

Notre-Dame de Paris

Key to cast:
Esmeralda Zingara; E.
Quasimodo; Q.
Claude Frollo; F
Phoebus de Chateaupers; P.
Pierre Gringoire; G.
Clopin Trouillefou; C.
Fleur-de-lys de Gondelaurier; Fl.

The Age Of The Cathedrals.

G. This is a tale that takes its place.
In Paris fair, this year of grace.
Fourteen hundred eighty two. A tale
of lust and love so true.
We are the artists of the time, we
dream in sculpture dream in rhyme.
For you we bring our world alive, so
something will survive.

From nowhere came the age of the
cathedrals.
The old world began.
A new unknown thousand years.
For man just has to climb up where
the stars are.
And live beyond life.
Live in glass and live in stone.

Stone after stone, day after day. From
year to year man had his way.
Men had built with faith and love.
These cathedrals rose above.
We troubadours and poets sing. That
love is all and everything.
We promise you, all human kind.
Tomorrow will be fine.

From nowhere came the age of the
cathedrals.
The old world began.
A new unknown thousand years.
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cathedrals.
The old world began.
A new unknown thousand years.
For man just has to climb up where
the stars are.
And live beyond life.
Live in glass and live in stone.

But it is doomed the age of the
cathedrals.
Barbarians wait.
At the gates of Paris fair.
Oh let them in, these pagans and
these vandals.
A wise man once said.
In two thousand, this world ends.
In two thousand, this world ends.

The Refugees.

C. and Refugees.
We are the strangers here, the
refugees the women and men.
Without a home, Oh Notre dame we
come and ask of you.
Asylum. Asylum.

We are the strangers here, the
refugees the women and men.
Without a home, Oh Notre dame we
come and ask of you.
Asylum. Asylum.

At Paris gates we stand, ten thousand
in our band.
And one day soon we'll be, a million
in this land.
We wonder what you'll do, the day
we ask of you.
Asylum. Asylum.

We are the strangers here, the
refugees the women and men.
Without a home, Oh Notre dame we
come and ask of you.
Asylum. Asylum.

We are the down-and-outs, here at
the city gates.
And all of Paris waits, to see what
we're about.
The world will change someday;
We'll make it work someway.
The day we come to stay, with you.

We are the strangers here, the
refugees the women and men.
Without a home.
We are the strangers here, the
refugees the women and men.
Without a home.
The refugees.
Without a home.

We are the strangers here, the
refugees the women and men.
Without a home.
We are the strangers here, the
refugees.
We are the strangers here, the
refugees the women and men.
Without a home.

We are the strangers here, the
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Without a home, Oh Notre dame we
come and ask of you.
Asylum. Asylum.

We are the strangers here, the
refugees the women and men.
Without a home, Oh Notre dame we
come and ask of you.
Asylum. Asylum. Asylum. Asylum.

F. Monsieur Phoebus de Chateaupers,
captain of the archers of the crown.
I order you to arrest, these strangers
disturbing the town.
Disperse now at any cost this rabble
of the lost.
Who come to disturb the peace, All
Paris demand they cease.

P. At your order's monsignor Frollo.
In god's name my men will strike a
blow.
We'll clear this riff raff from your
sight, these beggar thieves that live
by night.

P. Beautiful girl why are you here, is
it from heaven you appear?
Paradise must be your home, you're
like no one I've ever known.

Bohemienne

E. My mother told me tales of Spain,
I think that's where she longed to be.
Of mountain bandits she once sang,
Andalusia's memory.
There in the mountains she was free,
my mother, father all are gone.
And I've made Paris be my home.
I dream of oceans rolling on, they
take my heart where I must come.
Andalusia mountain home.

Bohemienne.
No one knows where my story
begins.
Bohemienne.
I was born on a road that bends.
Bohemienne, bohémienne.
Come tomorrow, I'll wander again.
Bohemienne, bohémienne.
Here's my fate in the lines of my
hand.

When I was a child in Provence, Bare
foot in the hills I danced once.
But the gypsy road is so long, the
roads so long.
Everyday I see a new chance, maybe
some road will lead from France.
I will follow till I come home, Till I
come home.

Andalusia's streams, run through my
blood, run through my daydreams.
Andalusia's sky, when it calls me, I
feel my heart fly.

Bohemienne.
No one knows where my story
begins.
Bohemienne.
I was born on a road that bends.
Bohemienne, bohémienne.
Come tomorrow I'll wander again.
Bohemienne, bohémienne.

