Les Misérables
Cameron Mackintosh presents
A Musical by
Alain Boublil & Claude-Michel Schönberg
Lyrics by Herbert Kretzmer
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Alain Boublil & Claude-Michel Schönberg
Lyrics by Herbert Kretzmer

Based on the Novel by Victor Hugo

A Cameron Mackintosh/
Royal Shakespeare Company Production

Production credits from the first London production:
Music by Claude-Michel Schönberg
Lyrics by Herbert Kretzmer
Original French lyrics by
Alain Boublil & Jean-Marc Natel
Additional material by James Fenton
Musical supervision and orchestrations by
John Cameron
Musical direction by Martin Koch
Sound by Andrew Bruce/Autograph
Musical staging by Kate Flatt
Costumes by Andreane Neofitou
Lighting by David Hersey
Designed by John Napier
Adapted and Directed by
Trevor Nunn & John Caird

Alain Boublil (Overseas) Limited
Wise Publications
London / New York / Sydney
The idea of turning *Les Misérables* into a musical came to me one evening in 1979 during a visit to London, where I had come – naturally – to see musicals.

To the French, Victor Hugo's classic novel has the status of a national monument, and I was well aware at the outset that such an enterprise would be regarded by the guardians of our heritage as an act of desecration.

Nonetheless, I discussed my idea with the composer Claude-Michel Schönberg. It seemed to both of us that here was a most exciting challenge, and a unique opportunity to work outside of the established conventions of musical theatre.

Hugo's original text lent itself very well to operatic treatment, and after nine months of hard work we had transformed the 1500-page book into an opera libretto of three acts, seven tableaux – together with a detailed description of the music and lyrics of the whole score as we then imagined it. After much revision we reached the point at which Claude-Michel could go away and start composing and I could begin work on the words. This I did – after myself deciding on the subject and title of every song – in collaboration with my friend, poet Jean-Marc Natel.

*Les Misérables* opened at the Palais des Sports in Paris in September 1980, for an eight-week season. It was extended for a further eight weeks, and would have been extended further still had it not been for other bookings. The first production was seen by over half a million people.

In 1982, Cameron Mackintosh heard the French album of *Les Misérables*, and invited Claude-Michel and I to revise our show and create an English version with James Fenton, the English poet and journalist, and directors Trevor Nunn and John Caird. Herbert Kretzmer joined us to create English counterparts of the original French lyrics, adding in the process some new lyrics specially for the English production.

*Les Misérables* opened again at the Barbican Theatre, London, on 8 October 1985. It was an instant success, and transferred on 4 December to the Palace Theatre, where it has been sold out ever since. The Broadway production opened to enormous acclaim on 12 March 1987 – *Les Misérables* the musical, like *Les Misérables* the book, has reached a worldwide audience, having played in more than twenty countries to more than twenty million people with many productions still playing and additional productions still to come.

This sheet music selection contains thirteen of our favourite songs from the London production. I hope that these words and notes somehow convey the turmoil of France in the 1820s and 30s, and especially the epic, romantic quality of those times – so vividly captured by the genius of Victor Hugo – that inspired us in our musical recreation of a literary masterpiece.

ALAIN BOUBLIL
LONDON DECEMBER 1991
At the End of the Day
Unemployed and factory workers

I Dreamed a Dream
Fantine

Castle on a Cloud
Little Cosette

Master of the House
Thénadier, his wife and customers

Stars
Javert

Do You Hear the People Sing?
Enjolras, the students and the citizens

In My Life
Cosette and Marius

A Heart Full of Love
Marius and Cosette

On My Own
Eponine

A Little Fall of Rain
Eponine and Marius

Drink with Me
Grantaire, students and women

Bring Him Home
Valjean

Empty Chairs at Empty Tables
Marius
Jean Valjean, released on parole after 19 years on the chain gang, finds that the yellow ticket-of-leave he must, by law, display condemns him to be an outcast. Only the saintly Bishop of Digne treats him kindly and Valjean, embittered by years of hardship, repays him by stealing some silver.

