

# Andrew Lloyd Webber, Wandering Child/Bravo M

Wandering child ...  
so lost ...  
so helpless ...  
yearning for my  
guidance ...  
Angel ... or father ...  
friend ... or  
Phantom ... ?  
Who is it there,  
staring ... ?

Have you  
forgotten your Angel ...?  
Angel ... oh, speak ...  
What endless  
longings  
echo in this  
whisper ...!  
Too long you've wandered  
in winter ...Once again  
she is his ...  
Far from my  
far-reaching gaze ...  
Once again  
she returns ...

Wildly my mind  
beats against you ...  
You resist ...  
Yet your/the soul  
obeys ...

... to the arms  
of her angel ...  
angel or demon ...  
still he calls her ...  
luring her back, from the grave ...  
angel or dark seducer ...?  
Who are you, strange  
angel ...?  
Angel of Music!  
You denied me,  
turning from true beauty ...  
Angel of Music!  
Do not shun me ...  
Come to your strange  
Angel ...  
Angel of Music!  
I denied you,  
turning from true beauty ...  
Angel of Music!  
My protector ...  
Come to me, strange  
Angel ...  
I am your Angel of Music ...  
Come to me: Angel of Music ...  
Angel of darkness!  
Cease this torment!  
I am your Angel of Music ...  
Come to me: Angel of Music ...  
Christine! Christine listen to me!  
Whatever you may believe, this man ...  
this thing ... is not your father!  
Let her go! For God's sake, let her go! Christine !

Raoul ...Bravo, monsieur!  
Such spirited words!  
More tricks, monsieur?  
Let's see, monsieur  
how far you dare go!  
More deception? More violence?  
Raoul, no ...  
That's right, that's right,  
monsieur -  
keep walking this way!  
You can't win her love by making her your prisoner.  
Raoul, don't ...  
Stay back!  
I'm here, I'm here,  
monsieur:  
the angel of death!  
Come on, come on,  
monsieur  
Don't stop, don't stop!  
Raoul! Come back ...  
Don't go!  
So be it! Now let it be war upon you both!

You understand your instructions?  
Sir!  
When you hear the whistle, take up your positions.  
I shall then instruct you to secure the doors. It  
is  
essential that all doors are properly secured.  
Are we doing the right thing, Andre?  
Have you got a better idea?  
Monsieur le Vicomte, am I to give the order?

Give the order.  
You in the pit - do you have a clear view of this  
box?  
Yes, sir. Remember, when the time comes, shoot. Only if  
you have to - but shoot. To kill.  
How will I know, sir? You'll know  
Monsieur le Vicomte, are you confident that this  
will work? Will Miss Daae sing?  
Don't worry, Firmin. Andre?  
We're in your hands, sir.  
My men are now in position, sir. Go ahead, then.  
Are the doors secure?  
I'm here: The Phantom of the Opera . . .  
I'm here: The Phantom of the Opera . . .  
Idiot! You'll kill someone. I said: only when the  
times comes!  
But, Monsieur le Vicomte .  
No 'buts'! For once, Monsieur le Vicomte is  
right . . .  
Seal my  
fate tonight - I  
hate to have to  
cut the fun short  
but the joke's  
wearing thin . . .  
Let the audience in . . .  
Let my opera begin!