



The Phantom of the Opera

Music: Andrew Lloyd Webber
Lyrics: Charles Hart & Richard Stilgoe
Based on the novel by Gaston Leroux

Song List

CD1

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- 02- Overture
- 03- Think of Me
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CD2

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- 06- The Point of No Return
- 07- Down Once More.../Track Down This Murderer...

1986 Original London Cast

The Phantom of the Opera - Michael Crawford	Slave Master - Peter Bishop
Christine Daae - Sarah Brightman	Flunky/Stagehand - Justin Church
Raoul, Vicomte de Chagny - Steve Barton	Policeman - Mostyn Evans
Monsieur Firmin - John Savident	Page - Sue Flannery
Monsieur Andre - David Firth	Porter/Fireman - Andrew Golder
Carlotta Giudicelli - Rosemary Ashe	Page - Janet Howd
Madame Giry - Mary Millar	Wardrobe Mistress/Confidante - Peggy Ann Jones
Ubaldo Piangi - John Aron	Princess - Maria Kesselman
Monsieur Reyer - Paul Arden Griffith	Madame Firmin - Patricia Richards
Auctioneer - Barry Clark	Innkeeper's Wife - Jill Washington
Porter/Marksman/Fop - David De Van	Ballet Chorus - Sally Ashfield, Lynn Jezzard, Nicole
Meg Giry - Janet Devenish	Keen, Patricia Merrin, Naomi Tate, Alison Townsend,
Monsieur Lefevre = David Jackson	Dinah Jones
Joseph Buquet - Janos Kurucz	
Don Atilio/Passarino - James Patterson	

The Phantom of the Opera

Act One

Prologue-The Stage of the Paris Opera, 1911

AUCTIONEER:

Sold. Your number, sir? Thank you.

Lot 663, then, ladies and gentlemen:

a poster for this house's production of
"Hannibal" by Chalumeau.

PORTER:

Showing here.

AUCTIONEER:

Do I have ten francs? Five then. Five I
am bid.

Six, seven. Against you, sir, seven.

Eight. Eight once. Selling twice.

Sold, to Raoul, Vicomte de Chagny.

Lot 664: a wooden pistol and three
human skulls

from the 1831 production of "Robert le
Diable" by Meyerbeer.

Ten francs for this. Ten, thank you.

Ten francs still. Fifteen, thank you, sir
Fifteen I am bid.

Going at fifteen. Your number, sir?

665, ladies and gentlemen:

a papier-mache musical box, in the
shape of a barrel-organ.

Attached, the figure of a monkey in
Persian robes playing the cymbals.

This item, discovered in the vaults of the
theatre, still in working
order.

PORTER:

Showing here.

AUCTIONEER:

May I start at twenty francs? Fifteen,
then?

Fifteen I am bid. Sold, for thirty francs to
the Vicomte de Chagny.

Thank you, sir.

RAOUL:

A collector's piece indeed . . . every

detail exactly as she said . . .

She often spoke of you, my
friendYour velvet lining, and your
figurine of lead...

Will you still play, when all the rest of us
are dead?

AUCTIONEER:

Lot 666, then: a chandelier in pieces.

Some of you may recall the strange
affair of the Phantom of the Opera:

a mystery never fully explained.

We are told, ladies and gentlemen,
that this is the very chandelier which
figures in the famous disaster.

Our workshops have repaired it and
wired parts of it for the new

electric light,

so that we may get a hint of how it may
look when reassembled.

Perhaps we may frighten away the ghost
of so many years ago

with a little illumination, gentlemen?

Hannibal

CARLOTTA:

This trophy from our saviours, from our
saviours!

From the enslaving force of Rome!

GIRL'S CHORUS:

With feasting and dancing and song,
tonight in celebration, we greet

the victorious throng, returned to bring
salvation!

MEN'S CHORUS:

The trumpets of Carthage resound! Hear,
Romans, now and tremble! Hark
to our step on the ground!

ALL:

Hear the drums -- Hannibal comes!

PIANGI:

Sad to return to find the land
we love threatened once more by
Roma's far-reaching grasp,

REYER:

Signor . . . if you please: "Rome".

We say "Rome" not "Roma"

PIANGI:
Si, si, Rome, not Roma. Is very hard for me.

LEFEVRE:
This way, gentlemen, this way.
Rehearsals, as you see, are under way, for a new production of Chalumeau's "Hannibal".
Ladies and gentlemen, some of you may already, perhaps, have met M. Andre and M. Firmin ...

REYER:
I'm sorry, M. Lefevre, we are rehearsing. If you wouldn't mind waiting a moment?

LEFEVRE:
My apologies, M. Reyer. Proceed, proceed ...

REYER:
Thank you, monsieur.
"Sad to return..." Signor ...

LEFEVRE:
M. Reyer, our chief repetiteur. Rather a tyrant, I'm afraid.

PIANGI:
Sad to return to find the land we love threatened once more by Rome's far-reaching grasp.
Tomorrow, we shall break the chains of Rome.
Tonight, rejoice - your army has come home.

LEFEVRE:
Signor Piangi, our principal tenor. He does play so opposite La Carlotta.

GIRY:
Gentlemen, please! If you would kindly move to one side?

LEFEVRE:
My apologies, Mme. Giry.
Mme. Giry, our ballet mistress.
I don't mind confessing, M. Firmin, I shan't be sorry to be rid of the whole blessed business.

FIRMIN:

I keep asking you, monsieur, why exactly are you retiring?

LEFEVRE:
We take a particular pride here in the excellence of our ballets.

ANDRE:
Who's that girl, Lefevre?

LEFEVRE:
Her? Meg Giry, Madame Giry's daughter. Promising dancer, M. Andre, most promising.

GIRY:
You! Christine Daa? Concentrate, girl!

MEG:
Christine . . . What's the matter?

FIRMIN:
Daa? Curious name

LEFEVRE:
Swedish.

ANDRE:
Any relation to the violinist?

LEFEVRE;
His daughter, I believe.
Always has her head in the clouds, I'm afraid.

CHORUS:
Bid welcome to Hannibal's guests -the elephants of Carthage!
As guides on our conquering quests, Dido sends Hannibal's friends!

CARLOTTA:
Once more to my welcoming arms my love returns in splendour!

PIANGI:
Once more to those sweetest of charms my heart and soul surrender!

CHORUS:
The trumpeting elephants sound -- hear, Romans, now and tremble! Hark to their step on the ground -- hear the drums! Hannibal drums!

LEFEVRE:

Ladies and gentlemen - Madame Giry,
thank you - may I have your
attention, please?

As you know, for some weeks there
have been rumours of my Imminent
retirement.

I can now tell you that these were all
true and it is my pleasure to
introduce to you

the two gentlemen who now own the
Opera Populaire, M. Richard Firmin
and M. Gilles Andre.

Gentlemen, Signora Carlotta Giudicelli,
our leading soprano for five
seasons now.

ANDRE:

Of course, of course. I have experienced
all your greatest roles,
Signora.

LEFEVRE:

And Signor Ubaldo Piangi.

FIRMIN:

An honour, Signor.

ANDRE:

If I remember rightly, Elissa has a rather
fine aria in Act Three of
"Hannibal".

I wonder, Signora, if, as a personal
favour, you would oblige us with a
private rendition?
Unless, of course, M. Reyer objects . . .

CARLOTTA:

My manager commands . . . M. Reyer?

REYER:

My diva commands. Will two bars be
sufficient introduction?

FIRMIN:

Two bars will be quite sufficient

REYER:

Signora?

CARLOTTA:

Maestro.

CARLOTTA:

Think of me, think of me fondly
when we've said goodbye ...
Remember me, Every so often,
Please promise me you'll try ...
On that day, that not so distant day,
when you are far away and free,
if you ever find a moment, spare a
thought for me ...

Think of me, think of me...

CHORUS:

The Phantom of the Opera! He's with us,
he's a ghost ...
He's here! The Phantom of the Opera!