Valjean is caught and brought back by police, and is astonished when the Bishop lies to the police to save him, also giving him two precious candlesticks. Valjean decides to start his life anew.
Eight years have passed and Valjean, having broken his parole and changed his name to Monsieur Madeleine, has risen to become both a factory owner and Mayor. (No.1, 'At the End of the Day'). One of his workers, Fantine, has a secret illegitimate child. When the other women discover this, they demand her dismissal. The foreman, whose advances she has rejected, throws her out. (No.2, 'I Dreamed a Dream').

Desperate for money to pay for medicines for her daughter, Fantine sells her locket, her hair, and then joins the whores in selling herself. Utterly degraded by her new trade, she gets into a fight with a prospective customer and is about to be taken to prison by Javert when 'The Mayor' arrives and demands she be taken to hospital instead.

The Mayor then rescues a man pinned down by a runaway cart. Javert is reminded of the abnormal strength of convict 24601 Jean Valjean, a parole-breaker whom he has been tracking for years but who, he says, has just been recaptured. Valjean, unable to see an innocent man go to prison in his place, confuses to the court that he is prisoner 24601.

At the hospital, Valjean promises the dying Fantine to find and look after her daughter Cosette. Javert arrives to arrest him, but Valjean escapes.
1823, Montfermeil

Cosette has been lodged for five years with the Thénadiers who run an inn, horribly abusing the little girl whom they use as a skivvy while indulging their own daughter, Eponine (Nos. 3 & 4, 'Castle on a Cloud' & 'Master of the House'). Valjean finds Cosette fetching water in the dark. He pays the Thénadiers to let him take Cosette away and takes her to Paris. But Javert is still on his tail... (No. 5, 'Stars').
1832, Paris

Nine years later, there is great unrest in the city because of the likely demise of the popular leader General Lamarque, the only man left in the Government who shows any feeling for the poor. The urchin Gavroche is in his element mixing with the whores and beggars of the capital. Among the street-gangs is one led by Thenadier and his wife, which sets upon Jean Valjean and Cosette.

They are rescued by Javert, who does not recognise Valjean until after he has made good his escape. The Thénadiers’ daughter Eponine, who is secretly in love with student Marius, reluctantly agrees to help him find Cosette, with whom he has fallen in love.

At a political meeting in a small café, a group of idealistic students prepares for the revolution they are sure will erupt on the death of General Lamarque. When Gavroche brings the news of the General’s death, the students, led by Enjolras, stream out into the streets to whip up popular support. (No.6, ‘Do You Hear the People Sing?’). Only Marius is distracted, by thoughts of the mysterious Cosette.

Cosette is consumed by thoughts of Marius, with whom she has fallen in love (Nos.7&8, ‘In My Life’ and ‘A Heart Full of Love’). Valjean realises that his ‘daughter’ is changing very quickly but refuses to tell her anything of her past. In spite of her own feelings for Marius, Eponine sadly brings him to Cosette and then prevents an attempt by her father’s gang to rob Valjean’s house. Valjean, convinced it was Javert who was lurking outside his house, tells Cosette they must prepare to flee the country.

On the eve of the revolution, the students and Javert see the situation from their different viewpoints; Cosette and Marius part in despair of ever meeting again; Eponine mourns the loss of Marius; and Valjean looks forward to the security of exile. The Thénadiers, meanwhile, dream of rich pickings underground from the chaos to come.

The students prepare to build the barricade. Marius, noticing that Eponine has joined the insurrection, sends her with a letter to Cosette, which is intercepted at the Rue Plumet by Valjean. Eponine decides, despite what he has said to her, to rejoin Marius at the Barricade. (No.9, ‘On My Own’).

The barricade is built and the revolutionaries defy an army warning that they must give up or die. Gavroche exposes Javert as a police spy. In trying to return to the barricade, Eponine is shot and killed. (No.10, ‘A Little Fall of Rain’). Valjean arrives at the barricades in search of Marius. He is given the chance to kill Javert but instead lets him go.

