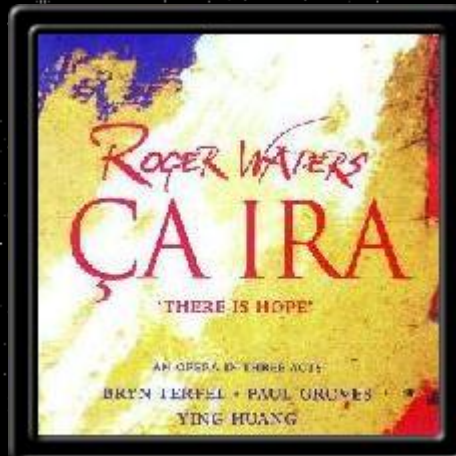


Roger Waters - Ca Ira

Roger Waters - Ca Ira 26th September 2005

Act Three Scenes 1 - 5" (Waters)



ACT THREE

Scene 1

"The Fugitive King"

RINGMASTER

And high above,
Homing in the restless sky,
Rooks, melancholy, proclaim a schism between
God, sacred, and the Crown, profane
Between the heavens and the King
The dark horizon cracks a crooked grin,
Admitting one small grain of change
Then two, then four, then bit by bit,
Then tock by tick
All the old presumptions hove in rings

KING

The King is afraid that his kingdom is slipping away

QUEEN

The Queen pines for the good times at Versailles

KING

He works on his locks to the sound of the ticking of clocks

QUEEN

The children play in a garden that's ringed with steel

KING

They wanted to visit St. Cloud to be able to

KING & QUEEN
Breathe in the air

OFFICER
The National Guard forbade them to leave

KING & QUEEN
But the Marquis of Boulli had a trump card up his sleeve

RINGMASTER
The Marquis of Boulli a good General
And fiercely loyal to the crown
With his army in the East
Hatched a plan to see the King released

QUEEN
The Queen assuming the title Baroness Korff
Her papers signed by the King of course
Set forth before the break of day
To join up with Boulli in Alsace Lorraine

OFFICER
From the shadows King Louis disguised as a humble valet
Sneaks out to make his getaway
With a small entourage of course

OFFICER & CHORUS
Just a few hundred light horse

TROUBLEMAKER
Well let him go, let him run, with his Austrian whore

TROUBLEMAKER & MALE CHORUS
Let him go to Prussia

OFFICER & MALE CHORUS
Let him go to Austria
Let him go and die there

TROUBLEMAKER & MALE CHORUS
Let him go

OFFICER & MALE CHORUS
Let him go

TROUBLEMAKER, OFFICER & MALE CHORUS
Let him rot with his Austrian Queen

CHORUS
That the Republic at last can come into being
But wait, fate would intervene

OFFICER
A keen-eyed postmaster by chance

OFFICER & CHORUS
Recognized the King and Queen and

CHORUS
Rode ahead to raise the alarm

RINGMASTER
In Parliament the moderates have their say

CONDORCET
The King has not fled
He was kidnapped instead
And spirited away

OFFICER
To suggest that the King would run is a damnable lie

CONDORCET
It sticks in our throats and conflicts with our national pride

OFFICER
But the Austrian court
And Brunswick of course
Say they'll declare war
If the King's not restored

TROUBLEMAKER (mimicking Brunswick)
You must leave the King alone
Or all of Paris will be torn down
Down to the very last stone

TROUBLEMAKER & OFFICER
Paris will be pulverized
Down to the very last bone

QUEEN
When the carriage returned
The acrid smoke of bridges burned
Hung heavy like a stifled sigh
And they say the Queen had a tear in here eye

OFFICER
When through the carriage window
Louis turned to face his peers
A loyal friend, the Comte de Dampierre
Doffed his cap with elegance
In deference to the King
A brave and foolish thing to do
In light o f the prevailing mood

CHORUS
A few drops in her eye
A nice touch, a good try
Too little, too late
For a last roll of the die

RINGMASTER & CHORUS

The crowd in a gesture less than elegant
Brutally remove his head

RINGMASTER

Brutally remove his head

CHORUS

Brutally remove his head

CHILDREN'S CHORUS

To take your hat off
Is the gesture of a toff
But even his lordship needs a head
To take his hat off of
So Dampierre lost his life
By being somewhat too polite
In face of all the pain and fear that festered
For more than a thousand years

SERGEANT (off stage)

By the left, Quick March!

