Les Miserables

VOCAL SCORE

Property of:
Cameron Mackintosh Limited
Not to be sold or hired and must be returned at end of run.

NAMED CHARACTERS

Jean Valjean	
Javert	*a policeman*
The Bishop of Digne	
Fantine	
The Foreman	
Bamatabois	*a gentleman*
Fauchelevant	
Little Cosette	*Fantine's daughter*
Thenardier	*an innkeeper*
Madame Thenardier	*his wife*
Young Eponine (silent)	*their daughter*
Gavroche	*an urchin*
Eponine	} *now grown-up*
Cosette	
Montparnasse	} *Thenardier's gang*
Babet	
Brujon	
Claquesous	
Enjolras	} *students*
Marius	
Combeferre	
Feuilly	
Courfeyrac	
Joly	
Grantaire	
Lesgles	
Jean Prouvaire	
An Army Officer	*off-stage, with a megaphone*

The Chain Gang, Warders, Constables, The Poor, Factory Workers, Sailors, Whores, Pimps, Drinkers, Wedding Guests etc. etc.

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Les Misérables

A Musical by

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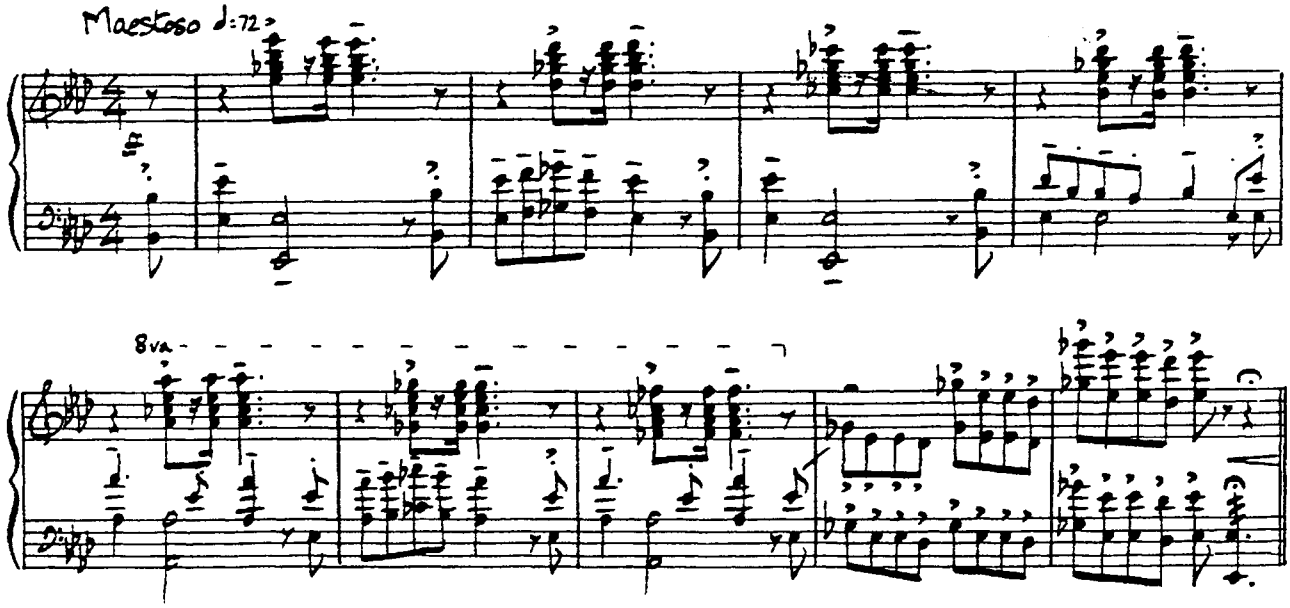
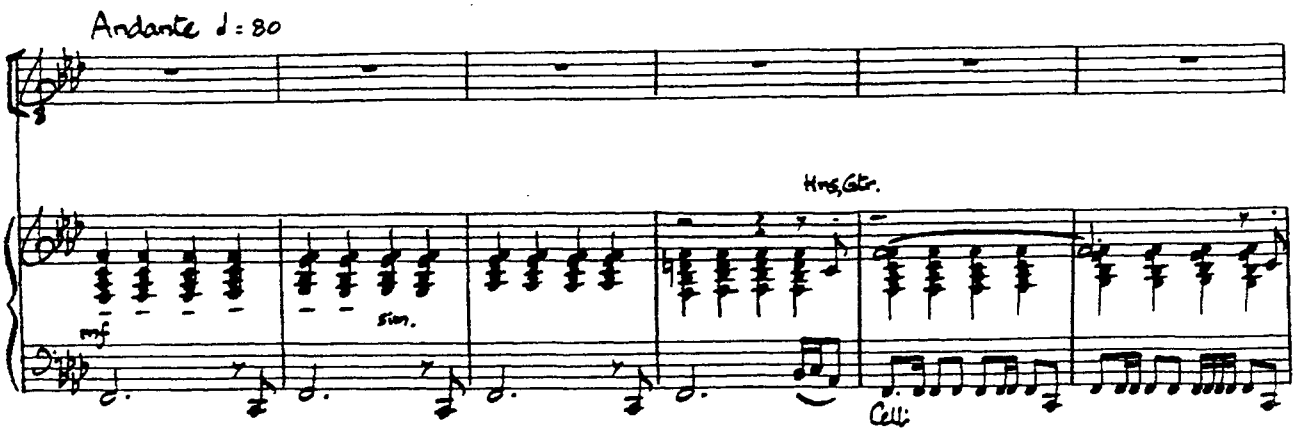
from the Orchestral Score by JOHN CAMERON

Prologue



1815, Toulon. The Chain Gang, overseen by brutal warders, work in the sun.



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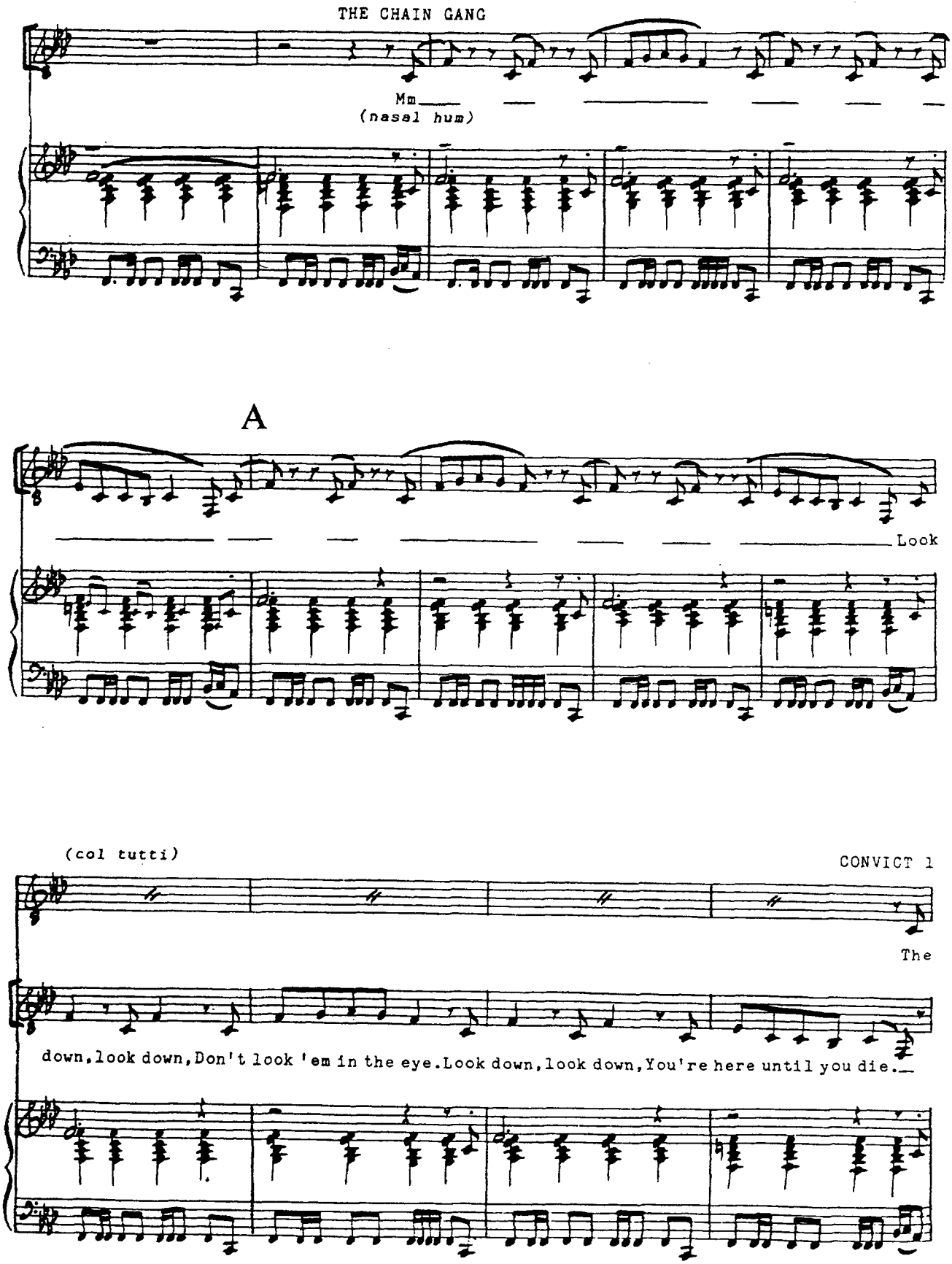
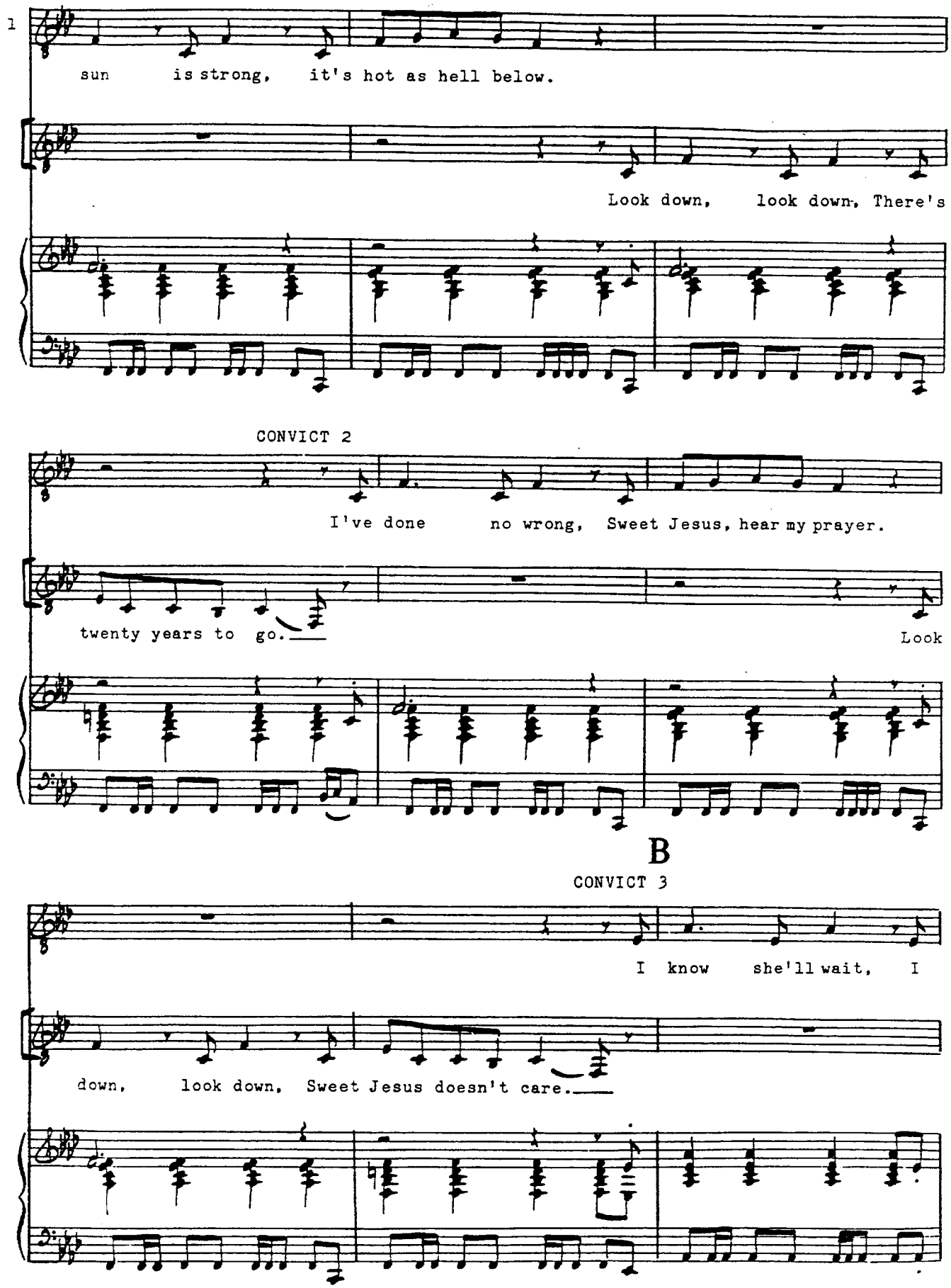

THE CHAIN GANG
Mm
(nasal hum)
A
Look
(col tutti)
CONVICT 1
The
down, look down, Don't look 'em in the eye. Look down, look down, You're here until you die.


1
sun is strong, it's hot as hell below.
Look down, look down. There's
CONVICT 2
I've done no wrong, Sweet Jesus, hear my prayer.
twenty years to go.
Look
B
CONVICT 3
I know she'll wait, I
down, look down, Sweet Jesus doesn't care.

He is struck by a warder

3

know that she'll be true.

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

C

CONVICT 4

When I get free, you won't see me 'Ere for dust.

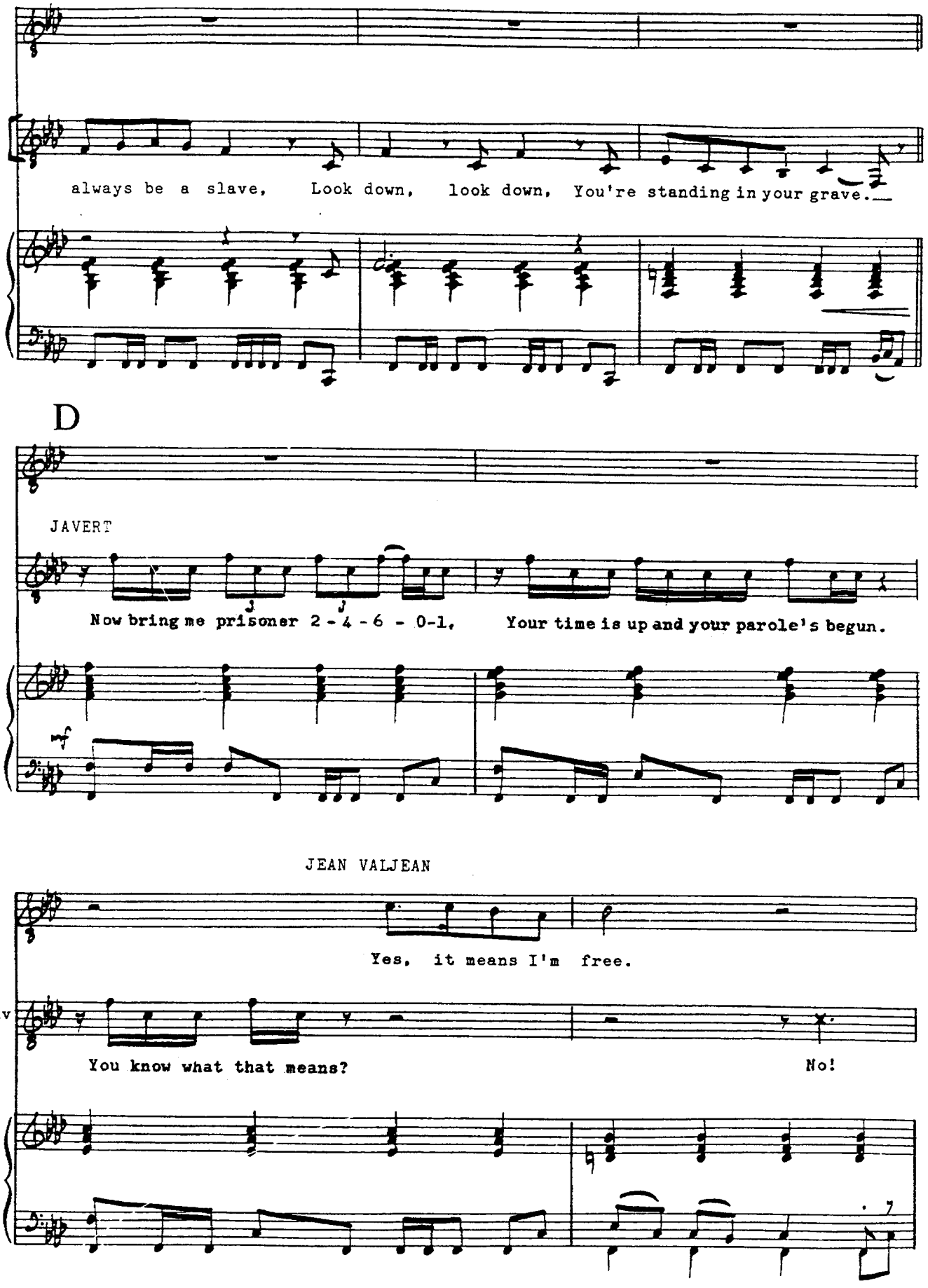
Look down, look down, Don't

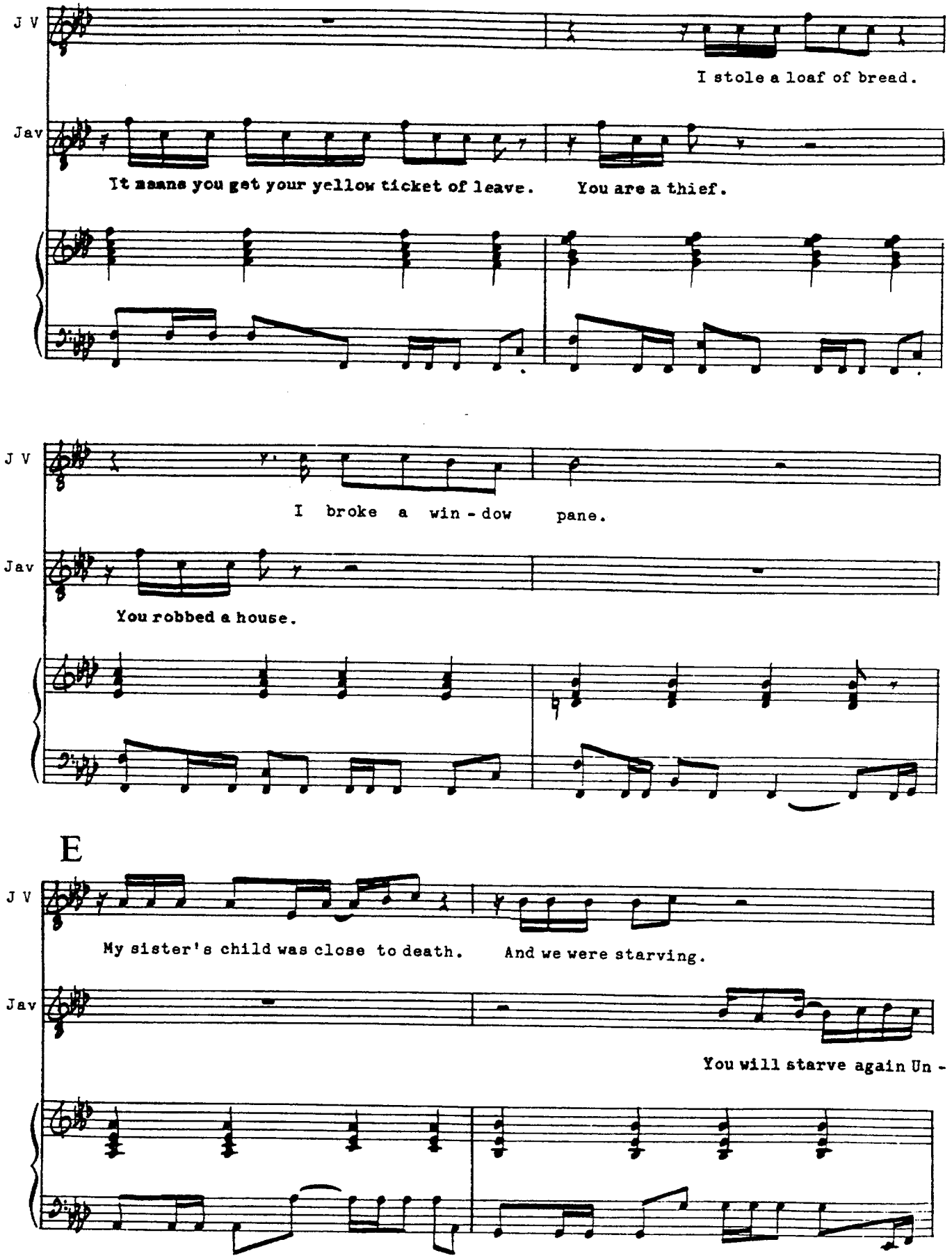
CONVICT 5

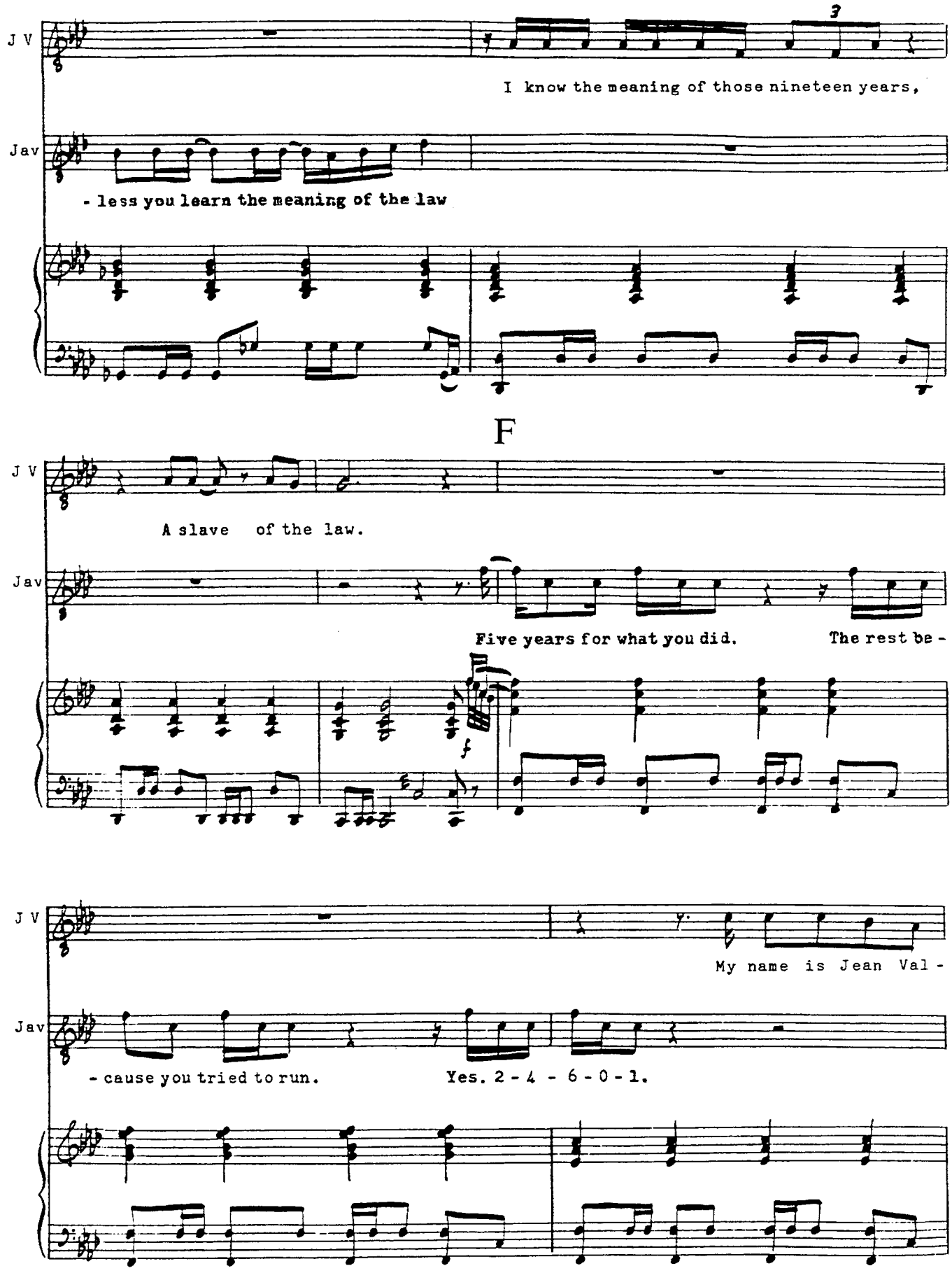
How long, O Lord, before you let me die?

