

Andante
(VALJEAN):

poco rit.
111

109 110 111

8

damned. Who am

N A tempo

112 113

8

I? Can I con-demn this man to slav-er-y, Pre-tend I do not feel his

114 115

8

a-gon-y? This in-no-cent who wears my face, who goes to judge-ment in my place, Who am

116 117

8

I? Can I con-ceal my-self for e-ver-more, Pre-tend I'm not the man I

118 119

8

was be-fore? And must my name un-til I die be no more than an a-li-bi, must I

120 121

8

lie?— How can I ev-er face my fel-low men, How can I ev-er face my-

Colla Voce

rall.

122 123

8

self a-gain. My soul be-longs to God, I know, I made that bar-gain long a-go. He

The stage transitions to reveal a courtroom with judges. The man confused with VALJEAN, his family and a small crowd

124

8

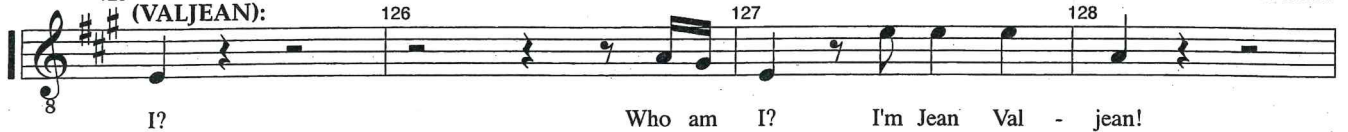
gave me hope when hope was gone. He gave me strength to jour-ney on. Who am

O *Piu mosso*

125 *He appears in front of the Court.*

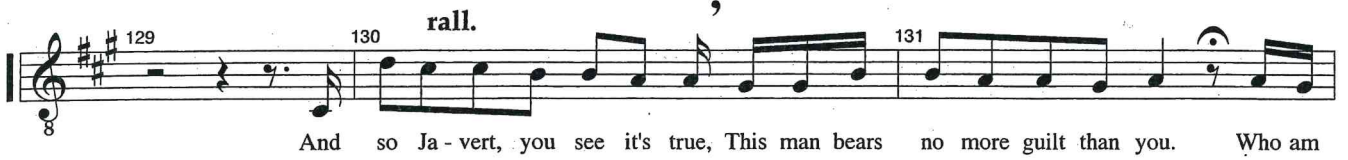
He unbuttons his shirt to reveal the number on his chest.

(VALJEAN):



8 125 126 127 128

I? Who am I? I'm Jean Val - jean!



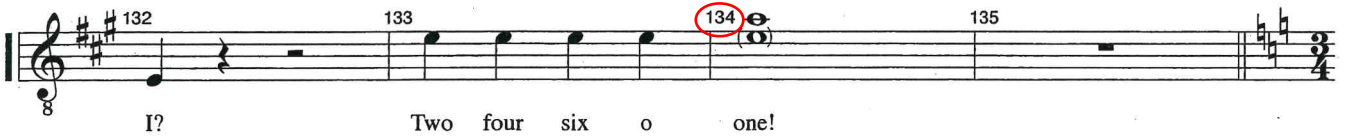
8 129 130 131

rall.

And so Ja - vert, you see it's true, This man bears no more guilt than you. Who am

A tempo

Lento



8 132 133 134 135

I? Two four six o one!

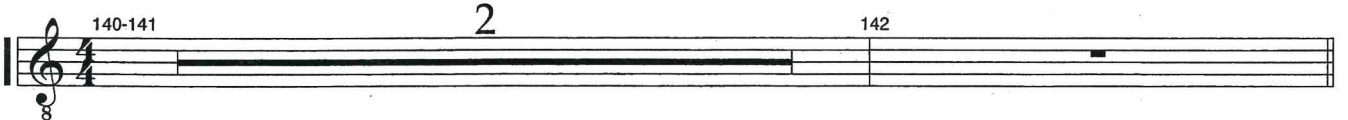
P

*VALJEAN exits the courtroom hurriedly.
JAVERT follows in pursuit*



8 136 137 138 139

A tempo



8 140-141 142