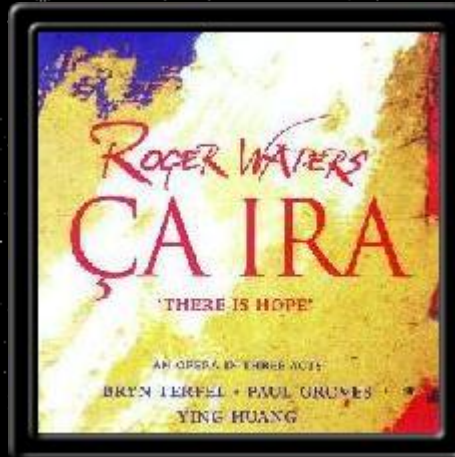


Roger Waters - Ca Ira

Roger Waters - Ca Ira 26th September 2005

“ Act One Scenes 1 - 5” (Waters)



ACT ONE

Scene 1

"A Garden in Vienna, 1765"

RINGMASTER

Within our humble sawdust ring
The players are arraigned
The powerful and puny
The saintly and deranged
The Honest Bird, a future queen
All innocent and green
Sparring all the livelong day
Make ready for our play
So gentles all, who will hold sway
To a garden in Vienna, let us make our way...

MARIE THERESE

Madame Antoine, Madame Antoine
It's getting dark outside
It's time to come in

MADAME ANTOINE

Oh Mother!

MARIE THERESE

Madame Antoine, it's time to come in

MADAME ANTOINE

Yes, yes mother, I'm coming
One day...
One day I'll be Queen

Live on peaches and cream
Wear satin and lace
And laugh in the faces
Of the teachers and priests
And the boys will all fawn
Fawn before me like beasts

MARIE THERESE
Madame Antoine, it's time to come in

HONEST BIRD
Little princess, so sure you are right
But your endless day is their endless night
You can preen in the limelight
In your diamonds in pearls
But the children go hungry
In that other world

MARIE THERESE
Madame Antoine, it's time to come in

MADAME ANTOINE
Little sparrow fly back to wherever you're from
You could never imagine the plane I live on
The intricate steps of the tumblers and clowns
Are above and beyond you cock robin
So just you pipe down

Scene 2

"Kings, Sticks and Birds"

RINGMASTER
Ladies and Gentlemen
Imagine a bird on song in a tree
An ordinary bird like you or like me
Imagine some ruffian happening by
And beating him within an inch of his life

CHORUS
Ahh!

RINGMASTER
Then a priest from some denomination
Witnessing this abomination
Blesses not the bird but the beast
The Unknown Soldier appears on the field
And takes the bird's feathers to put on his shield
Then a powerful judge from the high court
Decrees that the birds really ought
Not be allowed to sing in the trees
But then one day
Some of the priests and soldiers and judges
Putting aside some old worn grudges
Changes their minds and the birds sang again

It was the Revolution
The Revolution is a story of birds
Of sticks and stones and bushes and bones

RINGMASTER & CHORUS
A story of now, a story of then
A story of woman, a story of men

RINGMASTER
A story of everything to come
Of everything under the sun

MARIE MARIANNE
Honest bird, simple bird
Just longing to be spreading the word
Feeling the rain, feeling the sun
But your time has not come
Your song is not heard
Honest bird

MALE CHORUS
Singing is forbidden in the fig tree
Singing is forbidden in the olive tree
Singing is forbidden in the pear tree
No singing in the olive or the fig or the pear tree

MALE CHORUS & CHILDREN
No more singing in the fig tree
No more singing in the pear tree
Someone' s hanging in the olive
There's someone hanging in the olive tree
Singing in the fig tree, that's forbidden
Singing in the pear tree, that' s forbidden
Singing in the olive, that's forbidden
Someone's hanging in the olive tree
Someone's hanging in the olive tree

MARIE MARIANNE
You come to earth, you have no choice
Could be a seamstress or serving girl
Or butcher's boy
Could be a dead beat
Or one of the elite
Maybe the bird ill find his voice
And make a choice
From all the wheat and all the chaff
It's the knowledge that you glean
Makes you what you'll be
And the knowledge that you lack
A rod for your own back
Leaves you in purgatory
Honest bird, simple bird
Make your choice, find your voice

