

Phantom Of The Opera, The "Angel Of Music"

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PHANTOM:

Brava, brava, bravissimma...

MEG:

Christine... Christine...

PHANTOM:

Christine...

MEG:

Where in the world have you been hiding?

Really, you were perfect!

I only wish I knew your secret!

Who is your great 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:

Christine, you must have been dreaming.

Stories like this can't come true.

Christine, you're talking in riddles and it's not like you.

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

FIRMIN:
Vicomte, I think we've made quite a discovery in Miss
DaaÃ©

ANDRE:
Perhaps we could present her to you, dear Vicomte.

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

FIRMIN:
It would appear they have met before.

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