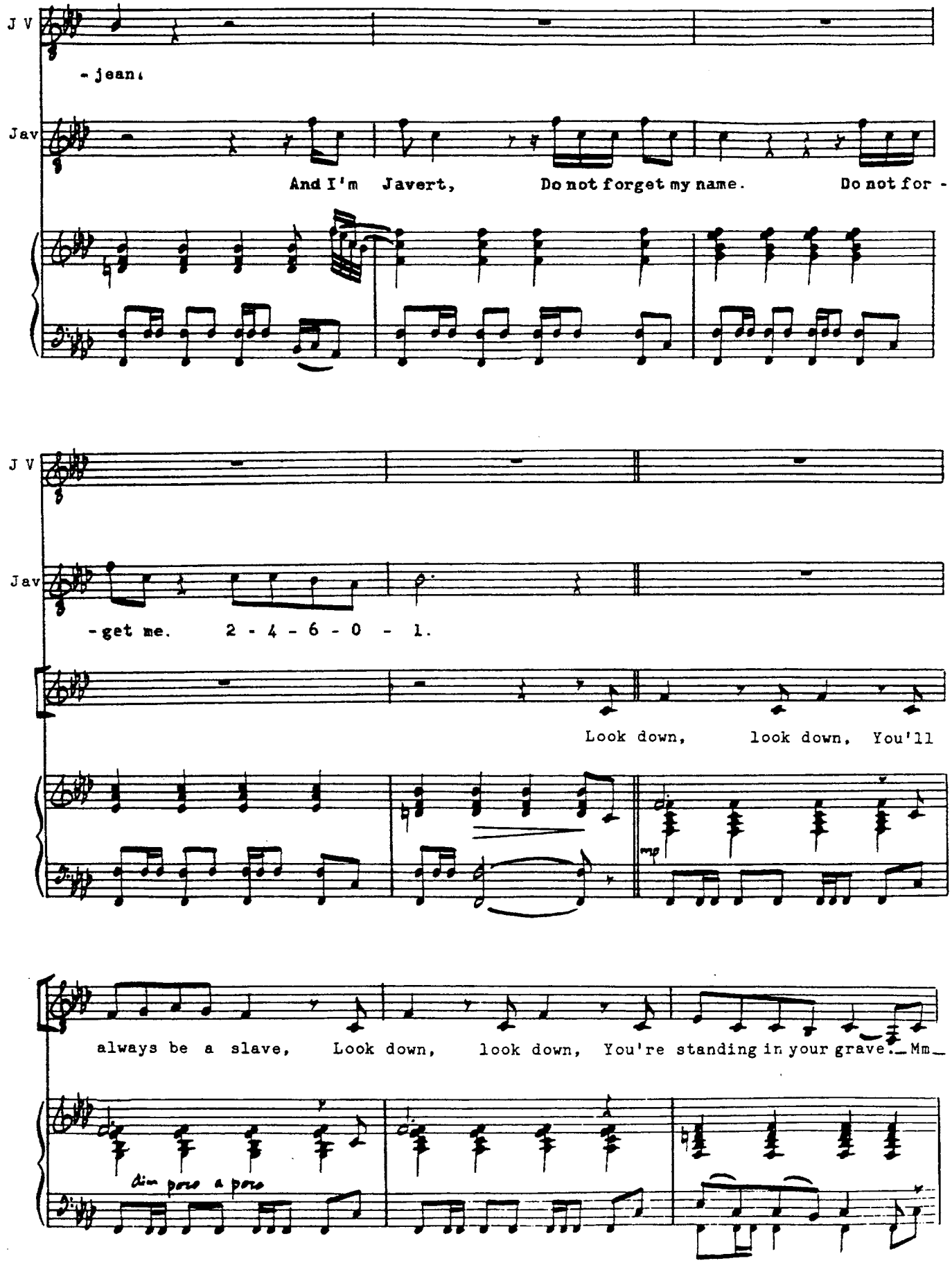
look 'em in the eye.

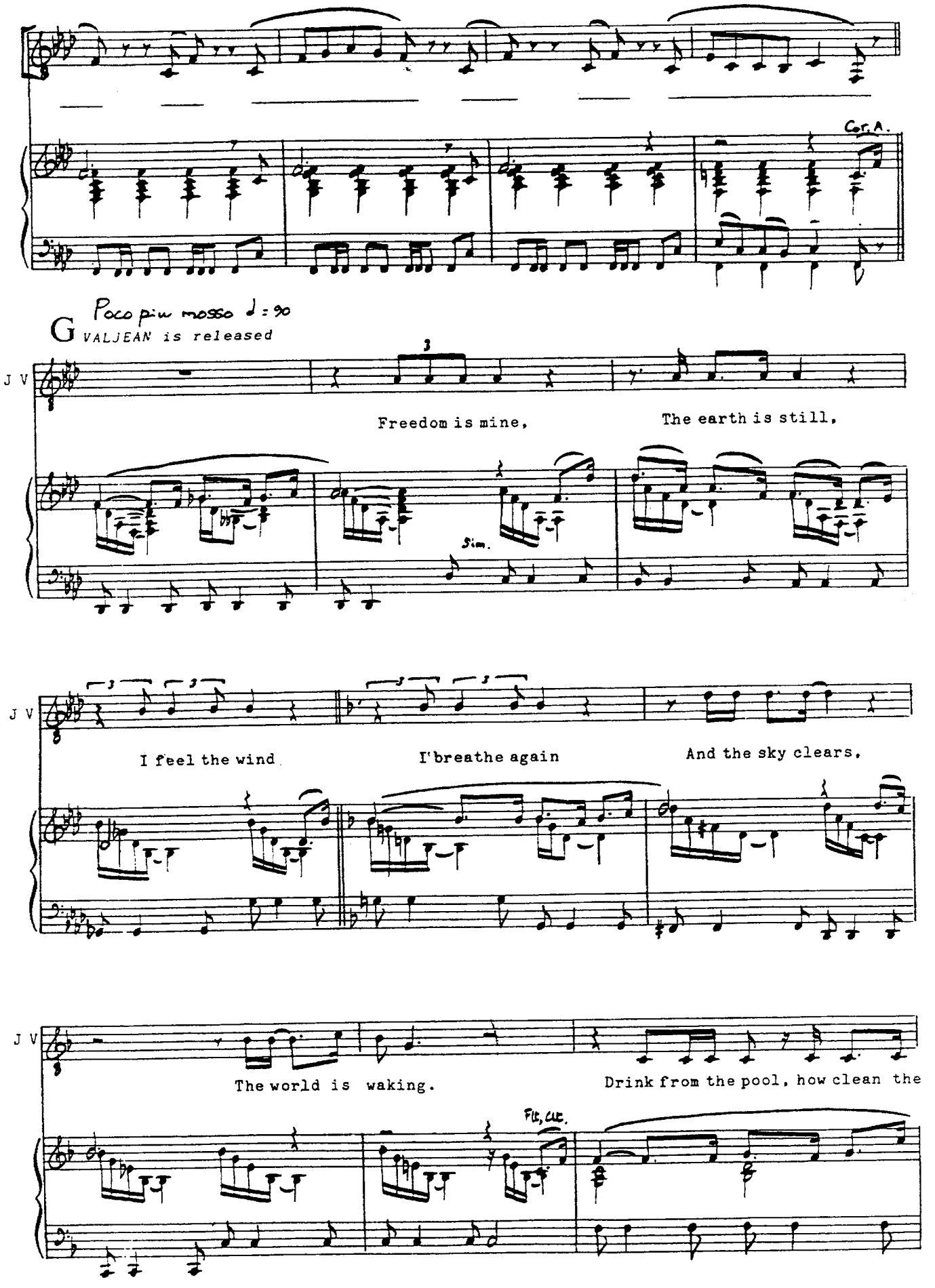
Look down, look down, you'll

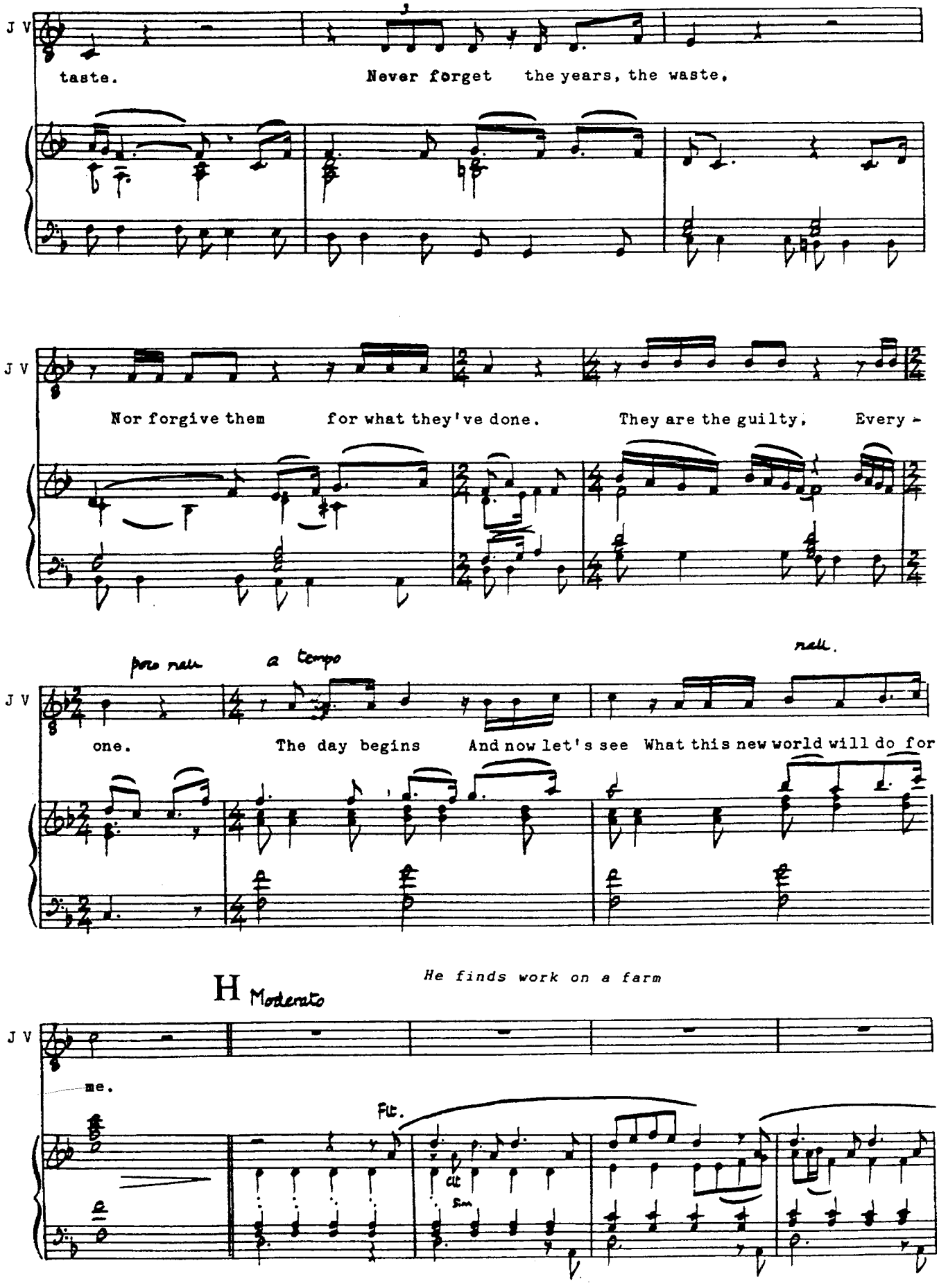

always be a slave, Look down, look down, You're standing in your grave.
D
JAVERT
Now bring me prisoner 2 - 4 - 6 - 0-1, Your time is up and your parole's begun.
mf
JEAN VALJEAN
Yes, it means I'm free.
Jav
You know what that means?
No!

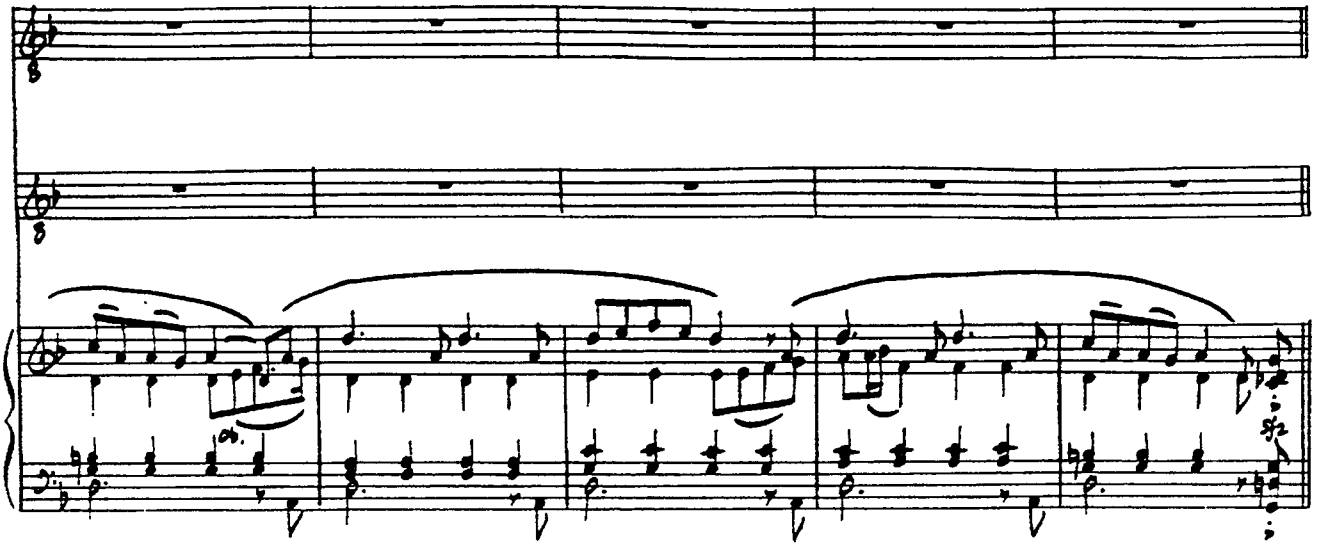

J V
I stole a loaf of bread.
Jav
It means you get your yellow ticket of leave.
You are a thief.
J V
I broke a win - dow pane.
Jav
You robbed a house.
E
J V
My sister's child was close to death.
And we were starving.
Jav
You will starve again Un -


J V
3
I know the meaning of those nineteen years,
Jav
- less you learn the meaning of the law
F
J V
A slave of the law.
Jav
Five years for what you did.
The rest be -
J V
My name is Jean Val -
Jav
- cause you tried to run.
Yes. 2 - 4 - 6 - 0 - 1.

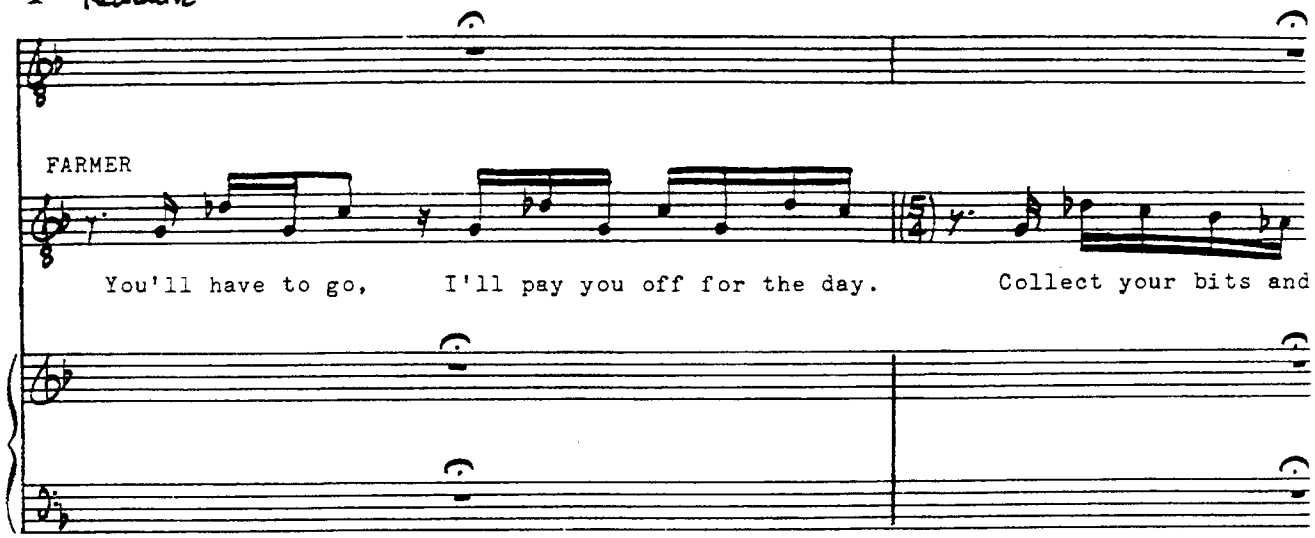

J V
- jean:
Jav
And I'm Javert, Do not forget my name. Do not for -
J V
Jav
- get me. 2 - 4 - 6 - 0 - 1.
Look down, look down, You'll
mp
always be a slave, Look down, look down, You're standing in your grave. Mm
dim poco a poco

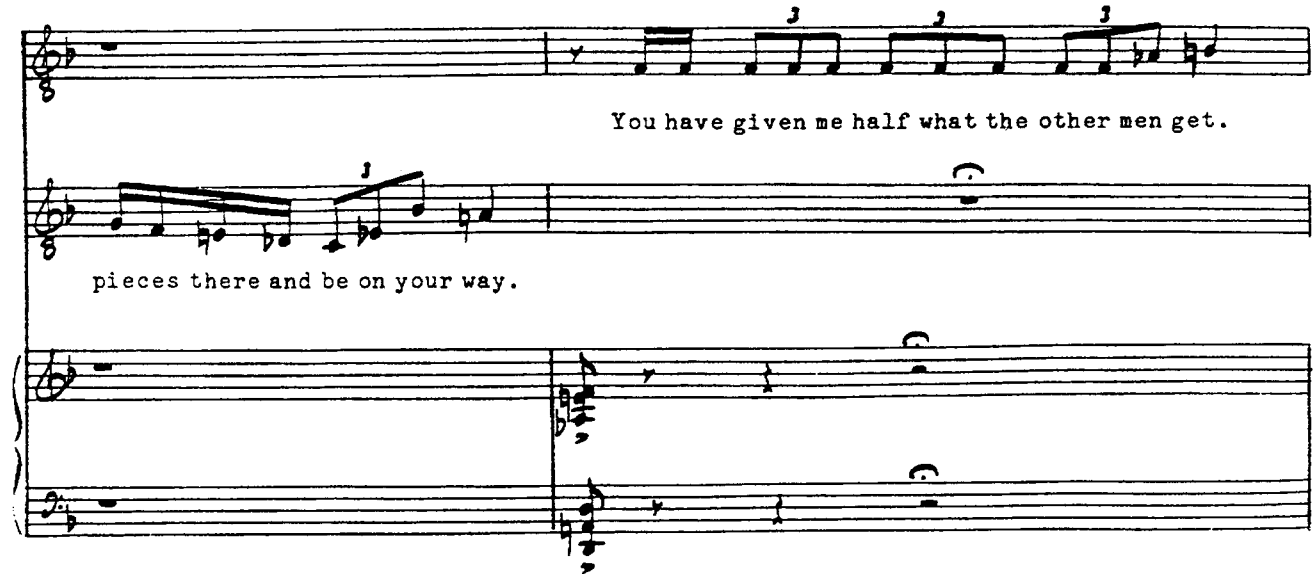

Cor. A.
Poco più mosso ♩ = 90
G VALJEAN is released
J V
Freedom is mine,
The earth is still,
Sim.
J V
I feel the wind
I'breathe again
And the sky clears,
J V
The world is waking.
Drink from the pool, how clean the
Flt, Clt.

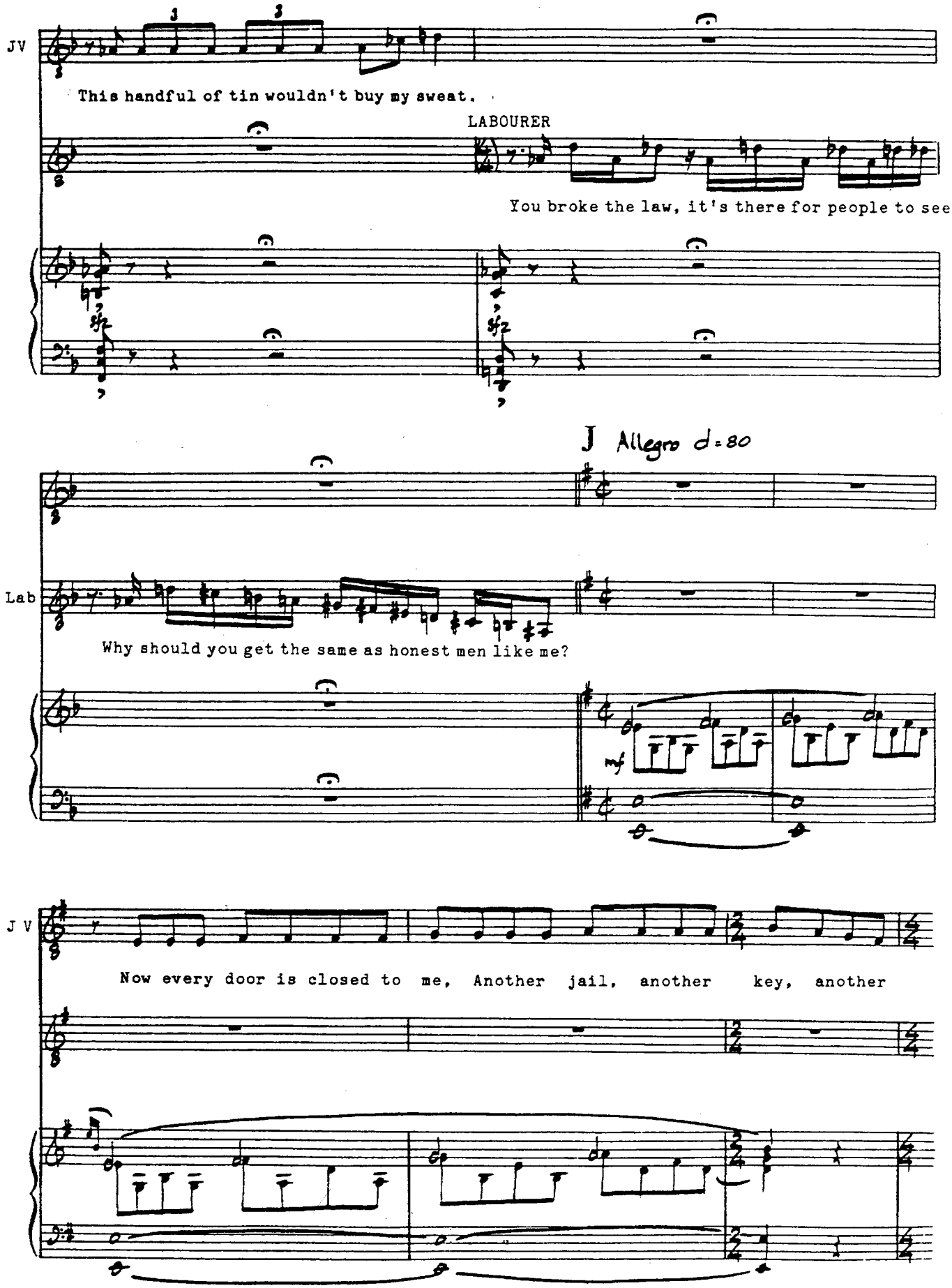

J V
taste.
Never forget the years, the waste,
J V
Nor forgive them for what they've done.
They are the guilty,
Every -
poco rall
a tempo
rall.
J V
one.
The day begins
And now let's see
What this new world will do for
H Moderato
He finds work on a farm
J V
me.
Flt.
clt
Sm

