

Les Miserables

"The Wedding Chorale/Beggars At The Feast"

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CHORUS:

Ring out the bells upon this day of days!
May all the angels of the Lord above
In jubilation sing their songs of praise!
And crown this blessed time with peace and love

MAJOR DOMO:

The Baron and Baroness de Thenard wish to pay
their respects to the groom.

THENARDIER:

I forget, where we met
Was it not at the Chateau Lafarge?
Where the duke, did that puke
Down the Dutchess's de-coll-etage?

MARIUS:

No "Baron de Thenard"
The circles I move in are humbler by far.
Go away, Thenardier.
Do you think I don't know who you are?

MME. THENARDIER:

He's not fooled, told you so!
Show M'sieur what you've come here to show,
Tell the boy what you know!

MARIUS:

When I look at you, I remember Eponine
She was more than you deserved, who gave her birth
But now she is with God and happier, I hope
Than here on earth!

THENARDIER:

So it goes, heaven knows
Life has dealt me some terrible blows.

MME. THENARDIER:

You've got cash and a heart
You could give us a bit of a start
We can prove, plain as ink
Your bride's father is not what you think.

THENARDIER:
There's a tale I could tell

MME. THENARDIER:
Information we're willing to sell.

THENARDIER:
There's a man that he slew
I saw the corpse clear as I'm seeing you!
What I tell you is true!

MME. THENARDIER:
Pity to disturb you at a feast like this,
But five hundred francs surely wouldn't come amiss.

MARIUS:
In God's name say what you have to say.

THENARDIER:
But first, you pay!

What I saw, clear as light,
Jean Valjean in the sewers that night
Had this corpse, on his back
Hanging there like a bloody great sack
I was there, never fear
Even found me this fine souvenir

MARIUS:
I know this, this was mine!
This is surely some heavenly sign!

THENARDIER:
One thing more, mark this well,
It was the night that the barricades fell.

MARIUS:
Then it's true, then I'm right,
Jean Valjean was my saviour that night.
As for you, take this too.
God forgive us the things that we do.
Come my love, come Cosette,
This day's blessings are not over yet.

THENARDIER:
Ain't it a laugh?
Ain't it a treat?
Hob-nobbin' here,
Among the elite?
There goes a prince,

Here comes a Jew,
This one's a queer,
But what can you do?
Paris at my feet,
Paris in the dust,
And here's me breaking bread
With the upper crust!

Beggars at the feast,
Master of the dance!
Life is easy pickings
If you grab your chance!
Everywhere you go,
Law abiding folk,
Doing what is decent
But they're mostly broke!
Singing to the Lord on Sunday's,
Praying for the gifts he'll send,

THENARDIER & MME. THENARDIER:
But we're the ones who take it
We're the ones who make it in the end!
Watch the buggers dance,
Watch 'em 'til they drop!
Keep you're wits about you
And you'll stand on top!
Masters of the land,
Always get our share,
Clear away the barricades
And we're still there!
We know where the wind is blowing,
Money is the stuff we smell,
And when we're rich as Croesus
Jesus won't we see you all in hell!

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