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Næsten udelukkende med sang følger man Eva gennem de fattige ungdomsår uden far til hun ved hjælp af mand efter mand stiger højere og højere op ad rangstigen i [Buenos Aires](#) finere klasser. Til sidst møder hun [Juan Perón](#), som er soldat og præsidentkandidat, og sammen vinder de valget. Eva opnår [helgenstatus](#) og bliver af sit fattige folk døbt Evita. Hun dør i en ung alder. Gennem hele hendes karriere følger en fortællerperson, 'Che', hende, og han sætter konstant et kritisk lys over hendes bedrifter. Che skal højst sandsynligt symbolisere den fattige arbejder i [Che Guevaras](#) krop og med hans idealer.

Synopsis [edit](#)

Abigail Jaye as Evita ([Gaiety Theatre, Dublin](#), in 2010)

Act I

On 26 July 1952, a crowd in a [Buenos Aires, Argentina](#) theatre is watching a movie ("A Cinema in Buenos Aires, 26 July 1952") that is interrupted when news breaks of the death of [First Lady Eva Perón](#). Both the crowd and the nation go into a period of public mourning ("Requiem for Evita") as Che, a member of the public, marvels at the spectacle and promises to show how Eva did "nothing for years" ("[Oh What a Circus](#)").

In 1934, 15-year-old Eva Duarte lives in the city of [Junín](#), and longs to seek a better life in Buenos Aires. Eva takes up with a [tango](#) singer-songwriter, [Agustín Magaldi](#), after she meets him at one of his shows ("On This Night of a Thousand Stars"). Eva persuades Magaldi to take her with him to Buenos Aires, and though he is initially resistant, he eventually accepts ("Eva, Beware of the City"). Upon her arrival in the city, Eva sings about her hopes and ambitions of glory as an actress ("Buenos Aires").

After her arrival, Eva is quick to leave Magaldi, and Che relates how Eva sleeps her way up the social ladder, becoming a model, radio star, and actress ("Goodnight and Thank You"). He then tells of both a right-wing [coup in 1943](#) and Eva's success, implying that Argentine politics and Eva's career may soon coincide. Che also makes a point to introduce the figure of [Colonel Juan Domingo Perón](#), an ambitious military colonel who was making his way up the Argentine political ladder ("The Lady's Got Potential"). In a game of [musical chairs](#) that represents the rise of political figures, Perón and other military figures compete for power and exhibit their political strategy ("The Art of the Possible").

After a massive earthquake hits the town of [San Juan](#), Perón organizes a charity concert at [Luna Park](#) to provide aid to the earthquake's victims. Eva attends and briefly reunites with Agustín Magaldi, who coldly shuns her for her past actions. Perón addresses the crowd with words of encouragement and leaps off the stage, meeting Eva as soon as he exits ("Charity Concert"). Eva and Perón share a secret rendezvous following the charity concert, where Eva hints that she could help Perón rise to power ("I'd Be Surprisingly Good For You"). Eva dismisses Perón's Mistress (the character is known only by that title), who ponders the rejection ("[Another Suitcase in Another Hall](#)").

Upon moving in with Perón, Eva is introduced to high society only to be met with disdain from the upper classes and the [Argentine Army](#) ("Perón's Latest Flame"). In 1946, after launching his presidential bid, Perón discusses his chances of winning the [election](#) with Eva. After reassuring him of their chances of winning, Eva organizes rallies for the *descamisados* and gives them hope for a better future while Perón and his allies plot to dispose of anyone who stands in their way ("A New Argentina").

During the period between Act I and Act II, Eva and Perón are married – a fact merely alluded to, in the "Casa Rosada balcony" scene, at the start of Act II.

Act II

Perón is elected [President](#) in a sweeping victory in 1946. He stands "On The Balcony of the [Casa Rosada](#)" addressing his *descamisados* (shirtless ones). Eva speaks from the balcony of the Presidential Palace to her adoring supporters, where she reveals that despite her initial goal of achieving fame and glory, she has found her true calling to be the people of her country ("[Don't Cry for Me Argentina](#)"). Che analyses the price of fame as Eva dances at the Inaugural Ball with Perón, now the president-elect ("High Flying, Adored").

Eva insists on a glamorous image to impress the people of Argentina and promote [Peronism](#). She prepares to tour Europe as she is dressed for success by her fashion consultants ("Rainbow High"). Her famous 1946 tour meets with mixed results ("Rainbow Tour"); [Spaniards](#) adore her, but the [Italians](#) liken her husband to [Benito Mussolini](#). [France](#) is impressed, and the English snub her by inviting her to a country estate, rather than [Buckingham Palace](#). Eva affirms her disdain for the upper class, while Che asks her to start helping those in need as she made a promise ("The Actress Hasn't Learned the Lines (You'd Like to Hear)"). Eva begins the [Eva Perón Foundation](#) to direct her charity work. Che describes Eva's controvertible charitable work and possible [money laundering](#) ("And the Money Kept Rolling In (And Out)").

Eva appears at a church to take the [sacrament](#) in front of her adoring supporters ("Santa Evita"), but passes out suddenly, and while unconscious, appears to have a dream that reflects upon the conflicting views of her life. In her dream, she and Che heatedly debate her actions; Che accuses Eva of using the Argentine people for her own ends, while Eva cynically replies that there is no glory in trying to solve the world's problems from the sidelines ("A Waltz for Eva and Che"). At the end of the argument, Eva finally admits to herself and Che that she is dying and can't go on for much longer. Che points out the disastrous results of Perón's policies on Argentina: its treasury is bankrupt, its once-thriving beef industry is under rationing, and the press and other critics of the regime are muzzled.

Perón's generals finally get sick of Eva's meddling and demand that Perón force her to leave politics. However, Perón objects and claims that if it weren't for her, they would never have achieved as much as they have ("She Is a Diamond"). But he also concedes that she won't be able to keep working for long as she will soon succumb to her [cancer](#). Even so, Eva is determined to run for [Vice President](#), and Perón fears that the military will stage a coup if she runs and that Eva's health is too delicate for any stressful work, but Eva insists that she can continue, despite her failing health ("Dice Are Rolling/Eva's Sonnet").

