

Poor Thing

Josh Groban

Isn't that a room up there over the shop? If times are so hard, why don't you rent it out? That should bring in something

Up there? Oh, no one will go near it. People think it's haunted. You see, years ago, something happened up there, something not very nice.

There was a barber and his wife
And he was beautiful
A proper artist with a knife
But they transported him for life
And he was beautiful...

Barker, his name was—Benjamin Barker

Transported? What was his crime?

Foolishness...

He had this wife, you see (Oh)
Pretty little thing
Silly little nit
Had her chance for the moon on a string—
Poor thing
Poor thing

There were these two, you see
Wanted her like mad
One of 'em a Judge
T'other one his Beadle
Every day they'd nudge
And they'd wheedle
But she wouldn't budge
From her needle
Too bad
Pure thing

So they merely shipped the poor blighter off south, they did
Leaving her with nothing but grief and a year-old kid
Did she use her head even then? Oh no, God forbid!
Poor fool
Ah, but there was worse yet to come
Poor thing

Johanna, that was the baby's name... Pretty little Johanna...

Go on

My, you do like a good story, don't you?

Well, Beadle calls on her, all polite
Poor thing
Poor thing
The Judge, he tells her, is all contrite
He blames himself for her dreadful plight
She must come straight to his house tonight!
Poor thing
Poor thing

Of course when she goes there
Poor thing, poor thing
They're having this ball all in masks
There's no one she knows there
Poor dear, poor thing
She wanders tormented and drinks
Poor thing
The Judge has repented, she thinks
Poor thing
"Oh, where is Judge Turpin?" she asks

He was there, all right—
Only not so contrite!

She wasn't no match for such craft, you see
And everyone thought it so droll
They figured she had to be daft, you see
So all of them stood there and laughed, you see
Poor soul!
Poor thing!

No! Would no one have mercy on her?

So it is you, Benjamin Barker!