

At the End of the Day

Music by CLAUDE-MICHEL SCHÖNBERG
 Lyrics by HERBERT KRETZMER
 Original Text by ALAIN BOUBLIL and JEAN-MARC NATEL

Allegro

Fm



The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand plays a series of chords, with a long melodic line spanning across them. The left hand plays a rhythmic accompaniment of eighth notes. The tempo is marked 'Allegro' and the dynamic is 'f'.

Fm



THE POOR:

Bbm/F



The first system shows the vocal melody and piano accompaniment for the first verse. The vocal line is in the treble clef, and the piano accompaniment is in the grand staff. The dynamic is 'mf'. The lyrics are: 'At the end of the day you're an - oth - er day old - er. At the end of the day you're an - oth - er day cold - er.'

Fm



Bb/F



The second system shows the vocal melody and piano accompaniment for the second verse. The vocal line is in the treble clef, and the piano accompaniment is in the grand staff. The lyrics are: 'And that's all you can say for the life of the poor. And the shirt on your back does - n't keep out the chill. It's a And the'.



Musical staff with notes and rests.

strug - gle, — it's a war. And there's noth - ing that an - y - one's giv - ing. One more
right - eous — hur - ry past. They don't hear the lit - tle ones cry - ing. And the

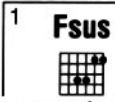
Musical staff with notes and rests.



Musical staff with notes and rests.

day stand - ing a - bout, what is it for?
win - ter is com - ing on fast, read - y to kill.

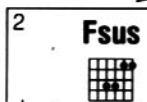
Musical staff with notes and rests.



Musical staff with notes and rests.

One less day to be liv - ing.
One day near - er to

Musical staff with notes and rests.



THE WORKERS:

Musical staff with notes and rests.

dy - ing. At the end of the day there's an - oth - er day
At the end of the day it's an - oth - er day

Musical staff with notes and rests.

Bb/F



F



dawn - ing.
o - ver,

And the sun in the morn - ing is wait - ing to
with e - nough in your pock - et to last for a

Bb



F



C



rise.
week.

Like the waves crash_ on the sand,
Pay the land - lord, pay the shop.

like a
Keep on

F



C



Gb



Db



storm that - 'll break an - y se - cond,
graft - ing as long as you're a - ble.

there's a hun - ger_ in the land.
Keep on graft - ing_ till you drop,

There's a
or it's

Gb



Db



Ab



reck - on - ing still to be reck - oned.
back to the crumbs off the ta - ble.

And there's gon - na be hell_ to
Well you've got to pay_ you're

12

12

12

E_b



To Coda

C



pay way

at the end of the

Fm7



Fm



FOREMAN:

day.

At the end of the day you get noth - ing for

mf

B_bm/F



Fm



noth - ing.

Sit - ting flat on your butt does - n't buy an - y

B_bm/F



A_b



E_b/G



WORKER 1:

WORKERS 1 & 2:

bread.

There are chil - dren back at home.

And the

Ab



Eb/G



Fm



C7



WORKER 2:

WOMAN:

chil- dren have got to be fed.

And you're luck - y to be in a job,

and in a

bed.

ALL:

And we're count - ing our

Fsus



D.S. al Coda

bles - ings.

CODA

C



At the end of the

Fm7



Fm



day.

I Dreamed a Dream

Music by CLAUDE-MICHEL SCHÖNBERG
Lyrics by HERBERT KRETZMER
Original Text by ALAIN BOUBLIL and JEAN-MARC NATEL

Andante

Chord diagrams: Eb, Eb/D, Cm, Eb/G, Ab, Ab/Bb

Chord diagrams: Eb, Eb/D, Cm, Eb/Bb, Ab, Ab/G

FANTINE:

I dreamed a dream in days gone by when hope was high and life worth

Chord diagrams: Fm7, Bb, Eb, Eb/D, Cm7, Eb/Bb

liv - ing. I dreamed that love would nev - er die.

Chord diagrams: Ab, Ab/G, Fm7, Bb, Eb, Eb/D

I dreamed that God would be for - giv - ing. Then I was young and un - a -

Cm **Eb/Bb** **Ab** **Ab/G** **Fm7** **Bb6**

fraid and dreams were made and used and wast-ed.

