

Phantom Of The Opera, The "Little Lotte/The Mirror"

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Raoul:

Little Lotte let her mind wander
Little Lotte thought,
Am I fonder of dolls,
Or of goblins or shoes...

Christine:

Raoul

Raoul:

Of riddles or frocks...

Christine:

Those picnics in the attic

Raoul:

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 songs in my head

Raoul:

Oh, you sang like an angel tonight

Christine:

Father said,
"When I'm in heaven child,
I will send the angel of music to you"
My father is dead Raoul,

And I have been visited by the angel of music

Raoul:

Oh no doubt of it,
And now we go to supper

Christine:

No Raoul,
The angel of music is very strict

Raoul:

Well I shant keep you up late

Christine:

Raoul no

Raoul:

You must change
I'll order my carriage,
Two minutes, Little Lotte

Christine:

No, Raoul wait

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

Phantom:
I am your angel of music
Come to me angel of music
Come to me angel of music

Raoul:
Who's is that voice,
Who is that in there?

Phantom:
I am your angel of music
Come to me angel of music

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