

Quasimodo: **Made of Stone**

61 Oh... *(Stes trem)* I've

65 wast-ed my faith be - liev-ing in saints of plas - ter. But the

69 on - ly one worth be - liev-ing in was my mas - ter.

73 He's the one who nev-er lied. — He told me it was cruel out - side. He

77 told me how I had to hide... His words were cold as stone. — But they were

82 true. — Not like you.

86 Take all the dreams you've sown... Take all your lies, and

89 leave me a - lone! *Skip gargoyle response.*

116 QUASIMODO:  
And now I'm on my own... nev-er a-gain to won - der what's "out

120 there"... Let it re-main un - known! And my one hu - man

124 *f* eve — will ev - er - more be dry un - til the day I

126 *stringendo  
accel. e cresc. poco a poco*  
die. — As if I

133 were made of

138 *A tempo, plus*  
stone!

142

**Quasimodo: Out There**

5 **QUASIMODO:**

Safe be-hind these win-dows and these par-a-pets of stone, gaz-ing at the peo-ple down be - low me.

All my life I watch them as I hide up here a-lone, hun-gry for the his-to-ries they show me.

All my life I mem-or-ize their fac - es, know-ing them as they will nev - er know me.

All my life I won-der how it feels to pass a day, not a - bove them,

but part of them! And

23 **A tempo**

out there, liv-ing in the sun. Give me one day out there. All I ask is

one to hold for - ev - er. Out there,

where they all live un - a - ware. What I'd

give, what I'd dare, just to live one day out

**Più mosso, pressing forward**

there! Out

there a-mong the mill-ers and the weav-ers and their wives, through the roofs and ga-bles I can

see them. Ev - 'ry day they shout and scold and go a - bout their lives,

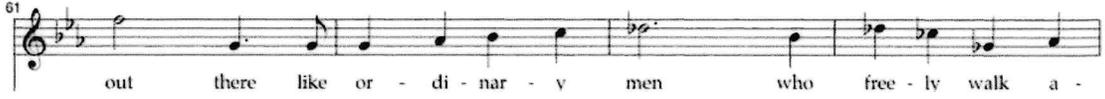
heed - less of the gift it is to be them. If

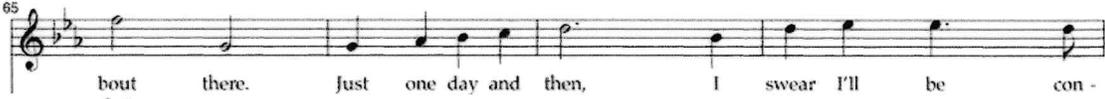
**Poco maestoso**

53  I were in their skin, I'd treasure ev - 'ry in - stant.

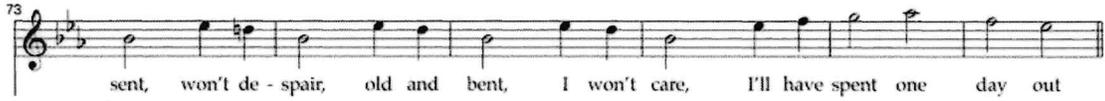
57 **A tempo**

 Out there stroll - ing by the Seine, taste a morn - ing

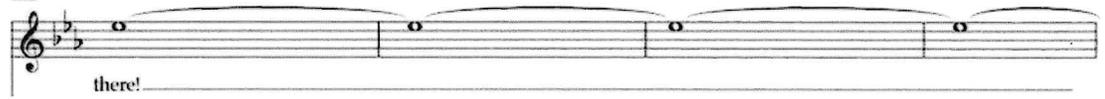
61  out there like or - di - nar - y men who free - ly walk a -

65  bout there. Just one day and then, I swear I'll be con -

69 **A tempo**  
 tent \_\_\_\_\_ with my share, \_\_\_\_\_ won't re -

73  sent, won't de - spair, old and bent, I won't care, I'll have spent one day out

79 **Più mosso**

 there! \_\_\_\_\_

83 

**Esmerelda:** XXXXXXXXXX **Rhythm of the Tambourine**

7 **ESMERALDA:**

Hey, sol-dier boy, I see how you stare. Hey, butch-er man,

(*Vns*)  
*mf*

11 I see you ad - mi - re. Come gath-er 'round. Hey, Jacques and Pi - erre...

(*tr*) (*Vns, Picc*)

16 Come see me dance to the rhy - thm of the tam - bou - rine.

(*Brass, Picc, Alto Sax*)  
(*W/ Slgs on Downbeats*)  
*f*

20

*mf* *f* *mf*

24

Flash of an an - kle, flip of a skirt.

