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AYUNTAMIENTO DE MADRID



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Ayuntamiento de Madrid

# DON QUIXOTE.

(CURWEN'S EDITION, 3529.)

*A Comic Opera in Two Acts.*

WRITTEN BY

**FRED EDMONDS,**

Author of "Ali Baba," "Columbus in a Merry Key," "Cruise of the Delectus,"  
"Julius Caesar," "The King of Sherwood," &c.

MUSIC BY

**THOS. J. HEWITT,**

Composer of "The King of Sherwood."



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AYUNTAMIENTO DE MADRID  
BIBLIOTECA MUSICAL

## CHARACTERS.

DON QUIXOTE.

SANCHO PANZA.

DULCINEA.

ANGELICA

CAMILLA } *Spanish Maidens.*

MARCELLA }

INNKEEPER.

BARBER.

DAPPLE.

GINES DE PASSAMONTE

PEDRO DE SARSAPARILLA } *Galley Slaves.*

ALVARADO NUX VOMICA }

FIRST GUARD.

SECOND GUARD.

DUKE.

DUCHESS.

DONNA RODRIGUEZ.

GOMEZ } *Ushers.*

DIEGO }

TRIFALDIN.

COUNTESS TRIFALDI.

DRUMMER-BOY.

PEDRO (*Page*).

FIRST SAVAGE.

SECOND SAVAGE.

DOCTOR.

SECRETARY.

Choruses of Spanish Maidens, Galley Slaves, Attendants, Duennas, Men-at-Arms, etc.

## NOTE.

Most musical or operatic societies performing this opera will find it advisable to "double" some of the parts. For instance, the Maidens of the First Act may well be the "bearded" duennas of the second, as it is not necessary that the latter should be played by men. Further arrangements of the kind among the soloists will suggest themselves. A certain license is allowable in other respects. To take an example, Dulcinea need not be "golden-haired" to fit Don Quixote's song in Act I.

*Don Quixote.*—O.N.





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Don Quixote.—O.N.



## Act I: Scene I.

*A green in front of an Inn. Maidens sitting or standing.*

### No. 1. OPENING CHORUS OF MAIDENS.

"WE ARE MAIDENS OF CASTILE"

F. EDMONDS.

THOS. J. HEWITT.

*Moderato e con spirito. J. = 108.*

PIANO.

Sopranos. *(Maidens grouped, sitting or standing.)*

Contraltos. We are maid-ens of Cas-tille, And al-so maids of

Ar-a-gon, In vain would we con-ceal That ev-'ry maid's a par-a-gon. Yes,

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Don Quixote.—O N.



# DON QUIXOTE.

## Act I.—Scene I.

*A green in front of an Inn. Maidens sitting or standing.*

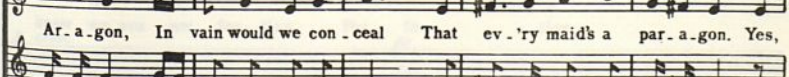
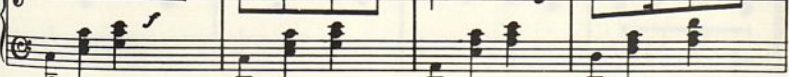
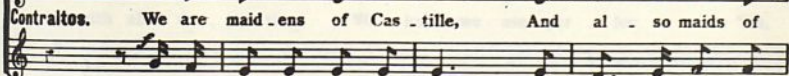
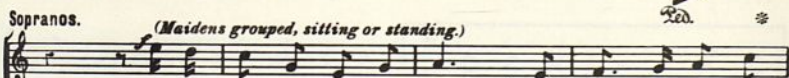
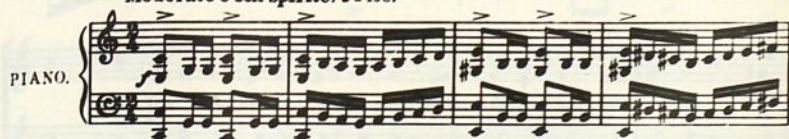
### No. 1. OPENING CHORUS OF MAIDENS.

"WE ARE MAIDENS OF CASTILLE"

F. EDMONDS.

THOS. J. HEWITT.

*Moderato e con spirito. ♩ = 108.*



Ayuntamiento de Madrid



beau.ti.ful and du.ti.ful, Un.doubt.ed.ly a par.a.gon. *mp*  
Yes, beau.ti.ful and

du.ti.ful, Un.doubt.ed.ly a par.a.gon.

*mf* Solo. CAMILLA.  
Wher.ev.er in our mo.dest ranks you like to make se.lec.tion, You

*C major* *Chorus.*  
own at once, with hum.ble thanks, you come a.cross per.fec.tion, You own at once, with

hum.ble thanks, you come a.cross per.fec.tion.

Yes, sub.ject to cor.rection, We're ab.solute per.fec.tion; A.

way with all de.jec.tion! We know we are per.fec.tion. Yes,

*2. cresc.* *ff*  
know we are per.fec.tion, Per.fec.tion.



E minor  
Solo MARCELLA.

With - out a touch of vin - e - gar, not e - ven such as

C major

Tar - ra - gon, Each girl is neat, with tem - per sweet, as best be - fits a

Chorus.

par - a - gon. Each girl is neat, with tem - per sweet, As best be - fits a

par - a - gon. No sour - ness as of

Tar - ra - gon De - pré - ci - ates each par - a - gon. From Cas - tille and from

Ar - a - gon Each maid - en is a par - a - gon. No maid - en is a

par - a - gon, a par - a - gon. We are maid - ens of Cas -

- tille, And al - so maids of Ar - a - gon, In vain would we con - ceal That



C major

ev - 'ry maid's a par-a-gon. Ah! Ah!

poco rall. molto rall. a tempo

Yes, ev - 'ry maid's a par-a-gon, a par-a-gon. poco rall. molto rall. a tempo

Yes, ev - 'ry maid's a par-a-gon. molto rall. a tempo

poco rall. sempre ff rall. molto a tempo

Angelica. Which is all very well, but where is Aldonza Lorenzo?

Marcella. We may be perfection, but she is more perfect than perfection according to the cracked gentleman who calls himself Don Quixote.

Camilla. Yes, he calls her a princess, the Princess Dulcinea del Toboso.

All. Dulcinea del Toboso.

Angelica. How did it all come about?

Marcella. The good man has been reading books on chivalry until his brain is turned. Now he fancies himself a knight-errant and is going out into the world to right all wrong.

Angelica. Anybody can do that. Whenever I try to write I write all wrong, and smother myself with ink.

Camilla. No, she means that he will rescue beautiful princesses, and kill giants and dragons.

Angelica. But there are no giants and dragons, only steam-rollers and motors.

Camilla. Then he will kill *them*.

Angelica. Where does Aldonza Lorenzo come in?

Marcella. Oh, a knight-errant must have a princess as his guiding star, and Don Quixote has chosen Dulcinea, as he calls her, to be his.

Angelica. He calls Aldonza a princess?

All. Yes.

Angelica. Then he *must* be mad.

Camilla. Here is the princess.

(enter Dulcinea, otherwise Aldonza. Girls curtsy, bow, and do her mock reverence.)

## No. 2. CHORUS OF MAIDENS. "ALL HAIL, PRINCESS"

Allegro.

VOICE. All hail, prin-

PIANO.

cresc. ff

- cess! We must con-fess You are no less. All hail, all hail, prin-cess!

Andante. pp

Dulcinea (spoken) Thank you kindly. Why is this thus-ness?

Angelica. You must be a princess, because that poor old lunatic Don Quixote calls you one.

Dulcinea. He is a brave, kind gentleman, if his wits are a bit queer, and I *am* a princess in my own farmyard.

rit. attacca



## No. 8. SONG [Dulcinea] and CHORUS.

"I AM A PRINCESS."

Tempo di Bolero. ♩ = 96.

DULCINEA.  
(daintily)

VOICE.

1. I am a princess,
2. I'm not too proud to

PIANO.

nay, a queen, With - in my own do - main; O'er geese up - on the  
dig and delve, To cul - ti - vate the soil; For queens their dig - ni -

B major *poco rit.* *a tempo* E minor  
vil - lage green Be - nig - nant - ly I reign. My ducks and fowls o.  
- ty can shelve, Prin - cess - es stoop to toil. And when the sea - son

- bey my voice, And donkeys of - ten do, In - stead of what would be their choice,  
comes a - round I gather grapes and figs; For feeding chicks I'm much renowned.

B major *rit.* *a tempo* *cresc.* *molto rit.* E.  
Just what I tell them to, Just what I tell them to.  
I'm worshipp'd by the pigs, I'm worshipp'd by the pigs.

Chorus. (a little slower.)

Oh, list - en to the tale she tells, Then blow the trumpets, ring the bells!  
+ She prunes and plants and delves and digs, She dom - in - eers o'er grapes and figs,

+ Small notes may be used if others are beyond range of voices.

In spin - ning yarns she much ex - cels, Ah!  
She reigns su - preme a - mong the pigs, Ah!  
*cresc.*

Of geese up - on the vil - lage green, She says that she is real - ly, queen;  
She's *chic*, what - ev - er that may mean, And when with - in her yard shes seen,

What don - keys, too, those must have been! Ah, ah, ah.  
They say she's ev - 'ry inch a queen. Ah, ah, ah.  
*ff rit.*



Marcella. Do you know the latest?

Angelica. I never read *The Daily Mail*.

Marcella. Silly old Sancho Panza has been persuaded by Don Quixote to go with him as his squire.

Camilla. He is so simple that he really believes in his master, who has promised him all manner of riches.

All. How sad!

(enter Don Quixote in armour, but weaponless. He stands and sings to Dulcinea.)

No. 4. CONCERTED PIECE [Don Quixote, Dulcinea] and CHORUS.  
"TO THEE I KNEEL"

Moderato ♩ = 88.

DON QUIXOTE

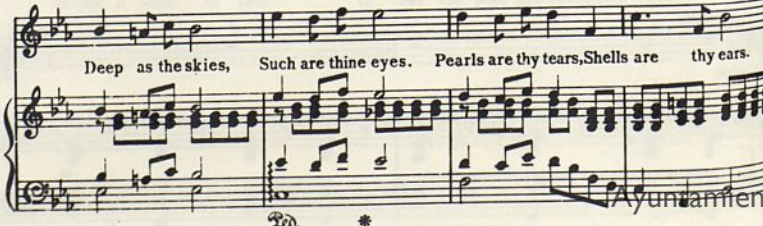
VOICE. 

PIANO. 


thee I kneel, Pride of Castille. Sweet as a rose Such is thy nose.



Deep as the skies, Such are thine eyes. Pearls are thy tears, Shells are thy ears.



Fair-er than fair, Sunbeams thy hair. What tongue can speak Thy blooming cheek?




Chorus of Girls. (to each other)

My




Quicker.


dear, he's cracked beyond a doubt, He's cracked within and cracked without; A



last we have to face the fact, What - ev - er else he is, he's cracked! It's



sad to hear him tell - ing lies. A - bout her nose and ears and eyes. It





makes us squirm to hear him speak, He talks a-bout her "bloom-ing cheek!" It

sad to hear him tell-ing lies A-bout her nose and ears and eyes. It

DULCINEA  
makes us squirm to hear him speak, He talks a-bout her "bloom-ing cheek!" It

shows a lack of tact To say the poor gen-tle-man's cracked.  
Chorus.  
We're

D.  
It  
ter-ri-bly lack-ing in tact, in tact, To say, to say the poor gen-tle-man's cracked.

shows a lack of tact To say the poor gen-tle-man's cracked.  
We're  
*poco cresc.* *dim.*

It  
ter-ri-bly lack-ing in tact, in tact, To say the poor gen-tle-man's cracked.

DON QUIXOTE (kneeling)  
shows a lack of tact. To  
He's cracked, He's cracked. My  
*cresc.* *f rit.*



*f con espress.*  
 D.Q. thee I kneel, Pride of Cas-tille.  
*mp* Chorus. Sop & Cont.  
 dear, he's cracked beyond a doubt, He's cracked with in and cracked with out; A.  
*mf*  
*con Leo.*  
 Sweet as a rose Such is thy nose.  
 - last we have to face the fact, What - ev - er else he is, he's cracked! It  
 Deep as the skies Such are thine eyes,  
 sad to hear him tell - ing lies A - bout her nose and ears and eyes, it  
*cresc.*  
 Pearls are thy tears, Shells are thy ears,  
 makes us squirm to hear him speak; He talks a - bout her "blooming cheek!"  
*dim.*

## DULCINEA.

(scolding the girls.)

I say, I say, Oh pray, don't  
 Fair - er than fair, Sun - beams thy hair,  
 sad to hear him tell - ing lies A - bout her nose and ears and eyes, It  
 sad to hear him tell - ing lies A - bout her nose and ears and eyes, It  
*cresc.*  
 stay, A - way, a - way, a - way!  
 What tongue can speak Thy bloom - ing cheek?  
 makes us squirm to hear him speak Her "bloom - ing cheek!"  
 makes us squirm to hear him speak Her "bloom - ing cheek!"  
*ff* *Presto.*

\*Continuing after all the rest have stopped:-

Away, away, away, away.

Angelica. (spoken) We will be very good if you will let us stay.

Maidens. Yes, almost objectionably good.

Girls retire, and sit down at rear of stage.

Don Quixote. Oh, Princess Dulcinea, mistress of this captive heart, greet injury hast thou done me in discarding and disgracing me by thy rigorous decree, forbidding me to appear in the presence of thy beauty. Vouchsafe, lady, to remember this, thine enthralled heart, that endures so many afflictions for love of thee.



GIRLS. *(softly)*

Well, I nev-er!

Dulc.

I only said, sir,  
that it was a pity  
to bother about me,  
a simple village  
girl.

GIRLS *pp*

Did you ev-er?

Dulc. Get up, sir, don't kneel.

Don Q. At thy command I would fetch the moon. *(rises and looks around — girls rise)*  
But who are these princesses? Or are they enchanted damsels or bewitched duchesses?  
Bewitched or not, they would be bewitching were it not for the peerless Dulcinea. Fair  
and piteous princesses, are you come to seek my aid?

GIRLS. *pp*

Oh fie! Oh fie!

Don Q.