Realizing she's about to die, Eva renounces her pursuit of the vice presidency and swears her eternal love to the people of Argentina ("Eva's Final Broadcast"). Eva's numerous achievements flash before her eyes before she dies ("Montage"), and she asks for forgiveness, contemplating her choice of fame instead of long reign ("Lament"). Evita dies, and embalmers preserve her body forever. Che notes a monument was set to be built for Evita but says "only the pedestal was completed, and Evita's body disappeared for 17 years."

A Cinema In Buenos Aires, 26 July 1952

lyrics by Tim Rice, music by Andrew Lloyd Webber
Disc 1, Track 1, Time: 1:19

*(An audience is watching a less than distinguished movie.
[In both the original London and New York productions of
EVITA, a clip from one of Eva Peron's own movies was used].
The soundtrack dialogue is in Spanish, the music melodramatic.)*

(Julieta:) Carlos.

(Carlos:) Julieta, mi querida Julieta.

(Julieta:) Carlos, no tendrías que haber venido.

(Carlos:) Julieta, ni un millar de soldados me puede detener.

(Julieta:) Pero es peligroso, mi padre te arrestará.

(Carlos:) Tenía que venir.

(Julieta:) ¡Carlos!

(Carlos:) Hasta este momento, mis labios no han osado murmurar
la palabra amor.

(Julieta:) Carlos.

(Carlos:) Y mucho más que eso, mi ser todo vibra de deseo.
¿Qué fue eso? Algo se movió en el balcón de tu
padre. Si fuera ese truhán de Rodolfo, juro que mi espada no
permanecerá en su vaina.

(Julieta:) ¡Carlos, ten cuidado! Te quiero, Carlos, te quiero.

*(Suddenly the film grinds to a halt. The people in the cinema
begin to protest but are silenced by an announcement.)*

(The Voice of the Secretary of the Press:)

It is my sad duty to inform you that Eva Peron, spiritual leader
of the nation, entered immortality at 8:25 this evening.

Requiem For Evita

lyrics by Tim Rice, music by Andrew Lloyd Webber
vocals by the choir
Disc 1, Track 2, Time: 4:17

(Crowd:)

Requiem aeternum dona Evita
Requiem aeternum dona Evita
Requiem Evita, Requiem Evita
Evita, Evita, Evita, Evita

Grant eternal rest to Evita
Grant eternal rest to Evita
Rest to Evita, Rest to Evita
Evita, Evita, Evita, Evita

Requiem aeternum dona Evita
Requiem aeternum dona Evita
Requiem Evita, Requiem Evita
Evita, Evita, Evita, Evita

Oh What A Circus

lyrics by Tim Rice, music by Andrew Lloyd Webber
vocals by Antonio Banderas and Madonna
Disc 1, Track 3, Time: 5:44

(Che:)

Oh what a circus, oh what a show
Argentina has gone to town
Over the death of an actress called Eva Peron
We've all gone crazy
Mourning all day and mourning all night
Falling over ourselves to get all of the misery right

Oh what an exit, that's how to go
When they're ringing your curtain down
Demand to be buried like Eva Peron
It's quite a sunset
And good for the country in a roundabout way
We've made the front page of all the world's papers today

But who is this Santa Evita?
Why all this howling, hysterical sorrow?
What kind of goddess has lived among us?
How will we ever get by without her?

She had her moments, she had some style
The best show in town was the crowd
Outside the Casa Rosada crying, "Eva Peron"
But that's all gone now
As soon as the smoke from the funeral clears
We're all gonna see and how, she did nothing for years

(Crowd:)

Salve regina mater misericordiae
Vita dulcedo et spes nostra
Salve salve regina
Ad te clamamus exules filii Eva
Ad te suspiramus gementes et flentes
O clemens o pia

Hail, oh queen, mother of mercy
Our life, sweetness, and hope
Hail, hail, oh queen
To you we cry, exiled sons of Eve
To you we sigh, mourning and weeping
Oh clement, oh loving one

(Che:)

You let down your people Evita
You were supposed to have been immortal
That's all they wanted, not much to ask for
But in the end you could not deliver

Sing you fools, but you got it wrong
Enjoy your prayers because you haven't got long
Your queen is dead, your king is through
And she's not coming back to you

Show business kept us all alive
Since seventeen October 1945
But the star has gone, the glamour's worn thin
That's a pretty bad state for a state to be in

Instead of government we had a stage
Instead of ideas, a prima donna's rage
Instead of help we were given a crowd
She didn't say much, but she said it loud

Sing you fools, but you got it wrong

Enjoy your prayers because you haven't got long
Your queen is dead, your king is through
She's not coming back to you

(Crowd:)

Salve regina mater misericordiae
Vita dulcedo et spes nostra
Salve salve regina Peron
Ad te clamamus exules filii Eva
Ad te suspiramus gementes et flentes
O clemens o pia

(Eva:)

Don't cry for me Argentina
For I am ordinary, unimportant
And undeserving of such attention
Unless we all are, I think we all are
So share my glory, so share my coffin
So share my glory, so share my coffin

(Che:)

It's our funeral too

On This Night Of A Thousand Stars

lyrics by Tim Rice, music by Andrew Lloyd Webber

vocals by Jimmy Nail

Disc 1, Track 4, Time: 2:25

(Che:)

Now Eva Peron had every disadvantage
You need if you're gonna succeed
No money, no cash
No father, no bright lights
There was nowhere she'd been
At the age of fifteen

As this tango singer found out
Agustin Magaldi
Who has the distinction of being the first

Man to be of use to Eva Duarte

(Magaldi:)

On this night of a thousand stars
Let me take you to heaven's door
Where the music of love's guitars
Plays for evermore

In the glow of those twinkling lights
We shall love through eternity
On this night in a million nights
Fly away with me

I never dreamed that a kiss could be as sweet as this
But now I know that it can
I used to wander alone without a love of my own
I was a desperate man
But all my grief disappeared and all the sorrow I'd feared
Wasn't there anymore
On that magical day when you first came my way
Mi amor

On this night
On this night
On this night of a thousand stars
Let me take you to heaven's door
Where the music of love's guitars
Plays for evermore

Eva And Magaldi/Eva Beware Of The City

*lyrics by Tim Rice, music by Andrew Lloyd Webber
vocals by Madonna, Jimmy Nail, Antonio Banderas, and Julian Littman
Disc 1, Track 5, Time: 5:21*

(Eva:)

To think that a man as famous as you are
Could love a poor little nothing like me

Chorus:

(Eva:)

I wanna be a part of B.A.
Buenos Aires, Big Apple

(Eva's family:)

She wants to be a part of B.A.
Buenos Aires, Big Apple

(Che:)

Just listen to that, they're on to you Magaldi
I'd get out while you can

(Eva:)

It's happened at last, I'm starting to get started
I'm moving out with my man

(Magaldi:)

Now Eva don't get carried away

(Eva:)

Monotony past, suburbia departed
Who could ever be fond of the back of beyond?