Here's my fate in the lines of my hand.

The Court Of The Miracles

C. We are brothers forever, pain and joy we share together.
For the outcasts of the earth, there's no heaven there's no hell.
There's no heaven or hell.
We are the ones no one sees; we are the ones who can eat, through the world as we please.

The blood and the wine are always running red.
(At the court of the miracles, the court of the miracles).
By thieves and by whores you know the dance is led.
(At the court of the miracles, the court of the miracles).
The blind man will see and all the cripples dance.
(At the court of the miracles, the court of the miracles).
We're born to be hung and so we take a chance.
(At the court of the miracles, the court of the miracles).
(Court of the miracles, court of the miracles).

We are all of the same race here, the same invisible face here.
For the outcasts of the world, there's no country there's no god.
There's no country or god.
These rags we wear are our flags, It is the shade of my skin, and it's that of your skin.

The gypsies and tramps they sing the same old song.
(At the court of the miracles, the court of the miracles).
You know none of us, will be alive too long.
(At the court of the miracles, the court of the miracles).
The killers and thieves all share a loving curse.
(At the court of the miracles, the court of the miracles).
We make one mistake and then the game is up.
(At the court of the miracles, the court of the miracles).
(Court of the miracles, court of the miracles).

Poet Gringoire, now you must be hung, you've come where you don't belong.
To the most secret circle of the court of the miracles.
(To the most secret circle).

G. To the most secret circle of the court of the miracles.

Here's my fate in the lines of my hands.

C. Unless there's a girl, say's that she'll be your wife you've no life.
I will proclaim: All the poets in France, from a rope ought to dance.
(All the poets in France)

G. All the poets in France from a rope ought to dance.
C. And you sweet Esmeralda, my belle Esmeralda.
Tell me, do you want to save this poor man from his grave?
If you don't wed Gringoires dead!

E. If I can save him, make him mine.
G. See how love comes, just in time.

E. Although I've saved your head, I won't sleep in your bed!

C. The blood and the wine are always running red.
(At the court of the miracles, the court of the miracles).
By thieves and by whores you know the dance is led.
(At the court of the miracles, the court of the miracles).
The blind man will see and all the cripples dance.
(At the court of the miracles, the court of the miracles).
We're born to be hung and so we take our chance.
(At the court of the miracles, court of the miracles).
(Court of the miracles, court of the miracles).

The killers and thieves they sing the same old song.
(At the court of the miracles, the court of the miracles).
You know none of us will be alive too long.
(At the court of the miracles, the court of the miracles).
The killers and thieves will share a loving cup.
(At the court of the miracles, the court of the miracles).
We make one mistake and then the game is up.
(At the court of the miracles, the court of the miracles).
(Court of the miracles, court of the miracles).

At the court of the miracles.
At the court of the miracles.
At the court of the miracles.

Torn Apart

P. Torn apart, I am a man divided.
Torn apart, I want two women's love.
Two women want my love; I don't know how to cut my heart in two.

Torn apart, I am a man in pieces.
Torn apart, I want two women's love.
Two women want my love, I'm just glad I have love enough for two.

One for the day, the other for the night.
One just for now, the other all my life.
One for always, until the end of time.
The other soon will find, my love won't stay.

Torn apart, I am a man in divided
Torn apart, I want two women's love.
Two women want my love, and they'll just have to love the man I am.

Torn apart, I am a man in pieces.
Torn apart, I want two women's love.
Two women want my love, is it my fault that I'm a normal man.

One's honey sweet, the other has a bite.
One's heaven sent, the other rules the night.
And to the one I swear my love is true.
And to the other one I break the rules.

Torn apart, I am a man divided.
Torn apart, I want two women's love.
Two women want my love; I don't know how to cut my heart in two.

Torn apart, I am a man divided.
Torn apart, I want two women's love.
Two women want my love; I don't know how to cut my heart in two.

Torn apart.
Torn apart.

Torn apart, I am a man in pieces.
Torn apart, I want two women's love.
Two women want my love, I'm just glad I have love enough for two.

Torn apart.
Torn apart.
Torn apart.

Q. Belle, belle.

Belle.

Q. Belle, is the only word I know that suits her well.
When she dances oh the stories she can tell.

A free bird trying out her wings to fly away.
And when I see her move I see hell to pay.
She dances naked in my soul and sleep won't come.
And it's no use to pray these prayers to Notre dame.
Tell, who'd be the first to raise his hand and throw a stone.
I'd hang him high and laugh to see him die alone.
Oh Lucifer please let me go beyond god's law.
And run my fingers through her hair, Esmeralda.

