

Phantom Of The Opera, Wandering Child

Phantom:
Wandering child,
So lost, so helpless
Yearning for my guidance

Christine:
Angel or father?
Friend or phantom?
Who is it there, staring?

Phantom:
Have you forgotten your Angel?

Christine:
Angel, oh, speak
What endless longings
Echo in this whisper!

Phantom:
Too long you've wandered in winter
Far from my fathering gaze...

Christine:
Wildly my mind beats against you...

Phantom:
You resist....

Phantom/Christine:
Yet your/the soul obeys...

Phantom/Christine:
Angel of Music,
You/I denied me/you!
Turning from true beauty!
Angel of Music!
Do not shun me/My protector!
Come to your/me strange Angel...

Phantom:
I am your Angel of Music...
Come to me; Angel of Music....

Raoul(spoken):
No, Christine, wait!
Wait!

Christine(spoken):
Raoul!

Raoul(spoken):
Whatever you may(Draws sword) believe,
this man - this thing - is not your father!

(The Phantom Jumps out and swings his sword. Raoul and Erik the Phantom sword fight. Erik the Phantom wins.)

Christine: No, Raoul! No. Not like this.

(They look at Erik the Phantom for a minute. Raoul puts away his sword, they get on his horse and ride away.)

Phantom(Spoken, angrily) Now, let it be war upon you both.