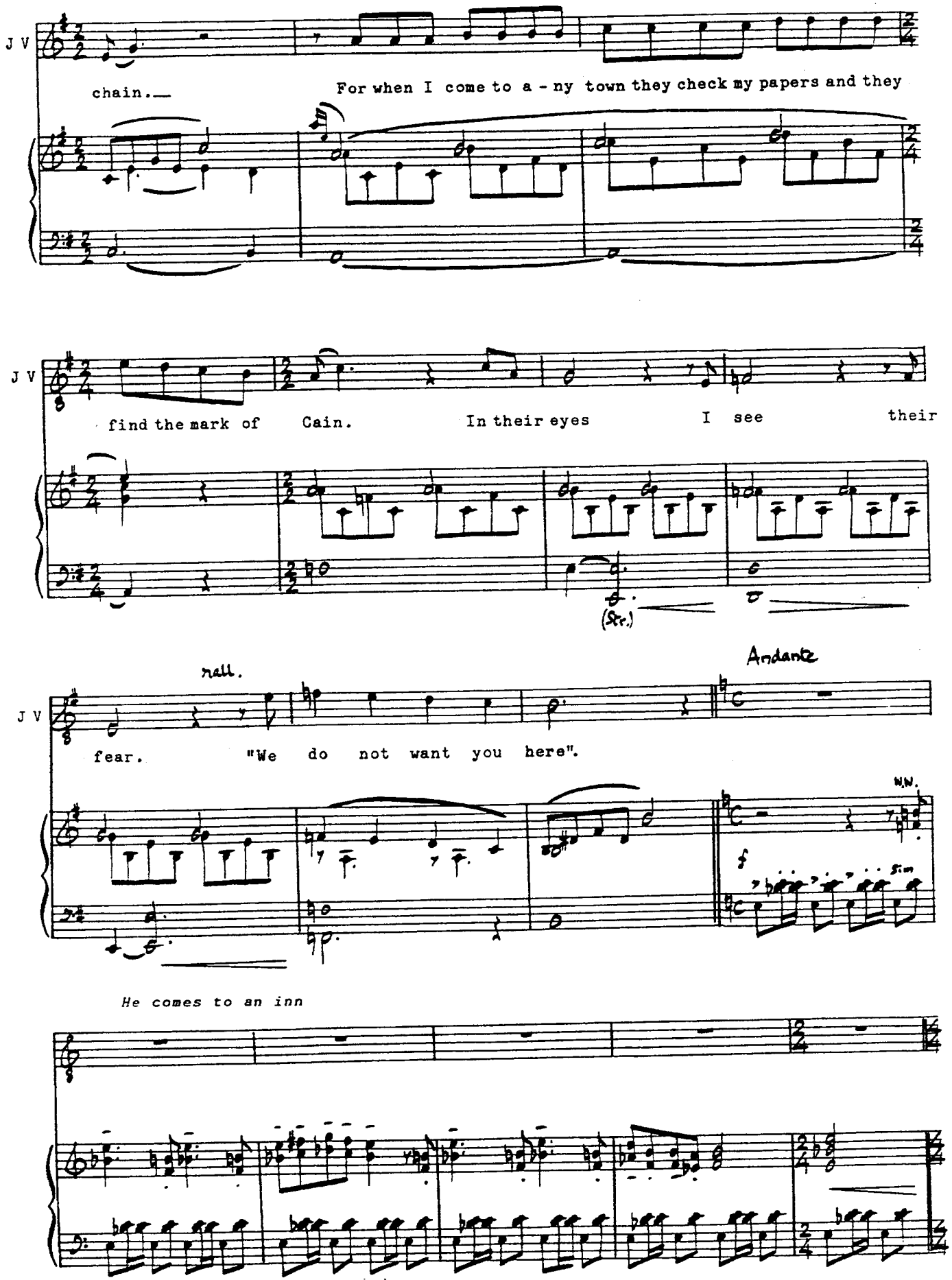


I Recitative






JV
This handful of tin wouldn't buy my sweat.
LABOURER
You broke the law, it's there for people to see,
Allegro ♩=80
Lab
Why should you get the same as honest men like me?
mf
J V
Now every door is closed to me, Another jail, another key, another


J V
chain.
For when I come to a - ny town they check my papers and they
J V
find the mark of Cain. In their eyes I see their
(Str.)
rall.
Andante
J V
fear. "We do not want you here".
W.W.
f
sim
He comes to an inn

K Recitative

INNKEEPER'S WIFE

My rooms are full, And I've no supper to spare. I'd like to help a

J V

I W

stranger, All we want is to be fair.

J V

I will pay in advance, I can sleep in a barn;

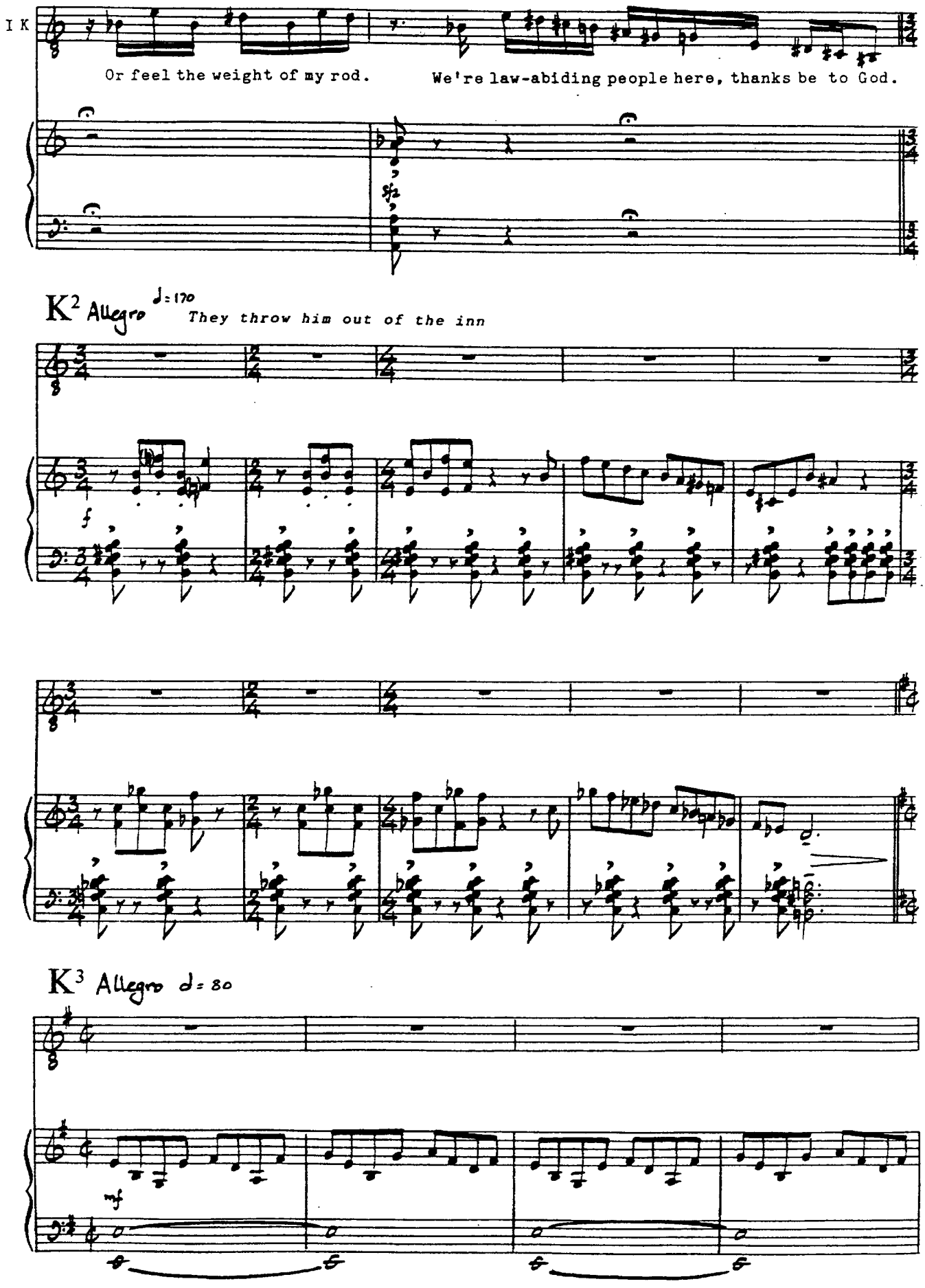
INNKEEPER

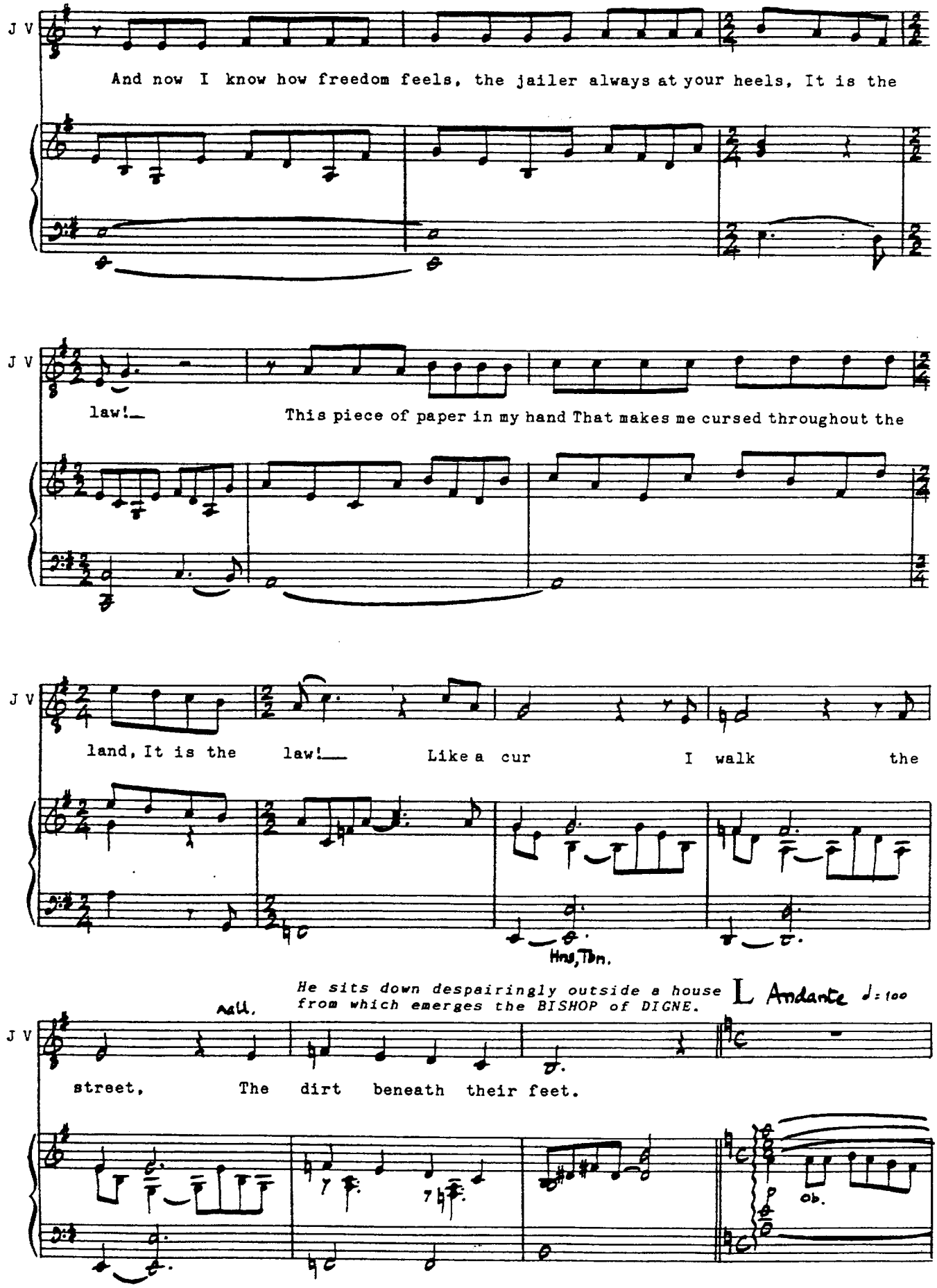
You leave my house!

J V

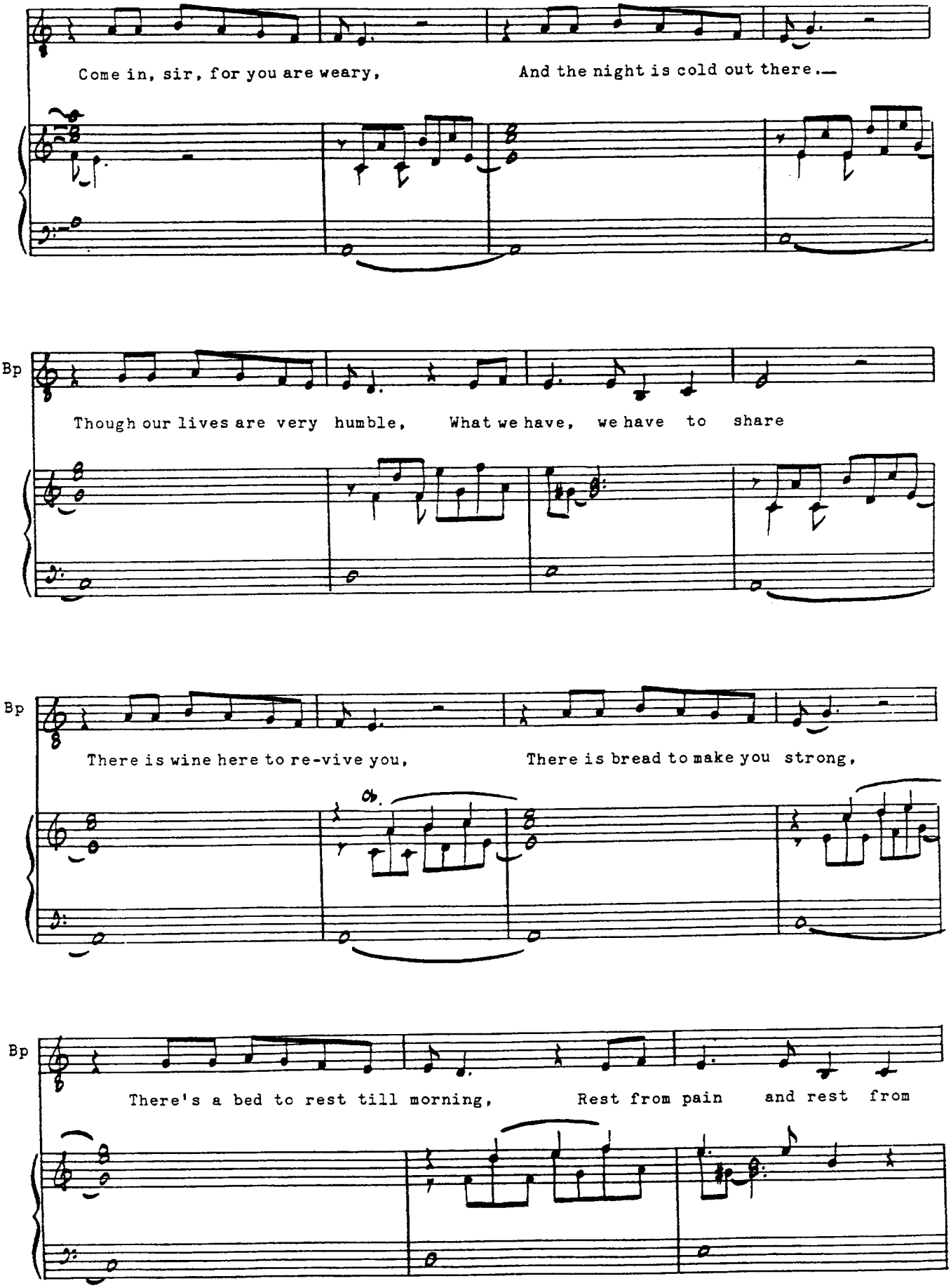
You see how dark it is, I'm not some kind of dog.

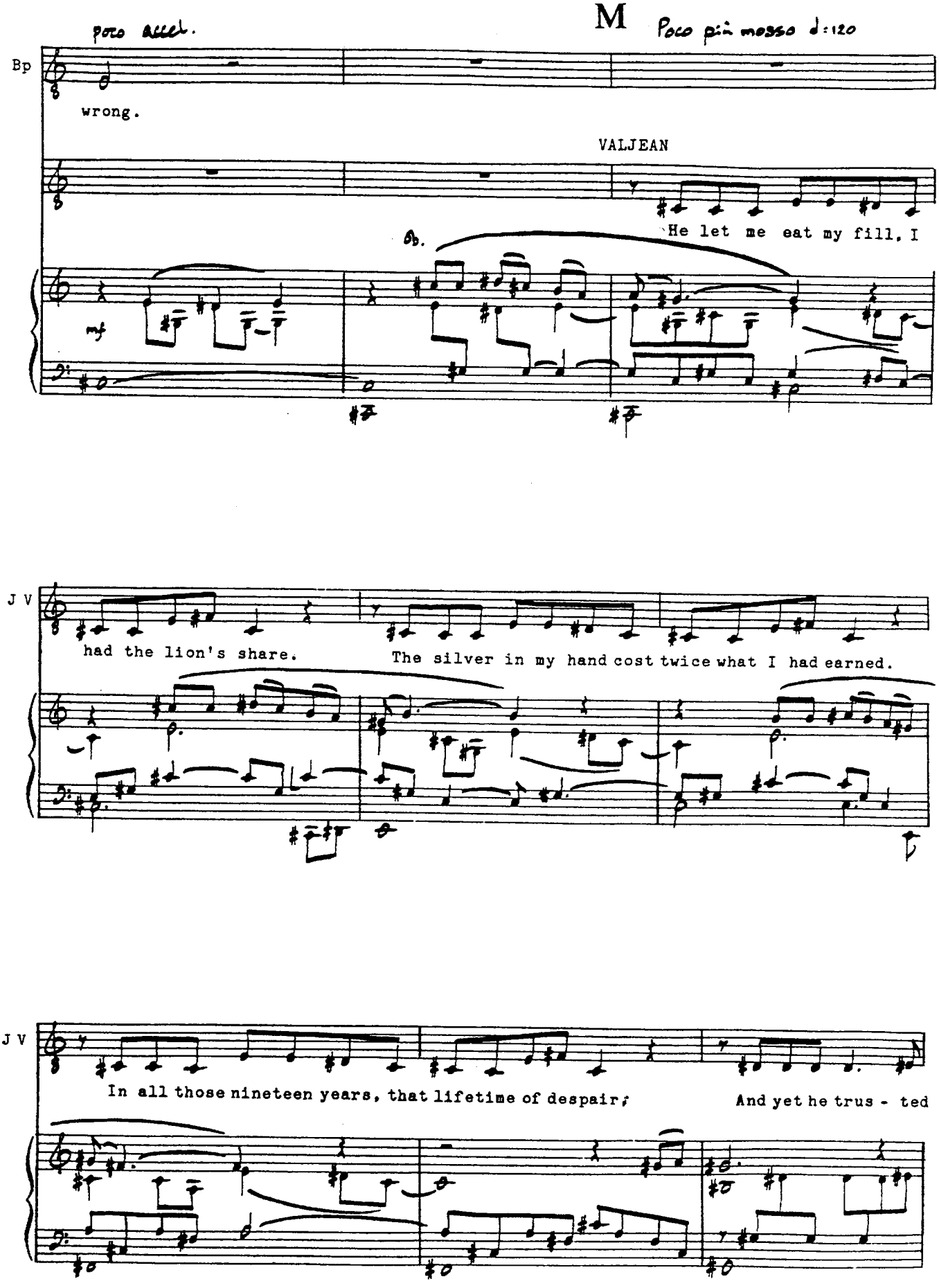
+ Br.


I K
Or feel the weight of my rod.
We're law-abiding people here, thanks be to God.
K2 Allegro ♩=170
They throw him out of the inn
f
K3 Allegro ♩= 80
mf

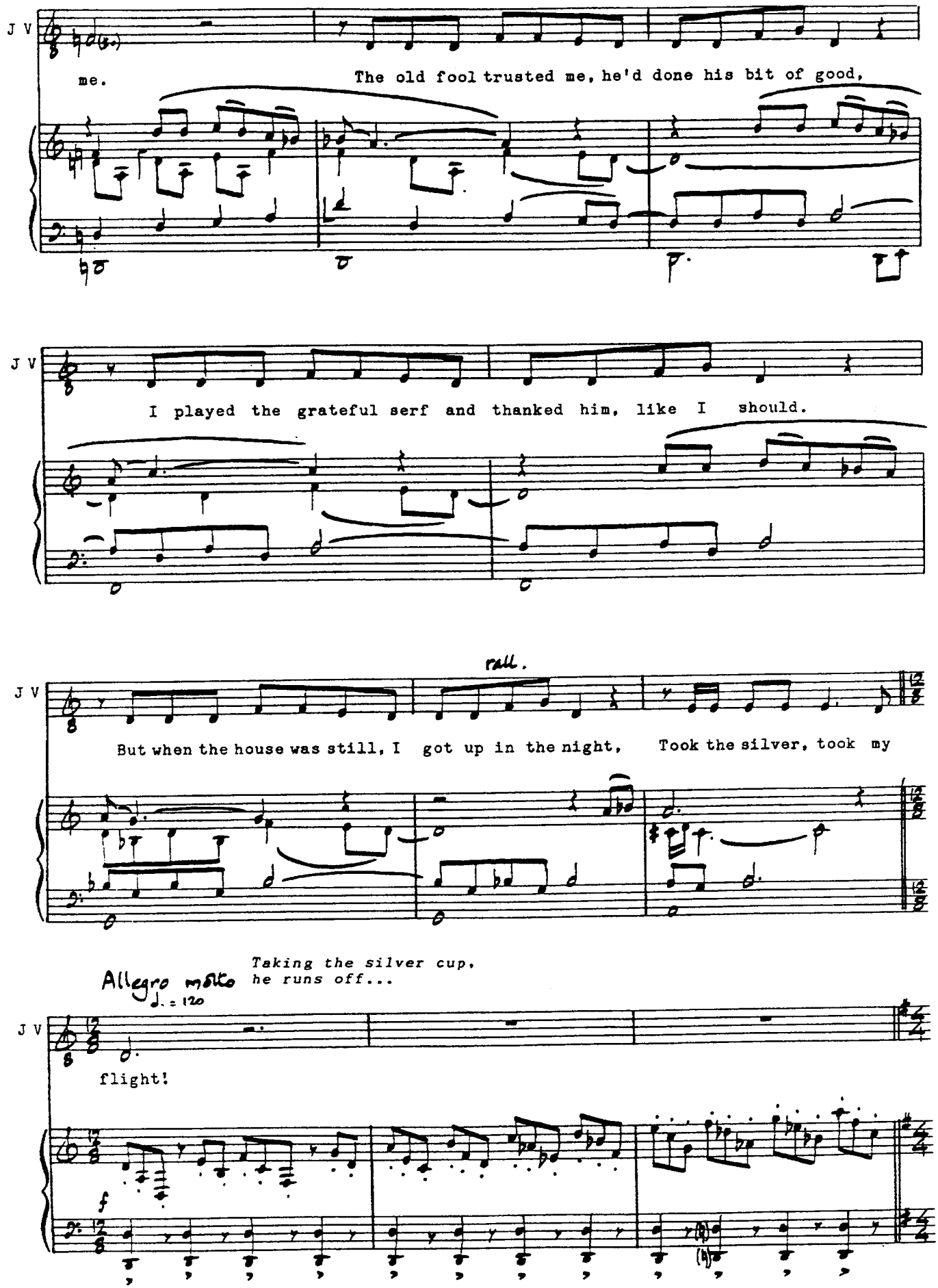

J V
And now I know how freedom feels, the jailer always at your heels, It is the
J V
law!
This piece of paper in my hand That makes me cursed throughout the
J V
land, It is the law!
Like a cur I walk the
Hns, Tbn.
He sits down despairingly outside a house from which emerges the BISHOP of DIGNE.
L Andante ♩= 100
rall.
J V
street, The dirt beneath their feet.
ob.

