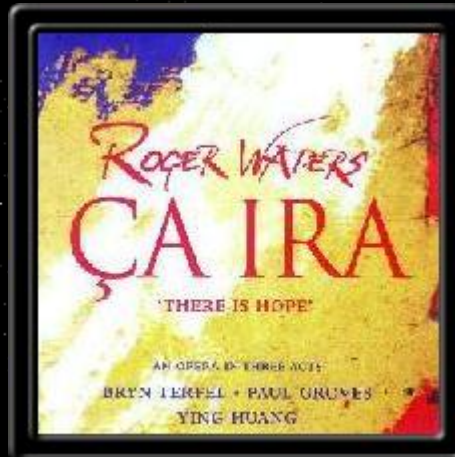


Roger Waters - Ca Ira

Roger Waters - Ca Ira 26th September 2005

“ Act Two Scenes 1 - 4” (Waters)



ACT TWO

Scene 1

"Dances and Marches"

RINGMASTER

Versailles the leaves fall
It's that time of the year
Her Majesty is bored with all
This endless calling for reform
But the sound of young men marching
Is like music to her ear
The sound of young men marching
Is like music to her ear
But she dreams of young men dancing

QUEEN

Dancing, dancing...

RINGMASTER

And the dream of young men dancing
Hangs like birdsong in the air
Now Hear Ye!
Her Majesty invites the regiments
To a Grand Ball
Versailles in October
The Queen is having a fling
She invites all the regiments
Loyal to the King
Wining and dining and making eyes at them all

Smiling in the limelight
The Queen is having a ball

OFFICER
The Queen is smiling
The Queen is laughing
She makes eyes at one and all

CHORUS
She's having a ball

RINGMASTER
Flushed with wine Marie Antoinette
Casts down her red, white and blue rosette
An impetuous and dangerous vignette

OFFICER
And then with her harming little shoe
She grinds the precious symbol underfoot
what a lark, what a hoot
The regiments all follow suit
The regiments

CHORUS
The regiments

OFFICER
The regiments

CHORUS
The regiments

OFFICER & CHORUS
The regiments all follow suit

REVOLUTIONARY PRIEST
Red, white and blue and they all follow suit

CHILDREN'S CHORUS
Red, white and blue and they all follow suit

REVOLUTIONARY PRIEST
In Paris there is nothing to eat

CHORUS
Not a crust, not a crumb
Not a grain of wheat

REVOLUTIONARY PRIEST
They think that starving may weaken the man in the street

CHORUS
Not a chance, they're used to the heat

REVOLUTIONARY PRIEST

In Versailles they drink wine and dine on freshly baked bread

CHORUS

The peacock sprawls upon his bed

REVOLUTIONARY PRIEST

We choke on the bones of swallowed pride instead

CHORUS

Soon they'll see what a feast they've made

REVOLUTIONARY PRIEST

A bitter feast

REVOLUTIONARY PRIEST & CHORUS

For the Parisians

CHORUS

...for the Parisians

RINGMASTER

These hags, these shrews, these courtesans

These animals we call women

Have marched hear through the pouring rain

TO bring the baker home again

CHORUS

Louis protests; he cries

KING

Veto, veto! I'll give you all bread if you just let me go!

RINGMASTER

These fishwives with their babies, these animals called ladies

Will carry back home to Paris

The King, The Queen, and The Dauphin

REVOLUTIONARY PRIEST

Versailles has loomed to the regiments' final bow

CHORUS

Versailles bloomed

REVOLUTIONARY PRIEST

All fawning before

REVOLUTIONARY PRIEST & CHILDREN'S CHORUS

The Austrian cow!