Is there a  
dragon you  
would like  
me to kill?

GIRLS. *pp*

Come not nigh, We are shy.

Don Q.

Or a new and  
dangerous pill  
you would like  
me to take?

GIRLS. *pp*

Good bye, good byel

*(exeunt, waving their hands)*

Don Q. Enchanted, that's the word! and they have vanished. *(to Dulcinea)* Beauteous beauty,  
I crave to do great deeds in thy name. Let me seek the North Pole in an airship, let me  
swim the Channel, let me swallow the sea-serpent.

Dulc. I wish you wouldn't talk like that.

Ayuntamiento de Madrid



Don Q. Don't you see I have to. I couldn't be a knight-errant without. A knight-errant must  
promise at least as much as a parliamentary candidate, and perform even more.

*(rhapsodically)* Sweet enemy of mine, thy hair is gold, thy forehead the Elysian fields, thy  
eye-brows rainbows, thy eyes suns, thy cheeks roses, thy teeth pearls, thy lips coral, thy  
neck alabaster, and I am going to cut up any quantity of giants, and right all wrongs in thy  
name.

Dulc. Thank you, but I am so afraid that you will get into trouble. At the least you will catch  
cold, or forget to use Apple soap, or to take Screechen's pills, or something. Here come  
Sancho Panza and his brother. They are looking for you no doubt, so I will go.

*(exit Dulcinea. Don Quixote kisses his hand to her as Sancho Panza enters, leading Dapple)*

Don Q. Sancho, my princess has gone. She was here, and she has melted away.

Sancho. Melted, has she? *(looking on the ground)* I don't see anything left.

Don Q. Do not be so literal you grovelling spirit. I know not the actual manner of her going;  
'twas enchantment doubtless.

Sancho. Never mind, master. There's as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it. Be it ever  
so humble, there's no plaice like soles and turbot. A cheerful heart breaks no bones, and a  
bird in the hand gathers no moss.

Don Q. A truce to your half-baked hotch-potch of proverbs and listen. You have promised to be  
my squire.

Sancho. Yes, your worship, a fool and his promises are soon parted.

Don Q. You will be no fool, Sancho, to come with me. A knight-errant often wins an empire,  
and then he gives his faithful squire a kingdom, or at least makes him governor of an island.  
I am determined to follow this laudable custom. You needn't be surprised; I may easily  
give you more than I promise.

Sancho. So then, if I were a king by one of these miracles you are pleased to mention, my Maria  
would become a queen, and my girls princesses?

Don Q. Who doubts it?

Sancho. I doubt it! For I am verily persuaded that if it were to rain kingdoms upon the earth,  
not one of them would suit Maria. She is not worth twopence-halfpenny for a queen. Make  
her a countess, your honour.

Don Q. Very well, but you must not content yourself with being anything less than a lord-  
-lieutenant.

Sancho. Give me an island, your worship, and I am satisfied. There are more ways of killing  
a dog than hanging it, and a pig in the poke is worth two in the bush.



No. 5. DUET. [Don Quixote and Sancho]  
"THE DARING KNIGHT AND SQUIRE"

Allegretto. ♩ = 116.

DON Q.

SANCHO

PIANO.

Allegretto. ♩ = 116.

1. I am the dar-ing, va-liant knight,  
2. No bolt so strong I can-not break,

There  
Steel

1. And I am the faith-ful squire.  
2. I shall oft-en bolt, I feel.

is.n't a wrong I cannot right,  
bars I burst while tyrants quake,

For a humble lass I'd fight full sore,  
I toil to free this land of Spain.

And to write makes me perspire.  
To a bar I love to steal.

And  
And is

And you-you are sim- ply one ass more,  
En- chant- ers spoil my work in vain,

I have an hum- ble ass,  
pain for me to toil.

Who will  
Trust

DON Q. & SANCHO.

But

drown in some mo-rass!  
me to stick to the spoil!

BOTH.

still we twain will stick to- geth- er, stick to- geth- er, stick to- geth- er, Through

cresc.

molto cresc.

shine and rain and storm-y wea-ther, storm-y wea-ther, storm-y wea-ther, Night and day,

come what may. Through shine and rain and stormy weather, We twain will stick to- geth- er.



No. 5<sup>a</sup> DANCE.[Dapple.]

PIANO.

Musical score for No. 5<sup>a</sup> DANCE [Dapple]. The score is in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. It consists of three systems of piano accompaniment. The first system has a treble and bass staff. The second system has a treble staff with a single melodic line and a bass staff with a single bass line. The third system has a treble staff with a single melodic line and a bass staff with a single bass line. The tempo is marked 'PIANO'.

(Dapple capers)

Don Q. (*pointing to ass*) Is this your steed? My horse is the fiery untamed Rosinante.

Sancho. And this is the fiery untamed Dapple, (*caressing him*) a jewel of a donkey, sir.

Don Q. I don't remember reading that the squire of any knight-errant bestrode a donkey. I must refer to my authorities. In any case, you may use him for the present. The first knight I conquer, his steed shall be your prize.

Sancho. Thank you, your honour, but I would rather ride Dapple and sell the horse.

Don Q. By the way, Sancho.

Sancho. Yes, sir.

Don Q. To be a proper knight-errant, I must be knighted.

Sancho. They say I am benighted.

Don Q. The noble lord of yonder castle is coming on purpose to knight me. I have already watched my armour in a court of the castle.

Sancho. Yonder "castle" master, is an "inn" and you mean the noble innkeeper.

Don Q. You are hallucinated, Sancho. How often must I tell you that knights-errant are subject to enchantment.

Sancho. And squires-errant too?

Don Q. Certainly. That is a castle, and here come the noble lord and his retainers.

(Enter procession, headed by small boy carrying lighted candle, then Innkeeper with large book open, next the girls in single file marching stiffly and bolt upright with closed fans, or parasols, shouldered as if muskets, No I. carries a big sword, No II. a lance. Singing the chorus the procession winds in and out round Don Q., Sancho and Dapple. Don Quixote stands stock still. Dapple sits down, and Sancho puts his arm round Dapple's neck.)

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## No. 6. CHORUS.

"MARCH, SOLEMNLY MARCH"

Tempo di Marcia. ♩. 126.

PIANO.

Musical score for No. 6. CHORUS "MARCH, SOLEMNLY MARCH". The score is in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. It consists of three systems of piano accompaniment. The first system has a treble and bass staff. The second system has a treble staff with a single melodic line and a bass staff with a single bass line. The third system has a treble staff with a single melodic line and a bass staff with a single bass line. The tempo is marked 'Tempo di Marcia. ♩. 126.' and 'PIANO'. The score includes various musical markings such as 'dim.', 'cresc.', 'mf', 'poco dim.', and 'dim.'.

March, march, so. lemnly march, Figures and fur. be. lows stiff. er than starch.

Come, come, is. n't it rum! Oh, what a pi. ty we have. n't a drum.



Dear, dear! whom have we here? Noble Don Quixote, who has n't a peer.

Fight, fight, when he's a knight, That's what he'll do to put ev'ry thing right.

Sing, tunelessly sing, Even a pus-sy may look at a king.

March, march, solemnly march, Figures and fur-below stiffer than starch.

March, march, solemnly march, Figures and fur-below stiffer than starch.

*dim*

*cresc. e rit.*

*attaca*

Two maidens lead Sancho and Dapple aside and mount guard over them L. The Innkeeper and Boy stand R., while three or four of the girls join hands and dance round Don Q. The rest form line to the rear.

# No. 7. CHORUS.

"HERE WE GO ROUND THE MULB'RY BUSH"

*Allegro.*

VOICE.

PIANO.

1. Here we go round the mulb'ry bush, mulb'ry bush, mulb'ry bush,  
2. This is the way we make our knight, make our knight, make our knight,

*(The dancers unclasp hands and*

Here we go round the mulb'ry bush On a cold and frosty morning.  
This is the way we make our knight, On a cold and frosty morning.

*make DON QUIXOTE kneel.)*

has to kneel, has to kneel, This is the way he has to kneel, On a cold and frosty morning.

Innkeeper (reading from book) Abracadabra - ecoscepheron - panttechnicon - cryptoconcooid - syphonostomata - appendicitis - delirium tremens - quod erat demonstrandum. (to the girls) Hand me the implement. (receives sword and deals Don Quixote a rap on the head and one on each shoulder.) Rise, sir knight-errant. You are now fully licensed to kill giants, and roadhogs, and all other noxious beasts.

Don Quixote rises - maidens put the sword in one of his hands and the lance in the other.)



## No. 7. CHORUS.

VOICE.

This is the way we arm our knight, Arm our knight, arm our knight,

PIANO.

This is the way we arm our knight, On a cold and frost-y morn-ing.

*attaca*

No. 8. RECIT. [Don Quixote, Innkeeper and Dulcinea]  
"I THANK THEE"

Allegretto.

VOICE.

PIANO.

*Slower.*  
DON QUIXOTE.  
I thank thee, no-ble bar-on, for thy kind-ness, Not to per-ceive it would be

*Attaca*

INNKEEPER.

(enter DULCINEA.)

ut-ter blind-ness. Don't mention it, you are quite wel-come. Dear me! here is an-

*dim.*

DULCINEA.

o-ther belle come. Stay! What is the mean-ing of this

*cresc.*  
scene fan-tas-tic? Sure-ly your con-sciences must be e-las-tic;

*cresc.*

*F*  
Pray, go a-way, you wick-ed folks, you. Sir, don't you see they try to hoax you?

*Attaca*



No. 7<sup>a</sup> CHORUS.

VOICE.

This is the way we arm our knight, Arm our knight, arm our knight,

PIANO.

This is the way we arm our knight, On a cold and frost-y morn-ing.

attaca

No. 8. RECIT. [Don Quixote, Innkeeper and Dulcinea.]

"I THANK THEE"

Allegretto.

VOICE.

PIANO.

Slower.

DON QUIXOTE.

I thank thee, no-ble bar-on, for thy kind-ness, Not to per-ceive it would be

attaca

INNKEEPER.

(enter DULCINEA.)

ut-ter blind-ness. Don't mention it, you are quite wel-come. Dear me! here is an-

dim.

p

DULCINEA.

o-ther belle come. Stay! What is the mean-ing of this

cresc.

scene fan-tas-tic? Sure-ly your con-sciences must be e-las-tic,

cresc.

F

Pray, go a-way, you wick-ed folks, you. Sir, don't you see they try to hoax you?

attaca

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No. 9. DUET. [Don Quixote & Dulcinea] and CHORUS.  
"PLEASE, SIR, GO HOME."

Tempo di Valse. ♩ = 66.

VOICE.

PIANO.

DULCINEA. (kneeling).

Please, sir, go home! Pray do not roam, Reading your

CHORUS OF GIRLS.

Go home, go home.

Not roam, not roam.

books, sir, has tinged you with madness, No thing they'll bring you but sor-row and sad-ness.

DON QUIXOTE.

Please princess, rise

What you ad-vise

cess rise, cess rise,

ad-vise, ad-vise

F

Seems to me fol-ly for you are en-chant-ed, Firm-ly my foot on fame's lad-der is plant-ed;

Chorus.

DULCINEA

SANCHO P. (advancing) (Spoken) Don't stop my master even if he is mad. He has promised me an island, and I want to get that!

A - rise, a - rise, a - rise,

first. DON Q. You are right, Sancho, follow me. *Exeunt DON Q., SANCHO PANZA & DAPPLE.*  
*p* DULCINEA *hides her face.*

Gal-lant knight and squire and ass,



*cresc.*

Go where glo - ry waits you, If you don't come back, a - las,

*cresc.*

*cresc.*

*dim.*

Fic - kle for - tune hates you. Gal - lant knight and squire and ass,

*dim.*

*dim.*

*cresc.*

Go where glo - ry waits you, If you don't come back, a -

*cresc.*

*cresc.*

*dim.*

*cresc.*

- las, Fic - kle for - tune hates you.

## Act I - Scene II.

*A roadside - Sancho lying asleep and breathing heavily - Don Quixote sitting by his side.*

*In this scene Rosinante may be represented by a hobby horse (simply a stick with a horse's head) or, if preferred, Don Quixote may go through the whole scene on foot. Dapple should be present, though not essential.*

Don Q. (apostrophising Sancho) O happy thou above all that live on the face of the earth, who, neither envying nor being envied, sleepest on with tranquillity of soul! Neither do enchanters persecute, nor enchantments affright thee.

Sleep on I say again, and will say a hundred times more, sleep on; for no jealousies on thy lady's account keep thee in perpetual watchings, nor do anxious thoughts of paying debts awake thee, nor is thy rest broken with the thoughts of what thou must do tomorrow to provide for thyself and thy little family.

Ambition disquiets thee not nor does the vain pomp of the world disturb thee; for thy desires extend not beyond the limits of taking care of thy ass; for that of thy person is laid upon my shoulders, a counter-balance and burden that nature and custom have laid upon masters.

The servant sleeps, and the master is waking to consider how he is to maintain, prefer, and do him kindnesses.

*The following solo is punctuated by the snores or stertorous breathing of Sancho.*

### No. 10. SONG. [Don Quixote]

SLEEP, GENTLE SQUIRE.

Andante con espress. ♩ = 100.

PIANO.

*pp*

*pp*

1. Sleep, gen - tle squire, sleep on, sleep on,  
2. Dream, hap - py youth, dream on, dream on,

*p* *rit.* *pp a tempo*



Peace - ful - ly sleep. With soul on fire, keep  
Pla - cid - ly dream. Vis - ions, for - sooth, stream

on, keep on, Sing in thy sleep.  
on, stream on, Flood - ing thy dream.

Light as a ze - phyr thy breath - ing and sigh - ing, Sor - row and all that is  
Li - quid and mu - sic - al sweet and son - or - ous, Such are thy notes like a

grie - vous de - fy - ing, Sleep, peace - ful - ly sleep!  
night - in - gale cho - rus, Dream, pla - cid - ly dream.

1. 2.

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(spoken) Alas that I should have to arouse him from such happiness, but it must be so. (wakes Sancho with much difficulty) Sancho, squire of mine, were you dreaming of the Elysian fields, or of the glories of Dulcinea del Toboso?

