Memory

Music by ANDREW LLOYD WEBBER
Text by TREvor NUNN after T.S. ELIOT

Midnight, Not a sound from the pavement, Has the moon lost her memory? She is smiling alone.

Me - mory All alone in the moonlight I can smile at the old days, I was beautiful then. In the lamp light the withered leaves collect at my feet.

GRIZABELLA

Freely \( \text{L} = 50 \)

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wind begins to moan. memory lives again.

Every street lamp seems to beat a fatalistic warning. Someone mutters and a street lamp gutter and soon it will be morning.
a tempo

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 mem - ory too. And a

new day will be - gin.
Burnt out ends of smoky days, the stale cold smell of morning.
The street lamp dies, another night is over, another day is dawning.
Touch me.

It's so easy to leave me.

All alone with the

memory.

Of my days in the sun.

If you touch me you'll understand what

happiness is.

Look a new day has begun.

[Grizabella is chosen to go to the Heavyside Layer.]