Eb **Eb/D** **Cm7** **Eb/Bb** **Ab** **Ab/G**

There was no ran - som to be paid, no song un - sung no wine un -

Fm7 **Bb** **C** **C/E** **Fm**

tast - ed. But the ti - gers come at night

poco piu mosso

C **C7** **F** **F/A** **Bb** **Bb/D**

with their voic - es soft as thun - der. As they tear your hope a -

Ebm



Bb



Eb



Fm/Eb



part,

as they turn your dream to shame.

Eb



Ab/Eb



Bb



Eb



Eb/D



He slept a sum - mer by my

rall.

a tempo

Cm



Eb/Bb



Ab



Ab/G



Fm7



Bb6



side.

He filled my days with end - less won - der.

Eb



Eb/D



Cm7



Eb/Bb



Ab



Bb6



He took my child-hood in his stride.

But he was gone when au - turn

E \flat



B \flat /D



B \flat m6/D \flat



C



came.

poco accel. e cresc.

F



F/E



Dm7



F/C



B \flat



B \flat /A



And still I dreamed he'd come to me,

that we would live the years to -

mf piu mosso

Gm7



C



F



F/E



Dm7



F/C



geth - er.

But there are dreams that can - not be,

B \flat

B \flat /A

Gm7

C

F

F/E

and there are storms we can - not weath - er.

cresc.

f

appassionato

Dm7

F/C

Bb

Bb/A

Gm7

Bb/C

C

I had a dream my life would be

so dif-ferent from this hell I'm

F

F/E

Dm7

F/C

liv - ing, — so dif-ferent now

from what

it seemed.

cresc.

ff

dim.

poco rall.

Bb

C

F

F/E

Now life has killed the dream I dreamed.

mp

p a tempo

Dm7

F/A

Bb

C9

F

rall.

Who Am I?

Music by CLAUDE-MICHEL SCHÖNBERG
 Lyrics by HERBERT KRETZMER
 Original Text by ALAIN BOUBLIL and JEAN-MARC NATEL

Andante

B \flat **B \flat /A** **Gm7** **Gm7/F** **E \flat** **E \flat /D**

pp

Cm **Cm/F** **B \flat** **B \flat /A** **Gm** **Gm/F**

VALJEAN:

Who am I? Can I con-demn this man to slav-er-y, pre-tend I do not see his

poco rit. *a tempo*

E \flat **E \flat /D** **Cm7** **F7**

ag - o - ny? This in - no - cent who wears my face who goes to judge - ment in my place. Who am

B \flat **B \flat /A** **Gm** **Gm/F**

I? — Can I con - ceal my - self for - ev - er more, pre - tend I'm not the man I

p

E_b **E_b/D** **Cm7** **F7**
 was be-fore? And must my name un-til I die be no more than an al-i-bi? Must I

B_b **B_b/A** **Gm** **Gm/F**
 lie? _ How can I ev-er face my fel-low men? How can I ev-er face my-

E_b **E_b/D** **Cm7** **F7**
 self a-gain? My soul be-longs to God, I know, I made that bar-gain long a-go. He

D/F# **D7** **Gm** **Gm/F** **Em7-5** **B_b/F**
 gave me hope when hope was gone. He gave me strength to jour-ney on. Who am I?

mf
f rall. *a tempo*

F

Who am I? I'm Jean Val -

jean! And

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

Two, Four, Six, Oh, One!

ff

rall.

ff a tempo

B \flat A \flat 6 G \flat B \flat /F

D D7/F \sharp Gm Gm/F C/E B \flat /F

F B \flat

Dm



C/E



E



E+



F



Aren't an - y floors for me to sweep,
No - bod - y shouts or talks too loud,

Dm



E



1 Am



not in my cas - tle on a cloud.
not in my cas - tle on a cloud.

2 Am



F



C



cloud. There is a la - dy all in white, —

F



C



Bb



F



holds me and sings a lul - la - by. She's nice to see and she's soft to touch. She



says, "Co-sette, I love you ver - y much." I know a place where no - one's

rall.



lost. I know a place where no - one

cries.



Cry - ing at all is not al -

lowed,



not in my cas - tle on a cloud.

rall.

Master of the House

Music by CLAUDE-MICHEL SCHÖNBERG
 Lyrics by HERBERT KRETZMER
 Original Text by ALAIN BOUBLIL and JEAN-MARC NATEL

Moderato

Am(add9)



Am(add9)



TERNARDIER:

Wel - come, M' sieur.
 En - ter, M' sieur.

mp *p*

E7



Sit your - self down and meet the best inn - keep - er in town.
 Lay down your load, un - lace your boots and rest from the road.