Sancho. No, master, I was just sticking a pig, and you interrupted me so suddenly that I almost cut myself: but it's a poor heart that never rejoices, many a mickle eats a pickle, and you may as well be hung as a sheep or a ham.

Don Q. Oh gross and unworthy squire! You should at least have been dreaming of the island that I shall bestow upon you.

Sancho. Sorry your honour! Yet I hardly think of anything else. Suppose, though, you are not made an emperor? Do all knights-errant become emperors?

Don Q. If not an emperor, I may easily become a king or at least an archbishop. Yes, come to think of it, I rather fancy the archbishop.

Sancho. And what does an archbishop-errant give his squire?

Don Q. He makes him a canon, or gives him a fat benefice.

Sancho. Oh, sir, I could govern an Island, but I couldn't be a canon. I should go off at once. Please don't be an archbishop.

Don Q. I don't know, Sancho, I don't know.

Sancho. Please promise me you will be an emperor, or I shall get nothing worth having.

Don Q. Very well, Sancho, I promise you not to be an archbishop. Now, this is the pass of Lapice, and here we may expect adventures. Let us stop and see if any giants come this way. (rising and looking off) Why, there they are, there they are!

Sancho. (looking) What, master?

Don Q. More than thirty monstrous giants with whom I intend to fight.

Sancho. What giants?

Don Q. Those you see yonder with the long arms. Some have them a mile long.

Sancho. Consider, sir, yonder are not giants but windmills. Those arms are sails.

Don Q. It is easy to see that you know nothing of adventures. They are giants, and if you are afraid, stay here while I engage them in fierce and unequal combat.

# No. 11. RECIT. [Don Quixote] and INCIDENTAL MUSIC.

"FLY NOT, YE COWARDS!"

Allegro con fuoco. ♩ = 144.

VOICE. Fly not, ye cowards and vile caitiffs,

PIANO. It is a single knight as saults you. Help, DuLcin - ea, thy de - vo - ted servant!



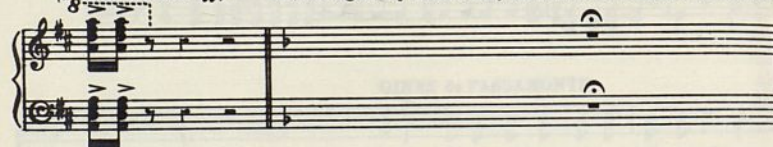
Don Q. (bestrides Rosinante?) lays lance in rest and charges off Sancho (gesticulating) Stop, master,



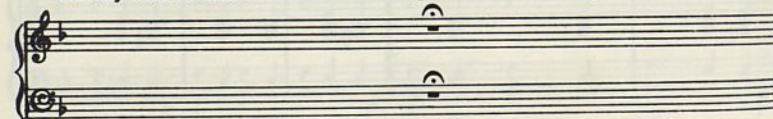
stop—help, help, help—there he goes—now he is near the windmills—oh dear, here's a pretty kettle of fish—mercy on us!



(a crash is heard off) — Oh, there goes my island. Why wouldn't he believe me when I told

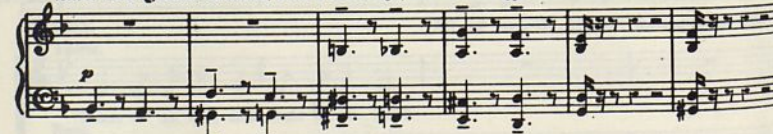


him they were windmills? That fall was enough to break all his legs. (exit to the rescue)



Andante. ♩ = 60.

(enter Don Q, much battered, with a black eye, and helmet off, lance and helmet broken. He limps



supported by Sancho.)



Sancho. Did I not warn you, sir, that they were windmills?

Don Q. Peace, friend Sancho. You have heard of the great magician Old Moore? It was either he, or perhaps Maskelyne and Cooke that metamorphosed those giants into windmills to deprive me of the glory of vanquishing them. (they sit down once more) If I only had a single drop of my balsam, Sancho!

Sancho. What balsam is that, master?

Don Q. The magic balsam of Fierabras. I have the receipt by heart and shall make it and give it to you. All you will have to do when you see me cleft asunder in some battle (as so frequently happens) is to pick up the fallen half and clap it quickly to the other before the blood has had time to congeal (only mind the pieces fit properly), then make me drink the balsam, and I shall be as sound as an apple.

Sancho. If that is so, I would rather have the balsam than my island even. How do you make it?

Don Q. You chew Sunlight-soap for an hour by moonlight, mix it with Bovril, and boil it with sealing-wax.

Sancho. How simple!

Don Q. Yes, the very thought of it makes me feel better. Alas! my poor lance. Alas! my poor helmet. (looking off) Who is that warrior coming this way, the sunlight gleaming on his helmet?

Sancho. That man seems to have a brass dish on his head.

Don Q. Nonsense, that is the magic golden helmet of Mambrino, the heathen Saracen, and I will win it for myself.

Sancho. Remember the windmills, master, remember the windmills.

Don Q. Silence! (rises and draws his sword)

Sancho. (rises) Oh, I will 'silence' right enough. Silence is golden, silence gives consent, care killed a cat, in for a penny in for a pound, a stick in time saves nine, when the cat's away—

Don Q. Silence!

(enter Barber with brass dish on his head.)

Don Q. (rushing at Barber with sword uplifted) Surrender Mambrino's helmet, caitiff.

(Barber drops basin and bolts in a fright — Sancho picks it up.)

Sancho. We have something at last. This would fetch half a crown at least.

Don Q. (taking it from him, and putting it on his own head.) Half a crown, you clown! This is pure gold. What a big head that heathen must have had! (Sancho laughs) Why are you laughing?

Sancho. I laugh to think what a huge head that pagan must have had, to wear what is for all the world like a barber's basin.

Don Q. Barber's basin? No wonder it looks like a barber's basin! Some ignorant jackass has melted half of it for lucre's sake. Till I can have it put to rights I will wear it as I can. It has come just in time, I will call myself the Knight of the Golden Headpiece.

Sancho. Master, call yourself the Knight of the Woeful Countenance.

Don Q. Why?

Sancho. Because you look so battered.

Don Q. Very well. These are honourable scars. What are those people in chains yonder?

Sancho. Convicts, galley-slaves, your honour. They are forced to go and toil in the galleys.

Don Q. Forced? Then it is for me to interfere, to succour and relieve the miserable.

\* a tin bowl covered with gold paper will serve for this property.



Sancho. Have a care, master, they are criminals.

Don Q. That is what we must see. We must watch them. Come behind yonder bank. (*exeunt.*)

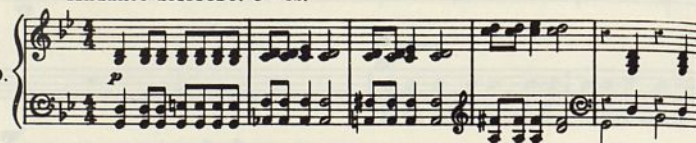
(*enter gang of galley-slaves chained or roped together and their wrists manacled — also two guards — enter singing and form in line.*)

No. 12. SOLO. [Gines de Passamonte] and CHORUS.

"PITY THE SORROWS OF A CRIMINAL CREW!"

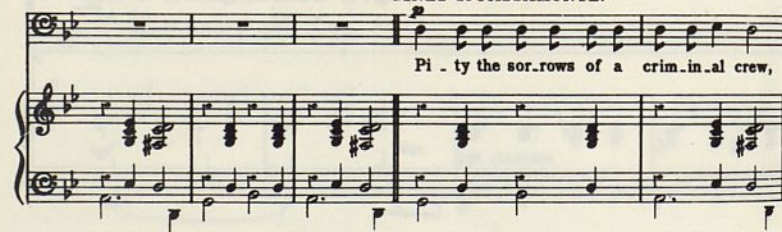
Andante doloroso.  $\text{♩} = 92$ .

PIANO.



GINES de PASSAMONTE.

Pi - ty the sor - rows of a crim - in - al crew,



G.P.

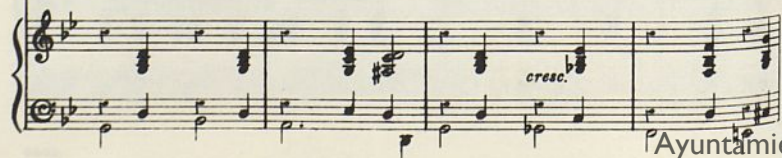
Chorus.

Tenor.

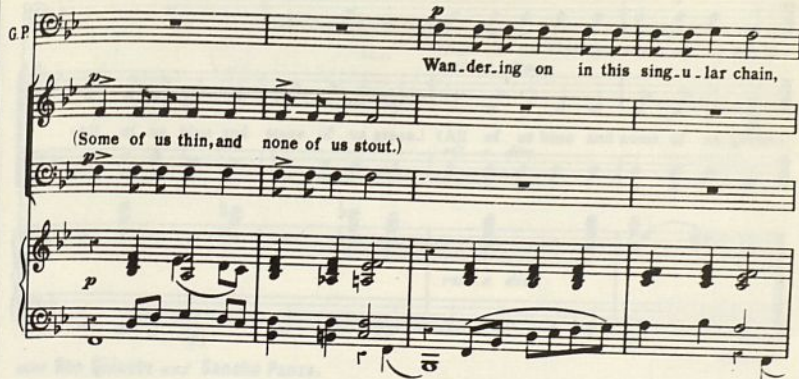
All of us guil - ty of be - ing found out.

(Some of us old, and none of us new.)

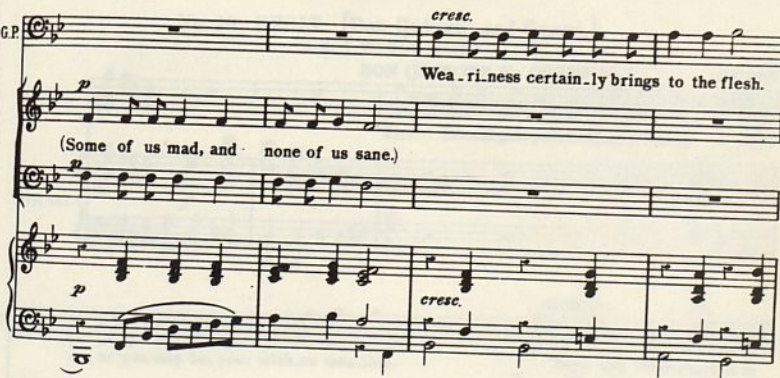
Bass.



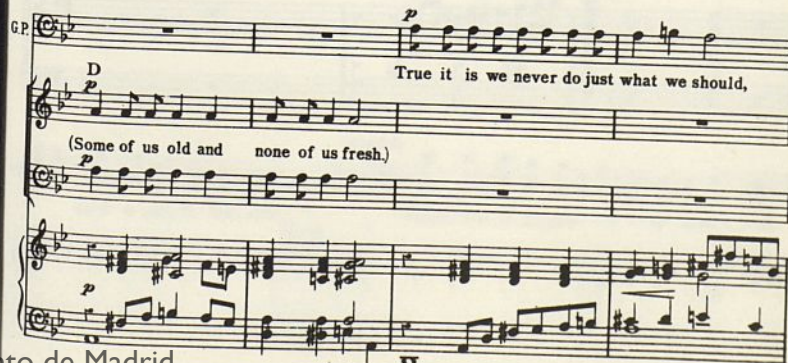
G.P.



G.P.



G.P.





G. P. *cresc.*  
All the same this is a ter.ri.ble plight,  
(Some of us bad, and none of us good.)

G. P. *G minor*  
As we walk a. bout in this very queer way,  
(Some of us wrong, and none of us right.)

G. P. *dim. pp staccato*  
Cer.tain.ly we arn't real.ly fit to be seen,  
(Some of us sad, and none of us gay.)

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*rit. e dim.*  
(All of us blue and some of us green.)  
*rit. e dim.*  
(All of us blue and some of us green.)  
*rit. e dim.*  
*rit. e dim.*  
*allacca*

enter Don Quixote and Sancho Panza.

## No. 13. RECIT. [Don Quixote and Guard.]

"SIR, I WOULD GAIN."

VOICE. DON QUIXOTE. (to GUARD No 1.) GUARD.  
SIR! I would gain your kind at.ten.tion. Who

PIANO.

G. DON Q.  
ev. er you may be, your wish.es men.tion. Why are these chained in

GUARD.  
such a pain.ful fash-ion? These crim.in.als gave way to ev.ry pas - sion,  
*p*



*rit.* DON Q.  
And now they suf-fer. May I ask for de-tails?

*p rit.* *a tempo*  
GUARD.  
Question them, friend, and hear what each one retails. Good sir, I thank you.

Don Q. (spoken - to No. I. Gines de Passamonte) Friend, why are you in this plight?

G. de P. For being in love.

Don Q. For being in love? You don't say so.

G. de P. Yes, I fell so deeply in love with a basket of fine linen, that I should not have parted with it to this very day if justice had not taken it from me by force.

Don Q. (to No II - Pedro de Sarsaparilla) Why are you here?

P. de S. Through forgetfulness.

Don Q. Forgetfulness?

P. de S. I borrowed a man's watch from his pocket, and forgot to return it.

Don Q. (to No III - Alvarado Nux Vomica.) And you?

A. N. V. I'm here through obliging a man I met.

Don Q. Through obliging a man?

A. N. V. Yes, I obliged him to give me his purse.

Don Q. This is all very interesting, and it seems to me, my dear brethren, that you are going to the galleys against your will. It is my duty to succour the oppressed, so I will ask these gentlemen kindly to release you.

First Guard. Well, sir, you've had your little joke and we must be getting on. Let me advise you put that basin more on the middle of your head, so as not to fall off.

Don Q. You refuse my request.

First Guard. You must be mad.

Don Q. Mad yourself! Avaunt, false tyrant.

(Deals him a blow on the head with the broken lance - Guard sits down suddenly, drops his sword and rubs his head - Second Guard attacks Don Quixote and they cross swords, but Sancho releases man after man of the galley-slaves, one of whom picks up the fallen sword - all help Don Quixote - Second Guard bolts, quickly followed by First Guard - galley men cheer.)

# No. 14. SONG. [Don Quixote] and CHORUS OF SLAVES.

LIBERTY! THOU PRICELESS BOON.

