

# WRITTEN IN THE STARS

Music by ELTON JOHN  
Lyrics by TIM RICE

## Moderate Ballad

**Bb sus2** **F/Bb Eb/Bb** **Bb sus2** **F/Bb Eb/Bb** **Gb(add2)** **Ab(add2)**

*p*

**AIDA:** **Bb** **F/Bb Eb/Bb** **Bb** **D/F#**

I am here to tell you we can nev - er meet a - gain

**Gm** **Gm/F** **Eb** **Fsus** **F**

Sim-ple real - ly is - n't it? — A word or two — and then a

**Bb** **F/Bb Eb/Bb** **Bb** **D/F#**

life - time of not know - ing where or how — or why — or when — You

Gm 

Gm/F 

Eb 

think of me or speak of me and won - der what be - fell \_\_\_\_\_ The



Cm7 

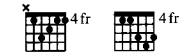
Fsus 

F 

some-one you once loved \_\_\_\_\_ so long a - go, \_\_\_\_\_ so well!



Db 

Ab/Db Gb/Db 

Db 

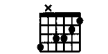
F/A 

**RADAMES:**

Nev - er won - der what I'll feel \_\_\_\_\_ as liv - ing shuf - fles by \_\_\_\_\_



Bbm 

Bbm/Ab 

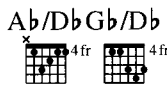
Gb 

Absus 

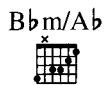
Ab 

You don't have to ask \_\_\_\_\_ me and I need not re - ply \_\_\_\_\_





Ev - 'ry mo-ment of my life — from now un - til I die —



I will think or dream of you and fail to un-der-stand — How a per-fect love can be con-found-ed out —



— of hand — Is it writ-ten in the stars? — Are we pay-ing for some crime? — Is (that)



all — that we are good — for just a stretch — of mor-tal time? — Or some God's ex-per-i-ment — In

Bbm



Gbmaj7



Db/F



Ebm7



Ab sus



Ab

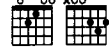


which we have no say? — In which we're giv-en par-a-dise — but on - ly — for — a day —

A



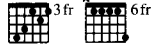
E/A D/A



Ab/Eb



Eb Db/Eb



E



Gb



AIDA:

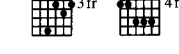
(Spoken:) Marry the princess, Radames. You can help my people. This could be our chance to do something important. Don't you see?

sub. p

Ab



Eb/Ab Db/Ab



Ab



C/E



Noth - ing — can be al - tered, there is noth - ing to de - cide No —

Fm



Fm/Eb



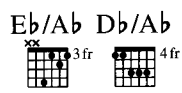
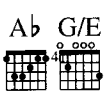
Db



Db/Eb



— es - cape, no change of heart, — nor an - y place - to hide —



**RADAMES:**

You are all I'll ev - er want \_ but this I am de - nied \_



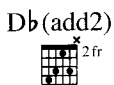
**RADAMES:**

Some-times in my dark - est thoughts \_ I wish I'd nev-er learned \_ **AIDA:** What it



**AIDA:**

is to be in love \_ and have \_ that love \_ re-turned Is it



writ-ten in the stars? \_ Are we pay - ing for some crime? \_ Is (that)

*sub. p*

Gb maj7

Ebm7

Ab

RADAMES:

all — that we are good — for just a stretch — of mor-tal time? — Or some

*AIDA:*

*cresc.*

Db

Fm/C

Bbm

Db/Ab

God's ex - per - i - ment — In which we have no say? — In

*f*

Gb maj7

Db/F

Ebm7

Ab sus

Ab

Db

Ab/Db

Gb/Db

which we're giv-en par-a-dise But on - ly for a day —

Db

Ab/Db

Gb/Db

A(add2)

B(add2)

Db

*dim.*

*mp*