
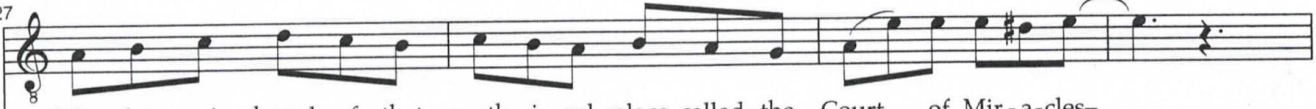
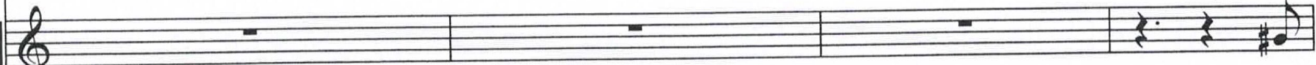
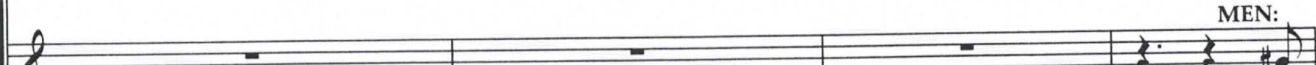


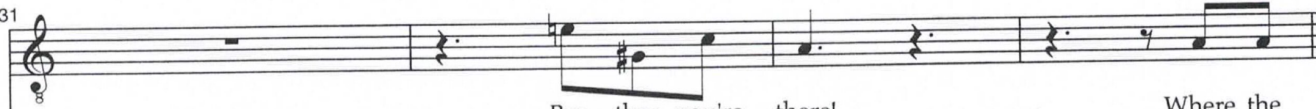
-2-

23 CLOPIN:

 May-be you've heard of a ter-ri-ble place where the scoun-drels of Par-is col-lect in a lair...

27

 May-be you've heard of that myth-i-cal place called the Court of Mir-a-cles-

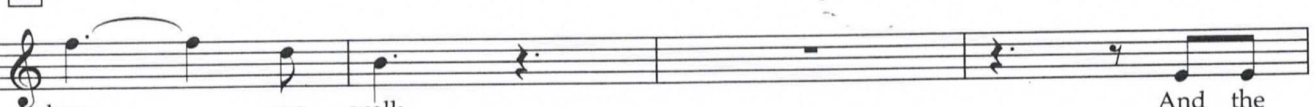
WOMEN:

f The

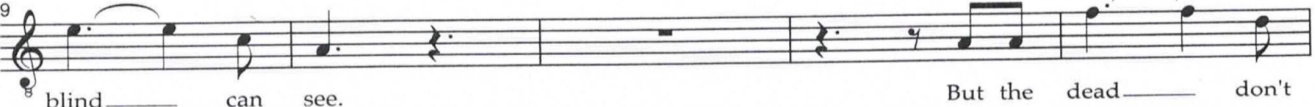
MEN:

 The

31

 Bro-ther, you're there! Where the

Court of Mir-a-cles!

Court— of Mir-a-cles!

35

 lame— can walk... And the

39

 blind— can see. But the dead— don't

44

 talk... So you won't be a-round to re-veal what you've found.

#20 - The Court of Miracles

-3-

48

We have a meth-od for spies and in-trud-ers, not ter-ri-bly dif-f'rent from bees in a hive.

52

poco rall. **A tempo**

Here in the Court of Mir-a-cles, where it's a mir-a-cle if you get out a -

56

[GYPSIES]: F2: The ugly hunchback! He's bad luck! M6: He's cursed!
M5: Hang them both!

live. [57-59]

[Safety] **With weight, poco rubato**

60

GYPSIES: Hang them! F3: String 'em up! CLOPIN: My apologies, gentlemen, for your imminent demise. Any last words? [QUASI and PHOEB try to speak] CLOPIN: I thought not! [laughter]

64

CLOPIN:

It's al-ways sad when a life's at its fin-ish; I have to ad-mit to a bit of a pang. But

68

we must pro-tect at all cost our— se-cret. It's our lives or yours...—

71 **A tempo, powerfully**

CLOPIN, GYPSIES: *roughly*

So you're go-ing to hang!

50 **BEGGAR (CLOPIN):** Take pity, whatever you can spare - **HAUGHTY GENTLEMAN (M6):** Bah! **M3:** First purse of the day!

[50-53] [54-57]

58 **BEGGAR (CLOPIN):** And plenty more to come. Clopin Trouillefou, ladies and gents, **CONGREGANTS (M3, F2, M4):** King of the Gypsies -

[58-61]

[Vamp]

62 **CLOPIN:** a wild boar among domestic swine! **CLOPIN:** Gypsies, let's get to work!

[64-67]

66 **CLOPIN:**

Once a year we throw a par-ty here in town. Once a year we turn all Par-is

74 up - side down. Ev-'ry man's a king, and ev-'ry king's a clown.

80 Once a gain, it's Top - sy Tur - vy Day.

84 It's the day the dev - il in us gets re - leased.

88 It's the day we mock the prig and shock the priest. Ev-'ry-thing is top-sy tur-vy

94 at the Feast of Fools!

98 **REVELERS, CHOIR:** (shouted) **CLOPIN:** (partially shouted ad lib)

Top - sy tur - vy! Beat the drums and blow the trum - pets.

REVELERS,
CHOIR:
(shouted)

102 Top - sy tur - vy! Join the bums and thieves and strum - pets

106 stream - ing in from Char - tres to Cal - ais.

110 **CLOPIN:** Scur-vy knaves are ex-tra scur-vy on the sixth of Jan-u-ur-vy! All be-cause it's Top-sy Tur-vy

116 Day! Hey! [118-119]

120 Hey! [122-123] [124] **CLOPIN: Soyons vilains!** [124-127]

128 [128-135] [136] [136-142]

143 **PHOEBUS:** Into this crowd strode a young cavalier - Captain Phoebus de Martin, at your service - **CONGREGANT:** Whose dashing manner - [143-146] [147-150]

151 **(F1):** And bold swagger - **(M5):** Could not quite conceal the haunted look in his eyes. [151-154]

Playfully, poco meno mosso

155 **PHOEBUS:** New to Paris, just back from the front. *poco rit.* **(F4):** One of those handsome fellows [155-156]

to whom all the girls take a liking. **PHOEBUS:** Thank you, ladies. Might one of you enjoy showing me around?

159 *poco rit.* [160-161]

[SEGUE AS ONE]