Allegro moderato.  $\text{♩} = 116$ .

PIANO. *f* *>* *dim.*

DON Q.  
1. Lib-er-ty! thou price less  
2. Lib-er-ty! in this our

B minor  
boon For the sons of men, Bright-er than the sun or moon, Turn to us a-  
land, glorious land of Spain, Far and wide on ev-'ry hand, Spread thy pow'r and

G major  
- gain. Thee we wel-come from our hearts, Fix on thee our gaze;  
reign. Weak, oppressed, and hum-ble folk Call a-loud for thee;

*ad lib.* (Quasi recit.) *rit.*  
Comé and nev-er more de-part, Warm us with thy rays.  
We would pass be-neath thy yoke Ra-diant Lib-er-ty!

*f* *colla voce* *rit.*



## CHORUS OF GALLEY SLAVES.

1. Do you hear the sil-ly duf-fer, What a fun-ny sort of buf-fer, What an ass!  
 2. Do you hear the way he led off He will sing his sil-ly head off In a jiff!

*a tempo*

What an ass! With a ba-sin on his noddle, He's a pre-cious mol-ly.  
 In a jiff! All his talk is perfect driv-el, It is no-thing but a

cod-dle, Full of gas, Full of gas.  
 sniv-el And a sniff, And a sniff.

1. 2. 1. 2. 8...

*p* *f* *ff*

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Don Quixote, (standing on a point of vantage—rock, log or mound addresses the galley-slaves.)  
 Don Q. My dear brethren, by the might of my good right arm you are now restored to freedom, which I hope you will make good use of. Now, to show your gratitude, you must go to the city of Toboso, carrying your chains, and there lay them at the feet of the illustrious lady Dulcinea del Toboso, telling her that her knight of the Woeful Countenance sends you to do her homage.

G. de P. Gammon.

P. de S. And spinach.

A. N. V. What do you take us for, governor?

Don Q. You refuse, you miserable pack of thieves, Then I will chastise you.

G. de P. Let him have it, mates. Teach him to keep a civil tongue in his head.

(The galley-slaves discharge a volley of stones (small stuffed bags) — Sancho shelters behind Dapple — Don Quixote vainly tries to avoid the shower — all three are bowled over, and the galley-slaves bolt. — Sancho. groans.)

Don Q. (raising his head) Sancho.

Sancho. (ditto) Yes, master?

Don Q. Those are very rude, ill-bred people.

Sancho. They have broken all my bones. This doesn't look like my island.

Don Q. Patience is the first virtue of a squire. The island will come when you least expect it.

Sancho. I shall never get up any more.

Don Q. You had better stay there then. Oh, Dulcinea, fairest angel, if you could see me now.

(Enter Dulcinea.)

## No. 15. RECIT. [Dulcinea, Don Quixote and Sancho]

OH HORROR!

D minor  
 DULCINEA. (ad lib.) DON QUIXOTE. (sitting up)

VOICE. Oh hor-ror! What do I see be-fore me? My princess! thy beauteous eyes re-

PIANO.

C major SANCHO (sits up)  
 store me. A-las! I feel that stones com-plete-ly floor me.



Don Q. (spoken) Sixteen great giants set upon me. I cut four asunder with one stroke, but the other twenty pounded me to a jelly.

Sancho. (putting his arm round Dapple's neck) My dear donkey, my innocent ass, you are like me and get more kicks than ha'pence.

Dulcinea. I feared you would get into trouble, and got the girls to come in search of you with good things.

No. 16. { RECIT. [Dulcinea] GIRLS I HAVE FOUND THEM.  
CHORUS. WE ARE MAIDENS OF CASTILLE.

VOICE. DULCINEA. (*ad lib.*)  
Girls! I have found them, you are needed, it is just as well that we prepared as

PIANO.

CHORUS OF MAIDENS. (*off*) Enter maidens, singing, each holding some

we did! We are maidens of Castille And also maids of Aragon, In

article of food, a bottle, or bandages — the principals, directed by Dulcinea, bandage

vain would we conceal That ev'ry maids a paragon.

Don Q, and Sancho till they look like mummies — also give them food and drink, — *meantime*

Allegro moderato.  $\text{♩} = 104$ .  
the following chorus.

CHORUS OF GIRLS.  
Soprano. We're the First Aid Bri-gade! What.

Contralto.

- ev - er dis - as - ter be - fall you, We

You nev - er should let it ap - pal you, We

know what to do, to a shade, As the First - Aid Bri - gade! We

cresc.



G

know what to do, to a shade, As the First - Aid Bri - gade!

dim.

C

If you

dim.

p

come a res-pect-a-ble crop - per, Or chop off your toe with a

chop - per, Pray call, with - out feel - ing a - fraid, For the

cresc.

mf

If you swal-low the bones of a bloa - ter Or

First - Aid Bri - gade.

cresc.

BIBLIOTECA MUSICAL

E

get cut in two by a mo - tor, We come in the glo - ry ar -

We

G

cresc.

rayed, We come in the glo - ry ar - rayed, Of the

cresc.

cresc.

cresc.

molto

come in the glo - ry ar - rayed, In the glo - ry ar - rayed, Of the

First - Aid Bri - gade.

C

We're the

F

First - Aid Bri - gade!

We're the

3529





First - Aid Bri - gade!

We

do work when once we be - gin it,

We pol - ish you off in a

*cresc.* We beg you will be un - dis - mayed, We

min - ute, We beg, we beg you will be un - dis.

*cresc.* beg you will be un - dis - mayed, We beg you will be un - dis.

*cresc.* mayed, We beg you will be un - dis - mayed, We're the

*cresc.*

*rit.* - mayed, We're the First - Aid Bri - gade.

First, We're the First - Aid Bri - gade. (Curtain)

*ff a tempo*



## Act II. Scene I.

Hall of the mansion of Duke Lemco de Bovrilla — three central chairs — attendants (pages, maidens, etc.) variously occupied.

## No. 17. OPENING CHORUS.

"THIS IS THE GREAT ANCESTRAL HALL."

Allegro moderato ♩ = 116.

PIANO.

Soprano.  
This is the Great An

Contraltos.  
This is the Great An

Tenor.  
This is the Great An

Bass.  
This is the Great An

cestral Hall, The home of him who is what you may call A duke and a peerless peer.

cestral Hall, The home of him who is what you may call A duke and a peerless peer.

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Although he is most su-perb-ly great, He is-nt a patch on his  
Al-though he is most su-perb-ly great, He is-nt a patch on his

duke and a peer-less peer.  
duke and a peer-less peer.

love-ly mate, Whom e-ven the fear-less fear.  
love-ly mate, Whom e-ven the fear-less fear.

Whom e-ven the fear-less  
Whom e-ven the fear-less

cresc.  
Yet she is as good as a bunch of grapes, And he as a draught of wine. Sae  
cresc.  
Yet she is as good as a bunch of grapes, And he as a draught of wine. Sae  
cresc.  
fear. Yet she is as good as a bunch of grapes, And he as a draught of wine. Sae  
cresc.  
fear. Yet she is as good as a bunch of grapes, And he as a draught of wine. Sae



**D**

dotes on cats and Bar-ba-ry apes, While Ae thinks her di-vine, While Ae thinks her di-

dotes on cats and Bar-ba-ry apes, While Ae thinks her di-vine, While Ae thinks her di-

dotes on cats and Bar-ba-ry apes, While Ae thinks her di-vine, While Ae thinks her di-

dotes on cats and Bar-ba-ry apes, While Ae thinks her di-vine, While Ae thinks her di-

**G**

vine. Yet she is as good as a bunch of grapes, And he as a draught of

vine. Yet she is as good as a bunch of grapes, And he as a draught of

vine. Yet she is as good as a bunch of grapes, And he as a draught of

vine. Yet she is as good as a bunch of grapes, And he as a draught of

vine. Yet she is as good as a bunch of grapes, And he as a draught of

*rit. ff* *a tempo*

wine. Sae dotes on cats and Bar-ba-ry apes, While Ae thinks her di-vine.

wine. Sae dotes on cats and Bar-ba-ry apes, While Ae thinks her di-vine.

wine. Sae dotes on cats and Bar-ba-ry apes, While Ae thinks her di-vine.

wine. Sae dotes on cats and Bar-ba-ry apes, While Ae thinks her di-vine.

wine. Sae dotes on cats and Bar-ba-ry apes, While Ae thinks her di-vine.

*rit. ff* *a tempo*

wine. Sae dotes on cats and Bar-ba-ry apes, While Ae thinks her di-vine.

*rit. ff* *a tempo*

wine. Sae dotes on cats and Bar-ba-ry apes, While Ae thinks her di-vine.

*dim.* *p*

We are the Great An-ces-tral Slaves, The var-lets, ser-vit-ors,

We are the Great An-ces-tral Slaves, The var-lets, ser-vit-ors,

*mf*

pa-ges, knaves, The maids as a fair-y fair,

Who

pa-ges, knaves, The maids as a fair-y fair,

Who

The maids as a fair-y fair,

The maids as a fair-y fair,

*mf*



gov. ern the duke and his broad do. main, As well as his wife, the pride of Spain, And

rule with an air - y air. For

And rule with an air - y air. For

they are as good as a queen and king, But we're as good as our word! They

they are as good as a queen and king, But we're as good as our word! They

they are as good as a queen and king, But we're as good as our word! They

they are as good as a queen and king, But we're as good as our word! They

they are as good as a queen and king, But we're as good as our word! They

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try for their way in ev - 'ry. thing, While we think that ab - surd, While

try for their way in ev - 'ry. thing, While we think that ab - surd, While

try for their way in ev - 'ry. thing, While we think that ab -

try for their way in ev - 'ry. thing, While we think that ab - surd, While

we think that ab - surd. For they are as good as a queen and king, But we're as good as our

we think that ab - surd. For they are as good as a queen and king, But we're as good as our

ab - surd, ab - surd. For they are as good as a queen and king, But we're as good as our

we think that ab - surd. For they are as good as a queen and king, But we're as good as our

word! They try for their way in ev - 'ry. thing, While we think that ab - surd.

word! They try for their way in ev - 'ry. thing, While we think that ab - surd.

word! They try for their way in ev - 'ry. thing, While we think that ab - surd.

word! They try for their way in ev - 'ry. thing, While we think that ab - surd. Trumpet



Two Ushers, with ceremonial rods, stand on either side of the entrance as the Duke and Duchess enter — they raise and lower their rods alternately as they sing.

(all bow or curtsy)

1st USHER.  
The Duke. The Duchess.

2nd USHER.  
The Duchess. The Duke.

(ad lib.)  
dim.

Chorus.

Hail the Duke, and hail the Duchess, Hail! hail! hail!

Hail the Duke, and hail the Duchess, Hail! hail! hail!

Hail the Duke, and hail the Duchess, Hail! hail! hail!

Hail the Duke, and hail the Duchess, Hail! hail! hail!

(The Duke and Duchess return the salute, and take their seats side by side)

Duke. My children, have you ever heard of Don Quixote de la Mancha?

Attendants. No, your excellency.

Pedro. (Page) Yes, your excellency.

Duke. What have you heard, Pedro?

Pedro. There is a book about him. He is a gentleman lunatic, who thinks he is a knight-errant, and he has a country clown for his squire. They got into trouble on the public highways, and the book says they were at last carried home to their village in a very battered condition.

Duke. Right, Pedro. Well, they have started out again on their travels, and my lady and myself have met them. We have invited them here, they are now in the palace, and I desire you all to treat them as if they were what they think they are. It is our wish to be amused and interested, and we have already arranged some very pleasant japes. Gomez and Diego, usher them in.

(Exeunt Ushers, to enter immediately and sing.)

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# No. 18. RECIT and CHORUS.

"NOBLE KNIGHT, THY SERVANTS GREET THEE"

1st. USHER.  
Don Quixote. Sancho Panza.

2nd. USHER.  
Sancho Panza. Don Quixote.

PIANO  
f Trumpet (ad lib.)

(Enter Don Quixote with a wreath on his head, and a long coloured mantle flowing from his shoulders. He is escorted by two (or more) maidens, and a small boy carries his "train". Enter also Sancho Panza leading Dapple, the pair wearing wreaths — Duke and Duchess rise.)

Chorus.

Con spirito. ♩ = 108.

Sop<sup>o</sup> & Cont<sup>o</sup> *mf*

Ten. & Bass. *mf*

No - ble knight, thy

*mf* *cresc.* *f* *mf*

servants greet thee, Nothing hu - man can de - feat thee, No - ble, no - ble, no - ble



knight. Far and wide thy fame re-ech-oes,  
 To thee its safe-ty ma-ny a neck owes, No-ble, no-ble, no-ble, no-ble,  
 no-ble, no-ble, no-ble knight.  
 No-ble knight, No-ble knight.

*cresc.* *dim.* *cresc.* *dim.* *cresc.* *dim.* *mp.* *pp.* *ff.*

(During chorus the Duke and Duchess place Don Quixote in the central chair, and seat themselves on either side — Page sprinkles perfume over Don Quixote from a spray-producer, with comic effect.)

**Sancho.** (to Donna Rodriguez, duenna) Would you be so kind as to take my donkey to the stable? Dapple is a little nervous and isn't used to fine company.

**Donna Rodriguez.** Do you wish to insult me, sir? That isn't a job for her ladyship's duenna.

**Sancho.** Sorry, old lady. My master has often told me that duennas looked after the horse of Sir Lancelot, and my ass is more to me than his horse, any day.

**Donna Rodriguez.** (furiously) Who are you calling old, you unmannerly clown?

**Duchess.** What is the matter?

**Donna Rodriguez.** This rascally rascal is calling me old, and wants me to look after his donkey.

**Don Quixote.** (to Sancho) Is this a time, block-head, to talk of donkeys?

**Duchess.** Friend Sancho, Donna Rodriguez is mature, but not at all old.

**Sancho.** Sorry again. I thought she looked a charitable person, who would love to help poor Dapple.

**Duchess.** Sancho is quite right. Dapple shall have all the attention suitable to his rank as a squire-errant's ass. Gomez and Diego, take Sir Dapple and see him provided with the finest Quaker Oats. You, Sancho, sit near me on this stool.