LEFEVRE:

Signora! Are you all right? Buquet!
Where is Buquet? Get that man down
here! Chief of the flies. He's responsible
for this.

Buquet! For God's sake, man, what's
going on up there?

BUQUET:

Please monsieur don't look at me:
as God's my witness, I was not at my
post.

Please monsieur, there's no one there:
and if there is, well then, it must be a
ghost . . .

MEG:

He's there; the Phantom of the Opera ...

ANDRE:

Good heavens! Will you show a little
courtesy?

FIRMIN:

Mademoiselle, please ...

ANDRE:

These things do happen!

CARLOTTA:

Si! These things do happen! Well, until
you stop these things
happening, this thing does not happen!
Ubaldo! Andiamo!

PIANGI:

Amateurs!

LEFEVRE:

I don't think there's much more to assist you, gentlemen. Good luck.

If you need me, I shall be in Frankfurt .

ANDRE:

La Carlotta will be back.

GIRY:

You think so, messieurs? I have a message, sir, from the Opera Ghost.

FIRMIN:

God in Heaven, you're all obsessed!

GIRY:

He merely welcomes you to his opera house
and commands you to continue to leave Box Five empty for his use
and reminds you that his salary is due.

FIRMIN:

His salary?

GIRY:

Monsieur Lefevre paid him twenty thousand francs a month.

Perhaps you can afford more, with the Vicomte de Chagny as your patron.

ANDRE:

Madame, I had hoped to have made that announcement myself.

GIRY:

Will the Vicomte be at the performance tonight, monsieur?

FIRMIN:

Yes, in our box.

ANDRE:

Madame, who is the understudy for this role?

REYER:

There is no understudy, monsieur - the production is new.

MEG:

Christine Daae could sing it, sir.

FIRMIN:

The chorus girl?

MEG:

She's been taking lessons from a great teacher

ANDRE:

From whom?

CHRISTINE:

I don't know, sir . . .

FIRMIN:

Oh, not you as well! Can you believe it?
A full house - and we have to cancel!

GIRY:

Let her sing for you monsieur. She has been well taught!

REYER:

From the beginning of the aria then, mam'selle.

Think of Me

CHRISTINE:

Think of me, think of me fondly, when we've said goodbye. Remember me every so often -- promise me you'll try.

FIRMIN:

Andre, this is doing nothing for my nerves.

ANDRE:

Don't fret, Firmin.

CHRISTINE:

On that day, that not so distant day, when you are far away and free,
if you ever find a moment, spare a thought for me ...

And though it's clear, though it was always clear that this was never meant to be, if you happen to remember, stop and think of me

Think of August when the trees were green - don't think about the ways things might have been ...

Think of me, think of me waking, silent
and resigned. Imagine me,
trying too hard to put you from my mind.
Think of me, please say you'll
think of me, whatever else you choose
to do -- There will never be a
day when I won't think of you ...

RAOUL:

Can it be? Can it be Christine? Brava! ...
Brava!

Long ago ... It seems so long ago ... How
young and innocent we were
... She may not remember me, but I
remember her ...

CHRISTINE:

Flowers fade, the fruits of Summer fade
-- they have their season, so
do we ... But please promise me that
sometimes, you will think ...
of me!

GIRY:

Yes, you did well. He will be pleased.
(to the DANCERS) And you! You were a
disgrace tonight!
Such ronds de jambe! Such temps de
cuisse! Come, we rehearse. Now!

Angel of Music

PHANTOM:

Brava, brava, bravissima ...

MEG:

Where in the world have you been
hiding?
Really, you were perfect!
I only wish I knew your secret!
Who is this new tutor?

CHRISTINE:

Father once spoke of an angel ...
I used to dream he'd appear ...
Now as I sing I can sense him ...
And I know he's here ...
Here in this room he calls me softly ...
somewhere inside ... hiding ...
Somehow I know he's always with me ...
he - the unseen genius ...

MEG:

I watched your face from the shadows
Distant through all the applause
I hear your voice in the darkness,
but the words aren't yours

CHRISTINE:

Angel of Music! Guide and guardian!
Grant to me your glory!

MEG:

Who is this angel? This ...

BOTH:

Angel of Music! Hide no longer!
Secret and strange angel ...

CHRISTINE:

He's with me, even now ...

MEG:

Your hands are cold ...

CHRISTINE:

All around me ...

MEG:

Your face, Christine, it's white ...

CHRISTINE:

It frightens me...

MEG:

Don't be frightened ...

GIRY:

Meg Giry. Are you a dancer?
Then come and practice.
My dear, I was asked to give you this.

CHRISTINE:

A red scarf ... the attic ... Little Lotte ...

ANDRE:

A tour de force! No other way to describe
it!

FIRMIN:

What a relief! Not a single refund!

MME. FIRMIN:

Greedy.

ANDRE:

Richard, I think we've made quite a discovery in Miss Daa?

FIRMIN:

Here we are, Monsieur le Vicomte.

RAOUL:

Gentlemen if you wouldn't mind.
This is one visit I should prefer to make unaccompanied.

ANDRE:

As you wish, monsieur.

FIRMIN:

They appear to have met before ...

Little Lotte

RAOUL:

Christine Daae, where is your scarf?

CHRISTINE:

Monsieur?

RAOUL:

You can't have lost it. Not after all the trouble I took.

I was just fourteen and soaked to the skin ...

CHRISTINE:

Because you had run into the sea to fetch my scarf.
Oh, Raoul. So it is you!

RAOUL:

Christine.

Little lotte Let your mind wander ...

CHRISTINE:

Remember that, too ... ?

RAOUL:

Little lotte thought: Am I fonder of dolls,

BOTH:

Or of goblins or shoes

CHRISTINE:

Or of riddles or frocks ...

RAOUL:

Those picnics in the attic?
or of chocolates

CHRISTINE:

Father playing the violin ...

RAOUL:

As we read to each other dark stories of the North ...

CHRISTINE:

No, what I love best, Lotte said, is when I'm asleep in my bed,
and the Angel of Music sings songs in my head!"

BOTH:

the Angel of Music sings song in my head!

CHRISTINE:

Father said, "When I'm in heaven, child, I will send the Angel of Music to you".

Well, father is dead, Raoul, and I have been visited by the Angel of Music.

RAOUL:

There's no doubt of that. But now, we'll go to supper!

CHRISTINE:

No, Raoul, the Angel of Music is very strict.

RAOUL:

I shan't keep you up late!

CHRISTINE:

No, Raoul ...

RAOUL:

You must change. I must get my hat. Two minutes Little Lotte.

CHRISTINE:

Raoul!
Things have changed, Raoul.

The Mirror

PHANTOM:

Insolent boy!

This slave of fashion,
basking in your glory!

Ignorant fool!
This brave young suitor,
sharing in my triumph!

CHRISTINE:

Angel! I hear you!
Speak - I listen ...
stay by my side, guide me!

Angel, my soul was weak -
forgive me ...
enter at last, Master!

PHANTOM:

Flattering child,
you shall know me,
see why in shadow I hide!

Look at your face in the mirror -
I am there inside!

CHRISTINE:

Angel of Music!
Guide and guardian!
Grant to me your glory!

Angel of Music!
Hide no longer!
Come to me, strange angel ...

The Phantom of the Opera

CHRISTINE:

In sleep he sang to me,
in dreams he came ...
that voice which calls to me
and speaks my name ...

And do I dream again?
For now I find
the Phantom of the Opera is there -
inside my mind ...

PHANTOM:

Sing once again with me
our strange duet ...
My power over you
grows stronger yet ...

And though you turn from me,
to glance behind,

the Phantom of the Opera is there -
inside your mind ...

CHRISTINE:

Those who have seen your face
draw back in fear ...
I am the mask you wear ...

PHANTOM:

It's me they hear ...

BOTH:

Your/my spirit and your/my voice
in one combined:
the Phantom of the Opera is there -
inside your/my mind ...

