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BARBER'S SONGBARBERCUE: PADRE: "TO EARN HIS DULCINEA."

*GAILY*  
ORCH.

(BARBER) (A) (OFF STAGE)

OH, I AM A LIT-TLE BAR-BER AND I  
GO MY MER-RY WAY, WITH MY RAZ-OR AND MY  
LEECH-ES I CAN AL-WAYS EARN MY PAY. THOUGH YOUR  
CHIN BE SMOOTH AS SAT-IN, YOU WILL NEED ME SOON I KNOW,  
SLIP WHEN I AM SHAV-ING YOU AND CUT YOU TO THE QUICK,  
FOR THE LORD PRO-TECTS HIS BAR-BERS, AND HE MAKES THE STUB-BLE  
YOU CAN USE ME AS A DOC-TOR, CAUSE I AL-SO HEAL THE  
GROW. IF I SICK.

TO (BARBER ENTERS) TO

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GOLDEN HELMET OF MAMBRINODON QUIXOTE, SANCHO, BARBER, MULETEERS, ENSEMBLECUE: SANCHO: "IT IS WORTH HALF A CROWN."

*MODERATO*

QUIXOTE: "FOOL!"

ORCH.

(QUIXOTE) (A) (REVERENTLY)

THOU GOLD-EN HEL-MET OF MAM -