F. Belle, there's a demon inside her who came from hell.
And he turned my eyes from god and oh, I fell.
She put this heat inside me I'm ashamed to tell.
Without my god inside I'm just a burning shell.
The sin of eve she has in her I know so well.
For want of her I know I'd give my soul to sell.
Belle, this gypsy girl is there a soul beneath her skin.
And does she bear the cross of all our human sin.
Oh Notre dame please let me go beyond gods law.
Open the door of love inside, Esmeralda.

P. Belle, Even though her eyes seem to lead us to hell.
She may be more pure, more pure than words can tell.
But when she dances feelings come no man can quell.
Beneath her rainbow coloured dress there burns the well.
My promised one, please let me one time be untrue.
Before in front of god and man I marry you.
Who would be the man who'd turn from her to save his soul.
To be with her I'd let the devil take me whole.
Oh Fleur-de-lys I am a man who knows no law.
I go to open up the rose, Esmeralda

Q, G, &P. She dances naked in my soul and sleep won't come.
And it's no use to pray these prayers to Notre dame.
Tell, who'd be the first to raise his hand and throw a stone.
I'd hang him high and laugh to see him die alone.
Oh Lucifer please let me go beyond god's law.

And run my fingers through her hair, Esmeralda.
Esmeralda.

Ave Maria.

Ave maria, please pardon me.
If in your house I come stealing.
Ave maria, no one ever taught me about kneeling.
Ave maria, please will you keep me.
From this misery madness and fools.
Who rule this evil world.

Ave maria, I'm a stranger and you're my last recourse.
Ave maria, please can't you hear me.
Please take down all these walls between us.
We all should be as one.

Ave maria, please watch over my life night and day.
Ave maria, Oh please protect me.
Please guard me and my love now I pray.
Ave maria.

Q. If you can see inside of me, as I can see inside them.
You will know of all these men, which of them really loves you.
Esmeralda you'll see, that only my love is true.

Your Love Will Kill me.

F. I feel a wave of passion, move through my heart with such pain.
I have no time for reason, so I just let passion reign.
I let go so easily, on a night as warm as sin.
Midnight swimmer, midnight sea I will not come back again.

Your love will kill me; your love will kill me.
And you will bear my curse as long as my life will be

Your love will kill me.
Your love will kill me.
Your love will kill me.

My sin and my obsession, crazy desire you bring.
I know there's no salvation, I see our bodies burning.
Your gypsy dreams all haunt me, I live to see your dances.
Please raise your eyes and want me, please give me all the chances.

Your love will kill me; your love will kill me.
And I saw it would be when I looked at you when you looked at me.

Your love will kill me.
Your love will kill me.
Your love will kill me.

You brought the springtime to fill, my heart in it's winter chill.
I lost my strength and my will, and now my tears start to spill.
I never knew such desire, just looking into your eyes.
And now the soul in me cries, and now the night is on fire.

Your love will kill me; your love will kill me.
And you will bear my curse as long as my life will be

Your love will kill me; your love will kill me.
And I saw it would be when I looked at you when you looked at me.

Your love will kill me.
Your love will kill me.
Your love will kill me.

Your love will kill me.
Your love will kill me.

The Bells.

Q. The bells that I make ring; they are my loves, they love me well.
I want to hear them sing, loud as they swing; my pretty bells.
In thunder or hail, or in wind or in rain.
Their song will never fail, singing through joy, singing through pain.
Bells that ring when we're born, Bells that ring when we die.
Bells that ring every day, every night, every hour.
Bells that ring when we pray, Bells that ring when we cry.
Bells that ring to wake us up when the sun lights the sky.

For the feast of Rameaux, for the Quasimodo.
For a bright Christmas day and for the day of all saints.
For annunciation, for the resurrection.
For St valentine day and for when Good Friday comes.

Celebrations they sing, all processions they ring.
The most beautiful day it is the feast of our lord.
Days of years, days of kings.
Easter day my bells ring.
And on Pentecost day they sing with bright tongues of flame.

Confirmation they sing, and
communions they ring.
Bells that toll for our death; Dies Irae,
dies illa.
For ascension they sing, for
assumption they ring.
Bells that bring us hosanna and sing
hallelujah.