CHORUS:

He's there,
the Phantom of the Opera ...
Beware, the Phantom of the Opera ...

PHANTOM:

In all your fantasies,
you always knew
that man and mystery ...

CHRISTINE:

... were both in you ...

BOTH:

And in this labyrinth,
where night is blind,
the Phantom of the Opera is there/here
inside your/my mind ...

PHANTOM:

Sing, my Angel of Music!

CHRISTINE:

He's there, the Phantom of the Opera ...

PHANTOM:

Sing for me ... sing.
Sing my Angel ... sing.
Sing for me.

PHANTOM:

I have brought you to the seat of sweet
music's throne ...
To this kingdom where all must pay
homage to music ...

Music ... You have come here for one
purpose and one alone ...

Since the moment I first heard you sing,
I have needed you with me to serve me,
to sing for my music ...
my music ...

The Music of the Night

PHANTOM:

Night-time sharpens, heightens each
sensation ...
Darkness stirs and wakes imagination ...
Silently the senses abandon their
defenses ...

Slowly, gently, night unfurls its
splendour ...
Grasp it, sense it, tremulous and
tender ...
Turn your face away from the garish
light of day,
turn your thoughts away from cold,
unfeeling light
and listen to the music of the night ...

Close your eyes and surrender to your
darkest dreams!
Purge your thoughts of the life you knew
before!
Close your eyes, let your spirit start to
soar!
And you'll live as you've never lived
before ...

Softly, deftly, music shall caress you ...
Hear it, feel it, secretly possess you.
Open up your mind, let your fantasies
unwind,
in this darkness which you know you
cannot fight --
the darkness of the music of the night ...

Let your mind start a journey through a
strange, new world!
Leave all thoughts of the world you
knew before!
Let your soul take you where you long to
be!
Only then can you belong to me ...

Floating, falling, sweet intoxication!
Touch me, trust me, savour each
sensation!
Let the dream begin, let your darker side
give in

to the power of the music that I write --
the power of the music of the night ...

You alone can make my song take flight
-
help me make the music of the night ...

I Remember / Stranger than you
Dreamt it

CHRISTINE:

I remember, there was mist ...
Swirling mist upon a vast glossy lake ...
There were candles all around And on
the lake there was a boat ...
And in the boat there was a man ...
Who was that shape in the shadows?
Whose is the face in the mask?

PHANTOM:

Damn you! You little prying Pandora!
You little demon! Is this what you
wanted to see?
Curse you! You little lying Delilah!
You little viper! Now you cannot ever be
free!
Damn you!
Curse you!
Stranger than you dreamt it
Can you even dare to look?
Or bear to think of me?
This loathsome gargoyles who burns in
hell,
but secretly, yearns for heaven,
secretly, secretly ... But, Christine,
fear can turn to love
You'll learn to see, to find the man
behind the monster,
this repulsive carcass ... who seems a
beast,
but secretly, dreams of beauty,
Secretly, secretly ... Oh, Christine ...
Come, we must return!
Those two fools who run my theatre will
be missing you.

Magical Lasso

BUQUET:

Like yellow parchment is his skin ...
A great black hole serves as the nose
that never grew ...
You must be always on your guard ...
Or he will catch you with his magical

lasso ... !

GIRY:

Those who speak of what they know,
find too late that prudent silence
is wise ...

Joseph Buquet, hold your tongue
He will burn you with the heat of his
eyes ... !

Notes/Prima Donna

FIRMIN:

"Mystery after gala night,"
it says, "Mystery of soprano's flight!"
"Mystified," baffled Surete say,
"We are mystified -- we suspect foul
play!"

Bad news on soprano scene --
first Carlotta, now Christine!
Ah, but still at least the seats get sold --
gossip's worth its weight in gold ...

Diva tenders resignation!
Cover does a moonlight flit!
Half your cast disappears,
but the crowd still cheers!
Opera!
To hell with Gluck and Handel --
have a scandal and you're sure to have a
hit!

ANDRE:

Damnably!
Will they all walk out?
This is damnably!

FIRMIN:

Andre, please don't shout ...
It's publicity!
And the take is vast!
Free publicity!

ANDRE:

But we have no cast ...

FIRMIN:

But Andre,
have you seen the queue?
Oh, it seems you've got one too ...

ANDRE:

"Dear Andre, what a charming gala!

Christine enjoyed a great success!
We were hardly bereft when Carlotta left

--

otherwise, the chorus was entrancing,
but the dancing was a lamentable
mess!"

FIRMIN:

"Dear Firmin, just a quick reminder:
my salary has not been paid.
Send it care of the ghost,
by return of post --
P.T.O.:
No one likes a debtor,
so it's better if my orders are obeyed!"

BOTH:

Who would have the gall to send this?
Someone with a peurile brain!

FIRMIN:

These are both signed "O.G." ...

ANDRE:

Who the hell is he?

BOTH:

"Opera ghost!"

FIRMIN:

It's really not amusing!

ANDRE:

He's abusing our position!

FIRMIN:

In addition he wants money!

ANDRE:

He's a funny sort of spectre ...

BOTH:

... to expect a large retainer!
Nothing plainer -- He is clearly quite
insane!

RAOUL:

Where is she?

ANDRE:

You mean Carlotta?

RAOUL:

I mean, Miss Daae -- where is she?

FIRMIN:
Well, how should we know?

RAOUL:
I want an answer --
I take it that you sent me this note?

FIRMIN:
What's all this nonsense?

ANDRE:
Of course not!

FIRMIN:
Don't look at us!

RAOUL:
She's not with you, then?

FIRMIN:
Of course not!

ANDRE:
We're in the dark ...

RAOUL:
Monsieur, don't argue --
Isn't this the letter you wrote?

FIRMIN:
And what is it that we're meant to have
wrote?
Written!

ANDRE:
"Do not fear for Miss Daae.
The Angel of Music has her under his
wing.
Make no attempt to see her again."

RAOUL:
If you didn't write it, who did?

CARLOTTA:
Where is he?

ANDRE:
Ah, welcome back!

CARLOTTA:
Your precious patron --

CARLOTTA/PIANGI:

Where is he?

RAOUL:
What is it now?

CARLOTTA:
I have your letter --
a letter which I rather resent!

FIRMIN:
And did you send it?

RAOUL:
Of course not!

ANDRE:
As if he would!

CARLOTTA/PIANGI:
You didn't send it?

RAOUL:
Of course not!

FIRMIN:
What's going on ... -

CARLOTTA:
You dare to tell me
that this is not the letter you sent?!

RAOUL:
And what is it that I'm meant to have
sent?
"Your days at the Opera Populaire are
numbered.
Christine Daae will be singing on your
behalf tonight.
Be prepared for a great misfortune,
should you attempt to take her
place."

ANDRE/FIRMIN:
Far too many notes for my taste --
and most of them about Christine!
All we've heard since we came, is Miss
Daae's name ...

GIRY:
Miss Daae has returned.

FIRMIN:
In which case, I think our meeting is
adjourned.

ANDRE:
Where precisely is she now?

GIRY:
I thought it best that she went home ...

MEG:
She needed rest.

RAOUL:
May I see her?

GIRY:
No, monsieur, she will see no one.

CARLOTTA/PIANGI:
Will she sing? Will she sing?

GIRY:
Here, I have a note ...

RAOUL/CARLOTTA/ANDRE:
Let me see it!

FIRMIN:
Please!
"Gentlemen, I have now sent you several notes of the most amiable nature, detailing how my theatre is to be run. You have not followed my instructions. I shall give you one last chance ... "

PHANTOM:
... shall give you one last chance ...
Christine Daae has returned to you,
and I am anxious her career should progress.
In the new production of "Il Muto", you will therefore cast Carlotta as the Pageboy,
and put Miss Daae in the role of the Countess.
The role which Miss Daae plays calls for charm and appeal.
The role of the Pageboy is silent -- which makes my casting, in a word, ideal.