REVOLUTIONARY PRIEST

Make your choice, find your voice

CHORUS

I want to be King, Queen, Courtesan, Dauphin
I want to be Cardinal, Capitaine, King of Kings
I want to be God

SOLO BOY

I want to be the King

SOLO GIRL

I want to be the Queen

SOLO GIRL

I want to be the Courtesan

SOLO BOY

I want to be the Dauphin

SOLO BOY

I want to be the Cardinal

SOLO BOY

I want to be the Capitaine

CHORUS

I want to be the King of Kings
I want to be God

SOLO BOY

I am a great big pig

SOLO BOY

I am the King of France

SOLO BOY

His wife likes to dance

SOLO BOY

I am the Church of Rome
I stand behind the throne

SOLO BOY

I am the public purse; they think I'm bottomless

SOLO BOY

I am the public accounts; I admit I'm a bit of a mess

SOLO GIRL

I am the American war and they say I'm rather greedy

SOLO GIRL

I am the national debt; I'm big but needy

SOLO BOY

I am a noble

SOLO BOY

I am the clergy

SOLO BOY

I am the ordinary man

SOLO GIRL

I am hungry

SOLO GIRL

I am starving!

CHILDREN'S CHORUS

The cake needs re-carving!

TROUBLEMAKER

I'm a ravening wolf

MALE CHORUS

I'm a, I'm a, I'm a ravening wolf

FEMALE CHORUS

I'm a, I'm a, I'm a heart of thorns

MALE CHORUS

It's the end of the shield of divine law

TROUBLEMAKER

I'm the oak tree

CHILDREN'S CHORUS

I am the oak tree and I am the columbine

I am the pig searching for truffles

CHORUS

And I am the peacock whose feathers are ruffled

TROUBLEMAKER

Let us break all the shields

And soil the ermine

Take the oak and the olive tree

Make their philosophy our own

The pigs eat the acorns

The rich eat the pork

The poor eat the olives and spit out the stones

REVOLUTIONARY PRIEST

We only ask a little tax from the nobility

The spat out stone will grow in time into an olive tree

We will smoke our pork over a fire of basilic

TROUBLEMAKER

And we will plant the laurel tree

REVOLUTIONARY PRIEST

To make

TROUBLEMAKER

To make

REVOLUTIONARY PRIEST

A wreath

TROUBLEMAKER

A wreath

A wreath to crown the République

REVOLUTIONARY PRIEST

We will smoke our pork upon the pyre of privilege
The flames of castles burning will dance from ridge to ridge
We'll break all the shields
Spit out all the stones
Make the oak and the olive trees' philosophy our own
The pigs eat the acorns
The rich eat the pork
The poor eat the olives and spit out the stones

CHORUS

We will smoke the pork on a fire of basilic
We will plant the laurel tree to make our laurel wreaths
To crown, to crown, to crown the République!

Scene 3

"The Grievances of the People"

RINGMASTER

The sparrow, bedraggled, looks up through the rain
And dreams of a little more grain
The peacock, plump in his place in the sun
Ignores the sound of the distant guns
Their thunder falls upon deaf ears
The peacock never sniffs the air
He fails to see that a starvation diet brings
The scent of riot on the breeze
The King; The State; La France
Each of the above must with regret cut off all payment
The cupboard is bare
The State of France lies in disrepair

REVOLUTIONARY PRIEST

The Bishops hide the grain; to the attics it's sent
If everyone is hungry, tell me, who can be content?

SOLO BOY

Altogether now!

CHILDREN'S CHORUS

We hand out pamphlets, we join a club
We shout out slogans that we make up
We thumb our noses, at those above
We hand out pamphlets, we join a club

TROUBLEMAKER

We join a club, a safety net
But it's more like a gin trap that's been carefully set

REVOLUTIONARY PRIEST

We write what we can on the cow's flayed hide
Our grievances are noted and then brushed to one side
But the pain we feel keeps us alive

TROUBLEMAKER

Bushes and bones and sticks and stones

CHORUS

Now, then, women and men

REVOLUTIONARY PRIEST

In Manosque the bishops get what they deserve
Stoned to death and we retrieve the grain from their reserves

FEMALE CHORUS

We plunder all the bakeries

CHORUS

Searching for our courage in...

MALE CHORUS

Searching for our courage in...

REVOLUTIONARY PRIEST

Searching for our courage in...