The students settle down for a night on the barricade (No.11, ‘Drink with Me’) and in the quiet of the night, Valjean prays to God to save Marius from the onslaught which is to come (No.12 ‘Bring Him Home’). The next day, with ammunition running low, Gavroche runs out to collect more and is shot. The rebels are all killed, including their leader Enjolras.
Valjean escapes into the sewers with the unconscious Marius. After meeting Thénadier, who is robbing the corpses of the rebels, he emerges into the light only to meet Javert once more. He pleads for time to deliver the young man to hospital. Javert decides to let him go and, his unbending principles of justice shattered by Valjean’s own mercy, he kills himself by throwing himself into the swollen River Seine.

A few months later, Marius, unaware of the identity of his rescuer, has recovered and recalls, at Cosette’s side, the days of the barricade where all his friends have lost their lives. (No.13, ‘Empty Chairs at Empty Tables’). Valjean confesses the truth of his past to Marius and insists that after the young couple are married, he must go away rather than taint the sanctity and safety of their union.

At Marius and Cosette’s wedding, the Thénadiers try to blackmail Marius. Thénadier says Cosette’s ‘father’ is a murderer and as proof produces a ring which he stole from the corpse in the sewers the night the barricades fell. It is Marius’ own ring and he realises it was Valjean who rescued him that night. He and Cosette go to Valjean where Cosette learns for the first time of her own history before the old man dies, joining the spirits of Fantine, Eponine and all those who died on the barricades.
At the End of the Day

Music by CLAUDE-MICHEL SCHÖNBERG
Lyrics by HERBERT KRETZMER.
Original French lyrics by ALAIN BOUBLIL & JEAN-MARC NATEL.

Vivace ($\frac{d}{4} = 130$)

Fm

1. At the end of the day you’re an-oth-er day

2. At the end of the day you’re an-oth-er day

Fm

Bbm/F Fm Bb/F

old-er cold-er

And that’s all you can say for the life of the poor.
And the shirt on your back doesn’t keep out the chill.

It’s a

And the

strug-gle... It’s a war. And there’s noth-ing that any-one’s giv-ing. One more day stand-ing a-bout What is it

right-eous, hur-ry past. They don’t hear the lit-tle ones cry-ing. And the win-ter is com-ing on fast. Rea-dy to

Fm7sus

for? One day less to be li-ving!

kill. One day near-er to
3. At the end of the day there's another day dawning.
5. At the end of the day it's another day over.

And the sun in the morning is waiting to rise.
Like the waves crash on the sand.

With enough in your pocket to last for a week.
Pay the landlord, pay the shop.

There's a hunger in the land. There's a grafting as long as you're able.
Keep on grafting till you drop.

There's a reckoning still to be reckoned. And there's gonna be hell to pay.
Well, you've gotta pay your way.
At the end of the day you get nothing for

no-thing,
sit-ting flat on your bum does-n't buy an-y bread. There are

child-ren back at home And the children have got-termination fed And you're luck-y to be in a job And in a

bed. And we're count-ing our bles-sings!

sentimental
I Dreamed a Dream

Music by CLAUDE-MICHEL SCHONBERG
Lyrics by HERBERT KRETZMER.
Original French lyrics by ALAIN BOUBLIL & JEAN-MARC NATEL.

Andante \( J = 72 \)

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{F} & \quad \text{F/E} & \quad \text{F/D} & \quad \text{F/A} & \quad \text{Bb} & \quad \text{Gm/C} \\
\text{Gm7} & \quad \text{C11} & \quad \text{C7} & \quad \text{F} & \quad \text{F/E} & \quad \text{Dm7} & \quad \text{F/C} \\
\text{Bbmaj7} & \quad \text{Bbmaj7/A} & \quad \text{Gm7} & \quad \text{C11} & \quad \text{C7} \\
\end{align*}
\]

I dreamed a dream in time gone by
Then I was young and un-a-fraid
When hope was high and life worth living,
When dreams were made and used and wasted.

I dreamed that love would ne-ver die,
There was no ran-som to be paid.

I dreamed that God would be for-giv-ing,
No song un-sung, no wine un-tasted.
As they tear your hope apart,  
As they turn your dream to shame.

He slept a summer by my side,  
He filled my days with endless wonder.