BISHOP


Come in, sir, for you are weary, And the night is cold out there.—
Bp
Though our lives are very humble, What we have, we have to share
Bp
There is wine here to re-vive you, There is bread to make you strong,
Ob.
Bp
There's a bed to rest till morning, Rest from pain and rest from

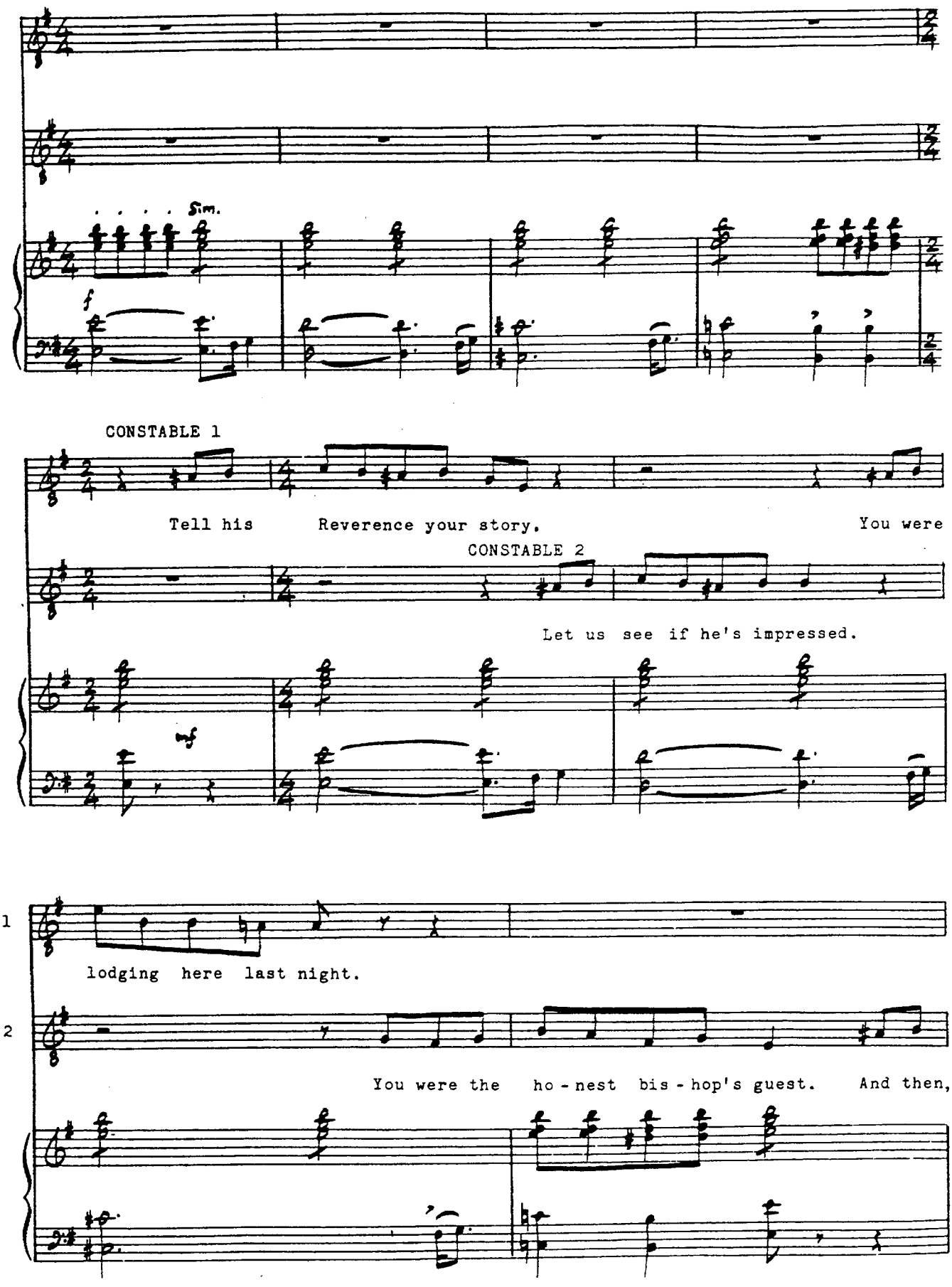

poco allarg.
M
Poco più mosso ♩=120
Bp
wrong.
VALJEAN
He let me eat my fill, I
mf
Ob.
J V
had the lion's share.
The silver in my hand cost twice what I had earned.
J V
In all those nineteen years, that lifetime of despair;
And yet he trus - ted

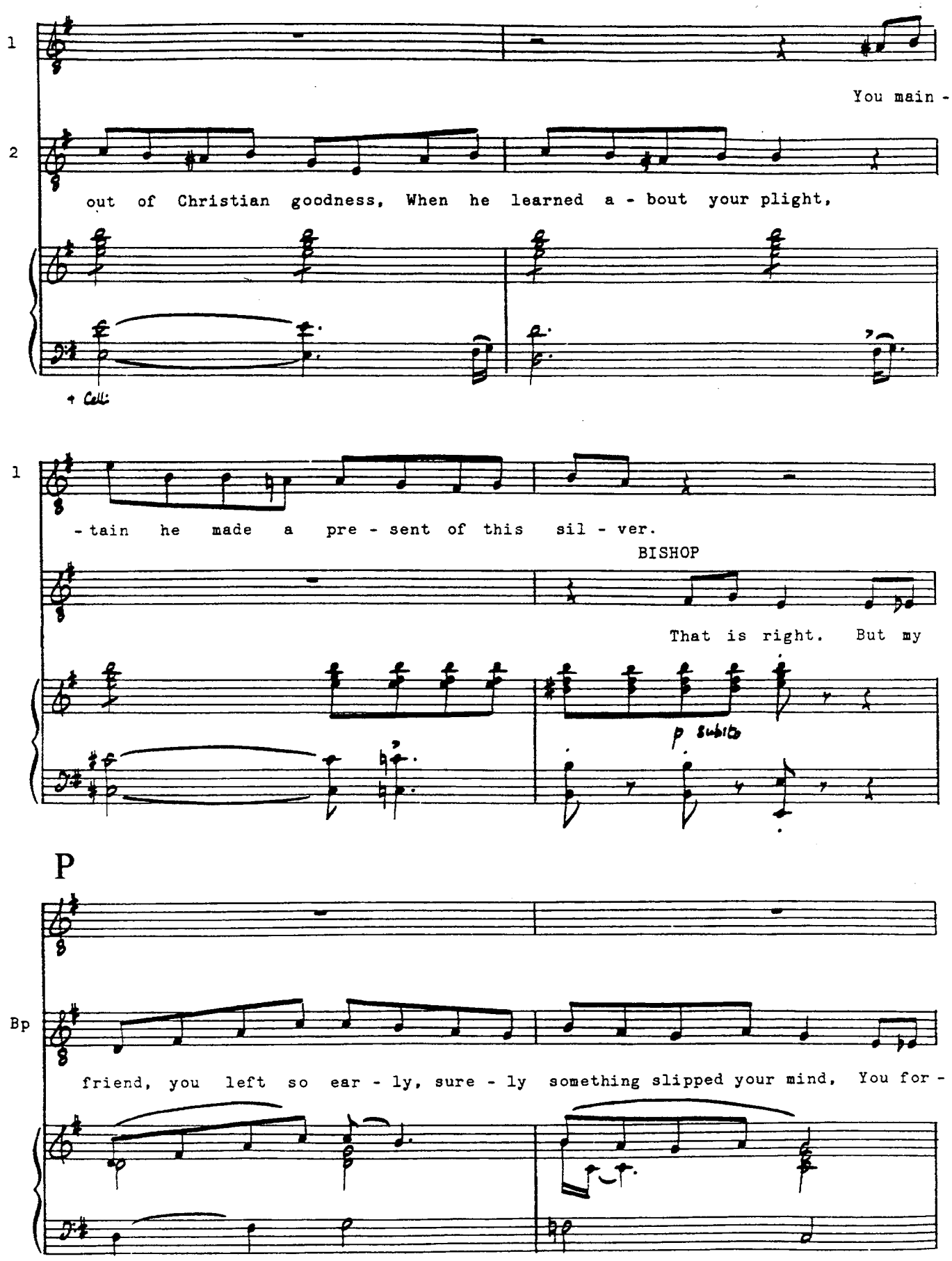
N


J V
me.
The old fool trusted me, he'd done his bit of good,
J V
I played the grateful serf and thanked him, like I should.
J V
rall.
But when the house was still, I got up in the night,
Took the silver, took my
Allegro molto
♩. = 120
Taking the silver cup,
he runs off...
J V
flight!
f

...but is brought back by two CONSTABLES

O Poco meno mosso - pesante ♩=100




1
You main -
2
out of Christian goodness, When he learned a - bout your plight,
+ Celli
1
- tain he made a pre - sent of this sil - ver.
BISHOP
That is right. But my
p subito
P
Bp
friend, you left so ear - ly, sure - ly something slipped your mind, You for -

The BISHOP gives VALJEAN two silver candlesticks.

Bp

- got I gave these al - so, Would you leave the best behind? So, Mes -

Bp

- sieurs, you may re - lease him, For this man has spo - ken true. I com,-

rall. *The CONSTABLES leave.*

Bp

- mend you for your du - ty, And God's blessing go with you.

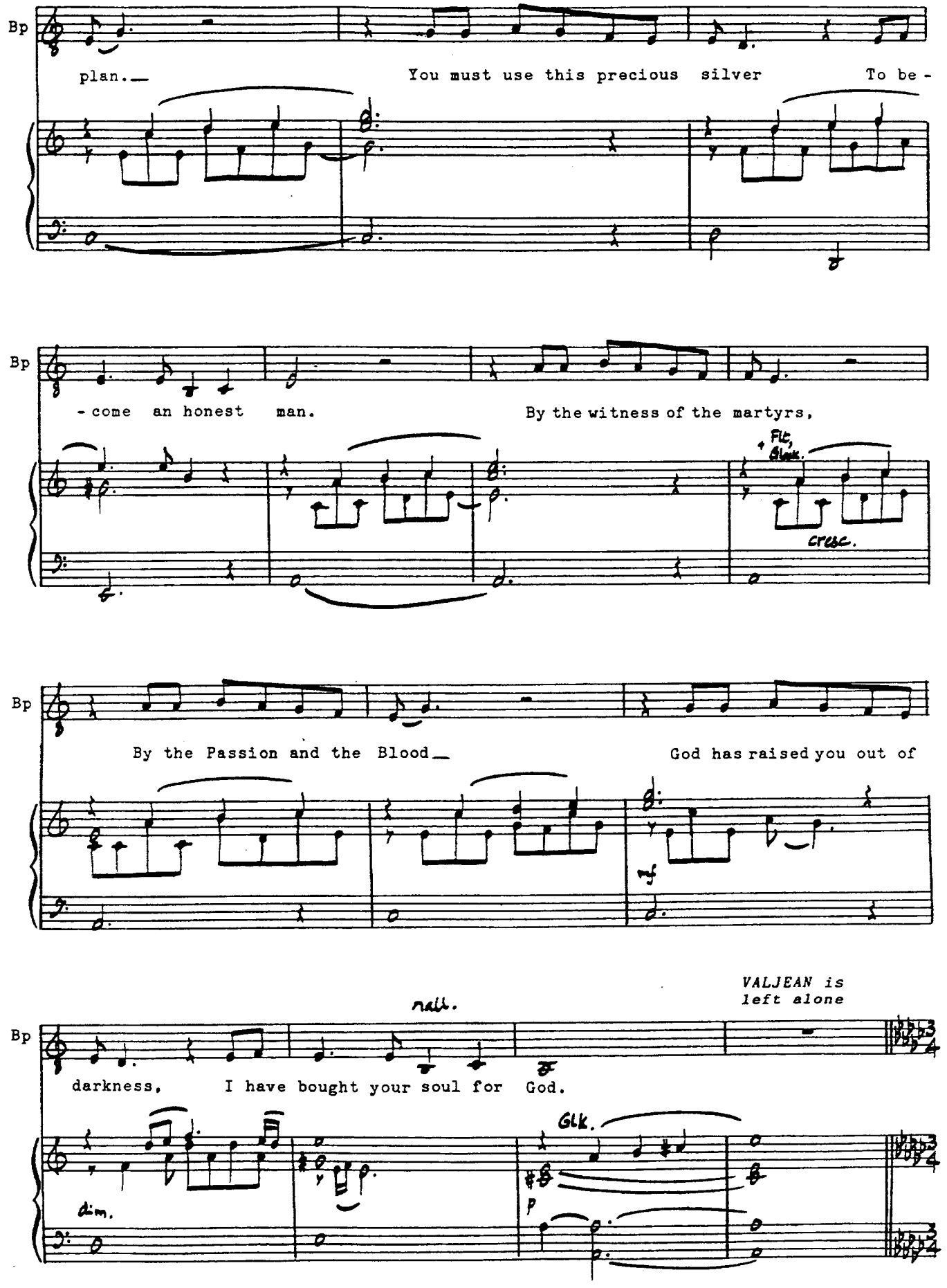
Gtr.

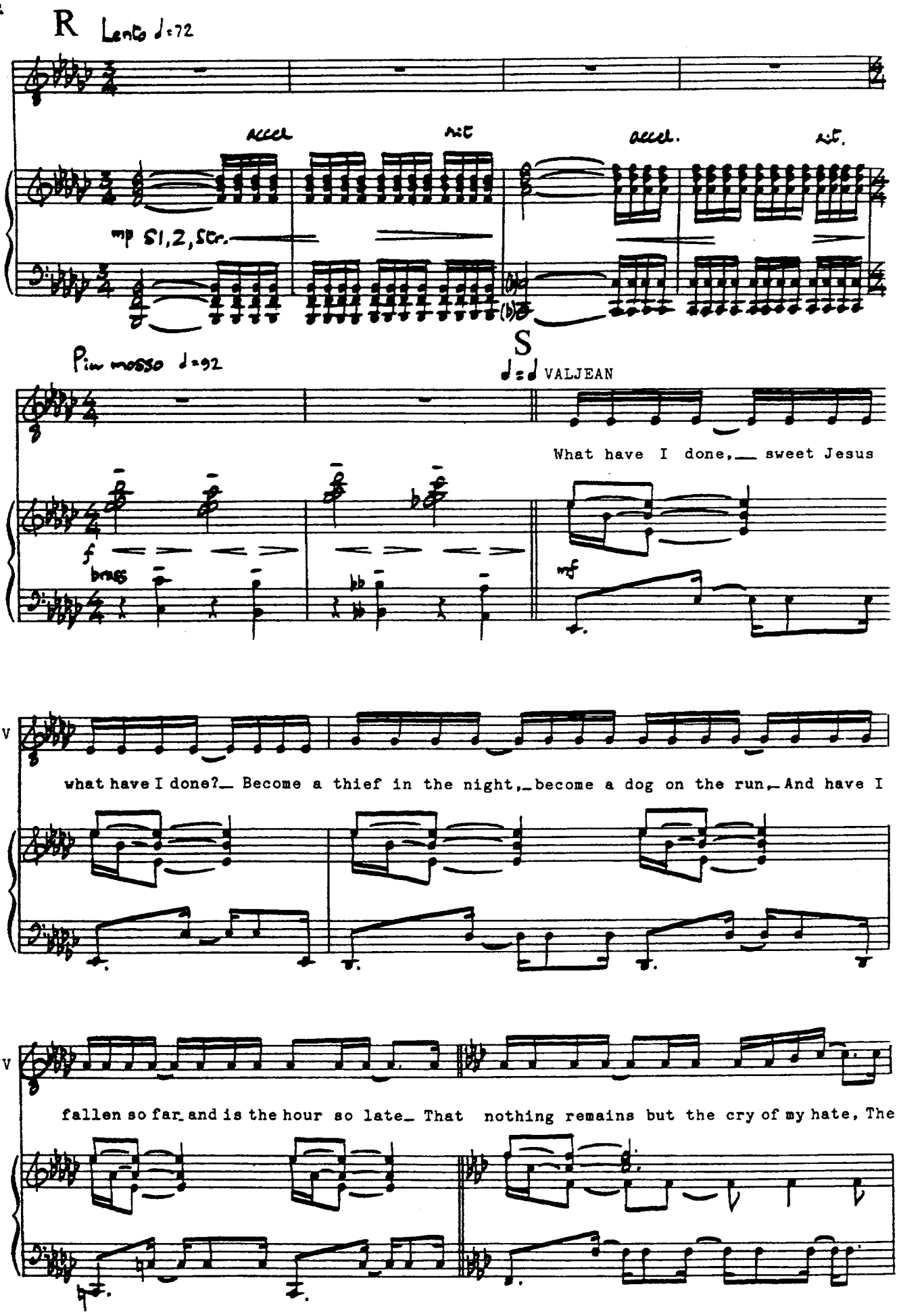
Q A tempo

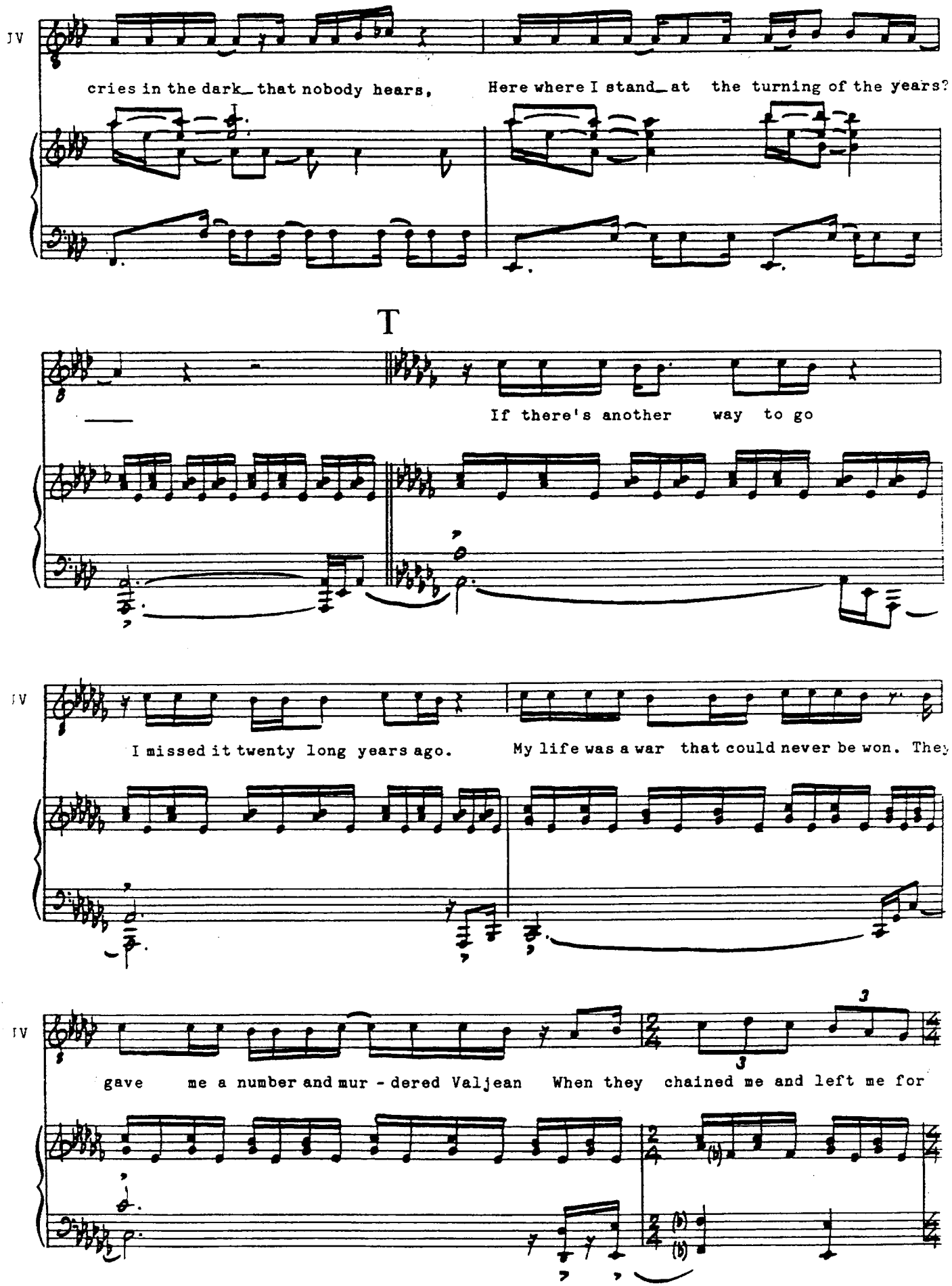
Bp

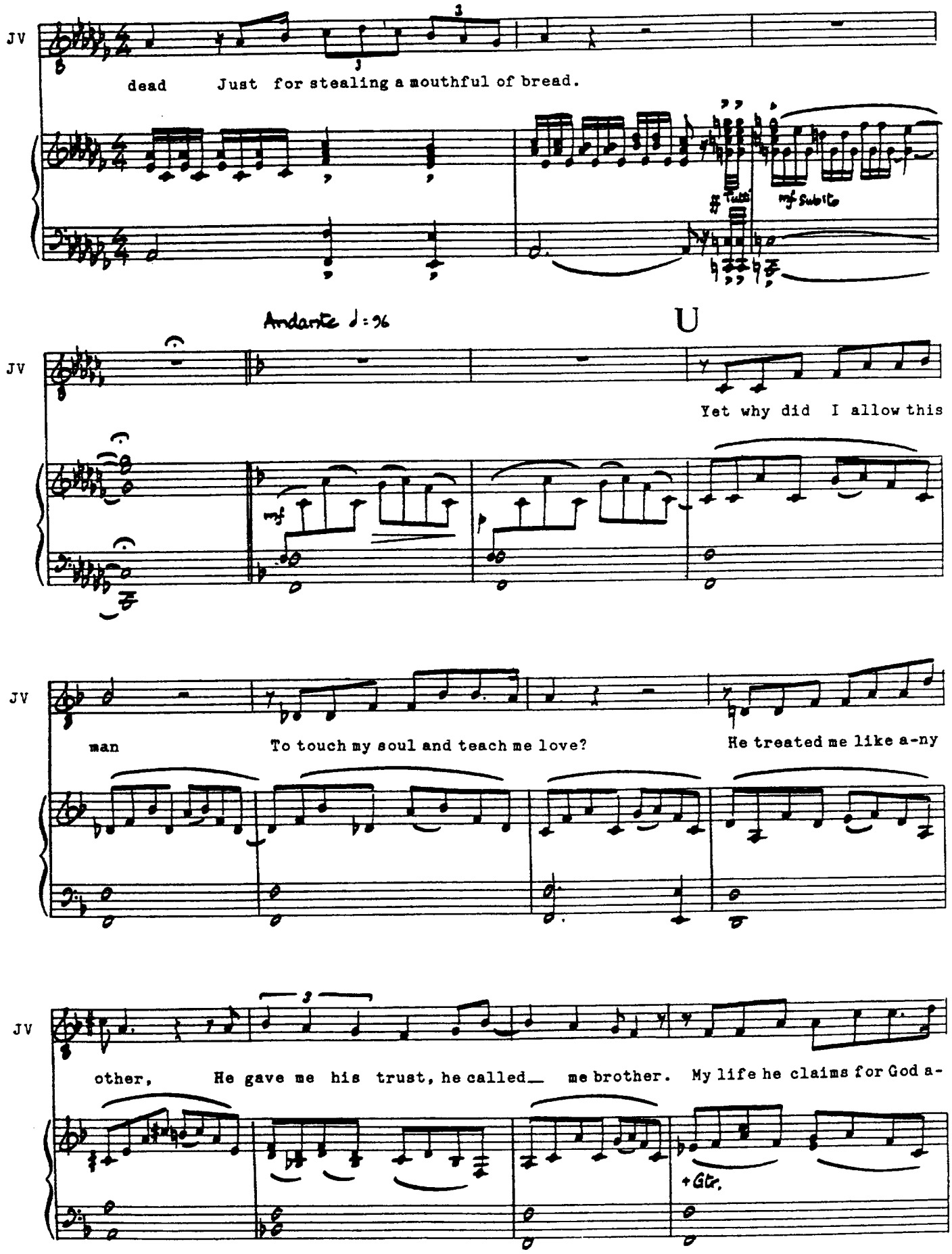
But re - member this, my brother, See in this some higher

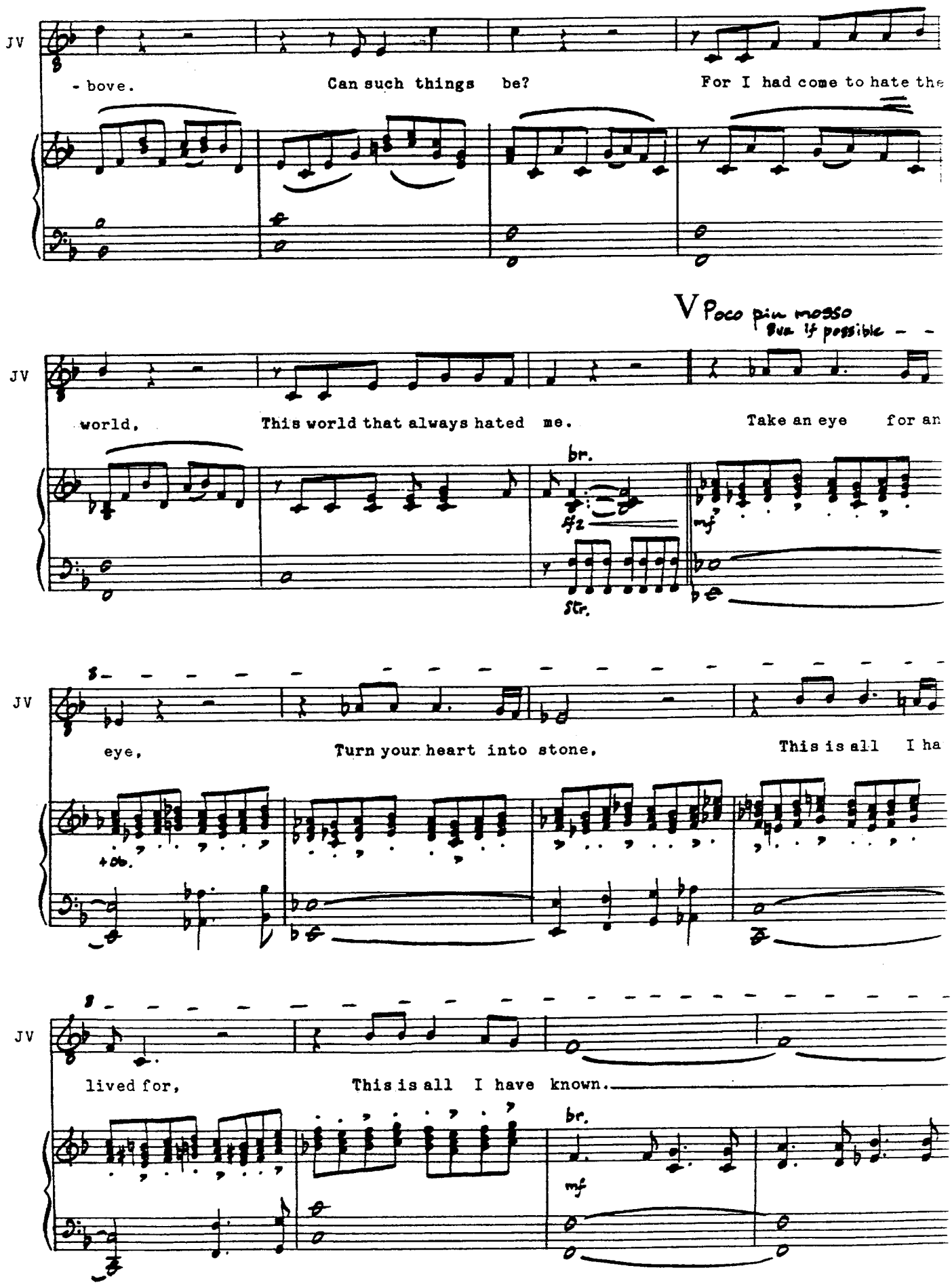
Ob, Cll.

