

“The Phantom of the Opera”

Christine:

Those who have seen your face draw back in fear.
I am the mask you wear

Phantom:

It's me they hear.

Together:

My/Your spirit and your/my voice in one combined
The Phantom of the opera is there inside my/your mind.

‘The Music of the Night’

Phantom:

Nighttime sharpens, heightens each sensation;
Darkness stirs and wakes imagination.
Silently the senses abandon their defenses.
Slowly, gently, night unfurls its splendor;
Grasp it, sense it, tremulous and tender.
Turn your face away from the garish light of day,
Turn your thoughts ways from cold, unfeeling light and listen to the music of the night.

All:

Softly, deftly, music shall caress you,
Hear it, feel it, secretly possess you.
Open up your mind, let your fantasies unwind in this darkness that you know you cannot fight.
Floating, falling, sweet intoxication.

Phantom:

Touch me, trust me, savor each sensation.

All:

Let the dreams begin, let your darker side give in

Phantom:

To the power of the music that I write,

All:

The power of the music of the night.

“Think of Me”

Christine:

Flowers fade, the fruits of summer fade
They have their seasons so do we
But please promise me that someday you will think (cadenza) of me.

“Wishing You Were Somehow Here Again”

Wishing you were somehow here again,
Wishing you were somehow near;
Sometimes it seemed if I just dreamed,
Somehow you would be here.
Wishing I could hear your voice again,
Knowing that I never would,
Dreaming of you won't help me to do all that you dreamed I could.
Wishing you were somehow here again,
Knowing we must say goodbye.
Try to forgive, teach me to live, give me the strength to try.
No more memories, no more silent tears,
No more gazing across the wasted years.
Help me say good bye!

King Herod's Song

Jesus, I am overjoyed to meet you face to face.
You've been getting quite a name all around the place.
Healing cripples, raising from the dead
And now I understand you're God
Least that's what you've said.

So you are the Christ, the great Jesus Christ.
Prove to me that you're no fool,
Walk across my swimming pool.
If you do that for me then I'll let you go free.
C'mon King of the Jews.

I only ask things I'd ask any superstar.
What is it that you have got that puts you where you are?
I am waiting, yes, I'm a captive fan.
I'm dying to be shown that you are not just any man.

Take him away he's got nothing to say.
Get out you King of the... *(Get out!)*
Get out you King of the Jews!
(Get out of my life!)

Memory

Mem'ry, all alone in the moonlight.
I can smile at the old days I was beautiful then.
I remember the time I knew what happiness was
Let the mem'ry live again.
Burnt out ends of smoky days, the stale cold smell of morning.
The street lamp dies, another night is over,
Another day is dawning.

Jacob and Sons

Jacob was the founder of a whole new nation
Thanks to the number of children he had.
He was also known as Israel but most of the time
His sons and his wives used to call him "Dad"

Jacob, Jacob and Sons,
Men of the soil of the sheaf and crook
Jacob, Jacob and Sons,
A remarkable family in anyone's book.

Don't Cry for Me Argentina

It won't be easy, you'll think it strange
When I try to explain how I feel
That I still need your love after all that I've done.
You won't believe me all you will see is a girl you once knew
Although she's dressed up to the nines at sixes and sevens with you.

I Had to let it happen, I had to change
Couldn't stay all my life down at heel
Looking out of the window staying out of the sun
So I chose freedom, running around trying everything new
But nothing impressed me at all I never expected it to.

Don't cry for me Argentina the truth is I never left you:
All through my wild days, my mad existence
I kept my promise, don't keep your distance.