc
Alvaro Our fair one why so cruel be?
March My husband's falsehoods I can see
I've found it out now tis too late
But reveng'd I soon will be
Then leave him to hapless fate
Marq She's found me out is plain to see
I would retreat but tis too late
All thought of peace is gone for me
And mine will prove a hapless fate

(*Alvaro and Marquis retire up the stage Zaida goes off, the Marchesa watching her*)

March Tis Zaida. I know her in spite of her disguise. And she would ensnare the Marquis in the web of her fascinations as well as our poor friend Ferdinand - But we shall see. By obtaining a Domino exactly resembling hers and purposely throwing myself in the Marquiss's way I shall have proof of his falsehood from his own lips. Should it be as I suspect let her beware. Before she can quit this giddy scene, the city guard shall hold her in their power. Yes, yes, fair queen I think I shall spoil your flirting yet (*Exit*)

(*Alvaro and the Marquis have been walking about the back of the stage striving to avoid each other yet constantly meeting face to face and each time turning sharply from each other. At length the Marquis advances towards Alvaro and slaps him violently on the shoulder. Alvaro turns quickly an awkward pause ensues each apparently afraid to commence. At length the Marquis breaks silence*)

{51}

Marq So Sir, you would seek to supplant me in the affections of my adored wife. You would basely endeavour to turn the current of her youthful affections from its lawful course

Alvaro (*Aside*) He may bluster as much as he pleases as long as he doesn't challenge me

Marq (*Aside*) I think he seems inclined to be nervous. I'll give it him stronger. (*Aloud*) I repeat Sir, from its lawful course. You would render desolate a breath that is hallowed by affection and cheered by the bliss found only in the conjugal and connubial state (*Alvaro wipes forehead nervously as he gets more alarmed*)

Marq (*Aside*) It's all right. I shall I shall annihilate him with my eloquence (*Aloud*) You are (…?) and so am I but the causes are different. I burn with virtuous indignation. With you the evidence of your guilt appears thick on your brow in the shape of perspiration. We must fight, Sir, I must have blood – blood – blood

Alvaro (Aside & very nervous) I thought it was coming. I'm a dead man. I wonder whether I could frighten him out of it. I'll swagger a bit (*Aloud*) Ahem. Very well Sir. Fighting is my trade and I am always willing and happy to oblige every unfortunate individual tired of his life by sending a bullet through him. As I never miss my mark, you will only serve to swell the already gigantic list of my victims (*Aside*) as I something my something you will only sense to dwell the already gigantic list of my victims (*Aside*) This will astonish him I think

Marq (*Aside & also very nervous*) The sanguinary butcher. He accepts I wasn't exactly prepared for that. I must get out of it (*Aloud*) Why you see Sir when I said I would not be satisfied with anything short of fighting I did not mean exactly to infer that I would not accept an apology

Alvaro (*Aside*) I knew I should find him feigning indignation I apologise! Thunder and cannons! What you take me for Sir.

Marq (*Aside*) Here's a cursed (?) scrape I've got myself into. I've signed my own death warrant and my wife will be free to marry my murderer (*Aloud and with an effort to appease Alvaro*) Well Sir since you are determined to make no apology, why of course. Yes I say of course so we must fight (*Aside*) what a fearful tragedy is in embryo

Alvaro (*Aside*) He's going to fight after all. Why the devil didn't he remain a coward? I can't and won't so there's an end of it (*Aloud*) Sir, I never apologised in my life nor will I ever. No Sir, never. So, Sir I say I say good evening (*Exit*)

(*Marquis is nervous during this speech. When Alvaro is off he looked timidly round almost doubting he has gone*)

Marq Phew! What a relief. If he'd insisted any further I'm sure I should have gone on my knees and asked for mercy. I'll never challenge anyone again. They might take me at my word the next time (*Shouts and laughter are heard outside*) What the devil does that mean (*He looks off*)

(*Ferdinand enters as a Quack Doctor in a gorgeous car drawn by two white ponies. In the car are also musicians grotesquely dressed and in hideous masks and two or three Amigos* (*?*) *each carrying large bottles of medicine and other kinds of extravagant articles. They are followed by all the Maskers amongst whom are seen the Marchesa and Alvaro. Ferdinand is in his car takes up the centre of stage and the rest form on either side of him*)

{53}

Aria Buffa – Ferdinand[12]

Now good people now's your time
So seize it while you can
Ev'ry evil I can cure
That may befall to man
Would you have your sorrows dissipated
Or with love your sweethearts animated
Or old age to youth regenerated
Come to me
I'm that wonderful sage
The eighth wonder of the age
Come and see
My astounding cures
Come them while the chance is yours
Here's a magic pill
Good for every ill
Kings and queens they've cured
Dead men's lives restored
Buy them and you may go
Free from the gout and lumbago
Come then friends come and buy
One (…?) of them try
Toothache, measles, blues they'll banish
E'en your wives' loud tongues will vanish
Would you have your morals elevated
Or your lovers' tempers subjugated
Or you're scolding wives intimidated
Come to me etc

{54}

For (…?) Sirs
This is the cure
Both certain and sure
What I tell you is most true Sirs
If husbands would roam

[12] An obvious copy of Dr Dulcamara's introductory aria in Donizetti's *L'elisir d'Amore*.

