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Close Every Door

Music by Andrew Lloyd Webber
Lyrics by Tim Rice

Espressivo

Fm

E

Fm

E

Fm

Close
cv'try

door
to
me,
Hide
to
the
world
from
me,
Bar
to
all
the
win-
dows
and

C7-9

Fm

C7-9

Fm

Db

Bbm

C7-9

Fm

C7-9

Fm

shut out the light.

1. Do what you want with me, Hate me and

2. I do not matter, I'm only one
laugh at me, person,
Darken my daytime and torture my way.

If my life were important I would ask will I live or die,
But I know the answers lie far from this world.

Close every door to me, keep those I love from me
Children of Israel are never alone
For I know I shall find my own peace of mind,
For I have been promised a land of my own.
Just give me a number instead of my name, For get all about me, and let me decay. For we know we shall find our own peace of mind, For we have been promised, a land of our own.
ANY DREAM WILL DO
Music by ANDREW LLOYD WEBBER
Lyrics by TIM RICE
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Moderato

B♭

Cm

B♭

Dm F7 B♭

Dm F7 B♭

I closed my eyes,

drew back the curtain,

E♭ B♭

F7

B♭

To see for certain what I thought I knew.

Dm F7 B♭

Dm F7 B♭

Far, far away, someone was weeping.
But the world was sleeping, Any dream will do.

I wore my coat with golden lining.

Bright colours shining, wonderful and new.

And in the East the dawn was breaking,
The world was waking, any dream will do.

A crash of drums, a flash of light, my golden coat flew out of sight.

The colours faded into darkness, I was left alone.

May I return
to the beginning, The light is dimming
and the dream is too. The world and I
we are still waiting, Still hesitating,
a-ny dream will do, a-ny dream will do.
Maestoso

E \[ \text{Chords and notation} \]

A/E \[ \text{Chords and notation} \]

D/E \[ \text{Chords and notation} \]

A/E \[ \text{Chords and notation} \]

E \[ \text{Chords and notation} \]

\textit{a tempo – Lively rock}

E \[ \text{Chords and notation} \]

G6 \[ \text{Chords and notation} \]

A7 \[ \text{Chords and notation} \]

Ev’ry time I look at you I don’t understand,
Tell me what you think about your friends at the top,
why you let the things you did get
who d’you think besides yourself’s the

so out of hand.
pick of the crop?
You’d have managed better if you’d had
Buddha, was he where it’s at? Is he where you are?

G6 \[ \text{Chords and notation} \]
why'd you choose such a back-ward time and could Ma - hom - et such a strange land?
could move a moun-tain or was that just P. R.?

If you'd come to-day you would have reached a whole na - tion, Did you mean to die like that? Was that a mis - take or

Israel in four B.C. had no mass com - mu - ni - cation. did you know your mes - sy death would be a re - cord brea - ker?

Don't you get me wrong. (don't you get me wrong now.) Don't you get me wrong (don't you get me wrong)
Jesus Christ, super-star, do you think you’re what they say you are?

1.

Repeat to Fade
I DON'T KNOW HOW TO LOVE HIM
MUSIC BY ANDREW LLOYD WEBBER
LYRICS BY TIM RICE

Slowly, tenderly and very expressively

I don't know how to love _____ him
What to do, how to

move _____ him, I've been changed
yes really changed
In these
past few days when I’ve seen myself I seem like someone

else I don’t know how to take this.

I don’t see why he moves me, He’s a man he’s just a

man And I’ve had so many men before in
fun - ny
loved____me
I should be in this po - si - tion? I'm the
I'd be lost I'd be fright - ened I could - n't

one
cope
who's al - ways been
just could - n't cope
So calm
I'd turn
so cool
my head

no lov'er's fool
I'd back a - way
I would - n't want to
know

1. D

2. D G D/F# Em D G D/F# Em D

so
so
I want him
I love him

He scares me
He scares me
He scares me
Moderato, ad lib.

