

DON QUIXOTE. Supper? Before a vigil?
No, my lord, on this night I must fast and compose my spirit.

No. 11 To Each His Dulcinea

(Padre)

See p. 84

DON QUIXOTE and the INNKEEPER exit separately.
The lights change and pick up the PADRE and
DR. CARRASCO en route back home.

PADRE. (*Over music*) There is either the wisest madman
or the maddest wise man in the world.

DR. CARRASCO. He is mad.

PADRE. Well ... in any case we have failed.

DR. CARRASCO. (*Tightly*) Not necessarily.
We know the sickness. Now to find the cure.

DR. CARRASCO exits.

PADRE. (*Stopping and reflecting for a moment*) The cure.
May it be not worse than the disease.

PADRE. To each his Dulcinea,
That he alone can name ...
To each a secret hiding place
Where he can find the haunting face
To light his secret flame.

For with his Dulcinea,
Beside him so to stand,
A man can do quite anything,
Outfly the bird upon the wing,
Holding moonlight in his hand.

(As the PADRE sings, we see on one
side of the stage DON QUIXOTE in
half-light, thinking of his lady and
preparing for his vigil.)

Yet if you build your life on dreams
It's prudent to recall,
A man with moonlight in his hand
Has nothing there at all.

(Opposite, ALDONZA in half-light,
preparing to leave for the tryst with
PEDRO, still puzzling over the missive.)

There is no Dulcinea,
She's made of flame and air,
And yet how lovely life would seem
If ev'ry man could weave a dream
To keep him from despair.

(As the PADRE sings this, ALDONZA
disappears from sight)

To each his Dulcinea
Through she's naught but flame and air!

(As he concludes, the PADRE turns
away to follow CARRASCO off.)

*Music segues. DON QUIXOTE rises and we are once more back in
the inn yard. It is night; he is pacing back and forth, lance in hand.*

No. 12 The Impossible Dream (Underscore)

(Orchestra)

See p. 86

DON QUIXOTE. (*Pausing*) Now I must consider how sages of the future
will describe this historic night. (*Strikes a pose ... then continues his march*)

Quixote
+
Aldonza

Long after the sun has retired to his couch, darkening the gates and balconies of La Mancha, Don Quixote, with measured tread and lofty expression, held vigil in the courtyard of a mighty castle! (A change of tone) Oh, maker of empty boasts. On this, of all nights, to give way to vanity. Nay, Don Quixote—take a deep breath of life and consider how it should be lived. (Kneeling) Call nothing thy own except thy soul. Love not what thou art, but only what thou may become. Do not pursue pleasure, for thou may have the misfortune to overtake it. Look always forward; in last year's nest there are no birds this year.

ALDONZA *has entered the courtyard en route to her rendezvous with PEDRO. She stops, watching DON QUIXOTE and listening.*

Be just to all men. Be courteous to all women. Live in the vision of that one for whom great deeds are done ... she is called Dulcinea.

Music fades out.

ALDONZA. Why do you call me that?

DON QUIXOTE. My lady!

ALDONZA. Oh, get up from there! Get up!

DON QUIXOTE *rises.*

Why do you call me by that name?

DON QUIXOTE. Because it is thine.

ALDONZA. My name is Aldonza!

DON QUIXOTE. (A denial) I know thee, lady.

ALDONZA. My name is Aldonza and I think you know me not.

DON QUIXOTE. All my years I have known thee. Thy virtue. Thy nobility of spirit.

ALDONZA. (Dropping the rebozo she wears around her heads to her shoulders)
Take another look!

DON QUIXOTE. I have already seen thee in my heart.

ALDONZA. Your heart doesn't know much about women!

ALDONZA *starts away, then turns back through the following.*

DON QUIXOTE. It knows all, my lady. A woman is the very soul of man ...
the radiance that lights his way. A woman is ... glory!

ALDONZA. What do you want of me?

DON QUIXOTE. Nothing.

ALDONZA. Liar!

DON QUIXOTE. (Turning away) I deserved the rebuke. I ask of my lady—

ALDONZA. (Moving toward DON QUIXOTE) Now we get to it.

DON QUIXOTE. (Turning back to ALDONZA) ... that I may be allowed to serve her.
That I may hold her in my heart. That I may dedicate each victory

and call upon her in defeat. And if at last I give my life,
I give it in the sacred name of Dulcinea.

ALDONZA. (*Starts away again*) I must go ... Pedro is waiting ...
(*Pauses; turns to DON QUIXOTE, then vehemently*) Why do you do these things?

DON QUIXOTE. What things?

ALDONZA. These ridiculous ... the things you do!

DON QUIXOTE. I hope to add some measure of grace to the world.

ALDONZA. The world's a dung heap and we are maggots that crawl on it!

DON QUIXOTE. My lady knows better in her heart.

ALDONZA. What's in my heart will get me halfway to hell.
And you, Señor Don Quixote—you're going to take such a beating!

DON QUIXOTE. Whether I win or lose does not matter.

ALDONZA. What does?

DON QUIXOTE. Only that I follow the quest.

ALDONZA. (*Spits*) That for your quest.

ALDONZA turns, marches away. Stops. Turns back and asks, awkwardly:

What does that mean—quest?

DON QUIXOTE. It is the mission of each true knight ...

No. 13 The Impossible Dream

(Don Quixote)

See p. 86

(*Spoken over music*) ... his duty ... nay, his privilege!

(*Sung*) To dream the impossible dream,
To fight the unbeatable foe,
To bear with unbearable sorrow,
To run where the brave dare not go.

To right the unrightable wrong,
To love, pure and chaste, from afar,
To try, when your arms are too weary,
To reach the unreachable star!

This is my quest to follow that star,
No matter how hopeless, no matter how far,
To fight for the right without question or pause,
To be willing to march into hell from a heavenly cause!

And I know, if I'll only be true to this glorious quest,
That my heart will lie peaceful and calm when I'm laid to my rest.
And the world will be better for this,
That one man, scorned and covered with scars,
Still strove, with his last ounce of courage,
To reach the unreachable stars!