CHORUS

Fawning on bended knee

REVOLUTIONARY PRIEST

The party's over

REVOLUTIONARY PRIEST & CHILDREN'S CHORUS

Take down the marquee

CHORUS

Hang up your dancing shoes in the hanging tree

REVOLUTIONARY PRIEST

We'll take the baker back to Paris

REVOLUTIONARY PRIEST & CHILDREN'S CHORUS

Back to Paris

TROUBLEMAKER & MALE CHORUS

He'll make bread for the prince we decree

REVOLUTIONARY PRIEST, CHILDREN'S CHORUS, & FEMALE CHORUS

The shrews, the hags and the courtesans

TROUBLEMAKER & MALE CHORUS

The animals we call women

REVOLUTIONARY PRIEST, CHILDREN'S CHORUS, & FEMALE CHORUS

Will take back the King to Paris

REVOLUTIONARY PRIEST & CHILDREN'S CHORUS

The crowd now seven thousand strong

TROUBLEMAKER & MALE CHORUS

Bore the royal coach along

REVOLUTIONARY PRIEST & CHILDREN'S CHORUS

With trophies raised on pikes above

TROUBLEMAKER & MALE CHORUS

The guardsman' s heads they had cut off

TROUBLEMAKER

Adieu Versailles

MALE CHORUS

It rains, it pours, the crowd roars

REVOLUTIONARY PRIEST

Bonjour Paris

CHORUS

Adieu Versailles

COMPANY

Bonjour Paris, adieu Versailles

Scene 2

"The Letter"

RINGMASTER

Imprisoned in the Tuileries
The King makes locks
To the sound of the ticking clocks
And the rain falling on his window pane
Makes him think of his cousin Bourbon
Safe in his castle in Spain

KING

My Dear Cousin Bourbon of Spain
This letter I entrust to a courier faithful and sure
Is to calm your fears and tell you cousin dear
My heart is pure
This red cap I wear,
These lies they've made me swear
Are repugnant to my soul
My very bones cry out in pain
Cousin Bourbon of Spain
You know my feelings well
You've heard what I've had to say
But now all my beliefs
Have been snatched by these thieves
And cruelly torn away
But none of the scum who run through the streets
Taking law from a bottle of wine
Could presume to assume the fealty due
To me or to you from your subjects or Mine
My dear cousin Bourbon n of Spain
Let's make a pact, let's campaign
Let us whip back to their kennels again
These dogs who speak of virtue
Help me, cousin
Help me cousin Bourbon of Spain

RINGMASTER

The ship of state is all at sea
The King is confused
'Tis hard enough to place one foot before the last
To tread a path preordained by a law divine
But to pad all aimless on a shifting sea
Each man an island free to choose his fate
God's death; what dizzy, giddy, fall from grace...
Commerce, that barometer of faith
Tolls warning of the coming storm
No coffee in the marketplace
No peace on earth for rich or poor

Scene 3

"Silver, Sugar and Indigo"

TROUBLEMAKER

How can you sleep?
How can you think?
How can you live with no coffee to drink?
You'd better pray you don't have a sweet tooth

The price of sugar is through the roof
Robespierre, Brissot and Concordant all agree
We must set the blackbird free
But sugar and silver and indigo
Make even the wisest man "idiot!"

REVOLUTIONARY SLAVE
To the Windward Isles

REVOLUTIONARY SLAVE & CHORUS
It comes today

REVOLUTIONARY SLAVE
The wind of change blows this way

REVOLUTIONARY SLAVE & CHORUS
Blows this way

REVOLUTIONARY SLAVE
In Sante Domingo and elsewhere
To slaves of sugar and despair

REVOLUTIONARY SLAVE & CHORUS
Silver, sugar, indigo
Silver, sugar, indigo
Silver, sugar, indigo
Silver, sugar, indigo
Silver, sugar, indigo
Silver, sugar, indigo
Silver, sugar, indigo
Silver, sugar, indigo
Make even the wisest man "idiot!"
Make even the wisest man "idiot!"

REVOLUTIONARY SLAVE
Bring freedom to the

REVOLUTIONARY SLAVE & CHORUS
Colonies
Act on principle

REVOLUTIONARY SLAVE
Equality, Fraternity and

REVOLUTIONARY SLAVE & CHORUS
Liberty

REVOLUTIONARY SLAVE
Are

REVOLUTIONARY SLAVE & CHORUS
Not just words after all

REVOLUTIONARY SLAVE
But

REVOLUTIONARY SLAVE & CHORUS

Sugar is sweet

REVOLUTIONARY SLAVE

And

REVOLUTIONARY SLAVE & CHORUS

Coffee is strong

Hope goes down with the sun

REVOLUTIONARY SLAVE

And REVOLUTIONARY SLAVE & CHORUS

The sun goes down behind

CONDORCET & MARIE MARIANNE

Mountains of silver

Valleys of sugar

And shiploads of indigo

Make even the wisest man "idiot!"

