

Phoebus  
Soldiers  
Frollo  
Clopin  
Revelers  
Choir  
(Congregation)

#06

# Rest and Recreation

Phoebus #1

CUE: Segue as one from No. 05 "Topsy Turvy (Part 1)"

Solid march (♩ = 112)

F3: Oh, Captain we're not those kind of girls.  
PHOEBUS: I like all kinds of girls.

2  
[1-2]

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

10  
and rec-re-a-tion. Give me your girls of pleas-ure, your grapes of mer-lot.

13  
Show me your wares, and meas-ure one large sam-ple. Sam-ple 'em at my lei-sure.

16  
This three day fur-lough should be am-ple.

19  
I have borne the brunt of a sol-dier's test. Now I've made my way

7 END

22 where I get to play at rest and rec - re - a...

25 PHOEBUS: Sorry, You're quick, but I'm quicker. CLOPIN: I don't want any trouble!  
 PHOEBUS: Neither do I, believe me!

[25-28]

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

33 SOLDIER (M8):

Can-non fod-der ly-ing in the field be-low the cas-tle...

SOLDIER (M3):  
 Is this the third week...

SOLDIER (M4):  
 Or the

SOLDIER (M6):

SOLDIER (M7):

36 The air filled with the stench of bod-ies in a trench... Who-  
 ...of the siege?  
 fourth week of the siege?

Phoebus #12

38 QUASIMODO:  
*mf* Fi - re! Fi - re! Smoke and flame. Es - mer - al - da, where are you?

40  
 In this dark, I call your name. Is that all that I can

42 PHOEBUS: Esmeralda?  
 ESMERALDA: You should have minded your own business. PHOEBUS: It had to be  
 do? [43-44]

[Safety, out any beat]  
 somebody's business.  
 ESMERALDA: I need a place to hide you. Wait here. PHOEBUS: Esmeralda!  
 [45-46]

49 PHOEBUS:  
 What have I done for Es-mer - al-da? Why did I hear her words in side my head?

53 *poco accel.*  
 And still I think of Es-mer - al - da, with my ca - reer and bod - y left for

56 Pushing forward FROLLO: *poco allargando*  
 Some-where she is lost.  
 QUASIMODO:  
*f* Out there some-where she is lost. Es - mer - al - da!  
 (PHOEBUS)  
 dead. *f* Some-where she is lost.