

No. 11

To Each His Dulcinea (To Every Man His Dream)

Warning: INNKEEPER: Fine! Tomorrow at sunrise I will dub you knight.

Cue: DON QUIXOTE: No, my lord, on this night I must fast and compose my spirit.

PADRE: There is either the wisest madman, or the maddest wise man in the world.

Rubato

Fl. Solo

p

Hns. Trbs.

Bs.

DR. CARRASCO: He is mad.

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

DR. CARRASCO: Not necessarily.

Cl. Solo

Hns. Trbs.

Bs.

We know the sickness. Now to find the cure. (*He exits*)

PADRE: The cure. May it not be worse than the disease.

Lively

(sings)

To

Bells

Gtr. *p*

Repeat ad lib. until vocal entrance

Bs. (pizz.)

A

p

each his Dul - ci - ne - a _____ That he a -
 with his Dul - ci - ne - a _____ Be - side him

p sempre

B

lone can name... _____ To each a se - cret
 so , to stand, _____ A man can do quite

hid - ing place Where he can find the haunt - ing
 an - y - thing, Out - fly the bird u - pon the

Hns.

mp

1.

face To light his se - cret flame. _____ For
 wing, Hold moon - light in his

mp Trbs.

Hns. Trbs.

2.

C *with expression*

hand. _____ Yet if you build your life on

Fl., Cl. *p*

dreams It's pru - dent to re - call, _____ A

Hns. Trbs.

D

with expression

man with moon - light in his hand Has noth - ing

Ob., Bsn. *p*

E

there at all. _____ There is no Dul - ci -

Hns. Trbs.

ne - a, _____ She's made of flame and air, _____

Bells Hns., Trbs.

And yet how love - ly life would

F

w.w.

seem If ev - 'ry man could weave a dream To

Hns. (open)

keep him from de - spair. _____ To each his

Trbs. w.w.

slight rit. *freely* *ten.*

Dul - ci - ne - a - - - - - Though she's naught but flame and

slight rit. *Tutti (no Tpts.)* *Bells* *ten.*

p colla parte

Tempo I

p

airl

Cl., Bsn. *p* + Ob. + Fl. + Bells

(Bsn.)

Tempo I

Hns. Trbs. *p*

pp *p*

Bs. Solo

seg