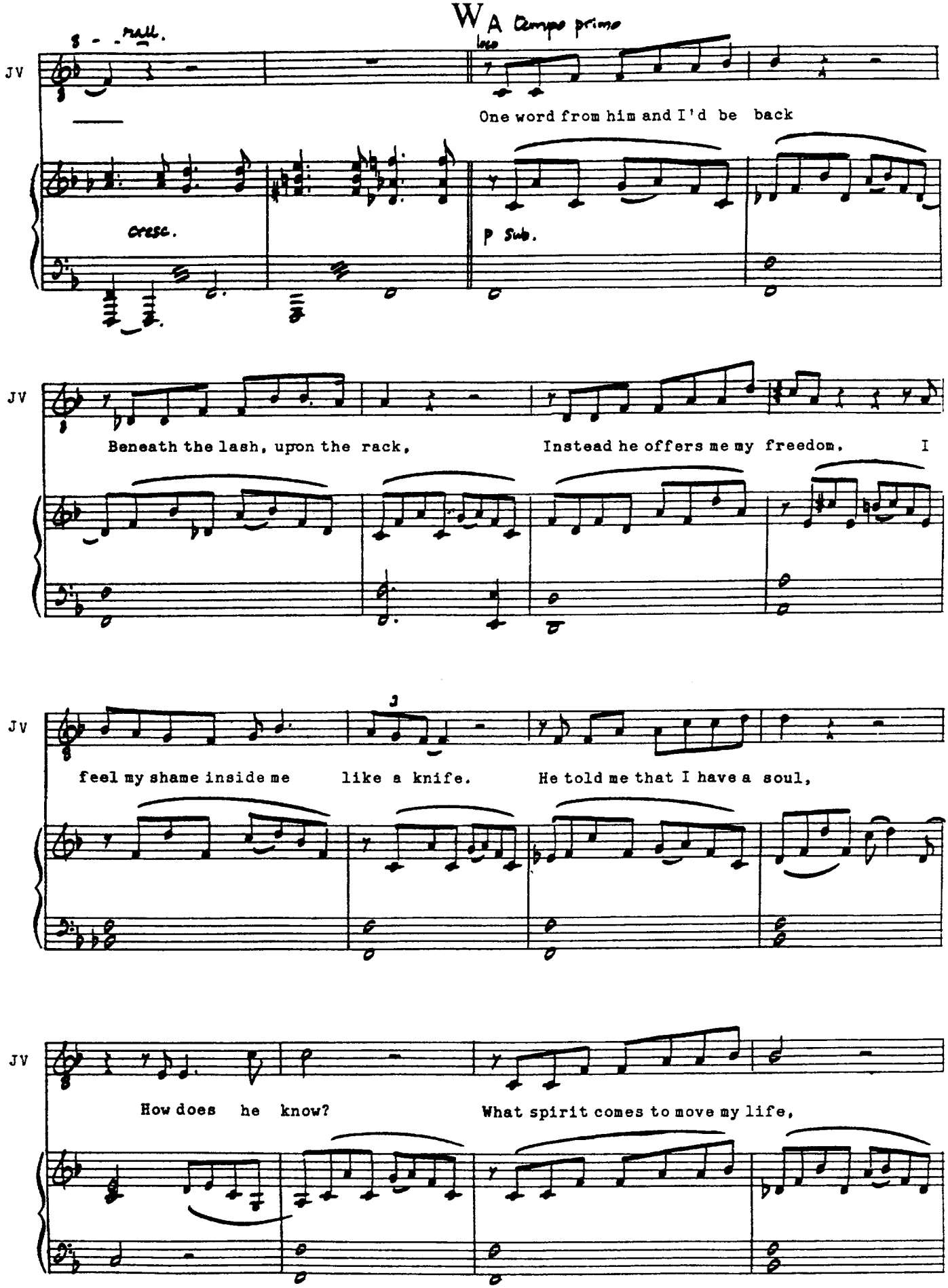

Bp
plan.
You must use this precious silver
To be -
Bp
- come an honest man.
By the witness of the martyrs,
Flt, Glock.
cresc.
Bp
By the Passion and the Blood
God has raised you out of
mf
Bp
rall.
VALJEAN is left alone
darkness,
I have bought your soul for God.
Glk.
dim.
p

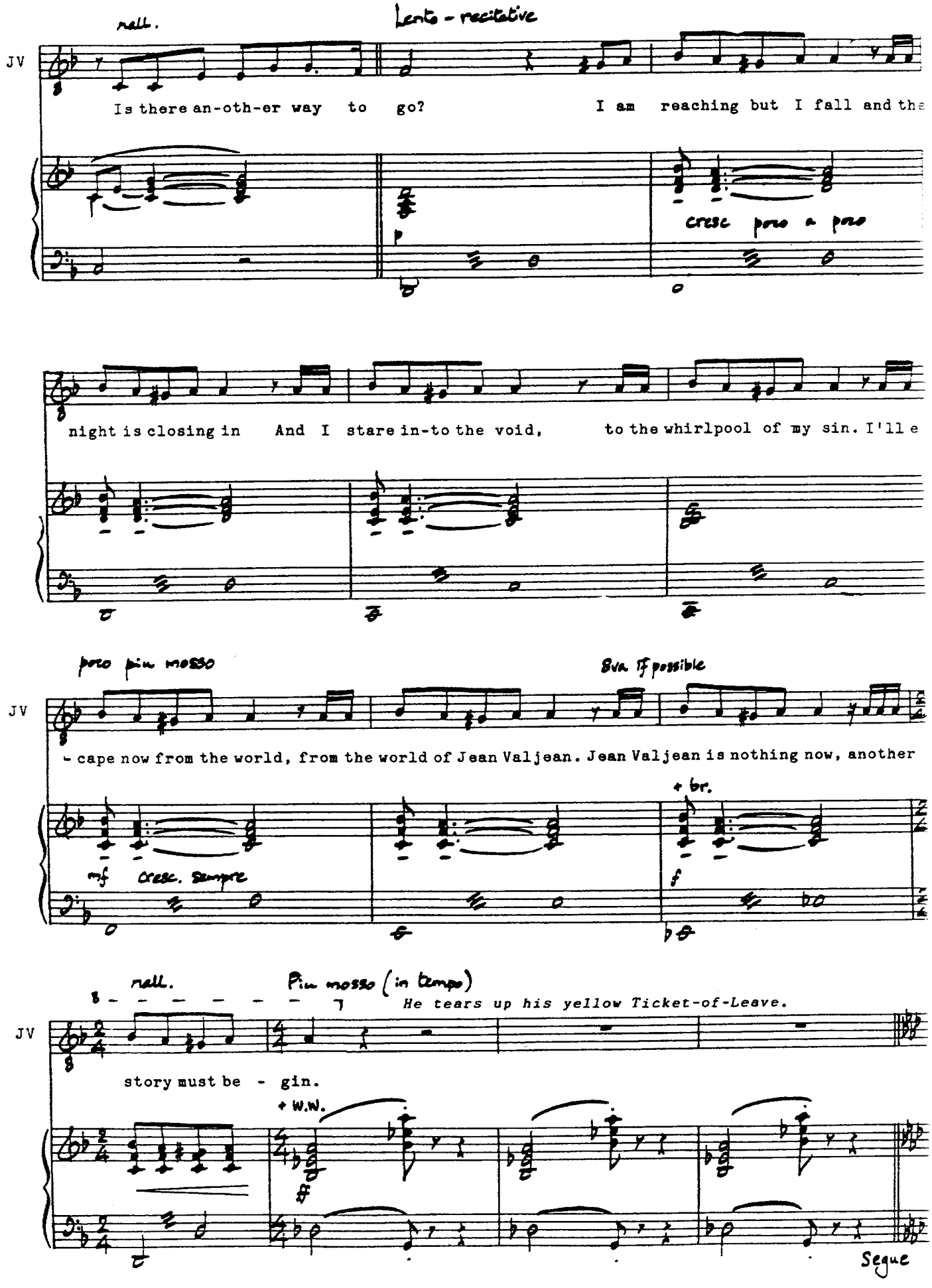

R Lento ♩=72
accel
rit
accel.
rit.
mp S1,2,Str.
Piu mosso ♩=92
S
♩=♩ VALJEAN
What have I done,__ sweet Jesus
f
brass
mf
JV
what have I done?__ Become a thief in the night,__become a dog on the run,__And have I
JV
fallen so far_and is the hour so late__ That nothing remains but the cry of my hate, The


IV
cries in the dark_ that nobody hears,
Here where I stand_ at the turning of the years?
T
If there's another way to go
IV
I missed it twenty long years ago.
My life was a war that could never be won. They
IV
gave me a number and mur - dered Valjean
When they chained me and left me for


JV
dead Just for stealing a mouthful of bread.
Tutti
mf subito
Andante ♩=96
U
JV
Yet why did I allow this
mf
JV
man To touch my soul and teach me love? He treated me like a-ny
JV
other, He gave me his trust, he called me brother. My life he claims for God a-
+Gtr.

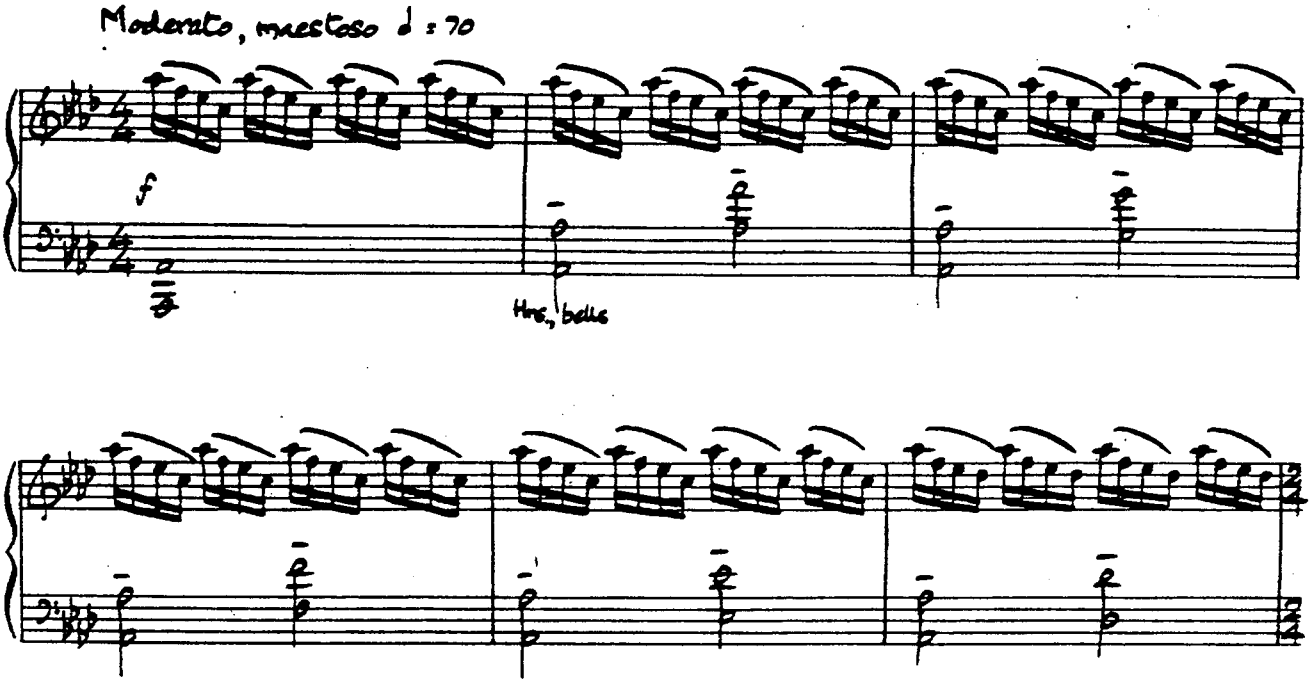

JV
- bove.
Can such things be?
For I had come to hate the
V Poco più mosso
Sva if possible
JV
world,
This world that always hated me.
Take an eye for an
br.
sfz
mf
Str.
JV
eye,
Turn your heart into stone,
This is all I ha
JV
lived for,
This is all I have known.
br.
mf


JV
rall.
A tempo primo
loco
One word from him and I'd be back
cresc.
p sub.
JV
Beneath the lash, upon the rack,
Instead he offers me my freedom.
I
JV
feel my shame inside me
like a knife.
He told me that I have a soul,
JV
How does he know?
What spirit comes to move my life,

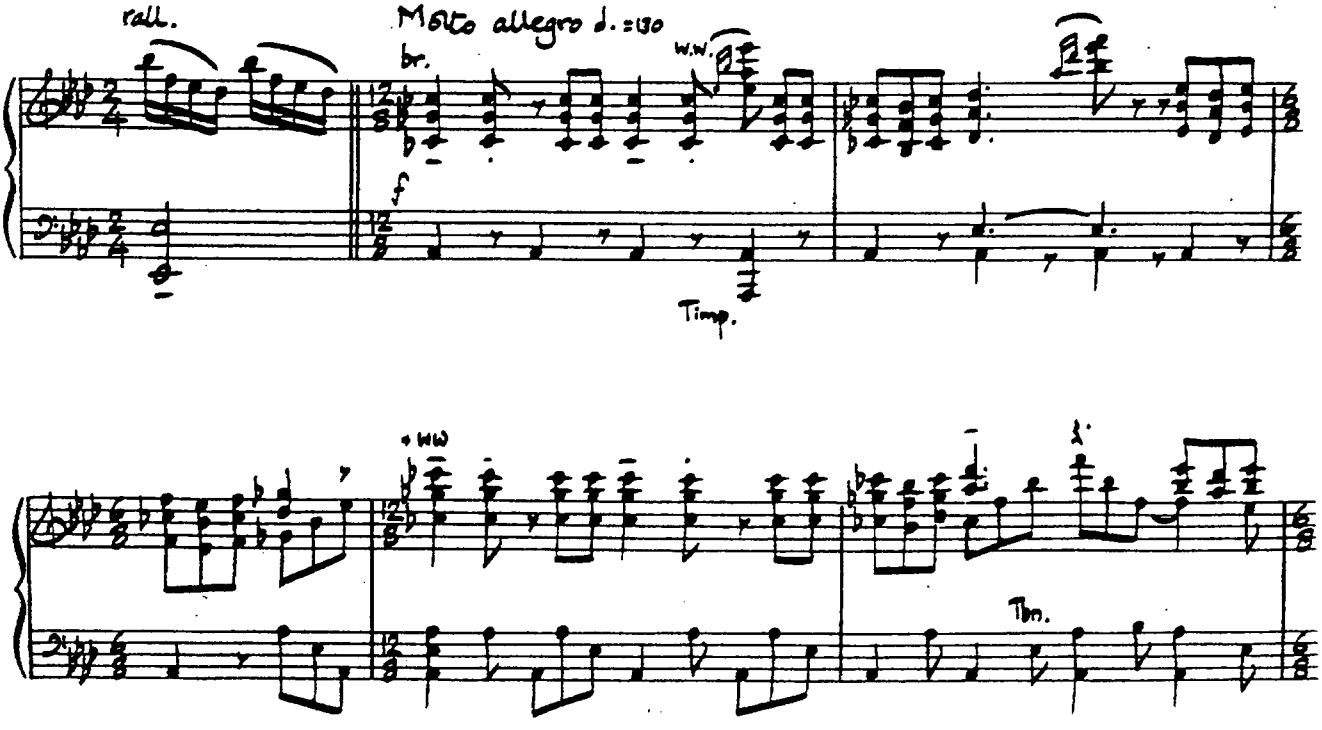

rall.
Lento - recitative
JV
Is there an-oth-er way to go? I am reaching but I fall and the
cresc poco a poco
night is closing in And I stare in-to the void, to the whirlpool of my sin. I'll e
poco più mosso
8va if possible
JV
- cape now from the world, from the world of Jean Valjean. Jean Valjean is nothing now, another
+ br.
mf cresc. sempre
f
rall.
Più mosso (in tempo)
He tears up his yellow Ticket-of-Leave.
JV
story must be - gin.
+ W.W.
Segue

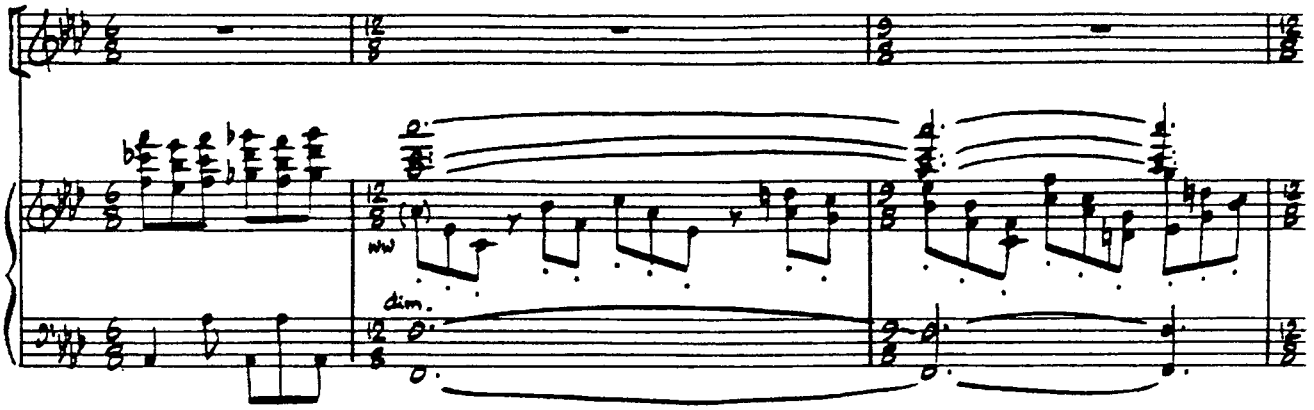
ACT I

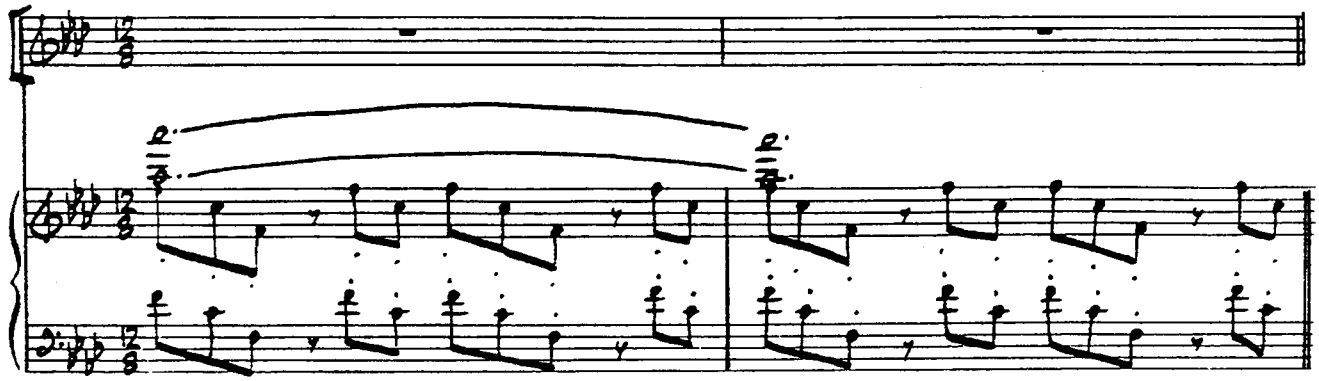
1. At the End of the Day



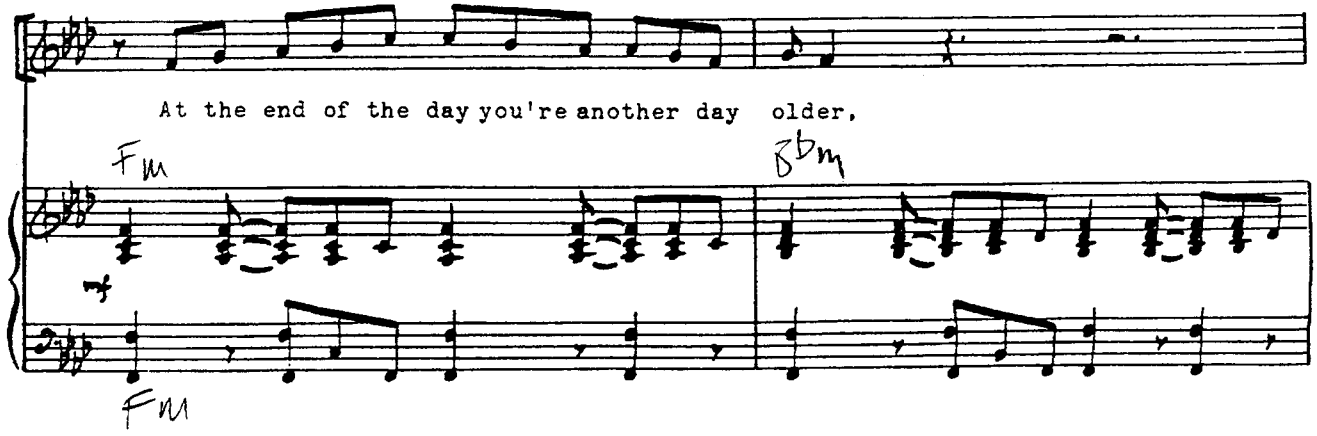
1823, Montreuil-sur-Mer. Outside the factory owned by the Mayor, Monsieur Madelaine (JEAN VALJEAN in disguise)