In search of pleasure or beauty
This will keep them at home
showing a huge padlock
And bind them to their duty
Would you be with your joys intoxicated
Or your shatter'd frames have renovated
Or with health and love be satiated
Come to me etc

(*All the maskers close round him eager to purchase of him. After which the car is taken off and all retire upstage with the exception of Morenos who has entered during song and Zaida who has also entered and stands apart watching Morenos*)

{55}

Morenos Tis he sheltered by these frivolous Maskers will I approach him and with his blood wash out the deadly hate I bear him. (*Retires up*).

(*Zaida observes Morenos' menacing look towards Ferdinand and displays an anxiety to warn him of his danger*)

Recitative - Zaida
I see Morenus vengeful blade
Hangs o'er him ready to descend
Could I but meet his gaze
Unseen by those around me
How act then? How make known his danger
That he may fly? ah yes
A simple air I'll sing
The purport he perchance may see
But what will suffer serve his ear to gain?
Of young Zerlinas love I'll sing

{56}

(*Ferdinand and the rest come down and gather round Zaida as she sings*)

Romance
Sweeter than the sighs of morn
Rob'd in perfume from each flow'r
T'owards her simple vine clad bower
Young Zelina's steps are born
List to one whose ardent sighing
Mingles with the balmy air
Heedless of those dark eyes prying
Youth of jealousy beware

Who is he with eyes of fire
Gleaming on that happy pair?
Dark revenge his looks declare
Jealous rage and hatred dire
Youth beware, there's danger o'er there
Fly while flight is still before thee

See those deadly looks of fire
On that happy couple gleaming
With revenge and hate they're teeming
Fatal is their burning ire
Youth beware, thus there's danger o'er thee
Fly while flight is still before thee

What alarms are simple maid?
From that youth and canst then sever
Wouldst thou bid him fly for ever
Ah! Thou fearst that threatening blade
From the perils dark that hover
Young Zelina warns her lover
From the fate that now is nigh
Thus with tears she bids him fly Mmm

(*During portions of the song, Zaida betrays great earnestness in the delivery of the words so that Ferdinand cannot mistake their meaning. The maskers resume their sports*)

Ferd I surely should know that voice. The manner too, how earnest. Against whom would she warn me? Tis a mystery I seek in vain to unravel

(*He mingles with the crowd*)

Morenos He joins the Maskers. So will I. He must not quit my sight (*Retires up*)

Zaida From the precautions I have taken I think Morenos will find it difficult to accomplish his dark designs. But where can my brave associates be who are to aid me in any plans? They should have been here ere this.

(*A number of hunters appear as also a body of Gipsies*)

Chorus of Hunters

Hark the bugle calls to the chase
The Boar has left his tangled brake
The dew-lapp'd hound his footsteps trace
Their cry the woodland echo's wake
Diana's cheerful notes now sing
O'er mountain top - then valley low
Then shout and loud her praises sing
Hallo! Hallo! Ho! Ho!

Chorus of Gipsies

We a gay life leading
Wander o'er the land
Fortune's secret reading
In each open hand
(*Some approach Ferdinand and take his hand*)
Here are lines that cross
Danger's near
(*Some approach Morenos and do the same*)
Hate and cold (…?
Showeth here

Ferd Would you have your sorrows dissipated etc

Zaina I tremble as the moments fly
And still no welcome aid is nigh
The pow'r to save him I have none
As helpless thus I stand alone

Morenos Her warning voice I recognise
His life she'd save neath her disguise
But nought can stay my bitter hate
My thirsty blade must seal his fate

{58}

(*Morenos is about to rush on Ferdinand with his knife drawn when the latter is suddenly surrounded by a number of Maskers habited in exactly the same dress as his own and which prevents Morenos from identifying him*)

Chorus
Would you have your sorrows dissipated etc

{59}

(*Ferdinand goes and Morenos is following him stealthily in order to fulfil his purpose of vengeance when Zaida throws herself before him and in a commanding manner motions him off in an opposite direction. He reluctantly obeys. The others go off severally with the exception of the Marquis who endeavours to find out which way Zaida goes but she slips off unperceived by him*)

