

Memory

(B. Streisand)

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Music By
A. L. Webber

mp

3

B \flat Gm

1. Mid - night Not a sound from the pa - vement Has the moon lost he

5






E \flat Dm

me - mory She is smi-ling a - lone In the

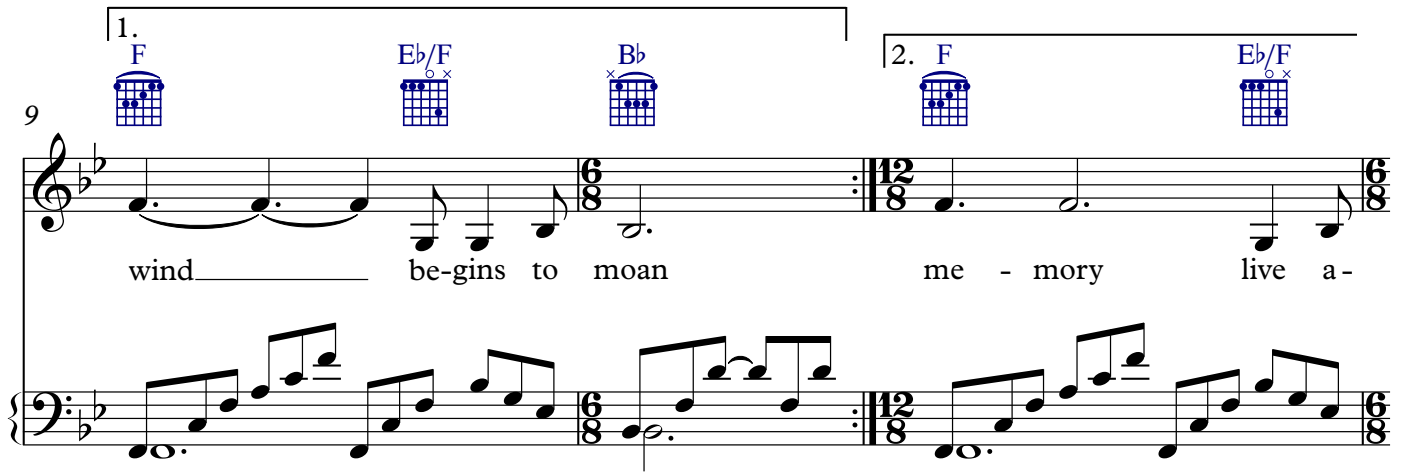
7











Cm Gm

lam - plight The wi-thered leaves col - lect at my feet And the

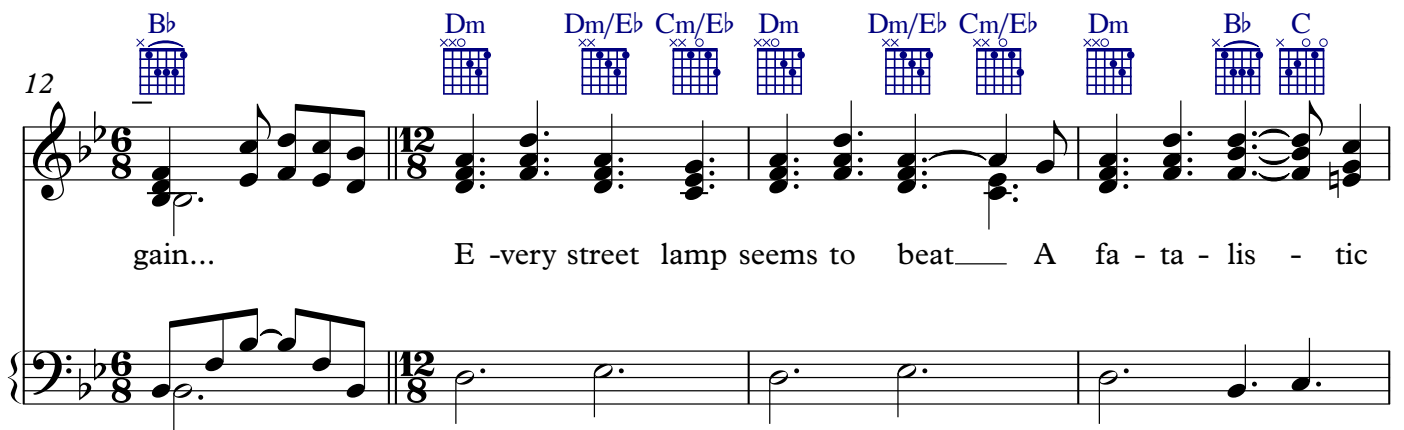
1.    2.  







