

Alain Boublil "Red and Black"

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Combufree:

At Notre Dame

The sections are prepared!

Fuelly:

At rue de Bac

They're straining at the leash!

Couferac:

Students, workers, everyone

There's a river on the run

Like the flowing of the tide

Paris coming to our side!

Enjolras:

The time is near...

So near. it's stirring the blood in their veins!

And yet beware...

Don't let the wine go to your brains!

For the army we fight is a dangerous foe

With the men and the arms that we never can match

Oh, it's easy to sit here and swat 'em like flies

But the national guard will be harder to catch.

We need a sign

To rally the people

To call them to arms

To bring them in line!

Marius, you're late.

Jean Protaire:

What's wrong today?

You look as if you've seen a ghost.

Grantaire:

Some wine and say what's going on!

Marius:

A ghost you say... a ghost maybe

She was just like a ghost to me

One minute there, and she was gone!

Grantaire:

I am agog!

I am aghast!

Is Marius in love at last?

I have never heard him 'ooh' and 'aah'

You talk of battles to be won

But here he comes like Don Ju-an

It's better than an o-per-a!

Enjolras:

It is time for us all
To decide who we are...
Do we fight for the right
To a night at the opera now?
Have you asked of yourselves
What's the price you might pay?
Is it simply a game
For rich young boys to play?
The color of the world
Is changing
Day by day...
Red - the blood of angry men!
Black - the dark of ages past!
Red - a world about to dawn!
Black - the night that ends at last!

Marius:

Had you been there tonight
You might know how it feels
To be struck to the bone
In a moment of breathless delight!
Had you been there tonight
You might also have known
How the world may be changed
In just one burst of light!
And what was right
Seems wrong
And what was wrong
Seems right...

Grantaire:

Red...

Marius:

I feel my soul on fire!

Grantaire:

Black...

Marius:

My world if she's not there...

Chorus:

Red...

Marius

The color of desire!

Chorus:

Black...

Marius:

The color of despair!

Enjolras

Marius, you're no longer a child
I do not doubt you mean it well
But now there is a higher call
Who cares about your lonely soul
We strive toward a larger goal

Our little lives don't count at all!
Enjolras and Chorus:
Red - the blood of angry men!
Black - the dark of ages past!
Red - a world about to dawn!
Black - the night that ends at last!

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