F\#m  F\#m/E  D  A

Je-sus I am o-ver-joyed to meet you face to face

p  colla voce

F\#m  F\#m/E  D  A  F\#m  C\#m

You’ve been get-ting quite a name all a-round the place— Heal-ing cri-p-ples

D  A  D  A/C#  Bm  A  D  A/C#

rais-ing from the dead And now I un-der-stand you’re God at least that’s what you’ve
Moderato, ragtime style

said So you are the Christ you’re the great Jesus Christ_

Prove to me that you’re divine Change my water

into wine If you do that for me then I’ll let you go free

C’mon King of the Jews.
Jesus you just won't believe the hit you've made 'round here

You are all we talk about, the wonder of the year

Oh what a pity if it's all a lie

Still I'm sure that you can rock the cynics if you try.
I only ask things I'd ask any superstar

What is it that you have got that puts you where you are?

I am waiting yes I'm a captive fan I'm
dy-ing to be shown that you are not just any man

you are the Christ yes the great Jesus Christ

Feed my household with this bread you can do it on your head Or has

something gone wrong? Why do you take so long?
C'm on King of the Jews.
Hey! Aren't you scared of me Christ? Mister Wonderful Christ!
You're a joke, you're not the Lord!

Moderato, ragtime style

You're nothing but a fraud. Take him away, he's got nothing to say!
Get out you King of the Jews.


\( \text{(Shout) get out} \quad \text{(Sing) get out you} \)

King of the Jews!

(Shout) Get out you King of the Jews!

Get out of my life!

34
RAINBOW HIGH
MUSIC BY ANDREW LLOYD WEBBER
LYRICS BY TIM RICE

I don’t really think I need the reasons why I
won’t succeed, I have done! Let’s get this show on the road, let’s make it

obvious Pe-ron is off and roll-ing Eyes! Hair! Mouth! Fi-gure! Dress! Voice!

molto

moltto
Eyes! Hair! Mouth! Figure! Dress! Voice! Style! Image! Style! Movement!

Hands! Magic! Rings! Glamour! Face! Diamonds! Excitement! Image!

Hands! Magic! Rings! Glamour! Face! Diamonds! Excitement! Image!

pect me to outshine the enemy the aristocracy I won't disappoint them.

I'm their saviour! That's what they call me so Lauren Ba-call me Anything
F#/
A#       
A             B7        E     G

goes:    To make me fan-tas-tic  I have to be Rain-bow High!  In ma-gi-cal

D

col-ours: You’re not de-co-ra-ting a girl for a night on the town!  And

I’m not a se-cond rate queen get-ting kicks with a crown!

C7

Next stop will be Eu-rope!  the Rain-bow’s gon-na tour.
Dressed up, somewhere to go; we'll put on a show!

Look out mighty Europe! Because you oughtta know

what you get in me: Just a little touch of, Just a little touch of Argentina's brand of star quality!
DON'T CRY FOR ME ARGENTINA

MUSIC BY ANDREW LLOYD WEBBER
LYRICS BY TIM RICE

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Slowly

INTRODUCTION

\[ \text{Db} \]

\[ \text{Gb/Db} \]

\[ \text{Ab7/Db} \]

\[ \text{Db} \]

\[ \text{Fm} \]

\[ \text{Bbm} \]

\[ \text{Eb} \]

\[ \text{Eb7} \]

\[ \text{Eb7/Db} \]

\[ \text{Ab/C} \]

\[ \text{poco ritard} \]

\[ \text{Ab} \]

\[ \text{Db} \]

\[ \text{Gb/Db} \]

Tempo 1°

VERSE

\[ \text{Db} \]

\[ 1. \text{It won't be easy, you'll think it strange} \]

When I

\[ \text{quasi harp} \]
try to explain how I feel,
That I still need your love after all that I've done:

You won't believe me All you will see is a girl you once knew

though she's dressed up to the nines at sixes and sevens with you.

