

## **Miserables, Les**

### **"Red And Black"**

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Combufree:  
At Notre Dame  
The sections are prepared!  
Fueilly:  
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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