(Magaldi:)

Don't hear words that I didn't say

(Eva's family:)

What's that? You'd desert the girl you love?

(Magaldi:)

The girl I love?
What are you talking about?

(Eva's family:)

She really brightened up your out-of-town engagement
She gave you all she had, she wasn't in your contract
You must be quite relieved that noone's told the papers, so far

(Eva:)

I wanna be a part of B.A.
Buenos Aires, Big Apple

Would I have done what I did

If I hadn't thought, if I hadn't known
We would stay together

(Eva's brother:)

Seems to me there's no point in resisting
She's made up her mind, you've no choice
Why don't you be the man who discovered her
You'll never be remembered for your voice

(Magaldi:)

The city can be paradise for those who have the cash
The class and the connections, what you need to make a splash
The likes of you get swept up in the morning with the trash
If you were rich or middle class ...

(Eva:)

Screw the middle classes! I will never accept them!
My father's other family were middle class
And we were kept out of sight, hidden from view at his funeral.

(Eva's brother:)

Do all your one night stands give you this trouble?

(Magaldi:)

Eva beware of the city
It's hungry and cold, can't be controlled, it is mad
Those who are fools are swallowed up whole
And those who are not become what they should not become
Changed, in short, they go bad.

(Eva:)

Bad is good for me
I'm bored, so clean, and so ignored
I've only been predictable, respectable
Birds fly out of here, so why oh why oh why the hell can't I?
I only want variety, of society

(chorus)

(Magaldi:)

Five years from now I shall come back
And finally say, "You have your way, come to town."
But you'll look at me with a foreigner's eyes

The magical city, a younger girl's city
A fantasy long since put down

(Eva:)

All you've done to me, was that a young girl's fantasy?
I played your city games alright, didn't I?
I already know what cooks, how the dirty city feels and looks
I tasted it last night, didn't I?

I'm gonna be a part of B.A.
Buenos Aires, Big Apple

(Eva and family:)

She's gonna be a part of B.A.
Buenos Aires, Big Apple

(Magaldi:)

Eva beware your ambition
It's hungry and cold, can't be controlled, will run wild
This in a man is danger enough, but you are a woman
Not even a woman, not very much more than a child
And whatever you say, I'll not steal you away

Buenos Aires

lyrics by Tim Rice, music by Andrew Lloyd Webber

vocals by Madonna

Disc 1, Track 6, Time: 4:09

(Eva:)

What's new Buenos Aires?
I'm new, I wanna say I'm just a little stuck on you
You'll be on me too

I get out here, Buenos Aires
Stand back, you oughta know whatcha gonna get in me
Just a little touch of star quality

Fill me up with your heat, with your noise
With your dirt, overdo me

Let me dance to your beat, make it loud
Let it hurt, run it through me.
Don't hold back, you are certain to impress
Tell the driver this is where I'm staying

Hello, Buenos Aires
Get this, just look at me dressed up, somewhere to go
We'll put on a show

Take me in at your flood, give me speed
Give me lights, set me humming
Shoot me up with your blood, wine me up
With your nights, watch me coming
All I want is a whole lot of excess
Tell the singer this is where I'm playing

Stand back, Buenos Aires
Because you oughta know whatcha gonna get in me
Just a little touch of star quality

And if ever I go too far
It's because of the things you are
Beautiful town, I love you
And if I need a moment's rest
Give your lover the very best
Real eiderdown and silence.

(musical interlude)

You're a tramp, you're a treat
You will shine to the death, you are shoddy
But you're flesh, you are meat
You shall have every breath in my body
Put me down for a lifetime of success
Give me credit, I'll find ways of paying

Rio de la Plata
Florida, Corrientes, Nueve de Julio
All I want to know

Stand back, Buenos Aires
Because you oughta know whatcha gonna get in me
Just a little touch of

Just a little touch of
Just a little touch of star quality

Another Suitcase In Another Hall

lyrics by Tim Rice, music by Andrew Lloyd Webber
vocals by Madonna
Disc 1, Track 7, Time: 3:33

(Eva:)
I don't expect my love affairs to last for long
Never fool myself that my dreams will come true
Being used to trouble I anticipate it
But all the same I hate it, wouldn't you?

Chorus:

(Eva:) So what happens now?
(Che:) Another suitcase in another hall
(Eva:) So what happens now?
(Che:) Take your picture off another wall
(Eva:) Where am I going to?
(Che:) You'll get by, you always have before
(Eva:) Where am I going to?

Time and time again I've said that I don't care
That I'm immune to gloom, that I'm hard through and through
But every time it matters all my words desert me
So anyone can hurt me, and they do

(chorus)

Call in three months time and I'll be fine, I know
Well maybe not that fine, but I'll survive anyhow
I won't recall the names and places of each sad occasion
But that's no consolation here and now.

(chorus, with Che's lines being sung by the starlets)

(Huevo:)

Don't ask anymore.

Goodnight And Thank You

lyrics by Tim Rice, music by Andrew Lloyd Webber

vocals by Madonna and Antonio Banderas

Disc 1, Track 8, Time: 4:18

(Che:)

Goodnight and thank you Huevo
She is in every magazine
Been photographed, seen, she is known
We don't like to rush, but your case has been packed
If she's missed anything, you could give her a ring
But she won't always answer the phone

(Eva:)

Oh but it's sad when a love affair dies
But we have pretended enough
It's best that we both stop fooling ourselves

(Che:)

Which means ...

Chorus:

(Che and Eva:)

There is noone, noone at all
Never has been, and never will be a lover, male or female
Who hasn't an eye on, in fact they rely on
Tricks they can try on their partner
They're hoping their lover will help them or keep them
Support them, promote them
Don't blame them, you're the same

(Che:)

Goodnight and thank you Emilio
You've completed your task
What more can we ask of you now?
Please sign the book on the way out the door

And that will be all, if she needs you she'll call
But I don't think that's likely somehow

(Eva:)

Oh but it's sad when a love affair dies
But when we were hot, we were hot
I know you'll look back on the good times we've shared
Which means ...