(Exeunt Ushers with Dapple — Sancho takes seat offered him)

**Duke.** (to Don Quixote) And now my dear Signor Don Quixote de la Mancha, welcome to our ancestral home. What news of the peerless lady Dulcinea del Toboso?

**Don Q.** Alas! most noble duke, she is enchanted.

**Duchess.** Enchanted?

**Sancho.** Yes, enchanted right enough, for I enchanted her.

**Don Q.** What mean you, Sancho?

**Sancho.** Oh, master, I confess that when you sent me back with a message for her, to save myself trouble, I invented that story.

**Don Q.** Varlet, you said you met her changed into a common country wench.

**Sancho.** I did say so, miserable sinner that I am.

**Duchess.** Console yourself, Sancho. You little know the power of enchanter's. You could not have invented the story, and, depend upon it, Dulcinea is enchanted.

**Don Q.** There is something in that.

**Sancho.** What a blessed relief if I can believe it!

**Don Q.** You can believe anything, Sancho, if you try.

**Duchess.** Is it not true, Sancho, that your master has promised you an island?

**Sancho.** Indeed it is, and I am he who deserves one as well as any other he whatever. Go with good men, and you will be good yourself; it's not with whom you were bred, but with whom you were fed; I have been for months with my good master, and, if we both live, we shall not lack kingdoms and islands to govern.

**Duke.** Well said, friend Sancho. In the name of Signor Don Quixote I hereby promise you the government of a valuable island, which is my property.

**Don Q.** Kneel, Sancho, and kiss his excellency's feet.

(Sancho kisses feet of Duke — meanwhile:—)

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## No. 19. CHORUS.

"OH, WHAT A VERY GRACIOUS DUKE"

Allegretto scherzando. ♩ = 104.

PIANO.

*mf*  
*pp*  
*p*  
*cresc.*  
*mf*  
*Oh what a ve-ry*  
*Oh what a ve-ry*  
*Oh what a ve-ry*  
*Oh what a ve-ry*  
*Oh what a ve-ry*  
*rit.*  
*a tempo dim.*  
*p (unaccompanied ad lib.)*  
*gracious duke! A ve-ry gra-A ve-ry gra-A ve-ry gra-cious duke! We*  
*gracious duke! A ve-ry gra-A ve-ry gra-A ve-ry gra-cious duke! We*  
*gracious duke! A ve-ry gra-A ve-ry gra-A ve-ry gra-cious duke! We*  
*gracious duke! A ve-ry gra-A ve-ry gra-A ve-ry gra-cious duke! We*  
*gracious duke! A ve-ry gra-A ve-ry gra-A ve-ry gra-cious duke! We*

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MUSEO DE LA CIUDAD DE MADRID  
MUSEO DE LA CIUDAD DE MADRID

*all may say, with-out rebuke, That San.cho wins it, San.cho wins it, wins it by a fluke. This*  
*all may say, with-out rebuke, That San.cho wins it, San.cho wins it, wins it by a fluke. This*  
*all may say, with-out rebuke, That San.cho wins it, San.cho wins it, wins it by a fluke. This*  
*all may say, with-out rebuke, That San.cho wins it, San.cho wins it, wins it by a fluke. This*  
*is. land of our gracious duke, This is. land of our gracious duke, Of our good gracious duke.*  
*is. land of our gracious duke, This is. land of our gracious duke, Of our good gracious duke.*  
*is. land of our gracious duke, This is. land of our gracious duke, Of our good gracious duke.*  
*is. land of our gracious duke, This is. land of our gracious duke, Of our good gracious duke.*  
*is. land of our gracious duke, This is. land of our gracious duke, Of our good gracious duke.*  
*cresc.*  
*Good gracious, good gracious, Our good gra-cious duke!*  
*cresc.*  
*Good gracious, good gracious, Our good gra-cious duke!*  
*cresc.*  
*Good gracious, good gracious, of our good gra-cious duke!*  
*cresc.*  
*Good gracious, good gracious, Of our good gra-cious duke!*  
*cresc.*  
*Good gracious, good gracious, Of our good gra-cious duke!*



Duke. (raising his hand) Hark! what is that?

(Enter drummer-boy, beating his drum, followed by a tall man with very long white beard. Boy and man are dressed in black, and drum and drumsticks are trimmed with ermine. After pounding away for a short time the boy leaves off, and both stand silent and motionless.)

Duke. What is the meaning of this funeral?

Stranger. Most mighty and puissant sir, I am called Trifaldin of the white beard. I am squire to the Countess Trifaldi, known as the Afflicted Matron, who has come on foot, and without breaking her fast, all the way from the town of Collywobblers in Central Africa, in search of the valorous and invincible knight Don Quixote de la Mancha.

Duke. Tell her, stupendous squire, that she may enter.

(Boy strikes up with his drum, while "Trifaldin" salutes and exits — enter a procession of "Duennas" dressed in black and closely veiled, followed by "Trifaldin," leading the "Countess" also veiled and dressed in black — three little boys in mourning hold up her three-fold train — the Duennas range themselves on one side — drum stops — Duke, Duchess and Don Q. rise.)

Countess. (kneeling) Are the most gloryissimo knight Don Quixote de la Manchissima, and his squirissimo Panza, in this company?

Sancho. Panza is here, and also Don Quixotissimo, therefore afflictedissima matronissima, say what you have a mindissimo, for we are your devoted servantissimos.

Don Q. Peace, clown! (to Countess) Lady, tell me your affliction, and, as a knight-errant, I will do all I can to relieve you.

(raises her, and conducts her to a seat)

Duchess. Now, countess, tell us your trouble.

Countess. Dread sirs, and madam, I was duenna-in-chief to the Queen of Candy, widow of King Archipelago, and had the care of her lovely daughter, Sugar, so called because she was so sweet.

Duennas. (sighing and shaking their heads) So sweet! So sweet!

Countess. Through my carelessness, little Sugar fell in love with and married the milkman.

Duennas. The milkman, the milkman!

Countess. The queen, her mother, was so much grieved that we buried her in three days' time.

Sancho. She died, then, I suppose?

Countess. (indignantly) Most assuredly. In Candy, we bury the dead, not the living.

Duennas. (action as before) We do! We do!

Countess. The queen being dead, we buried her. Scarcely had we covered her with earth than upon her sepulchre appeared, mounted on a wooden horse, her second-cousin, the giant Malambruno.

Duchess. On a wooden horse?

Countess. Yes, he is an enchanter. In revenge for his cousin's death he changed little Sugar and the milkman into a monkey of brass and a brazen crocodile.

Half the Duennas. A monkey!

The rest. And a crocodile!

Countess. They are perched on the tomb, with an inscription which says: "These two lovers shall recover their shape when the valorous Quixote enters into single combat with me."

Then Malambruno sent for the duennas of the palace, reproached us, and waved his wand. Instantly we felt pricking pains in our faces, and, to our horror, we found them as you shall see them.

(Countess and Duennas remove veils and show a fine assortment of brains — sensation)

Countess. Oh that he had cut off our heads instead, for we shall never lose these bristles unless the brave Don Quixote delivers us.

(Faints — Drummer strikes his drum — Page plays upon her with the spray-producer and other attempts are made to revive her.)

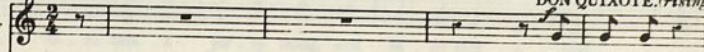
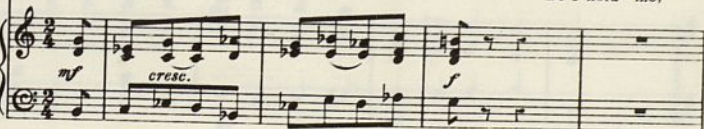
Duennas. (shaking their heads) Oh dear, oh dear, oh dear, oh dear, oh dear!

No. 20. { RECIT. [Don Quixote, Sancho and Countess.]  
SONG. [Countess and Duke] and CHORUS.  
"BEHOLD ME!"

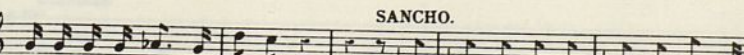
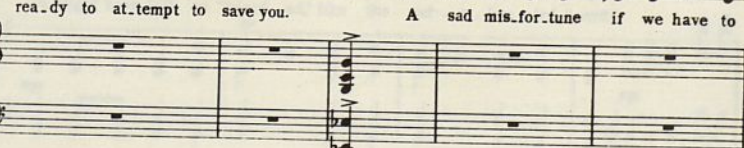
Allegretto.

C minor

DON QUIXOTE. (rising)

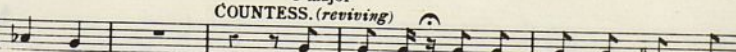
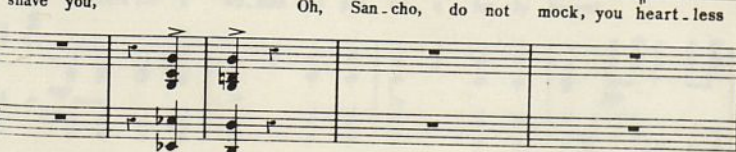
VOICE.   
PIANO. 

SANCHO.

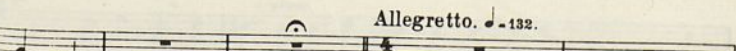
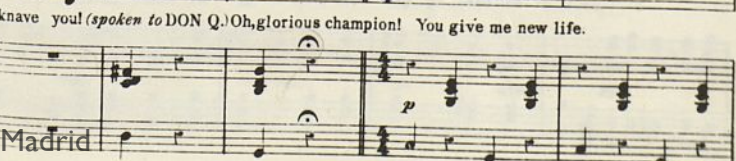
VOICE.   
PIANO. 

G major

COUNTRESS. (reviving)

VOICE.   
PIANO. 

Allegretto. ♩ = 132.

VOICE.   
PIANO. 



COUNTRESS.

Oh, is - n't this a jol - ly thing, and is - n't this a joy!

He acts as if he'd real - ly been my "sweet-heart when a boy!" He comes up to the

scratch at once, you can - not call him coy. Oh, is - n't this a jol - ly thing, and

**Chorus. (unison.)**  
is - n't this a joy! Oh, is - n't this a jol - ly thing, and is - n't this a

joy! He acts as if he'd real - ly been her "sweet-heart when a boy!"

He comes up to the scratch at once, you can - not call him coy.

Oh, is - n't this a jol - ly thing, and is - n't this a joy!

**Countess.**  
He might have left us "beard - ed," like the cel - e - bra - ted "pard;"

And whiskers for a wo - man are par - tic - u - lar - ly barred.

**D**  
Our beau - ty would be "up a tree;" our hap - pi - ness be marred,



*cresc.*  
If he should leave us "beard.ed" like the cel.e.bra.ted "pard!"

*mp cresc.*

**Chorus (unison.)**  
*mp*  
He might have left {them} "beard.ed" like the cel.e.bra.ted "pard!"

*mp pp*

*D*  
And whiskers for a wo.man are par.tic.u.lar.ly barred. {Our } beauty would be {Their}

*p pp mp*

"up a tree" {their} hap.pi.ness be barred, If he should leave {us } beard.ed like the {them}

*cresc. dim. pp mp cresc.*

cel.e.bra.ted "pard!"

*dim. rit.*

C major

Duke,

*mf a tempo*

How on earth they'll get a liv.ing it is dif.fi.cult to know,

*mf a tempo*

*p*  
Un-less as spe.cial "freaks" they get a place in Bar.num's show.

*p*

But a slump in beard.ed la.dies would e-ven-tu-ate, and so

*cresc. dim.*  
How on earth they'd get a liv.ing it is dif.fi.cult to know.

*cresc. dim.*

**Chorus**  
How on earth {they'll } get a liv.ing it is dif.fi.cult to know.

*f*



Un-less as special freaks (they) we get a place in Barnum's show, But a slump in bearded ladies would.

ven-tu-ate, and so How on earth (they'll) we'll get a living it is dif-fi-cult to know.

Dcn Q. What am I to do? How far is it to the kingdom of Candy?

Countess. Five thousand leagues on foot, but only 2999 through the air.

Sancho. Through the air?

Countess. Yes, the enchanter has promised to send the magic wooden horse, Clavileno, to fetch our champion.

Duchess. I know! I have read about it in the Arabian Nights.

Duke. You turn a peg in his forehead, and he flies.

Countess. There is room on his back for two. Generally the knight and his squire go together.

Sancho. No fear!

Duchess. Of course there is no fear in a brave man like you, Sancho.

Sancho. That is all very well. "A pitcher goes often to the well, but gets broken at last," and they say I'm cracked already. At least, they say that my master is cracked, and that I am cracked to follow him, and that may very well be.

(A bugle call without)

Duke. What does that portend?

(Enter Two savages carrying a plain wooden horse, which they put down in the middle of the stage.)

# No. 21. RECITS. [Savages, Sancho and Don Quixote.]

Allegro. "LISTEN! LISTEN!"

1st S. 2nd S. BOTH *ad lib.*

VOICE. List-en! List-en! This is Clavileno, sent by our mas-ter. To  
(ever admirable and audacious)

PIANO.

(\*) Like boys repeating a lesson, with identical movements.)

{ ride a cock-horse on Clavileno } - sas-ter. { Malambruno hereby expresses; }  
{ has never been known to spell di- } his special de- }

sire To { meet the knight of the Woeful } squire; { Believing (as he does) that }  
{ Countenance and his redoubtable } { he will quickly make them }

*cresc.*

Lento. *p rit.*

jump - out of the fry - ing pan in - to the fire!

*colla voce* *p* *p rit.*

f Allegretto. SANCHO.

Yours is a nice lit-tle plan, And I don't like to up-set it, But there's

*p scherzando*

B. *cresc.*

one re-mark I would make, And that is don't you wish you may get it! Just



one re-mark I would make, and that is don't you wish you may get it!

*dim.* *p*

D minor.  
DON QUIXOTE.

(to SAVAGES) (SAVAGES bow and exeunt)

Peace, clown! your petty fears dis.sem.ble. { I come, and you may bid your master } trem.ble.

Countess. Now that the gee-gee has come, my own knight-errant will go at once.

Don Q. Madam duenna, I am not your own, I am Dulcinea's, but I will go.

Sancho. Madam duenna, I hardly know whose I am, but I will *not* go.