I shall watch the performance from my normal seat in Box Five,
which will be kept open for me.

Should these commands be ignored,
a disaster beyond your imagination will occur ...

FIRMIN:
"... I remain, gentlemen, your obedient servant, O.G."

MEG:
Christine ... Christine.

CARLOTTA:
Christine!

ANDRE:
Whatever next ... ?

CARLOTTA/PIANGI:
It's all a ploy to help Christine!

FIRMIN:
This is insane ...

CARLOTTA:
I know who sent this The Vicomte -- her lover!

RAOUL:
Indeed? Can you believe this?

ANDRE:
Signora!

PIANGI:
How can you do this?

CARLOTTA:
I am unwanted!

FIRMIN:
This is a joke!

ANDRE:
This changes nothing!

CARLOTTA:
I am unwelcome!

FIRMIN:
Signora!

ANDRE:
You are our star!

FIRMIN:
And always will be!

ANDRE:
Signora ...

FIRMIN:
The man is mad!

ANDRE:
We don't take orders!

FIRMIN:
Miss Daae will be playing the Pageboy --
the silent role ...

ANDRE/FIRMIN:
Carlotta will be playing the lead!

PIANGI:
You don't deserve her!

CARLOTTA:
It's useless trying to appease me!

PIANGI:
Appease her --

CARLOTTA:
You're only saying this to please me!

PIANGI:
To please her --

CARLOTTA:
I will not listen!
You thus insult the honour of your prima
donna?

CARLOTTA/PIANGI:
Padre mio! Dio!

GIRY:
Who scorn his word, beware to those ...

CARLOTTA:
You have reviled me!

GIRY:
The angel sees, the angel knows ...

RAOUL:
Why did Christine fly from my arms ... ?

MEG:
Christine ...

CARLOTTA:
You have rebuked me!

ANDRE/FIRMIN:
Signora, pardon us ...

CARLOTTA:
You have replaced me!

ANDRE/FIRMIN:
Please, Signora we beseech you ...

GIRY:
This hour shall see your darkest fears ...

MEG/RAOUL:
I must see her ...

CARLOTTA/PIANGI:
This is uncalled-for for!
This is unfounded!
This is unheard of!

GIRY:
The angel knows, the angel hears ...

RAOUL:
Where did she go?

CARLOTTA:
You are unthinking! You are unfeeling!

PIANGI:
They are unthinking. They are unfeeling.

ANDRE/FIRMIN:
Signora, sing for us! Don't be a martyr ...

RAOUL/GIRY/MEG:
What new surprises lie in store ... ?

ANDRE/FIRMIN:
Our star!

CARLOTTA/PIANGI:
You go too far!

ANDRE:
Your public needs you!

FIRMIN:

We need you, too!

CARLOTTA:
Would you not rather have your precious little ingenue?

ANDRE/FIRMIN:
Signora, no! the world wants you!

Prima donna, first lady of the stage!
Your devotees are on their knees to implore you!

ANDRE:
Can you bow out when they're shouting your name?

FIRMIN:
Think of how they all adore you!

BOTH:
Prima donna, enchant us once again!

ANDRE:
Think of your muse ...

FIRMIN:
And of the queues of the theatre!

BOTH:
Can you deny us the triumph in store?
Sing, prima donna, once more!

RAOUL:
Christine spoke of an angel ...

CARLOTTA:
You took a snub
but there's a public who need you!

GIRY:
She has heard the voice of the angel of music ...

ANDRE/FIRMIN:
Those who hear your voice liken you to an angel!

CARLOTTA:
Think of their cry of undying support!

RAOUL:
Is this her angel of music ... ?

ANDRE:
We get our opera ...

FIRMIN:
She gets her limelight!

CARLOTTA:
Follow where the limelight leads you!

PIANGI:
The limelight once again shall shine upon her.

MEG:
Is this ghost an angel or madman ... ?

RAOUL:
Angel or madman ... ?

ANDRE/FIRMIN:
Leading ladies are a trial!

CARLOTTA:
Prima donna, your song shall never die!

PIANGI:
When she sings we see heaven

MEG:
Voice of hell, or of heaven ... ?

GIRY:
Heaven help you, those who doubt ...

CARLOTTA:
You'll sing again, and to an unending ovation!

RAOUL:
Order! Warnings! Lunatic demands!

GIRY:
This miscasting will invite damnation ...

ANDRE/FIRMIN:
Tears ... oaths ... lunatic demands are regular occurrences!

PIANGI:
Unending ovation now and always ...

MEG:
Bliss or damnation? Which has claimed her?

CARLOTTA:

Think how you'll shine in that final
encore!

Sing, prima donna, once more!

GIRY:

Oh fools, to have flouted his warnings!

RAOUL:

Surely, for her sake ...

PIANGI:

Surely heads will roll ...

MEG:

Surely he'll strike back ...

ANDRE/FIRMIN:

Surely there'll be further scenes - worse
than this!

GIRY:

Think, before those demands are
rejected!

RAOUL:

... I must see these demands are
rejected!

PIANGI:

If his threats and demands are rejected.

MEG:

... if his threats and demands are
rejected!

ANDRE/FIRMIN:

Who'd believe a diva happy to relieve a
chorus girl,
who's gone and slept with her patron?
Raoul and his soubrette, entwined in
love's duet!

Although he may demur, he must have
been with her!

MEG/RAOUL:

Christine must be protected!

PIANGI/GIRY:

Honour must be protected!

CARLOTTA:

Deposed! Rejected! Reappraised and

re-elected?

ANDRE/FIRMIN:

You'd never get away with all this in a
play,

but if it's loudly sung and in a foreign
tongue,

it's just the sort of story audiences adore,
in fact, a perfect opera!

RAOUL:

His game is over!

PIANGI:

Their game is over!

GIRY:

This is a game you cannot hope to win!

RAOUL:

And in Box Five a new game will begin ...

GIRY:

For, if his curse is on this opera ...

MEG:

But if his curse is on this opera ...

ANDRE/FIRMIN:

Prima donna, the world is at your feet!
A nation waits, and how it hates to be
cheated!

CARLOTTA/PIANGI:

The stress that falls upon a famous
prima donna!

Terrible diseases, coughs and colds and
sneezes!

Still, the dryest throat will reach the
highest note,
in search of a perfect opera!

MEG/GIRY:

... then I fear the outcome ...

RAOUL:

Christine plays the Pageboy, Carlotta
plays the Countess ...

GIRY:

... should you dare to ...

MEG:

... when you once again ...

ALL:
Light up that stage with that age-old
rapport!
Sing, prima donna, once more!

PHANTOM:
So, it is to be war between us! If these
demands are not met, a
disaster beyond your imagination will
occur!

ALL:
Once more!

Poor Fool, He Makes Me Laugh

RAOUL:
Gentlemen, if you would care to take
your seats ...
I shall be sitting in Box Five.

ANDRE:
Do you really think that's wise,
monsieur?

RAOUL:
My dear Andre,
there would appear to be no seats
available other than Box Five.

CONFIDANTE:
They say that this youth has set my
Lady's heart aflame!

1ST FOP:
His Lordship sure would die of shock!

2ND FOP:
His Lordship is a laughing-stock!

CONFIDANTE:
Should he suspect her, God protect her!

ALL THREE:
Shame! Shame! Shame!
This faithless lady's bound for Hades!
Shame! Shame! Shame!

ANDRE:
Nothing like the old operas!

FIRMIN:
Or the old scenery ...

ANDRE:
The old singers ...

FIRMIN:
The old audience ...

ANDRE:
And every seat sold!

FIRMIN:
Hardly a disaster beyond all
imagination!

COUNTESS:
Serafimo - your disguise is perfect.
Who can this be?

DON ATTILIO:
Gentle wife, admit your loving husband.

My love - I am called to England on
affairs of State,
and must leave you with your new maid.
(Aside) Though I'd gladly take the maid
with me.

COUNTESS:
(aside) The old fool's leaving!