(chorus, substituting "blame her" for "blame them", sung only by Che)

(Eva:)

There is no soap, no soap like Zaz
No detergent, lotion, or oil with such power in the shower
It's the mother and father of luxury lather
The talk of the bath, the great ointment
One little frolic with new Zaz carbolic
You're scented, you'll be sent

(Che:)

Goodnight and thank you Senor Jabon
We are grateful you found her a spot on the sound radio
We'll think of you every time she's on the air
We'd love you to stay but you'd be in the way
So do up your trousers and go

(Eva:)

Oh but it's sad when a love affair dies
The decline into silence and doubt
Our passion was just too intense to survive

(Che:)

Which means ...

(Lovers:)

This is a club I should never have joined
Someone has made us look fools
Argentine men call the sexual shots
Someone has altered the rules

(Eva:)

Fame on the wireless as far as it goes
Is all very well but every girl knows

(Che:)
She needs a man she can monopolize
With fingers in dozens of different pies

(Lovers:)
Oh but it's sad when a love affair dies

The Lady's Got Potential

lyrics by Tim Rice, music by Andrew Lloyd Webber
vocals by Antonio Banderas
Disc 1, Track 9, Time: 4:25

(Che:)
In June of forty-three there was a military coup
Behind it was a gang called the G.O.U.
Who did not feel the need to be elected

They had themselves a party at the point of a gun
They were slightly to the right of Atilla the Hun
A bomb or two and very few objected

Yeah, just one shell and governments fall like flies, kapow, die
They stumble and fall, bye bye
Backs to the wall, aim high
We're having a ball
The tank and bullet rule as democracy dies

The lady's got potential, she was setting her sights
On making it in movies with her name in lights
The greatest social climber since Cinderella

OK, she couldn't act but she had the right friends
And we all know a career depends
On knowing the right fella to be stellar

Yeah, just one shell and governments lose their nerve, kapow, die
They stumble and fall, bye bye
Backs to the wall, aim high

We're having a ball
That's how we get the government we deserve

Now the man behind the President calling the shots
Involved so discreetly in a lot of their plots
Was Colonel Juan Peron, would be dictator

He began in the army out in Italy so
Saw Mussolini's rise from the very front row
I reckon he'd do likewise sooner or later

Yeah, just one blast and the tear gas falls like rain, kapow, die
They haven't a chance, bye bye
The terrorists advance
But one guy doesn't dirty his hands
Peron was biding time out in the slow lane

Yeah, suddenly an earthquake hit the town of San Juan, kapow, die
They stumble and fall, bye bye
Keep away from the wall
But one guy was having a ball
The tragedy, a golden chance for Peron

He organized a concert with incredible flair
In aid of all the victims, such a grand affair
Politicians, actors, stars of every flavor

It was January twenty-second, 1944
A night to remember, yeah, that's for sure
For that's the night that Peron first met Eva
For that's the night that Peron first met Eva

Charity Concert/The Art Of The Possible

lyrics by Tim Rice, music by Andrew Lloyd Webber
vocals by Jimmy Nail, Jonathan Pryce, Antonio Banderas, and Madonna
Disc 1, Track 10, Time: 2:33

(Magaldi:)
On this night

On this night
On this night of a thousand stars
Let me take you to heaven's door
Where the music of love's guitars
Plays forever more

(Eva:) Magaldi

(Magaldi:) Eva Duarte

(Eva:) Your act hasn't changed much

(Magaldi:) Neither has yours

(Peron:)

I stand here as a servant of the people
As we come together for a marvelous cause
You've shown by your presence, your deeds and applause
What the people can do, true power is yours
Not the government's, unless it represents the people

(Che:)

One always picks the easy fight
One praises fools, one smothers light
One shifts from left to right
Politics, the art of the possible

I'd Be Surprisingly Good For You

lyrics by Tim Rice, music by Andrew Lloyd Webber

vocals by Madonna and Jonathan Pryce

Disc 1, Track 11, Time: 4:19

(Eva:) Colonel Peron

(Peron:) Eva Duarte

(Eva and Peron:)

I've heard so much about you

(Eva and Peron:)

I'm amazed, for I'm only an actress [a soldier]
Nothing to shout about [One of the thousands]
Only a girl on the air [Defending the country he loves]

(Eva:)

But when you act, the things you do affect us all

(Peron:)

But when you act, you take us away from the squalor of the real world

Are you here on your own?

(Eva:)

Yes, oh yes

(Peron:)

So am I, what a fortunate coincidence

Maybe you're my reward for my efforts here tonight

(Eva:)

It seems crazy but you must believe

There's nothing calculated, nothing planned

Please forgive me if I seem naive

I would never want to force your hand

But please understand, I'd be good for you

I don't always rush in like this

Twenty seconds after saying hello

Telling strangers I'm too good to miss

If I'm wrong I hope you'll tell me so

But you really should know, I'd be good for you

I'd be surprisingly good for you

I won't go on if I'm boring you

But do you understand my point of view?

Do you like what you hear, what you see

And would you be, good for me too?

I'm not talking of a hurried night

A frantic tumble then a shy goodbye

Creeping home before it gets too light

That's not the reason that I caught your eye

Which has to imply, I'd be good for you

I'd be surprisingly good for you

(Peron:)

Please go on, you enthrall me

I can understand you perfectly
And I like what I hear, what I see, and knowing me
I would be good for you too

(Eva:)
I'm not talking of a hurried night
A frantic tumble then a shy goodbye
Creeping home before it gets too light
That's not the reason that I caught your eye
Which has to imply, I'd be good for you
I'd be surprisingly good for you

Hello And Goodbye

*lyrics by Tim Rice, music by Andrew Lloyd Webber
vocals by Madonna, Andrea Corr, and Jonathan Pryce
Disc 1, Track 12, Time: 1:46*

(Eva:)
Hello and goodbye, I just unemployed you
You can go back to school
You've had a good run, I'm sure he enjoyed you
Don't act sad or surprised, let's be friends, civilized

Come on little one, don't sit there like a dummy
The day you knew would arrive is here, you'll survive
So move, funny face

