

From the Musical Play "Man of La Mancha"

The Impossible Dream (The Quest)

Lyrics by Joe Darion

Music by Mitch Leigh



1. To dream — The im - pos - si - ble Dream, in
(2. To) right — the un - right - a - ble wrong. in
F Gm9 B
Kbma9 F Eb Gm9 B
Dm Em F
bear — with un - bear - a - ble bor - row, in
try when your arms are too wea - ry. in

1. Cm Dm F G 2. Cm Dm
run where the brave dare not go. 2. To reach the un-reach-a-ble

G F Cm7 Dm B
star! This is my quest. to fol - low that

Gm Am Em
star. No mat - ter how hope-less, no mat - ter how

F F Gm Dm
far: To fight for tho right with - out que - tion or

The Impossible Dream

D^b pause. To be will-ing to march in - to hell for a heav-en-ly
 A^b cause! And I know, if I'll on - ly be
 A^b true To this glo - ri - ous quest, that my
 E^b heart will lie peace-ful and calm, When I'm laid to rest.
 D^a Tacet
 rest. And the world will be bet - ter for
 B^{maj9} this; That one man, scorned and cov - ered with
 E^{maj9} scars, still strove with his last ounce of cour-age. To
 G^d *rall,* F^v C^{m7} B^b *a tempo*
 reach the un-reach-a-ble stars.

The Impossible Dream

(The Quest)

Lyrics by Joe Darion
Music by Mitch Leigh

This musical score consists of 16 staves of music for a voice and a guitar. The lyrics describe a quest for justice and courage. The vocal line starts with "To dream right" and continues through various challenges like "the un-beat-a-ble foe" and "the un-reach-a-ble store". The guitar part provides harmonic support with chords such as Dm, G, C, and E. The score is annotated with various performance markings, including dynamic changes and tempo indications like "a tempo". The overall mood is heroic and determined.

1. To dream right The im - pos - si - ble Dream wrong.
 (2. To) the un-right-a-ble wrong.
 Right here the un-beat-a-ble foe,
 pure and chaste from a far,
 hour with un-beat-a-ble nor - row
 try when your arms are too woe - ry,

1. ca run where the brave dare not go. 2. To reach the un-reach-a-ble
 star! This is my quest to fol - low that
 star! So mat - ter how hope - less no mat - ter how
 far! To fight for the right with - out ques - tion or
 pause, To be will - ing to march in - to hell for a hea - ven - ly
 onus! And I know, If I'll can - ly be
 true To this glo - ri - ous quest, that my
 heart will be peace - ful and calm, When I'm laid to rest,
 Tucket And the world will be bet - ter for
 rest, That one man scorned and cov - ered with
 scars, Still strove with his last ounce of cour - age, To
 reach the un-reach-a-ble store,