DON ATTILIO:
(aside) I suspect my young bride is
untrue to me.
I shall not leave, but shall hide over
there to observe her!
Addio!

COUNTESS:
Addio!

BOTH:
Addio!

CARLOTTA:
Serafimo! Away with this pretense!
You cannot speak, but kiss me in my
husband's absence!
Poor fool, he makes me laugh!
Time I tried to get a better better half!
Poor fool, he doesn't know!
If he knew, the fool, he never would
have gone!

PHANTOM:

Did I not instruct that Box Five was to be kept empty?

MEG:

He's here: the Phantom of the Opera ...

CHRISTINE:

It's him! I know it, it's him!

CARLOTTA:

Your part is silent ... little toad!

PHANTOM:

A toad, madame? Perhaps it is you who are the toad!

CARLOTTA:

Serafimo! Away with this pretense!

You cannot speak, but kiss me in my ... croak!

Poor fool, he makes me laugh! Croak! Croak!

PHANTOM:

Behold! She is singing to bring down the chandelier!

ANDRE:

Ladies and gentlemen,
the performance will continue in ten minutes time,
when the role of the Countess will be sung by Miss Christine Daae.

In the meantime, ladies and gentlemen,
we shall be giving you the
ballet from Act Three of tonight's opera.
Maestro, the ballet, NOW!

CHRISTINE:

Raoul! Raoul!

RAOUL:

Christine! Come with me!

CHRISTINE:

No, we must go up! To the roof!

ANDRE:

Ladies and gentlemen, please! Remain in your seats! Do not panic! It was an accident, simply an accident!

Why Have You Brought Me Here?

/Raoul, I've been there

RAOUL:

Why have you brought me here?

CHRISTINE:

Don't take me back there!

RAOUL:

We must return!

CHRISTINE:

He'll kill me ...

His eyes will find me there!

RAOUL:

Christine, don't say that ...

CHRISTINE:

Those eyes that hurt ...

RAOUL:

Don't even think it ...

CHRISTINE:

And if he has to kill a thousand men ...

RAOUL:

Forget this waking nightmare ...

CHRISTINE:

The Phantom of the Opera will kill and kill again ...

RAOUL:

This Phantom is a fable

Believe me ... there is no Phantom of the Opera!

CHRISTINE:

My God, who is this man?

RAOUL:

My God, who is this man?

CHRISTINE:

Who hunts to kill?

RAOUL:

His mask of death ...

CHRISTINE:

I can't escape from him ...

RAOUL:

Whose is this voice you hear?

CHRISTINE:

I never will ... !

RAOUL:

With every breath ...

BOTH:

And in this labyrinth where night is
blind ...

the Phantom of the Opera is here Inside
your/my mind ...

RAOUL:

There is no Phantom of the Opera!

CHRISTINE:

Raoul, I've been there ...
to his world of unending night ...
to a world where the daylight dissolves
into darkness ...

darkness ...

Raoul, I've seen him ...

Can I ever forget that sight?

Can I ever escape from that face? So
distorted, deformed ...

It was hardly a face, in that darkness ...
darkness ...

But his voice filled my spirit with a
strange, sweet sound ...

In that night, there was music in my
mind ...

And through music, my soul began to
soar ...

And I heard as I've never heard before!

RAOUL:

What you heard was a dream, and
nothing more!

CHRISTINE:

Yet in his eyes, all the sadness of the
world ...

those pleading eyes that both
threatened ...

and adored ...

RAOUL:

Christine ... Christine ...

PHANTOM:

Christine ...

CHRISTINE:

What was that?

All I Ask of You

RAOUL:

No more talk of darkness,
Forget these wide-eyed fears.
I'm here, nothing can harm you -
my words will warm and calm you.

Let me be your freedom,
let daylight dry your tears.
I'm here, with you, beside you,
to guard you and to guide you ...

CHRISTINE:

Say you love me every waking moment,
turn my head with talk of
summertime ...

Say you need me with you, now and
always ...

promise me that all you say is true -
that's all I ask of you ...

RAOUL:

Let me be your shelter,
let me be your light.
You're safe: No-one will find you -
your fears are far behind you ...

CHRISTINE:

All I want is freedom,
a world with no more night ...
and you, always beside me,
to hold me and to hide me ...

RAOUL:

Then say you'll share with me one love,
one lifetime ...

let me lead you from your solitude ...

Say you need me with you here, beside
you ...

anywhere you go, let me go too -

Christine, that's all I ask of you ...

CHRISTINE:

Say you'll share with me one love, one
lifetime ...

say the word and I will follow you ...

BOTH:

Share each day with me, each night,
each morning ...

CHRISTINE:

Say you love me ...

RAOUL:

You know I do ...

BOTH:

Love me -
That's all I ask of you ...
Anywhere you go let me go ...
Love me - that's all I ask of you ...

CHRISTINE:

I must go!
They'll wonder where I am!
Wait for me, Raoul!

RAOUL:

Christine, I love you!

CHRISTINE:

Order your fine horses,
be with them at the door ...

RAOUL:

And soon, you'll be beside me ...

CHRISTINE:

You'll guard me and you'll guide me ...

I Gave You My Music

PHANTOM:

I gave you my music ...
Made your song take wing ...
and now, how you've repaid me:
denied me and betrayed me ...
He was bound to love you when he
heard you sing ...
Christine ... Christine ...

CHRISTINE/RAOUL:

Say you'll share with me one love, one
lifetime ...
say the word and I will follow you ...
Share each day with me, each night,
each morning ...

PHANTOM:

You will curse the day you did not do all
that the Phantom asked of you
... !
Go!!!

Act Two

Masquerade

ANDRE:

M'sieur Firmin?

FIRMIN:

M'sieur Andre?
Dear Andre, what a splendid party!

ANDRE:

The prologue to a bright new year!

FIRMIN:

Quite a night! I'm impressed!

ANDRE:

Well, one does one's best ...

ANDRE/FIRMIN:

Here's to us!

FIRMIN:

The toast of all the city
Such a pity that the Phantom can't be
here!

CHORUS:

Masquerade! Paper 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!
Flash of mauve, splash of puce ...
Fool and king, ghoul and ghost ...
Green and black, queen and priest ...
Trace of rouge, face of beast ...
Faces ... take your turn, take a ride
on the merry-go-round ... in an inhuman
race ...
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 ...

CHRISTINE:

But who can name the face ...

ALL:

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 and friend
who ever knew you!

Masquerade! Leering satyrs, peering
eyes ...

Masquerade! Run and hide - but a face
will still pursue you!

GIRY:

What a night!

MEG:

What a crowd!

ANDRE:

Makes you glad!

FIRMIN:

Makes you proud!
All the creme de la creme!

CARLOTTA:

Watching us watching them!

MEG/GIRY:

And all our fears are in the past!

ANDRE:

Six months ...

PIANGI:

Of relief!

CARLOTTA:

Of delight!

ANDRE/FIRMIN:

Of Elysian peace!

MEG/GIRY:

And we can breathe at last!

CARLOTTA:

No more notes!

PIANGI:

No more ghosts!

GIRY:

Here's a health!

ANDRE:

Here's a toast: to a prosperous year!

FIRMIN:

To the new chandelier!

CARLOTTA:

And may its splendour never fade!

FIRMIN:

Six months!

GIRY:

What a joy!

MEG:

What a change!

FIRMIN/ANDRE:

What a blessed release!

ANDRE:

And what a masquerade!

CHRISTINE:

Think of it! A secret engagement!
Look - your future bride! Just think of it!

RAOUL:

But why is it secret? What have we to
hide?

CHRISTINE:

Please, let's not fight ...

RAOUL:

Christine, you're free!

CHRISTINE:

Wait till the time is right ...

RAOUL:

When will you that be? It's an
engagement, not a crime!

Christine, What are you afraid of?

CHRISTINE:
Let's not argue ...

RAOUL:
Let's not argue ...

CHRISTINE:
Please pretend ...