I like your conversation, you've a catchy turn of phrase
You're obviously going through some adolescent phase

(Mistress:)
So what happens now?
So what happens now?
Where am I going to?
(Peron:) You'll get by, you always have before
(Mistress:) Where am I going to?
(Eva:) Don't ask anymore

Peron's Latest Flame

lyrics by Tim Rice, music by Andrew Lloyd Webber
vocals by Antonio Banderas and Madonna
Disc 1, Track 13, Time: 5:18

(Che:) At the watering holes of the well-to-do
I detect a resistance to

(Aristocrats:) Precisely

(Che:) Our heroine's style

(Aristocrats:) We're glad you noticed

(Che:) The shooting sticks of the upper-class

(Aristocrats:) Give her an inch

(Che:) Aren't supporting a single ass

That would rise for the girl

(Aristocrats:) She'll take a mile

(Aristocrats:)

Such a shame she wandered into our enclosure

How unfortunate this person has forced us to be blunt

No we wouldn't mind seeing her at Harrod's

But behind the jewelry counter, not in front

(Che:) Could there be in our fighting corps

A lack of enthusiasm for

(Army:) Exactly

(Che:) Peron's latest flame

(Army:) You said it brother

(Che:)

Should you wish to cause great distress

In the tidiest officer's mess

Just mention her name

(Army:)

That isn't funny

Peron is a fool, breaking every taboo

Installing a girl in the army H.Q.

And she's an actress, the last straw

Her only good parts are between her thighs
She should stare at the ceiling, not reach for the skies
Or she could be his last whore

The evidence suggests
She has other interests
If it's her who's using him
He's exceptionally dim
Bitch! Dangerous Jade

(Aristocrats:)
We have allowed ourselves to slip
We have completely lost our grip
We have declined to an all-time low
Tarts have become the set to know

(Eva:)
I am only a radio star with just one weekly show
But speaking as one of the people I want you to know
We are tired of the decline of Argentina
With no sign of a government able to give us the things we deserve

(Army:)
It's no crime for officers to do as they please
As long as they're discreet and keep clear of disease
We ignore, we disregard
But once they allow a bit on the side
To move to the center where she's not qualified
We are forced to mark his card

She should get into her head
She should not get out of bed
She should know that she's not paid
To be loud but to be laid
Slut! Dangerous Jade

(Che:)
This has really been your year, Miss Duarte
Tell us where you go from here, Miss Duarte
Which are the roles that you yearn to play?
Whom did you sleep ... dine with yesterday?

(Eva:)

Acting is limiting, the line's not mine
That's no help to the Argentine

(Che:)

Can we assume then that you'll quit?
Is this because of your involvement with Colonel Peron?

(Heavies:)

Goodnight and thank you

(Army:)

She won't be kept happy by her nights on the tiles
She says it's his body, but she's after his files
So get back on to the street

She should get into her head
She should not get out of bed
She should know that she's not paid
To be loud but to be laid
The evidence suggests
She has other interests
If it's her who's using him
He's exceptionally dim

(Aristocrats:)

Things have reached a pretty pass
When someone pretty lower-class
Graceless and vulgar, uninspired
Can be accepted and admired

A New Argentina

lyrics by Tim Rice, music by Andrew Lloyd Webber
vocals by Madonna, Jonathan Pryce, and Antonio Banderas
Disc 1, Track 14, Time: 8:13

(Peron:)

Dice are rolling, the knives are out
Would-be presidents are all around
I don't say they mean harm
But they'd each give an arm

To see us six feet underground

(Eva:)

It doesn't matter what those morons say
Our nation's leaders are a feeble crew
There's only twenty of them anyway
What is twenty next to millions who
Are looking to you?

All you have to do is sit and wait
Keeping out of everybody's way
We'll ... you'll be handed power on a plate
When the ones who matter have their say
And with chaos installed
You can reluctantly agree to be called

(Peron:)

There again we could be foolish not to quit while we're ahead
For distance lends enchantment, and that is why
All exiles are distinguished, more important, they're not dead
I could find job satisfaction in Paraguay

(Eva:)

This is crazy defeatist talk
Why commit political suicide, there's no risk
There's no call for any action at all
When you have unions on your side

(Workers:)

A new Argentina, the chains of the masses untied
A new Argentina, the voice of the people
Cannot be denied

(Eva:)

There is only one man who can lead any workers' regime
He lives for your problems, he shares your ideals and your dream
He supports you, for he loves you
Understands you, is one of you
If not, how could he love me?

(Workers:)

A new Argentina, the workers' battle song
A new Argentina, the voice of the people
Rings out loud and long

(Eva:)

Now I am a worker, I've suffered the way that you do
I've been unemployed, and I've starved and I've hated it too
But I found my salvation in Peron, may the nation
Let him save them as he saved me

(All:)

A new Argentina, a new age about to begin
A new Argentina, we face the world together
And no dissent within

(Peron:)

There again we could be foolish not to quit while we're ahead
I can see us many miles away, inactive
Sipping cocktails on a terrace, taking breakfast in bed
Sleeping easy, doing nothing, it's attractive

(Eva:)

Don't think I don't think like you
I often get those nightmares too
They always take some swallowing
Sometimes it's very difficult to keep momentum
If it's you that you are following
Don't close doors, keep an escape clause
Because we might lose the Big Apple

But would I have done what I did
If I hadn't thought, if I hadn't known
We would take the country

(Eva:)

Peron has resigned from the army and this we avow
The descamisados are those he is marching with now
He supports you, for he loves you
Understands you, is one of you
If not, how could he love me?

(All:)

A new Argentina, the chains of the masses untied
A new Argentina, the voice of the people
Cannot be, and must not be denied

(Che:)

How annoying that they have to fight elections for their cause
The inconvenience, having to get a majority
If normal methods of persuasion fail to win them applause
There are other ways of establishing authority

(All:)

A new Argentina, the chains of the masses untied
A new Argentina, the voice of the people
Cannot be, and will not be, and must not be denied.

On The Balcony Of The Casa Rosada 1

lyrics by Tim Rice, music by Andrew Lloyd Webber
vocals by Jonathan Pryce
Disc 2, Track 1, Time: 1:28

(Peron has just won a sweeping victory in the 1946 Presidential election. This is the first public appearance by Peron and Eva since that triumph.)