9 wind _____ be-gins to moan me - mory live a -



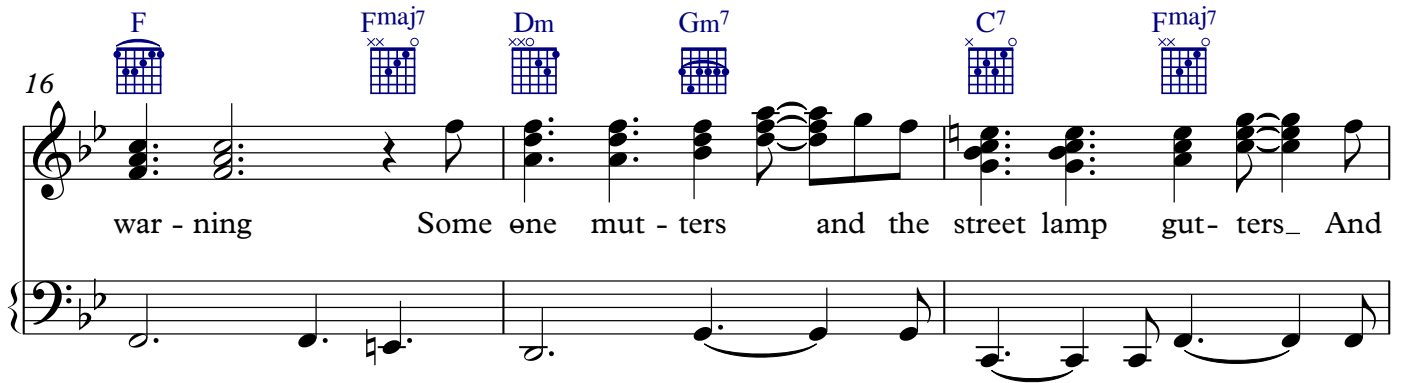
         





12 gain... E -very street lamp seems to beat___ A fa - ta - lis - tic



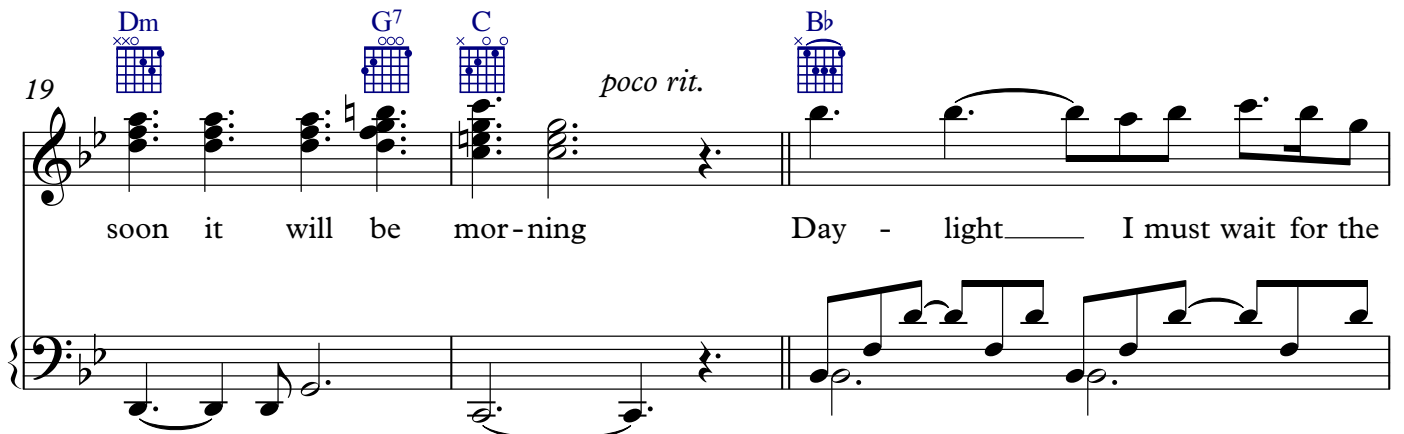
     


16 war - ning Some one mut - ters and the street lamp gut - ters_ And



   *poco rit.* 



19 soon it will be mor - ning Day - light___ I must wait for the




22  


sun - rise _____ I must think of a new life _____ And I must-n't give




24  




in _____ When the dawn comes To-night will be a



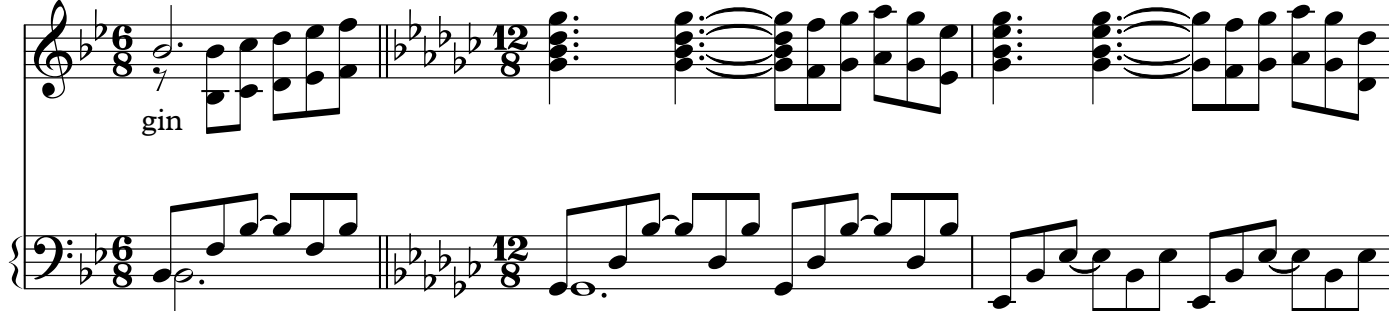
26  




me-mo-ry too _____ And the new day _____ will be-

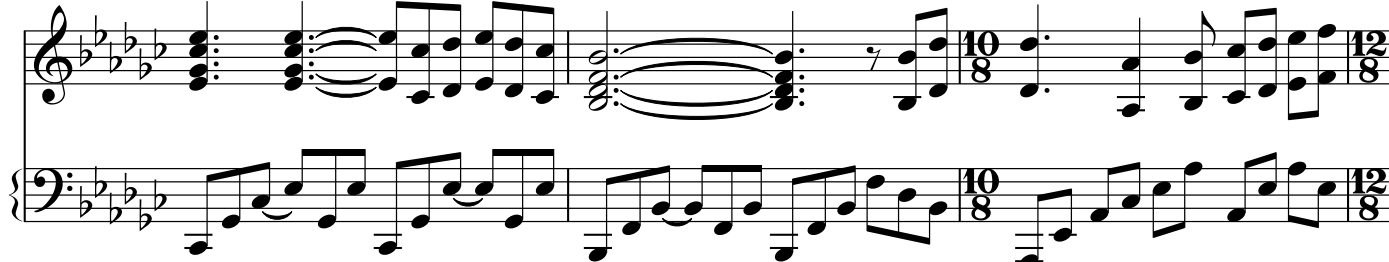


28   

gin



31   



34

Ebm Db Cb/Db Gb

37

Bbm Bbm/Cb Abm Bbm Bbm/Cb Abm Bbm Gb Ab Db

Burnt out ends of smo-ky days_ The stale cold smell_ of mor-ning A

41

Bbm Ebm Ab Db Bbm Ebm

street lamp dies A - no-thernight is o - ver_ A - no - ther day is

44

Ab Ab7 poco rit. Db Bbm

daw-ning Touch me It's so ea-sy to leave me_ All a-lone with the

47

Gb Fm Ebm(sus4) Ebm

me-mory Of my days in the sun If you touch me You'll un-der-stand what



50

hap-pi-ness is *rall.* Look, a new day has be gan... *a tempo*

53

Midnight
 Not a sound from the pavement
 Has the moon lost her memory
 She is smiling alone
 In the lamplight
 The withered leaves collect at my feet
 And the wind begins to moan

Memory,
 All alone in the moonlight
 I can smile at the old days
 I was beautiful then
 I remember the time
 I knew what happiness was
 Let the memory live again...

Every street lamp seems to beat
 A fatalistic warning
 Someone mutters and the street lamp gutters
 And soon it will be morning

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 the new day will begin

Burnt out ends of smoky days
 The stale cold smell of morning
 A 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 began...