LES MISÉRABLES

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Lyrics by Herbert Kretzmer

Based upon the book by Victor Hugo

ACT I

PROLOGUE: WORK SONG

[1815, Toulon, France. The chain gang, overseen by brutal warders, works in the sun.]

PRISONERS: Look down, look down! Don't look 'em in the eye.

Look down, look down, you're here until you die.

The sun is strong; it's hot as hell below.

Look down, look down, there's twenty years to go.

I've done no wrong! Sweet Jesus hear my prayer!

Look down, look down, sweet Jesus doesn't care!

I know she'll wait, I know that she'll be true!

Look down, look down, they've all forgotten you!

When I get free, ya won't see me here for dust!

Look down, look down! Don't look 'em in the eye!

How long, O Lord, before you let me die?

Look down, look down, you'll always be a slave.

Look down, look down, you're standing in your grave!

JAVERT: Now bring me prisoner 24601! Your time is up! And your parole's begun. You know what that means?

VALJEAN: Yes, it means I'm free.

JAVERT: *No!* It means you get your yellow ticket-of-leave! You are a thief!

VALJEAN: I stole a loaf of bread!

JAVERT: You robbed a house!

VALJEAN: I broke a window pane! My sister's child was close to death! And we were starving!

JAVERT: And you will starve again, unless you learn the meaning of the law!

VALJEAN: I know the meaning of these 19 years -- A *slave* of the law!

JAVERT: Five years for what you did -- the rest because you tried to run. Yes, 24601!

VALJEAN: My name is Jean Valjean!

JAVERT: And I am Javert! Do not forget my name! Do not forget me, 24601!

CHORUS: Look down, look down. You will always be a slave!

Look down, look down. You're standing in your grave.

VALJEAN: Freedom is mine! The earth is still. I feel the wind; I breathe again. And the sky clears, the world is waiting. Drink from the pool. How clean the taste! Never forget the years, the waste. Nor forgive them, for what they've done. *They* are the guilty, everyone. The day begins... And now let's see what this new world will do for me!

[He finds work on a farm.]

FARMER: You'll have to go. I'll pay you off for the day. Collect your bits and pieces there, And be on your way.

VALJEAN: You've given me half what the other men get! This handful of tin wouldn't buy my sweat!

LABOURER: You broke the law -- It's there for people to see. Why should you get the same as honest men like me?

VALJEAN: Now every door is closed to me! Another jail, another key, another chain. For when I come to any town, they check my papers. And they find the mark of Cain! In their eyes, I see their fear: 'We do not want you here.'

[He comes to an inn.]

INNKEEPER'S WIFE: My rooms are full. And I've no supper to spare. I'd like to help a stranger -- All we want is to be fair.

VALJEAN: I will pay in advance. I can sleep in a barn. You see how dark it is -- I'm not some kind of dog!

INNKEEPER: You leave my house, or feel the weight of my rod! We're law-abiding people here, thanks be to God.

[They throw him out.]

VALJEAN: And *now* I know how freedom feels! The jailer always at your heels! It is the law! This piece of paper in my hand makes me cursed throughout the land! It is the law! Like a cur, I walk the street; the dirt beneath my feet.

[He sits down despairingly outside a house from which emerges the Bishop of Digne.]

BISHOP: Come in, Sir, for you are weary, and the night is cold out there. Though our lives are very humble, what we have, we have to share. There is wine here to revive you, there is bread to make you strong, There's a bed to rest till morning, Rest from pain, and rest from wrong.

VALJEAN: He let me eat my fill. I had the lion's share. The silver in my hand cost twice what I had earned in all those nineteen years! That lifetime of despair! And yet he trusted me. The old fool trusted me! He's done his bit of good. I played the grateful serf, and thanked him like I should. But when the house was still, I got up in the night; took the silver! Took my flight!

[Taking the silver cup, he runs off, but is brought back by two constables.]

VALJEAN ARRESTED/VALJEAN FORGIVEN

CONSTABLES: Tell His Reverence your story! Let us see if *he's* impressed! You were lodging there last night, you were the honest Bishop's guest. And then, out of Christian goodness, when he learned about your plight, you maintain he made a present of this silver --

BISHOP: That is right. But my friend, you left so early! Surely something slipped your mind.

[The bishop gives Valjean two silver candlesticks.]

You forgot, I gave these also. Would you leave the best behind? So, Messieurs, you may release him, for this man has spoken true. I commend you for your duty! May God's blessing go with you. But remember this, my brother: See in this some higher plan. You must use this precious silver to become an honest man. By the witness of the martyrs, by the Passion and the Blood -- God has raised you out of darkness! I have bought your soul for God!

WHAT HAVE I DONE?: (*Valjean's Soliloquy*)

VALJEAN: What have I done? Sweet Jesus, what have I done? Become a thief in the night!

Become a dog on the run! And have I fallen so far? And is the hour so late that nothing remains but the cry of my hate, the cries in the dark that nobody hears, here where I stand at the turning of the years? If there's another way to go, I missed it twenty long years ago. My life was a war that could never be won. They gave me a number and murdered Valjean when they chained me and left me for dead. Just for stealing a mouthful of bread!

Yet why did I allow that man to touch my soul and teach me love? He treated me like any other. He gave me his trust; he called me brother! My life he claims for God above. Can such things be? For I had come to hate this world -- this world which had always hated *me*. Take an eye for an eye! Turn your heart into stone! This is all I have lived for! This is all I have known! One word from him, and I'd be back -- beneath the lash, upon the rack. Instead, he offers me my freedom. I feel my shame inside me like a knife. He told me that I have a soul, -- how does he know? What spirit came to move my life? Is there another way to go? I am reaching, but I fall! And the night is closing in. And I stare into the void, to the whirlpool of my sin. I'll escape now from the world, from the world of Jean Valjean. Jean Valjean is nothing now! Another story must begin!

[He tears up his yellow ticket-of-leave.]

AT THE END OF THE DAY

[1823, Montreuil-sur-Mer. Outside the factory, owned by the Mayor, Monsieur Madeleine (Valjean in disguise).]

THE POOR: At the end of the day you're another day older, and that's all you can say for the life of the poor! It's a struggle, it's a war! And there's nothing that anyone's giving. One more day, standing about, what is it for? One day less to be living. At the end of the day, you're another day colder. And the shirt on your back doesn't keep out the chill, and the righteous hurry past -- they don't hear the little ones crying. And the winter is coming on fast, ready to kill. One day nearer to dying! At the end of the day, there's another day dawning. And the sun in the morning is waiting to rise, like the waves crash on the sand. Like a storm that'll break any second. There's a hunger in the land. There's a reckoning still to be reckoned. And there's gonna be hell to pay -- at the end of the day!

[The foreman and workers, including Fantine, emerge.]

FOREMAN: At the end of the day you get nothing for nothing! Sitting flat on your butt doesn't buy any bread!

WORKERS: There are children back at home, and the children have got to be fed! And you're lucky to be in a job! And in a bed! And we're counting our blessings!

WOMEN: Have you seen how the foreman is fuming today? With his terrible breath and his wandering hands?

It's because little Fantine won't give him his way! Take a look at his trousers, you'll see where he stands!

And the boss, he never knows that the foreman is always in heat. If Fantine doesn't look out -- watch how she goes -- she'll be out on the street!

WORKERS: At the end of the day it's another day over, with enough in your pocket to last for a week. Pay the landlord, pay the shop, keep on grafting as long as you're able. Keep on grafting till you drop, or it's back to the crumbs on the table. You've got to pay your way -- at the end of the day!

GIRL: What have we here, little innocent sister? Come on Fantine, let's have all the news!

[She grabs the letter from Fantine.]

"Dear Fantine, you must send us more money... Your child needs a doctor... There's no time to lose!"

FANTINE: Give that letter to me! It is none of your business! With a husband at home and a bit on the side, is there anyone here who can swear before God she has nothing to fear? She has nothing to hide?

[They fight over the letter. Valjean rushes over to break up the squabble.]

VALJEAN (*as M. Madeleine*): What is this fighting all about? Will someone tear these two apart? This is a factory, not a circus! Now come on ladies, settle down! I run a business of repute -- I am the Mayor of this town!

[To the foreman...]

I look to you to sort this out And be as patient as you can...

[He goes back into the factory.]

FOREMAN: Now someone say how this began!

GIRL: At the end of the day, she's the one who began it! There's a kid that she's hiding in some little town. There's a man she has to pay. You can guess how she picks up the extra! You can bet she's earning her keep sleeping around! And the boss wouldn't like it!

FANTINE: Yes, it's true there's a child. And the child is my daughter! And her father abandoned us, leaving us flat! Now she lives with an innkeeper man and his wife. And I pay for the child. What's the matter with that?

WOMEN: At the end of the day she'll be nothing but trouble! And there's trouble for all when there's trouble for one! While we're earning our daily bread, she's the one with her hands in the butter. You must send the slut away, or we're all gonna end in the gutter! And it's us who'll have to pay -- at the end of the day!

FOREMAN: I might have known the bitch could bite! I might have known the cat had claws! I might have guessed your little secret! Ah, yes, the virtuous Fantine! Who keeps herself so pure and clean! You'd be the cause, I had no doubt, of any trouble hereabout. You play a virgin in the light, but need no urgin' in the night.

GIRL: She's been laughing at you while she's having her men!

WOMEN: She'll be nothing but trouble, again and again!

WOMEN: You must sack her today! Sack the girl today!

FOREMAN: Right my girl! On your way...

I DREAMED A DREAM

[Fantine is left alone, unemployed and destitute.]

FANTINE: There was a time when men were kind; when their voices were soft and their words inviting. There was a time when love was blind, and the world was a song. And the song was exciting. There was a time... Then it all went wrong.

