

Lament

Andrew Lloyd Webber

Eva:

The choice was mine, and mine completely
I could have any prize that I desired
I could burn with the splendor of the brightest fire
Or else,
Or else I could choose...time.
Remember, I was very young then,
And a year was forever and a day.
So what use could 50, 60, 70 be?
I saw the lights and I was on my way.
And how I lived!
How they shone!
But how soon the lights were gone...

The choice was mine, and no one else's.
I could have the millions at my feet,
Give my life to the people I might never meet.
Or else...
To children of my own.
Remember, I was very young then,
Thought I needed the numbers on my side.
Thought the more who loved me, the more loved I'd be.
That such things could not be multiplied.
Oh my daughter!
Oh my son!
Understand what I have done...

Che:

The choice was yours and no one else's.
You can cry for a body in despair.
Hang your head because she is no longer there.
To shine, to dazzle, or betray.
Or else,
Or else you could be grateful.
Once the flesh and the fantasy grow cold.
That the stars would not allow her to grow old...
But I, I will tell them all.

Beauticians:

Eyes, hair, face, image...
All must be preserved.
Still life displayed forever.
No less than she deserved.

(ringing bells)