Duchess. Nonsense, Sancho.

Duke. Oh, fie! No coward can be the governor of an island. You must go.

Countess. The pair of them must be blindfolded, or they will turn giddy and fall.

Sancho. How can Clavileno fly through these walls?

Duke. Magic, my dear Sancho, magic. You will go up through the region of wind, and then through the region of fire.

Countess. You must on no account uncover your eyes till you hear the horse neigh.

Sancho. You are sure I shall not be seasick?

Countess. No, Clavileno goes so smoothly that you will think you are not moving at all.

Sancho. Then I will go with my beloved master. Alas, my poor donkey! (to Duchess) O excellent lady, if I never return, be a mother to my poor Dapple. Next to my master, I love him more than all the world.

Don Q. Sancho, you talk too much and act too little. Prepare for the dread adventure.

(Don Quixote and Sancho Panza are blindfolded by the Countess and helped on to the horse, Don Quixote in front, and Sancho with his arms round his master's waist. Meanwhile-

No. 22. SOLI. [Sancho, Don Quixote and Countess] and CHORUS.

"DANGER SHALL NOT FIND YOU SHRINKERS"

Allegro moderato. ♩ 108.

PIANO. *mf* *cresc.*

Soprano and Contralto.

Dan-ger shall not find you shrink-ers, Shut your eyes and put on blink-ers,

Tenor and Bass.

Now the task is well be-gun.

Through the air you'll soon be sail-ing, Moon and stars and com-ets hail-ing,

Keep your dis-tance, keep your dis-tance, keep your dis-tance from the sun.



## SANCHO. (uncovering his eyes)

Since, a - las, we have to push on, Won't you give me just a cush - ion?

*p* *Anytime*

F minor.  
Chorus.

No, bare-back you have to ride, bare-back you have to ride.

*cresc.*

*cresc.*

*cresc.*

*dim.*

Ab  
DON QUIXOTE (uncovering his eyes.)

Si - lence, San - cho, we're de - part - ing, On our great ad - ven - ture start - ing.

*p*

## Chorus.

DON Q. and SANCHO  
replace bandages.

Ev - 'ry - thing is cut and dried, Is cut and dried.

*cresc.*

*cresc.*

*cresc.*

F  
COUNTESS.

## Chorus.

Do not look a - gain I beg, Gal - lant Quixote, turn the peg.

*f*

*p*

*f*

*p*

## (DON Q. turns peg in horse's forehead.)

lo, Hu - llo, There they go, there they go, there they go, there they go.

*cresc. poco a poco*

*cresc. poco a poco*

*cresc. poco a poco*

San - tos Du - mont far out - vy - ing, See them swift - ly, smooth - ly fly - ing,

*mf*

*mf*

Take care San - cho, lest you fall!

*f*

*f*



Look, a patch of cloud is near - ing, They will soon be dis - ap - pear - ing,

He - roes great, though seem - ing small, He - roes great, though seeming small.

Sancho. It is strange how plainly we hear their voices. They seem to be quite close.

Don Q. That is all enchantment, Sancho. In this sort of adventure we can hear people talk a thousand miles away.

# No. 23. CHORUS.

"WONDROUS VALOUR."

*Allegretto moderato.*  
Soprano and Contralto. *sempre ppp*

Tenor and Bass. *sempre ppp*

*Allegretto moderato.*  
*sempre ppp*

Wond'rous val - our they in - her - it,

May they meet the fate they mer - it, Wade through slaugh - ter to a crown.

Out of sight we see them soar - ing, Their most aw - ful fate ig - nor - ing,

(in a whisper)  
(Pause) Should their steed turn up - side down!

Don Q. Do you hear, Sancho? Their voices are so soft that we must be about two thousand miles away by now. Don't hang on to me so tight, you'll pull me over. Don't be afraid. I never rode an easier-going animal in my life.

(Pairs of bellows produced and used upon Don Quixote and Sancho.)  
Sancho. Yes, we have the wind at our back, and no mistake; but they sang "Out of sight we see them soaring." How can they see us if we're out of sight?

Don Q. All enchantment, Sancho. This is the region of wind; where the hail, rain and snow come from.

(Lighted tow, etc, on the end of sticks, is held near them - exeunt the "Counsellor" and all her party.)

Chorus.

Hullo, Hullo!

Here's a rum go!

Wondrous valour, etc.



Sancho. Mercy on us, this is getting warm. I call this the region of fire.

Don Q. (*turning the peg violently*) Yes, we have gone too high, and how on earth or in the sky to manage this peg, I know not.

Sancho. Master, let me take a peep. We shall either be burnt alive or burnt to death.

Don Q. Don't you dare, Sancho, or I'll never promise you another island as long as I live.

Sancho. Ow, ow, ow. Whoa, whoa! I shall never see terra-cotta again.

(*Servants light crackers (some attached to Clavileno's tail) and upset horse, throwing the riders. loud explosion — Don Quixote and Sancho rise with difficulty and take off the bandages. they see Duke, Duchess and attendants lying on the ground as if in a trance — also a spear with a white scroll attached to it by ribbons.*)

Sancho. Are we dead, master?

Don Q. I don't think so, Sancho. What's this? (*takes scroll and examines it*) Victory! (*pulling the Duke by the arm*) Good, my lord, wake up, the adventure is over.

(*The Duke, and all those on the ground, open their eyes, stretch, yawn, and rise slowly.*)

No. 24. RECITS. [Duke and Duchess] SOLO [Don Quixote] and CHORUS.

"O MARVELLOUS, MAGNIFICENT"

Andante.

DUKE. (*pausing as he rises*)

VOICE. Speak! Glo - ry of La Man - cha, tell us what you've done,

PIANO.

DUCHESS. Did you catch fire, and fizzle in the sun?

Chorus. Your mar - vel - lous ad - ven - ture takes the bun.

DON QUIXOTE. (*sings from scroll*)

This is a note from Mal - am - bru - no, The ter - ri - ble en - chant - er. You know!

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Moderato. ♩ = 112.

"I'm grat - i - fied, And sat - is - fied, At -

tempting is e - nough. You've won the day I'm glad to say By prov - ing you are tough. The

B♭ ladies now their beards have lost, Their chins are free from hair. You've saved the lovers at the cost Of

fly - ing through the air. The monkey and the cro - co - dile Have turned to man and wife; With

G E♭ Chorus. out a fight in gallant style You've won the fear - ful strife? signed - Mal - am - bru - no. Oh



## Allegro. ♩ = 132.

mar. vel. lous, magni. fi. cent, un. paralleled a. chievement! We might have had to suffer from a  
 mar. vel. lous, magni. fi. cent, un. paralleled a. chievement! We might have had to suffer from a  
 mar. vel. lous, magni. fi. cent, un. paralleled a. chievement! We might have had to suffer from a  
 mar. vel. lous, magni. fi. cent, un. paralleled a. chievement! We might have had to suffer from a  
 Allegro. ♩ = 132.

ter. ri. ble bereavement. We thought they might be cut in half or bar. be. cued and eaten. But  
 ter. ri. ble bereavement. We thought they might be cut in half or bar. be. cued and eaten. But  
 ter. ri. ble bereavement. We thought they might be cut in half or bar. be. cued and eaten. But  
 ter. ri. ble bereavement. We thought they might be cut in half or bar. be. cued and eaten. But  
 ter. ri. ble bereavement. We thought they might be cut in half or bar. be. cued and eaten. But

1. back they come as bold as brass un. battered and un. beaten. O. battered and un. beaten.  
 back they come as bold as brass un. battered and un. beaten. O. battered and un. beaten.  
 back they come as bold as brass un. battered and un. beaten. O. battered and un. beaten.  
 back they come as bold as brass un. battered and un. beaten. O. battered and un. beaten.

1. 2.  
 back they come as bold as brass un. battered and un. beaten. O. battered and un. beaten.  
 back they come as bold as brass un. battered and un. beaten. O. battered and un. beaten.

Duke. (*shaking Quixote's hand*) My dear sir, let me congratulate you.

Don Q. (*looking round*) Where is the Countess?

Duke. When Clavileno came flaming down from the skies, the Countess and her train vanished into thin air.

All. Into thin, thin air.

(*Clavileno is removed by the servants*)

Duchess. What did it feel like, Sancho?

Sancho. Oh madam, we passed through the region of wind and the region of fire, and, as I was nearly burnt to death, I lifted the handkerchief a little, and saw the earth as big as a grain of mustard-seed, and the men on it no bigger than hazel-nuts.

Duchess. Oh, fie! Sancho, how could that be? One man would hide the whole earth.

Sancho. Magic, most excellent madam, magic. Then we went so near the sky that I put up my hand and touched it.

Don Q. Gently, Sancho, are you sure? For my part I remember nothing save the region of wind and the region of fire.

Duke. Never mind. Sancho may have been asleep and dreaming, but he has been very brave, and now he shall have his island. I hereby appoint Sancho Panza governor of my island of Barataria.

(*Sancho kneels and kisses the Duke's hand.*)

## No. 25. RECIT. and SONG. [Duke, Duchess, Don Quixote] and CHORUS.

"WHEN YOU BECOME A RULER"

Moderato.  
 DUKE. *ad lib.* *in strict time*

VOICE. Pray listen, Sancho, 'tis a serious matter! If you are good, And do what you should,

PIANO. *mf*

You will get leaner, you will not get fat. ter.

*f* *p* *mf* *molto rit.* *attaca.*



## Act II. Scene II.

## SONG.

Allegro moderato ♩ = 126.

DUKE. 1. When  
DUCHESS. 2. When  
DON Q. 3. When

you be come a ru - ler great, You'll find that your af - fairs of state Are hard to dis - en -  
peo - ple praise you to your face And say, without a faint grimace, You're hand - some, brave and  
peo - ple come to you op - press'd With pov - er - ty, and sore distress'd, Their hopes you must not

- tan - gle. For A will swear he "loves you most," And B will haunt you like a ghost, And  
wit - ty; Just tell them you are not a flat, You know a trick worth two of that, Their  
shat - ter. Just wear a sym - pa - thet - ic smile. Their mi - se - ry with jokes beguile, And

A and B will wran - gle. So gaze on them with mild surprise, De -  
ig - nor - ance, you pit - y. For X would bor - row half your pay, And  
find out what's the mat - ter. Give C some on - ions, tripe and bread, And

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clare that you will dot their eyes If they can not a - gree. Ex - plain ex - act - ly  
Y would take your teeth a - way, But mind you don't a - gree. Ex - plain ex - act - ly  
D some fish or "chips" in - stead. (Such whole - some things a - gree.) Ex - plain to them it's

what you think, For *that* should be your id - io - sync - Yes, *that* should be your id - io - sync, Your  
what you think, For *that* should be your id - io - sync - Yes, *that* should be your id - io - sync, Your  
wrong to drink, Lest whis - ky be their id - io - sync - Or bran - dy be their id - io - sync, Their

## Chorus (unison)

id - io - syn - cra - see. Ex - plain ex - act - ly what you think, For that should be your  
id - io - syn - cra - see. Ex - plain ex - act - ly what you think, For that should be your  
id - io - syn - cra - see. Ex - plain to them it's wrong to drink, Lest whis - ky be their

1st. & 2nd. 3rd.  
id - io - sync - Yes, that should be your id - io - sync - Your id - io - syn - cra - see.  
id - io - sync - Yes, that should be your id - io - sync - Your id - io - syn - cra - see.  
id - io - sync - Or bran - dy be their id - io - sync - Their id - io - syn - cra - see.



## Act II. Scene II.

Banqueting Hall in "Barataria"— male and female attendants and Governor's suite—  
table laid for a meal.

## No. 26. CHORUS.

"COME HITHER AWHILE"

Tempo di Minuetto. ♩. 404.

PIANO.

The piano accompaniment consists of three systems of staves. The first system is a grand staff with treble and bass clefs. The second system is also a grand staff. The third system is a grand staff. The music is in 3/4 time and features a variety of rhythmic patterns, including eighth and sixteenth notes, and rests. The tempo is marked 'Tempo di Minuetto' and the time signature is 404. The piece concludes with a 'cresc.' marking and a 'pizzicato' marking.

Soprano and Contralto.

Tenor and Bass.

Come

cresc.

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The vocal parts are arranged in four systems. The first system is for Soprano and Contralto, with lyrics 'hith-er a-while and Vis-it the a-re-a Of this in-su-lar'. The second system is for Tenor and Bass, with lyrics 'is-land Of Bar-a-tar-i-a. Come hith-er a-while and'. The third system is for Soprano and Contralto, with lyrics 'Vis-it the a-re-a Of this in-su-lar is-land Of Bar-a-'. The fourth system is for Tenor and Bass, with lyrics 'tar-i-a. For'. The music is in 3/4 time and features a variety of rhythmic patterns, including eighth and sixteenth notes, and rests. The tempo is marked 'Tempo di Minuetto' and the time signature is 404. The piece concludes with a 'cresc.' marking and a 'pizzicato' marking.

TENORS & BASSES

For



## TENORS &amp; BASSES.

San - cho, e - la - ted By so much pro - mo - tion, A post is cre -

## SOPRANOS &amp; CONTRALTOS.

To Quix - ote, his mas - ter, A

- a - ted To pay his de - vo - tion

D minor

bee in whose bon - net Has ev - er di - sas - ter De - pend - ing up - on it. Come

B<sup>b</sup>  
major

Come

## CONTRALTOS.

hith - er a - while,

## BASSES.

hith - er a - while,

## Chorus.

Sopranos and  
ContraltosTenors and Come  
Basses

fff sempre

hith - er a - while,

Come

fff sempre

piu cresc.

cresc.

fff sempre

hith - er a - while and Vis - it the a - re - a Of this

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in - su - lar is - land Of Bar - a - tar - i - a. Come hith - er a -

while and Vis - it the a - re - a Of this in - su - lar is - land Of Bar - a -

- tar - i - a.

Enter Sancho Panza, dressed as Governor. All repeatedly bow.)

# No. 27. CHORUS.

"BOW, BOW"

Molto moderato. ♩. 80.

PIANO.

Chorus (unison.)