Marq How cursedly provoking that my wife should have made her appearance with that horrid hippopotamus looking _____ at her heels just as I was getting on so famously with my fair unknown domino. And I too compel'd to hear her made fierce love to and yet remain silent. But why was I compelled to remain silent? I was on the same errand myself. Ah well the less I say about that the better. Bye the bye, I shake all over when I think what a horrible catastrophe might have terminated the affair if the Captain had only kept me to my word. By this time I might have had practical experience as to how a man can digest two ounces of lead administered to him through the muzzle of a pistol. However, I am determined not to relinquish the pursuit of that charming domino if I can help it. Which way could she have gone I wonder

(*Goes up and looks off*)

(*The Marchesa enters in a Domino exactly like the one worn by Zaida. She observes the Marquess looking anxiously about*)

March There's the wretch. Doubtless anxiously hoping for the return of that forward impertinent Domino. I have been fortunate enough to obtain a disguise so nearly resembling hers that his stupid brain will never discover the difference and when I have assured myself of his perfidy and her guilt then let her beware. I have put the soldiers on the alert and they only await my call. The reward offer'd for her capture will keep them vigilant

(*She coughs slightly to attract the Marquis's attention. He turns and sees her and thinking her Zaida rushes to her delighted*)

{60}

Marq Oh lovely enslaver this is indeed kind. (*He takes her hand*) Here alone, undismay'd by the flashing eyes of a jealous and termagant wife, I can pour out my heart's devotion with all the ardour of that glowing passion with which your wondrous beauty has inspired me (*Aside*) That's not so bad considering I haven't seen her face yet

March (*timidly*) Let me begone I beg Signor, I

Duettino – Marchesa & Marq

Marq Stay beauteous mask - we meet once again
Love ever leads the way when beauty calls
I thank thee(?) for this kindness
Why shouldst thou Maiden fear me
Belov'd I pray thee hear me
Whenever thou art near me
What rapture fills my heart
Then gentle fair at once relent
And to my suit give ear
Do I deserve this punishment
For love that so sincere

March (*Aside*) His treachery he will relent
His falsehood now is clear
This baseness he will soon repent I
Twill cost him rather dear

(*To Marq*) You have a wife or is she dead?

Marq I've no such luck I'm much afraid

March They say she's lovely is it so?

Marq Her temper's monstrous that I know

March Is she not ever kind and sweet

Marq As sour grapes, not fit to eat. **{61}**

March Then you your wife would wish to quit

Marq My feelings you've exactly hit

March (*Aside*) Certain am I
His conduct
Equal defies
He's not aware
Who is so near
In this disguise

Marq (*Kneels*) See kneeling at thy feet
Thy lover in despair
And wilt thou maiden sweet
Unyielding keep him there

March Thus kneeling at my feet
I see through thy despair
Your true deserts to meet
My hand you seek - tis there

(*She gives him a violent box on the ears, which knocks him down, and runs off. He stares foolishly about him, rubs his ear sorrowfully, slowly rises and looks about and finding himself alone in a confused state of wonderment is following the Marchesa but suddenly stops - pauses as for an instant, rubs his ear again and walks hurriedly in an opposite direction exclaiming in a melancholy tone as he does so* "The devil" . *Enter Alvaro tripping gaily forward*)

Alvaro Well here I am true to my appointment as a man of honour should always be when there is no possibility of danger arising from his punctuality - but on the contrary something to be gained. He takes out the letter given him by the unknown mask and reads it again aloud. **{62}** Yes all's clear and straightforward enough. This is the spot and the hour I am sure as [has?] expired by this time. I shall positively die with impatience if she keeps me longer. I wonder wether (*sic*) her only object in seeking this interview is to afford me information with regard to Zaida or wether those secrets which she dare not trust to a letter relate to a tender passion that I have unknowingly inspired her with and which she would fain take the present opportunity to avow. In either case I must benefit by the interview so I wish she would arrive with as little loss of time as possible. Hark! a step. She comes (*Laying his hand on his heart*) My quivering heart be still. Why tremble thus at the approach of beauty.