I dreamed a dream, in times gone by. When hope was high, and life worth living, I dreamed that love would never die. I dreamed that God would be forgiving. *Then* I was young and unafraid, and dreams were made and used and wasted. There was no ransom to be paid, no song unsung, no wine untasted. But the tigers come at night, with their voices soft as thunder as they tear your hope apart. And they turn your dream to shame. He slept a summer by my side. He filled my days with endless wonder. He took my childhood in his stride. But he was gone when autumn came. And still I dream he'll come to me. That we'll live the years together. But there are dreams that cannot be. And there are storms we cannot weather. I had a dream my life would be so much different from this hell I'm living. So different now from what it seemed. Now life has killed the dream I dreamed.

LOVELY LADIES

[The docks. Sailors, whores and their customers, pimps, etc. Fantine wanders in.]

SAILORS: I smell women! Smell 'em in the air! Think I'll drop my anchor in that harbour over there! Lovely ladies, smell 'em through the smoke! Seven days at sea can make you hungry for a poke! Even stokers need a little stoke!

WHORES: Lovely ladies, waiting for a bite! Waiting for the customer who only comes at night. Lovely ladies, waiting for the call! Standing up or lying down, or any way at all! Bargain prices up against the wall!

OLD WOMAN: Come here, my dear, let's see this trinket you wear. This bagatelle...

FANTINE: Madame, I'll sell it to you...

OLD WOMAN: I'll give you four.

FANTINE: That wouldn't pay for the chain!

OLD WOMAN: I'll give you five; you're far too eager to sell -- it's up to you!

FANTINE: It's all I have.

OLD WOMAN: That's not my fault!

FANTINE: Please make it ten!

OLD WOMAN: No more than five! My dear, we all must stay alive!

WHORES: Lovely ladies, waiting in the dark. Ready for a thick one, or a quick one in the park! Long time, short time, any time, my dear! Cost a little extra, if you want to take all year! Quick and cheap is underneath the pier!

CRONE: What pretty hair! What pretty locks you got there! What luck you got, it's worth a centime -- my dear I'll take the lot!

FANTINE: Don't touch me! Leave me alone!

CRONE: Let's make a price, I'll give you all of ten francs. Just think of that!

FANTINE: It pays a debt.

CRONE: Just think of that!

FANTINE: What can I do? It pays a debt. Ten francs may save my poor Cosette!

SAILORS:
Lovely lady!
Fastest on the street!
Wasn't there three minutes,
she was back up on her feet!
Lovely lady!
What yer waiting for?

WHORES:
Lovely ladies,
lovely little girls!
Lovely ladies
Lovely little ladies
Lovely girlies,
lovely little girls

Doesn't take a lot of savvy
just to be a whore!
Come on, lady,
What's a lady for?

We are lovely, lovely girls
Lovely ladies,
what's a lady for?

[Fantine re-emerges, her long hair cut short.]

PIMP: Give me the dirt: Who's that bit over there?

WHORE 1: A bit of skirt, she's the one sold her hair.

WHORE 2: She's got a kid -- sends her all that she can.

PIMP: I might have known. There is always some man. Lovely lady, come along and join us! Lovely lady!

WHORES: Come on dearie, why all the fuss? You're no grander than the rest of us! Life has dropped you at the bottom of the heap, join your sisters, make money in your sleep!

[Fantine goes off with one of the sailors.]

That's right dearie, let him have the lot! That's right dearie, show him what you've got!

Old men, young men, take 'em as they come! Harbour rats and alley cats and every type of scum! Poor men, rich men, leaders of the land! See them with their trousers off, they're never quite as grand! All it takes is money in your hand! Lovely ladies! Going for a song! Got a lot of callers, but they never stay for long!

FANTINE: Come on, Captain, you can wear your shoes. Don't it make a change to have a girl who can't refuse? Easy money, lying on a bed. Just as well they never see the shame that's in your head. Don't they know they're making love -- to one already dead!

FANTINE'S ARREST

[Bamatabois *is a well dressed gentleman.*]

BAMATABOIS: Here's something new, I think I'll give it a try. Come closer, you! I like to *see* what I buy! The usual price, for just a slice of your pie!

FANTINE: I don't want you! No, no, m'sieur, let me go!

BAMATABOIS: Is this a trick? I won't pay more!

FANTINE: No, not at all.

BAMATABOIS: You've got some nerve, you little whore! You've got some gall.! It's the same with a tart as it is with a grocer -- the customer sees what he gets in advance! It's not for the whore to say 'yes sir' or 'no sir'. It's not for the harlot to pick and to choose, or lead me to a dance!

[He hits her with his stick, she claws at his face, drawing blood.]

FANTINE: I'll kill you, you bastard, try any of that! Even a whore who has gone to the bad won't be had by a rat!

BAMATABOIS: By Christ, you'll pay for what you have done! This rat will make you bleed, you'll see! I guarantee, I'll make you suffer for this disturbance of the peace! For this insult to life and property!

FANTINE: I beg you, don't report me sir! I'll do whatever you may want!

BAMATABOIS: Make your excuse to the police!

[Javert enters, accompanied by constables.]

JAVERT: Tell me quickly, what's the story? Who saw what and why and where? Let him give a full description! Let him answer to Javert! In this nest of whores and vipers, let one speak who saw it all. Who laid hands on this good man here? What's the substance of this brawl?

BAMATABOIS: Javert, would you believe it? I was crossing from the park, when this prostitute attacked me! You can see she left her mark!

JAVERT: She will answer for her actions when you make a full report. You may rest assured, M'sieur, That she will answer to the court.

FANTINE: There's a child who sorely needs me Please M'sieur, she's but that high! Holy God, is there no mercy? If I go to jail she'll die!

JAVERT: I have heard such protestations every day for twenty years. Let's have no more explanations. Save your breath and save your tears. Honest work, just reward, that's the way to please the Lord.

[Fantine gives a last despairing cry as she is arrested. Valjean emerges from the crowd.]

VALJEAN: A moment of your time, Javert -- I do believe this woman's tale.

JAVERT: But M'sieur Mayor!

VALJEAN: You've done your duty. Let her be -- she needs a doctor, not a jail.

JAVERT: But M'sieur Mayor!

FANTINE: Can this be?

VALJEAN: Where will she end -- this child without a friend?

I've seen your face before. Show me some way to help you. How have you come to grief in a place such as this?

FANTINE: M'sieur, don't mock me now, I pray; it's hard enough I've lost my pride. You let your foreman send me away. Yes, you were there, and turned aside -- I never did no wrong.

VALJEAN:	FANTINE:
Is it true, what I have done?	My daughter's close to dying!
To an innocent soul?	If there's a God above,
Had I only known then...	he'd let me die instead

VALJEAN: In His name, my task has just begun. I will see it done! I will see it done!

JAVERT: But M'sieur Mayor!

VALJEAN: I will see it done!

JAVERT: But M'sieur Mayor!

VOICES: Look out! It's a runaway cart!

THE RUNAWAY CART

[The crowd parts to reveal that the cart has crashed, trapping M. Fauchelevant.]

VOICES: Look at that! Look at that! It's Monsieur Fauchelevant! Don't approach! Don't go near! At the risk of your life! He is caught by the wheel! Oh, the pitiful man! Stay away, turn away, there is nothing to do.. There is nothing to do...

VALJEAN: Is there anyone here who will rescue the man? Who will help me to shoulder the weight of the cart?

VOICES: Don't go near him, Mr. Mayor, the load is heavy as hell. The old man's a goner for sure -- it'll kill you as well.

[Valjean attempts to lift the cart. They manage to pull Fauchelevant clear.]

FAUCHELEVANT: M'sieur le Mayor, I have no words! You come from God, you are a saint!

[Javert takes Valjean aside.]

JAVERT: Can this be true? I don't believe what I see! A man your age? To be as strong as you are... A memory stirs.. You make me think of a man from years ago. A man who broke his parole. He disappeared... Forgive me, sir, I would not dare!

VALJEAN: Say what you must, don't leave it there

JAVERT: I have only known one other who can do what you have done -- He's a convict from the chain gang, he's been ten years on the run. But he couldn't run forever. We have found his hideaway! And he's just been re-arrested, and he comes to court today. Of course he now denies it You'd expect that of a con! But he couldn't run forever, no, not even Jean Valjean!

VALJEAN: You say this man denies it all, and gives no sign of understanding or repentance? You say this man is going to trial? And that's he's sure to be returned to serve his sentence? Come to that, can you be sure... that *I* am not your man?

JAVERT: I have known the thief for ages, tracked him down through thick and thin. And to make the matter certain, there's the brand upon his skin. He will bend, he will break! This time there is no mistake.

[Javert leaves, Valjean is alone.]

WHO AM I? (The Trial)

VALJEAN: He thinks that man is me! He knew him at a glance! That stranger he has found -- This man could be my chance! Why should I save his hide? Why should I right this wrong, when I have come so far, and struggled for so long? If I speak, I am condemned. If I stay silent, I am damned! I am the master of hundreds of workers -- they all look to me. How can I abandon them, how can they live if I am not free? If I speak, I am condemned. If I stay silent, I am damned!

Who am I? Can I condemn this man to slavery, pretend I do not see his agony? This innocent who bears my face, who goes to judgement in my place? Who am I? Can I conceal myself forevermore? Pretend I'm not the man I was before? And must my name until I die be no more than an alibi? Must I lie? How can I ever face my fellow man? How can I ever face myself again? My soul belongs to God, I know -- I made that bargain long ago. He gave me hope, when hope was gone, He gave me strength to journey on.

[He steps in front of the court]

Who am I? Who am I? I am Jean Valjean!

[He unbuttons his shirt to reveal the number tattooed to his chest.]

And so Javert, you see it's true -- that man bears no more guilt than you! Who am I? 24601!

COME TO ME (Fantine's Death)

[Fantine is lying in a hospital bed, deliriously dreaming of her daughter Cosette.]

FANTINE: Cosette, it's turned so cold. Cosette, it's past your bedtime, you've played the day away. And soon it will be night. Come to me, Cosette, the light is fading. Don't you see the evening star appearing? Come to me, and rest against my shoulder. How fast the minutes fly away, and every minute colder. Hurry near, another day is dying. Don't you hear, the winter wind is crying? There's a darkness which comes without a warning. But I will sing you lullabyes and wake you in the morning.

[Valjean enters.]

