

Café Song

START**Moderato***(MARIUS, recovering from his wounds, imagines he's back in the ABC Café)***(MARIUS)**

1 2 3 *p*

There's a grief that can't be

p Kbd3, Str

Kbd1 solo

A1

4 5 6 7

spo - ken There's a pain goes on and on Emp - ty chairs at emp - ty

8 9 10 11 *mf*

tab - les Now my friends are dead and gone. Here they talked of rev - o -

(+Mark Tree)

A2

12 13 14 15

lu - tion Here it was they lit the flame. Here they sang a - bout 'to -

Acc Gtr

p

16 17 18 19

mor - row' And to - mor - row nev - er came. From the

tr

B Più mosso

20 21 22

tab - le in the cor - ner They could see a world re -

Kbd1

mf

Kbd3, Str

Gtr.

23 24 25

born— And they rose with voices ring - ing And I can

+ Hns, Tbn

26 27 28

hear them now, The ver - y words that they had

f

29 30 31

sung Be - came their last com - mun - ion—

+Fl, Ob

Gtr

Tempo primo **END**

rall.

32 33 34 35

On the lone - ly bar - ri - cade at dawn. Oh my friends, my friends, for -

p *pp* *mf*

C

(The ghosts of those who died on the barricade appear.)

36 37 38

give me. That I live and you are gone.

Ob solo *mp*

Kbd3, Str
Gtr

39 40 41 42

There's a grief that can't be spo - ken There's a pain goes on and on.

appassionato *mf*

Ob *mf* *Str*

12

START

(MARIUS)

78 79

Had you been there to - night you might know how it feels

p WWs
mp Kbd1, Gtr
p Kbd3, Str

80 81

To be struck to the bone in a mo - ment of breath - less de - light.

mp Ob solo
(cont. sim.)

82 83 84

Had you been there to-night, you might al-so have known How the world may be changed, in just one

p WWs, Hn
pp Ob solo
p

(MARIUS) *accel.*

85 burst of light, And what was right seems wrong, And what was wrong seems right. 86 87

p

[J2] Poco più mosso

(MARIUS) 88 89 90 91

I feel my soul on fire, My world if she's not there.

(GRANTAIRE)

Red! Black!

Gtr *mp*

Kbds, WWs, Brs *mp*

END

92 (MARIUS) 93 94 95

Red, — The col - our of de - sire, Black — The col - our of des - pair.

(STUDENTS)

Red! Black!