

Andrew Lloyd Webber

"Notes"

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[FIRMIN]
"Mystery
after gala night,"
if 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!
Still, at least
the seats get sold
gossip's worth
its weight in gold . . .
What a way to
run a business!
Spare me these
unending trials!
Half your cast disappears,
but the crowd still cheers!
Opera!
To hell with Gluck and Handel -
It's a scandal that'll
pack 'em in the aisles!

[ANDRE]
Damnable!
Will they all walk out?
This is damnable!

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

[ANDRE]
But we have no cast . . .

[FIRMIN (calmly)]
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 (reading his)]
"Dear Firmin,
just a brief 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!"

[FIRMIN/ANDRE]
Who would have the gall
to send this?
Someone with a puerile brain!

[FIRMIN (examining both letters)]
These are both signed "O.G." . . .

[ANDRE]
Who the hell is he?

[BOTH (immediately realizing)]
Opera ghost!

[FIRMIN (unamused)]
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?
(Realizing his mistake)
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 -
where is he?

[RAOUL]

What is it now?

[CARLOTTA (to RAOUL)]

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

[FIRMIN (to RAOUL)]

And did you send it?

[RAOUL]

Of course not!

[ANDRE]

As if he would!

[CARLOTTA]

You didn't send it?

[RAOUL]

Of course not!

[FIRMIN]

What's going on . . . ?

[CARLOTTA (to RAOUL)]

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?
(RAOUL takes the letter and reads it)
"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 (drily)]

I trust her midnight oil
is well and truly burned.

[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]
Will she sing?
Will she sing?

[GIRY]
Here, I have a note . . .

[RAOUL/CARLOTTA/ANDRE]
Let me see it!

[FIRMIN (snatching it)]
Please!

[FIRMIN (Opens the letter and reads. The PHANTOM'S voice gradually takes over)]
"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'S VOICE (taking over)]
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 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 empty for me. Should
these commands be ignored, a disaster beyond your
imagination will occur.

[FIRMIN (taking over)]
"I remain, Gentlemen,
Your obedient servant, O.G."

[CARLOTTA]
Christine!

[ANDRE]
Whatever next . . .?

[CARLOTTA]
It's all a ploy to help Christine!

[FIRMIN]
This is insane . . .

[CARLOTTA]
I know who sent this:
(pointing an accusing finger)
The Vicomte - her lover!

[RAOUL (ironical)]
Indeed?
(to the OTHERS)
Can you believe this?

[ANDRE (to CARLOTTA, in protest)]
Signora!

[CARLOTTA (half to the MANAGERS, half to herself)]
O traditori!

[FIRMIN (to CARLOTTA)]
This is a joke!

[ANDRE]
This changes nothing!

[CARLOTTA]
O mentitori!

[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 (announcing it to EVERYONE)]
Miss Daae will be playing
the Pageboy - the silent role . . .

[ANDRE/FIRMIN]
Carlotta will be playing
the lead!

[CARLOTTA (waxing melodramatic)]
It's useless trying to
appease me!
You're only saying this
to please me!
Signori, e vero?
Non, non, non voglio udire!
Lasciatemi morire!
O padre mio!
Dio!

[GIRY]
Who scorn his word,
beware to those . . .

[CARLOTTA (to MANAGERS)]
You have reviled me!

[GIRY]
The angel sees,
the angel knows . . .

[RAOUL]
Why did Christine
fly from my arms . . .?

[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]

Abbandonata!
Deserdata!
O, sventurata!

[GIRY]
The angel knows,
the angel hears . . .

[RAOUL]
Where did she go . . .?

[CARLOTTA]
Abbandonata!
Disgraziata!

[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]
Non vo' cantar!

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