

## Alain Boublil "Look Down"

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(1832. The teeming, squalid streets of Paris. Beggars, urchins, prostitutes, students, etc.)

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

Enjolras  
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

Enjolras  
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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