VERSE

2. I had to let it happen, I had to change; Couldn't stay all my life down at heel: Looking
out of the window, staying out of the sun. So I chose freedom

Running around trying everything new, but nothing impressed me at all, I

never expected it to. Don’t cry for me Argentina the

truth is I never left you: All through my wild days, my mad existence, I kept my
VERSE

promise, Don’t keep your distance...

3. And as for

fortune and as for fame, I never invited them in

Though it

seemed to the world they were all I desired. They are illusions, they are

not the solutions they promised to be, the answer was here all the time

I
distance

Have I said too much? There's nothing more I can think of to say to you
colla voce

But all you have to do is

ritard.

Refrain grandioso

look at me to know that ev'ry word is true.
ANOTHER SUITCASE IN ANOTHER HALL
MUSIC BY ANDREW LLOYD WEBBER
LYRICS BY TIM RICE
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Allegro

B E/B B7 E/B B C#m/B B

A/B B A/B B A/B

B A/B B

I don’t ex-pect my Time and time a-
Call in three months’
Love affairs to last for long,
never fool my
my

I’ve said that I don’t care,
that I’m immune to

time and I’ll be fine,
know,
well may be not that


C#m7 F# B F# B

that my dreams will come true.
Being used to

that I’m hard through and through.

But every time it

fine but I’ll survive anyhow.

I won’t recall the


E F# G#m B/F#

trouble, anticipate it,
but all the same I

matters all my words desert me,
so anyone can

names and places of this sad occasion,
but that’s no consol...
E  
B

hate it,  
hurt me,  
la
tion,  
would - n’t you?  
and they do.  
here and now.  

So what happens

F#  
B  
F#

now?

So what happens now?

CHOIR

An-
other suit-case in an-
other hall,
take your pic-
ture off an-

B  
E  
G#m

Where am I go-
ing to?

B  
E  
G#m

Where am I

oth-
er wall,
you’ll get by, you al-
ways have be-
fore,
HIGH FLYING ADORED

MUSIC BY ANDREW LLOYD WEBBER
LYRICS BY TIM RICE

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Vivace

F

Am

Bb

F

High flying adored,
High flying adored,
so young,
what happens now,
where do you

C

F

Am

in-stant queen.
A rich beautiful thing
of all the

F

some-one on top of the world

Am
tal-ents, view's not
across be-tween a fanc-ta-sy of the bed-
not ex-actly clear, a shame you did it all

room and a saint.
at twenty six.
And you were just a back
There are no mys-

street girl, hust-ling and fight-ing, scratch-ing and bit-ing.
teries now, no-thing can thrill you, no one ful-fill you.

High fly-ing ad-ored, did you be-lieve in your wild-est mo-ments
tHigh fly-ing ad-ored, I hope you come to terms with bore-dom.
G A G D
High flying a-

dored, I've been called names, but they're the strangest.

D F#m G A
My story's quite usual, local girl makes

A D C/G
good, weds famous man, I was slap in the right
place at the perfect time. Filled a gap,

I was lucky, but one thing I'll say for me,

no one else can fill it like I

do.

rall.
**MEMORY**

**MUSIC BY ANDREW LLOYD WEBBER**

**TEXT BY TREVOR NUNN AFTER T.S. ELIOT**

Freely [♩ = 50]

**GRIZABELLA**

*Bb*

Midnight. Not a sound from the pavement. Has the moon lost her

Memory. All alone in the moonlight I can smile at the

...me memory? She is smiling alone. In the old days, I was beautiful then...

...mem lamp-light the withered leaves collect at my feet. And the

...member the time I knew what happiness was. Let the
wind begins to moan. memory

Every street lamp seems to beat a

fatalistic warning. Someone mutters and a

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 to-night will be a memory too And a

new day will begin.

a tempo

Bb

Gm

Eb

Dm

Cm

Gm

F

Eb/F

Bb

Gb

Em

Cb

Bbm
Burnt out ends of smoky days,

stale cold smell of morning.
The street lamp dies, another

night is over, another day is dawning.
a tempo

Db

Bbm

Touch me. It's so easy to leave me. All alone with the

a tempo

Gb rall.