(Announcer:)

People of Argentina
Your newly elected President, Juan Peron

(Crowd chanting:)

[Peron Peron ...]

(Peron:)

Argentinos, Argentinos
We are all workers now
Fighting against our common enemies
Poverty, social injustice
Foreign domination of our industries
Reaching for our common goals
Our independence, our dignity, our pride

Let the world know that our great nation is awakening
And that its heart beats in the humble bodies
Of Juan Peron and his wife
The first lady of Argentina, Eva Duarte de Peron

(Crowd chanting:)

[Evita Evita ...]

Don't Cry For Me Argentina

lyrics by Tim Rice, music by Andrew Lloyd Webber

vocals by Madonna

Disc 2, Track 2, Time: 5:31

(Eva:)

It won't be easy, you'll think it strange
When I 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
Although she's dressed up to the nines
At sixes and sevens with you

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

Chorus:

Don't cry for me Argentina
The truth is I never left you
All through my wild days
My mad existence
I kept my promise
Don't keep your distance

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 love you and hope you love me

Don't cry for me Argentina

(chorus)

Have I said too much?
There's nothing more I can think of to say to you.
But all you have to do is look at me to know
That every word is true

On The Balcony Of The Casa Rosada 2

lyrics by Tim Rice, music by Andrew Lloyd Webber
vocals by Jonathan Pryce
Disc 2, Track 3, Time: 2:00

(Eva:)
Just listen to that, the voice of Argentina
We are adored, we are loved

(Officer:)
Statesmanship is more than entertaining peasants

(Eva's sister:)
We shall see little man

(Crowd:)
[Evita Peron, La Santa Peronista ...]

(Eva:)
I am only a simple woman
Who lives to serve Peron in his noble crusade
To rescue his people
I was once as you are now, and I promise you this
We will take the riches from the obligarchs
Only for you, for all of you
And one day, you too will inherit these treasures
Descamisados, mis companeros
When they fire those cannons, when the crowds sing of glory
It is not just for Peron, but for all of us, for all of us

(Aristocrats:)
Things have reached a pretty pass
When someone pretty lower-class
Can be respected and admired

(Aristocrat:)
But our privileged class is dead
Look who they are calling for now

High Flying, Adored

lyrics by Tim Rice, music by Andrew Lloyd Webber
vocals by Antonio Banderas and Madonna
Disc 2, Track 4, Time: 3:32

(Che:)
High flying, adored
So young, the instant queen
A rich beautiful thing, of all the talents
A cross between a fantasy of the bedroom and a saint
You were just a backstreet girl
Hustling and fighting, scratching and biting

High flying, adored
Did you believe in your wildest moments
All this would be yours
That you'd become the lady of them all?

Were there stars in your eyes
When you crawled in at night
From the bars, from the sidewalks
From the gutter theatrical
Don't look down, it's a long, long way to fall

High flying, adored
What happens now, where do you go from here?
For someone on top of the world
The view is not exactly clear
A shame you did it all at twenty-six
There are no mysteries now

Nothing can thrill you, noone fulfill you

High flying, adored
I hope you come to terms with boredom
So famous so easily, so soon
It's not the wisest thing to be

You won't care if they love you
It's been done before
You'll despair if they hate you
You'll be drained of all energy
All the young who've made it would agree

(Eva:)
High flying, adored
That's good to hear but unimportant
My story's quite usual
Local girl makes good, weds famous man
I was stuck in the right place at the perfect time
Filled a gap, I was lucky
But one thing I'll say for me
Noone else can fill it like I can

Rainbow High

lyrics by Tim Rice, music by Andrew Lloyd Webber
vocals by Madonna
Disc 2, Track 5, Time: 2:27

(Eva:)
There again I've more to do
Than simply get the message through
I haven't started
Let's get this show on the road
Let's make it obvious
Peron is off and rolling

Chorus:

(Eva's dressers:)

Eyes, hair, mouth, figure
Dress, voice, style, movement
Hands, magic, rings, glamour
Face, diamonds, excitement, image

(Eva:)
I came from the people, they need to adore me
So Christian Dior me from my head to my toes
I need to be dazzling, I want to be Rainbow High
They must have excitement, and so must I

(Eva's dressers:)
Eyes, hair, mouth, figure
Dress, voice, style, image

(Eva:)
I'm their product, it's vital you sell me
So Machiavell me, make an Argentine Rose
I need to be thrilling, I want to be Rainbow High
They need their escape, and so do I

(chorus)

(Eva:)
All my descamisados expect me to outshine the enemy
I won't disappoint them
I'm their savior, that's what they call me
So Lauren Bacall me, anything goes
To make me fantastic, I have to be Rainbow High
In magical colors

You're not decorating a girl for a night on the town
And I'm not a second-rate queen getting kicks with a crown

Next stop will be Europe
The Rainbow's gonna tour, dressed up, somewhere to go
We'll put on a show

Look out, mighty Europe
Because you oughta know whatcha gonna get in me
Just a little touch of
Just a little touch of
Argentina's brand of star quality

Rainbow Tour

lyrics by Tim Rice, music by Andrew Lloyd Webber
vocals by Antonio Banderas, Gary Brooker, Peter Polycarpou,
Jonathan Pryce, Madonna, and John Gower
Disc 2, Track 6, Time: 4:51

(Peron:)
People of Europe, I send you the Rainbow of Argentina

(Che:)
Spain has fallen to the charms of Evita
She can do what she likes, it doesn't matter much
(Aide #1:)
She's our lady of the new world with a golden touch

(Aide #2:)
She filled a bull-ring, forty-five thousand seater
(Che:)
But if you're prettier than General Franco, that's not hard

(Aide #1:)
Franco's reign in Spain should see out the forties
So you've just acquired an ally who
Looks as secure in his job as you
(Aide #2:)
But more important current political thought is
Your wife's a phenomenal asset, your trump card

Chorus:

(Peron and Aides:)
Let's hear it for the Rainbow Tour
It's been an incredible success
We weren't quite sure, we had a few doubts

(Peron:) Will Evita win through?
(Aides:) But the answer is yes

(Peron:)

There you are, I told you so
Makes no difference where she goes
The whole world over just the same
Just listen to them call her name
And who would underestimate the actress now?

