

Alain Boublil

"Overture/Work Song"

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Prisoners:

Look down, look down
Don't look 'em in the eye
Look down, look down,
You're here until you die

Solo Prisoner:

The sun is strong
It's hot as hell below

Prisoners:

Look down, look down,
There's twenty years to go

Solo Prisoner:

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

Prisoners:

Look down, look down,
Sweet Jesus doesn't care

Solo Prisoner:

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

Prisoners:

Look down, look down,
They've all forgotten you

Solo Prisoner:

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

Prisoners:

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

Solo Prisoner:

How long O Lord
Before you let me die?

Prisoners:
Look down, look down,
You'll always be a slave
Look down, look down,
You're standing in your grave

Javert:
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 nineteen 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'll always be a slave
Look down, look down,
You're standing in your grave.

(Valjean leaves the prison and begins walking)

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!

(Valjean finds work at a nearby 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!

Laborer:

You broke the law
It's there for people to see!
Why should you get the same
As honest men like me?

(Valjean continues on his way)

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.'

(Valjean reaches 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.

(Valjean is thrown 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
That makes me cursed throughout the land
It is the law!

Like a cur
I walk the street
The dirt beneath their feet.

(Valjean reaches the home of the Bishop of Digne, who emerges)

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 lions 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, Valjean runs away and is shortly brought back by two officers)

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