

Gerard Butler

"Angel of Music"

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Phantom: Brava, brava, bravissima ...

Meg: Christine, Christine

Phantom: Christine ...

Meg:
Where in the world
Have you been hiding?
Really, you were perfect
I only wish I knew your secret
Who is your great tutor?

Christine:
Father once spoke of an angel
I used to dream he'd appear
Now as I sing I can sense him
And I know he's here
Here in this room
He calls me softly
Somewhere inside hiding
Somehow I know he's always with me
Here, the unseen genius

Meg:
Christine you must have been dreaming
Stories like this can't come true
Christine you're talking in riddles
And it's not like you

Christine:
Angel of music
Guide and guardian
Grant to me your glory

Meg: Who is this angel?, this

Both:
Angel of music
Hide no longer
Secret and strange, angel

Christine: He's with me even now
Meg: Your hands are cold
Christine: All around me
Meg: Your face Christine it's white
Christine: It frightens me
Meg: Don't be frightened

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