

PROLOGUE

Andante $\text{♩} = 96$ U

JV Yet why did I allow this

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*
Qua if possible - -

JV

world, This world that always hated me. Take an eye for an

br.

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

8 - *rall.* W A *Tempo primo*
less

JV *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 *Sev. if possible*

JV - cape now from the world, from the world of Jean Valjean. Jean Valjean is nothing now, another

mf cresc. sempre *+ br.*

rall. *Piu mosso (in tempo)*

JV story must be - gin. He tears up his yellow Ticket-of-Leave.

+ W.W.

Segue