But the tigers come at night  
With their voices soft as thunder.

He took my childhood in his stride  
But he was gone when autumn came.
And still I dreamed he'd come to me, That we would 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 different from this hell I'm living, so different now from what it seemed

Now life has killed the dream I dreamed.
Castle on a Cloud

Music by CLAUDE-MICHEL SCHÖNBERG
Lyrics by HERBERT KREITZMER.
Original French lyrics by ALAIN BOUBLIL & JEAN-MARC NATEL.

Lento (\( \text{d} = 66 \))

1. There is a castle on a cloud,
2. There is a room that's full of toys,

I like to go there in my sleep.
there are a hundred boys and girls.

Aren't any floors for me to
No body shouts or talks too

sweep,
Not in my castle on a cloud.
Not in my castle on a cloud.
3. There is a lady all in white—holds me and sings a lullaby. She's nice to see and she's soft to touch; she says 'Cos-ette, 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.
Master of the House

Music by CLAUDE-MICHEL SCHÖNBERG
Lyrics by HERBERT KRETSCHMER.
Original French lyrics by ALAIN BOUBLIL & JEAN-MARC NATEL.

Moderato \( \frac{\text{d}}{=80} \)

Am9

\[ \text{Wel-come, M'sieur} \]
\[ \text{Sit your-self down} \]
\[ \text{And meet the best Inn} \]

\[ \text{En-ter, M'sieur} \]
\[ \text{Lay down yer load} \]
\[ \text{Un-lace yer boots} \]

\[ \text{And} \]

E7

\[ \text{As for the rest,} \]
\[ \text{All of them crooks,} \]
\[ \text{This weighs a ton} \]
\[ \text{Travel's a curse} \]

\[ \text{rest from the road.} \]

\[ \text{keeper in town.} \]

\[ \text{As for the rest,} \]
\[ \text{All of them crooks,} \]
\[ \text{As for the rest,} \]
\[ \text{As for the rest,} \]

\[ \text{we strive} \]
\[ \text{to cook the books.} \]

Am9

\[ \text{Rook-ing the guests} \]
\[ \text{But here we strive} \]
\[ \text{To light- en your purse.} \]
Dm9
Am9

Sel-dom do you see Hon-est men like me A
Here the goose is cooked Here the fat is fried And
Gent of good in-tent Who's con-tent to be
No-thing's over-looked Till I'm sa-tis-fied...

B7
E
F#m
E7

A

Mf

Ma-ster of the House Do-ing out the charm Rea-dy with a hand-shake And an o-pen palm
Food be-yond com-pare Food be-yond be-lief Mix it in a min- cer And pre-tend it's beef.

mF

Tells a sauc-y tale Makes a lit-tle stir Cust-omers ap-pre-ciate a bon- vi-veur!
Kid-ney of a horse Li-ver of a cat Fill-ing up the sau-sa-ges With this and that!
Glad to do my friends a favour
Doesn't cost me to be nice but
Residents are more than welcome
Bridal suite is occupied!

nothing gets you nothing
Everything has got a little price!
Reasonable charges Plus some little extra on the side!

Master of the House
Keep-er of the zoo
Ready to relieve them of a

Charge 'em for the lice
Extra for the mice
Two per-cent for looking in the

sou, or two.
Watering the wine
Making up the weight
Picking up their knick-knacks

Here a little slice
There a little cut
Three percent for sleeping with the
How it all increases
All them bits and pieces Jesus!

Master of the House
Quick to catch yer eye
Never wants a passer by
To pass him by.

Can't see straight
Every-body loves a landlord
Everybody's bosom friend

When it comes to fixing prices
There are lots of tricks he knows.

1st time only
Do whatever pleases Jesus!
don't I bleed 'em in the end!

It's amazing how it grows!
Servant to the poor, Butler to the great, Comfor-ter, philo-sopher, And life-long mate! Every-body's boon companion.

Everybody's chaperone. But lock up your valises, Jesus! What a sorry little lot!
Stars

Music by CLAUDE-MICHEL SCHONBERG
Lyrics by HERBET KRETZMER & ALAIN BOUBLIL.