CHILDREN'S CHORUS

Dampierre has lost his head
The King has lost his crown
The carriage rolls through the streets
The crowd jeers, the wheels squeak
Hey, hey, what goes around
Always comes around

MALE CHORUS

IN Germany and England
They celebrate our liberty
Over there by and by
They'll have their 14th of July
In Germany and England they fete our

MALE CHORUS & CHILDREN

Liberty

OFFICER

The National Assembly try to whitewash the King

MALE CHORUS

His brothers in law
Are camped on every border
They fear to depose him
Would men war

MARIE MARIANNE, RINGMASTER, OFFICER & CHORUS

But feelings run deep
And the man in the street
Hungry, weak but unbowed

Scents the taste so sweet of peacock meat
As it wafts over the crowd
So they march to the Camps du Mars
To demand Republic now

CHILDREN'S CHORUS
Republic here, now, today
The National Assembly
Has got it wrong

SERGEANT
Present...

CHILDREN'S CHORUS
We sing in the Camps du Mars

SERGEANT
Take Aim...

CHILDREN'S CHORUS
We sing of what we want

SERGEANT
FIRE!

CHILDREN'S CHORUS
Repub--

RINGMASTER
The echoes never fade from the fusillade
Lafayette fired upon
An unarmed crowd, six thousand strong
The fragile ship of State
Sinks beneath the waves
The crashing sea of blood
Drowns out the sound of the parade
The tidied up the Camps du Mars
They piled up the dead
The dead whose only crime had been
To dream of freedom
The dead who'd never get to see
The King would be restored instead

Scene 2

"The Commune De Paris"

RINGMASTER
The Monarchy restored
The crown sits tilted and uneasy now
The Girondins, one eye cocked nervous in the East,
Are loath to bring it down

TROUBLEMAKER
But at the gates

Beyond the palsied grip of limp and timid politics
The Marseillais are girded for the fray
With pike and pick and bloodied stick
They'll plant the laurel tree
And their song will be a fanfare for the Commune de Paris...

MALE CHORUS
Vive la Commune De Paris
For the love of God
IN the name of freedom
For the crippled and the poor

RINGMASTER
The bells ring out the tambourine beats
The rise and fall of voices
The sound of marching feet
Signals the demise of the Capet dynasty

TROUBLEMAKER
It's not whether now but when
The King and Queen have only men
From Switzerland to defend the Tuileries
Remorseless as a rising tide
The san culottes prepare to die
Vive la Commune de Paris

CHORUS
Vive la Commune de Paris
Vive la Commune de Paris
Vive la Commune de Paris
Vive la Commune de Paris
Vive la Commune de Paris
Vive la Commune de Paris
Vive la Commune de Paris
Vive la Commune de Paris
Vive la Commune de Paris

REVOLUTIONARY PRIEST
Vive la Commune de Paris in God's name

CHORUS
In God's name

REVOLUTIONARY PRIEST
Vive la Commune de Paris
For the

REVOLUTIONARY PRIEST & CHORUS
Halt and the maimed

REVOLUTIONARY PRIEST
Who have no Pope and no hope of paradise

CHORUS
No hope of paradise

REVOLUTIONARY PRIEST
And nothing to lose but their miserable earthly lives...

CHORUS
Nothing to lose but their lives

REVOLUTIONARY PRIEST
Everyone under the sun has the power
To change the way the world is arranged

MALE CHORUS
If you don't use it
The powers that be will abuse it
Give up but half of our power
And you'll get shafted

CHORUS
Vi.....ve la Commune de Paris

REVOLUTIONARY PRIEST & CHORUS
Vive la, vive la, viva la Commune
Vive la, vive la, viva la Commune de Paris

RINGMASTER
The National Assembly is confused
The Girondins blow back and forth
Like flags and ashes scattered by the truth

BOY
Oi, Mister... What is a Girondid?

RINGMASTER
A Girondin is careful of the company he keeps
He looks to find a sign before he leaps

TROUBLEMAKER
Like ranks of Marseillaise, six hundred deep
Arraigned before the Tuileries

CHORUS
It's the end of monarchy
Vive la Commune de Paris!

