

# Les Negresses Vertes, Cest Pas La Mer A Boire

Valjean

Not another word my son,  
There's something now that must be done  
You've spoken from the heart  
And I must do the same  
There is a story, sir  
Of slavery and shame  
That you alone must know.  
I never told Cosette  
She had enough of tears  
She's never known the truth  
Of the story you must hear  
Of years ago.  
There lived a man named Jean Valjean  
He stole some bread to save his sister's son  
For nineteen winters served his time  
In sweat he washed away his crime  
Years ago  
He broke parole and lived a life apart  
How could he tell Cosette and break her heart?  
It's for Cosette that this must be faced  
If he is caught she is disgraced  
The time is come to journey on  
And from this day he must be gone  
Who am I?  
Who am I?

Marius

You're Jean Valjean!  
What can I do  
That will turn you from this?  
Monsieur, you cannot leave  
Whatever I tell my beloved Cosette  
She will never believe!

Valjean

Make her believe  
I have gone on a journey  
A long way away  
Tell her my heart was too full for farewells  
It is better this way  
Promise me, M'sieur, Cosette will never know.

Marius

I give my word.

Valjean

... what I have spoken, why I must go.

Marius

For the sake of Cosette, it must be so.