

Andrew Lloyd Webber "Prologue"

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Madame Giry: Phantasma, city of wonders. Mr. Y presents marvelous astonishments, human prodigies. Ha. The Oolala Girl, five performances daily. Christine Daae, the soprano of the century. Gone, all gone

Fleck: Yes, there's nothing left, nothing but ghosts, but I knew you'd come back, Madame Giry.

Madame Giry: You, you're still here.

Fleck: Of course we're still here, the freaks, the monsters, the bizarre. Where else could we exist but here? And after the tragedy, after the master disappeared with the child, after the fire that consumed everything.

Madame Giry: His dream. Our dream.

Fleck: Remember how it was? Remember?

Coney Isle.

Glistening and glimmering

Rising bright

Drenched with light

See it smile

Beckoning and shimmering

All a gleam

Like a dream

Fleck and Madame Giry: Every fantasy set free
Sun rising by the sea

Madame Giry: Coney isle

Miracle and miracle

Lead and sound

All around

Mile by mile

Loud and lured and lyrical

Thrill and thrill

Never still

All America was there

Bigger next to billionaire

In they came
Chasing sensation and romance
Eyes aflame
Desperate for pleasure yet unknown
Night and day
Pouring in by a hundreds and thousands
Swept away
As if every desire was made real

That's the Place That You Ruined, You Fool

Fleck: That's the place that you ruined, you fool!

Madame Giry: What do you mean?

Fleck: That's the world you destroyed with your greed

Madame Giry: It wasn't my fault. I couldn't have known.

Fleck: Don't you remember what happened back then,
when we, even we, dared to walk among men, when
even a Phantom could dream his dark dreams once
again.

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