(*Zaida enters in Domino and mask as before. Four attendants in Livery follow her*)

Duet – Alvaro and Zaida

Alvaro Hist! hist! Gentle lady - but a word
Hist! Hist!
Zaida Your servant Sir
Alvaro It is she
A fresh conquest tis plain I have I here have made

(*Looks at her hard as though seeking to recognise her figure*)

Zaida You stare on me - say why
With wonder in your eye
Am I so strange a sight
That you should show such fright
You marvel I should dare
Alvaro No! gallantry such thought forbear
I feel the compliment - I own
Zaida Great risk I run **{63}**
Alvaro Discreet I'm ever
Love's confidence I ne'er betray
To all the fair in Naples say
Your beauty then no longer hiding
Zaida I fear you'll think me too confiding
I (*She takes off mask*)
Alvaro (*Enraptured*) Oh wondrous beauty
Aida Cease I pray thee (*Tapping him coquettishly with fan*)
Alvaro Your will is law and I obey thee

(*Zaida imitates her own manner as the girl at the Posada*)

Zaida "Shall I have the honour and felicity of refilling your cup?"

Alvaro (*Astounded*) Eh! am I awake!
Zaida "The greater the hero the more he loves good wine. You are I am sure a hero Sir".
Alvaro Tis! The girl of the Posada I, I-

Duett resumed

Alvaro What thoughts my brains confuse
Zaida My head goes round. Buzz! Buzz!
That she is here tonight
Alvaro Astounds one quite
What brings her here?
No good I fear she's seeking
I feel quite nervous
E'en while to her speaking
Zaida My presence here
Tho' anxiously he's seeking
He little dreams
To whom he now is speaking
(*Taking his arm in a playful manner*) **{64}**
Well since our friendship has begun
Then hast thou no tale to charm mine ear

(*He shakes his head and appears anxious to get away but she detains him*)

Alvaro Proceed
(*Ill at ease*)
Zaida Zaida's name both far and near
Is held in dire alarm
Alvaro That name again? I'm getting warm
Zaida Tis known too as well noble Sir
That you hold with her correspondence
Alvaro Madam! tis false
Zaida Deny it not
What letter's that now in your hand this this
Alvaro This – this - ah yes exactly - bless me
You would know what this is? Of course
This - that – was – is - yes that is you see
I mean this is
Zaida What?
Alvaro My washing bill
Zaida Then learn from me, twas I myself
Who wrote and sent to you that note
Alvaro And you
Zaida That Moorish queen am I
Alvaro You? No it cannot be
Zaida I swear it
You see before you that Zaida
Alvaro (*About to give alarm*) Ha! yes! the reward

(*One of Zaida's attendants who are in reality Moors disguised draws out a pistol and coolly cocks it*) **{65}**

Zaida From this spot
Dare not to move or word exclaim
(*Pointing to the attendant*)
You'll find he is a practis'd shot
And never known to miss his aim

Alvaro What thoughts my brain confuse etc | Repeated
Zaida You stare on me say why etc |

Zaida Dear captain as the night is warm
Oppressive as your glowing love
A cooling bath would do no harm
Yon fountain will convenient prove

Alvaro O lord! with fear I'm getting warm
And yet I dare not give alarm

Zaida My band obedient to my call
Are ever near me with their aid
He thought not in my power to fall
Suspecting not the snare I laid | Ensemble
Alvaro For help I dare not call
No friend is near to give me aid
I thought not in her power to fall
Suspecting not the snare she laid

(*At a sign from Zaida, her attendants seized Alvaro and are in the act of immersing him in the fountain with the Marchesa enters with an Officer and guard*)

March (*To Officer*) You seek the Queen of the Moors. There she stands (*The soldier seizes her. Attendants escape*)

Alvaro For heaven's sake hold her fast or she'll slip through your fingers like water (*Zaida looked sternly at him*) There's a look I wouldn't be her husband for a trifle.

{66} (*Ferdinand rushes in*)

Ferdinand Stand back. Touch her not on your lives

Officer Sir if you would not share her fate interfere not between an officer and his duty. She is my prisoner

Alvaro She won't be long if you stand chattering there. We shall have her entire troop of cutthroat on us directly and our throats will become more intimately acquainted with cold steel than is comfortable to contemplate

Ferd Unhand her I say. To her I owe my life and to protect her shall it be devoted

Zaida (*To Ferdinand*) Peril not your liberty for my sake. Leave me to my fate. I have lived and will die as benefits the queen of a noble race finale

(*The Marquis, Morenos in disguise and Maskers enter. Morenos starts at perceiving Zaida in the power of soldiers and endeavours to remain unseen by them*)

Finale

Zaida Shall I then never see him more?
My dream of love alas is o'er
I ne'er shall see my mountain home
Nor there its peaceful valleys roam
Farewell for me the clear blue sky
In some lone dungeon must I die

Ferd Shall I then never see her more?
My dream of love alas is o'er
Her happy peaceful mountain home
No more with lightsome steps she'll roam
For ever lost the clear blue sky
In some lone dungeon she must die