Fm

Gb7sus4

Ebm7

memory. Of my days in the sun. If you touch me you'll understand what

rall.

a tempo

Bbm rall.

Ab

Gb/Ab D♭

happiness is. Look, a new day has begun.

rall.

a tempo — slightly slower

a tempo — slightly slower
SOLO You ought to ask Mr. Mistoffelees! The Original Conjuring Cat. The greatest magicians have something to learn from

Mister Mistoffelees's Conjuring Turn. Presto! And we all say:

Oh Well I never! Was there ever a cat so clever as Magical Mister Mistoffe-

fel-ees! fel-ees! He is quiet, he is small, he is black and aloof, From his You would
ears to the tip of his tail; think there was no body shy-er,
He can creep through the ti- ni-est crack, But his voice has been heard on the roof
When

walk on the nar-row-est rail. he was curled up by the fire. He can pick a ny card from a pack, And he's some-times been heard by the fire, He is
When

equal-ly cun-ning with dice; he was a-bout on the roof (At least we all heard that some-body purred) Which is

on-ly hunt-ing for mice. He can play an-ny trick with a cork Or a spoon and a bit of fish paste; If you in-con-test-a-ble proof. Of his sin-gu-lar ma-gi-cal powers: And I've known the family to call Him

C7
look for a knife or a fork in from the gar-den for hours,
And you think it is mere-ly mis-placed, You have
While he was a-sleep in the hall.

seen it one mo-ment, and then it is gawn! But you'll find it next week ly-ing out on the lawn.
not long a-go this phe-no-me-nal cat Pro-duced se-ven kit-tens right out of a hat!

To Coda
CODA

And we all say:
And we all said:

Oh! Well I ne-ver! Was there e-ver a cat so cle-ver as

Ma-gi-cal Mis-ter Mis-tof-fees!  Ladies and gentlemen, I give
fel-ees! you the marvellous, Magical
Mister Mistoffeles! Presto!
Gus is the Cat at the coat's very shabby, he's played, in my time, every knew how to act with my

Theatre Door. His name, as I ought to have told you be-
thin as a rake, And he suffers from palsy that makes his paw possible part, And I used to know seventy speeches by back and my tail; With an hour of rehearsal, I never could fore, Is really Asparagus. But that's such a fuss To pro-
shake. Yet he was, in his youth, quite the smartest of cats. But no heart. I'd extemporize back-chat, I knew how to gag. And I fail: I'd a voice that would soften the hardest of hearts, Whether
nounce, that we us-ually call him just Gus. His
long-er a ter-ror to mice and to
knew how to let the cat out of the bag. I
I took the lead, or in char-ac-ter

is-n’t the cat that he was in his prime; Though his name was quite

ev-er he jo-ins his friends at their club (Which takes place at the

sat by the bed-side of poor lit-tle Nell; When the Cur-few was

Pan-to-mime sea-son I ne-ver fell flat, and I once un-der-

fam-ous, he says, in his time. And when-
back of the neigh-bour-ing rung, then I swung on the bell. In the

studied Dick Whit-ting-ton’s

To Coda (4th time)
gale them, if someone else pays, With anecdotes drawn from his palmiest
days. For he once was a Star of the highest degree: He has acted with
Irving, he’s acted with Tree. And he calls. But his grandest creation, as
he loves to tell, Was Fiddler, the Fiend of the Fell.
I have created a wonderful creature. But my grandest creation, as history will tell, was Firefiddle, the Fiend of the Fell.

