

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.