Allegretto (d = 72)

E/B  C#m  E  C#m/F#  E  G#m/D#  B/D#

There, out in the
Stars

C#m  E/B  G#m/B  A  A/F#  B  B7

darkness,...
A fugitive running,...
scarce to be counted...
fallen from grace...
filling the darkness...
fallen from grace...

E  G#m/D#  B/D#  C#m  E/G#  G#m  A  A/F#

God be my witness...
You are the sentinel...
I never shall yield...
silent and sure...

face,
Till we come face to
Keep-ing watch in the

C#m

night,
Till we come face to
Keep-ing watch in the

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dark, sky, mine is the way of the Lord, You hold your course and your aim, Those who do follow the And each in your season Re-

path of the righteous And Shall have their rewards. And if they And if you

fall, As Lucifer fell, The flame, The sword! 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.
Do You Hear the People Sing?

Music by CLAUDE-MICHEL SCHÖNBERG
Lyrics by HERBERT KRETZMER.

Original French lyrics by ALAIN BOUBLIL & JEAN-MARC NATEL.

Slow march (d = 76)

Do you hear the people sing? Singing the song of angry men? It is the music of a people Who will not be slaves again!

When the beating of your heart Echoes the beating of the drums There is a life about to start When tomorrow comes!

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join in our crusade? Who will be strong and stand with me? Be
give all you can give So that our ban-
May ad-vance? Some will

Beyond the bar-
fall, and some will live. Will you stand up and take your chance? The

Do you

hear the peo-
ple sing? Sing-ing the song of an-
gry men? It is the
music of a people Who will not be slaves again! When the beating of your heart Echoes the beating of the drums, There is a life about to start When tomorrow comes!

Will you come?
In My Life

Music by CLAUDE-MICHEL SCHONBERG
Lyrics by HERBERT KRETZMER.
Original French lyrics by ALAIN BOUBLIL & JEAN-MARC NATEL.

Moderato (\( \text{\( \frac{d}{t} \)} = 100)\)

\[\begin{align*}
\text{Bb} & \quad F/A \\
\text{Gm} & \quad \text{Bb/F} \\
\text{C7} & \quad \text{C9}
\end{align*}\]

\[\begin{align*}
\text{Gb} & \quad \text{Ab} \\
\text{Bb} & \quad \text{COSETTE:} \\
3 & \quad \text{In my life} \\
3 & \quad \text{There are so many}
\end{align*}\]

\[\begin{align*}
\text{Bb/A} & \quad \text{Gm} \\
3 & \quad \text{ques-tions and an-swers that some-how seem wrong;} \\
3 & \quad \text{In my}
\end{align*}\]

\[\begin{align*}
\text{Cm} & \quad \text{Cm/Bb} \\
3 & \quad \text{F/A} \\
3 & \quad \text{Bb}
\end{align*}\]

\[\begin{align*}
\text{Cm} & \quad \text{Cm/Bb} \\
3 & \quad \text{F/A} \\
3 & \quad \text{F7}
\end{align*}\]

\[\begin{align*}
\text{Bb} & \quad \text{Cm} \\
3 & \quad \text{life} \\
3 & \quad \text{There are times when I catch in the}
\end{align*}\]

\[\begin{align*}
\text{Cm} & \quad \text{Cm/Bb} \\
3 & \quad \text{F/A} \\
3 & \quad \text{F7}
\end{align*}\]

\[\begin{align*}
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\end{align*}\]

\[\begin{align*}
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3 & \quad \text{F/A} \\
3 & \quad \text{Bb}
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\[\begin{align*}
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\[\begin{align*}
\text{Bb} & \quad \text{Cm} \\
3 & \quad \text{life} \\
3 & \quad \text{There are times when I catch in the}
\end{align*}\]
I sings Of a world that I long to see, Out of reach, Just a whisper away, -

Does he know I'm a-live? 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 of my life Is so near Find me now, find me
MARIUS:

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! In my

There is someone who touches my life. Waiting near! Waiting here!
A Heart Full of Love

Music by CLAUDE-MICHEL SCHÖNBERG
Lyrics by HERBERT KRETZMER.
Original French lyrics by ALAIN BOUBLIL & JEAN-MARC NATEL.

