

Miserables, Les

"On parole/the bishop"

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~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

~Choir~

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 lets see
What this new world
Will do for me!

[He finds work on a farm.]

~Employer~

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~

Now I know how freedom feels
The jail is always at your heels
It is the law
This piece of paper in my hand which bids me cast

throughout the land
It is the law
Like a cur
I walk the streets
The dirt beneath their feet

~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~

Let me eat my fill
I have my lying share
The silver in his 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'd 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.]

~Constable 1~

Tell his reverence your story

~Constable 2~

Let us see if he's impressed

~Constable 1~

You were lodging there last night

~Constable 2~

You were the honest Bishop's guest.

~Constable 1~

And then, out of Christian goodness

~Constable 2~

When he learned about your plight

~Constable 1~

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!

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