Then if someone will give him a toothful of

He will tell how he once played a part in 'East Lynne'. At a Shakespeare performance...
for-mance he once walked on pat, when some ac-tor sug-ges-ted the need for a cat. And I
meno mosso
say: Now, these kit-ten-s, they do-not get trained. As we did in the
meno mosso
days when Vic-tor-i-a reigned. They smart, just to jump through a hoop. And he says as he scratch-es him-
D/F# F#7 Bm Bm SOLO Em7 A
self with his claws: Well, the Thea-tre is cer-tain-ly not what it was. These
modern productions are all very well, but there's nothing to equal, from what I hear tell. That moment of mystery When I made history As

Fire, fro-fiddle, the Fiend of the Fell.

GUS (Sung reprise)
And I once crossed the stage on a telegraph wire,
To rescue a child when a house was on fire.
And I think that I still can much better than most,
Produce blood-curding noises to bring on the Ghost.
I once played Growtiger, could do it again . . .
TELL ME ON A SUNDAY
MUSIC BY ANDREW LLOYD WEBBER
LYRICS BY DON BLACK

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\[d=126\]

\[
C \quad G7 \quad F \quad Bb \quad F \quad C \quad G7
\]

\[mp \ espressivo\]

\[
C \quad G7 \quad C \quad Dm \quad G
\]

Don’t write a letter when you want to leave,

\[
Em \quad Am \quad F \quad Am \quad Dm7 \quad Em7
\]

Don’t call me at 3 a.m. from a friend’s apartment; I’d like to choose How I
Bb  Eb  Bb  G  F  Bb  F

hear the news; Take me to a park that's covered with trees; Tell me

C  G7  C  C  G7  C

on a Sunday please. Let me down easy.

Dm  G  Em  Am

no big song and dance, No long faces no long looks,

F  Am7  Dm7  Em7

no deep conversation I know the way we should
Bb  E♭  Bb  C  G  F  Bb  F
spend the day;  Take me to a zoo that’s got chim-pan-zees,  Tell me

C  G7  C
poco animato

on a Sun - day please.  Don’t want to know who’s to blame,

Bb  F/A

It won’t help know-ing.  Don’t want to fight day and night,  bad e-nough you’re go-ing.

Fm/Ab  C/G  F  Bb  Am  G
rallentando

G7/F  C  Dm  G

Don’t leave in si - lence with no words at all.

79
Don't get drunk and slam the door; That's no way to end this; I know how I want you to say goodbye; Find a circus ring with a flying trapeze; Tell me on a Sunday please.

I don't want to fight day and night; Bad enough you're going. Don't leave in silence.
with no words at all;
Don’t get drunk and slam the door,
That’s no way to end this;
I

know how I want you to say good-bye;
Don’t run off in the pouring rain;
Don’t call

me as they call your ’phone;
Take the hurt out of all the pain!
Take me to a park that’s

co-erred with trees,
Tell me on a Sunday please.

81
UNEXPECTED SONG

MUSIC BY ANDREW LLOYD WEBBER
LYRICS BY DON BLACK

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D

I have never felt like this,
don’t know what’s going on,can’t work it out at

Em/D

A/D

I’m lost for

Bm

Bm/A

A/G

G

G/A

words,
your smile has really thrown me.
whatever made you choose me?
This is not like me at all
I just can’t believe my eyes,
I never thought I knew
the kind of love you’ve shown me.

Now no matter where I am,
no matter what I do,
I see your face appearing
like an unexpected song,

that only we are hearing.
2. D

hearding.

I have never felt like this, for once I'm lost for

Em Em/D D/C C C/D G

words, your smile has really thrown me. This is not like me at

Am/G D/G Em Em/D D/C C C/D

all, I never thought I'd know the kind of love you've shown me.

G G7 C

Now, no matter where I am no matter what I do, I see your face ap
Like an unexpected song, an unexpected
Like an unexpected song that only we are hearing.
You must be mistaken, it
must be mistaken, I'm
I'm not mistaken, it

You could've been sure that you
There's more than one car with stick-ers on
I'm not very clear how it began

With big black eyes and a smile

He's doing some deal up in Balt-i-more now,
and lots of young guys wear cor-du-ray pants and I'd
I noticed a change but I just closed my eyes as
1. **G**  **G/A**  **D**  
   hate it when he's away.