VALJEAN: Oh, Fantine, our time is running out. But Fantine, I swear this on my life...

FANTINE: Look, M'sieur, where all the children play.

VALJEAN: Be at peace, be at peace evermore.

FANTINE: My Cosette...

VALJEAN: ... Shall live in my protection.

FANTINE: Take her now.

VALJEAN: Your child will want for nothing...

FANTINE: Good M'sieur, you come from God in Heaven.

VALJEAN: ... And none will ever harm Cosette, as long as I am living.

FANTINE: Take my hand, the night grows ever colder.

VALJEAN: Then I will keep you warm.

FANTINE: Take my child, I give her to your keeping.

VALJEAN: Take shelter from the storm.

FANTINE: For God's sake, please stay till I am sleeping. And tell Cosette I love her, and I'll see her when I wake...

[She dies with a smile; Javert arrives.]

THE CONFRONTATION

JAVERT: Valjean, at last we see each other plain. 'M'sieur le Mayor', you'll wear a different chain!

VALJEAN: Before you say another word, Javert, before you chain me up like a slave again, listen to me! There is something I must do: This woman leaves behind a suffering child. There is none but me who can intercede. In Mercy's name, three days are all I need. Then I'll return, I pledge my word. Then I'll return...

JAVERT: You must think me mad! I've hunted you across the years! A man like you can never change! A man... such as you...

VALJEAN (*in counterpoint*):	JAVERT (*in counterpoint*):
Believe of me what you will,	Men like me can never change!
There is a duty that I'm sworn to do.	Men like you can never change, no. 24601!
You know nothing of my life.	My duty's to the law --
All I did was steal some bread!	You have no rights!
You know nothing of the world.	Come with me, 24601!
You would rather see me dead!	Now the wheel has turned around,
Jean Valjean is nothing now.	But not before I see this justice done.
I am warning you, Javert:	Dare you talk to me of crime?
I'm a stronger man by far!	And the price you had to pay?
There is power in me yet!	Every man is born in sin!
My race is not yet run.	Every man must choose his way!
I am warning you Javert,	You know nothing of Javert!
There is nothing I won't dare!	I was born inside a jail,
If I have to kill you here,	I was born with scum like you!
I'll do what must be done!	I am from the gutter too!

[Valjean breaks chair and threatens Javert with the broken piece. Turns to Fantine.]

VALJEAN: And this I swear to you tonight...

JAVERT: There is no place for you to hide!

VALJEAN: ...Your child will live within my care...

JAVERT: Wherever you may hide away...

VALJEAN: ...And I will raise her to the light!

VALJEAN & JAVERT: I swear to you, I will be there!

[They fight, Javert is knocked out. Valjean escapes.]

CASTLE ON A CLOUD

[Young Cosette is working as a drudge in the Thenardier's inn at Montfermeil.]

YOUNG COSETTE: There is a castle on a cloud; I like to go there in my sleep. Aren't any floors for me to sweep, not in my castle on a cloud. There is a room that's full of toys, there are a hundred boys and girls. Nobody shouts or talks too loud, not in my castle on a cloud. There is a lady all in white; holds me and sings a lullabye. She's nice to hear and she's soft to touch: She says "Cosette, I love you very much." I know a place where no one's lost. I know a place where no one cries. Crying at all is not allowed, not in my castle on a cloud.

Oh, help! I think I hear them now, and I'm nowhere near finished sweeping and scrubbing and polishing the floor. Oh, it's her! It's Madame!

MME. THENARDIER: Now look who's here! The little madam herself! Pretending once again she's been 'so awfully good'. Better not let me catch you slacking! Better not catch my eye! Ten rotten francs your mother sends me -- what is that going to buy? Now take that pail, my little 'Mademoiselle,' and go and draw some water from the well! We should never have taken you in in the first place! How stupid, the things that we do! Like mother, like daughter, the scum of the street. Eponine, come my dear, Eponine, let me see you. You look very well in that new little blue hat! There's *some* little girls who know how to behave. And they know what to wear. And I'm saying thank heaven for that. Still there, Cosette? Your tears will do you no good. I told you fetch some water from the well in the wood...

YOUNG COSETTE: Please do not send me out alone! Not in the darkness, on my own!

MME.. THENARDIER: Enough of that, or I'll forget to be nice! You heard me ask for something, and I never ask twice!

[Young Eponine pushes Cosette out. Thenardier says good night to his daughter as the inn fills up for the evening.]

MASTER OF THE HOUSE

DRINKERS: Come on, you old pest! Fetch a bottle of your best! What's the nectar of the day?

[Thenardier enters with a flask of wine.]

THENARDIER: Here, try this lot -- Guaranteed to hit the spot, or I'm not Thenardier.

DRINKERS: Gissa glass a' rum, landlord, over here!

THENARDIER: *[To himself]* Right away, you scum *[To customer]* Right away, m'sieur!

DRINKERS: God, this place has gone to hell!

So you tell me every year!

Mine host Thenardier

He was there so they say, at the field of Waterloo

Got there, it's true, when the fight was all through

But he knew just what to do

Crawling through the mud, so I've heard it said

Picking through the pockets of the English dead

He made a tidy score from the spoils of war

THENARDIER: My band of soaks, my den of dissolutes! My dirty jokes, my always pissed as newts! My sons of whores -- Spent their lives in my inn, homing pigeons homing in, then fly through my doors. And their money's as good as yours.

DRINKERS: Ain't got a clue what he put in this stew!

Must have scraped it off the street! God what a wine!

Chateau Neuf de Turpentine -- Must have pressed it with his feet !

Landlord, over here! Where's the bloody man?

One more for the road! Thenardier, one more slug o' gin.

Just one more, or my old man is gonna do me in!

[Thenardier greets a new customer.]

THENARDIER: Welcome, M'sieur -- Sit yourself down and meet the best innkeeper in town. As for the rest -- All of 'em crooks, rooking their guests and cooking the books. Seldom do you see honest men like me; A gent of good intent who's content to be...

Master of the house! Doling out the charm! Ready with a handshake, and an open palm! Tells a saucy tale! Makes a little stir! Customers appreciate a bon-viveur! Glad to do a friend a favour -- Doesn't cost me to be nice. But nothing gets you nothing; everything has got a little price!

Master of the house! Keeper of the zoo! Ready to relieve 'em of a sou or two! Watering the wine! Making up the weight! Pickin' up their knick-knacks when they can't see straight! Everybody loves a landlord; everybody's bosom friend. I do whatever pleases! Jesus! Won't I bleed 'em in the end!

THENARDIER & DRINKERS: Master of the house! Quick to catch yer eye! Never wants a passer-by to pass him by! Servant to the poor Butler to the great! Comforter, philosopher, and lifelong mate! Everybody's boon companion! Everybody's chaperone!

THENARDIER: But lock up your valises! Jesus! Won't I skin you to the bone!

[To another new customer...]

Enter M'sieur, lay down your load! Unlace your boots and rest from the road! This weighs a ton; travel's a curse. But here we strive, to lighten your purse! Here the goose is cooked -- Here the fat is fried. And nothing's overlooked till I'm satisfied!

Food beyond compare! Food beyond belief! Mix it in a mincer, and pretend it's beef! Kidney of a horse, liver of a cat -- filling up the sausages with this and that!

Residents are more than welcome! Bridal suite is occupied! Reasonable charges, plus some little extras on the side! Charge 'em for the lice; extra for the mice. Two percent for looking in the mirror twice! Here a little slice, there a little cut. Three percent for sleeping with the window shut! When it comes to fixing prices, there are a lot of tricks he knows. How it all increases! All those bits and pieces! Jesus! It's amazing how it grows!

THENARDIER & CHORUS: Master of the house! Quick to catch yer eye! Never wants a passer-by to pass him by! Servant to the poor! Butler to the great! Comforter, philosopher, and lifelong mate! Everybody's boon companion! Gives 'em everything he's got!

THENARDIER: Dirty bunch of geezers! Jesus! What a sorry little lot!

MME. THENARDIER: I used to dream that I would meet a prince. But God Almighty, have you seen what's happened since? Master of the house? Isn't worth me spit! 'Comforter, philosopher' -- and lifelong shit! Cunning little brain; regular Voltaire. Thinks he's quite a lover, but there's not much there. What a cruel trick of nature landed me with such a louse? God knows how I've lasted, living with this bastard in the house!

THENARDIER & DRINKERS: Master of the house!

MME. THENARDIER: Master and a half!

THENARDIER & DRINKERS: Comforter, philosopher...

MME. THENARDIER: Ah, don't make me laugh!

THENARDIER & DRINKERS: Servant to the poor Butler to the great...

MME. THENARDIER: Hypocrite and toady -- and inebriate!

THENARDIER & DRINKERS: Everybody bless the landlord! Everybody bless his spouse!

THENARDIER: Everybody raise a glass!

MME. THENARDIER: Raise it up the master's arse!

ALL: Everybody raise a glass to the master of the house!

THE BARGAIN

[Valjean and Young Cosette arrive at the now empty inn, hand in hand.]

VALJEAN: I found her wandering in the wood: This little child, I found her trembling in the shadows. And I am here to help Cosette. And I will settle any debt you may think proper. I will pay what I must pay, to take Cosette away. There is a duty I must heed, there is a promise I have made. For I was blind to one in need; I did not see what stood before me. Now her mother is with God -- Fantine's suffering is over . And I speak here with her voice, and I stand here in her place. And from this day and evermore...

MME. THENARDIER: Let me have your coat, M'sieur.

VALJEAN: ...Cosette shall live in my protection!

THENARDIER: You are very welcome here.

VALJEAN: I shall not forsake my vow...

THENARDIER: Take a glass.

MME. THENARDIER: Take a chair.

VALJEAN: ...Cosette shall have a father now!

THE WALTZ OF TREACHERY

THENARDIER: What to do? What to say? Shall you carry our treasure away? What a gem! What a pearl! Beyond rubies is our little girl! How can we speak of debt? Let's not haggle for darling Cosette! Dear Fantine, gone to rest? Have we done for her child what is best? Shared our bread, shared each bone! Treated her like she's one of our own! Like our own, Monsieur!