(Che:)
Now I don't like to spoil a wonderful story
But the news from Rome isn't quite as good
She hasn't gone down like they thought she would
Italy's unconvinced by Argentine glory
They equate Peron with Mussolini, can't think why

(Eva:)
Did you hear that? They called me a whore!
They actually called me a whore!

(Italian admiral:)
But Signora Peron it's an easy mistake
I'm still called an admiral
Yet I gave up the sea long ago

(Aide #2:)
More bad news from Rome; she met with the Pope
She only got a rosary, a kindly word

(Che:)
I wouldn't say the Holy Father gave her the bird
But papal decorations, never a hope

(Aide #1:)
She still looked the part at St. Peter's, caught the eye

(chorus)

(Peron:) Will Evita win through?

(Aides:) But the answer is ...

(Che:) A qualified

(Aides:) Yes

(Che:)
Eva started well, no question, in France
Shining like a sun through the post-war haze
A beautiful reminder of the care-free days
She nearly captured the French, she sure had the chance

But she suddenly seemed to lose interest
She looked tired

(Che:)
Face the facts, the Rainbow's starting to fade
I don't think she'll make it to England now

(Aide #1:)
It wasn't on the schedule anyhow

(Che:)
You'd better get out the flags and fix a parade
Some kind of coming home in triumph is required

(chorus)

(Aide #2:) Would Evita win through?

(Aide #1:) And the answer is

(Aide #2:) Yes

(Che:) And no

(Aides:) And yes

(Che:) And no

(Aides:) And yes

(Che:) No

(chorus)

(Aides:) Would Evita win through? But the answer is

(Aide #2:) Yes

(Aide #1:) Yes

(Aide #2:) Yes

The Actress Hasn't Learned The Lines (You'd Like To Hear)

lyrics by Tim Rice, music by Andrew Lloyd Webber
vocals by Madonna and Antonio Banderas
Disc 2, Track 7, Time: 2:32

(Aristocrats:)
Thus all fairy stories end

Only an actress would pretend
Affairs of state are her latest play
Eight shows a week, two matinees
My how the worm begins to turn
When will the chorus girl ever learn?
My how the worm begins to turn
When will the chorus girl ever learn?

(Eva:)

The chorus girl hasn't learned the lines you'd like to hear
She won't go scrambling over the backs of the poor to be accepted
By making donations just large enough to the correct charity
She won't be president of your wonderful societies of philanthropy
Even if you asked her to be
As you should have asked her to be

The actress hasn't learned the lines you'd like to hear
She won't join your clubs, she won't dance in your halls
She won't help the hungry once a month at your tombolas
She'll simply take control as you disappear

(Che:)

Forgive my intrusion, but fine as those sentiments sound
Little has changed for us peasants down here on the ground
I hate to sound childish, ungrateful, I don't like to moan
But do you now represent anyone's cause but your own?

(Eva:)

Everything done will be justified by my foundation

And The Money Kept Rolling In (And Out)

lyrics by Tim Rice, music by Andrew Lloyd Webber
vocals by Antonio Banderas
Disc 2, Track 8, Time: 3:53

(Che:)

And the money kept rolling in from every side
Eva's pretty hands reached out and they reached wide
Now you may feel it should have been a voluntary cause

But that's not the point my friends
When the money keeps rolling in, you don't ask how
Think of all the people guaranteed a good time now
Eva's called the hungry to her, open up the doors
Never been a fund like the Foundation Eva Peron

Chorus:

(Workers:)

Rollin' rollin' rollin', rollin' rollin' rollin'
Rollin' rollin' rollin', rollin' rollin' rollin'
Rollin' rollin' rollin', rollin' rollin' rollin'
Rollin' rollin' rollin', rollin' rollin' rollin'

Rollin' on in, rollin' on
Rollin' on in, rollin' on
On in

(Che:)

Would you like to try a college education?
Own your landlord's house, take the family on vacation?
Eva and her blessed fund can make your dreams come true
Here's all you have to do my friends
Write your name and your dream on a card or a pad or a ticket
Throw it high in the air and should our lady pick it
She will change your way of life for a week or even two
Name me anyone who cares as much as Eva Peron

(chorus)

Rollin' on out, rollin' on out
Rollin' on out, rollin' on out
On out

(Che:)

And the money kept rolling out in all directions
To the poor, to the weak, to the destitute of all complexions
Now cynics claim a little of the cash has gone astray
But that's not the point my friends
When the money keeps rolling out you don't keep books
You can tell you've done well by the happy grateful looks
Accountants only slow things down, figures get in the way
Never been a lady loved as much as Eva Peron

(chorus)

Rollin' on out, rollin' on out
Rollin' on out, rollin' on out
On out

(Che:)

Eva!!!

When the money keeps rolling out you don't keep books
You can tell you've done well by the happy grateful looks
Accountants only slow things down, figures get in the way
Never been a lady loved as much as Eva Peron

(chorus)

Rollin' on out, rollin' on out
Rollin' on out, rollin' on out
Rollin' on out, rollin' on out
On out

Partido Feminista

lyrics by Tim Rice, music by Andrew Lloyd Webber

vocals by Madonna

Disc 2, Track 9, Time: 1:40

(Crowd:)

[Eva Peron, Partido Feminista] *(repeat in background)*

(Eva:)

Peron is everything, he is the soul, the nerve
The hope and the reality of the Argentine people
We all know that there is only one man in our movement
With his own source of light
We all feed from his light, and that is Peron

(Che:)

And now she wants to be vice-president

(Officers:)

That was the over-the-top, unacceptable suggestion
We didn't approve but we couldn't prevent
The games of the wife of the president
But to give her pretensions encouragement
She's out of her depth, and out of the question

She Is A Diamond

lyrics by Tim Rice, music by Andrew Lloyd Webber
vocals by Jonathan Pryce
Disc 2, Track 10, Time: 1:40

(Peron:)

But on the other hand, she's all they have
She's a diamond in their dull gray lives
And that's the hardest kind of stone
It usually survives
And when you think about it, can you recall
The last time they loved anyone at all?

She's not a bauble you can brush aside
She's been out doing what we just talked about, example
Gave us back our businesses, got the English out
And when you think about it, well why not do
One or two of the things we promised to?

