

Andrew Lloyd Webber

"Ah, Christine!"

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Ah, Christine, my Christine
What a triumph you gave me tonight
My Christine
All the dark silent years now set right
Ah, Christine

The song was beautiful
It sounded beautiful
Every note, every word

And it felt beautiful
And I felt beautiful
Lost in the music once more
Feeling it rise up and soar
Alive once again

My dearest wife
Little Lotte, I beg you, forgive me
Raoul, no
Little Lotte
Ah, what fools we once were

Long ago in our youth
In Paris at the opera
Romantic idiot
Those two people are gone

Now I must go
Our choices are made
The opera is done
The last notes have been played

May your angel of music
Watch over you now
And give you what I wish
I gave you somehow

Yours, in regret
Raoul