REVOLUTIONARY SLAVE & CHORUS

Make even the wisest man "idiot!"

MARIE MARIANNE

So come ye ships

Across the sea

Let's case into the deep

This shame and misery

In Paris they condemn our rage

Condorcet stands his ground and says:

CONDORCET

My friends if we believe in freedom

Then we must unlock this cage

COMPANY

Vive Condorcet, hear him scold them,

The frigid reactionary old men

Good God above it's over

Enough is enough

Enough, enough, enough

To the Windward Isles

Revolution has arrived

They will only free us when

They need us to fight for them

CONDORCET & MARIE MARIANNE

Cast into the deep sea

This shame and this misery

Silver, sugar and indigo

Make even the wisest man "idiot!"

CHORUS

Make even the wisest man "idiot!"

COMPANY
"Idiot!"

Scene 4

"The Papal Edict"

RINGMASTER
Trade wings, buffeting the sweet molasses
Smoke of burning cane
Push, swelling East the spreading ripples of unrest,
Back to Europe and the rain
The Holy See safe on Tiber's shore
Surveys the flotsam on the tide
Ignores the cries of drowning men and
Passes on the other side

TROUBLEMAKER
In Paris there's a rumble under the ground
It's the sound of the printing press
And like a volcano when it blows
It spews out ideas like confetti, like snow

BOY
Read all about it!
Hold the front page!
The street's a theatre
Each café...

CHORUS & CHILDREN
A stage!

RINGMASTER
But under every café awning
There appears this papal warning

TROUBLEMAKER
His Holiness the Pope, I fear
Believes the Rights of Man to be a bad idea

REVOLUTIONARY PRIEST
The Pope does not want the rights of Man

COMPANY
The Pope does not want the rights of Man

REVOLUTIONARY PRIEST
He finds them too profane

COMPANY
He finds them too profane

REVOLUTIONARY PRIEST
When a man bites the apple

COMPANY

When a man bites the apple

REVOLUTIONARY PRIEST

He gets a taste for liberty

COMPANY

He gets a taste for liberty

REVOLUTIONARY PRIEST

He gets... a taste of liberty

MALE CHORUS

He gets... a taste of liberty

ALTAR BOY

The Pope declares that it's a sin

MALE CHORUS

The Pope declares that it's a sin

TROUBLEMAKER

So let us raid the apple tree
Although the Pope does not agree
He blesses us with sleight of hand
He doesn't want the Rights of Man

ALTAR BOY

The Pope declares that it's a sin

MALE CHORUS

The Pope declares that it's a sin

REVOLUTIONARY PRIEST

The Pope declares that it's... a sin
People are sharing the apples
The Pope says Bless You but it's still a sin

COMPANY

The Pope says Bless You but it's still a sin

REVOLUTIONARY PRIEST

The Pope gives his blessing with sleight of hand

COMPANY

The Pope gives his blessing with sleight of hand

REVOLUTIONARY PRIEST

He doesn't want the

REVOLUTIONARY PRIEST & MALE CHORUS

Rights... of Man

ALTAR BOY

The Pope declares that it's a sin

MALE CHORUS

The Pope declares that it's a sin

TROUBLEMAKER

But the Pope can change his mind like that
Like trying on a different hat
Turning on the stars above and politics and God and love
Turning like an apple that shrivels on the sand
And when the core is rotten
No one tastes the Rights of Man

REVOLUTIONARY PRIEST

You never taste the Rights of Man...

CHORUS

He does not want the Rights of Man
The Pope does not want the Rights of Man
He's made his stand
He washes his hands
The Pope does not... want the Rights of Man

REVOLUTIONARY PRIEST

Nothing but a prayer to hope for
Nothing but a little wine to dream
Nothing for this hunger but a handful of grain
The horizon always the same

REVOLUTIONARY PRIEST & TROUBLEMAKER

Rooted in this earth
Like our parents dead and gone
Like the trees which are our emblem
The horizon just goes on and on
We'll change it with a forest

REVOLUTIONARY PRIEST, TROUBLEMAKER & CHORUS

The olive and the oak tree
Will be our flags

(Curtain)