Bow, bow, Bow, wow, wow, wow. To our great, great, great, great

a tempo

- gov - ern - or. To our great, great, great, great gov - ern - or. To our

a tempo







Sancho. (*rubbing his hands*) At last! now for a square meal.

(*A dish is presented to him, but just as he is about to help himself the Physician touches it with his wand and it is whisked away — a second follows, and the same comedy is repeated.*)

Sancho. I say, is this a conjuring exhibition, or what?

Doctor. My lord governor, I am a physician, and paid a salary to look after your health. Every dish that would be pernicious for you I order away. The first was too moist and would give you the hump, the second was too hot and would give you fever.

Sancho. Then pass me those birds there, they will do at a pinch.

Doctor. By no means, my lord, they are saturated with microbes.

Sancho. Is that a pork-pie yonder? I will have that.

Doctor. Not while I live, my lord. You are not accustomed to Barataria pigs, and it would give you St. Vitus's dance.

Sancho. Your way of preserving my life is to kill me with hunger. I am so sharp-set I could eat an ox. What is there here that I may have?

Doctor. That rabbit won't do, for it would give you swelled head; that veal would be capital if it were only a mutton-chop, but it is not. I think you may have a thin slice of bread with some marmalade.

Sancho. (*gravely*) What is your name, and where did you study?

Doctor. I am doctor Pedro Miguel Timothy Titus Tertiumquid, a native of Tirteafuera, lying on the right hand halfway between Tierra del Fuego and Almodobar del Campo, and I took my degree at the University of Barcelona-super-Battersea.

Sancho. (*rising*) Then, signor doctor Pedro Miguel Timothy Titus Tertiumquid native of Tirteafuera, lying on the right hand halfway between Tierra del Fuego, and Almodobar del Campo, and graduate of Barcelona-super-Battersea, get out of my sight at once, or I vow that I will lay a cudgel about your miserable back and batter you till you are the finest corpse you ever saw.

(*escape of Doctor*)

Now bring me a dish of stewed microbes. The more the merrier.

(*sound of horn without — enter Courier*)

Courier. A letter from my lord duke.

Sancho. Where is my secretary?

Secretary. Here, my Lord.

Sancho. Read me this letter.

Secretary. (*reads*) "I have received news that enemies of yours and mine are plotting to attack furiously the island of Barataria. Defend it to the last drop of your blood.

Your friend

The duke."

Sancho. Here's a pretty kettle of fish! The first thing to do is to clap that doctor in prison for trying to kill the governor. Why, here he comes.

(*Enter Doctor excitedly.*)

Doctor. My lord governor, the enemy are upon us. They have entered the island, and will be here anon.

Sancho. Knave, you are the enemy. (*to Secretary*) Behead him at once.

Secretary. Nay, my lord, he was trying to do his duty.

(*Noise without — enter armed men*)

Men. The enemy, the enemy, the enemy, the enemy.

Sancho. Where?

Men. Everywhere.

Doctor. My lord, you must arm at once, and lead us to the fray.

Sancho. I am a man of peace, not a man of war. Send for my master.

Secretary. Nay, my lord, be not faint-hearted.

Sancho. Faint heart never won fair island. If I must I must, but I die with hunger and must eat.

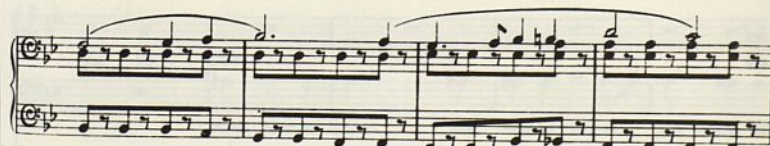
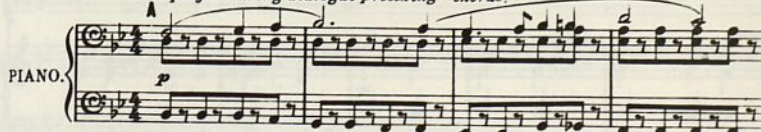
(*Seizes a roll and continues to munch while he is being armed by his men. The Doctor and Secretary produce two large sandwich-boards, fastened by straps, and fit them on to Sancho, back and front, so that he can hardly move; little but his head and feet being visible. Absurd advertisements (local allusions) should be on the boards. All present produce some sort of weapon-meantime —*)

## No. 29. CHORUS.

ARM, ARM, YE BRAVE.

Tempo di Marcia. ♩ - 120.

To be played during dialogue preceding chorus.



From A to B may be omitted at discretion.



pp  
con fad.  
cresc.  
B  
pizz. cresc.

Chorus. (Male voices.)

Tenors. (Boldly)

Arm, arm ye brave! And lead us in - to bat - tle, We face the yawn - ing  
Basses.  
grave, We face the mus - ket's rat - tle. A he - ro at our head Will  
cresc.  
cresc.  
cresc.

mf cresc.  
flood the world with glo - ry. Cheer up! cheer up! You'll soon be dead In  
mf cresc.  
bat - tle grim and gor - y. Arm, arm, ye brave! And lead us in - to  
mf  
bat - tle. We  
F  
face the yawn - ing grave, We face the mus - ket's rat - tle.  
pizz. cresc.  
B



## 172 Full Chorus.

*sempre ff*

Sop<sup>o</sup> Arm, arm, ye brave! And lead us in - to bat - tle, We face the yawn.ing

Cont<sup>o</sup> *sempre ff* Arm, arm, ye brave! And lead us in - to bat - tle, We face the yawn.ing

Ten<sup>o</sup> *sempre ff* Arm, arm, ye brave! And lead us in - to bat - tle, We face the yawn.ing

Bass *sempre ff* Arm, arm, ye brave! And lead us in - to bat - tle, We face the yawn.ing

*sempre ff*

grave, We face the mus.ket's rat - tle, A he.ro at our head Will flood the world with

grave, We face the mus.ket's rat - tle, A he.ro at our head Will flood the world with

grave, We face the mus.ket's rat - tle, A he.ro at our head Will flood the world with

grave, We face the mus.ket's rat - tle, A he.ro at our head Will flood the world with

glo - ry. Cheer up! cheer up! You'll soon be dead In bat - tle grim and gor - y.

glo - ry. You'll soon be dead In bat - tle grim and gor - y.

glo - ry. Cheer up! cheer up! You'll soon be dead In bat - tle grim and gor - y.

glo - ry. You'll soon be dead In bat - tle grim and gor - y.

(A loud report— instant confusion— others enter, and a mock fight ensues— all hostile Sancho, who is pushed over and lies helpless— blows fall on his sandwich boards—the Doctor stands on him (or puts one foot on him) and issues orders to an accompaniment of shouts and cheers.)

Doctor. This way, my brave boys— well done— pour boiling oil on them— smash them to smithereens— here they come, hurl the ramparts upon them— man the peashooters— Dash them to pieces with culverins— right about face, left turn— eyes right— form fours— left wheel into line— hooray, victory, victory!

(All shout victory, and the battle subsides.)

Secretary. Where is our noble governor?

All. Where is he? where? where?

Sancho. (faintly) Here.

(Sancho is lifted to his feet, still clasping his roll, and the boards removed. Men-at-arms fan him with anything that comes handy.)

Doctor. Thanks to your invincible arm we have gained the victory.

Sancho. I've had enough of this. Fetch me Dapple.

Sec. What, my lord?

Sancho. Fetch me my beloved donkey.

Sec. (to Page) Fetch Sir Dapple. (exit Page) Why do you want him, my lord?

Sancho. Because I've had enough of governing islands. I wasn't made to be pounded to a jelly and starved to death by mad doctors. Here I leave it all. I neither lose nor win. With nothing came I into it and with nothing I go out of it. I leave the island as I found it, with the same streets, roofs and houses that it had when I came in to it.

Doctor. Do not, do not leave us orphans.

Sec. You are the best governor we have ever had.

Sancho. I may be the best, but I've got the worst of it. (enter Page and Dapple.) Ah, come hither, my friend and beloved companion. (kisses Dapple on the forehead) Since, tempted by ambition and pride, I deserted thee, a thousand miseries, a thousand toils, and four or five thousand worries have entered into my soul.

## No. 80. SONG [Sancho] and CHORUS.

"O DAPPLE, DAPPLE."

Allegretto. ♩ = 116.

VOICE.

PIANO.

SANCHO.

O Dap-ple, Dap-ple, Dap-ple, You're the ap-ple of my eye, Not a

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chapl'll hurt you, Dapple, or I'll know the reason why, You and I will grapple, Dapple, with the

sor-rows that as-sail, Ev-ry sort of ass and sim-ple-ton with-out or with a tail. Oh

partner of my troubles, gallant shar-er of my woes. How the heart within me wobbles when I

stroke your hum-ble nose! I for-got you when am-bi-tion seemed to plant me on a throne; Pray

tell me you forgive me, friend, for leav-ing you a-lone.

SANCHO *Recit. (ad lib).*  
Andante.

List-en while I tell you

tru-ly. I will nev-er more for-get My part-ner and my pret-ty one,

*molto rit.* **Tempo I** *G<sup>b</sup>*  
my pop-pet and my pet. *mf* *molto rit. e dim.* *p* *#2* *#2* *b* *b* *b* *b*  
Though my

*rit.*  
dream of wealth and lux-u-ry is tumb-led in the dust,  
*mf* *rit.* *p* *b* *b* *b* *b* *b* *b*

*B<sup>b</sup>*  
You can nib-ble at a car-rot, I will gor-man-dise a crust.  
*a tempo*



## Tempo di Marcia.

Chorus (unison.)  
Soprano and Contralto.

O Dap - ple, Dap - ple, Dap - ple, You're the

Tenor and Bass.

## Tempo di Marcia.

ap - ple of his eye, Not a chap - I'll hurt you, Dapple, or he'll know the reason why. You and

he will grapple, Dapple, with the sorrows that as sail Ev - ry sort of ass and sim - ple - ton with

*cresc.**cresc.**cresc.*

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## Unison.

- out or with a tail. O Dapple, Dapple, Dapple, you're the ap - ple of his eye, Not a

chap - I'll hurt you, Dapple, or he'll know the reason why. You and he will grapple, Dapple, with the

sorrows that as sail Ev - ry sort of ass and sim - ple - ton with out or with a tail.

Reo.

Curtain.

End of Act II - Scene II



## Act II. Scene III.

The Ducal Hall as before, enter Dulcinea.

No. 31. SONG. (Dulcinea.)  
"I LOVE TO LIVE A COUNTRY LIFE."

Andantino.  $\text{♩} = 76$ . *mf*

VOICE.

PIANO.

*mf* *dim.* *p rit.*

love to live a country life, To breathe the country air, Where folk sup grave  
vil.lage life you'll al.ways find "As sure as eggs is eggs" A so.lace for the

*p a tempo*

*G cresc.*

with a knife And do not seem to care: These gild.ed halls are not for me, And  
ruf.fled mind, It sets you on your legs. There's naught can e - qual ap.ple pie To

*poco cresc.* *p* *cresc.*

*f rit. C* *f* *dim.*

not for me the town, Those fool.ish folk are ne.ver "free" Who sleep on beds of  
chase the "blues" a - way, Though if you ask the rea.son why I can't ex.act.ly

*p* *colla voce* *dim.*

*a tempo*

down. But if you ask "how can this be," I do not know a -  
say. But coun - try charms for such as I All o - ther charms sur -

*a tempo* *pp*

*cresc.* *cresc.*

*f poco rit.* *molto rit.*

much pre.fer a mea.dow with its green, green grass, A mea.dow with its green, green  
much pre.fer a mea.dow with its green, green grass, A mea.dow with its green, green

*colla voce* *molto rit.* *pp*

*a tempo* 1. 2. A

grass.  
grass.

*pp a tempo* *pp*

Spoken: Now if I can see the duchess— oh!  
(Enter trippingly the maidens of first act, singing softly.)



## No. 82. CHORUS OF MAIDENS.

"TRIP ALONG MERRILY."

Allegro.  $\text{♩} = 112$ . Chorus of Maidens.

VOICE. Trip along merrily, mer-ri-ly trip, None of us nervous,

PIANO. *mf*

*cresc.* see how we skip, Keep up your courage by sing-ing a song, *dim.* Mer-ri-ly, jaun-ti-ly

*cresc.* *dim.*

(unison.) *cresc.*

trip-ping a-long. They won't eat us, No, nor beat us! Trip, trip, trip, trip,

They won't eat us, No, nor beat us! Trip, trip, mer-ri-ly trip.

Dulc. I told you to stay outside and wait for me.

Marcella. Yes, but the door was open, and we thought we would slip in and back you up.

Angelica. When the duchess sees all of us, all interested in signor Don Quixote.....

Maidens. All interested in him....

Camilla. She will sympathise and fall in with our plans at once.

Dulc. Oh you sillies! The duchess will be here directly, and take you for suffragettes. She is willing to see me alone. You will spoil everything.

Marcella. Are you sure?

Dulc. Extra-double certain sure. (*slight noise without*) There she is. You will be caught trespassing.

Angelica. What can we do? It is too late to rush out the way we came.

Camilla. Let's hide till she goes and there is a chance of escape.

Maidens. We'll hide, we'll hide.

(Maidens hide behind screens, curtains, and hangings, etc.— enter Duchess — during the following, first one and then another of the girls takes a sly peep.)

Duchess. Well, my child?

Dulc. Gracious lady, I come from the village which is the home of the gentleman who calls himself Don Quixote. He is a good, kind-hearted man.

Duchess. Yes, I think so.

Dulc. Don't you think it a great shame, your excellency, that he should wander about, afflicted with his craze?

Duchess. He loves to be a knight-errant and set the world right — What made that hanging shake? I don't feel a draught.

Dulc. It would be kind, your excellency, to get him back to his home, where he will not be made fun of, and may, perhaps, recover his senses.

Duchess. What makes the leaves of that plant move?

Dulc. Perhaps it's a sensitive plant, your excellency.

(a sneezing is heard)

Duchess. Oh dear, it's a burglar. (Camilla comes from her hiding-place) No, it isn't, it's a suffragette.

Camilla. Oh please pardon me, madam; I came with Aldonza, and hid because I was afraid of you.