As for the rest, all of them crooks, rook - ing the guests and
 This weighs a ton. Tra - vel's a curse. But here we strive to

Am(add9)

Dm

cook - ing the books. — Sel - dom do you see
light - en your purse. — Here the goose is cooked.

Am(add9)

B7

hon - est men like me. And gent of good in - tent who's con -
Here the fat is fried. noth - ing's ov - er - looked till I'm

E

F#m

E7

A

tent sa - to tis - be... Mas - ter of the house,
fried... Food be - yond com - pare,
mf

dol - ing out the charm, rea - dy with a hand - shake and an op - en palm.
food be - yond be - lief, mix it in a min - cer and pre - tend it's beef.

Tells a sauc-y tale, makes a lit-tle stir, cus-tom-ers ap-pre-ci-ate a
Kid-ney of a horse, liv-er of a cat, fill-ing up the sau-sa-ges with

B7



E



bon vi-veur. Glad to do a friend a fa-vor. Does-n't cost me to be nice...
this and that. Res-i-dents are more than wel-come. Bri-dal suite is oc-cu-pied...

But noth-ing gets you noth-ing, ev-'ry-thing has got a lit-tle
Rea-son-a-ble char-ges plus some lit-tle ex-tras on the

A



price... Mas-ter of the house, keep-er of the zoo,
side... Charge 'em for the lice, ex-tra for the mice,

rea - dy to re - lieve them of a sou - or two. Wa - ter - ing the wine,
two per - cent for look - ing in the mir - ror twice. Here a lit - tle slice,

mak - ing up the weight, pick - ing up their knick - nacks when they can't see straight.
there a lit - tle cut, three per cent for sleep - ing with the win - dow shut.

Ev - 'ry - bod - y loves a land - lord. Ev - 'ry - bod - y's bo - som friend...
When it comes to fix - ing pri - ces, there are lots of tricks he knows.

do what - ev - er pleas - es, Je - sus, don't I bleed 'em in the end!

B7



E



C#



F#m



D



E7



A



To next strain

F#m



D



E7



A



How it all in-creas - es, all — them bits and piec - es, Je - sus, it's a-maz-ing how it grows!

Chorus:

A



1-2 Mas - ter of the house, quick to catch your eye, nev - er wants a pas - ser - by to
3 Mas - ter of the house, mas - ter and a half, com - for - ter, phi - los - o - pher. Don't

pass him by. Ser - vant to the poor, but - ler to the great,
make me laugh! Ser - vant to the poor, but - ler to the great.

B7



E



To Coda ⊕

com - for - ter, phi - los - o - pher and life - long mate. Ev - ry - bod - y's boon com - pan - ion.
Hyp - o - crite and toad - y and in - e - bri - ate! Ev - 'ry - bod - y bless our land -

C#/E#



F#m



THERNARDIER:

D



E7



1 Ev - 'ry - bod - y's chap - er - one. —
2 Give 'em ev - 'ry - thing I've got. —

But lock up your va - lis - es. Je - sus, won't I skin you to the
Dir - ty bunch of geez - ers, Je - sus what a sor - ry lit - tle

1



Am(add9)



2



bone!

lot!

*p**p*

Em

MADAME
THERNARDIER:

I used to dream that I _____ would meet a prince.

Am6



B



But, God Al - might - y have you seen what's hap - pened since? _____

*poco rall.**a tempo*

E



Mas - ter of the house? Is - n't worth my spit! Com - for - ter phi - los - o - pher and

life - long shit! Cun - ning lit - tle brain, reg - u - lar Vol - taire.

F#7



B



Thinks he's quite a lov - er but there's not much there! What a cru - el trick of na -

G#



C#m



A



- ture land - ed me with such a louse... God knows how I've last - ed liv -

B

E

CODA

E

D.S. al Coda

- ing with this bas - tard in the house!

- lord.

C#

C#/E#

F#m

D

E7

TERNARDIER:

Ev - 'ry - bod - y bless his spouse...

Ev - 'ry - bod - y raise a glass,

ff

8va ...

D

E7

D

E7

MADAME TERNARDIER:

ALL:

Raise it up the mas - ter's ass!

Ev - 'ry - bod - y raise a glass to the mas - ter of the

mf

ff

8va ...

A

D

A

D

A

D

A/E

E

A

house!

Do You Hear the People Sing?

