

## Various

### "You and I the Story of Chess"

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Benny Andersson, Tim Rice, and Bjorn Ulvaeus

THE RUSSIAN:

Knowing I want you

Knowing I love you

I can't explain why I remain

Careless about you

FLORENCE:

I've been a fool to allow

Dreams to become great expectations

THE RUSSIAN:

How can I love you so much yet make no move?

BOTH:

I pray the days and nights

In their endless weary procession

Soon overwhelm my sad obsession

You and I

We've seen it all

Chasing our hearts' desire

But we go on pretending

Stories like ours

Have happy endings

THE RUSSIAN:

You could not give me

More than you gave me

Why should there be something in me

Still discontented?

FLORENCE:

I won't look back anymore

And if I do -- just for a moment

THE RUSSIAN:

I'll soon be happy to say I knew her when

BOTH:

But if you hear today

I'm no longer quite so devoted

To this affair, I've been misquoted

You and I

We've seen it all

Chasing our hearts' desire

But we go on pretending

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CHOIR:

Each game of chess means there's one less  
Variation left to be played  
Each day got through means one or two  
Less mistakes remain to be made  
Not much is known  
Of early days of chess beyond a fairly vague report  
That fifteen hundred years ago two princes fought,  
Though brothers, for a Hindu throne  
Their mother cried  
For no one really likes their offspring fighting to the  
death  
She begged them stop the slaughter with her every  
breath  
But sure enough one brother died  
Sad beyond belief  
She told her winning son  
You have caused such grief  
I can't forgive  
This evil thing you've done  
He tried to explain  
How things had really been  
But he tried in vain  
No words of his  
Could mollify the queen  
And so he asked  
The wisest men he knew  
The way to lessen her distress  
They told him he'd be pretty certain to impress  
By using model soldiers on  
A chequered board to show it was his brother's fault  
They thus invented chess  
Chess displayed no inertia  
Soon spread to Persia  
Then west  
Next the Arabs refined it  
Thus redesigned, it  
Progressed  
Still further west  
And when Constantinople fell in 1453  
One would have noticed every other refugee  
Included in his bags a set  
Once in the hands  
And in the minds of leading figures of the Renaissance  
The spirit and the speed of chess made swift advance  
Through all of Europe's vital lands  
Where we must record  
The game was further changed  
Right across the board  
The western touch  
Upon the pieces ranged

King and queen and rook  
And bishop, knight and pawn  
All took on the look  
We know today  
The modern game was born  
And in the end  
We see a game that started by mistake in Hindustan  
And boosted in the main by what is now Iran  
Become the simplest and most complicated  
Pleasure yet devised  
For just the kind of mind  
Who would appreciate this well-researched and  
fascinating yarn

FLORENCE:

This is an all too familiar scene

THE RUSSIAN:

Hopeless reflections on what might have been

BOTH:

From all sides the incessant and burning question:

FLORENCE:

"Bearing in mind your predicament now --

THE RUSSIAN:

-- what you did then --

BOTH:

-- we're just dying to know would you do it all again?"

CHOIR:

Each day we get through means one less mistake there  
for the making

BOTH:

But they know full well

It's not hard to tell

Though my heart is breaking

I'd give the world for that moment with you

When we thought we knew

That our love would last

But the moment passed

With no warning, far too fast

You and I

We've seen it all

Chasing our hearts' desire

But we go on pretending

Stories like ours

Have happy endings

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