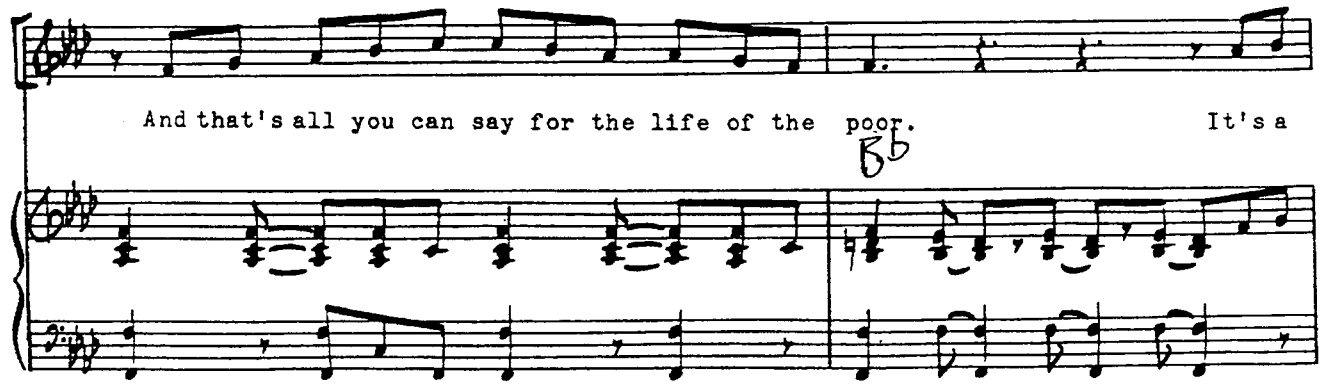


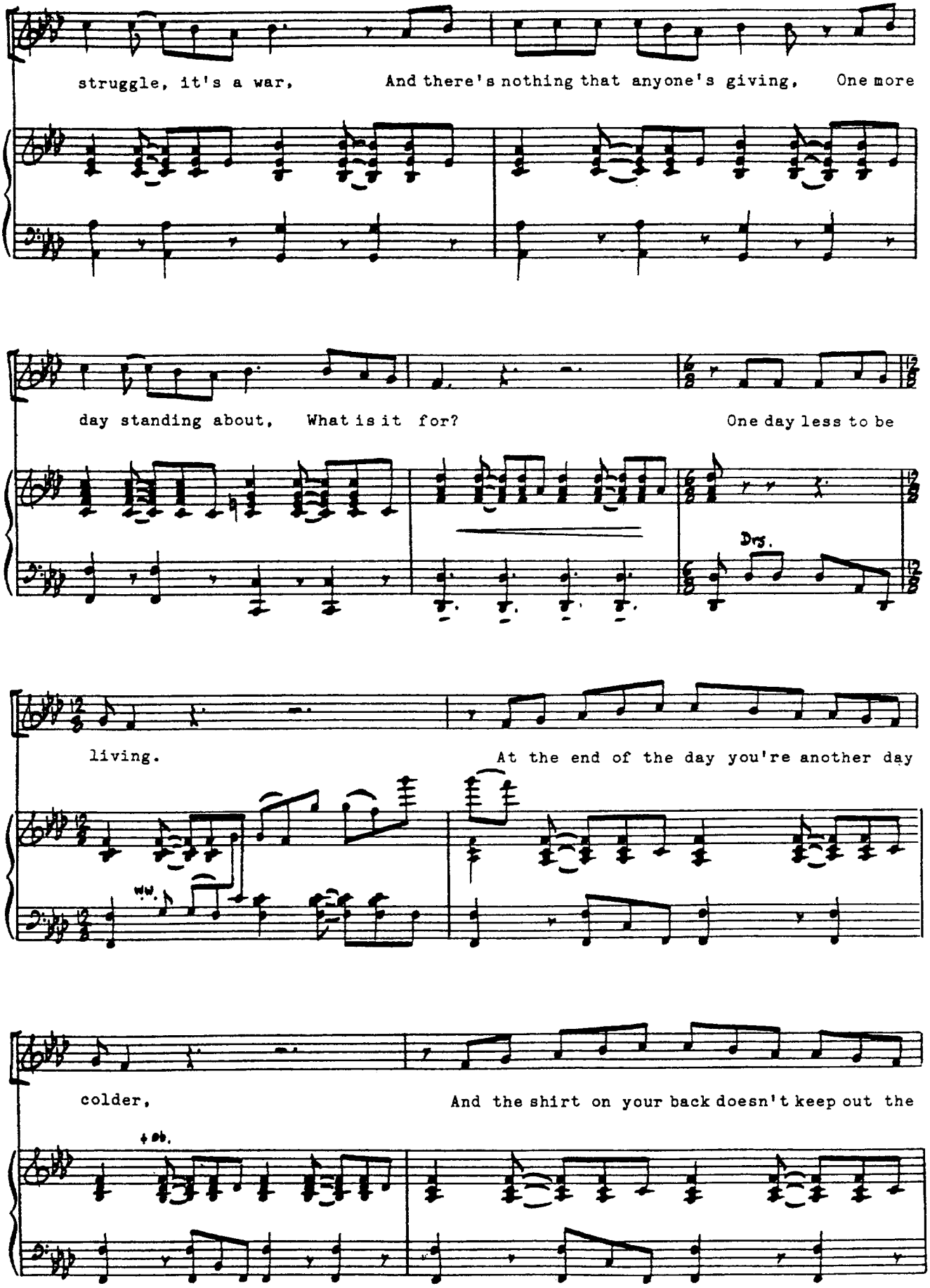


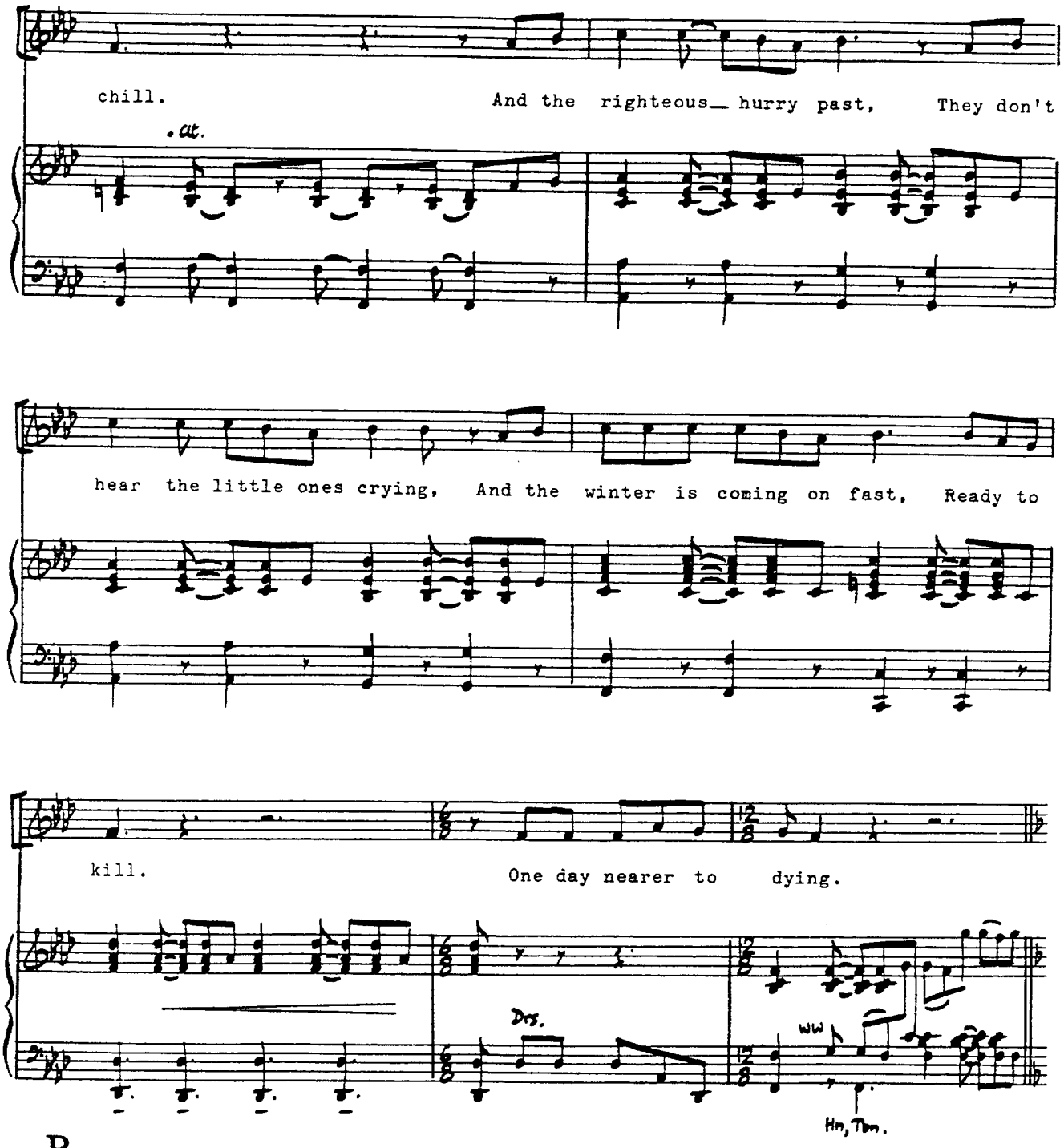


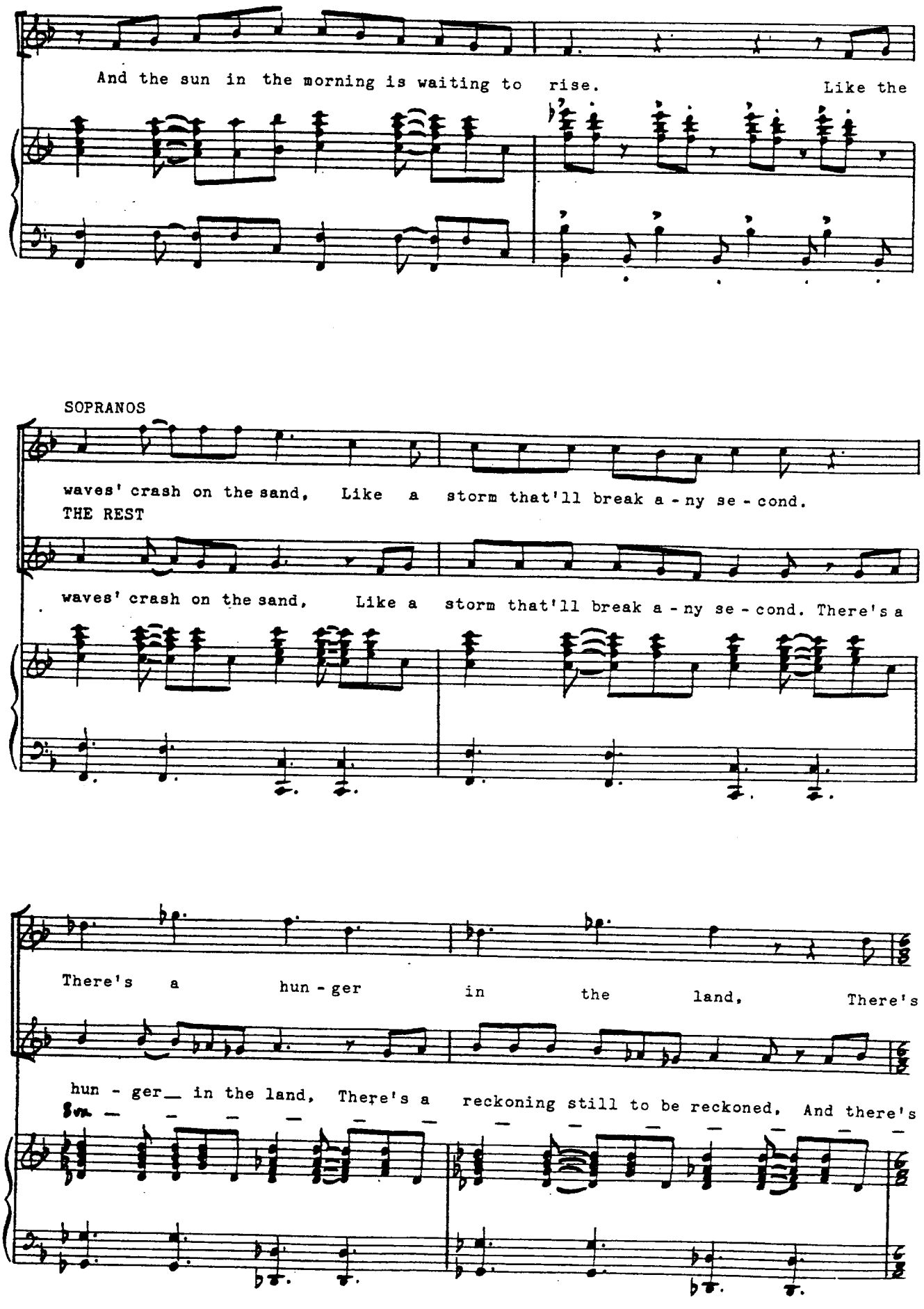
A CHORUS (THE POOR) - *unis.*

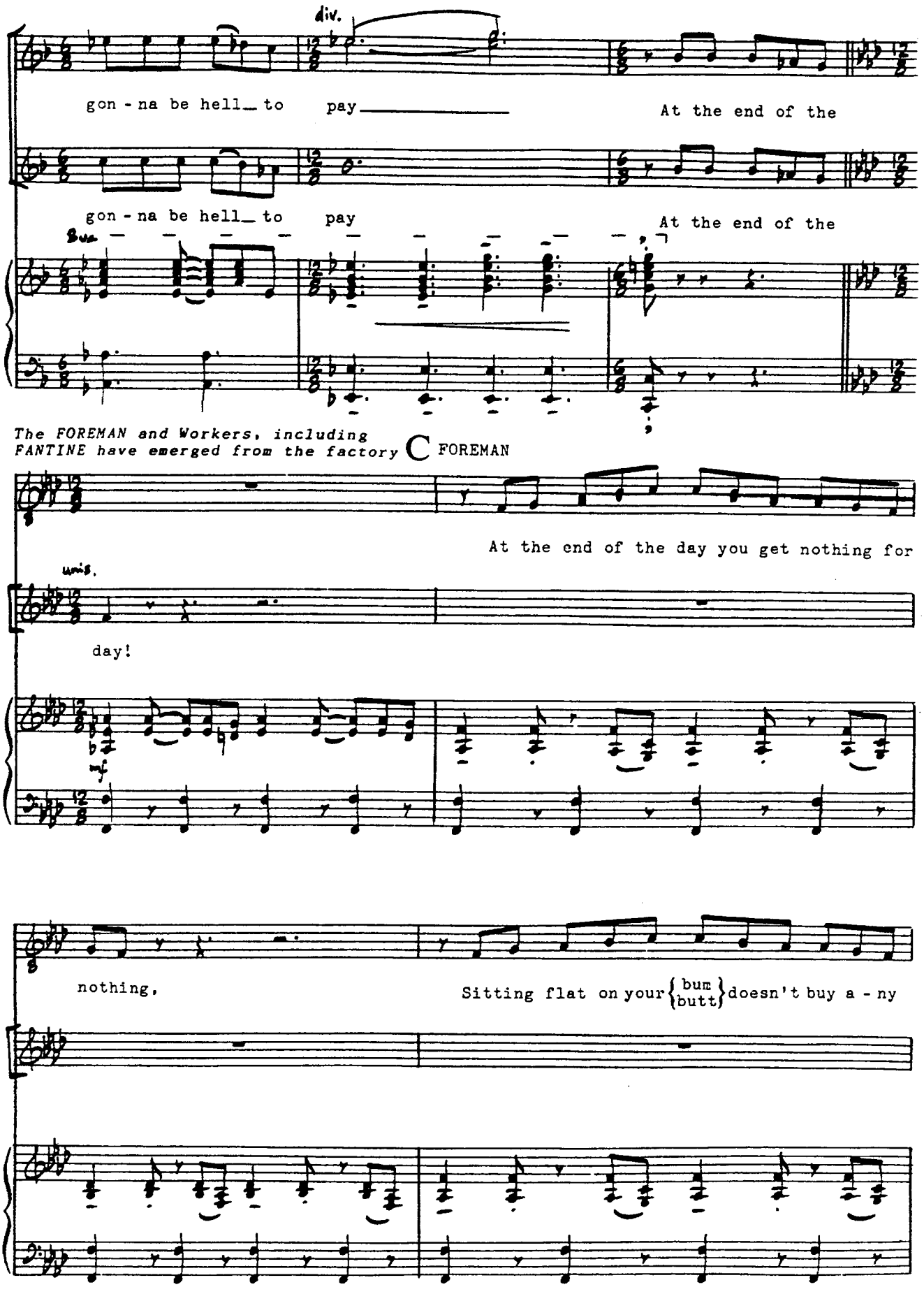


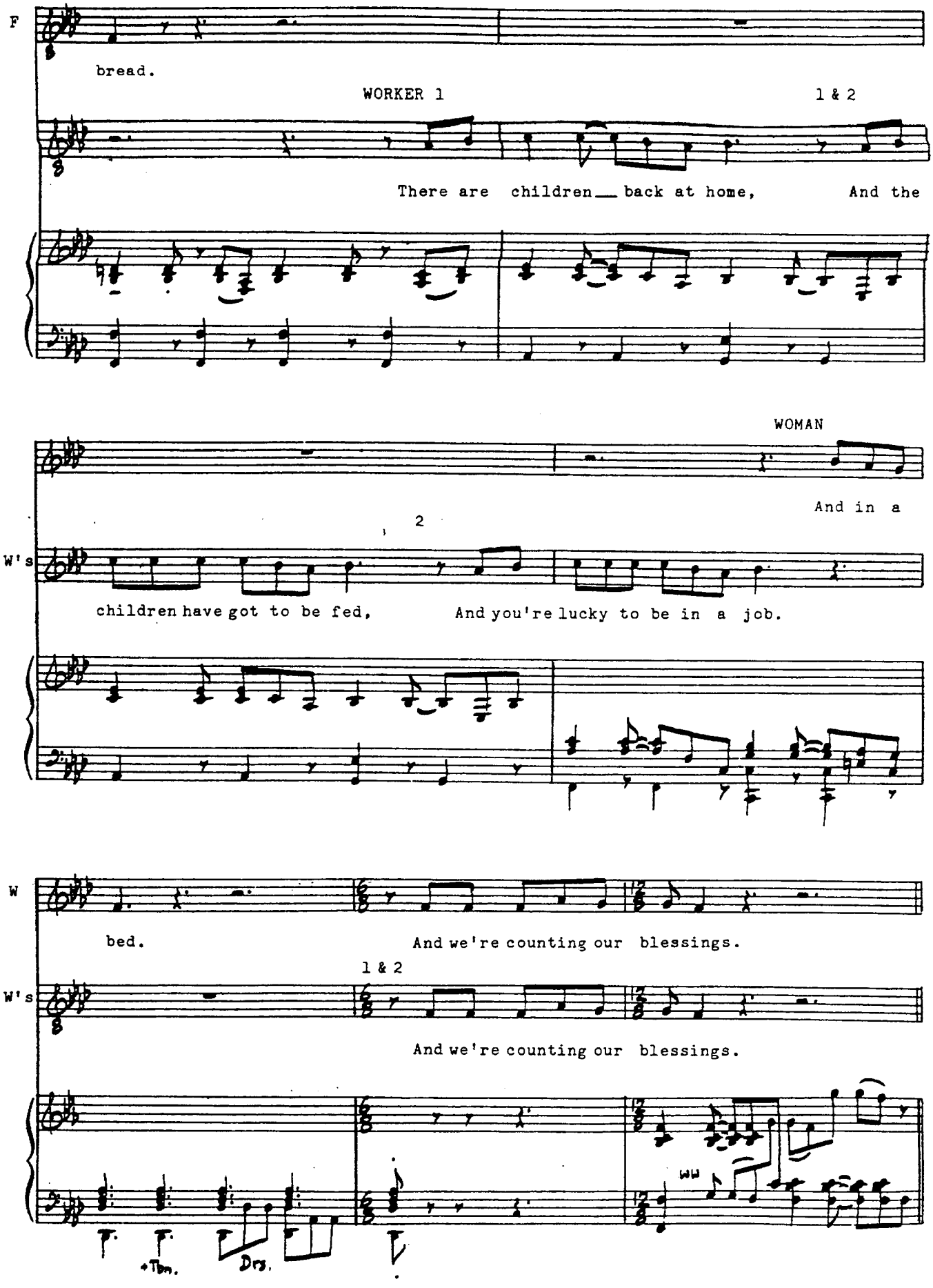



struggle, it's a war, And there's nothing that anyone's giving, One more
day standing about, What is it for? One day less to be
Drs.
living. At the end of the day you're another day
ww.
colder, And the shirt on your back doesn't keep out the
+ ob.

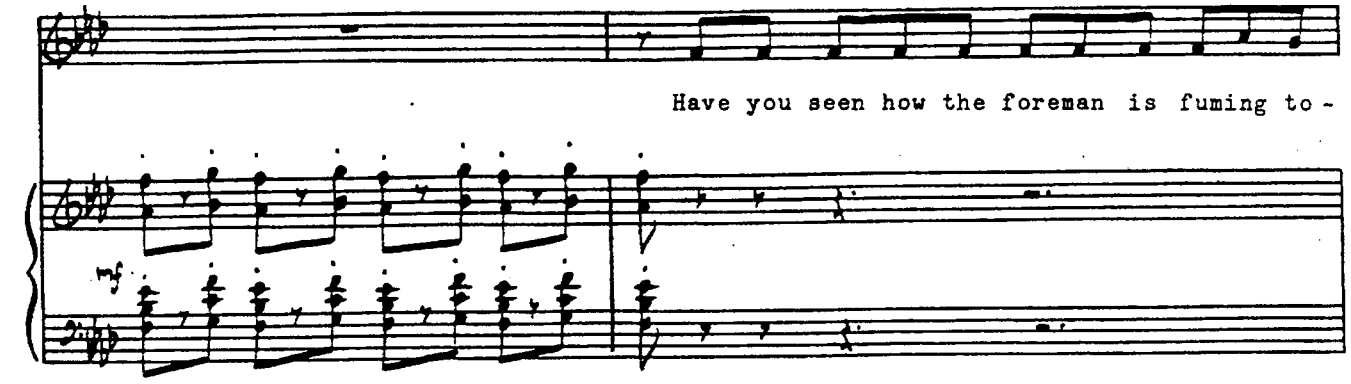

chill.
And the righteous hurry past,
They don't
• alt.
hear the little ones crying,
And the winter is coming on fast,
Ready to
kill.
One day nearer to dying.
Drs.
WW
Hn, Tbn.
B
At the end of the day there's another day dawn - ing,
f

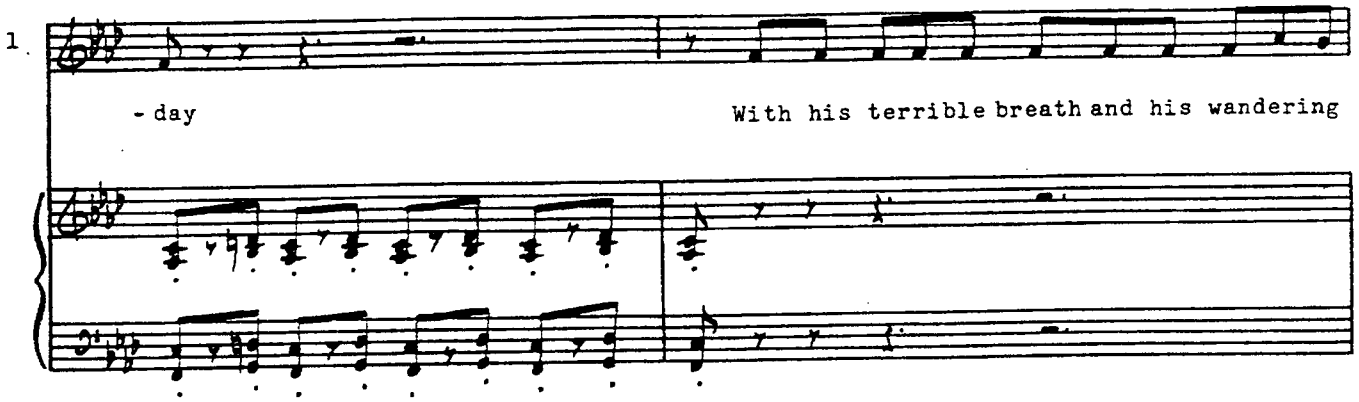

And the sun in the morning is waiting to rise. Like the
SOPRANOS
waves' crash on the sand, Like a storm that'll break a - ny se - cond.
THE REST
waves' crash on the sand, Like a storm that'll break a - ny se - cond. There's a
There's a hun - ger in the land, There's
hun - ger in the land, There's a reckoning still to be reckoned, And there's
8va