Music by CLAUDE-MICHEL SCHÖNBERG
 Lyrics by HERBERT KRETZMER
 Original Text by ALAIN BOUBLIL and JEAN-MARC NATEL

Alla Marcia, grandioso (♩. ♪ played as ♩. ♪)

F(no3rd)



ENJOLRAS:

F



Do you hear the peo - ple sing, sing - ing the

mp

Bb/F



F



Dm



G



C



song of an - gry men? It is the mu - sic of a peo - ple who will not be slaves a - gain! When the

F



Bb/F



F



beat - ing of your heart e - choes the beat - ing of the drums, there is a

Dm **Gm** **C7** **F** **E** **Am**

COMBEFERRE:

life a-bout to start when to-mor - row comes. Will you join in our cru-sade? Who will be give all you can give so that our

Em **Dm**

strong and stand with me? Be - yond the bar - ri - cade is there a stand
 ban - ner may ad - vance? Some will fall and some will live. Will you stand

Am **F** **Dm7**

COURFEYRAC:

world you long to see? Then join in the fight that will give you the right to be
 up and take your chance? The blood of the mar - tyrs will wa - ter the mea - dows of

G **C**

CHORUS:

free! } Do you hear the peo - ple sing, sing - ing the
 France! }

f

F/C **C** **Am** **D**

song of an - gry men? It is the mu - sic of a peo - ple who will

G **C** **C/E**

not be slaves a - gain! When the beat - ing of your heart e - choes the

F **C/E** **1 Am** **Dm** **G7**

beat - ing of the drums, there is a life a - bout to start when to - mor - row

C **2 Am** **Dm** **G7** **C**

FEULLY:

comes! Will you life a - bout to start when to - mor - row comes!

mf

In My Life

Music by CLAUDE-MICHEL SCHÖNBERG
 Lyrics by HERBERT KRETZMER
 Original Text by ALAIN BOUBLIL and JEAN-MARC NATEL

Andante

mf

D D/C# Bm Bm/A E7

Bb C D




COSETTE:

In my life there are so man - y

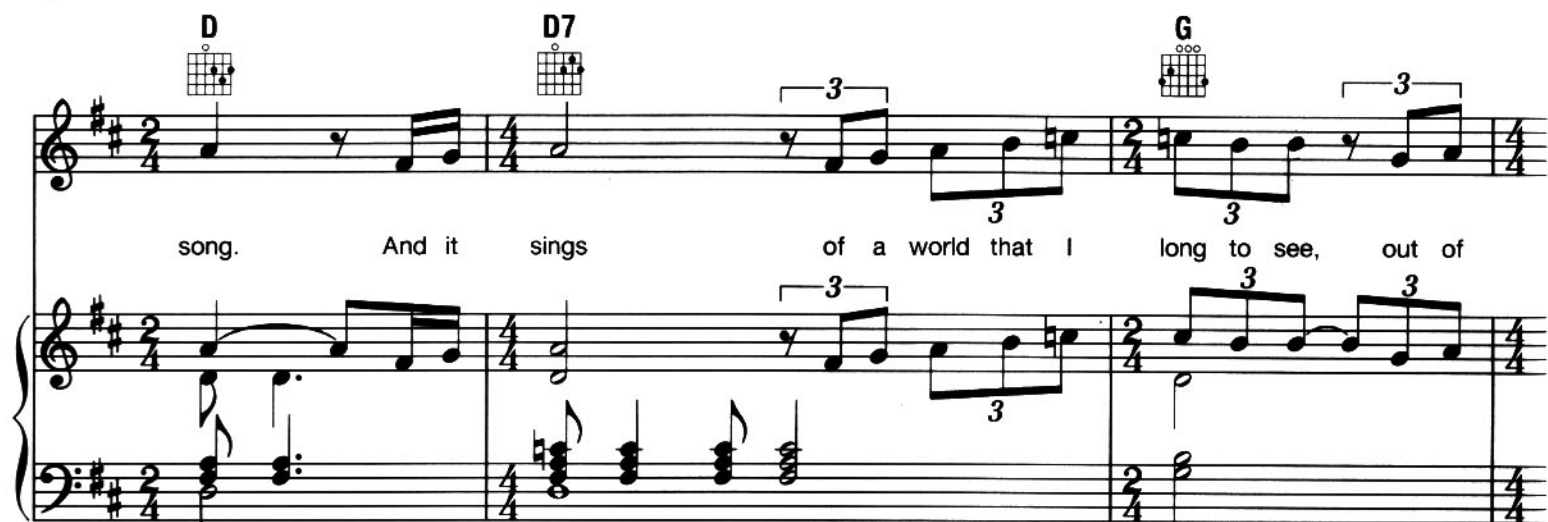
ques - tions and an - swers that some - how seem wrong. In my





