

Andrew Lloyd Webber, I Remember/Stranger Than

CHRISTINE

I remember
there was mist . . .
swirling mist
upon a vast, glassy lake . . .
There were candles
all around
and on the lake there
was a boat,
and in the boat
there was a man . . .

(She rises and approaches the PHANTOM who does not see her As she reaches for his mask, he turns, almost catching her. This happens several times)

Who was that shape
in the shadows?

Whose is the face
in the mask?

(She finally succeeds in tearing the mask from his face. The PHANTOM springs up and rounds on her furiously. She clearly sees his face. The audience does not, as he is standing in profile and in shadow)

PHANTOM

Damn you!
You little prying
Pandora!
You little demon -
is this what you wanted to see?
Curse you!
You little lying
Delilah!
You little viper!
now you cannot ever be free!
Damn you . . .
Curse you . . .

Stranger
than you dreamt it -
can you even
dare to look
or bear to
think of me:
this loathsome
gargoyle, who
burns in hell, but secretly
yearns for heaven,
secretly . . .
secretly . . .
But, Christine . . .
Fear can
Turn to love - you'll
learn to see, to
find the man
behind the
monster: this . . .
repulsive
carcass, who
seems a beast, but secretly
dreams of beauty,
secretly . . .
secretly . . .
Oh, Christine . . .

(He holds out his hand for the mask, which she gives to him. He puts it on, turning towards the audience as he

sings):
Come we must return -
those two fools
who run my theatre
will be missing you.
(The lair sinks into the floor as the PHANTOM and
CHRISTINE leave)