

C GAVROCHE:

10

'Ow do you do, my name's Gav-roche.
(CHORUS): (Ten 1 loco)

These are my peo-ple, Here's my patch.

huh, Uh - huh, Uh - huh, Uh

12

Not much to look at, no-thing posh.

No-thing that you'd call up to scratch.

huh, Uh - huh, Uh - huh, Uh

14

This is my school, my high so-ci-e-ty.

Here in the slums of St. Mi-chel,

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

16 (GAVROCHE):
We live on crumbs of hum - ble pi - e - ty. Tough on the teeth but what the hell.

(CHORUS):
huh, Uh - huh,

18
Think you're poor? Think you're free? Fol - low me, Fol - low me!
(Ten 1 8va)
Look

Vins. + Xylo.
cresc

E
20
down and show some mer-cy if you can. Look down, look down u - pon your fel-low man. —

WW.V