Tempo di valse \( \frac{d}{d} = 130 \)

COSETTE: selle, I am lost in your spell. A

GaddA Bm7/F# Em G
heart full of love!

Bm7/F# E7 MARIUS: Am
full of you! The words are foolish but they're true: Cosette! Cos-

Ab Cm7 Ab/C
-ette! Or were we dreaming when we met?

F7 COSETTE: Bbm MARIUS: Eb Eb6 COSETTE:
Who can say? Who can tell? A
I heart full of love!

A heart full of love!

E7 MARIUS:
I saw you waiting and I knew.

Am COSETTE:
Waiting for you.

Ab

Cm7 Ab/C F7 MARIUS:
At your feet.

Bbm

Eb7 COSETTE:
At your call.

Ab BOTH:
And it isn't a dream,

Fm Ab

Bbm7 Eb7 Ab

Not a dream after all.
On My Own

Music by CLAUDE-MICHEL SCHÖNBERG
Lyrics by HERBERT KRETZMER, ALAIN BOUBLIL, JOHN Caird,
TREVOR NUNN & JEAN-MARC NATEL.

Andante \( \( \frac{J}{72} \) \)

D       Em     D       Em

On my own, pretending he's beside me. All alone, I walk with him till
own, rain, the pavement shines like silver. All the lights are misty in the

D       Em/D    D       D/C#    Bm       E7

morning, river. Without him, I feel his arms around me. And
In the darkness, the trees are full of starlight. And

A       A/G#    G       F#7    Bm

when I lose my way I close my eyes and he has found me! In the
all I see is him and me for ever and for ever. And I
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.

love him, But every-day I'm learning — All my life, I've only been pre-
tending. Without me his world will go on turning.

world that's full of happiness that I have never known.

love him, I love him, I love him, but only on my own.
A Little Fall of Rain

Music by CLAUDE-MICHEL SCHONBERG.
Lyrics by HERBERT KRETZMER.
Original French lyrics by ALAIN BOUBLIL & JEAN-MARC NATEL.

Lento (\( \text{\( \text{\textcopyright} \)} \) 66)
\( \text{Bb} \) \( \text{Gm} \) \( \text{C7} \)

F \( \text{Gm} \) \( \text{F/A} \) \( \text{rit.} \)

Don't you fret, M'sieur Marius, I don't feel any pain

\( \text{F/C} \) \( \text{C\#aug} \) \( \text{Dm} \) \( \text{F7/Eb} \)

little fall of rain Can hardly hurt me now. You're

\( \text{Bb/D} \) \( \text{Gm/C} \) \( \text{F} \) \( \text{Gm} \)

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 flow - ers  grow.

But you will live, 'Pon - ine dear God a - bove,  If I could

close your wounds with words of love. Just hold me now, and let it be.  Shelter me -

You would live a hun - dred years If I could show you how I

won't de - sert you now... The rain can't hurt me now... This
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.
So don't you fret, M'sieur Marius, I don't feel any pain.

MARIUS:

A little fall of rain can hardly hurt me now. I'm 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.
Drink with Me

Music by CLAUDE-MICHEL SCHÖNBERG
Lyrics by ALAIN BOUBLIL & HERBERT KRETZMER.

Moderato \( \text{\( \frac{J}{J} \) = 112} \)

\[ \text{Gm C7 F} \]

Drink with me to days gone by.

\[ \text{Gm C7 F} \]

me the songs we knew.

\[ \text{Bbm Eb7 F} \]

went to our heads.

\[ \text{Gm C7 F} \]

them you.

And here's to you!

Drink with me to days gone by.

Sing with To the con ped.

me the songs we knew.

Here's to pretty girls Who life that used to be.

At the shrine of friendship.

Here's to witty girls Who went to our beds.

Here's to Ne ver say die! Let the wine of friendship Ne ver run dry.

Drink with me to days gone by.

Sing with To the con ped.

me the songs we knew.

Here's to pretty girls Who life that used to be.