{67}

Morenos Shall I then never see her more?
My dream of vengeance now is o'er
Twards our deserted mountain home
With sadden'd heart I now shall roam
No charm now in the clear blue sky
I'll seek some lonely spot and die

Marq
Alvaro
Chorus She's caught at last for evermore
Her lawless reign alas is o'er
No more will she her mountain home
With daring heart so freely roam
No more to see the clear blue sky
In some lone dungeon must she die

March To see her captive I deplore
All thought of vengeance now is o'er
No more will she her mountain home
With daring heart so freely roam
No more to see the clear blue sky
In some lone dungeon she must die

(*The officer by action commands Zaida to take her position between the soldiers which she does and is led off. Ferdinand is restrained by the Marquis and Marchesa from following. Morena stands overpowered by grief and the crowd slowly disperse as curtain falls on Act 3*)

{70}[13] **Act 4, Scene 1**

(*Interior of a prison. A grated practicable window in centre at back through which the moon is shining. Zaida discovered reclining on a couch. She rises as curtain ascends*)

Ballad - Zaida

Peaceful were my slumb'ring dreams
While that mountain home was mine
Tranquil as its silent streams
Ere I knelt at love's sweet shrine
Then how fair each scene I view'd
Whisp'ring joy in ev'ry sigh
Flow'rs of youth my pathway strew'd
Born, alas, how soon to die

Where are now those visions bright
Fancy sketch'd for me in vain
Fled for ever from my sight
Ne'er to be renewed again
Sorrows' dark'ning clouds I see
O'er me now their shadows fly
Love that bloom'd so fair for me
Blossom'd alas how soon to die

(*Clock strikes twelve*)

Midnight sounds - my sands of life run fast
Tomorrow's sun I gaze on as my last
A few short hours and chang'd will be
My daydreams for eternity

{71}

Prayer – Zaida kneels

Here mighty Allah. Hear my prayer
Guide a lone wanderer's footsteps weak
Whose lowly heart implores thy care
And thy protecting love would seek
Oh grant my fleeting spirit grace
When life is o'er to meet thy face

(*Morenos is seen ascending by a rope ladder to the window which he at last reaches and through which he enters. Zaida starts when she perceives him and not recognising him is alarmed*)

Zaida Ah! who's there?

Morenos Hush! Tis I. Who but one that loves as I do would climb that perilous height where one false depth would be destruction? Thinkst thou Zaida I could leave thee to thy fate without an effort to save thee? No! for that purpose I reached thy prison chamber. A heart less devoted and daring would have gazed with

[13] Pages 68 and 69 are just title pages saying Act 4. Both include "The Property of Herr W.M. Lutz".

horrors on the path that had led me to it. But I am here. Here Zaida once more at thy side

Zaida Morenos thou are indeed faithful but thy devotion can avail mean nothing now and perchance may involve thee in my ruin. Aid cannot reach one here.

Morenos It can - it has - Hear me Zaida. By yon ladder of ropes we may descend. Fearful as the task may be, to us who have scaled the mountain precipice and look'd on yawning chasms unmoved twill be naught. Beneath thy prison window rides a Barque well manned and prepared for instant flight. Once on board our foes we may defy for ere thy flight is discerned are gallant vessel will borne us beyond have the reach of their power. Yet ere we fly dare I venture to (*He pauses irresolutely*).

{72}

Duett – Zaida & Morenos

Zaida Speak!
Morenos Will thou grant me
Zaida What?
Morenos E'en thy heart
Zaida Oh forbear! Urge no more
Morenos Thy love I seek
Zaida No leave me to my grief
My star of life's fast fading
Morenos Thou wouldst die then
Zaida Yes, yes, I'd rather
Morenos Zaida hear me
Oh spurn not love as pure as mine
Zaida Vain are thy words - go then
Morenos Not without thee
Zaida Ah fly then
Morenos And leave thee? No!
Zaida fly thou with me
Zaida Canst thou see these tears?
Do they not move thee to forego thy love?
Nought of bliss appears
Save in that home I go to seek above
Morenos Lov'd one, why these tears
Afar from here and soothed by my fond love
Smiling hope appears
And points the spot a tranquil home will prove

Recitative

Morenos Follow then Zaida and be mine **{73}**
Zaida Ah no! forbear! no more I pray
Begone! I tremble while you stay
Were I but free what now I feel
My grateful heart should then reveal
The pray'rs that now my bosom swell
Will bless thee as I say farewell