(*Vns*)  
*mf* (*Alto, Vla*)

27

Feel them ex - cite, en - flame and in - spi - re.

(*tr*)

30

Come see me dance. Hey, what can it hurt?

(*Vns, Picc*)  
(*Tpts*)

It's just a dance to the rhy - thm of the tam - bou -

36 Heavier ♩ = 76

rine.

*Skip dance break & interlude from Quasi, Frolo & Phoebus.*

**ESMERALDA:**

Men of Par - ee! Be - fore we get old,

**(ESMERALDA)**

come feel the heat, come taste the de - si - re.

Feel them with - in you, crim - son and gold...

Gold like the coins you will toss in - to my tam - bou -

rine. When I dance to the rhy - thm of the

tam - bou - rine.

**Esmeralda: God Help the Outcasts**

**Flowingly, poco rubato**  
ESMERALDA:

11 I don't know if you can hear me, or if you're e - ven there.

15 I don't know if you would lis - ten to a Gyp - sy's prayer.

19 Yes, I know I'm just an out - cast... I should-n't speak to you.

23 Still, I see your face and won - der, were you once an out - cast

**Moderato**

26 too?

**a tempo**

30 God help the out - casts, hun - gry from birth.

34 Show them the mer - cy they don't find on earth.

38 God help my peo - ple. they look to you still.

42 God help the out - casts, or no - bod - y

**Poco più mosso**

45 will.

*Skip parishioners' prayers.*

**More broadly**  
ESMERALDA:

63 I ask for noth - ing, I can get by. But

67 I know so man - y less luck - y than I.

71 (ESMERALDA)

Musical staff for measure 71, featuring a treble clef and a series of eighth and quarter notes. The lyrics are: "Please help my peo - ple, the poor and down - trod."

*poco meno mosso*

75 (ESMERALDA)

Musical staff for measure 75, featuring a treble clef and a series of quarter and eighth notes. The lyrics are: "I thought we all were the chil - dren of God."

*meno mosso*

80

Musical staff for measure 80, featuring a treble clef and a series of quarter and eighth notes. The lyrics are: "God help the out - casts, chil - dren of"

83

*a tempo*

Musical staff for measure 83, featuring a treble clef and a series of half notes. The lyrics are: "God."

87

Musical staff for measure 87, featuring a treble clef and a series of quarter and eighth notes. The lyrics are: "Chil - dren of God."

# Frollo: Hellfire

**35** *Poco più mosso*  
(FROLLO) **START**

35 sin. It's not my fault. I'm not to  
38 blame. It is the Gyp - sy girl, the witch who sent this flame. It's not my  
41 fault if in God's plan he madethe dev-il so much strong-er than a man. Pro -

**45** *Poco maestoso*  
(FROLLO)

45 tect me, Ma-ri-a,— don't let this si-ren cast her spell. Don't let her fi-re sear my flesh and bone. De-  
49 stroy Es - me-ral-da— and let her taste the fires of hell, or else let her be mine and mine a - lone.

**53** *A tempo*

53 Hell - fi - re, dark fi - re. Now Gyp - sy, it's your turn.  
57 Choose me or your py - re. Be mine or you will

**A tempo, driving forward**

61 burn. God have mer - cy on her.  
65 God have mer - cy on me.

**69** (FROLLO)

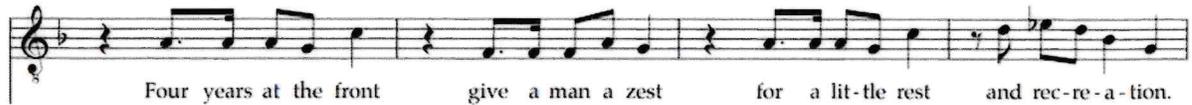
69 But she will be mine or she will  
**73** *A tempo*

73 burn!

**Captain Phoebus:**  
**Rest & Recreation**

3

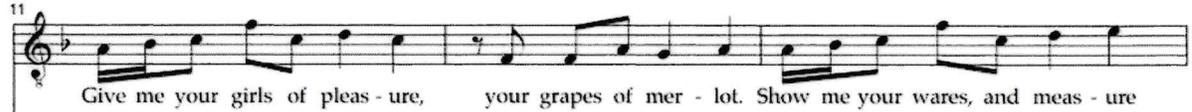
PHOEBUS:



Four years at the front give a man a zest for a lit-tle rest and rec-re-a-tion.