VALJEAN: Your feelings do you credit, sir.   And I will ease the parting blow.

[He pays them.]

Let us not talk of bargains or bones or greed Now, may I say, we are agreed?

MME. THENARDIER: That would quite fit the bill, if she hadn't so often been ill. Little dear cost us dear! Medicines are expensive, M'sieur! Not that we begrudged a sou -- It's no more than we Christians must do!

M. AND MME. THENARDIER: One thing more, one small doubt There are treacherous people about! No offence, please reflect: Your intentions may not be... correct?

VALJEAN: No more words, here's your price: Fifteen hundred for your sacrifice. Come, Cosette, say goodbye, let us seek out some friendlier sky. Thank you both for Cosette -- it won't take you too long to forget.

[Valjean and Cosette leave the inn.]

Come, Cosette, come, my dear From now on I will always be here Where I go, you will be.

COSETTE: Will there be children? And castles to see?

VALJEAN: Yes, Cosette. Yes, it's true There's a castle just waiting for you...

LOOK DOWN

[*1832. The teeming, squalid streets of Paris. Beggars, urchins, prostitutes, students, etc.]*

BEGGARS: Look down, look down, and see the beggars at your feet! Look down and show some mercy if you can! Look down and see: the sweepings of the streets. Look down, look down, upon your fellow man!

GAVROCHE: How do you do? My name's Gavroche. These are my people, here's my patch. Not much to look at, nothing posh -- Nothing that you'd call up to scratch. This is my school, my high society. Here in the slums of Saint Michele, we live on crumbs of humble piety. Tough on the teeth, but what the hell! Think you're poor? Think you're free? Follow me, follow me!

BEGGARS: Look down, and show some mercy if you can. Look down, look down, upon your fellow man!

[An old beggar woman finds a young prostitute occupying her patch.]

OLD BEGGAR WOMAN: What you think yer at? Hanging round me pitch? If you're new around here, girl, you've got a lot to learn!

YOUNG PROSTITUTE: Listen, you old bat, crazy bloody witch: 'Least I give my customers some pleasure in return!

OLD BEGGAR WOMAN: I know what you give! Give 'em all the pox! Spread around your poison till they end up in a box!

PIMP: Leave the poor old cow! Move it, Madeleine. She used to be no better, till the clap got to her brain.

BEGGARS: When's it gonna end? When we gonna live? Something's gotta happen now, or Something's gonna give... It'll come, it'll come, it'll come! It'll come, it'll come, it'll come!

ENJOLRAS: Where are the leaders of the land? Where are the swells who run this show?

MARIUS: Only one man -- and that's Lamarque -- speaks for these people here below!

BEGGARS: See our children fed! Help us in our shame! Something for a crust of bread! In Holy Jesus' name!

URCHIN: In the Lord's Holy name.

BEGGARS: In his name, in his name, in his name...

MARIUS: Lamarque is ill and fading fast! Won't last the week out, so they say.

ENJOLRAS: With all the anger in the land, how long before the judgement day? Before we cut the fat ones down to size? Before the barricades arise?

GAVROCHE: Watch out for old Thenardier: All of his family is on the make. Once ran a hash-house down the way; bit of a swine and no mistake! He's got a gang, the bleeding layabout. Even his daughter does her share That's Eponine, *she* knows her way about. Only a kid, but hard to scare. Do we care? Not a cuss! Long live us, long live us!

BEGGARS: Look down, look down, and show some mercy if you can. Look down, look down, upon your fellow man!

THE ROBBERY

[Thenardier assembling his gang.]

THENARDIER: Everyone here, you know your place. Brujon, Babet, Claqusous. You, Montparnasse, watch for the law with Eponine, take care. You turn on the tears. No mistakes, my dears!

MME. THENARDIER: These bloody students on our street! Here they come slumming, once again! Our Eponine would kiss their feet -- She never had a scrap of brain.

MARIUS: Eponine, what's up today? I haven't seen you much about.

EPONINE: Here, you can always catch me in.

MARIUS: Mind the police don't catch you out!

EPONINE: Here, whatcher doing with all them books? I could have been a student too! Don't judge a girl on how she looks... I know a lot of things I do!

MARIUS: Poor Eponine, the things you know you wouldn't find in books like these.

EPONINE: I like the way you grow your hair

MARIUS: I like the way you always tease.

EPONINE: Little he knows! Little he sees!

[Valjean arrives with Cosette, now grown up.]

MME. THENARDIER: Here's the old boy. Stay on the job and watch out for the law.

EPONINE [*to Marius*]: Stay out of this.

MARIUS: But Eponine...

EPONINE: You'll be in trouble here -- It's not your concern. You'll be in the clear.

[She pushes Marius away.]

MARIUS: Who is that man?

EPONINE: Leave me alone!

MARIUS: Why is he here? Hey, Eponine!

[He begins to follow her, and bumps into Cosette.]

I didn't see you there, forgive me.

THENARDIER: Please M'sieur, come this way. Here's a child that ain't eaten today. Save a life, spare a sou -- God rewards all the good that you do. Wait a bit; know that face. Ain't the world a remarkable place? Men like me don't forget -- you're the bastard that borrowed Cosette!

[Thenardier grabs Valjean and rips open his shirt, revealing the number on his chest.]

VALJEAN: What is this? Are you mad? No, Monsieur, you don't know what you do!

THENARDIER: You know me, you know me. I'm a con, just like you.

EPONINE: It's the police! Disappear! Run for it! It's Javert!

JAVERT'S INTERVENTION

[Javert and constables break up the fight. Valjean picks himself up and looks for Cosette, who is with Marius.]

JAVERT: Another brawl in the square! Another stink in the air! Was there a witness to this? Well, let him speak to Javert! M'sieur, the streets are not safe, but let these vermin beware: We'll see that justice is done!

Look upon this fine collection! Crawled from underneath a stone! This swarm of worms and maggots could have picked you to the bone! I know this man over here -- I know his name and his trade. And on your witness, M'sieur, we'll see him suitably paid.

[Valjean and Cosette have disappeared.]

But where's the gentleman gone? And why on earth did he run?

THENARDIER: You will have a job to catch him -- *he's* the one you should arrest! No more bourgeois when you scratch him than that brand upon his chest!

[The constables search for Valjean.]

JAVERT: Could it be he's some old jailbird that the tide now washes in? Heard my name and started running? Had the brand upon his skin! And the girl who stood beside him -- when I turned they both had gone. Could he be the man I've hunted? Could it be he's Jean Valjean?

THENARDIER: In the absence of a victim, dear Inspector, may I go? And remember, when you've nicked him, it was me who told you so!

JAVERT: Let the old man keep on running! I will run him off his feet!

Everyone about your business Clear this garbage off the street!

STARS

JAVERT: There, out in the darkness: A fugitive running. Fallen from God. Fallen from grace. God be my witness, I never shall yield till we come face to face, till we come face to face! He knows his way in the dark, but mine is the way of the Lord! And those who follow the path of the righteous shall have their reward! And if they fall -- as Lucifer fell -- the flame! The sword! Stars in your multitudes, scarce to be counted, filling the darkness with order and light! You are the sentinels, silent and sure, keeping watch in the night, keeping watch in the night. You know your place in the sky. You hold your course and your aim. And each in your season returns and returns, and is always the same. And if you fall, as Lucifer fell, you fall in flame! And so it has been; and so it is written on the doorway to paradise: That those who falter and those who fall must pay the price! Lord let me find him, that I may see him safe behind bars! I will never rest till then, this I swear! This I swear by the stars!

GAVROCHE: That inspector thinks he's something, but it's me who runs this town! And my theatre never closes, and the curtain's never down. Trust Gavroche, have no fear. Don't you worry, auntie dear, you can always find me here!

EPONINE'S ERRAND

[Eponine is alone in the square.]

EPONINE: Cosette! Now I remember! Cosette! How can it be? We were children together. Look what's become of me...

[Marius returns.]

Good God! Oh, what a rumpus!

MARIUS: That girl, who can she be?

EPONINE: That cop! He'd like to jump us, but he ain't smart, not he.

MARIUS: Eponine, who was that girl?

EPONINE: Some bourgeois two-a-penny thing!

MARIUS: Eponine, find her for me!

EPONINE: What will you give me?

MARIUS: Anything!

EPONINE: Got you all excited now, but God knows what you see in her! Ain't you all delighted, now?

[She refuses Marius' money.]

No, I don't want your money sir...

MARIUS: Eponine, do this for me... Discover where she lives. Be careful how you go: Don't let her father know...

'Ponine! I'm lost until she's found!

EPONINE: You see, I told you so! There's lots of things I know...

[Marius leaves.]

'Ponine... she knows her way around...

RED AND BLACK (THE ABC CAFE)

[The ABC Cafe, where the students, led by Enjolras, meet to discuss their revolutionary plans.]

COMBEFERRE: At Notre Dame, the sections are prepared!

FEUILLY: At rue de Bac, they're straining at the leash!

COURFEYRAC: Students, workers, everyone. There's a river on the run, like the flowing of the tide. Paris, coming to our side!

ENJOLRAS: The time is near... So near... it's stirring the blood in their veins! And yet beware... Don't let the wine go to your brains! For the army we fight is a dangerous foe, with the men and the arms that we never can match. Oh, it's easy to sit here and swat 'em like flies, but the national guard will be harder to catch. We need a sign, to rally the people, to call them to arms, to bring them in line

[Marius enters.]

Marius, you're late.

JOLY: What's wrong today? You look as if you've seen a ghost.

GRANTAIRE: Some wine, and say what's going on!

MARIUS: A ghost you say... a ghost, maybe. She was just like a ghost to me. One minute there, and she was gone!

GRANTAIRE: I am agog! I am aghast! Is Marius in love at last? I have never heard him 'ooh' and 'aah' You talk of battles to be won, but here he comes like Don Ju-an! It's better than an o-per-a!