At the shrine of friendship.

Here's to witty girls Who went to our beds.

Here's to Ne ver say die! Let the wine of friendship Ne ver run dry.

Drink with me to days gone by.

Sing with To the con ped.

me the songs we knew.

Here's to pretty girls Who life that used to be.

At the shrine of friendship.

Here's to witty girls Who went to our beds.

Here's to Ne ver say die! Let the wine of friendship Ne ver run dry.

Drink with me to days gone by.

Sing with To the con ped.

me the songs we knew.

Here's to pretty girls Who life that used to be.

At the shrine of friendship.

Here's to witty girls Who went to our beds.

Here's to Ne ver say die! Let the wine of friendship Ne ver run dry.

Drink with me to days gone by.

Sing with To the con ped.

me the songs we knew.

Here's to pretty girls Who life that used to be.

At the shrine of friendship.

Here's to witty girls Who went to our beds.

Here's to Ne ver say die! Let the wine of friendship Ne ver run dry.

Drink with me to days gone by.

Sing with To the con ped.

me the songs we knew.

Here's to pretty girls Who life that used to be.

At the shrine of friendship.

Here's to witty girls Who went to our beds.

Here's to Ne ver say die! Let the wine of friendship Ne ver run dry.

Drink with me to days gone by.

Sing with To the con ped.
Never say die! Let the wine of friendship never run dry. Here's to you.

And here's to me...
Bring Him Home

Music by CLAUDE-MICHEL SCHÖNBERG
Lyrics by HERBERT KRETZMER & ALAIN BOUBLIL.

Grave \( \left( \frac{d}{2} = 64 \right) \)

\[
\begin{align*}
F & \quad Bb\text{addC} & \quad F\text{maj7} & \quad Bb\text{addC} & \quad F & \quad Bb\text{addC} \\
\text{p} & \quad \cdot \cdot \cdot & \quad \cdot \cdot \cdot & \quad \cdot \cdot \cdot & \quad \cdot \cdot \cdot & \quad \cdot \cdot \cdot \\
\end{align*}
\]

\[
\begin{align*}
F\text{maj7} & \quad Bb & \quad C & \quad F & \quad Gm7\text{addC} & \quad F\text{maj7}/A & \quad Bb\text{addC} \\
\text{p} & \quad \cdot \cdot \cdot & \quad \cdot \cdot \cdot & \quad \cdot \cdot \cdot & \quad \cdot \cdot \cdot & \quad \cdot \cdot \cdot & \quad \cdot \cdot \cdot \\
\end{align*}
\]

F \quad Bb\text{addC} \quad F\text{maj7} \quad Bb\text{addC} \quad F\text{maj7} \quad Bb\text{addC} 

prayer.

fraid.

God on high.

young.

Hear my

He's a

In

Let

my

need

You have always been there.

He is

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I rest, Heven blessed. Bring him home.  

Bb  Bb/E  Bb/A  Gm  C7  

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.
2. Bring him home.
Bring him home.
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.
Empty Chairs at Empty Tables

Music by CLAUDE-MICHEL SCHONBERG
Lyrics by HERBERT KRETZMER & ALAIN BOUBLIL.

Andante \( \frac{J}{4} = 88 \)

Am9

There's a grief that can't be

con ped.

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

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Here it was they lit the flame
Here they sang about to
mor-row
And to-mor-row ne-ver came.
From the ta-ble in the cor-ner they could
see a world re-born
And they rose with voices
ring-ing I can hear them now The ve-ry words that they had
Bb  

F  

Am  

Am9  

Gm  

G9  

sung  

Bb/A  

Be-came their last com-mu-nion  

On the lone-ly bar-ri-cade at dawn.  

Oh, my friends, my friends for-

-give me  

that I live and you are gone.  

There's a grief that can't be

Dm  

E  

C#m  

spoken  

there's a pain goes on and on.

--Phan-tom fa-ces at the win-dow--  

Phan-tom sha-dows on the
Empty chairs at empty tables, where my friends will sing no more.

Oh, my friends, my friends, don't ask me what your sacrifice was for.
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