

## Memory (Cats)

Flöte  
 Alto  
 Mid - hight not a sound from the pave - ment, has the moon lost her Memo - ry  
 Memo - ry all a - lone in the moon - light, I can smile at the old days,  
 Day - light, I must wait for the sun - rise, I must think of a new life,  
 Sy.  
 Bass  
 Pad  
 Bb Gm Eb  
 I VI IV  
 6  
 — she is smil-ing a - lone. In the lamp - light the with-ered leaves col -  
 — I was beau - ti - ful then. When the dawn comes, to - night will be a  
 — and I must' nt give in.  
 Dm Cm F7  
 III II V  
 11  
 1.  
 lect at my feet and the wind be-gins to moan.  
 hap - pi - ness was, let the memo - ry live a - gain.  
 me - mo - ry too, and a new day will be - gin.  
 Gm Bb/D Cm Eb/F Bb Bb  
 VI I I II IV 1.  
 Fine