2. **G**  **G/A**  
   You know if he hadn't gone,

   **D**  **CHORUS**  **D**  
   (Backing Vocals)  
   Take that look off your face_  
   No I didn't dig deep_  
   I can see through your smile_  
   (I did not want to know_)

   **A7**  
   not want to know_  
   (I can see through your smile_)
   You would

   **D**  **A7**  
   love to be right_  
   I bet you didn't sleep good last night_,
   don't interfere when you're scared of the things you might hear_ when he's
wait to bring all of that bad news to my door. Well I've
back, you think I will end it right there and then. Well my

G

3° Segue *

G D/F# Em7 D

G/D D

got news for you
fair wea- ther friend
I knew be- fore
you're wrong a- gain.

D

3. If
(Take that

D

Gadd9/D

look off your face (I can see through your smile) I can
D

see through your smile, you would love to be right, I bet

A7

you didn't sleep good last night, couldn't wait to bring

G7 Bm G

all of that bad news to my door, well I've got news for you_

G D/F# Em7 D

I knew before, (Take that

Gadd9/D Repeat and Fade
The Last Man in My Life

Music by Andrew Lloyd Webber
Lyrics by Don Black

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Allegretto

C  F/C  C  C

I'm a lady when you feelings stir in -

Cmaj7  F

kiss me, I'm a child when you are leaving, I'm a
side me, used to think nights were for sleeping, being

Dm7  G7  C  F/C

woman every time our bodies meet common
wanted is a thrill I never knew till
complete. Long lost you. Now I'm a-

live, inside I'm glowing, I'm how I want to

be, loving you I can be me, just

me. It's the first time when you touch me, now I long for rainy
morn-ing, I am cer-tain you’re the last man in my life.

I’m a la-dy when you kiss me, I’m a feel-ings stir in-side me, used to
child when you are leaving, I'm a woman ev'ry

think nights were for sleeping, being wanted is a

time our bodies meet complete. Long lost you.

Now I'm alive, inside I'm glowing, I'm how I want to

be, loving you I can be me, just me. It's the
Db
first time when you touch me, now I long for rainy mornings, tell each
rainbow I was after, no more dreams with one face missing, I am

Ebm7
other to find all we're looking for and more. Found the
certain you're the

2. rall. a tempo
Ab7
last man in my life.

Ebm7
Db
Db
Db

Ab7
Db
Gb
Db

Gb
Db
Db
Db

Ebm

94
Dei, Agnus Dei, Agnus Dei, Qui
Dei, Agnus Dei, Agnus Dei.

Eb7
Ab/Eb
Bbm7/Ab
Eb7

tolis pec- cata mundi, do- na e- is re- qui- em,
tolis pec- cata mundi, do- na e- is re- qui- em,
Bbm7  Eb7  Ab  Abmaj7

rall.  pp  slow

dona eis requiem.

ternam, semipernam, requiem.

ternam, semipernam, semiper

Ab6  Ab  Db  Bbm7  Eb7  Db/Ab  Bbm/Ab  Ab.
There's Me

Musical by Andrew Lloyd Webber
Lyrics by Richard Stilgoe

All alone, you think you're
By yourself, you have to

On your own, you think there's no one
In the world who cares for you.

That cry yourself, no body else can
cry the tears you have to cry but

Isn't true, there's me.
I will try, there's me.

I may not be the one you
Until then, when you're O.
To Coda ♩

want to see, but if you need someone who's kind, then
K. again you look around, find

look behind and then you'll find there's me.

I'll be near, standing by, never fear, you can cry,

in a while you will smile and I'll be there to see.
Coda

I'm no longer there, I'll

cresc.

f mf

cresc.

f rall.

still be near somewhere, you're not alone, there's me, there's

cresc.

f mf
cresc.

