

Memory

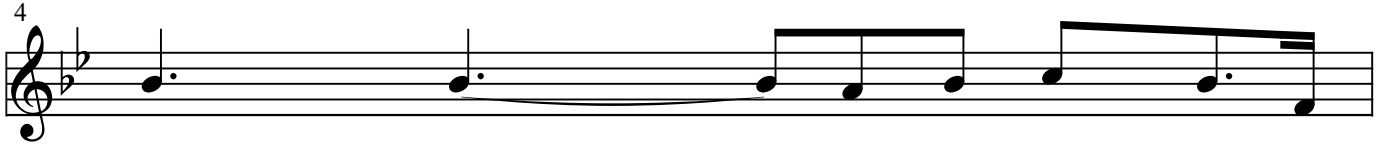
Music Andrew Lloyd-Webber, Text Trevor Nunn after T.S.Eliot

1 2



1. Mid - night. _____ Not a sound from the
2. Me - mory, _____ All a - lone in the

4



pave - ment. _____ Has the moon lost her
moon - light. _____ I can smile at the

5



me - mory? _____ She is smi - ling a - lone. _____ In the
old days, _____ I was beau - ti - ful then. _____ I re -

7



lamp - light the wi - thered leaves col - lect at my feet _____ And the
- mem - ber the time I knew what hap - pi - ness was, _____ Let the

9



wind _____ begins to moan. me - mory live a - gain.

13



E - very street lamp seems to beat _____ a fa - tal - is - tic

16

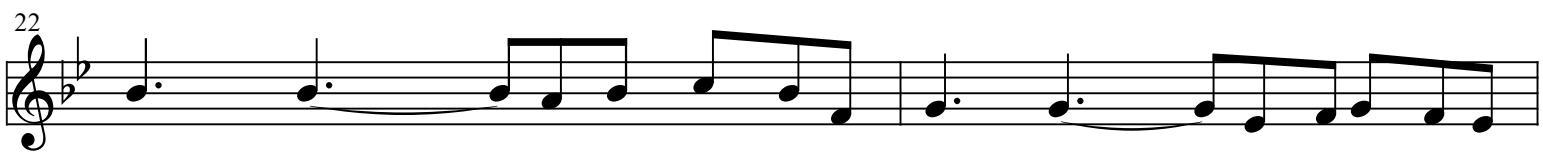


war - ning. Some - one mut - ters, and a street lamp gut - ters, and

19



soon it will be morn - ing. Day - light. _____ I must wait for the



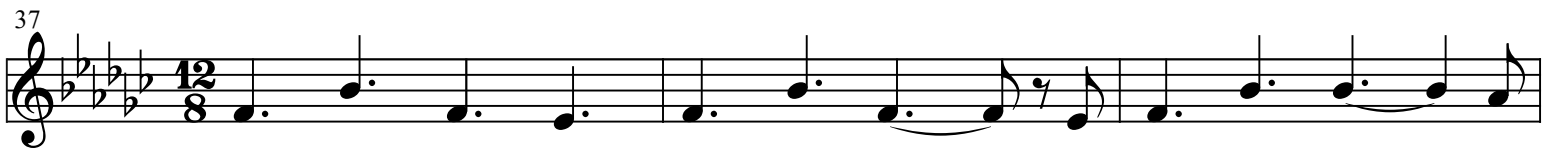
sun - rise, _____ I must think of a new life, _____ And I mustn't give



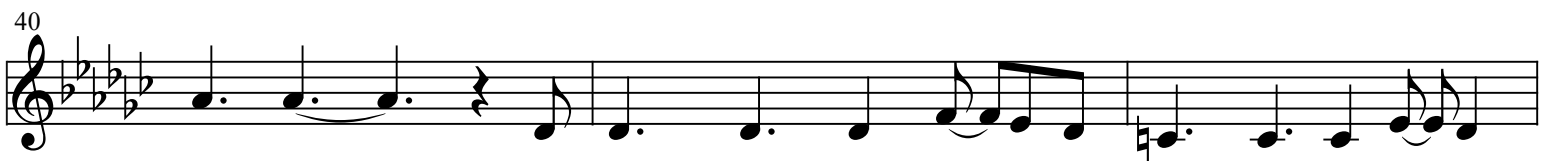
in. _____ When the dawn comes to night will be a memory too. _____ And a



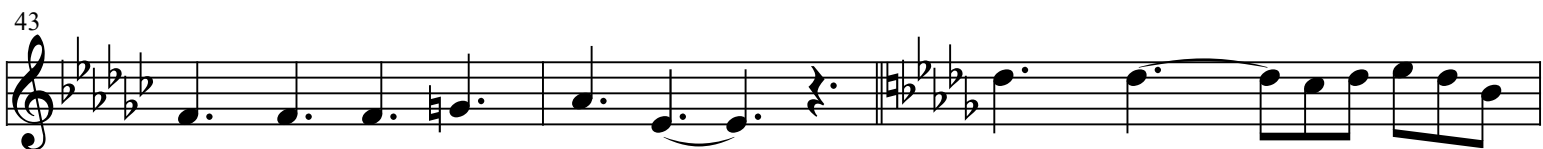
new day _____ will be - gin.



Burnt out ends of smo - ky days, _____ the stale cold smell _____ of



mor - ning. _____ The street lamp dies, a - no ther night is ov - er, - an -



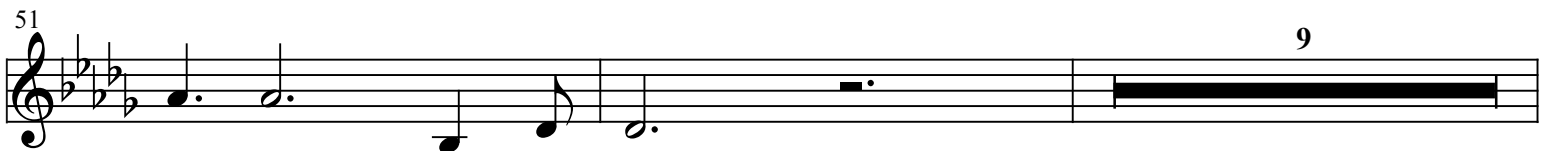
- oth - er day is dawn - ing. _____ Touch me. _____ It's so ea - sy to



leave me, _____ All al - one with the me - mory _____ Of my days in the



sun. _____ If you touch me you'll understand what happi - ness is. _____ Look a



new day has be - gun.