RAOUL:
I can only hope I'll ...

CHRISTINE:
You will ...

BOTH:
... understand in time ...

ALL:
Masquerade! Paper 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!

PHANTOM:
Why so silent, good monsieurs?
Did you think that I had left you for
good?
Have you missed me, good monsieurs?
I have written you an opera!
Here I bring the finished score! Don Juan
Triumphant!
I advise you to comply, my instructions
should be clear,
Remember there are worse things than
a shattered chandelier ...

Your chains are still mine You will sing for
me ... !

RAOUL:
Madame Giry. Madame Giry . . .

GIRY:
Monsieur, don't ask me - I know no more
than anyone else.

RAOUL:
That's not true. You've seen something,
haven't you ?

GIRY:
I don't know what I've seen ... Please
don't ask me, monsieur ...

RAOUL:
Madame, for all our sakes ...

GIRY:
Very well. It was years ago. There was a
travelling fair in the city.
Tumblers, conjurors, human oddities ...

RAOUL:
Go on ...

GIRY:
And there was ... I shall never forget him:
a man, locked in a cage ...

RAOUL:
In a cage ...?

GIRY:
A prodigy, monsieur! Scholar, architect,
musician.

RAOUL:
A composer ...

GIRY:
And an inventor too, monsieur.
They boasted he had once built for the
Shah of Persia, a maze of
mirrors ...

RAOUL:
Who was this man ...?

GIRY:
A freak of nature ...more monster than
man ...

RAOUL:
Deformed ...?

GIRY:

From birth, it seemed ...

RAOUL:

My God, Christine!

GIRY:

And then ... he went missing. He escaped.:

RAOUL:

Go on.

GIRY:

They never found him...it was said he had died ...

RAOUL:

But he didn't die, did he?

GIRY:

The world forgot him, but I never can
For in this darkness I have seen him again ...

RAOUL:

And so our Phantom's this man ...

GIRY:

I have said too much, monsieur. And there have been too many accidents ...

RAOUL:

Accidents?! Madame Giry!

Notes II

ANDRE:

Ludicrous! Have you seen the score?

FIRMIN:

Simply ludicrous!

ANDRE:

It's the final straw!

FIRMIN:

This is lunacy! Well, you know my views

ANDRE:

Utter lunacy!

FIRMIN:

But we daren't refuse...

ANDRE:

Not another chandelier...

FIRMIN:

Look, my friend, what we have here

ANDRE:

"Dear Andre, Re my orchestrations: We need another first bassoon.

Every note?s overblown-and that third trombone has to go! T

he man could not be deafer, so please preferably one who plays in tune!"

FIRMIN:

"Dear Firmin, vis a vis my opera: some chorus-members must be sacked.

If you could, find out which has a sense of pitch -

wisely, though, I've managed to assign a rather minor role to those who cannot act!"

CARLOTTA:

Outrage!

FIRMIN:

What is it now?

CARLOTTA:

This whole affair is an outrage!

FIRMIN:

Signora, please

ANDRE:

Now what's the matter?

CARLOTTA:

Have you seen the size of my part?

ANDRE:

Signora, listen...

PIANGI:

It's an insult!

FIRMIN:

Not you as well!

PIANGI:

Just look at this -it's an insult!

FIRMIN:
Please, understand...

ANDRE:
Signor! Signora!

CARLOTTA:
The things I have to do for my art!

PIANGI:
If you can call this gibberish "art" !

CARLOTTA:
Ah! Here's our little flower!

FIRMIN:
Ah Miss Daae quite the lady of the hour!

ANDRE:
You have secured the largest role in this "Don Juan".

CARLOTTA:
Christine Daae? She doesn't have the voice!

FIRMIN:
Signora, please!

RAOUL:
Then I take it you're agreeing.

CARLOTTA:
She's behind this ...

ANDRE:
It appears we have no choice.

CARLOTTA:
She's the one behind this!Christine Daae!

CHRISTINE:
How dare you!

CARLOTTA:
I'm not a fool!

CHRISTINE:
You evil woman! How dare you!

CARLOTTA:
You think I'm blind?

CHRISTINE:
This isn't my fault! I don't want any part in this plot!

FIRMIN:
Miss Daae, surely ...

ANDRE:
But why not?

PIANGI:
What does she say?

FIRMIN:
It's your decision - But why not?

CARLOTTA:
She's backing out!

ANDRE:
You have a duty!

CHRISTINE:
I cannot sing it, duty or not!

RAOUL:
Christine, Christine ...You don't have to, they can't make you ...

GIRY:
Please, monsieur: another note.

"Fondest greetings to you all!
A few instructions just before rehearsal starts: Carlotta must be taught to act ..."

PHANTOM'S VOICE:
...not her normal trick of strutting round the stage.
Our Don Juan must lose some weight -it's not healthy in a man of Piangi's age.
And my managers must learn that their place is in an office, not the arts.
As for Miss Christine Daae . . .No doubt she'll do her best -
it's true her voice is good.
She knows, though, should she wish to excel she has much still to learn,
if pride will let her return to me, her

teacher, her teacher...
Your obedient friend...

GIRY:
"... and Angel ..."

RAOUL:
We have all been blind - and yet the
answer is staring us in the face.
This could be the chance to ensnare our
clever friend ...

ANDRE:
We're listening...

FIRMIN:
Go on.

RAOUL:
We shall play his game - perform his
work -
but remember we hold the ace.
For, if Miss Daae sings, he is certain to
attend...

ANDRE:
We make certain the doors are barred

FIRMIN:
We make certain our men are there

RAOUL:
We make certain they're armed

RAOUL/ANDRE/FIRMIN:
The curtain falls -his reign will end!

GIRY:
Madness!

ANDRE:
I'm not so sure...

FIRMIN:
Not if it works...

GIRY:
This is madness!

ANDRE:
The tide will turn!

GIRY:
Monsieur, believe me -there is no way of

turning the tide!

FIRMIN:
You stick to ballet!

RAOUL:
Then help us!

GIRY:
Monsieur, I can't...

RAOUL:
Instead of warning us

RAOUL/ANDRE/FIRMIN:
Help us!

GIRY:
I wish I could...

RAOUL/ANDRE/FIRMIN:
Don't make excuses!

RAOUL:
Or could it be that you're on his side?

GIRY:
Monsieur, believe me, I intend no ill
but messieurs, be careful -we have seen
him kill...

ANDRE/FIRMIN:
We say he'll fall and fall he will!

CARLOTTA:
She's the one behind this! Christine! This
is all her doing!

PIANGI:
This is the truth! Christine Daae!

RAOUL:
This is his undoing!

ANDRE/FIRMIN:
If you succeed you free us all -this so
called "angel" has to fall!

RAOUL:
Angel of music, fear my fury -Here is
where you fall!

GIRY:
Hear my warning! Fear his fury!

CARLOTTA:
 What glory can she hope to gain?
 It's clear to all the girl's insane!

ANDRE:
 Christine sings, we'll get our man...

PIANGI:
 She is crazy! She is raving!

FIRMIN:
 If Christine helps us in this plan...

RAOUL:
 Say your prayers, black angel of death!

CHRISTINE:
 Please don't...

ANDRE:
 If Christine won't, then no-one can

GIRY:
 Monsieur, I beg you, do not do this

PIANGI/CARLOTTA:
 Gran Dio! Che imbroglio!

ANDRE/FIRMIN:
 This will seal his fate!

CHRISTINE:
 If you don't stop, I'll go mad!!!

Raoul, I'm frightened - don't make me
 do this
 Raoul, it scares me -don't put me
 through this ordeal by fire
 he'll take me, I know ...we'll be parted
 for ever, he won't let me go
 What I once used to dream I now
 dread...if he finds me, it won't ever
 end
 and he'll always be there, singing songs
 in my head
 he'll always be there, singing songs in
 my head...

CARLOTTA:
 She's mad...