life there are times when I catch in the si - lence the sigh of a far - a - way

Em Em/D A/C# A7

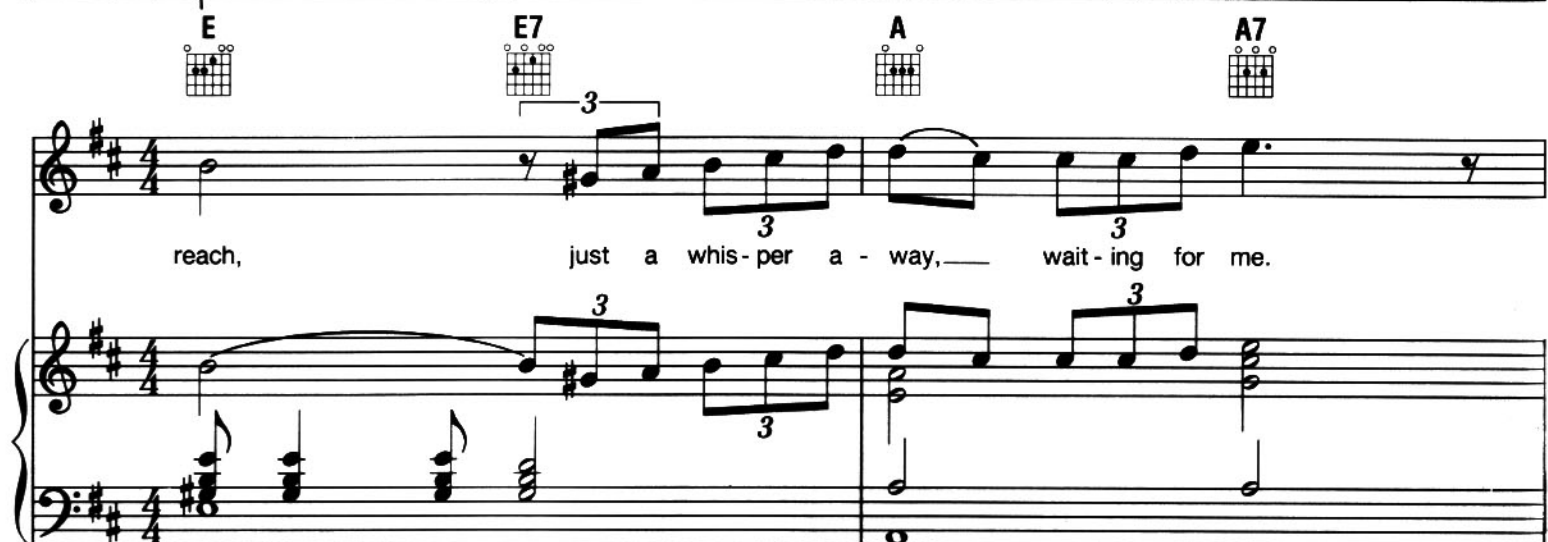
D  **D7**  **G** 

song. And it sings of a world that I long to see, out of



E  **E7**  **A**  **A7** 

reach, just a whisper a - way, — wait - ing for me.



Bb/C  **F** 

Does he know — I'm a - live? — Do I know — if he's real?



Bb/C  **D** 

Did he see — what I saw? — Does he feel — what I feel? In my



D/C# **Bm** **D/A**

life I'm no long - er a - lone. Now the love of my life is so

mf

E7 **G** **A7** **D** **D/C#** **Bm**

near. Find me now. Find me here. In my

rall.

Bb **Bb/A** **Gm**

life I have all that I want. You are lov - ing and gen - tle and good. But pa -

a tempo

Cm **Cm7** **F**

pa, dear pa - pa, in your eyes I am just like a child who is lost in a

Bb



Bb/Ab



Eb



VALJEAN:

3

3

3

wood.

No more words.

No more words, it's a time that is dead.

There are



COSETTE:

3

3

3

3

words

that are bet - ter un - heard, — bet - ter un - said.

In my

rall.



3

3

3

life

I'm no long - er a child and I long for the truth that you

a tempo

Gm7-5



Gb



Ab



Db



VALJEAN:

know

of the years,

years a - go.

You will

Abm/Cb



Ebm7



Ab



learn.

Truth is giv - en by God to us all in our time,

in our

turn.

