

Don't cry for me Argentina

M: Andrew Lloyd Webber W: Tim Rice
(from Evita) (Arr. Wayne Richmond, 2014)

$\text{♩} = 80$

F1.
F2.

8

F1.
F2.

A *Harp & plucky guitars start*

16

S.
It won't be ea-sy, you'll think it strange when I try to ex-plain how I feel, that I

21

S.
still need love af-ter all that I've done: _____ You won't be - lieve me All you will see is a

26 *Harp/Gtr stop*

S.
girl you once knew al-though she's dressed up to the nines at six-es and se-vens with you.

B

31

S.
I had to let it hap-pen, I had to change' Could-n't stay all my life down at heel' Look-ing

F1.
F2.

36

S. *out of the win-dow, stay-ing out of the sun. So I chose free - dom Run-ning a round try-ing*

F1.

F2.

41

S. *ev-'ry-thing new, but no-thing im-pressed me at all, I nev-er ex-pect ed it to.*

F1.

F2.

46 C

S. *Don't cry for me Ar-gen - ti - na the truth is I nev - er left you. All through my*

F1.

F2.

50 *Stop*

S. *wild days, — my mad ex - ist-ence, I kept my prom-ise — don't keep your dis-tance. —*

F1.

F2.

55 **D** Harp/Guitar arpeggios

S. As as for for-tune, and as for fame; I nev-er in - vi - ted them in: Though it

F1.

F2.

60

S. seemed to the world they were all I de-sired. They are il - lu - sions They're not the so - lu - tions they

F1.

F2.

65

S. prom-ised to be, the an-swer was here all the time, I love you, and hope you love me. *Stop*

F1.

F2.

70 **E** *p* All sops

S. Don't cry for me Ar-gen - ti - na. Mm Mm

74

S. Mm

F Chorus 2 *Slow tango feel*

78 *f*

S. 
Don't cry for me Ar-gen - ti - na. The truth is I nev - er left you. All through my

F1. *f* 

F2. *f* 


82

S. 
wild days — my mad ex - ist-ence, I kept my prom-ise — don't keep your dis - tance. —


F1. 

F2. 

86 **G** Bridge

S. 
Have I said too much? There's noth - ing more I can think of to say to you

89

S. 
But all you have to do is look at me to know that ev - 'ry word is true.

Slow tango feel

93 **H**

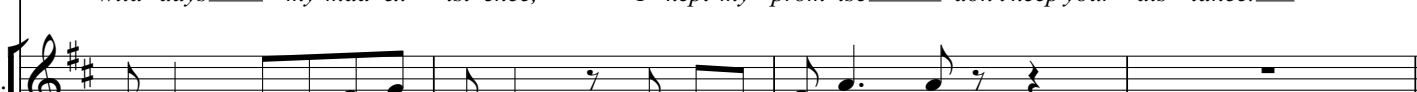
S. 
Don't cry for me Ar-gen - ti - na. The truth is I nev - er left you. All through my

F1. *f* 

F2. *f* 

97 *Solo*

S. 
wild days — my mad ex - ist-ence, I kept my prom-ise — don't keep your dis - tance. —

F1. 

F2. 