RINGMASTER
The presence of the Prussians on the border
IS a worrisome thing
The Brunswick manifesto
Serves only to stiffen the sinews
And weaken the King
To depose him now
Fills the Girondid hearts with fear
But the Prussians cross the border
And the order of the day becomes clear

REVOLUTIONARY PRIEST & CHILDREN'S CHORUS

The monarchy is over
No more days in clover

CHORUS

The monarchy, c'est fini

REVOLUTIONARY PRIEST & CHILDREN'S CHORUS

Brunswick is a liar; just listen to our cannon fire

REVOLUTIONARY PRIEST

The National Assembly comes in line
With the half and the maimed
And the dead and the dying
The monarchy, c'est fini

Scene 3

"The Execution of Louis Capet"

RINGMASTER

In the spring of ninety-two
The Austrians and the Prussians too
Crossed the line
The war had come
The people went to see the King
Reluctantly he let them in

RINGMASTER & CHORUS

And over tea they said that
He must choose one hat

RINGMASTER

A crown in Koblenz with his friends
Or if he chose to make amends
He might adopt

CHORUS

He might adopt

RINGMASTER & CHORUS

Their scarlet bonnet

RINGMASTER

Surprise, surprise, when left to choose
Too late he chose "The Bonnet Rouge"

MARIE MARIANNE

Adieu Louis for you it's over
Too many carpenters and bookkeepers and gardeners
Gave their ordinary lives to be free
On the battlefields of the Tuileries

REVOLUTIONARY PRIEST

To be King is a sacred trust

But you betrayed us
Poor King Louis
We must take your life
Clean the slate, start anew
Poor Louis, it's over for you

TROUBLEMAKER
The time for grief is not yet here
It's to build a world without tears
That we toll the funeral bell
And shed our precious blood
Poor Louis and your precious blood as well

CHILDREN'S CHORUS
Poor King Louis, you'll soon be dead
Poor King Louis, far from your bed

TROUBLEMAKER
Far from your bed

CHILDREN'S CHORUS
Life must always end to start anew

REVOLUTIONARY PRIEST
Poor King Louis
It's over for you!

QUEEN
It's always the terror you can rely on
To eat its way into your heart
Like rust and there to spy on
The blood, the blade, the speeches made
That mingle in your very entrails

Scene 4

"Marie Antoinette - The Last Night on Earth"

RINGMASTER
The widow now bereft, abhorred
Counts numbered days the summer long
In Temple Prison with her spawn
On pretext of 'unnatural acts'
With jests and jibes and guile and facts
The 'sans culottes' prune the tree
Now a sister to the dispossessed
The halt, like maimed and all the rest
Like a leaf on a pitiless sea
Shorn of family and rank
Humbled in the dank air
She mingles with the dancers macabre
And the ghostly dancers twirl
In that dread minuet
And beggar the illusions of that little Austrian Girl

QUEEN

Adieu my good and tender sister
I am condemned to die
My only regret is to abandon my children
My children, my God, how it tears me to leave them
My love for them was always first and last
My God, I miss my children so

REVOLUTIONARY PRIEST

Madame Antoine, if we could only turn back the clock
TO that garden in Vienna

MARIE THERESE & FEMALE CHORUS

Madame Antoine, Madame Antoine,
Mother is calling, darkness is falling

QUEEN

Monsieur, I know thee not

REVOLUTIONARY PRIEST

The oak tree without and the peach tree within
Your mother was calling
The darkness was falling

QUEEN

MY little cock robin pray kneel here beside me
The dance is about to begin

REVOLUTIONARY PRIEST

Courage Madame, in this great rebirth
Like wind-fallen fruit we return to the earth

QUEEN

I saw but a priest

REVOLUTIONARY PRIEST

I am but a man
Madame, please take my hand

QUEEN

Monsieur, please take my hand

Scene 5

"Liberty"

TROUBLEMAKER

We want to get rid of the Guillotine
And abolish pain somehow
But to make a world free of tears
We build these scaffolds now

OFFICER

Come dry your tears and pray explain
How can we abolish pain?

If we don't build these scaffolds now
These instruments of injustice
These tools of execution

REVOLUTIONARY PRIEST
We've given to the Guillotine
More blood than you have ever seen
What end could justify these means?

