

Andrew Lloyd Webber

"The Mirror"

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Little Lotte, let her mind wander? You remember that,
too
Little Lotte thought, am I fonder of dolls or of goblins,
of shoes?
Or of riddles, of frock? Those picnics in the attic, or of
chocolates?
Father playing the violin as we read to each other dark
stories of the north

"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?
The Angel of Music sings song in my head?"

Insolent boy! This slave of fashion basking in your
glory!
Ignorant fool! This brave young suitor, sharing in my
triumph!
Angel! I hear you! Speak, I listen, stay by my side,
guide me!
Angel, my soul was weak, forgive me, enter at last,
master!

Flattering child, you shall know me, see why in shadow
I hide!
Look at your face in the mirror, I am there, inside!
Angel of Music! Guide and guardian! Grant to me your
glory!
Angel of Music! Hide no longer! Come to me, strange
angel

I am your angel, come to me Angel of Music
Whose is that voice? Who is that in there?
I am your Angel of Music come to me Angel of Music
Christine! Angel!

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