

Grizabella: the Glamour Cat

Music by
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Text by
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Slow [♩ = 68]

SOLO

p She

haunt - ed ma - ny a low re - sort _ near the gri - my road of

Tot - ten - ham Court; _ She flit - ted a - bout _ the No - man's Land _ From The

Ris - ing Sun _ to The Friend at Hand. And the post - man sighed, as he

p

Bbm F7 F7

Db Db Ebm6 Db/F

Gb Cb Bbm

scratched his head: — 'You'd real - ly have thought she ought to be dead — And

F7 F7 D $\flat$

who — would ev - er sup - pose that THAT — Was Gri - za - bel - la, the

Bbm Cm B $\flat$ Ebm Bbm/F

CHORUS

Gri - za - bel - la, the

Gla - mour Cat! — Gla - mour Cat, — Gri - za - bel - la, the

Dbsus Abm Bbm/F F7 F7

Gla - mour Cat! — Who'd — have ev - er sup - posed — that THAT —

Dbsus D $\flat$ Bbm Cm B $\flat$ Ebm

Was Gri - za - bel - la, the Gla - mour Cat!

Ebm Bbm/F Em Abm

rall.

The Moments of Happiness

The moments of happiness . . .
 We had the experience but missed the meaning,
 And approach to the meaning restores the experience
 In a different form, beyond any meaning
 We can assign to happiness . . .
 . . . the past experience revived in the meaning
 Is not the experience of one life only
 But of many generations – not forgetting
 Something that is probably quite ineffable . . .

(from T.S. Eliot 'The Dry Salvages' in *Four Quartets*)