RINGMASTER & MARIE MARIANNE

...this folly

Scene 4

"France in Disarray"

RINGMASTER

The winger of eight-eight and nine
Was aching cold, it chilled the very soul
They came from the country in twos and threes
A trickle, a river, a torrent, a sea,
Driven by hunger, driven by pain

SERGEANT

Company...Halt!...

RINGMASTER

A hundred thousand reached the barricade

SERGEANT
Present... Fire!...

RINGMASTER
Three hundred dead, shot down like rats
Three hundred lives, snuffed out like that
Have a care if you treat your people like vermin
You could end up with bloodstained ermine
But soft
As ever in the ebb and flow
Sweet reason, deft and incorrupt
Adoring of the human kind illuminates man's plight
Should be embrace
The brute and base
Tilt blindly at the carousel
Or note, at least, the other voice
And entertain the choice
Between the darkness and the light?

MARIE MARIANNE
To laugh is to know how to live
To see is to know everything
To read is to hold the key that you need
The key you need to set you free

RINGMASTER
All the world can see that in this great library
There's a good medicine against tyranny
And the movement of the heavens
Though it may last forever
sees no right, no wrong, no weak, no strong
And the star you see in the sky and the moon and the sun
Shine on prince and pauper alike and favour no one

SOLO GIRL & CHILDREN'S CHORUS
The politics of the Rights of Man
Is the sharing of apples with an even hand
TO plant a tree were birds my sit
But who in France will nurture it

REVOLUTIONARY PRIEST
Slaves, landlords, bigots at your door
Aristocrats, Democrats, survivors of the North American war
Some with heart, some without hate
Some with faith in the human race
And so the loan sharks
Selling dreams in honeyed tones like skylarks
And rats who speak like cats of sacred rights
The sacred rights of the family

MARIE MARIANNE
And all those brave souls both brave enough and crazy enough
To spill their blood for truth alone
That one or two ideas survive, always survive

Writ in blood on paving stones

RINGMASTER

Writ in blood

MARIE MARIANNE

On paving stones

CHILDREN'S CHORUS

And the noble class who rule

Having been to all the best schools

Have thought it through and are good enough

To explain what is best for us

It came to them in a dream

In a blinding flash of light

Equality, fraternity and not just in the afterlife

And they promise us reading

And they promise us reading

CHILDREN'S CHORUS & FEMALE CHORUS

If we kneel before the King

If we kneel before the King

SOLO CHILD

So this is the State of France

RINGMASTER, REVOLUTIONARY PRIEST & MARIE MARIANNE

And on the street corners

The broadsheets all carry the usual story

A people dying to believe in some benign authority

To lead them down a road that's paved with glory

To lead them down a road that's paved with glory

Scene 5

"The Fall of the Bastille"

RINGMASTER

Birds flock, when winter settles in

The Harlequin with dunce's cap and silver horn

All mournful, mocking eye and painted tear,

Has seen it all before

The sparrows hurl in the face of glazed imperium,

Then stunned, affronted, fall

Then, picking up perch braggart on the wire and

Launch towards the south, towards the land of fire

REVOLUTIONARY PRIEST

To freeze in the dead of night

To burn in divine law

Deep in the crucible brine

The sorrow and the rage entwine

And coil and climb towards the light

The quill is poised above the page

Words like falling rain slake the thirst and douse the flames

Cooling in the crucible and idea forms
A nugget of belief in the hearts of the poor
That maybe in the dawn's new light
They have a right to the law

RINGMASTER

So to the streets in the pouring rain
The dispossessed and the drunk and the lame
Gathered in bands and took the law into their own hands.
Like the daring young man on the flying trapeze
Like birds flying into a storm
They took the great leap
And launched themselves into the void

CHORUS

We broke into the arsenal, Les Invalides
Found cannonball and powder, everything we need
We marched on the Bastille
The home of tyranny
Killed the jailer
And set two madmen free

RINGMASTER

When you have an army of your own
You get to choose
Who will live
Who will die
Who will win
Who will lose

TROUBLEMAKER

A piece of prison stone
Is all I have to call my own
Insight to see the other side
Strength and weakness, love and pride
Is all I have to leave my child
If my child survives
He'll judge men by their deeds and not their smiles
He'll keep his taste of good red wine
His pride, his friends, his lust for life
These are the things that will avail him
If my child survives...

(Curtain)