Fm7 F7 Bb F7/C Bb/D

always me.

f

mf

2.

I'll

cresc.

mf

me.
When your good-nights have been said and you are take me away but bring me

lying in bed with the covers pulled up tight, and though you
back before daylight, and in the time between take me to
count every sheep you get the feeling that sleep is going to stay away tonight.
but don't abandon me there just want to say I've been.
I believe in you completely though I may be dreaming sweetly.
That's when you hear it coming, that's when you hear the humming of the midnight train.
I can hear the train, here again; here again;
can't explain that midnight train, that midnight train.
Star-light Ex-press, you must confess are you real, yes or no?

Star-light Ex-press, answer me yes, I don't want you to go.

Want you to
Star-light Ex-press, answer me yes, I
don’t want you to go.

you must confess, are you real, yes or no?

Star-light Ex-press, answer me yes, I don’t want you to go.
ONLY YOU

MUSIC BY ANDREW LLOYD WEBBER
LYRICS BY RICHARD STILGEO

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Colla voce

D

RUSTY

PEARL, I had to find you

why you look-ing blue?
I'm sor-ry you nev-er found your dream-train.

Dadd9

PEARL

Rus-ty, I have found him,
but you were look-ing too,
for the

Star-light Ex-press,
did you have such suc-cess?
Yes I found him O.-K., now I'm
Em7  Em7/A  D  F#m  Gadd9  A  D  F#m
a tempo, moderately

brave enough to say: Only you have the power to move me,

Gadd9  A  F#m7  Bm  Em7  Em7/A

and together we'll make the whole world move in sympathy.

You and me, we'll be sub-

D  F#m  Gadd9  Em7/A  D  F#m  Gadd9  A  D  F#m

lime.

Only he has the power to move me,

Gadd9  A  F#m7  Bm  Em7  Em7/A  Em7/D  D

take me, make me, mould me and improve me; only you have the power to move me.
MAKE UP MY HEART
MUSIC BY ANDREW LLOYD WEBBER
LYRICS BY RICHARD STILGOE
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Moderately

It's time I chose between the two of them, 
I don't want one to win and one to lose, 
I'd better make a
can't tell them yes or

Am

Bb

Gm

F

F/A Gm

F/C

Gm/C

C

F

mf
Some-one help me make up my heart,
Choosing one means letting one go,
tell me how to make up my heart,
can't face letting one of them go.
twice the fun,
two of them,
some-one help me make up my heart,
1. One of them is strong, one of them is  
   good, both could turn out half, So who gets the part, make up my  

   why tear myself in wrong, mind, (please) make up my heart.

2. & One can make me laugh, one can make me
   unique, why cry myself in half, So who gets the part, make up my  

   both could turn out half, So who gets the part, make up my  

   why tear myself in wrong, mind, (please) make up my heart.
D.₅. al Coda  CODA

F

heart.

Am

One can make me

laugh, one can make me

sigh, why tear myself in half, so who gets the

Bb

F/A

Gm

F/C

Gm

F/C

Gm/C

C7

Gm7

C7

F/C

Gm/C

F/A

Gm

F

Gm/C

F/C

Gm7/C

F

rall.

part, make up my

heart.

rall.
ALL I ASK OF YOU

MUSIC BY ANDREW LLOYD WEBBER
LYRICS BY CHARLES HART
ADDITIONAL LYRICS BY RICHARD STILGEOE

Andante

RAOUL  Db

No more talk of darkness, forget these wide-eyed fears: I'm

Dbmaj7  Gb6  Cb  Ab/C

here, nothing can harm you, my words will warm and calm you.

Db

Let me be your freedom, let daylight dry your tears; I'm
here, with you, beside you, to guard you and to guide you.

Say you love me every waking moment, turn my head with talk of

summer-time.