Morenos Wouldst have me fly leaving thee
Never!
Zaida I implore
Morenos Come then
Zaida No no
Morenos Ah!
Fearless though this heart before the foe
(Kneels) See me at thy feet thus bending low
Hear my pray'rs then
Zaida No! let me die
Ferdinand Let my voice around thy dungeon winging
(*without*) Comfort to thy wounded spirit bringing
Hope's sweet notes thus to thee I'm singing
Ne'er despair
Angels bright and fair
Now watch o'er thee gentle maid
Morenos Ha! that curs'd voice sounds the knell
Of all my hopes in thee
But vengeance shall sever the spell
His death thy heart will free

(*He is going but returns*)

{74}

Ensemble

Morenos	*Zaida*
With the morning	With the morning
That is dawning	That is dawning
Comes thy dreaded fate	I must meet my fate
Must I fly then	Quickly fly then
Wouldst thou die then	Let me die then
Come e'en is too late	Aid is now too late

Morenos Thou art spurning
From the Turning
Love's devoted hand
No delay then
I'll away then
E'en at thy command

Zaida Away- no more - now haste away
Begone I tremble while you stay
Were I but free what now I feel
My grateful heart should then reveal
The pray'rs that now my bosom swell
Will bless thee as I say farewell
Zaida gives him her signoral whistle
Here to thee I now confide
What was the Rovers'(?) pride

When thou wakst its shrill notes free
Twill recall a thought of me
Morenos No I dare not - will not go
See these bitter tears that flow
Let my grief worn bosoms pain
Lure thee to our home again

(*Finding you cannot persuader to fly, he tears himself away and is escaping by the same means that he entered when officers and four guards appear they perceive Morenos escaping* **{75}** *and by command of Officer fire at him. Zaida falls senseless to the ground the scene closes*)

Scene 2

(*A chamber in Ferdinand de Valor's house. Table and chairs brought in. Enter Ferdinand apparently in great grief*)

Recitative and ballad - Ferdinand

Thus as my lonely steps I trace
The balm of hope forsakes me
Vainly I'd sleep while mad'ning sorrow wakes
The grief no time can ere efface
Death must soon find her
How shall I act her liberty to gain?
Ah could I break the chains that bind her
And her dear life obtain

Where Danro's(?)[14] murm'rung waters gently wood
With rip'ling waves the sanded shore
There Cabra's[15] mighty mansion tow'ring stood
But fell alas to rise no more
To this fair earthly paradise
A boyish fancy oft would stray
Two softly beaming laughing eyes
Had bound him neath their simple sway
Twas I who lov'd that child so fair
But where is she? Ah tell me where **{76}.**
Rude war resounded thro' that silent glade
The Sheperd (*sic*) pipe to shrieks gave place
The king's frail fortune there was doomed to fall
And Cabras share'd in his disgrace
One foaming charger o'er the plain
The Count then with his daughter flew
But flight for him was all in vain
Their swords the foe upon him drew
He fell alas! but she so fair
Escap'd and fled but where? Ah where.

[14] Probably means the Darro river in Granada
[15] Cabra had an impressive medieval fortress

(*He throws himself into a chair and gradually falls asleep*)

Ferdinand's dream

First tableau - A lake scene - Ferdinand and Zaida as children seated on a Bank of Flowers occupied in weaving garlands. Zaida is heard singing portions of Ferdinand's air in 1st Act

Second tableau - the Flight – Count Cabra and child pursued by Moors. They are attacked – The Count slain and the child is seen to fly

Third tableau - The Moorish haunt in Alpunura[16] mountains. Zaida appears at the back habited very simply. She crosses (?) *the scene and disappears. Each time of her reappearance her form increases in height until she arrives at womanhood. Her dress then flies off and discovers her as the Moorish Queen of the 1st act. The attack by the soldiers. As Zaida is shot and falls into the arms of Morenos. The tableau is closed in and Ferdinand awakes and starts up bewildered*

{77}

Recitative – Ferdinand

Where am I? Ah! a dream
My slumb'ring visions I'd recall
Twas she" Zaida is that child
That held my boyish heart enchain'd
Her father's loyalty is known
The king will surely deign the daughter pardon
The hour draws near - I come - I come
To save thee now or perish with thee

(*He is about rushing off when he is met by male and female peasants*)

Chorus

Death is her doom, yes she must die
Upon the morrow

Ferd Ah heaven!