The bells I hold most dear, of the
beauties I have here.
They are my Mary's three, all best
friends to me.
When my little Mary rings, when
children die she sets them free.
And my big Mary rings, when sailors
set forth on the sea.
But when my great Mary sings, when
lovers exchange wedding rings.
Then something in me always cries;
then something in me always dies.

To see their happiness, to see their
tenderness.
When a woman will not give me a
single caress.
My bells marry and blend, and take
wings on the wind.
In the midst of the stars up in the
vaults of the sky.

All these bells that I sound, Kyrie
Elieson.
Hosanna Allelujah Dies irae dies illa.
Bells that mourn with the sad, bells
that laugh with the glad.
All these bells that have never not
once rung out for me.

The bells that I make ring; they are
my loves, such joy they bring.
I want to hear them sing, if
Esmeralda does still live.
To tell the world, that Quasimodo
loves Esmeralda.

The Birds They Put In Cages.

E. Will the birds they put in cages,
ever ride upon the wind?
Will the children life outrages, ever
learn to love again?
I lived my life like a swallow; I
arrived here in the springtime.
All the little streets I'd follow, all the
gypsy songs were mine.
Where's my friend who rings the
church bells?
Where are you my Quasimodo?
They will hang me as the light swells,
you can break these bars I know.

Q. Esmeralda have you left me? Do
you hide yourself away?
I have counted every hour; I have
missed you every day.
Have you left upon a journey, with
your handsome shining soldier?

With no marriage taking love free,
like the gypsy girl you are.
Have you died out in the small
streets, with no prayer to get to
heaven?
There's a priest who counts your
heartbeat, if he comes near you must
run.

E. You remember at the street fair.
Q. When they hurt me on the great
wheel.
E. When you begged I gave you
water.
Q. At your feet I had to kneel.
Q&E. On that day our friendship
started, it will last as long as we live.
Once together never parted, all we'll
have to give we'll give.

Will the birds they put in cages, ever
ride upon the wind.
Will the children life outrages, ever
learn to love again?

Cast Away.

C & Refugees.
Cast away, souls at bay.
It's our dreams, they betray.
Now they say we can't stay.
Prayers we pray lost today.
Put the shade of your skin.
With the shade of my skin.
Put the song that you sing.
With the dance that I bring.
Refugees, downward bound.
Fill the streets of your town.

Can't we make a world, to which
everyone belongs?
Can't we make a world, without fears
without frontiers?

We're called names we are blamed.
We're kept down we are shamed.
In the night torture comes.
Try to speak without tongues.
My homeland I hold here
In my heart ever near.
In your land I find tears.
Words that hurt things to fear.
In my heart summer dies.
From your grey winter skies.

Can't we make a world, to which
everyone belongs?
Can't we make a world, without fears
without frontiers?

Cast away, souls at bay.
It's our dreams, they betray.
Now they say we can't stay.
Prayers we pray lost today.
Cast away.
Cast away.

I Am A Priest.

F. I was a happy man, until I saw her
face.
I hid my need away in some dark
secret place.
All that power of sex, I kept down
and I never let go.
I had only one design the truth of god
and man to know.

Oh, I'm a priest and I love this girl.
I love with a love that destroys my
world.

Against the wind and the tide I could
stand any shock.
Straight and proud like Notre dame
upon her rock.
I let no woman near I suffered for
gods care.
In the heart of the night I saw the
lightning flare.

Oh, I'm a priest and I love this girl.
I love, yes I love; with a love that
destroys my world.
Oh I'm a priest and I love this girl.

Heal me with your touch or hurt me
once again.
Make me suffer for my sin.
Just lead me onto hell and I'll deny
my Christ.
For hell with you is paradise.

Oh, I'm a priest and I love this girl.
I love, yes I love; with a love that
destroys my world.
Oh I'm a priest and I love this girl.
This girl.

My Heart If You Will Swear.

Fl. You ride so high and straight and
fair.
You look like you belong there.
So strong and right and four square.
No other man can compare
Or maybe you don't really care.
Just look for pleasure out there.
And always get your share.
Is there a heart in you somewhere?

My heart is pure my heart is rare.
If you are hurt I'll be there.
We'll start again from nowhere.
You'll have my heart if you will
swear.
You'll have my heart if you will
swear.
That you will hang Esmeralda.
I'm not a little girl now.
I'll show you that I know how.
I'll show you how I can be.
You think that I am so pure.

