The Beggars

The filthy streets of Paris, 1842

Andante

CHORUS (THE BEGGARS):

10

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 street.

Look down, look down upon your fellow man.

Uh-

GAVROCHE:

11

'Ow do you do, my name's Gavroche.

These are my people, Here's my patch.

(CORUS):

huh, Uh-huh, Uh-huh,

Not much to look at, nothing posh.

Nothing that you'd call up to scratch.

Uh-huh, Uh-huh, Uh-huh.
(GAVROCHE):

This is my school, my high so-ci-ety. Here in the slums of St. Mi- chel,

(CHORUS):

huh, Uh-huh, Uh-huh, Uh-huh, Uh

We live on crumbs of hum-ble pi-ec-ty. Tough on the teeth but what the hell,

huh, Uh-huh,

Think you're poor? Think you're free? Follow me, Follow me!

Look

(CHORUS):

down and show some merc-y if you can. Look

poco accel.

down, look down up-pon your fel-low man.

#10—The Beggars