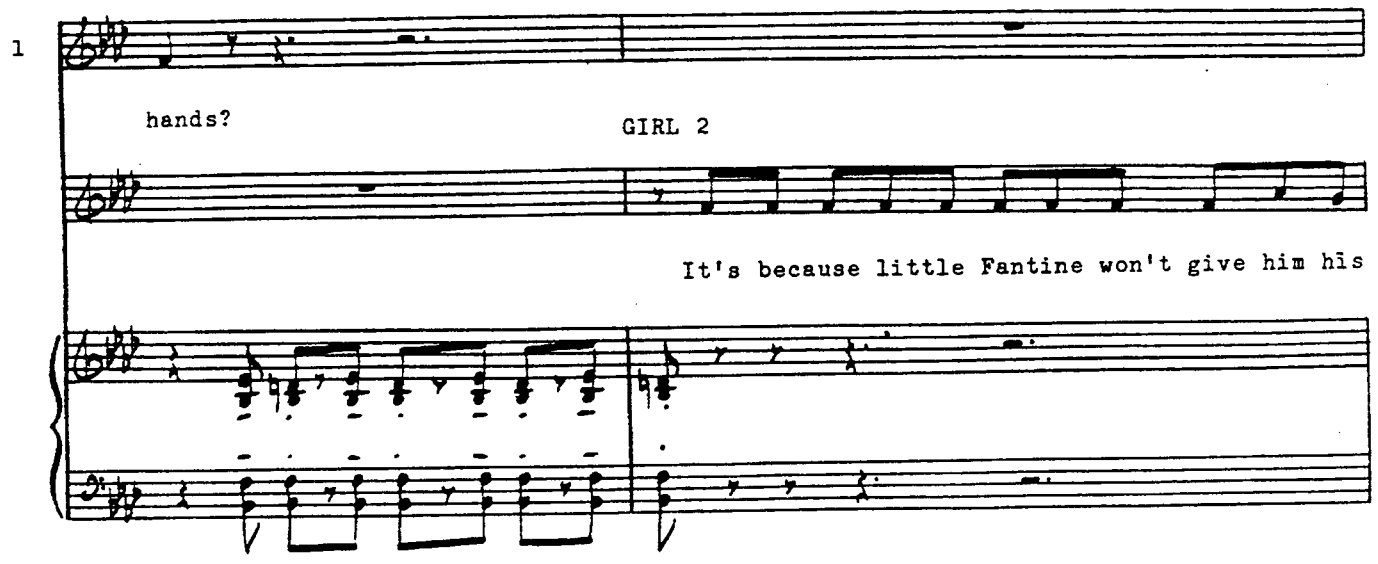

div.
gon - na be hell_ to pay
At the end of the
gon - na be hell_ to pay
At the end of the
Sus
The FOREMAN and Workers, including FANTINE have emerged from the factory
C
FOREMAN
At the end of the day you get nothing for
unis.
day!
mf
nothing,
Sitting flat on your {bum / butt} doesn't buy a - ny

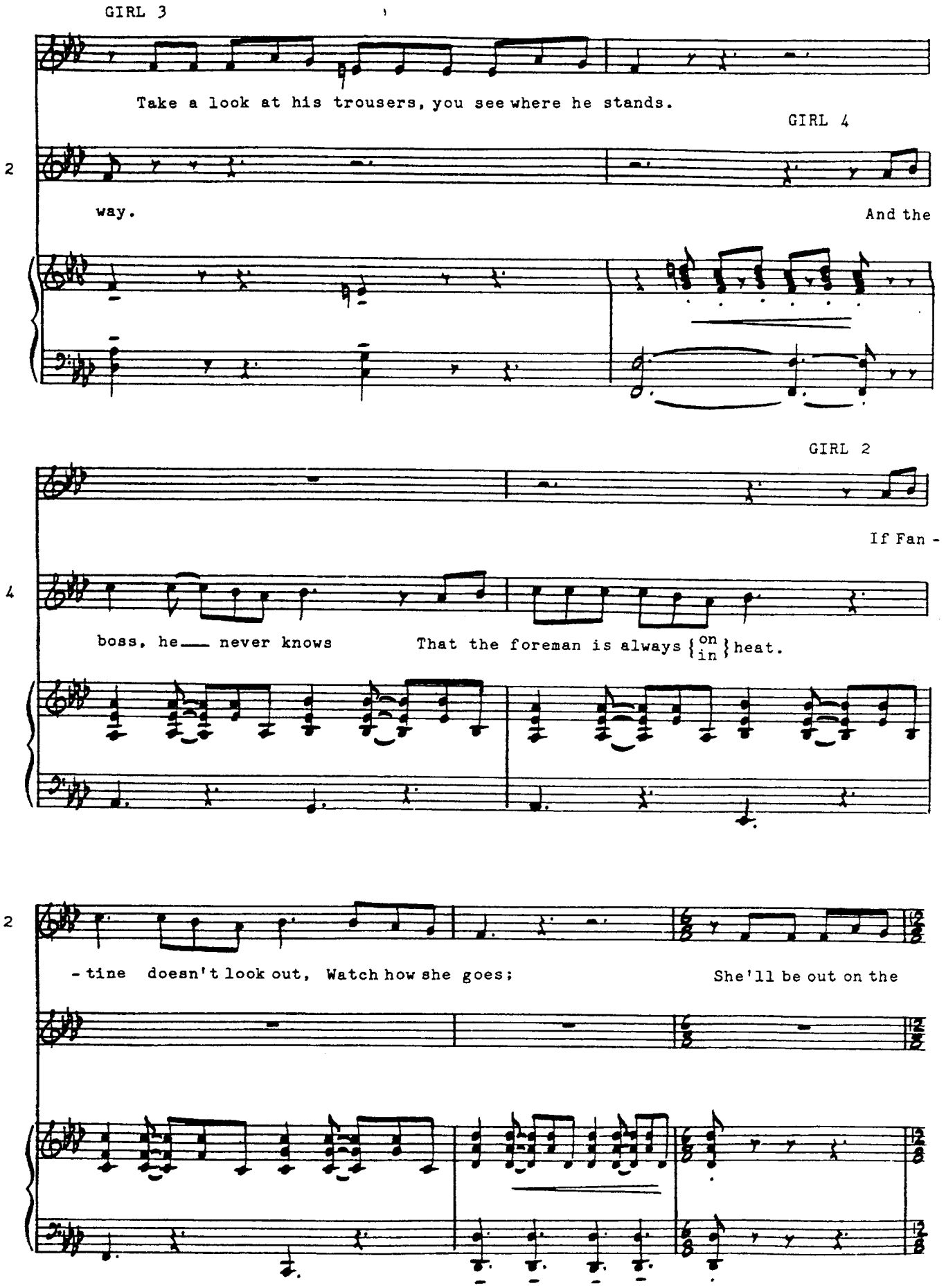

F
bread.
WORKER 1
1 & 2
There are children__ back at home, And the
WOMAN
And in a
2
W's
children have got to be fed, And you're lucky to be in a job.
W
bed.
And we're counting our blessings.
1 & 2
W's
And we're counting our blessings.
+Tbn.
Drs.

GIRL 1


Have you seen how the foreman is fuming to -


1.
- day
With his terrible breath and his wandering


1
hands?
GIRL 2
It's because little Fantine won't give him his


GIRL 3
Take a look at his trousers, you see where he stands.
GIRL 4
2
way.
And the
GIRL 2
If Fan -
4
boss, he___ never knows
That the foreman is always {on / in} heat.
2
- tine doesn't look out, Watch how she goes;
She'll be out on the

C2

2

street.

CHORUS (THE WORKERS)

At the end of the day it's another day

ww

Tbn.

f

ov - er,

With enough in your pocket to last for a

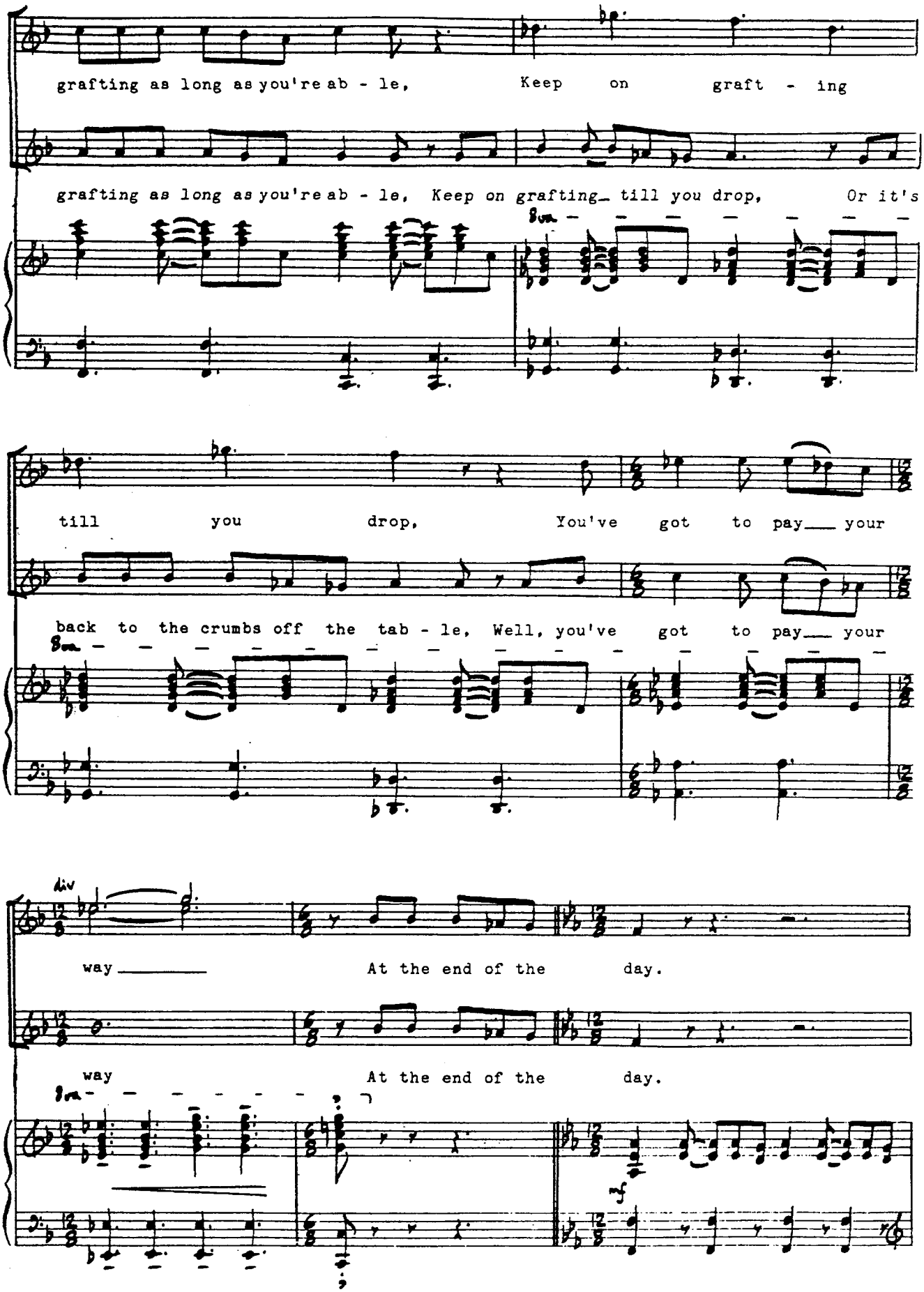
SOPRANOS

week.

Pay the land - lord,_ pay the shop, Keep on

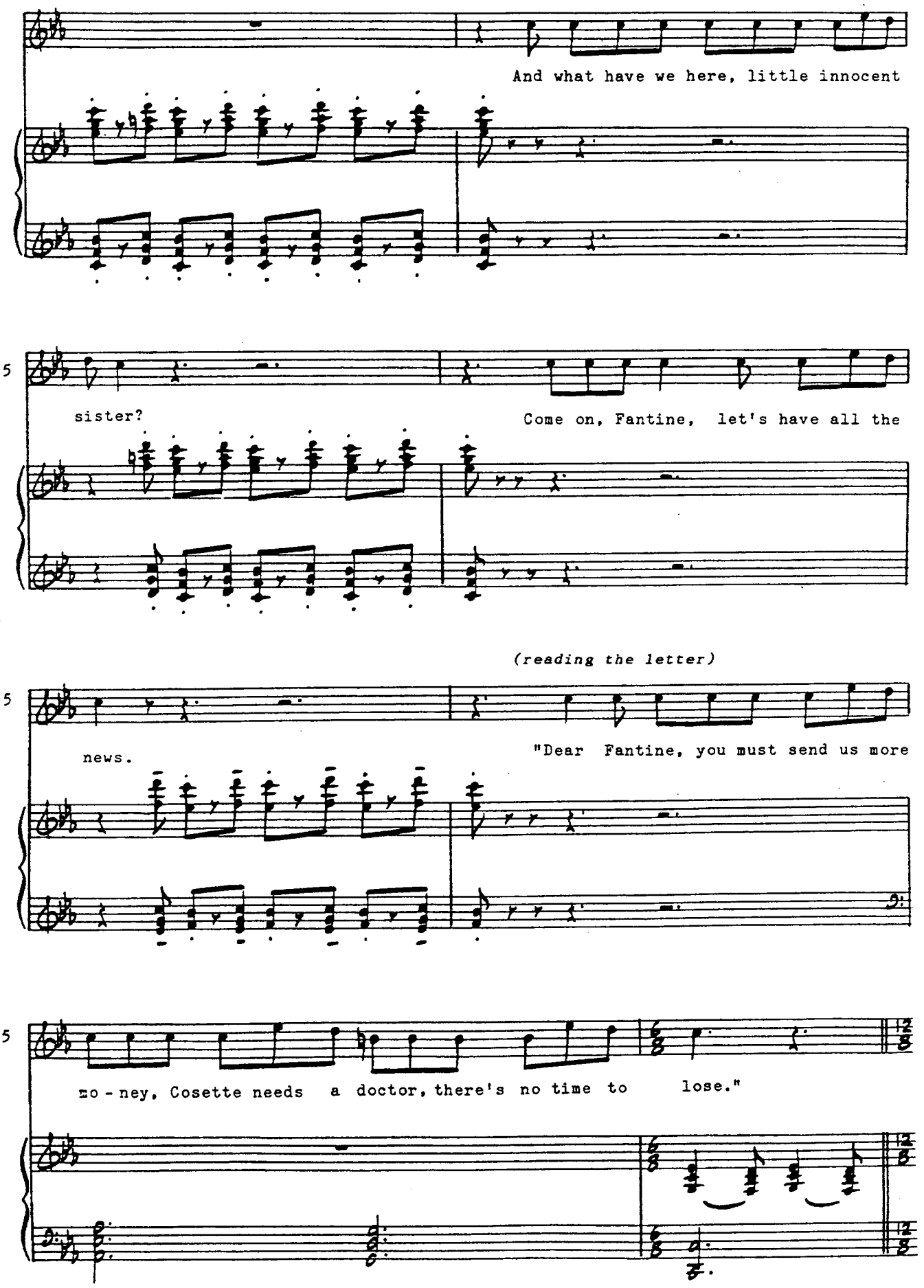
week.

Pay the land - lord,_ pay the shop, Keep on


grafting as long as you're ab - le, Keep on graft - ing
grafting as long as you're ab - le, Keep on grafting_ till you drop, Or it's
till you drop, You've got to pay___ your
back to the crumbs off the tab - le, Well, you've got to pay___ your
way _____ At the end of the day.
way At the end of the day.

D

GIRL 5 *(grabbing a letter from FANTINE)*



F FANTINE

Give that letter to me, it is none of your business,

Fan

With a husband at home and a bit on the side.

Fan

Is there a - ny - one here who can swear before God she has nothing to

They fight over the letter

Fan

fear, she has nothing to hide?

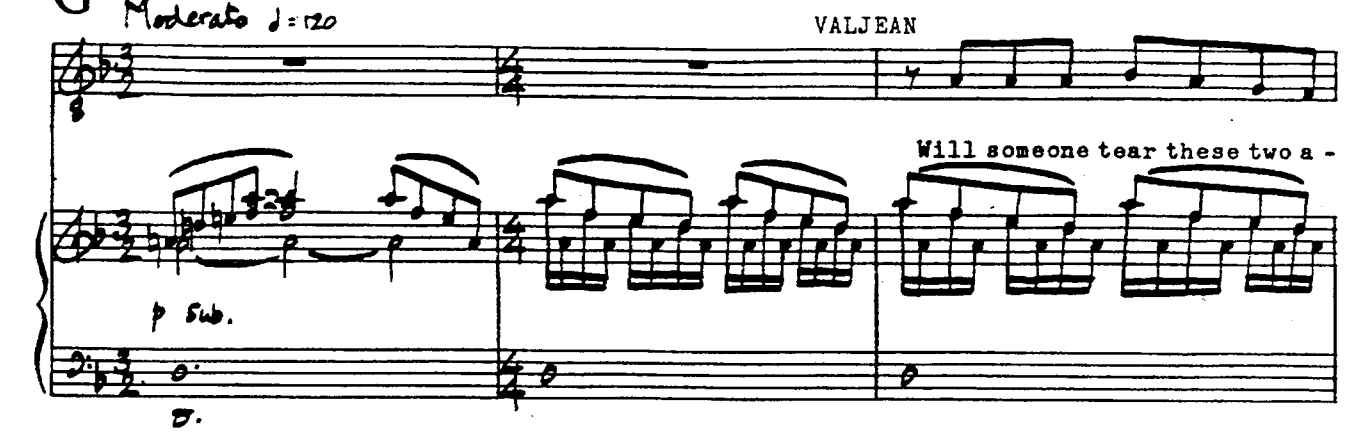
br.

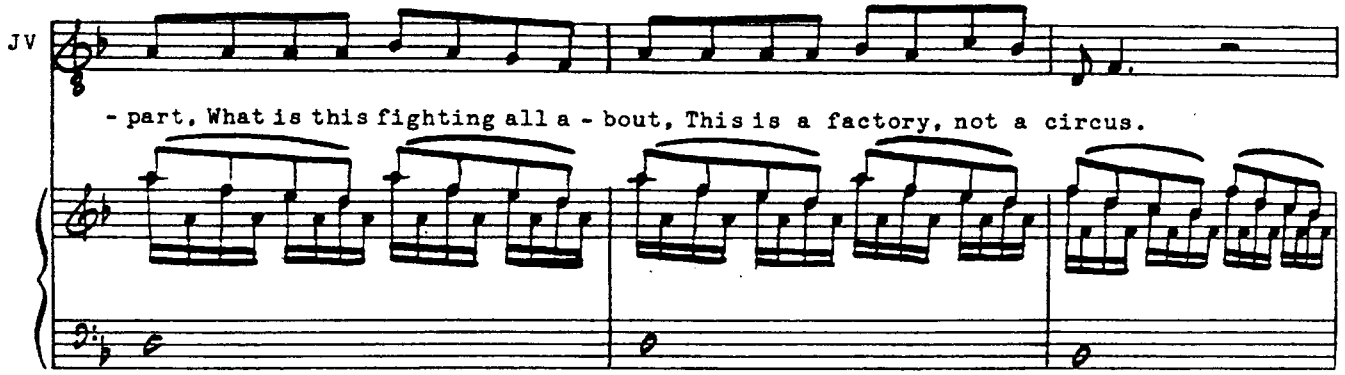
mf cresc.

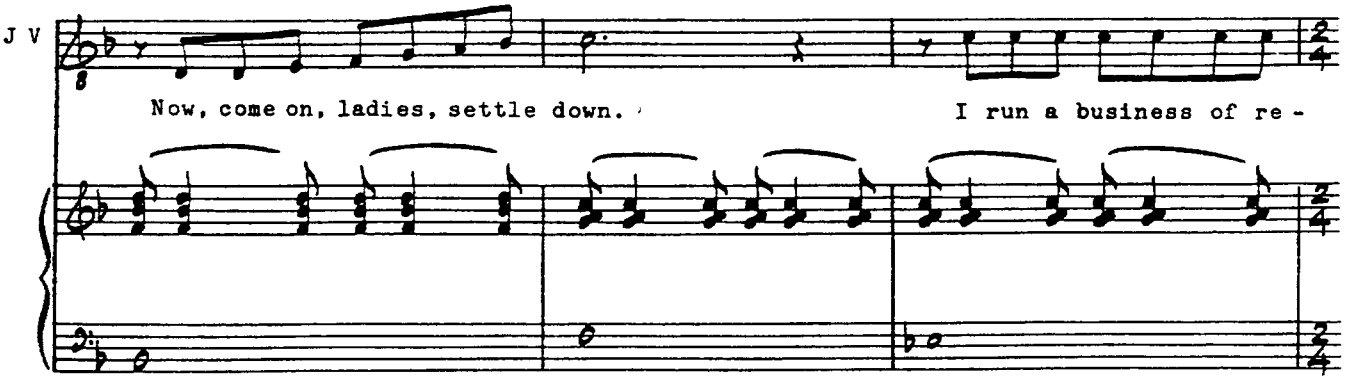
G *VALJEAN rushes on to break up the squabble*

Moderato ♩ = 120

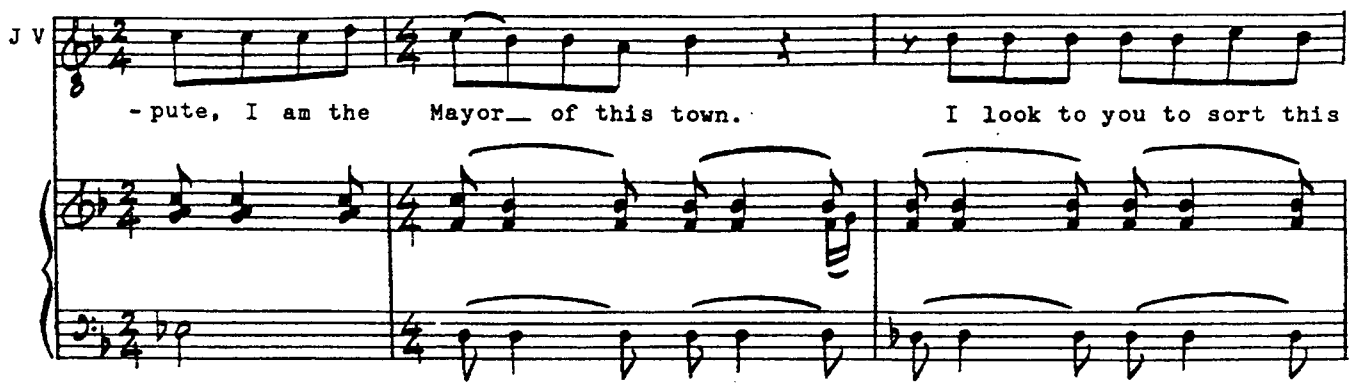
VALJEAN







(to the FOREMAN)



He goes back into the factory

J V

out, And be as patient as you can.

FOREMAN

Now, someone say how this be - gan.

Br.

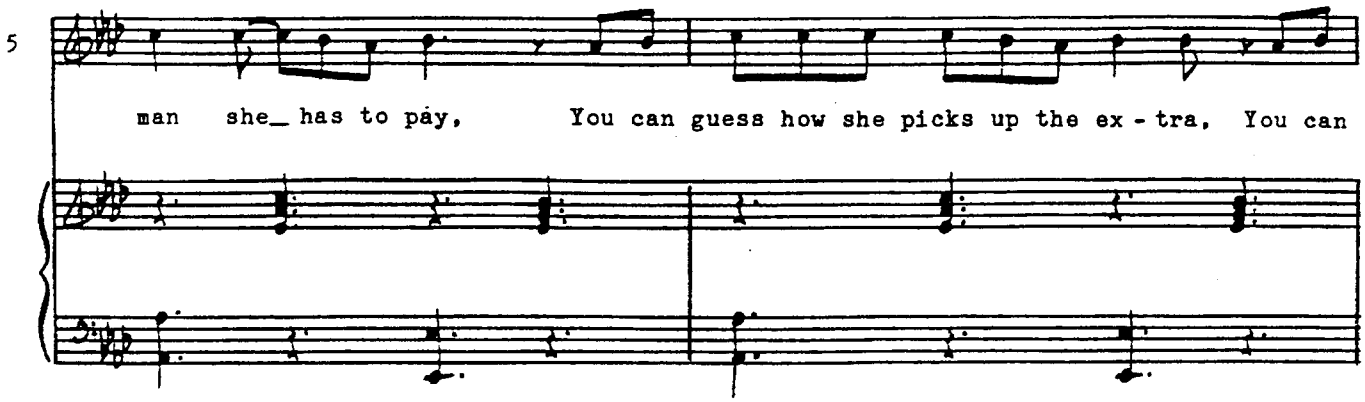
H

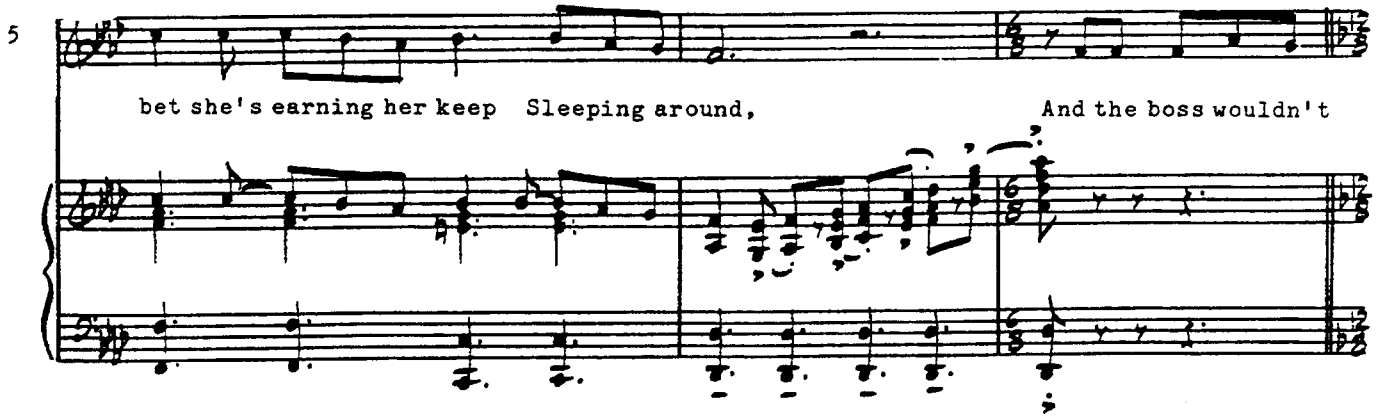
GIRL 5

At the end of the day she's the one who be - gan it.

