

GAVROCHE: (2 excerpts - both are required)

C GAVROCHE:

10 **START HERE** 'Ow do you do, my name's Gav - roche. These are my peo - ple, Here's my patch.

12 Not much to look at, no - thing posh. 13 No-thing that you'd call up to scratch.

14 This is my school my high so - ci - e - ty 15 Here in the slums of Saint Mi - chel

16 (GAVROCHE): We live on crumbs of hum - ble pi - e - ty 17 Tough on the teeth but what the hell

18 Think your poor, think your free 19 Fol - low me, Fol - low me!

G Lento, a piacere

33 **START HERE** Lit - tle peo - ple know 34 when lit - tle peo - ple fight, We

35 may look eas - y pick - ings, but 36 we've got some bite. We'll

37 *sempre rall.* fight like twen - ty ar - mies and 38 we won't give up, So you'd

39 bet - ter run for cov - er when 40 the pup grows (up.) *He dies.*