I tell you don't be so sure.
I can be wild and free.

Your words of love are hard to bear.
Your promises are thin air.
My heart is hard and I don't care.
I'll leave you hanging out there.
Unloose my belt let down my hair.
Come take me if you still dare.
Your love is all I want to wear.
You'll have my heart if you will swear.
You'll have my heart if you will swear.
That you will hang Esmeralda.

You'll have my heart if you will swear.
You'll have my heart if you will swear.
That you will hang Esmeralda.
That you will hang the Zingara.
Moon.

G. Moon, you who shine your light.
Bright on the Paris night.
See, how a man suffers all for love.
Clear, solitary star.
So far, when the day returns.
Please hear.
Up there so high the cry of the world.
Please hear the cry, of a man in pain.
For whom all those million stars.
Don't shine like those shining eyes.
He loves with a mortal love.
Moon

Moon, please don't disappear.
Before you have time to hear.
Just hear.
How cries the heart of the human
beast.
Please hear the cry, Quasimodo cries.
He cries for his heart is full.
His voice over mountains flies.
So high, that I know it flies to you.

Moon.
See, how this man aspires.
To join, his poor voice with angels.

Moon, you who shine your light.
For, poets as they write.
See, how a man suffers all.
For love.
For love.

God You Made The World All Wrong.

Q. God you made the world all wrong, I'm so ugly; he's so fine.
I would love her my life long, but she never would be mine.
Now he owns her heart and soul, without giving her a thing.
And she thinks he'll make her whole, with the love she thinks he'll bring.

She will lie down at his touch, and believe his lies with pride.
It's his face she loves so much, she can't see what's deep inside.

God you made the world all wrong, he's so rich; and I'm so poor.
He will make her life a song; he will give her nothing more.
God you made the world all wrong, let her have her shining knight.
Beauty to the rich belongs, not to us outside the light.
I am just an ugly stain that the world just wants to hide.
God you gave me so much pain, were you ever on my side?

God you made the world all wrong, I have nothing; he has all.
But I'll tell her all along he won't be there is she falls.
He was born to silk and lace, to make love and to make war.
I was born without a face; God, what did you make me for?
Tell me what side god is on, those whose silver buys the host?
Or those who pray to god alone, day and night, this Holy Ghost.
Can this Jesus we adore save his blessing only for.
Those three kings of gold and myrrh, and leave the shepherds at the door?

God you made the world so wrong, I'm so ugly; he's so fine.
I will love her my life long.
But she never will be mine.

Live For The One I Love.

E. A million stars light, this beautiful night.
This is not a night to die, let me sing and dance.
Beneath the sky.
I have such love to give, to give.
I want a chance to live.

Live for the one I love.
Love, as no one has loved.
Give, asking nothing in return.
Free, free to find my way.
Free to have my say.
Free to see the day.
Be, like I used to be.
Like a wild bird free.
With all the love in me.

Live for the one I love.
Love, as no one has loved.
Give, asking nothing in return.

Though this world tears us apart.
We're still together in my heart.
I want the world to hear my cry.
And even if I have to die.

Love will not die.
Love will change the world.

Live for the one I love.
Love, as no one has loved.
Give, asking nothing in return.

I'll love, until love wears me away.
I'll die, and I know my love will stay.
And I know my love will stay.

Dance My Esmeralda.

Q. When the years have all come and gone.
They'll find beneath the ground.
Our two bodies joined as one.
Showing how we were bound.
How much Quasimodo once loved.
Esmeralda the gypsy girl.
How he was marked by god above.
Just to help him to bear his cross.
Just to help him to bear his cross.
Eat my body and drink my blood.
Vultures of Montfaucon.
So that death more than this life could.
Join our two names as one.
Let my poor soul just fly away.
From the miseries of this earth.
Let my love find the light of day.
In the light of the universe.
In the light of the universe.

Dance my Esmeralda, sing my Esmeralda.
Dance just one more time for me.
You know I'll die for love of you.
Dance my Esmeralda, sing my Esmeralda.
Please let my poor soul fly free.
It is not death to die for you.

Dance my Esmeralda, sing my Esmeralda.
Please come sleep here in my arms.
You know I'd die for love of you.
Dance my Esmeralda, sing my Esmeralda.
Beyond, and beyond beyond.
It is not death to die for you.

Dance my Esmeralda, sing my Esmeralda.
Please let my poor soul fly free.
It is not death to die for you.