

# The Frenchman, Évariste Galois

Based on “Alexander Hamilton”, from Lin-Manuel Miranda’s musical *Hamilton*

Written by Joseph Horan

How does a rebel, misfit, son of a skeptic and Republican  
Raised in the middle of a suburb of  
Paris during revolution, Royalists and liberals colliding,  
Change algebra forever with his writings?

The firebrand, fighting fiercely with defiance  
Failed his tests twice when he couldn’t keep quiet  
Failed to stay in school long when he couldn’t help riot  
At nineteen, the Artillery on him became reliant

But every day while kings were being pompous and carried  
Away about the streets, he studied and thought more freely  
Inside, he was solving the problems of greatest beauty  
Equations with roots? Permutation! Done simply

The Academy called, but he was so appalled  
His claims and ideas left, left to remain stalled  
Wrote two memoirs, never hailed, five papers published but walled  
And from Poisson the rejection sprawled, it left him galled

Well, a death threat he made, they said “This kid is insane, man”  
Threw him into prison at Sainte-Pélagie, a bad plan  
Got into some trouble, though the inmates were to blame, but  
He still kept writing away. “What’s your name, man?”

The Frenchman, Évariste Galois  
Yeah he’s the Frenchman, Évariste Galois  
And there’s a million things we’ll always awe  
So just you wait, just you wait

When he got out he still did shout, left no doubt, about the  
Republican ideals he kept healthy throughout and  
So when on the fourteenth, July, he did cry  
Thrown back into prison where he wrote his pen dry

Wrote himself a Préface, an intro to untold manuscripts  
Sent it to Chevalier, his friend, for to publish them  
All told, quoting “Reader in good faith here is a book”  
He kept on rewriting and leaving math foundations to be shook

He would have been out in April without issue or a flag  
He would have been back and doing math without a record of his snag but  
Then an outbreak, cholera, in short: epidemic  
Moved them all to Faultrier, a safe house with a medic

There he was, talking with young Stéphanie du Motel  
Daughter of the doctor, see him now as he falls deep in  
Love, out of love, headed for a bad end  
In Paris your heart you must defend

In Paris your heart you must defend (Just you wait)  
In Paris your heart you must defend (Just you wait)  
In Paris your heart you must defend  
In Paris - Just you wait!

The Frenchman, Évariste Galois (the Frenchman, Évariste Galois)  
We have Liouville to thank for you (Liouville to thank for you)  
He deciphered your work  
So groups will stand the test of time (Time!)  
Oh, the Frenchman, Évariste Galois (the Frenchman, Évariste Galois)  
Mathematicians sing of you  
Do they know what you did proclaim?  
Do they know you rewrote the game?  
The world would never be the same, oh

A disagreement sparked a row  
See you in the morning (Just you wait)  
Another tragedy  
Coming from failed courting (Just you wait)  
His last night spent on writing one  
Last letter for reporting

Me? I fought with him  
Me? I wrote with him  
Me? I published him  
Me? I duped him

And me? I'm the damn fool that shot him

There's a million things we'll always awe  
So just you wait

What's your name, man?  
The Frenchman, Évariste Galois!