Say you need me with you now and always;

promise me that all you say is true,
that's all I ask of

122
Let me be your shelter, let me be your light: you're safe, no one will find you. Your fears are far behind you. All I want is freedom, a world with no more night.

You, always beside me, to hold me and to hide me. Then say you'll share with me one love, one lifetime; let me lead you from your solitude.
Say you need me with you, here beside you, anywhere you go, let me go too, Christine, that's all I ask of you. Say you'll share with me one love, one lifetime; say the word and I will follow you. Share each day with me, each night, each morning. Say you love me! You know I
do.
Love me, that's all I ask of you.

Anywhere you go, let me go.

too; love me, that's all I ask of you.
MUSIC OF THE NIGHT
MUSIC BY ANDREW LLOYD WEBBER
LYRICS BY CHARLES HART
ADDITIONAL LYRICS BY RICHARD STILGOE
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Andante

Night time sharpens, heightens each sensation; darkness stirs and

wakes imagination. Silently the senses abandon their defences.

rall. a tempo

Slowly, gently.
night unfurls its splendour; grasp it, sense it, tremulous and tender.

Turn your face away from the garish light of day, turn your thoughts away from cold, unfeeling light and listen to the music of the night. Close your eyes and surrender to your darkest dreams! Purge your thoughts of the life you knew before! Close your
let your spirit start to soar
and you’ll live as you’ve never lived before.

Softly, deftly, music shall caress you. Hear it, feel it.

secretly possess you. Open up your mind, let your fantasies unwind in this
darkness which you cannot fight, the darkness of the music of the
Let your mind start a journey through a strange, new world leave all thoughts of the world you knew before. Let your soul take you where you long to be! Only then can you belong to me.

Floating, falling, sweet intoxication. Touch me, trust me, savour each sensation.
Let the dream begin, let your darker side give in to the power of the music that I write.

power of the music of the night.

You alone can make my song take flight, help me make the music of the night.
Wishing You Were Somehow Here Again

Andante

You were once my one companion.

You were all that mattered. You were once a friend and father, then my world was shattered.
più mosso

Wishing you were somehow here again,

near;
sometimes it seemed if I just dreamed.

somehow you would be here.

Wishing I could hear your voice again,

knowing that I never would.
dreaming of you won't help me to do all that you dreamed.

could.

cold and monumental, seem for you the

wrong companions; you were warm and gentle.
a tempo 1°
G  -  -  -  -  Am/G  -  -  -  -

poco accelerando
D  -  -  -  -  C  D/C  Bm7  Em

Too many years fighting back tears.

Bm7  Em  D

why can't the past just die?

più mosso  Bb  Cm/Bb  rit.  ten.

Wishing you were somehow here again,
knowing we must say good -
bye. Try to forgive, teach me to live.
give me the strength to try. No more memories, no more silent tears, no more gazing across the wasted years. Help me say goodbye! Help me say goodbye!
The Phantom Of The Opera

Music by Andrew Lloyd Webber
Lyrics by Charles Hart
Additional lyrics by Richard Stilgoe & Mike Batt

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Allegro—vivace

Dm

Dm

Dm

Dm

Bb

Ab

Bb

Bb

B

C

C#m

Dm

CHRISTINE

Gsus4

Gm

C

Dm

In sleep he sang to me, in dreams he came.
that voice which calls to me and speaks my name.

And do I dream again? for now I find

the phantom of the opera is there.

inside my mind.
Sing once a-

again with me our strange du-
et;

over you grows strong-
er yet.

And though you

turn from me to glance be-

the
phantom of the opera is there inside your mind.

Those who have seen your face draw back in fear.

I am the mask you wear. It's me they
Phantom of the Opera is here inside my mind. (Spoken) Sing, my angel of music! He's there the Phantom of the Opera.

Ah! Sing, my angel, sing!
Ah!

(1st) Sing for me!

2.

Ah!

Sing, my

Ah!

angel of music!