MASQUERADE

Music by ANDREW LLOYD WEBBER
Lyrics by CHARLES HART
Additional lyrics by RICHARD STILGoe

Presto

A          E/A          Bm/A          D/A

Moderato  

CHORUS  C          G/C          Dm/C

Masquerade, paper faces on parade.

F         C          G         C         G/C

Masquerade, hide your face so the world will never find you.  Masquerade, every
face a different shade, masquerade, look around there's another mask behind you. Flash of

mauve, splash of puce, fool and king, shoul and goose, green and black, queen and priest, trace of rouge, face of beast.

Faces, take your turn, take a ride on the merry-go-round. Eye of gold, thigh of blue, true is false, who is who, curl of lip, swirl of gown, ace of hearts, face of clown.
Faces, drink it in, drink it up, till you've drowned in the light, in the sound, but who can name the

face? Masquerade, grinning yellows, spinning reds. Masquerade, take your fill, let the

spectacle astound you. Masquerade, burning

glances, turning heads, masquerade, stop and stare at the
sea of smiles around you. Masquerade, seething shadows, breathing lies,

masquerade you can fool any friend who ever knew you.

Masquerade, leering satyrs, peering eyes, masquerade, run and hide, but a

face will still pursue you. What a night, what a crowd, makes you glad, makes you proud, all the
creme de la creme watching us, And watching them, all our fears are in the

six months of relief, of delight, of Elysian peace. And we can breathe at

no more ghost, here's a health, here's a toast to a

prosperous year, to the new chandelier, And may its splendour never
six months, what a joy, what a change, what a blessed release and what a masquerade!

faces on parade, masquerade, hide your face, so the world will never find you.

Masquerade, every face a different shade,
masquerade, look around, there's another mask behind you.

Masquerade, burning glances, turning heads, Masquerade, stop and stare at the

sea of smiles around you. Masquerade, grinning yellows, spinning reds,

masquerade, take your fill, let the spectacle astound you.