ENJOLRAS: It is time for us all to decide who we are... Do we fight for the right to a night at the opera now? Have you asked of yourselves: What's the price you might pay? Is it simply a game for rich young boys to play? The colour of the world is changing, day by day... Red -- the blood of angry men! Black -- the dark of ages past! Red -- a world about to dawn! Black - the night that ends at last!

MARIUS: Had you been there tonight, you might know how it feels. To be struck to the bone in a moment of breathless delight! Had you been there tonight, you might also have known how the world may be changed in just one burst of light! And what was right seems wrong And what was wrong seems right...

GRANTIARE [*mocking...*]: Red...

MARIUS: I feel my soul on fire!

GRANTAIRE: Black...

MARIUS: My world if she's not there...

ALL: Red...

MARIUS: The colour of desire!

ALL: Black...

MARIUS: The colour of despair!

ENJOLRAS: Marius, you're no longer a child. I do not doubt you mean it well, but now there is a higher call. Who cares about your lonely soul? We strive toward a larger goal; our little lives don't count at all!

ALL: Red -- the blood of angry men! Black -- the dark of ages past! Red -- a world about to dawn! Black -- the night that ends at last!

ENJOLRAS: Well, Courfeyrac, do we have all the guns? Feuilly, Combeferre, our time is running short. Grantaire, put the bottle down! Do we have the guns we need?

GRANTAIRE [*drunk*]: Give me brandy on my breath, and I'll breath 'em all to death!

COURFEYRAC: In St. Antoine, they're with us to a man!

COMBEFERRE: In Notre Dame, they're tearing up the stones!

FEUILLY: Twenty rifles, good as new.

[Gavroche rushes in, shouting.]

GAVROCHE: Listen!

JEAN PROUVAIRE: Double that in Port St. Cloud!

GAVROCHE: Listen, everybody!

LESGLES: Seven guns in St. Martin!

GAVROCHE: General Lamarque is dead!

ENJOLRAS: Lamarque is dead? Lamarque! His death is the hour of fate. The people's man. His death is the sign we await! On his funeral day, they will honour his name. It's a rallying cry that will reach every ear! In the death of Lamarque, we will kindle the flame They will see that the day of salvation is near! The time is hear! Let us welcome it gladly with courage and cheer Let us take to the streets with no doubt in our hearts, but a jubilant shout! They will come one and all! They will come when we call!

DO YOU HEAR THE PEOPLE SING

ENJOLRAS: Do you hear the people sing? Singing a song of angry men? It is the music of a people who will not be slaves again! When the beating of your heart echos the beating of the drums, there is a life about to start -- When tomorrow comes!

COMBEFERRE: Will you join in our crusade? Who will be strong and stand with me? Somewhere beyond the barricade is there a world you long to see?

COURFEYRAC: Then join in the fight! That will give you the right to be free!!

ALL: Do you hear the people sing? Singing a song of angry men? It is the music of a people who will not be slaves again! When the beating of your heart echos the beating of the drums, there is a life about to start when tomorrow comes!

FEUILLY: Will you give all you can give so that our banner may advance? Some will fall and some will live -- will you stand up and take your chance? The blood of the martyrs will water the meadows of France!

ALL: Do you hear the people sing? Singing a song of angry men? It is the music of a people who will not be slaves again! When the beating of your heart echos the beating of the drums, there is a life about to start when tomorrow comes!

IN MY LIFE

[Cosette stands in her garden on Rue Plumet.]

COSETTE: How strange, this feeling that my life's begun at last. This change, can people really fall in love so fast? What's the matter with you, Cosette? Have you been too much on your own? So many things unclear, so many things unknown.

In my life there are so many questions and answers that somehow seem wrong. In my life there are times when I catch in the silence the sigh of a faraway song. And it sings Of a world that I long to see: Out of reach, just a whisper away, waiting for me!

Does he know I'm alive? Do I know if he's real? Does he see what I saw? Does he feel what I feel?

In my life I'm no longer alone. Now the love in my life is so near. Find me now, find me here!

VALJEAN: Dear Cosette, you're such a lonely child. How pensive, how sad you seem to me. Believe me, were it within my power I'd fill each passing hour. How quiet it must be, I can see, with only me for company.

COSETTE: There's so little I know that I'm longing to know of the child that I was in a time long ago. There's so little you say of the life you have known -- Why you keep to yourself, why we're always alone. So dark, so dark and deep, the secrets that you keep! In my life, I have all that I want. You are loving and gentle and good. But Papa, dear Papa, in your eyes I am just like a child who is lost in a wood

VALJEAN: No more words -- No more words, it's a time that is dead. There are words that are better unheard, better unsaid.

COSETTE: In my life I'm no longer a child, and I yearn for the truth that you know of the years... years ago!

VALJEAN: You will learn. Truth is given by God to us all, in our time In our turn

[Valjean leaves the garden; Marius and Eponine are outside.]

MARIUS: In my life, she has burst like the music of angels; the light of the sun. And my life seems to stop, as if something is over, and something has scarcely begun. Eponine You're the friend who has brought me here -- Thanks to you I am one with the Gods, and Heaven is near! And I soar through a world that is new that is free...

EPONINE [*to herself*]: Every word that he says is a dagger in me! In my life there's been no one like him anywhere. Anywhere, where he is... If he asked... I'd be his

MARIUS & EPONINE: In my life, there is someone who touches my life

MARIUS: Waiting near

EPONINE: Waiting here

A HEART FULL OF LOVE

[Marius goes into the garden, leaving Eponine outside.]

MARIUS: A heart full of love, a heart full of song. I'm doing everything all wrong. Oh God, for shame -- I do not even know your name! Dear Mad'moiselle, won't you say? Will you tell?

COSETTE: A heart full of love. No fear, no regret

MARIUS: My name is Marius Pontmercy

COSETTE: And mine's Cosette

MARIUS: Cosette, I don't know what to say.

COSETTE: Then make no sound.

MARIUS: I am lost.

COSETTE: I am found!

MARIUS: A heart full of light.

COSETTE: A night bright as day.

MARIUS: And you must never go away, Cosette, Cosette.

COSETTE: This is a chain we'll never break.

MARIUS: Do I dream?

COSETTE: I'm awake!

MARIUS: A heart full of love.	EPONINE *[outside, interjecting]:* He was never mine to lose!
COSETTE: A heart full of you	Why regret what could not be?
MARIUS: A single look and then I knew.	These are words he'll never say!
COSETTE: I knew it too.	Not to me...
MARIUS: From today...	Not to me...
COSETTE: Every day.	Not for me...
COSETTE & MARIUS: For it isn't a dream Not a dream After all!	His heart full of love. He will never Feel this way...

THE ATTACK ON RUE PLUMET

EPONINE: 'Parnasse, what are you doing So far out of our patch?

MONTPARNASSE: This house, we're going to do it! Rich man, plenty of scratch. You remember, he's the one who got away the other day -- got a number on his chest. Perhaps a fortune put away!

EPONINE: Oh Lord, somebody help me! Dear God, what'll I do? He'll think this is an ambush -- he'll think I'm in it, too!

What'll I do, what'll I say? I've got to warn them here! I've got to find a way.

[Thenardier arrives with the rest of his gang.]

THENARDIER: This is his lair -- I've seen the old fox around. He keeps himself to himself. He's staying close to the ground. I smell profit here!

Ten years ago, he came and paid for Cosette. I let her go for a song! It's time we settled the debt! This'll cost him dear!

BRUJON: What do I care who you should rob? Give me my share! Finish the job!

THENARDIER: You shut your mouth! Give me your hand!

[He notices Eponine but doesn't recognize her.]

BRUJON: What have we here?

THENARDIER: Who is this hussy?

BABET: It's your brat Eponine! Don't you know your own kid? Why's she hanging about you?

THENARDIER: 'Ponine, get on home! You're not needed in this. We're enough here without you.

EPONINE: I know this house. I tell you there's nothing here for you -- just the old man and the girl. They live ordinary lives.

THENARDIER: Don't interfere! You've got some gall! Take care, young miss, you've got a lot to say!

BRUJON: She's going soft.

CLAQUESOUS: Happens to all.

MONTPARNASSE: Go home, 'Ponine. Go home, you're in the way!

EPONINE: I'm gonna scream, I'm gonna warn them here!

THENARDIER: One little scream, and you'll regret it for a year!

CLAQUESOUS: What a palaver! What an absolute treat, to watch a cat and its father pick a bone in the street!

BRUJON: Not a sound out of you!

EPONINE: Well I told you I'd do it, told you I'd do it...

[She screams.]

THENARDIER: You wait my girl, you'll rue this night! I'll make you scream, you'll scream all right! Leave her to me, don't wait around -- make for the sewers, go underground!

[The gang scatters.]

MARIUS: It was your cry sent them away. Once more 'Ponine saving the day! Dearest Cosette, my friend 'Ponine brought me to you, showed me the way!

Someone is near! Let's not be seen! Somebody's here...

[Marius leaves quickly as Valjean enters.]

VALJEAN: My God, Cosette, I heard a cry in the dark I heard the shout of angry voices in the street.

COSETTE: That was my cry you heard, Papa. I was afraid of what they'd do. They ran away when they heard my cry.

VALJEAN: Cosette, my child, what will become of you?

COSETTE: Three men I saw beyond the wall -- three men in shadow, moving fast

VALJEAN: This is a warning to us all. These are the shadows of the past. Must be Javert! He's found my cover at last! I've got to get Cosette away before they return! We must get away from shadows. They will never let us be! Tomorrow to Calais, then a ship across the sea! Hurry, Cosette, prepare to leave, and say no more. Tomorrow we'll away! Hurry, Cosette, it's time to close another door, and live another day!

ONE DAY MORE

VALJEAN: One day more. Another day, another destiny. This never-ending road to Calvary; these men who seem to know my crime will surely come a second time. One day more...

MARIUS: I did not live until today. How can I live when we are parted?

VALJEAN: One day more...

MARIUS & COSETTE: Tomorrow you'll be worlds away! And yet with you, my world has started.

EPONINE: One more day, all on my own.

MARIUS & COSETTE: Will we ever meet again?

