

# Memory

*from “Cats”, by Andrew Lloyd Webber*

*Dashes indicate timing, particularly where lines slow down*

|               |   |  |
|---------------|---|--|
| <b>Women:</b> | Midnight — not a sound from the pavement<br>Has the moon lost her memory? She is smiling alone<br>In the lamp-light, the withered leaves collect at my feet<br>And the wind — begins to moan                  | <i>very soft, sopranos only</i>                        |
| <b>Women:</b> | Memory, — all alone in the moonlight<br>I can dream of the old days — life was beautiful then<br>I remem-ber the time I knew what happiness was<br>Let the memory live again                                  | <i>a little louder, add altos</i>                      |
| <b>Men:</b>   | Ev—ery street — lamp seems — to — beat<br>A fa—ta—listic war—ning<br>Someone mutters, and the street lamp sputters<br>Soon — it — will — be morning   | <i>medium volume</i>                                   |
| <b>All:</b>   | Daylight, — I must wait for the sunrise<br>I must think of a new life and I mustn't give in<br>When the dawn comes, tonight will be a memory too<br>And a new day — will begin.                               | <i>medium volume</i>                                   |
| <b>Men:</b>   | Burnt — out ends — of — smo—ky days<br>The stale — cold — smell— of mor—ning<br>A street lamp dies, a—nother night is over  | <i>medium volume</i>                                   |
| <b>All:</b>   | Ano—ther — day is daw—ning  | <i>build volume slightly</i>                           |
| <b>All:</b>   | Touch me, — it's so easy to leave me<br>All alone with the memory of my days in the sun<br>If you'll touch me, you'll understand what happiness is<br>Look, a new day has begun... <i>(hold for 16 beats)</i> | <i>very soft</i><br><i>slower, build to full voice</i> |