But on the other hand, she's slowing down
She's lost a little of that magic drive
But I would not advise those critics present to derive
Any satisfaction from her fading star
She's the one who's kept us where we are

(Officers:)

She's the one who's kept you where you are

Santa Evita

lyrics by Tim Rice, music by Andrew Lloyd Webber
vocals by Antonio Banderas and the choir
Disc 2, Track 11, Time: 2:31

(Children:)

Please, gentle Eva, will you bless a little child?
For I love you, tell Heaven I'm doing my best
I'm praying for you, even though you're already blessed

Please, mother Eva, will you look upon me as your own?
Make me special, be my angel
Be my everything wonderful perfect and true
And I'll try to be exactly like you

Please, holy Eva, will you feed a hungry child?
For I love you, tell Heaven I'm doing my best
I'm praying for you, even though you're already blessed

Please, mother Eva, will you feed a hungry child?
For I love you [(Che:) Turn a blind eye, Evita] Tell Heaven I'm doing my best [(Che:) Turn
a blind eye]
I'm praying for you, even though you're already blessed

(Workers:)

Santa Santa Evita
Madre de todos los ninos
De los tiranizados, de los descamisados
De los trabajadores, de la Argentina
(repeat and fade)

Waltz For Eva And Che

lyrics by Tim Rice, music by Andrew Lloyd Webber
vocals by Madonna and Antonio Banderas
Disc 2, Track 12, Time: 4:13

(Che:)

Tell me before I waltz out of your life
Before turning my back on the past
Forgive my impertinent behavior

But how long do you think this pantomime can last?
Tell me before I ride off in the sunset
There's one thing I never got clear
How can you claim you're our savior
When those who oppose you are stepped on,
Or cut up, or simply disappear?

(Eva:)
Tell me before you get onto your bus
Before joining the forgotten brigade
How can one person like me, say,
Alter the time-honored way the game is played?
Tell me before you get onto your high horse
Just what you expect me to do
I don't care what the bourgeoisie say
I'm not in business for them
But to give all my descamisados
A magical moment or two

(Che and Eva:)
There is evil, ever around
Fundamental system of government
Quite incidental

(Eva:)
So what are my chances of honest advances?
I'd say low
Better to win by admitting my sin
Than to lose with a halo

(Che:)
Tell me before I seek worthier pastures
And thereby restore self-esteem
How can you be so short-sighted
To look never further than this week or next week
To have no impossible dream?

(Eva:)
Allow me to help you slink off to the sidelines
And mark your adieu with three cheers
But first tell me who'd be delighted
If I said I'd take on the world's greatest problems
From war to pollution, no hope of solution

Even if I lived for one hundred years

(Che and Eva:)

There is evil, ever around
Fundamental system of government
Quite incidental

(Eva:)

So go, if you're able, to somewhere unstable
And stay there
Whip up your hate in some tottering state
But not here, dear
Is that clear, dear?

Oh what I'd give for a hundred years
But the physical interferes
Every day more, O my Creator
What is the good of the strongest heart
In a body that's falling apart?
A serious flaw, I hope You know that

Your Little Body's Slowly Breaking Down

lyrics by Tim Rice, music by Andrew Lloyd Webber
vocals by Madonna and Jonathan Pryce
Disc 2, Track 13, Time: 1:24

(Peron:)

Your little body's slowly breaking down
You're losing speed, you're losing strength, not style
That goes on flourishing forever
But your eyes, your smile
Do not have the sparkle of your fantastic past
If you climb one more mountain it could be your last

(Eva:)

I'm not that ill, bad moments come but they go
Some days are fine, some a little bit harder
But that doesn't mean we should give up our dream
Have you ever seen me defeated?

Don't you forget what I've been through and yet
I'm still standing

(Peron:)
Eva, you are dying

(Eva:)
So what happens now?
Where am I going to?

(Peron:)
Don't ask anymore

You Must Love Me

lyrics by Tim Rice, music by Andrew Lloyd Webber
vocals by Madonna
Disc 2, Track 14, Time: 2:51

Where do we go from here?
This isn't where we intended to be
We had it all, you believed in me
I believed in you

Certainties disappear
What do we do for our dream to survive?
How do we keep all our passions alive,
As we used to do?

Bridge:

Deep in my heart I'm concealing
Things that I'm longing to say
Scared to confess what I'm feeling
Frightened you'll slip away

Chorus:

You must love me
You must love me

Why are you at my side?
How can I be any use to you now?
Give me a chance and I'll let you see how
Nothing has changed

(bridge)

(chorus)

You must love me

Eva's Final Broadcast

lyrics by Tim Rice, music by Andrew Lloyd Webber
vocals by Madonna
Disc 2, Track 15, Time: 3:05

(Eva:)

The actress hasn't learned the lines you'd like to hear
She's sad for her country, sad to be defeated
By her own weak body

(Crowds:)

[Evita! Evita!] *(repeat in background)*

I want to tell the people of Argentina
I've decided I should decline
All the honors and titles you've pressed me to take
For I'm contented
Let me simply go on as the woman who brings her people
To the heart of Peron

Don't cry for me Argentina
The truth is I shall not leave you
Though it may get harder for you to see me
I'm Argentina, and always will be

Have I said too much?
There's nothing more I can think of to say to you
But all you have to do is look at me to know

That every word is true

Latin Chant

lyrics by Tim Rice, music by Andrew Lloyd Webber
Disc 2, Track 16, Time: 2:11

(Choir:)

Respice, quaesumus, Domine
Famulam tuam Evita
In infirmitate
Et animam refove, quam creasti
Ut castigationibus emendata
Se tua sentiat medicina salvatam
Per Christum, Dominuum
Qui vivit et regnat
Per omnia saecula saeculorum
Amen

Look with favor, we beseech Thee, Oh Lord
Upon Thy handmaid Evita
In her weakness
And refresh the soul which Thou hast created
That being corrected by Thy chastisement
She may find herself cured by Thy healing
Through Christ, Our Lord
Who lives and reigns
Forever and ever
Amen

(Che:)

She had her moments, she had some style
The best show in town was the crowd
Outside the Casa Rosada crying, "Eva Peron"
But that's all gone now

Lament

lyrics by Tim Rice, music by Andrew Lloyd Webber
vocals by Madonna and Antonio Banderas
Disc 2, Track 17, Time: 4:12

(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 fifty, sixty, seventy 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

(Che:)
The choice was yours and noone 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
How she lived, how she shone
But how soon the lights were gone

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