EPONINE: One more day with him not caring!

MARIUS & COSETTE: I was born to be with you.

EPONINE: What a life I might have known!

MARIUS & COSETTE: And I swear I will be true!

EPONINE: But he never saw me there...

ENJOLRAS:
One more day before the storm!
At the barricades of Freedom!
When our ranks begin to form,
will you take your place with me?

MARIUS:
Do I follow where she goes?
Shall I join my brothers there?
Do I stay or do I dare?

ALL: The time is now! The place is here!

VALJEAN: One day more!

JAVERT: One more day till revolution! We will nip it in the bud! I will join these little schoolboys; they will wet themselves with blood!

VALJEAN: One day more!

M. & MME. THENARDIER: Watch'm run amuck! Catch'm when they fall; never know your luck when there's a free for all. Here a little pinch, there a little touch. Most of them are goners, so they won't miss much!

VARIOUS STUDENTS: One day to a new beginning!

Raise the flag of freedom high!

Every man will be a king!

Every man will be a king!

There's a new world for the winning!

There's a new world to be won!

Do you hear the people sing?

MARIUS: My place is here, I fight with you!

VALJEAN:	MARIUS & COSETTE:	EPONINE:
One day more!	I did not live until today...	One more day all on my own...

MARIUS & COSETTE: Tomorrow you'll be worlds away. And yet with you my world has started!

JAVERT: I will join these people's heroes. I will follow where they go! I will know their little secrets, I will know the things they know.

VALJEAN: One day more!

M. & MME. THENARDIER: Watch 'em run amuck! Catch 'em as they fall! Never know your luck when there's a free-for-all!

JAVERT: One more day to revolution! We will nip it in the bud! We'll be ready for these schoolboys! Tomorrow is the judgement day!

VALJEAN: Tomorrow we'll be far away, tomorrow is the judgement day.

ALL: Tomorrow we'll discover what our God in Heaven has in store! One more dawn! One more day! One day more!

[The curtain falls.]

ACT II

UPON THESE STONES -- BUILDING THE BARRICADE

[Enjolras is addressing the revolutionaries.]

ENJOLRAS: Here upon these stones we will build our barricade, in the heart of the city we claim as our own! Each man to his duty, and don't be afraid. Wait! I will need a report on the strength of the foe.

JAVERT *[disguised as a rebel]*: I can find out the truth! I know their ways; fought their wars. Served my time in the days of my youth!

VARIOUS STUDENTS: Now the people will fight! And so they might! Dogs will back, fleas will bite. They will do what is right!

[Marius spots Eponine, who is dressed as a boy.]

MARIUS: Hey little boy, what's this I see? God, Eponine, the things you do!

EPONINE: I know this is no place for me. Still, I would rather be with you.

MARIUS: Get out before the trouble starts ! Get out, 'Ponine, you might get shot.

EPONINE: I got you worried, now, I have! That shows you like me quite a lot!

MARIUS: There is a way that you can help -- you are the answer to a prayer. Please take this letter to Cosette, And pray to God that she's still there!

[She walks to the Rue Plumet...]

EPONINE: Little you know... Little you care!

[...where she meets Valjean.]

I have a letter, M'sieur. It's addressed to your daughter, Cosette. It's from a boy at the barricade, sir, in the Rue de Villette.

VALJEAN: Give me that letter here, my boy.

EPONINE: He said to give it to Cosette.

VALJEAN: You have my word that my daughter will know what this letter contains.

[He gives her a coin.]

Tell the young man she will read it tomorrow, and here's for your pains Go careful now, stay out of sight. There's danger in the streets tonight.

[He opens the letter... and reads it.]

"Dearest Cosette, you have entered my soul, and soon you will be gone. Can it be only a day since we met, and the world was reborn? If I should fall in the battle to come, let this be my goodbye. Now that I know you love me as well, it is harder to die... I pray that God will bring me home to be with you. Pray for your Marius, he prays for you!"

[He goes inside]

ON MY OWN

EPONINE: And now I'm all alone again -- nowhere to turn, no one to go to. Without a home, without a friend. Without a face to say hello to. And now the night is near, I can make believe he's here. Sometimes I walk alone at night, when everybody else is sleeping. I think of him, and I'm happy with the company I'm keeping. The city goes to bed and I can live inside my head. On my own, pretending he's beside me, all alone, I walk with him till morning, without him. I feel his arms around me. And when I lose my way, I close my eyes, and he has found me. In the rain, the pavement shines like silver. All the lights are misty in the river. In the darkness, the trees are full of starlight. And all I see is him and me forever and forever. And I know it's only in my mind; that I'm talking to myself and not to him. And although I know that he is blind, still I say, there's a way for us

I love him. But when the night is over, he is gone The river's just a river without him. The world around me changes. The trees are bare, and everywhere the streets are full of strangers. I love him. But every day I'm learning. All my life, I've only been pretending. Without me, his world would go on turning. A world that's full of happiness that I have never known. I love him, I love him, I love him. But only on my own.

UPON THESE STONES -- AT THE BARRICADE

[The barricade is now complete.]

STUDENTS: Now we pledge ourselves to hold this barricade! Let them come in their legions, and they will be met! Have faith in yourselves, and don't be afraid! Let's give 'em a screwing that they'll never forget! This is where it begins! And if I should die in the fight to be free, Where the fighting is hardest, there will I be. Let them come if they dare! We'll be there!

ARMY OFFICER [*Offstage*]: You at the barricade, listen to this: No one is coming to help you to fight. You're on your own. You have no friends. Give up your guns -- or die!

ENJOLRAS: Damn their warnings, damn their lies! They will see the people rise!

STUDENTS: Damn their warnings, damn their lies! They will see the people rise!

[Javert climbs over the barricade.]

JAVERT: Listen, my friends -- I have done as I said, I have been to their lines. I have counted each man. I will tell what I can. Better be warned: They have armies to spare. And the danger is real. We will need all our cunning to bring them to heel.

ENJOLRAS: Have faith! If you know what their movements are, we'll spoil their game. There are ways that a people can fight. We shall overcome their power!

JAVERT: I have overheard their plans! There will be no attack tonight. They intend to starve us out before they start a proper fight: Concentrate their force, hit us from the right.

LITTLE PEOPLE

[Gavroche enters.]

GAVROCHE: Liar! Good evening, dear inspector, lovely evening, my dear! I know this man, my friends -- his name is Inspector Javert. So don't believe a word he says, 'cause none of it's true. This only goes to show what little people can do!

And little people know, when little people fight. We may look easy pickings, but we've got some bite. So never kick a dog because he's just a pup. We'll fight like twenty armies, and we won't give up. So you'd better run for cover when the pup grows up!

GRANTAIRE: Bravo, little Gavroche, you're the top of the class!

PROUVAIRE: So what are we going to do with this snake in the grass?

ENJOLRAS: Tie this man and take him to the tavern in there. The people will decide your fate, Inspector Javert!

VARIOUS STUDENTS: Take the bastard now and shoot him!

Let us watch the devil dance!

You'd have done the same, Inspector,

if we'd let you have your chance!

JAVERT: Shoot me now, or shoot me later. Every schoolboy to his sport! Death to each and every traitor! I renounce your "people's court!"

COMBEFERRE: Though we may not all survive here, there are things that never die.

GRANTAIRE: What's the difference? Die a schoolboy, die a policeman, die a spy!

ENJOLRAS: Take this man, bring him through. There is work we have to do!

[Javert is bundled away as the first shots ring out. Eponine enters, wounded.]

JOLY There's a boy climbing the barricade!

MARIUS: Good God! What are you doing? 'Ponine, have you no fear? Have you seen my beloved? Why have you come back here?

EPONINE: Took the letter, like you said. I met her father at the door. He said he would give it...

[She collapses]

Don't think I can stand any more.

MARIUS: Eponine, what's wrong? I feel... There's something wet upon your hair.

[There is blood on his hands]

Eponine, you're hurt You need some help! Oh God, it's everywhere....

A LITTLE FALL OF RAIN

EPONINE: Don't you fret, M'sieur Marius, I don't feel any pain. A little fall of rain can hardly hurt me now. You're here, that's all I need to know. And you will keep me safe And you will keep me close. And rain will make the flowers grow.

MARIUS: But you will live, 'Ponine -- dear God above... If I could close your wounds with words of love...

EPONINE: Just hold me now, and let it be. Shelter me, comfort me...

MARIUS: You would live a hundred years If I could show you how. I won't desert you now...

EPONINE: The rain can't hurt me now. This rain will wash away what's past, and you will keep me safe. And you will keep me close. I'll sleep in your embrace at last. The rain that brings you here is Heaven-blessed! The skies begin to clear, and I'm at rest. A breath away from where you are, I've come home from so far

MARIUS *[in counterpoint]*:	EPONINE:
So don't you fret,	M'sieur Marius
Hush-a-bye, dear Eponine	I don't feel any pain
You won't feel any pain	A little fall of rain
A little fall of rain	Can hardly hurt me now
Can hardly hurt you now	
I'm here	That's all I need to know
	And you will keep me safe
I will stay with you	And you will keep me close
Till you are sleeping	And rain
And rain	Will make the flowers...
Will make the flowers...	Grow.

[She dies. Marius kisses her, then lays her on the ground.]

ENJOLRAS: She is the first to fall. The first of us to fall upon this barricade.

MARIUS: Her name was Eponine. Her life was cold and dark, yet she was unafraid.

COMBEFERRE: We fight here in her name!

PROUVAIRE: She will not die in vain.

LESGLES: She will not be betrayed.

[They carry her body off.]

NIGHT OF ANGUISH

[Valjean arrives, dressed as a soldier.]

JOLY: Here comes a man in uniform. What brings you to this place?

VALJEAN: I come here as a volunteer.

JOLY: Approach, and show your face.

SENTRY: You wear an army uniform.

VALJEAN: That's why they let me through.

JOLY: You've got some years behind you, sir.

VALJEAN: There's much that I can do.

JOLY: You see that prisoner over there?

GRANTAIRE: A volunteer, like you!

COMBEFERRE: A spy who calls himself Javert!