OFFICER
We've given more of our blood

MALE CHORUS
We've given

REVOLUTIONARY PRIEST
We've given more of our blood

MALE CHORUS
We've given

OFFICER
We've given more of our blood

MALE CHORUS
More of our blood

CHORUS
We've given, we've given
More blood than we could turn to love

REVOLUTIONARY PRIEST & OFFICER
Than we could ever hope to turn to

REVOLUTIONARY PRIEST
Love

REVOLUTIONARY PRIEST & OFFICER
More blood, than we could
Ever hope could turn to love

CHORUS
We've given, we've given
More blood, than we could turn to love

REVOLUTIONARY PRIEST
Come angels of mercy
Come doves of peace
Shine a light on all these warring clubs and cliques

OFFICER
The jackal and hyena who prowl these city streets
Would turn in their own mother for a little extra meat

REVOLUTIONARY PRIEST

From the piles of dead the Republic comes to life
Her mutilated body reeling like a drunken fishwife
Gives birth to the future

OFFICER
Gives birth on the street

REVOLUTIONARY PRIEST, OFFICER & CHORUS
Impure and exultant she gives birth to the dream

RINGMASTER & MARIE MARIANNE
When the dream

REVOLUTIONARY PRIEST
When the dream

RINGMASTER & MARIE MARIANNE
Is understood

REVOLUTIONARY PRIEST
Is understood

RINGMASTER, REVOLUTIONARY PRIEST & MARIE MARIANNE
That no man should live in chains
That the great and the small are equal after all

RINGMASTER
And in the bushes where they survive
The winter hail and the slaughter
The birds were attacked by the dogs and the rats
Hiding round every corner

REVOLUTIONARY PRIEST
When you're a rat caught in a trap with not even cheese you get mean

CHILDREN'S CHORUS
But we are not rats

OFFICER
When you're a rabid dog you need to spread your disease

CHILDREN'S CHORUS
But we are not dogs

REVOLUTIONARY PRIEST & OFFICER
When you're a man and they say you should be an angel

CHILDREN'S CHORUS
We're not even human

REVOLUTIONARY PRIEST
When you're less than nothing

OFFICER & MALE CHORUS
Less than nothing

REVOLUTIONARY PRIEST, OFFICER & CHILDREN'S CHORUS

Less than nothing as sure as the sparrows sing

MARIE MARIANNE

If wishes give us power to make it all come right
If we could walk through mirrors
If we could touch the light
We'd shrug off our illusions and what was left would be
The strength and bravery
To feel what we feel
And be what we'd be...

REVOLUTIONARY PRIEST

Of all the woman none can hold a light to liberty

REVOLUTIONARY PRIEST & CHORUS

With wings to fly and eyes to see

TROUBLEMAKER & CHORUS

She's the one who loves us
The one that we adore
When you're laughing with the sun out
Or lying wounded in a dug out

REVOLUTIONARY PRIEST

With wings to fly and eyes to see
Freedom is her name

OFFICER

She makes a fearsome ally
If you stand up with no shame

REVOLUTIONARY PRIEST

But liberty is nothing if you love her on your knees

OFFICER & MALE CHORUS

And liberty can't hear you when you're hanging from an olive tree!

RINGMASTER

If we don't founder in pursuit luxury
In forgetfulness of others needs
And in the depths of our own beliefs

MARIE MARIANNE

If we don't hide in that solitary dream
Safe in our shells
In respect for the powers that be
And in fear of our selves

CHILDREN'S CHORUS

If wishes could come true
If mirrors could be seen through
No more mystery
Only the strength and bravery

To help one another
To see what its like to be...
Happy!
No bird needs to be afraid
To leave his nest and to parade
Up and down the boulevard all day,
All day, all day!
No bird must be greedy
And eat up all the seed
'Til every bird has had enough,
Every bird
Be he rich or be he poor
Be he great or be he small
Every bird, every bird, every bird, every bird
Will go to the ball

RINGMASTER
If this life's a journey we take

REVOLUTIONARY PRIEST
If the secret the sharing cake

MARIE MARIANNE
Holds the key, holds the key to joy

RINGMASTER
And unlocks these doors inside

REVOLUTIONARY PRIEST
Where Republic must surely hide

MARIE MARIANNE
If wishes really could come true

RINGMASTER
If we see through the illusions

REVOLUTIONARY PRIEST & CHORUS
And abide by the constitution

MARIE MARIANNE
There'll be human rights for everyone

CHORUS
Unique and universal

COMPANY
For everyone
Under the sun!

RINGMASTER, REVOLUTIONARY PRIEST, MARIE MARIANNE, TROUBLEMAKER & OFFICER
If we are not lost in these towers of ivory
In respect for the strong
And in fear of our need to belong
The promise of Republic lies within

Ça Ira

COMPANY
Ça Ira!

(Curtain)