Ebm7



A7



MARIUS:

In my

mf

life

she has burst like the mu - sic of an - gels, the light of the sun.

And my



Em



Em/D



A



A7



life seems to stop as if some-thing is o - ver and some-thing has scarce - ly be -

D



D7



G



gun. E - po - nine, you're the friend that has brought me here. Thanks to

E



E7



A



A7



you I am one with the gods and hea - ven is near.

Bb/C



F



And I soar through a world that is new that is free.

f *piu mosso*

Bb/C

D

EPONINE;



Ev - 'ry word that he says is a dag - ger in me. In my

D/C#

Bm

Bm/A

life there's been no one like him an - y - where. An - y - where where he

E7

G

A

D

is, if he asked I'd be his. In my

C6

EPONINE & MARIUS:

G

MARIUS: A

EPONINE: D

life there is some-one who touch-es my life, wait-ing near, wait-ing here.

rall.

A Heart Full of Love

Music by CLAUDE-MICHEL SCHÖNBERG
 Lyrics by HERBERT KREZMER
 Original Text by ALAIN BOUBLIL and JEAN-MARC NATEL

Allegretto

Chord diagrams: A, E/G#, F#m

The piano introduction is in 3/4 time, marked *mf* and *Allegretto*. It consists of three measures. The first measure has a treble clef with a whole note chord of A major and a bass clef with a half note G. The second measure has a treble clef with a whole note chord of E/G# and a bass clef with a half note G. The third measure has a treble clef with a whole note chord of F#m and a bass clef with a half note G. The piano part features a rhythmic pattern of eighth notes in the bass line and sustained chords in the treble line.

MARIUS:

Chord diagrams: A, E6/G#, F#m

Marius enters in the second measure of the first system. The lyrics are: "A heart full of love." The vocal line is in the treble clef, and the piano accompaniment continues in the grand staff. The chord progression is A major, E6/G#, and F#m.

Chord diagrams: A, E6/G#, F#7

Marius continues in the second system. The lyrics are: "A heart full of song. I'm do - ing". The vocal line is in the treble clef, and the piano accompaniment continues in the grand staff. The chord progression is A major, E6/G#, and F#7.

Bm

Bb

ev - 'ry - thing all wrong! Oh God, for shame! I do not

Dm

G

e - ven know your name. Dear Mad' - moi - selle,

G7

Cm

F

A

COSETTE:

won't you say? (MARIUS:) Will you A heart tell?

poco rall. *a tempo*

E6/G#

F#m

A

full of love. No fear,

E6/G#



F#7



MARIUS:

Bm



no re - gret.

My name is Mar - ius

Pont - mer - cy.

COSETTE:

Bb



MARIUS:

Dm



And mine's Co - sette.

Co - sette I don't know what to say.

COSETTE:



MARIUS:



Then make no sound.

I am lost.

poco rall.

F



MARIUS:

A



E6/G#



F#m



(COSETTE:) I

am A heart found.

full of light.

a tempo

BOTH: **A** **E6/G#** **F#7** **MARIUS:**

(COSETTE:) A night bright _____ as day.
 (MARIUS:) A heart full _____ of you. And you must

nev - er go a - way. Co - sette, Co - sette, this is a

chain we'll nev - er break.

G7 **Cm** **F** **A**

Do we dream? (COSETTE:) We're a - heart wake.

poco rall. *a tempo*

E/G#



F#m



MARIUS & COSETTE:

A



full _____ of love.
 (EPONINE:) He was nev - er mine A heart lose.

E6/G#



F#



MARIUS:

full _____ of you.
 (EPONINE:) Why A sin - gle look and _____ then I
 re - gret what could not

Bm



COSETTE:

Bb



knew.
 be? I knew it, too.
 (EPONINE:) These are

Dm



G7



words he'll nev - er say, not to

poco rall.

MARIUS:

Cm



F



Bb



COSETTE:

me, From to - day, not to me, not to me. Ev' - 'ry day, (EPONINE:) His

meno mosso

Eb



MARIUS & COSETTE:

Gm



Bb



heart for it is - n't a dream, not a full of love. He will

rall.

Cm



F7



Bb



dream - er af feel - ter this all way.