GRANTAIRRE: He's going to get it, too...

SENTRY: They're getting ready to attack!

THE FIRST ATTACK

[Enjolras gives Valjean a gun.]

ENJOLRAS: Take this, and use it well! But if you shoot us in the back, you'll never live to tell.

RANDOM VOICES: Platoon of sappers advancing toward the barricade! Troops behind them, fifty men or more!

ENJOLRAS: *Fire!*

[Gunfire is heard.]

FEUILLY: Sniper!

[Valjean shoots a sniper who is aiming at Enjolras.]

LESGLES: See how they run away!

GRANTAIRE: By God we've won the day!

ENJOLRAS: They will be back again; make an attack again.

[To Valjean.]

For your presence of mind -- for the deed you have done -- I will thank you M'sieur, when our battle is won.

VALJEAN: Give me no thanks, M'sieur. There is something that you can do.

ENJOLRAS: If it is in my power...

VALJEAN: Give me the spy, Javert. Let me take care of him.

JAVERT: The law is inside out! The world is upside down!

ENJOLRAS: Do what you have to do. The man belongs to you.

The enemy may be regrouping. Hold yourself in readiness. Come, my friends, back to your positions! The night is falling fast...

[Valjean has taken Javert away.]

VALJEAN: We meet again.

JAVERT: You've hungered for this all your life; take your revenge! How right you should kill with a knife!

[Valjean cuts the ropes which bind Javert.]

VALJEAN: You talk too much. Your life is safe in my hands.

JAVERT: I don't understand...

VALJEAN: Get out of here.

JAVERT: Valjean, take care, I'm warning you...

VALJEAN: Clear out of here.

JAVERT: Once a thief, forever a thief. What you want, you always steal! You would trade your life for mine? Yes, Valjean, you want a deal. Shoot me now for all I care! If you let me go, beware -- you'll still answer to Javert!

VALJEAN: You are wrong, and always have been wrong. I'm a man, no worse than any man. You are free, and there are no conditions, no bargains or petitions. There's nothing that I blame you for. You've done your duty, nothing more. If I come out of this alive, you'll find me at number fifty-five Rue Plumet. No doubt our paths will cross again.

[Valjean fires his gun into the air, Javert leaves quickly. Muted applause from the students who think Javert has been shot.]

ENJOLRAS: Courfeyrac, you take the watch -- they won't attack until it's light. Everybody stay awake! We must be ready for the fight. For the final fight Let no one sleep to-night!

DRINK WITH ME (The Night)

[The defenders settle down for the night with wine and a song.]

ENJOLRAS: Marius, rest.

FEUILLY: Drink with me, to days gone by. Sing with me the songs we knew.

PROUVIARE: Here's to pretty girls who went to our heads.

JOLY: Here's to witty girls who went to our beds.

ALL: Here's to them, and here's to you!

GRANTAIRE: Drink with me to days gone by. Can it be you fear to die? Will the world remember you when you fall? Could it be your death means nothing at all? Is your life just one more lie?

MEN:	WOMEN:
Drink with me	Drink with me
To days	To days
Gone by	Gone by
To the life	To the life
That used	That used
To be	To be
Let the wine of friendship	At the shrine of friendship
Never run dry	Never say die

ALL: Here's to you! And here's To me...

MARIUS: Do I care if I should die, now she goes across the sea? Life without Cosette means nothing at all. Would you weep, Cosette, should Marius fall? Will you weep, Cosette, for me?

[Marius settles down to sleep.]

BRING HIM HOME

[Valjean is standing over Marius at the barricade.]

VALJEAN: God on high, hear my prayer: In my need, you have always been there. He is young, he's afraid. Let him rest, heaven-blessed. Bring him home, bring him home, bring him home. He's like the son I might have known, if God had granted me a son. The summers die, one by one -- how soon they fly on and on. And I am old, and will be gone. Bring him peace. Bring him joy. He is young; he is only a boy. You can take; You can give. Let him be. Let him live. If I die, let me die. Let him live. Bring him home, bring him home, bring him home.

DAWN OF ANGUISH

[Day breaks.]

ENJOLRAS: The people have not stirred. We are abandoned by those who still live in fear. The people have not heard. Yet we will not abandon those who cannot hear. Let us not waste lives: Let all the women and fathers of children go from here.

FEUILLY: Drink with me to days gone by! Sing with me the songs we knew!

ALL: At the shrine of friendship, raise your glass high! Let the wine of friendship never run dry. If I die, I die with you!

THE SECOND ATTACK (The Death of Gavroche)

[The battle recommences.]

ENJOLRAS: How do we stand, Feuilly? Make your report.

FEUILLY: We've guns enough, but ammunition's short.

MARIUS: Let me go into the streets -- There are bodies all around, ammunition to be had. Lots of bullets to be found!

ENJOLRAS: I won't let you go. It's too much of a chance.

MARIUS: The same is true for any man here!

VALJEAN: Let *me* go! He's no more than a boy -- I am old; I have nothing to fear.

GAVROCHE: You need somebody quicker! And I volunteer!

[Gavroche climbs the barricade.]

LESGLES: Come back, Gavroche, don't you dare!

JOLY: Someone pull him down at once!

GAVROCHE: Look at me, I'm almost there!

[A shot rings out from beyond the barricade. Gavroche is hit.]

GAVROCHE: Little people know, when little people fight, we...

[Another shot is fired.]

May look easy pickings -- but we've got some bite!

[He is hit again.]

So never kick a dog because he's just a pup. We'll fight like twenty armies, and we won't give up! So you'd better run for cover. When the pup grows......

[He dies.]

THE FINAL BATTLE

ARMY OFFICER: [*from beyond the barricade*]: You at the barricade, listen to this: The people of Paris sleep in their beds! You have no chance. No chance at all. Why throw your lives away?

ENJOLRAS: Let us die facing our foes! Make them bleed while we can!

COMBEFERRE: Make 'em pay through the nose!

COURFEYRAC: Make 'em pay for every man!

ENJOLRAS: Let others rise To take our place Until the earth is free!

[Amidst increasingly heavy gunfire, Marius is shot. Enjolras is killed at the summit of the barricade. All at the barricade are killed, except Marius, who is wounded and unconscious, and Valjean. Valjean discovers that Marius is still alive and carries him down into the sewers to escape. Javert climbs over the barricade looking for Valjean's body. Not finding it, he realizes that Valjean must be in the sewers, so he goes off to where he must emerge.]

DOG EAT DOG (The Sewers)

[Thenardier is picking through the corpses in the sewers.]

THENARDIER: Here's a hint of gold stuck into a tooth. Pardon me, M'sieur, you won't be needing this no more. Shouldn't be too hard to sell. Add it to the pile, add it to the stock. Here among the sewer rats, a breath away from hell, you get accustomed to the smell.

Well, someone's got to clean 'em up, my friends. Bodies on the highway, law and order upside down! Someone's got to collect their odds and ends, as a service to the town!

[*Valjean arrives, carrying Marius, and collapses. Thenardier robs Marius.]*

Here's a tasty ring! Pretty little thing. Wouldn't want to waste it -- that would really be a crime. Thank you sir, I'm in your debt. Here's another toy; take it off the boy. His heart's no longer going, and he's lived his little time. But his watch is ticking, yet!

Well, someone's got to clean them up, my friends, before the little harvest disappears into the mud. Someone's got to collect their odds and ends, when the gutters run with blood!

It's a world where the dog eats the dog, where they kill for bones in the street. And God in His Heaven, he don't interfere, 'cause he's dead as the stiffs at my feet! I raise my eyes to see the heavens, and only the moon looks down. The harvest moon shines down!

[He turns over Valjean's body, recognizes him, and leaves. Eventually, Valjean picks up Marius again and walks through the sewers. As they emerge, they meet Javert.]

VALJEAN: It's you, Javert. I knew you wouldn't wait too long. The faithful servant at his post once more! This man's done no wrong, and he needs a doctor's care.

JAVERT: I warned you I would not give in -- I won't be swayed!

VALJEAN: Another hour yet, and then I'm yours, and all our debts are paid.

JAVERT: The man of mercy comes again, and talks of justice!

VALJEAN: Come, time is running short! Look down, Javert, he's standing in his grave. Give way, Javert -- there is a life to save.

JAVERT: Take him, Valjean, before I change my mind! I will be waiting, 24601!

[Valjean carries Marius off.]

JAVERT'S SUICIDE

[Javert walks the deserted streets until he comes to a bridge over the river Seine.]

JAVERT: Who is this man? What sort of devil is he? To have me caught in a trap, and choose to let me go free? It was his hour at last! To put a seal on my fate, wipe out the past! And wash me clean off the slate! All it would take was a flick of his knife. Vengeance was his, and he gave me back my life! Damned if I'll live in the debt of a thief! Damned if I'll yield at the end of the chase! I am the Law, and the Law is not mocked! I'll spit his pity right back in his face! There is nothing on earth that we share! It is either Valjean or Javert!

How can I now allow this man to hold dominion over me? This desperate man whom I have hunted! He gave me my life, he gave me freedom. I should have perished by his hand! It was his right! It was my right to die, as well. Instead I live, but live in hell! And my thoughts fly apart. Can this man be believed? Shall his sins be forgiven? Shall his crimes be reprieved? And must I now begin to doubt, who never doubted all these years? My heart is stone and still it trembles. The world I have known is lost in shadow. Is he from heaven or from hell? And does he know that granting me my life today, this man has killed me even so? I am reaching, but I fall. And the stars are black and cold. As I stare into the void of a world that cannot hold, I'll escape now, from the world. From the world of Jean Valjean. There is nowhere I can turn. There is no way to go on.....

[He throws himself into the swollen river.]

TURNING

[The women of Paris mourn their lost loved ones.]

WOMEN: Did you see them going off to fight? Children of the barricade, who didn't last the night? Did you see them, lying where they died? Someone used to cradle them, and kiss them when they cried. Did you see them? Lying side by side?

Who will wake them? No one ever will. No one ever told them that a summer day can kill. They were schoolboys, never held a gun. Fighting for a new world that would rise up like the sun! Where's that new world, now the fighting's done?