Cabaletta - Ferd

On love's airy pinions speeding
The I fly to save
Danger's frown my heart unheeding
He thy pardon crave
With my tears and sighs awaking
Mercy's gentle sway
Soon its pow'r thy fetters breaking
Shall thy griefs allay
Weep not hope is nigh
Hush thy timid sigh
Thee I'll save or die

[16] Alpujarra mountains in Granada

Chorus Love now bids him fly
Her to save or die

{78}

(*Ferdinand rushes off and the rest follow him*)

Scene 3

(*A rocky landscape the Convent of Saint Ursula stands on the right hand U.E. (upstage entrance) of Stage. Set rocks in various parts of the scene from one of which a natural spring of water rushes out and falls into a rudely formed basin. Morenos enters disguised as a monk. He is ghastly pale and evidently severely wounded. He appears to drag himself along with difficulty*)

Recitative Morenos
Around my heart an icy chillness steals
As from each vein my hot blood flows
My quivering pulse reveals
That life for me draws near its close
Oh grant me Allah[17] in thy mercy
Life till her I've sav'd
Then death's stern bidding I obey

"Miserere" within the Convent
Hear our prayers thou lov'd Madonna
For this dying maiden
Tho' with sin her soul o'erladen
Shed thy mercies on her

(*a large bell is heard tolling*)

Air - Morenos
Hark – thro' the air solemn bell
Now blends its voice with holy strains **{79}**
Their sounds that rise with mournful swell
My crush'd and wounded heart sustains
When joy before her footsteps play'd
And shed its smiles around her youth
My beating heart its love betray'd
And now twill die to prove its truth
But one sweet smile from her lov'd eye
Will sooth my life's departing breath
Ah could I draw my latest sigh
Within her arms how calm my death

(*The doors of the convent open and a file of soldiers march slowly out and arrange in a single line across the back of the stage. Four monkss with black cowls and gowns with small crosses in their hands follow and station themselves two in either side of the doorway. Ferdinand rushes in greatly agitated*)

[17] The manuscript originally had "heaven" but this was crossed out and "Allah" substituted, possibly by the Examiner, Donne.

Air Ferdinand

My pray'rs alas were vain
I'll seek her once again
Then break - then break poor heart
No hope remains in life for me
Since thou must die sweet maid
Can I thy death despairing see
Without the pow'r to aid
Mourning for thee
Lonely I sigh
Happy I'd be
With thee to die

{80}

"Miserere" – within

Hear our pray'rs thou loved Madonna etc (Repeated)

(*A procession of Monks and Nuns emerge slowly from the convent and range themselves on opposite sides of stage*)

Chorus

Weep rivers, weep all ye streams of our mountains
Hear ye our cries
Stay'd be the source now of nature's sweet fountains
For our queen dies[18]

(*Zaida is now conducted on between soldiers. She perceives Ferdinand who rushes to her*)

Zaida Thou here

Ferd Zaida and must thou die so young. Can nought be done to save thee

Zaida Nought. No earthly pow'r can now avert my doom. But hear me. I entreat I would die with firmness and meet my executioners with an unflinching eye. Your lov'd presence will but make a child of me and give my enemies the power to say I died with fear on my heart.

Ferd Zaida, I cannot, dare not leave thee

Duettino – Zai & Ferd

How sweetly dawn'd our waking love
When first its transient flame was lighted
Nor dream'd we that twas doom'd to prove
So early lost - so sadly blighted
Alas the hopes that seem'd so fair
That rose in dreams so bright before us
Now leave us steep'd in dark despair
And death's cold hand low'rs sternly o'er us.

{81}

[18] She is hardly their queen given they are not Moors

Trio Ensemble

Ferd No hope remains in life for me
Since thou must die sweet maid
Must I thy death despairing see
Without the power to aid
Morenos One hope alone remains for me
Ere 'neath the cold turf laid
That I to life may set the free
Thro' my devoted aid
Zaida Grieve not thus sadly for me
When 'neath the cold turf I'm laid
This weary heart will be free
Slumb'ring beneath the lone shade
Farewell!

(*Zaida and Ferdinand embrace. Alvaro enters he separates them and leads Zaida into centre of the stage commanding her by action to kneel which she does. He is about to bandage her eyes when she when she refuses*)

Ferd[19] Yet no sign of the Marquis. Droop not Zaida

Zaida Farewell! all hope is gone

Ferd I fly (*to Alvaro*) but one moment I pray - I entreat you (*Exit*)

(…?) Alas I fear you hope in vain

Zaida He's gone and now they shall see that I can die a death worthy of the noblest Queen of Granada

{82}

Monk The time is up. The warrant so commands

Prayer - Zaida
Here mighty Allah hear my prayer
Guide a lone wand'rers footsteps weak
Whose lowly heart implores thy care
And thy protecting love would seek
Oh grant my fleeting spirit grace
When life is o'er to meet thy face

"Miserere" – again heard
Hear our pray'rs that lov'd Madonna etc

[19] This section is in the second poorly written hand and was, presumably added later. Perhaps it didn't bother to follow the same layout rules as most of the rest of the libretto as, although it is laid out as if it is sung, it looks more like dialogue.