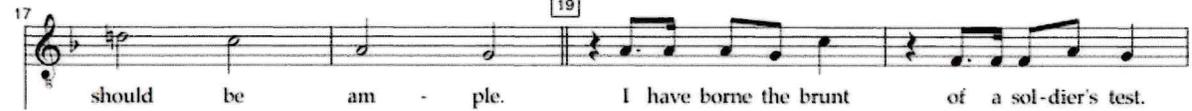
7 For the chance to hunt for the spi-ci-est in the way of rest and rec-re-a-tion.



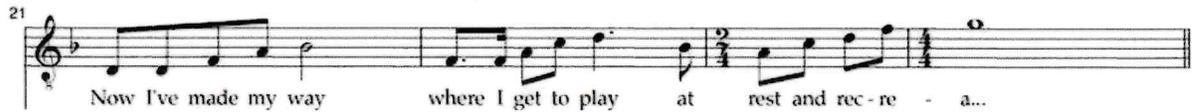
11 Give me your girls of pleas-ure, your grapes of mer-lot. Show me your wares, and meas-ure



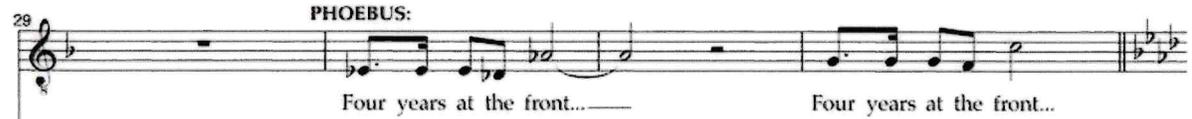
14 one large sam-ple. Sam-ple 'em at my lei-sure. This three day fur-lough



17 should be am-ple. I have borne the brunt of a sol-dier's test.



21 Now I've made my way where I get to play at rest and rec-re-a...



29 PHOEBUS:  
Four years at the front... Four years at the front...

Captain Phoebus: [REDACTED] In a Place of Miracles [REDACTED]

1 PHOEBUS:  
(PHOEBUS) -- But I don't care. Here we are,  
3 near-ly stran - gers— from two worlds that have rare - ly met. But some-  
7 how you have made me some - one new. Trav'-ling far—  
11 ——— on a jour - ney— that's the long-est I've tak - en yet. Now I'm  
15 ask-ing if you will let me come with you. Though our  
19 lives are tat - tered and torn, all I'm feel-ing now— is re - born. I must be...  
(PHOEBUS)  
in a place of mir - a - cles...  
In a place of mir - a - cles... A mir-a-cle you've brought — to me. —

**Clopin:** XXXXXXXXXX **The Court of Miracles** XXXXXXXXXX

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—

31  
Bro-ther, you're there! Where the

35  
lame... can walk... And the

39  
blind... can see. But the dead... don't talk... So you

45  
won't be a-round to re-veal what you've found.

48  
We have a meth-od for spies and in-trud-ers, not ter-ri-bly dif-frent from bees in a hive.

52  
Here in the Court of Mir-a-cles, where it's a mir-a-cle if you get out a -

56  
live. **END** [GYPSIES]: F2: ]

**Clopin:** [REDACTED] **Topsy Turvy** [REDACTED]

68 CLOPIN:

66 (Basso Profondo) Once a year we throw a par-ty here in town.

72 Once a year we turn all Par-is up - side down. Ev-'ry man's a king, and ev-'ry

78 king's a clown. 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.

92 Ev-'ry-thing is top-sy tur-vy at the Feast of Fools!

**St Aphrodisius**

"Flight Into Egypt"

5 ST APHRODISIUS (M5):

("Bay-zeer")

Saint Aph-ro-dis-i-us, the Bish-op of Bé-ziers. I was be-head-ed by a mob in Place Saint-Cyr.

And though I made a choice I did not know would bring my gris-ly mar-tyr-ing, I

**A tempo**

would-n't change a thing. For I kept safe and free the

ho - ly fam - i - ly on their

20 **A tempo**

flight in - to E - gypt, land of the date and palm.

I of-fered shel - ter to her who is No - tre Dame. If

that's what I could do, then Qua - si - mo - do, you can

32 **Poco rubato**

too.