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Andrew Lloyd Webber "Masquerade/why So Silent?"

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Firmin: (Spoken) Monsieur Andre!

Andre: (Spoken) Monsieur Firmin!

Firmin: Dear Andre, what a splendid party

Andre: The prelude to a bright new year

Firmin: Quite a night, I'm impressed

Andre: Well, one does one's best

Andre and Firmin: Here's to us

Andre: A toast for the city!

Firmin: What a pity that the Phantom can't be here!

Chorus/Crowd:

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 goose/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/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/But who can name the face? 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 any friend who ever knew you/Masquerade!/Leering satyrs, peering eyes/Masquerade!/Run and hide, but a face will still pursue you.

Madame Giry: What a night!

Firmin/Andre: What a crowd!/Makes you glad/Makes you proud/All the crème/De la crème

Carlotta: Watching us, watching them

Meg: All our fears are in the past

Firmin/Andre: Three months

Piangi: Of relief!

Carlotta: Of delight!

Andre/Firmin: Of Elysian peace! /And we can breathe at last.

Carlotta: No more notes

Piangi: No more ghost

Madame Giry: Here's a health

Andre/Firmin: Here's a toast, to a prosperous year/to our friends who are here

Piangi and Carlotta: And may the splendor never fade! Firmin/Andre: What a blessed release!

Madame Giry: And what a masquerade!

Christine: Think of it (Spoken) A secret engagement. Look, your future bride. Just think of it.

Raoul: (Spoken) But, why is it secret? What have we to hide? You promised me.

Christine: (Spoken) No, Raoul, please don't, they'll see.

Raoul: (Spoken) Well then let them see. It's an engagement, not a crime. (Sung) Christine, what are you afraid of?

Christine(and Raoul in parenthesis): Let's not argue(Let's not argue)/Please pretend (I can only hope)/You will understand in time (I'll understand in time)

Chorus/Crowd:

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!/Fondest greetings to you all/A few instructions just before rehearsal starts/Carlotta must be taught to act/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 our star, Miss Christine Daae...

No doubt she'll do her best/lt's true, her voice is good/She knows, though/Should she wish to excell/She has much still to learn/lf pride will let her return to me, her teacher/Her teacher...

Phantom: Your chains are still mine, (spoken) You belong to me!

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