A Little Fall of Rain

Music by CLAUDE-MICHEL SCHÖNBERG
Lyrics by HERBERT KRETZMER
Original Text by ALAIN BOUBLIL and JEAN-MARC NATEL

Adagio

F



Gm



F/A



Bb



C7



pp

F Gm7 F/A Bb

EPONINE:

Don't you fret, — M' - sieur Mar - ius, — I don't feel an - y pain. A

F/C



C+



Dm



F7/Eb



lit - tle fall of rain can hard - ly hurt me now. You're

Bb/D



Gm/C



F



here, that's all I need to know. And

Gm7 F7/A Bb

you will keep me safe. And you will keep me close. And

F/C Gm/C F

rain will make the flow - ers grow.

poco accel.

Db/Eb Ab

MARIUS:

But you will live, 'Pon - ine, Dear God a - bove.

mp *più mosso*

Db/Eb

If I could close your wounds with words of

poco rall.

F



Gm



F/A



Bb



EPONINE:

love

Just hold me now and let it be.

Shel - ter me,

a tempo

Gm/C



C7



F



Gm



MARIUS:

com - fort me.

You would live_____

a hun - dred years_ if

F/A



Bb



F/C



C+



EPONINE:

I could show you how.

I won't de - sert you now.

The

Dm



F7/Eb



Bb/D



Gm/C



rain can't_____ hurt me now.


This rain

will wash a - way what's


2/4

2/4

2/4

F  **Gm7** 



past. And you will keep me safe. And





F7/A  **Bb**  **F/C**  **Gm/C** 

you will keep me close. I'll sleep in your embrace at






F  **Db/Eb** 

last. The rain that brings you here




accel. *mf più mosso*



Ab  **Db/Eb** 

is hea - ven blessed. The skies be -




gin to clear and I'm at rest. A breath a - way from

where you are, I've come home from so far.

So don't you fret, M' sieur Mar-ius, I don't feel an - y pain. A

lit - tle fall of rain can hard - ly hurt me now. I'm

MARIUS:

F **Gm**

F/A **Bb** **C** **Db(add9)**

Gb **Abm** **Gb/Bb** **Cb**

Gb/Db **D+** **Ebm7** **Gb/Fb**

rall. *pp a tempo* *pp più lento*

Cb



EPONINE:

Ab/Db



Gb



here that's all I need to know. And

Gbmaj7



Abm



Gb/Bb



Cb



you will keep me safe. And you will keep me close. And

dim.

Gb/Db



Ab/Db



Gb



Abm



MARIUS:

rain will make the flow - ers... grow.

ppp

rall.

a tempo

pp

Gb/Bb



Cb



Gb/Db



Ab/Db



Gb



rall.

Drink With Me

(To Days Gone By)

Music by CLAUDE-MICHEL SCHÖNBERG
Lyrics by HERBERT KRETZMER and ALAIN BOUBLIL

Moderato

F **FEUILLY:** **Gm7** **C**

Drink with me me me to days gone by.
to days gone by.
to days gone by.

F **Gm7** **C7**

Sing with me the songs we knew.
Can it be you fear to die?
To the life that used to be.

F **F7** **Bbm** **3** **JOLY:**

Here's to pret - ty girls who went to our heads. Here's to
Will the world re - mem - ber you when you fall? Could it
At the shrine of friend - ship nev - er say die. Let the

Eb7



F



1 Gm7



3 MEN:

3

wit - ty girls who went to our beds. Here's to them and
 be - ty your death who noth to ing our beds. Here's to them and
 wine of your friend - ship nev - er at run dry. Here's to them and

C



F



GRANTAIRE:

2 Gm



C



here's to you! Drink with life just one — more lie? —

F



MEN:

3 Gm



C



F



— Drink with you and here's — to me. — Here's to

Gm7



C7



F



you and here's to me.

poco rall.

Bring Him Home

Music by CLAUDE-MICHEL SCHÖNBERG
Lyrics by HERBERT KRETZMER and ALAIN BOUBLIL

Andante

F **Bb(add9)** **Fmaj7** **Bb(add9)** **F** **Bb(add9)**

L.H. *p*

Fmaj7 **Bb(add9)** **VALJEAN:** **F** **Bb** **Fmaj7** **Bb**

God on high, hear my
peace, bring him

F **Bb** **Fmaj7** **Bb** **Am**

prayer. In my need
joy. He is young,

Gm **C** **C7**

You have always been there. He is
he is on - ly a boy. You can

F

Gm7/F

Fmaj7

Bb/F

F

Gm7/F



young,
take,

he's
You a - fraid.
can give.

Fmaj7

Bb/F

A

A7



Let him rest,
Let him be,

hea - ven
let - him

Dm

Dm/C

Bb



blessed.
live.