RAOUL:
 You said yourself he was nothing but a

man.
 Yet while he lives, he will haunt us till
 we're dead

CHRISTINE:
 Twisted every way, what answer can I
 give?
 Am I to risk my life, to win the chance to
 live?
 Can I betray the man who once inspired
 my voice?
 Do I become his prey? Do I have any
 choice?
 He kills without a thought, he murders
 all that's good
 I know I can't refuse and yet, I wish I
 could
 Oh God - if I agree,
 what horrors wait for me in this, the
 Phantom's opera ...?

RAOUL:
 Christine, Christine, don't think that I
 don't care -
 but every hope and every prayer rests
 on you now

So, it is to be war between us! But this time,
 clever friend, the disaster
 will be yours!

Don Juan Rehearsal

CHORUS:
 Hide our sword now wounded knight!
 Your vain glorious gasconnade brought
 you to your final fight for your
 pride, high price you've paid!

CHRISTINE:
 Silken couch and hay-filled barn: both
 have been his battlefield.

PIANGI:
 Those who tangle with Don Juan...

REYER:
 No, no, no! Chorus, rest, please. Don
 Juan, Signor Piangi - here is the
 phrase.
 "Those who tangle with Don Juan . . ." If
 you please?

PIANGI:

Those who tangle with Don Juan...

REYER:
No, no. Nearly - but no."Those who tan,
tan, tan?

PIANGI:
Those who tangle with Don Juan...

CARLOTTA:
His way is better. At least he make it
sound like music!

GIRY:
Signora - would you speak that way in
the presence of the composer?

CARLOTTA:
The composer is not here. And if he were
here, I would...

GIRY:
Are you certain of that, Signora...?

REYER:
So, once again - after seven. Five, six,
seven

PIANGI:
Those who tangle with Don Juan...

CARLOTTA:
Ah, piu non posso! What does it matter
what notes we sing?

GIRY:
Have patience, Signora.

CARLOTTA:
No-one will know if it is right or if it is
wrong. No-one will care if
it is right, or if it is wrong.

CARLOTTA:
Those who tangle with Don Juan!

PIANGI:
Those who tan . . . tan . . .Is right?

CHRISTINE:
Not quite, Signor: Those who tan ...
tan ...

REYER:

Ladies ... Signor Piangi ... if you
please ...

ALL EXCEPT CHRISTINE:
Poor young maiden! For the thrill on
your tongue of stolen sweets
you will have to pay the bill -tangled in
the winding sheets!

CHRISTINE:
In sleep he sang to me,
in dreams he came ...
that voice which calls to me and speaks
my name ...

Little Lotte thought of everything and
nothing
Her Father promised her that he would
send her the Angel of Music
Her father promised her...
Her father promised her

Wishing you were Somehow here again

CHRISTINE:
You were once my one companion ...
you were all that mattered ...
You were once a friend and father ...
then my world was shattered ...
Wishing you were somehow here
again ... wishing you were somehow near
...
Sometimes it seemed, if I just dreamed,
somehow you would be here ...

Wishing I could hear your voice again ...
knowing that I never would ...
Dreaming of you won't help me to do all
that you dreamed I could ...

Passing bells and sculpted angels, cold
and monumental,
seem, for you, the wrong companions -
you were warm and gentle ...
Too many years fighting back tears ...
Why can't the past just die ... ?

Wishing you were somehow here
again ... knowing we must say goodbye ...
Try to forgive ... teach me to live ... give
me the strength to try ...
No more memories, no more silent
tears ...
No more gazing across the wasted

years ...
 Help me say goodbye.
 Help me say goodbye!

Wandering Child ... /Bravo, Monsieur ...

PHANTOM:
 Wandering child, so lost, so helpless ...
 yearning for my guidance ...

CHRISTINE:
 Angel or father ... friend ... or
 Phantom ... ?
 Who is it there, staring ... ?

PHANTOM:
 Have you forgotten your Angel ... ?

CHRISTINE:
 Angel ... oh, speak ...
 What endless longings echo in this
 whisper ... !

PHANTOM:
 Too long you've wandered in winter ...
 Far from my far-reaching gaze ...

CHRISTINE:
 Wildly my mind beats against you ...

PHANTOM:
 You resist ...

BOTH:
 Yet your/the soul obeys ...

PHANTOM:
 Angel of Music! You denied me, turning
 from true beauty ...
 Angel of Music! Do not shun me ... Come
 to your strange Angel!

CHRISTINE:
 Angel of Music! I denied you, turning
 from true beauty ...
 Angel of Music! My protector ... Come to
 me, strange Angel!

PHANTOM:
 I am your Angel of Music ...
 Come to me: Angel of Music ...

RAOUL:
 Leave her!

You have no claim on her ... Leave her!
 Your words are wasted --
 Can't you see she'll never be yours?
 Christine! Christine!

CHRISTINE:
 Raoul!

PHANTOM:
 Bravo, monsieur! Such spirited words!

RAOUL:
 More tricks, monsieur?

PHANTOM:
 Let's see, monsieur, how far you dare
 go?

RAOUL:
 More deception? More violence?

PHANTOM:
 That's right, that's right, monsieur, keep
 walking this way!

RAOUL:
 You can't win her love by making her
 your prisoner.

PHANTOM:
 I'm here, I'm here, monsieur: the Angel
 of Death!
 Come on, come on, monsieur, don't stop,
 don't stop!

CHRISTINE:
 Raoul!!

PHANTOM:
 Don't go!!
 So be it! Now let it be war upon you
 both !

CHIEF:
 You understand your instructions?

FIREMEN:
 Sir!

CHIEF:
 When you hear the whistle, take up your
 positions.
 I shall then instruct you to secure the
 doors.

It is essential that all doors are properly secured.

FIRMIN:
Are we doing the right thing, Andre?

ANDRE:
Have you got a better idea?

CHIEF:
Monsieur le Vicomte, am I to give the order?

RAOUL:
Give the order.

RAOUL:
You in the pit - do you have a clear view of this box?

MARKSMAN:
Yes, sir.

RAOUL:
Remember, when the time comes, shoot. Only if you have to - but shoot. To kill.

MARKSMAN:
How will I know, sir?

RAOUL:
You'll know.

FIRMIN:
Monsieur le Vicomte, are you confident that this will work? Will Miss Daae sing?

RAOUL:
Don't worry, Firmin. Andre?

ANDRE:
We're in your hands, sir.

CHIEF:
My men are now in position, sir.

RAOUL:
Go ahead, then.

CHIEF:
Are the doors secure?

The FIREMEN answering one by one:
"Secure."

PHANTOM'S VOICE:
I'm here: The Phantom of the Opera . . .
I'm here: The Phantom of the Opera . . .

RAOUL:
You fool, I said only when the times comes!

MARKSMAN:
But, Monsieur le Vicomte . . .

PHANTOM'S VOICE:
No "buts"! For once, Monsieur le Vicomte is right.
Seal my fate tonight - I hate to have to cut the fun short but the joke's wearing thin
Let the audience in ... let my opera begin!

Don Juan performance

CHORUS:
Here the sire may serve the dam, here the master takes his meat!
Here the sacrificial lam butters one despairing bleat!

CARLOTTA AND CHORUS:
Poor young maiden! For the thrill on your tongue of stolen sweets
you will have to pay the bill -tangled in the winding sheets!
Serve the meal and serve the maid!
Serve the master so that,
when tables, plans and maids are laid,
Don Juan triumphs once again!

DON JUAN:
Passarino, faithful friend, once again recite the plan.

PASSARINO:
Your young guest believes I'm you - I, the master, you, the man.

DON JUAN:
When you met you wore my cloak, with my scarf you hid your face.
She believes she dines with me, in her master's borrowed place!

Furtively, we'll scoff and quaff, stealing
what, in truth, is mine.

When it's late and modesty starts to
mellow, with the wine . . .

PASSARINO:

You come home! I use your voice - slam
the door like crack of doom!

DON JUAN:

I shall say: "come - hide with me! Where,
oh, where? Of course - my
room!"