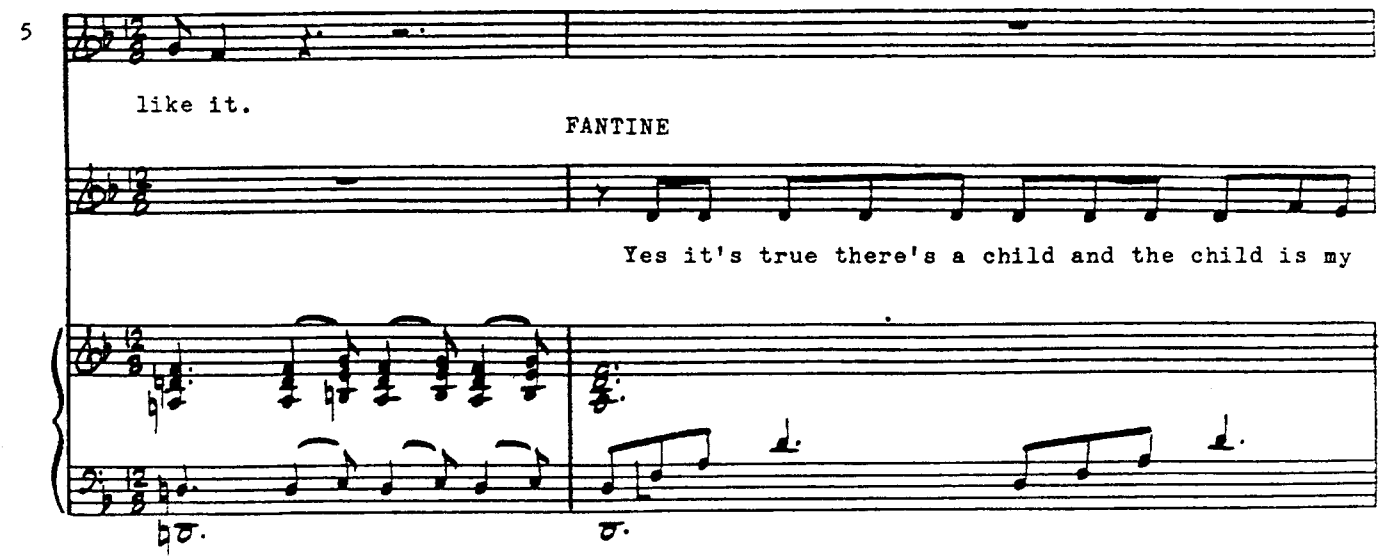
5

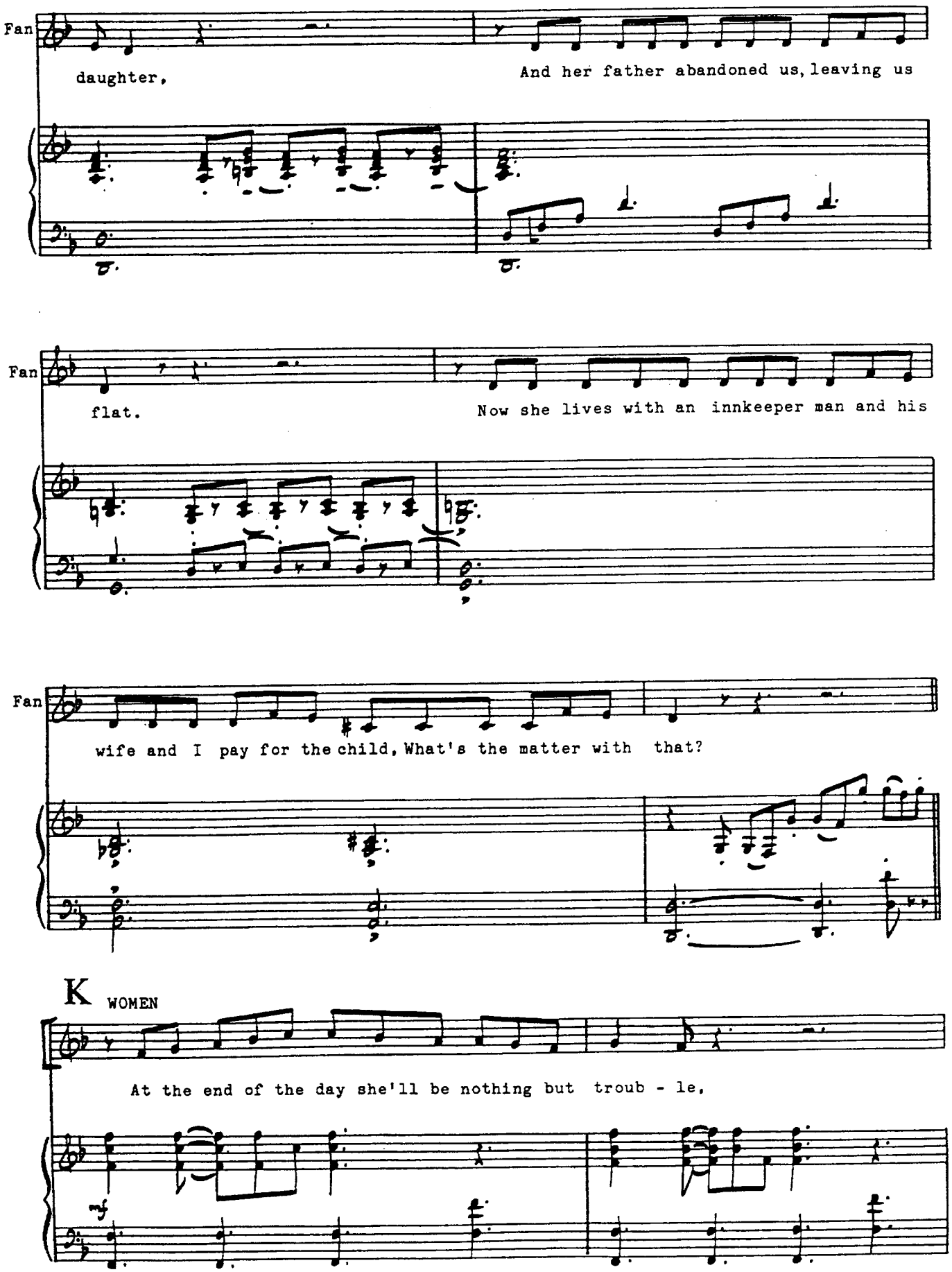
There's a kid that she's hiding in some little town. There's a

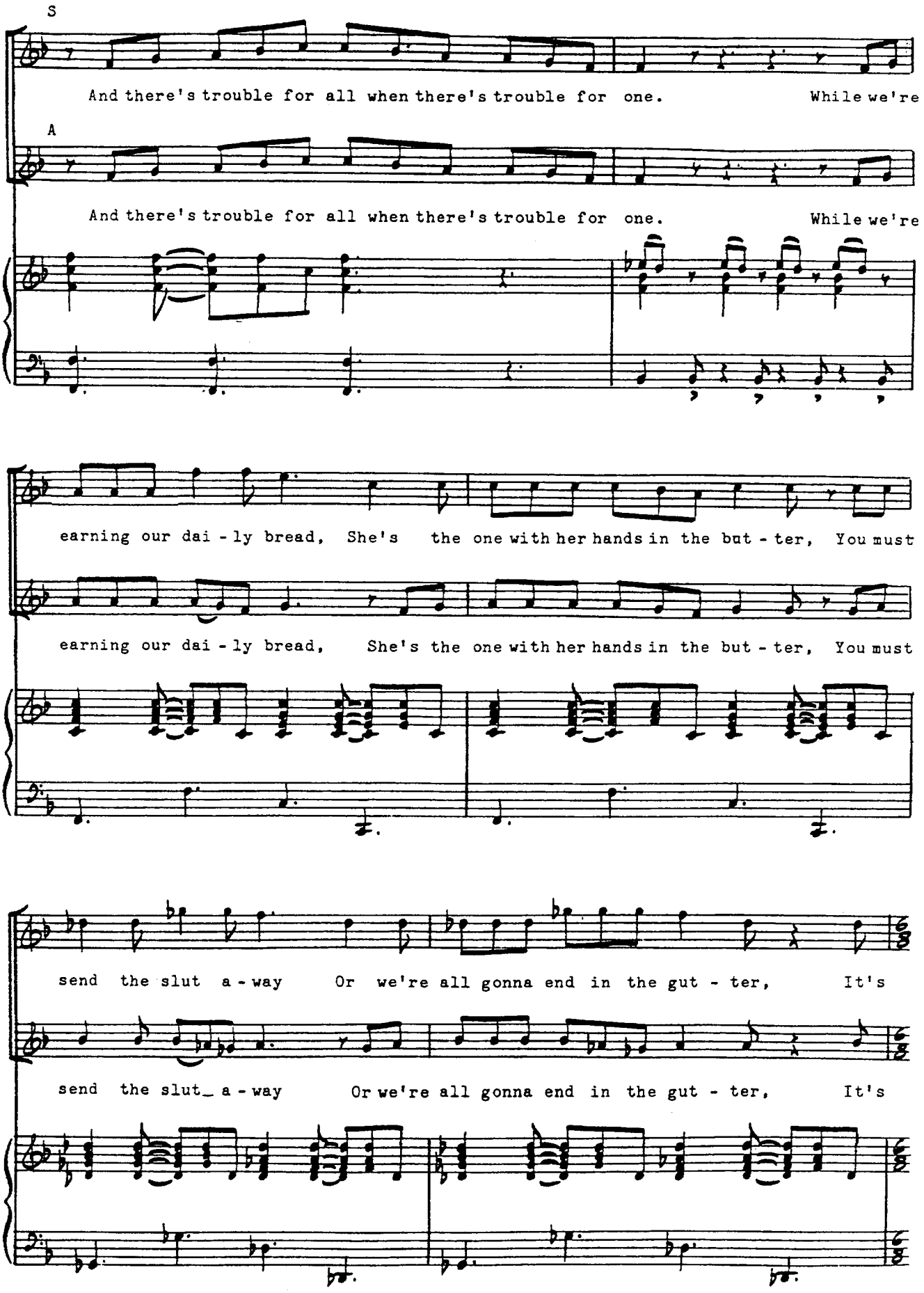

5
man she_ has to pay, You can guess how she picks up the ex - tra, You can

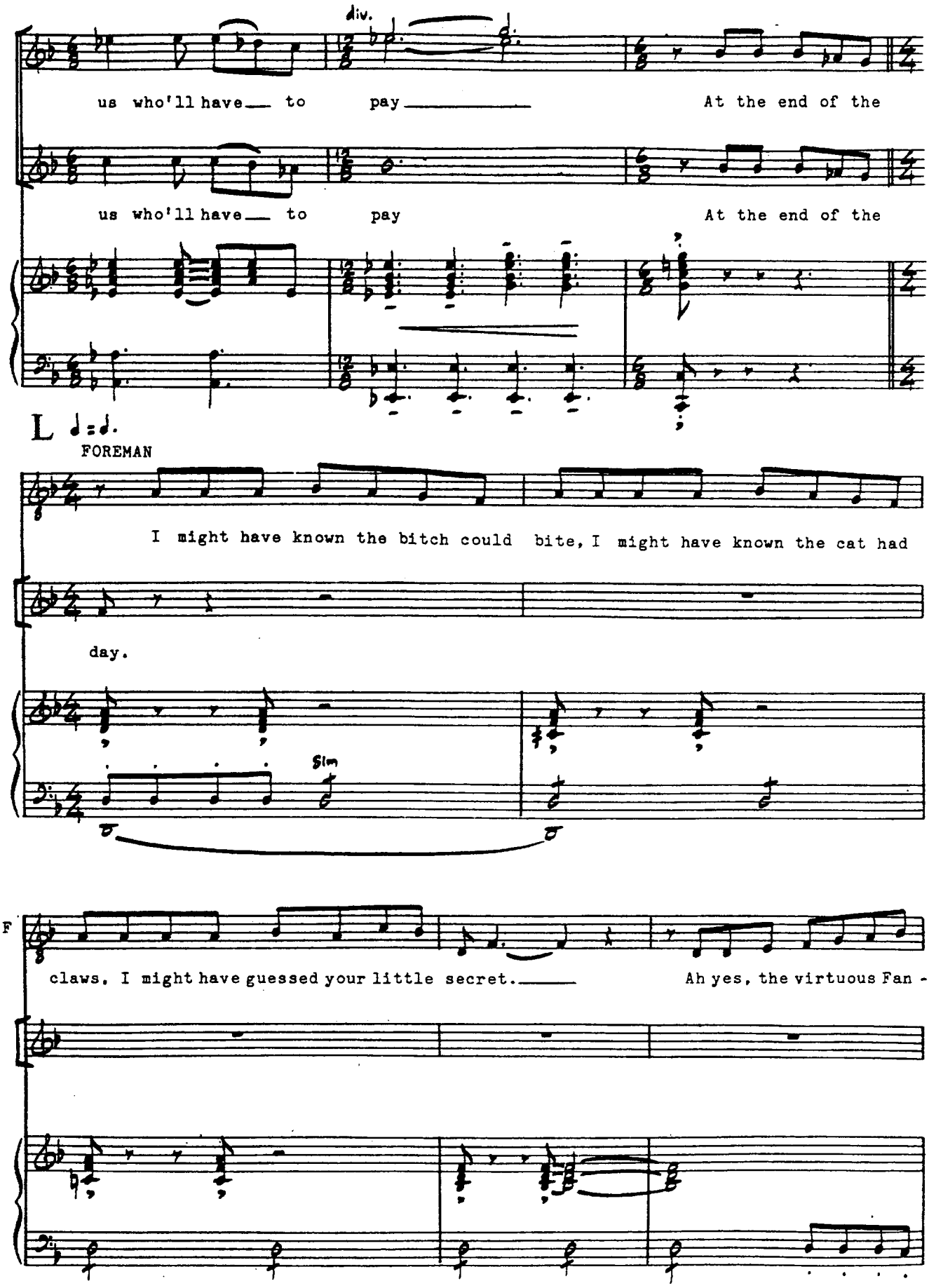

5
bet she's earning her keep Sleeping around, And the boss wouldn't

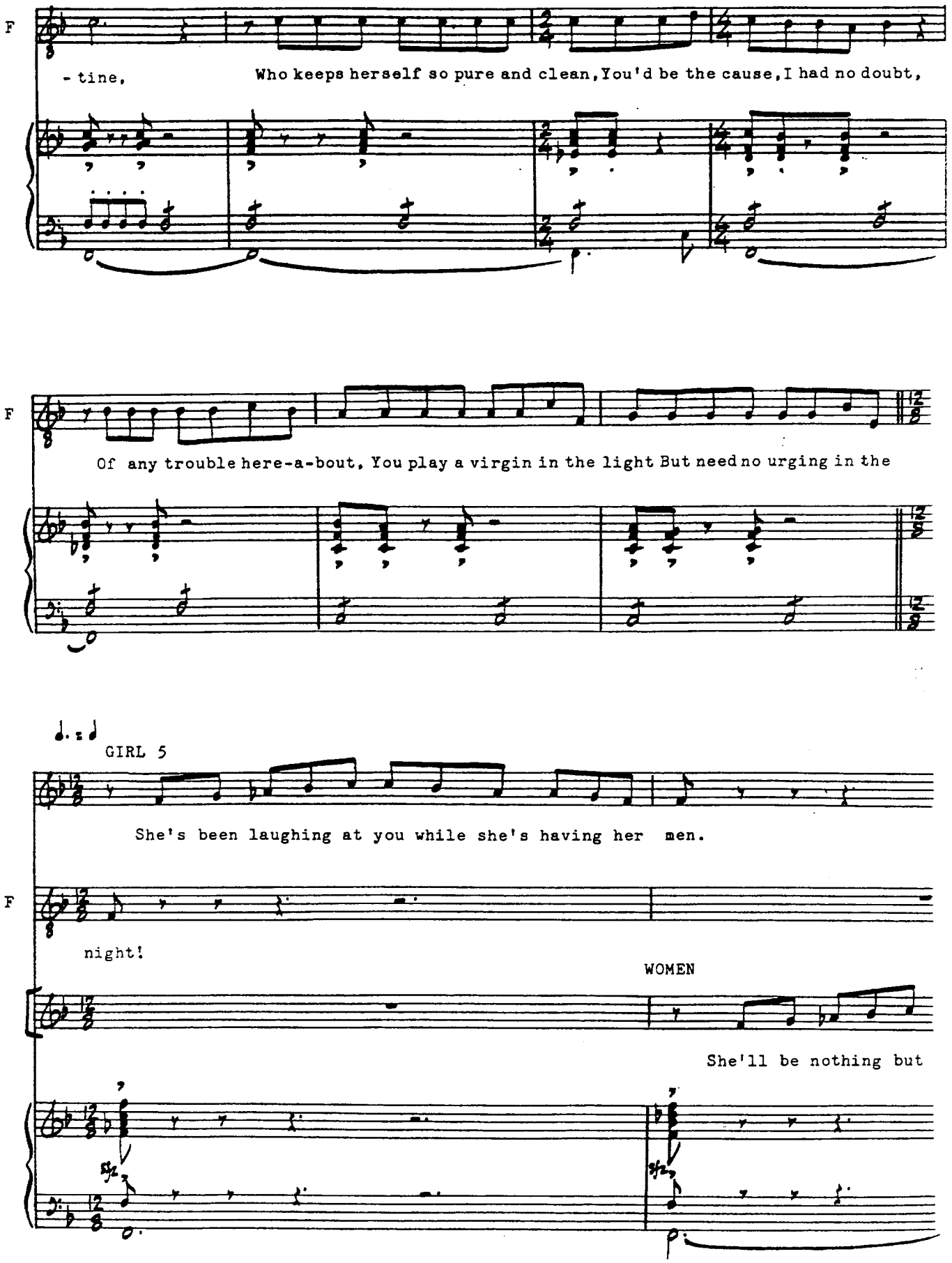
I

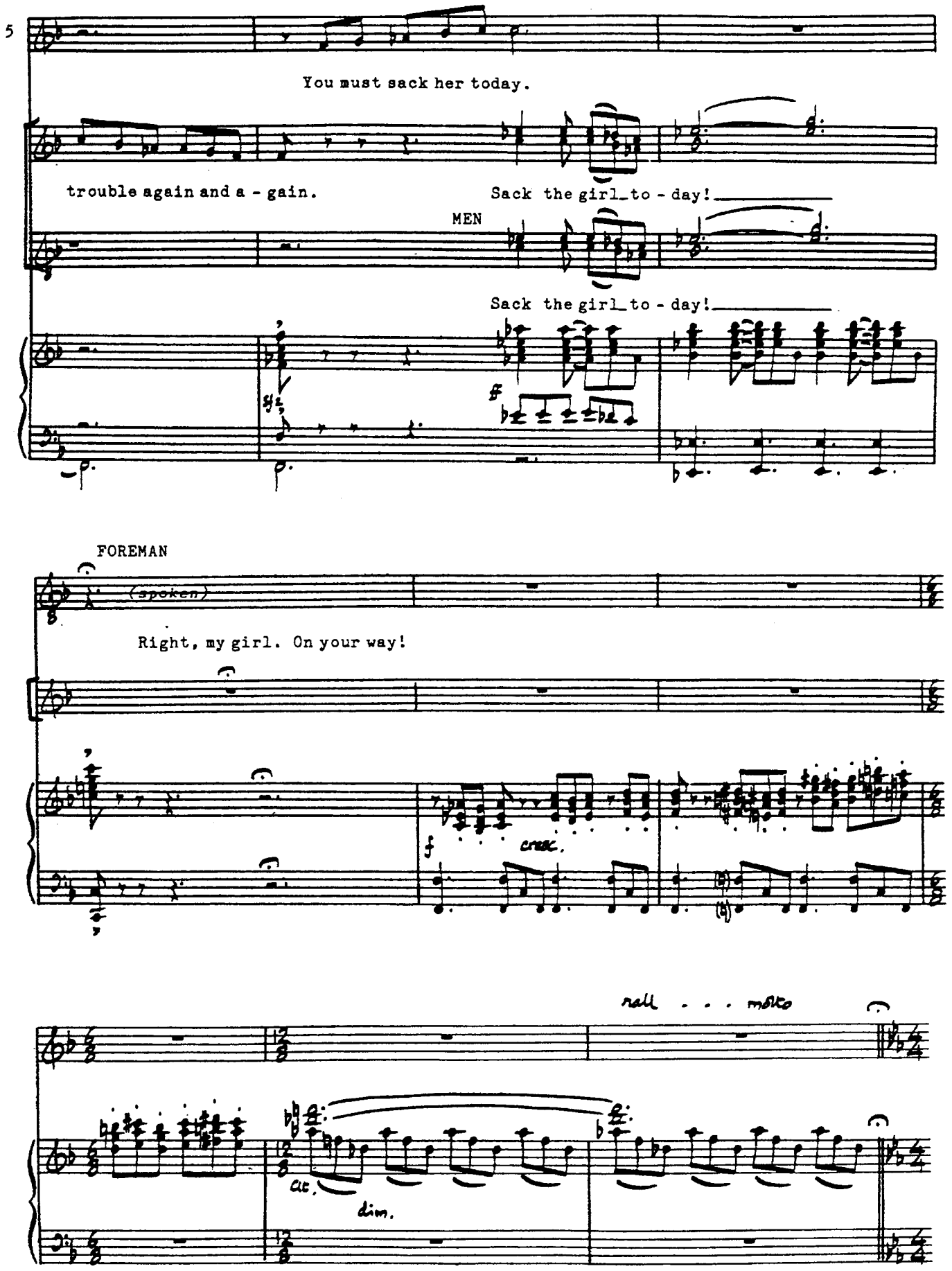

5
like it.
FANTINE
Yes it's true there's a child and the child is my


Fan
daughter,
And her father abandoned us, leaving us
Fan
flat.
Now she lives with an innkeeper man and his
Fan
wife and I pay for the child, What's the matter with that?
K
WOMEN
At the end of the day she'll be nothing but troub - le,
mf


S
And there's trouble for all when there's trouble for one. While we're
A
And there's trouble for all when there's trouble for one. While we're
earning our dai - ly bread, She's the one with her hands in the but - ter, You must
earning our dai - ly bread, She's the one with her hands in the but - ter, You must
send the slut a - way Or we're all gonna end in the gut - ter, It's
send the slut_ a - way Or we're all gonna end in the gut - ter, It's


div.
us who'll have to pay At the end of the
us who'll have to pay At the end of the
L
FOREMAN
I might have known the bitch could bite, I might have known the cat had
day.
Sim
F
claws. I might have guessed your little secret. Ah yes, the virtuous Fan -


F
- tine,
Who keeps herself so pure and clean, You'd be the cause, I had no doubt,
F
Of any trouble here-a-bout, You play a virgin in the light But need no urging in the
GIRL 5
She's been laughing at you while she's having her men.
F
night!
WOMEN
She'll be nothing but


5
You must sack her today.
trouble again and a - gain.
Sack the girl_to - day!
MEN
Sack the girl_to - day!
FOREMAN
(spoken)
Right, my girl. On your way!
cresc.
rall . . . molto
cl.
dim.