Bring him home,
If I die,

poco piu mosso

Bb/A

Gm

C7



To Coda

bring let him home,
me

bring him

rall.

F **Am** **Gm**

home. He's like the son I might have known

più mosso
mf

Dm **C** **Bb**

if God had grant-ed me a son. The sum-mers die one by

F/A **Bb** **F/A**

one. How soon they fly on and on. And I am

rit. dim.

Gm **A** **C** **D.S. al Coda**

old and will be gone. Bring him

rall.

CODA

Gm

C7

die, let him

rall.

F

Gm/F

Fmaj7

Bb/F

F

Gm/F



live. Bring him home,

p

a tempo

Fmaj7

Bb/F

F/A

Bb

Fmaj7

Bb(add9)



bring him home, bring him

dim. rall. moto

F

Bb(add9)

Fmaj7

Bb(add9)

F



home.

pp a tempo

rall.

CODA

Empty Chairs at Empty Tables

Music by CLAUDE-MICHEL SCHÖNBERG
Lyrics by HERBERT KRETZMER and ALAIN BOUBLIL

Moderato
Am(add9)



MARIUS:

There's a grief that can't be

spo - ken. There's a pain goes on and on.

Emp - ty chairs at emp - ty ta - bles, now my friends are dead and

Am(add9)



gone. Here they talked on rev - o - lu - tion.

C



Here it was they lit the flame.

Dm



Here they sang a - bout to - mor - row, and to -

E



Am



mor - row nev - er came. From the

mf

C **C7** **F**

ta - ble in the cor - ner they could

più mosso

Cm7 **F7** **Bb**

see a world re - born. — And they

G/B **C**

rose with voi - ces ring - ing. And I can

Bb **A**

hear them now. The ve - ry



words that they had sung be- come their last com -

f

dim.



mu - nion on the lone - ly bar - ri - cade at

p

rall.

Am(add9)



dawn. Oh my friends, my friends, for - give me

a tempo

C



that I live and you are gone. There's a grief that can't be

Dm **E** **C#m**

spo - ken. There's a pain goes on and on.

mf *apassionato*

Phan - tom fa - ces at the win - dow, _____ phan - tom sha - dows on the

più mosso

E **F#m**

floor. _____ Emp - ty chairs at emp - ty ta - bles where my

G# **C#m**

friends will meet no more. Oh, my friends, my friends, don't

accel.

tremolo

ask me _____ what your sac - ri - fice was

f *più mosso*

for. _____ Emp - ty chairs and emp - ty

dim.

ta - bles where my friends will sing no more.

p *rall.* *pp a tempo*

p rall. *pp*

On My Own

Music by CLAUDE-MICHEL SCHÖNBERG
Lyrics by ALAIN BOUBLIL, HERBERT KRETZMER, JOHN CAIRD,
TREVOR NUNN and JEAN-MARC NATEL

Andante

D



Em



D



G



Em7



EPONINE:

On my

D



Em/D



D



D/C#



own, pre - tend - ing he's be - side me. All a -
rain, the pave - ment shines like sil - ver. All the

Bm



E7



A



A/G#



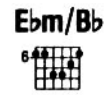
lone I walk with him 'til morn - ing. With - out
lights are mis - ty in the ri - ver. In out



him dark - ness I the feel trees his are arms full a of - round star - light. And And



when I lose my way I close my eyes and he has found me. In the all I see is him and me for - ev - er and for -



ev - er. And I know it's on - ly in my

mf *più mosso*



mind that I'm talk - ing to my - self and not to

E_b **Em**

him. And al - though I know that he is

B **B7** **Am7** **C7**

blind, Still I say there's a way for us. I

F **Gm/F** **F** **F/E**

love him, — but when the night is o - ver, — he is

mf

Dm **G7** **C** **C/B**

gone, the ri - ver's just a ri - ver. With -

Bb

A

Dm

out him the world a-round me chang-es. The

Gm

Gm/F

C

trees are bare and ev-'ry-where the streets are full of strang-ers.

F

Gm/F

F

F/E

love him but ev-'ry day I'm learn-ing all my

Dm

G7

C

C/B

life I've on-ly been pre-tend-ing. With-

B \flat 

A



Dm



out me his world will go on turn - ing. ——— The

Gm



C



world is full of hap - pi - ness that I have nev - er known.

F(add9)

F7/E \flat 

love him, ——— I love him, ——— I

Dm7

B \flat m/D \flat 

F



love him, ——— but on - ly on my own.

rall.