PASSARINO:

Poor thing hasn't got a chance!

DON JUAN:

Here's my hat, my cloak and sword.
Conquest is assured, if I do not forget
myself and laugh...

AMINTA:

". . . no thoughts within her head, but
thoughts of joy!

No dreams within her heart but dreams
of love!"

PASSARINO:

Master?

PHANTOM:

Passarino - go away, for the trap is set
and waits for its prey!

Point of No Return

PHANTOM:

You have come here in pursuit of your
deepest urge,
in pursuit of that wish,
which till now has been silent,
silent ...

I have brought you, that our passions
may fuse and merge -
in your mind you've already succumbed
to me,
dropped all defenses, completely
succumbed to me -
now you are here with me: no second
thoughts,
you've decided,
decided ...

Past the point of no return - no backward
glances:

the games we've played till now are at
an end ...

Past all thought of "if" and "when" - no
use resisting:

abandon thought, and let the dream
descend ...

What raging fire shall flood the soul?

What rich desire unlock its door?

What sweet seduction lies before us ... ?

Past the point of no return, the final
threshold -

what warm, unspoken secrets will we
learn?

Beyond the point of no return ...

CHRISTINE:

You have brought me to that moment
where words run dry,

to that moment where speech
disappears into silence,

silence ...

I have come here, hardly knowing the
reason why ...

In my mind, I've already imagined our
bodies entwining,

defenceless and silent - and now I am
here with you:

no second thoughts, I've decided,
decided ...

Past the point of no return - no going
back now:

our passion-play has now, at last,
begun ...

Past all thought of right and wrong - one
final question:

how long should we two wait, before
we're one ... ?

When will the blood begin to race, the
sleeping bud burst into bloom?

When will the flames, at last, consume
us ... ?

BOTH:

Past the point of no return, the final
threshold -

the bridge is crossed, so stand and
watch it burn ...

We've passed the point of no return ...

Murderer

PHANTOM:

Say you'll share with me one love, one
lifetime ...
Lead me, save me from my solitude ...
Say you want me with you, here beside
you ...
Anywhere you go let me go too -
Christine, that's all I ask of ...

CARLOTTA:

What is it? What has happened? Ubaldo!

ANDRE:

Oh, my God ... my God ...

FIRMIN:

We're ruined, Andre - ruined!

GIRY:

Monsieur le Vicomte! Come with me!

CARLOTTA:

Oh, my darling, my darling ... who has
done this? You! Why did you let
this happen?

GIRY:

Monsieur le Vicomte, I know where they
are.

RAOUL:

But can I trust you?

GIRY:

You must. But remember: your hand at
the level of your eyes!

RAOUL:

But why ... ?

GIRY:

Why? The Punjab lasso, monsieur. First
Buquet. Now Piangi.

MEG:

Like this, monsieur. I'll come with you.

GIRY:

No, Meg! No, you stay here! Come with
me, monsieur. Hurry, or we shall
be too late ...

Down once more/Track down this

PHANTOM:

Down once more to the dungeon of my
black despair!
Down we plunge to the prison of my
mind!
Down that path into darkness deep as
hell!

Why, you ask, was I bound and chained
to this cold and dismal place?

Not for any mortal sin, but the
wickedness of my abhorrent face!

MOB:

Track down this murderer! He must be
found!

PHANTOM:

Hounded out by everyone! Met with
hatred everywhere!

No kind word from anyone! No
compassion anywhere!

Christine, Christine ...

Why, why ... ?

GIRY:

Your hand at the level of your eyes!

RAOUL:

... at the level of your eyes ...

MOB:

Your hand at the level of your eyes!

Track down this murderer - He must be
found!

Hunt out this animal, who runs to
ground!

Too long he's preyed on us - but now we
know:

the Phantom of the Opera is there, deep
down below ...

He's here: the Phantom of the Opera ...

CHRISTINE:

Have you gorged yourself at last, in your
lust for blood?

Am I now to be prey to your lust for
flesh?

PHANTOM:

That fate, which condemns me to
wallow in blood

has also denied me the joys of the
flesh ...

this face - the infection which poisons
our love ...

This face, which earned a mother's fear
and loathing ...

A mask, my first unfeeling scrap of
clothing ...

Pity comes too late -
turn around and face your fate:
An eternity of this before your eyes!

CHRISTINE:

This haunted face holds no horror for me
now ...

It's in your soul that the true distortion
lies ...

PHANTOM:

Wait! I think, my dear, we have a guest!
Sir, this is indeed an unparalleled delight!
I had rather hoped that you would come
And now my wish comes true - You have
truly made my night!

RAOUL:

Free her!
Do what you like, only free her!
Have you no pity?

PHANTOM:

Your lover makes a passionate plea!

CHRISTINE:

Please, Raoul, it's useless ...

RAOUL:

I love her!
Does that mean nothing? I love her!
Show some compassion ...

PHANTOM:

The world showed no compassion to
me!

RAOUL:

Christine ... Christine ...
Let me see her ...

PHANTOM:

Be my guest, sir ... Monsieur, I bid you
welcome!
Did you think that I would harm her?

Why should I make her pay for the sins
which are yours?

Order your fine horses now!

Raise up your hand to the level of your
eyes!

Nothing can save you now - except
perhaps Christine ...

Start a new life with me -

Buy his freedom with your love!

Refuse me, and you send your lover to
his death!

This is the choice -

This is the point of no return!

CHRISTINE:

The tears I might have shed for your
dark fate

grow cold, and turn to tears of hate ...

RAOUL:

Christine, forgive me, please forgive
me ...

I did it all for you, and all for nothing ...

CHRISTINE:

Farewell, my fallen idol and false
friend ...

We had such hopes, but now these
hopes lie murdered

PHANTOM:

Too late for turning back,
too late for prayers and useless pity ...

RAOUL:

Say you love him, and my life is over!

PHANTOM:

Past all hope of cries for help: no point in
fighting ...

RAOUL:

Either way you choose, he has to win ...

PHANTOM:

For either way you choose, you cannot
win!

So, do you end your days with me, or do
you send him to his grave?

RAOUL:

Why make her lie to you, to save me?

CHRISTINE:

Angel of Music ...

PHANTOM:

Past the point of no return -

RAOUL:

For pity's sake, Christine, say no!

CHRISTINE:

... why this torment?

PHANTOM:

... the final threshold ...

RAOUL:

Don't throw your life away for my sake ...

CHRISTINE:

Why do you curse mercy?

PHANTOM:

His life is now the prize which you must earn!

RAOUL:

I fought so hard to free you ...

CHRISTINE:

Angel of Music ...

PHANTOM:

You've passed the point of no return ...

CHRISTINE:

... you deceived me - I gave my mind blindly ...

PHANTOM:

You try my patience - make your choice!

CHRISTINE:

Pitiful creature of darkness ... What kind of life have you known ... ?

God, give me courage to show you you are not alone ...

MOB: Some:

Track down this murderer - he must be found!

Hunt out this animal, who runs to ground!

Too long he's preyed on us - but know

we know:

the Phantom of the Opera is there, deep down below ...

Others:

Who is this monster, this murdering beast?

Revenge for Piangi! Revenge for Buquet!

This creature must never go free ...

PHANTOM:

Take her - forget me - forget all of this ...

Leave me alone - forget all you've seen ...

Go now - don't let them find you!

Take the boat - swear to me never to tell

The secret you know of the angel in hell!

Go ... Go now - go now and leave me!

Masquerade ... Paper faces on parade ...

Masquerade ... Hide your face, so the world will never find you ...

Christine, I love you ...

CHRISTINE:

Say you'll share with me, one love, one lifetime ...

say the word and I will follow you...

RAOUL:

Share each day with me ...

CHRISTINE:

... each night ...

BOTH:

... each morning ...

PHANTOM:

You alone can make my song take flight

-

it's over now, the music of the night ...

(The End)

(Edited by Dragontooth)