Nothing changes, nothing ever will. Every year another brat, another mouth to fill. Same old story, what's the use of tears? What's the use of praying, if there's nobody who hears? Turning, turning, turning, turning, turning through the years.

Turning, turning, turning through the years. Minutes into hours, and the hours into years. Nothing changes, nothing ever can. Round and round the roundabout, and back where you began! Round and round and back where you began!

EMPTY CHAIRS AT EMPTY TABLES

[Marius, recovering from his wounds, imagines he's back at the ABC cafe.]

MARIUS: There's a grief that can't be spoken; there's a pain goes on and on. Empty chairs at empty tables. Now my friends are dead and gone.

Here they talked of revolution! Here it was they lit the flame! Here they sang about tomorrow -- and tomorrow never came.

From the table in the corner, they could see a world reborn. And they rose with voices ringing! I can hear them now! The very words that they had sung became their last communion. On the lowly barricade... At dawn.

Oh my friends, my friends forgive me.

[The ghosts of those who died on the barricade appear.]

That I live and you are gone There's a grief that can't be spoken There's a pain goes on and on

Phantom faces at the window, phantom shadows on the floor. Empty chairs at empty tables, where my friends will meet no more.

[The ghosts fade away.]

Oh my friends, my friends, don't ask me what your sacrifice was for! Empty chairs at empty tables, where my friends will sing no more...

EVERY DAY

[Cosette arrives to help Marius in his recovery.]

COSETTE: Every day you walk with stronger step. You walk with longer step. The worst is over.

MARIUS: Every day, I wonder, every day: Who was it brought me here? From the barricade?

COSETTE: Don't think about it, Marius. With all the years ahead of us! I will never go away, and we will be together every day. Every day, we'll remember that night, and the vow that we made:

'A heart full of love -- A night full of you'

The words are old, but always true Oh, God, for shame! You did not even know my name!

MARIUS: Dear Mad'moiselle, I was lost in your spell!

[Valjean enters, unnoticed.]

COSETTE:
A heart full of love.
No fear, no regret.
'My name is Marius Pontmercy'

VALJEAN *(to himself)*:
She was never mine to keep.
She is youthful.
She is free.

MARIUS: Cosette, Cosette!

COSETTE: I saw you waiting, and I knew. Love is the garden of the young.

MARIUS: Waiting for you. At your feet

Let it be

COSETTE: At your call
Let it be

BOTH: And it wasn't a dream,
not a dream
after all
A heart full of love:
This I give you
on this day.

[They notice Valjean.]

MARIUS: M'sieur, this is a day I can never forget. Is gratitude enough, for giving me Cosette? Your home shall be with us, and not a day shall pass but will will prove our love. To you, whom we shall call a father to us both. A father to us all.

[Cosette leaves.]

VALJEAN'S CONFESSION

VALJEAN: Not another word, my son. There's something now that must be done. You've spoken from the heart, and I must do the same. There is a story, sir, of slavery and shame, that you alone must know.

I never told Cosette -- she had enough of tears. She's never known the truth, of the story you must hear: Of years ago...

There lived a man named Jean Valjean. He stole some bread to save his sister's son. For nineteen winters, served his time. In sweat, he washed away his crime. Years ago, he broke parole and lived a life apart. How could he tell Cosette, and break her heart? It's for Cosette that this must be faced. If he is caught, she is disgraced. The time is come to journey on, and from this day, he must be gone. Who am I? Who am I?

MARIUS: You're Jean Valjean! What can I do that will turn you from this? Monsieur, you cannot leave -- whatever I tell my beloved Cosette, she will never believe!

VALJEAN: Make her believe I have gone on a journey -- a long way away! Tell her my heart was too full for farewells. It is better this way -- promise me, M'sieur, Cosette will never know.

MARIUS: I give my word.

VALJEAN: ... what I have spoken, why I must go.

MARIUS: For the sake of Cosette, it must be so.

THE WEDDING CHORALE

[Marius and Cosette lead a wedding procession.]

CHORUS: Ring out the bells upon this day of days! May all the angels of the Lord above in jubilation sing their songs of praise! And crown this blessed time with peace and love.

[The procession becomes a dancing celebration. A waltz is played.]

MAJOR DOMO: The Baron and Baroness de Thenard wish to pay their respects to the groom!

THENARDIER: I forget where we met -- was it not at the Chateau Lafarge, where the duke did that puke down the Duchess's de-coll-etage?

MARIUS: No, 'Baron de Thenard.' The circles I move in are humbler by far. Go away, Thenardier! Do you think I don't know who you are?

MME. THENARDIER: He's not fooled, told you so! Show M'sieur what you've come here to show. Tell the boy what you know!

[Applause from the dancers as the waltz finishes.]

MARIUS: When I look at you, I remember Eponine. She was more than you deserved, who gave her birth. But now she is with God, and happier, I hope, than here on earth!

[The waltz starts up again.]

THENARDIER: So it goes! Heaven knows, life has dealt me some terrible blows.

MME. THENARDIER: You've got cash and a heart -- you could give us a bit of a start. We can prove, plain as ink, your bride's father is not what you think.

THENARDIER: There's a tale I could tell!

MME. THENARDIER: Information we're willing to sell.

THENARDIER: There's a man that he slew! I saw the corpse clear as I'm seeing you! What I tell you is true!

MME. THENARDIER: Pity to disturb you at a feast like this. But five hundred francs surely wouldn't come amiss.

MARIUS: In God's name, say what you have to say!

THENARDIER: But first you pay!

What I saw, clear as light -- Jean Valjean in the sewers that night! Had this corpse on his back, hanging there like a great bloody sack. I was there, never fear! Even found me this fine souvenir!

[Thenardier shows Marius a ring.]

MARIUS: I know this! This was mine! Surely this is some heavenly sign!

THENARDIER: One more thing, mark this well: It was the night the barricades fell.

MARIUS: Then it's true! Then I'm right! Jean Valjean was my saviour that night!

[Marius hits Thenardier and then throws money at him.]

As for you, take this too! God forgive the things that we do.

Come my love, come Cosette! This day's blessings are not over yet!

[Marius and Cosette leave.]

BEGGARS AT THE FEAST

THENARDIER: Ain't it a laugh? Ain't it a treat? Hob-nobbin' here, among the elite? Here comes a prince; there goes a Jew. This one's a queer, but what can you do? Paris at my feet! Paris in the dust! And here I'm breaking bread with the upper crust! Beggar at the feast! Master of the dance! Life is easy pickings, if you grab your chance!. Everywhere you go, law-abiding folk -- doing what is decent, but they're mostly broke! Singing to the Lord on Sundays, praying for the gifts He'll send.

M. AND MME. THENARDIER: But we're the ones who take it, we're the ones who make it in the end! Watch the buggers dance! Watch 'em till they drop! Keep your wits about you, and you stand on top! Masters of the land, always get our share. Clear away the barricades, And we're still there! We know where the wind is blowing! Money is the stuff we smell! And when we're rich as Croesus, Jesus! Won't we see you all in hell!

[Valjean is alone in the shadows, with a bare wooden cross for company.]

VALJEAN: Alone, I wait in the shadows. I count the hours till I can sleep. I dreamed a dream: Cosette stood by -- It made her weep to know I die. Alone, at the end of the day. Upon this wedding night, I pray: Take these children, my Lord, to thy embrace. And show them grace.

God on high, hear my prayer: Take me now to thy care. Where You are, let me be. Take me now. Take me there. Bring me home. Bring me home.

[Fantine's spirit appears to Valjean.]

FANTINE:	VALJEAN: (interjecting)
M'sieur, I bless your name!	I am ready, Fantine
M'sieur, lay down your burden.	At the end of my days.

You raised my child in love, She's the best of my life.
And you will be with God.

[Marius and Cosette rush into the room, but they do not see Fantine.]

COSETTE: Papa, papa, I do not understand! Are you alright? They said you'd gone away.

VALJEAN: Cosette, my child, am I forgiven now? Thank God, thank God, I've lived to see this day!

MARIUS: It's you who must forgive a thoughtless fool! It's you who must forgive a thankless man! It's thanks to you that I am living, and again I lay down my life at your feet!

Cosette, your father is a saint! When they wounded me, he took me from the barricade! Carried like a babe, and brought me home to you!

VALJEAN *(to Cosette)*: Now you are here again beside me. Now I can die in peace. For, now, my life is blessed

COSETTE: You will live, Papa, you're going to live! It's too soon, too soon to say goodbye!

VALJEAN: Yes, Cosette, forbid me now to die -- I'll obey; I will try. On this page, I write my last confession. Read it well, when I at last am sleeping. It's a story of those who always loved you. Your mother gave her life for you, then gave you to my keeping.

[The other spirits appear.]

FANTINE: Come with me, where chains will never bind you. All your grief, at last, at last behind you. Lord in Heaven, look down on him in mercy.

VALJEAN: Forgive me all my trespasses, and take me to your glory.

VALJEAN, FANTINE, AND EPONINE: Take my hand, and lead me to salvation. Take my love, for love is everlasting. And remember the truth that once was spoken: To love another person is to see the face of God!

EPILOGUE (Finale)

CHORUS: Do you hear the people sing, lost in the valley of the night? It is the music of a people who are climbing to the light!

For the wretched of the earth there is a flame that never dies. Even the darkest night will end, and the sun will rise.

They will live again in freedom, in the garden of the Lord! They will walk behind the plough-share; they will put away the sword. The chain will be broken, and all men will have their reward!

Will you join in our crusade? Who will be strong and stand with me? Somewhere, beyond the barricade, is there a world you long to see? Do you hear the people sing? Say, do you hear the distant drums? It is the future that they bring, when tomorrow comes! Will you join in our crusade? Who will be strong and stand with me? Somewhere, beyond the barricade, is there a world you long to see? Do you hear the people sing? Say, do you hear the distant drums? It is the future that they bring! When tomorrow comes! Tomorrow comes! Tomorrow comes!

[The curtain falls.]