

-3-

48

We have a meth-od for spies and in-trud-ers, not ter-ri-bly dif-frent 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]

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]

With weight, poco rubato

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!