

Memory, Musical Cats

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Webber

Tempo 160 Orig. Bb
6/8 Waltz

A **F#m**

Mid - night. Not a sound from the pave - ment.
Mem - 'ry. All a - lone in the moon - light.

6 **D** **C#m**

Has the moon lost her mem - 'ry? She is smil - ing a - lone. In the
I can smile at the old days, I was beau - ti - ful then. I re -

11 **Bm** **F#m** **E**

lamp - light the with - ered leaves col - lect at my feet. And the wind —
mem - ber the time I knew what hap - pi - ness was, let the mem - 'ry

16 **D/E** **A** **C#m** **D** **C#m** **D**

be - gins to a - moan. gain. Ev - 'ry street lamp seems to beat a

22 **C#m** **A** **B** **E** **B/D#** **C#m**

fa - ta - lis - tic — warn - ing. Some - one

27 **F#m** **B** **E** **C#m** **F#7**

mut - ters — and a street lamp gut - ters, — and soon — it will be

32 **B** **A** **F#m**

morn - ing. — Day - light. I must wait for the sun - rise, I must think of a

38 **D** **C#m** **Bm**

new life, and I must - n't give in. When the dawn comes to -

43 **F#m** **E** **D/E**
 night will be a me-mo-ry too. And a new day will be -

48 **A** **F** **Dm**
 gin.

53 **Bb** **Bb/C** **F** **Am** **Bb** **Am** **Bb**
 Burnt out ends of smo-ky days, the

60 **Am** **F** **G** **C** **G/B** **Am** **Dm**
 stale cold smell of morn-ing. The street lamp dies, an-oth-er

66 **G** **C** **Am** **D** *rit.* **G**
 night is o-ver, an-oth-er day is dawn-ing.

72 **C** *a tempo* **Am** **F**
 Touch me. It's so eas-y to leave me, all a-lone with my mem-'ry,

77 **Em** **Dm**
 of my days in the sun. If you touch me, you'll un-der-stand what

82 **Am** *rit.* **G** **F/G** **C** *a tempo*
 hap-pi-ness is. Look a new day has be-gun.

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