

Les Miserables

"Paris"

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Beggars:

Look down, look down, and see the beggars at your
feet

Look down and show some mercy if you can

Look down and see

The sweepings of the streets

Look down, look down,

Upon your fellow man!

Gavroche:

How do you do? My name's Gavroche

These are my people, here's my patch

Not much to look at, nothing posh

Nothing that you'd call up to scratch

This is my school, my high society

Here in the slums of Saint Michele

We live on crumbs of humble piety

Tough on the teeth, but what the hell!

Think you're poor?

Think you're free?

Follow me, follow me!

Beggars:

Look down, and show some mercy if you can

Look down, look down, upon your fellow man

[An old beggar woman finds a young prostitute
occupying her patch.]

Old Beggar Woman:

What you think yer at?

Hanging round me pitch?

If you're new around here, girl

You've got a lot to learn

Young Prostitute:

Listen you old bat

Crazy bloody witch

'Least I give my customers

Some pleasure in return

Old Beggar Woman:
I know what you give!
Give 'em all the pox!
Spread around your poison
Till they end up in a box

Pimp:
Leave the poor old cow,
Move it, Madeleine
She used to be no better
Till the clap got to her brain

Beggars:
When's it gonna end?
When we gonna live?
Something's gotta happen now or
Something's gonna give...
It'll come, it'll come, it'll come
It'll come, it'll come, it'll come

Enjoras:
Where the leaders of the land?
Where are the swells who run this show?

Marius:
Only one man - and that's Lamarque
Speaks for these people here below

Beggars:
See our children fed
Help us in our shame
Something for a crust of bread
In Holy Jesus' name

Urchin:
In the Lord's Holy name.

Beggars:
In his name, in his name, in his name...

Marius:
Lamarque is ill and fading fast!
Won't last the week out so they say

Enjoras:
With all the anger in the land
How long before the judgement day?
Before we cut the fat ones down to size?
Before the barricades arise?

Gavroche:

Watch out for old Thenardier
All of his family is on the make
Once ran a hash-house down the way
Bit of a swine and no mistake
He's got a gang
The bleeding layabout
Even his daughter does her share
That's Eponine, she knows her way about
Only a kid, but hard to scare
Do we care?
Not a cuss!
Long live us, long live us!

Beggars:
Look down, look down, and show some mercy if you
can
Look down, look down, upon your fellow man!

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