Duchess. You are a foolish girl and frightened me. I thought you were a suffragette. Never mind, sit on that stool. (Camilla sits down.) By the way, I have a box of sweetmeats here (*fetches it*) and we will share them. (*places the box between Dulcinea and Camilla.*) Help yourselves. (*while Camilla eats the sweets, the other girls look on longingly*) (*to Dulcinea*) Then you are the girl whom he fancies to be a princess, and calls Dulcinea?

Dulc. Yes, your excellency, and I am come to beg you to find a way of getting him to go home, where he will be cared for.

Duchess. You are a good girl. I will speak to the duke about it; as a matter of fact we have thought of it already, and we will see what can be done. (*to Camilla who is eating rapidly*) I don't think they will hurt you, so you need not leave any. (*all the girls groan — Duchess starts*) What a fearful noise!

(Maidens come from their hiding-places and drop on their knees)

Maidens. Please forgive us!

Marcella. We all came with Aldonza...

Angelica. And we all hid...

Maidens. We all hid...

Marcella. But when we saw that greedy thing finishing the sweets....

Angelica. We could stand it no longer...

Maidens. And here we are.

Maidens. Here we are!



Duchess. What impudence! (to Camilla) Eat them up quickly.

Maidens. Oh!

Duchess. Not you, the sweets. You shall have none of them. I will have you all shut up as suspicious characters.

Maidens. Oh!

Duchess. Unless you sing me a song. Get up.

Maidens. (rising) Thanks, your excellency.

Angelica. Let Marcella sing the song, and we will sing the chorus. Let her sing "Tipperary Mary." It has been a tradition in our village for hundreds of years, and we don't understand the words. Probably they are prophetic.

Duchess. Very well.

### No. 33. SONG. [Marcella] and CHORUS OF GIRLS.

LET ME TELL YOU OF A PRETTY IRISH MAIDEN.

"Tipperary Mary."

Tempo di Valse lente.  $\text{♩} = 84$ .

VOICE.

PIANO.

*con f.*

1. Let me tell you of a pret-ty I-rish maid-en, Who was
2. Now, she did-n't seem to care for a-ny clerklets, She would
3. For lords and e-ven earls it was a cheap year, She

waitress in a London A. B. C. With a "tea and buttered toast" or "crumpets"  
gave them "civ-il ser-vice" and no more, And—not a sin-gle one of all the  
fell in love with greatness on the spot; And, as by chance, it happened to be

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G minor

C major

la-den, She was just as fas-cin-a-ting as could be. The  
"spark-lets" Could daz-zle her how-ev-er much a bore. Till there  
leap-year, She pro-posed, and sent him near-ly off his "dot!" That

hearts of ma-ny men were in a flut-ter, If she served them with some  
came one day the Earl of Han-ky Pan-key, She spot-ted his dis-  
is, at first, he shewed his in-dig-na-tion, But se-cond thoughts are

co-coa and a bun, When she beamed and soft-ly mur-mured "bread-and-  
tin-guished Ro-man nose, And no-ticed that he did-n't give a  
best you oft-en find, Ad-mir-ing pluck and great de-ter-min-

-but-ter?" They'd have died to make her hap-py, ev-'ry one.  
"thank-ee" For the lus-cious lit-tle lux-ur-ies he chose.  
-a-tion, He mar-ried her, and got it off his mind.



*p a tempo*

Fai - ry Ma - ry Came from Tip - per - ar - y, Was - nt she a

*p a tempo*

clev - er sort of girl! Her true eyes, blue eyes, "Look you through-and

*cresc.*

-through" eyes, Saw her safe - ly mar - ried to an earl.

*cresc.*

Chorus of Girls. (unison.)

Fai - ry Ma - ry Came from Tip - per - ar - y, Was - nt she a

clev - er sort of girl! Her true eyes, blue eyes, "Look you through-and

1st & 2nd. Last.

through" eyes, Saw her safe - ly mar - ried to an earl.

Duchess. Now I will speak to the duke; but you must not stay here. Follow me, and I will show you where to go.

(*Exeunt to the tune of "March, march," enter Don Quixote followed by Sancho Panza.*)

Sancho. Yes, master, they starved me to death, and then they put me into armour and made me fight an army till I dropped. I will never be a governor again.

Don Q. You are right Sancho, and now I shall surprise you. I shall never be a knight-errant again.

Sancho. Master, what mean you?

Don Q. My poor friend, I have been deluding you and myself too, but am thankful to find myself in my right mind. Do you remember the balsam of Fierabras that I spoke to you about?

Sancho. Yes, master.

Don Q. I made some last night, and took a dose internally. First I was deathly sick, then I went to bed, and slept the sleep of exhaustion. All night I fought with dragons, and at last a huge hippopotamus came and sat down on my chest. With a wild scream I awoke, bathed in perspiration. The shock must have set my brain right, for it was perfectly clear, and I knew at once that I was *not* a knight-errant, and that there never had been knights-errant who killed dragons and giants.

Sancho. You will tell me next that there are no dragons and giants.

Don Q. There are none such as I dreamt of.

Sancho. There are islands though, for I have been governor of one.

Don Q. Believe me, Sancho, the duke has been fooling us both, and I can hardly forgive him for that, though otherwise he has treated us well.

Sancho. If you are not a knight, I am not a squire?

Don Q. Certainly not.

Sancho. Well, well, I had my doubts, but what about Clavileno and the enchanted duennas?

Don Q. They were making fun of us over that.

Sancho. So that affair was a fraud! and I always said that Dulcinea was not a princess.

Don Q. That's the one thing in which you are wrong. Aldonza Lorenzo *is* a princess of goodness and good sense. She pitied my misfortune, and did all she could for me. I have learnt that she is here now to try and get me home.

Sancho. Deary me!

Don Q. Say nothing of my recovery. Perhaps I shall poke fun at them in my turn. You may go and tell Dapple that we are going home.



No. 84. DUET. (Don Quixote and Sancho.)  
"THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE HOME."

**Allegro.  $\text{♩} = 144$ .**

**VOICE.** **DON QUIXOTE.** *mf*  
There's  
no place like home when the sky is clear, Home, sweet home, home, sweet home. When the  
**SANCHO.**  
Home, sweet home.

rent is paid and there's naught to fear, Home, sweet home, home, sweet home. When the  
Home, sweet home.

**D.Q.**  
house-wife stands at the op-en door, To wel-come her man with smiles ga-lore, And

*rit.*  
lit-tle feet pat-ter a-cross the floor, Home, home, sweet home.  
Home, sweet home.

*rit.*

**Lento.** *cresc.*  
Home, home, sweet, sweet home, Who from thee would roam, Who  
Home, home, sweet, sweet home, Who from thee would roam, Who

**Lento.** *cresc.*

*dim.* **Tempo I.**  
from thee would roam?  
from thee would roam? *mf* **Tempo I.** There's

*dim.* *s*

Home, sweet home.  
no place like home when the times are bad, Home, sweet home, home, sweet home. And your



Home, sweet home.

wife is nagging a way like mad. Home, sweet home, home, sweet home. When she

pitches a sauce-pan at your head, And the children squall in vain to be fed, Which

Lento.

Home, sweet home. Home, home,

rit.

turns your heart to a lump of lead. Home, home, sweet home. Home, home, Lento.

cresc. dim.

sweet, sweet home. Who from thee would roam, Who from thee would roam?

sweet, sweet home. Who from thee would roam, Who from thee would roam?

cresc. dim.

Duke. (*bowing with much ceremony*) Most noble and accomplished knight, I would fain speak with you about a perilous adventure which you might undertake.

Don Q. (*bowing as above*) Most magnificent duke, consider it undertaken.

Duke. (*taking his arm and walking up and down the stage with him*) Near the village which has had the honour of producing you, a cave has suddenly sprung up, in which is a golden dragon.

Don Q. What is the dragon made of?

Duke. Oh—er—it is—er—made of gold.

Don Q. I see. So, if it were killed, it could be coined.

Duke. Precisely. Your great mind hits on the point at once. Now if you would go home and kill the dragon....

Don Q. Couldn't I kill it without going home?

Duke. I'm afraid not.

Don Q. Not if I sent a "pale pill for pernicious people?"

(*Enter Duchess, followed by Maidens, to the tune "March march"*)

Duchess. Oh, Signor Don Quixote, here are princesses from your own village, who want you to kill a dragon for them.

Don Q. Half-a-dozen, madam, if it is any pleasure to them.

(*Enter Dulcinea.*)

Duke. (*to Duchess*) Surely, madam, you can induce this gentleman to go home without tricking him with another delusion.

(*Meanwhile attendants, and all that is left of the company, except Sancho and Dapple, enter silently.*)

Don Q. Let me confess, I am no longer mad.

Duke. Oh, joy!

Don Q. I woke up this morning with my brain quite clear.

Duke & Duchess } Good!

Don Q. And one thing I recognise is that Dulcinea, as I called her, is the one reality of my dream. She is kind and brave and good. (*to Dulcinea*) I am too old and not worthy of you, but will you marry me and be my queen?

Duke. I will. (*they join hands*)

Duke. Three cheers for our friends. (*cheers given*)

Dapple (*outside*) Hee-haw, hee-haw, hee haw!

(*Enter Dapple capering, and Sancho.*)

Sancho. What is it, master?

Don Q. We are going to be married.

Sancho. Bravo, master, but I will never leave you.

Duke. We will have a glorious wedding, and Sancho shall have a dozen islands if he likes.

(*Don Quixote embraces Dulcinea.*)



## No. 35. FINALE.

"OH ISN'T THIS A JOLLY THING!"

Allegro moderato.  $\text{♩} = 144$ . Chorus. (unison.)

VOICES. Oh, isn't this a jol-ly thing, and

PIANO.

is-n't this a joy! He acts as if he'd real-ly been 'her sweet heart when a

boy!" He comes up to the scratch at once, you can not call him

coy, Oh isn't this a jol-ly thing, and isn't this a joy!

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Tempo di Bolero.  $\text{♩} = 108$ .

Dulcinea.

I am a prin-cess, nay, a queen,

B major.  
With-in my own do-main. O'er geese up on the vil-lage green

E minor.  
Be-nignantly I reign. A noble knight o-beys my voice,

And he will have to do In-stead of what would be his choice

B major. *cresc. rit.*  
Just what I tell him to! Just what I tell him to!

*cresc. rit.*



Soprano.

Soprano.  
Oh lis·ten to the tale she tells, Then blow the trumpets, ring the bells,  
Contralto.

This maid all o·ther maids ex·cels Ah,  
Don Quix·ote on the vil·lage green Will quick·ly reign with her as queen,  
And ev·ry·thing be all serene, Ah, ah, ah,

3529

**Andante con espress.  
Don Quixote.**

## Don Quixote.

Don Quixote.

To thee I kneel      Pride of Castille,      Proud as a king, Of thee I'll sing, Of

*p* *cresc.*

*Reo.* \* *Reo.* \*

**Allegro.**  $\text{♩} = 126.$

thee I'll sing.

Then ring the bells, the merry, merry bells, Up - on their wed - ding

Then ring the bells, the merry, merry bells, Up - on their wed - ding

Then ring the bells, the merry, merry bells, Up - on their wed - ding

**Allegro.**  $\text{♩} = 126.$

*Reo.* \*

day. Hark, how the glo - rious mu - sic swells, For joy has come to stay,

day. Hark, how the glo - rious mu - sic swells, For joy has come to stay,

day. Hark, how the glo - rious mu - sic swells, For joy has come to stay. And

Hark, how the glorious music swells, For joy has come to stay,

*mf*



*mf cresc.*  
And  
care and toil that crush and spoil Have van-ished a-way, Have  
And care and toil that crush and spoil Have van-ished a-  
*mf cresc.*  
And care and toil Have van-ished a-way.  
care and toil that crush and spoil Have van-ished a-way.  
van-ished, Have van-ished a-way.  
way, Have van-ished a-way, a-way. Have  
C# minor. *f cresc.*  
Have van-ished a-way. Then  
Have van-ished a-way, a-way. Then  
Have van-ished a-way. Then ring the  
van-ished a-way, Have van-ished a-way. Then  
*cresc.*

ring the bells, the mer-ry, mer-ry bells, Then ring the bells, the  
ring the bells, the mer-ry, mer-ry bells, Then ring the bells, the  
bells, the mer-ry, mer-ry bells, Then ring the bells, the  
ring the bells, the mer-ry, mer-ry bells, Then ring the bells, the  
mer-ry, mer-ry bells, For joy has come to-day, For  
mer-ry, mer-ry bells, For joy has come to-day, For  
mer-ry, mer-ry bells, For joy has come to-day, For  
mer-ry, mer-ry bells, For joy has come to-day, For  
joy has come to-day. Good-bye to all quix-ot-ic schemes, While  
joy has come to-day. Goodbye to all quix-ot-ic schemes, While  
joy has come to-day. Goodbye to all quix-ot-ic schemes, While  
joy has come to-day.  
*mf*



mu - sic fills the air. No drag - ons haunt their gold - en dreams We  
 mu - sic fills the air. No drag - ons haunt their gold - en dreams We  
 mu - sic fills the air. No drag - ons haunt their gold - en dreams We  
 No dragons haunt their gold - en dreams We

hail the hap - py pair!  
 hail the hap - py pair!  
 hail the hap - py pair! Good - bye to all quix - ot - ic schemes, While  
 hail the hap - py pair! Good - bye to all quix -

*cresc.*  
 Good - bye to all schemes, While  
 Good - bye to all quix - ot - ic schemes, While  
 mu - sic fills the air, While mu - sic fills, While  
 ot - ic schemes, While mu - sic fills the air. While mu - sic fills the  
*cresc.*

While mu - sic fills the air, We hail the  
 mu - sic fills the air. While mu - sic fills the air, We hail the  
 mu - sic fills the air. While mu - sic fills the air, We hail the  
 mu - sic fills the air. While mu - sic fills the air, We  
 We hail the  
 air, the air. While mu - sic fills the air, We hail, we

hap - py pair.  
*Allegro molto.*  
 hap - py pair.  
*molto rit.*  
 hap - py pair.  
*molto rit.*  
 hap - py pair.  
 hap - py pair.  
 hail the hap - py pair.  
 hap - py pair.  
 hail the hap - py pair.  
*Allegro molto.*

*molto rit.*  
 \* \* \*  
 \* \* \*