(*Six soldiers are led by Alvaro and placed in front of Zaida. They present their muskets at her by command of Alvaro and as he is about to give the word to "Fire", Morenos whistles and each alternate Monk throws off his gown and appears as a Moor fully arm'd at the same instant overpowering the soldiers nearest to him. The Nuns also by the same action appear as female Moors with their carbines which they present at the Soldiers. Alvaro alarm'd rushes into front corner of stage. Picture. At this point Ferdinand is heard singing outside same melody as in Duett, rushes in with the Marquis and Marchesa, with papers in hand*)

{83}

Ferd Hold there - hold! See in this the King's most gracious pardon bear witness all
(*Zaida rises and rushes into the arms of Ferdinand who reads the paper*)

Alvaro You have arrived Sir. But just in time to save her life. The heads too of all these
(*To Ferd*) valiant warriors, mine included

Chorus
She is free
Fearless and daring
Each peril sharing
Boldly thus we seek our pray
E'en as a brother
One to another
While our queen we all obey

(*Morenos weak and exhausted advances. Zaida perceives and goes to him*)

Zaida Thou faithful friend, what thanks to thee I owe
(*He sinks to the ground*)
Thou'rt wounded - Say where? Oh speak
Go seek for aid
Morenos Too late, too late
No human hand could stay its flowing
I feel the last faint ray of life is fading
(*To Zaida*) Come nearer. Give me thy hand
One kiss I'd fain impress (*Kisses her hand fondly*)
Zaida, I die now in peace

(*She kneels over him in great grief*)
Airetta (*sic*) - Morenos
Belov'd one why this sorrow?
How calmly death's approach I see **{84}**
Ere dawns the coming morrow
My pray'rs above shall plead for thee
Hark Seraphs now are singing
Sweet melodies to waft
Where now my soul is winging
To realms of bliss so bright and fair
Zaida how I thee have loved
On earth thou canst not know

May he who owns thy gentle heart
On thee such love bestow
Oh Allah thou bounteous blessings show
(*Joins Zaida and Ferdinand's hands*)
On this devoted pair
Zaida now adieu
Sometimes think on me who – fare – (Dies)

Ferd His soul departed - his heart's at rest
Who love thee dearer far than life
He sleeps in peace who died for thee

Zaida One kiss on that cold cheek imprinting (Kisses him)
Now farewell all - in life forever
(*Morenos is carried off*)

Zaida to Ferd And thou so lov'd - now adieu

Ferd Not so Zaida
Thou must yet remain love
Thou hast not heard the last few lines
Here written. The King is gracious
He pardons thee and grants thee more
Than thou couldst deem

{85}

(*He reads the Paper aloud*)

" The King has this day received ample proof that the Moorish Queen is the daughter of the Count Cabra, his lamented friend who was slain in a battle with the moors, is graciously pleased to accord unto his orphan daughter, hitherto known only as Zaida the Moorish Queen his forgiveness and protection.
His Majesty's Royal favour is further shown inasmuch as he hereby restores that said daughter to all the rank and fortune. His Majesty also bestows a free pardon to all who now forming the Band of Zaida are willing to lay down their arms immediately and offend no more"

(*To the Countess Emma Cabra*)

Alvaro The Countess Emma Cabra, hail

Omnes Hail - all hail

Marq Love in ambush lying
Ev'ry case defying
Send his arrow flying
Heedless whom he lames
Some he uses badly
Me he treated sadly
Now I very gladly

(*He dances about delighted. The Marchesa interrupts him*)

March My lord I blush for you. Those absurd antics are quite unbecoming the dignity of a Marquis.

Marq Don't bother my Lady - I can't help it - I'm so overjoyed that if I was the Pope himself I couldn't help it. I'm suffering from an attack of St Vitus Dance in the legs

Alvaro If I recollect rightly you had it all over your body one night during the Masque ball in a short conversation with me but in a short conversation with me

{86}

Marq You suffer'd at the same time from palpitation of the heart

Alvaro But I think the dance remedy that cured me cured you also - so there my hand (*Offers it*)

Marq There isn't a pistol in it is there? No? All right then they shake hands

Rondo Finale - Zaida

Tho' sweet the sunny hours of Spring
Tho' fair each op'ning flow'r
Yet brighter are the rays that charm
The heart with magic pow'r
A world of joy then meets the view
Undimm'd by woe or grief
The heart o'ercharg'd by love's soft sway
In blissful tears must find relief
Hope sits smiling o'er the scene
Deck'd in robes of light serene
And gladness bids each cheering voice
Each happy heart rejoice.

Curtain