

# Memory

from "Cats", by Andrew Lloyd Webber

*Dashes indicate timing, particularly where lines slow down*

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