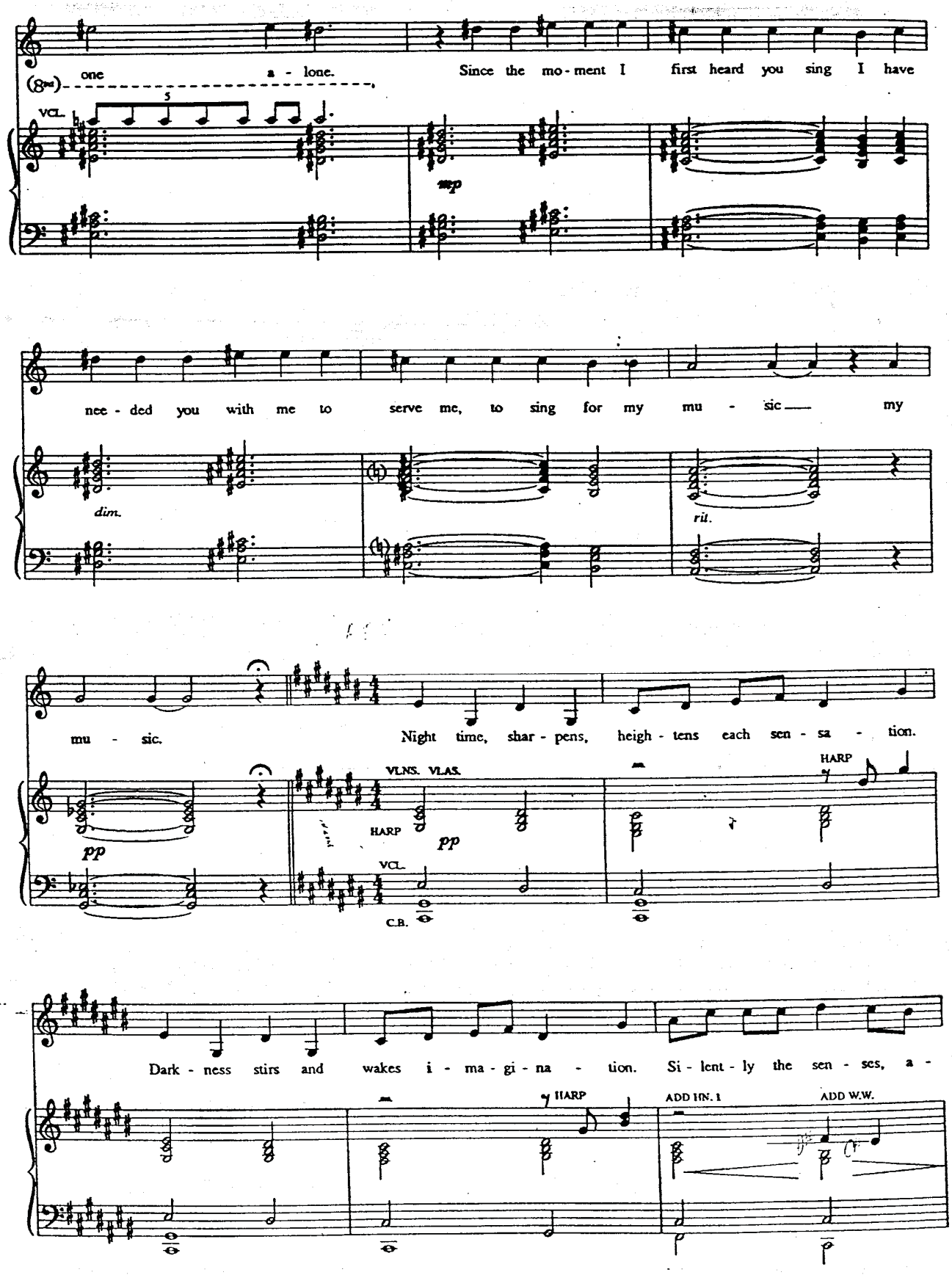
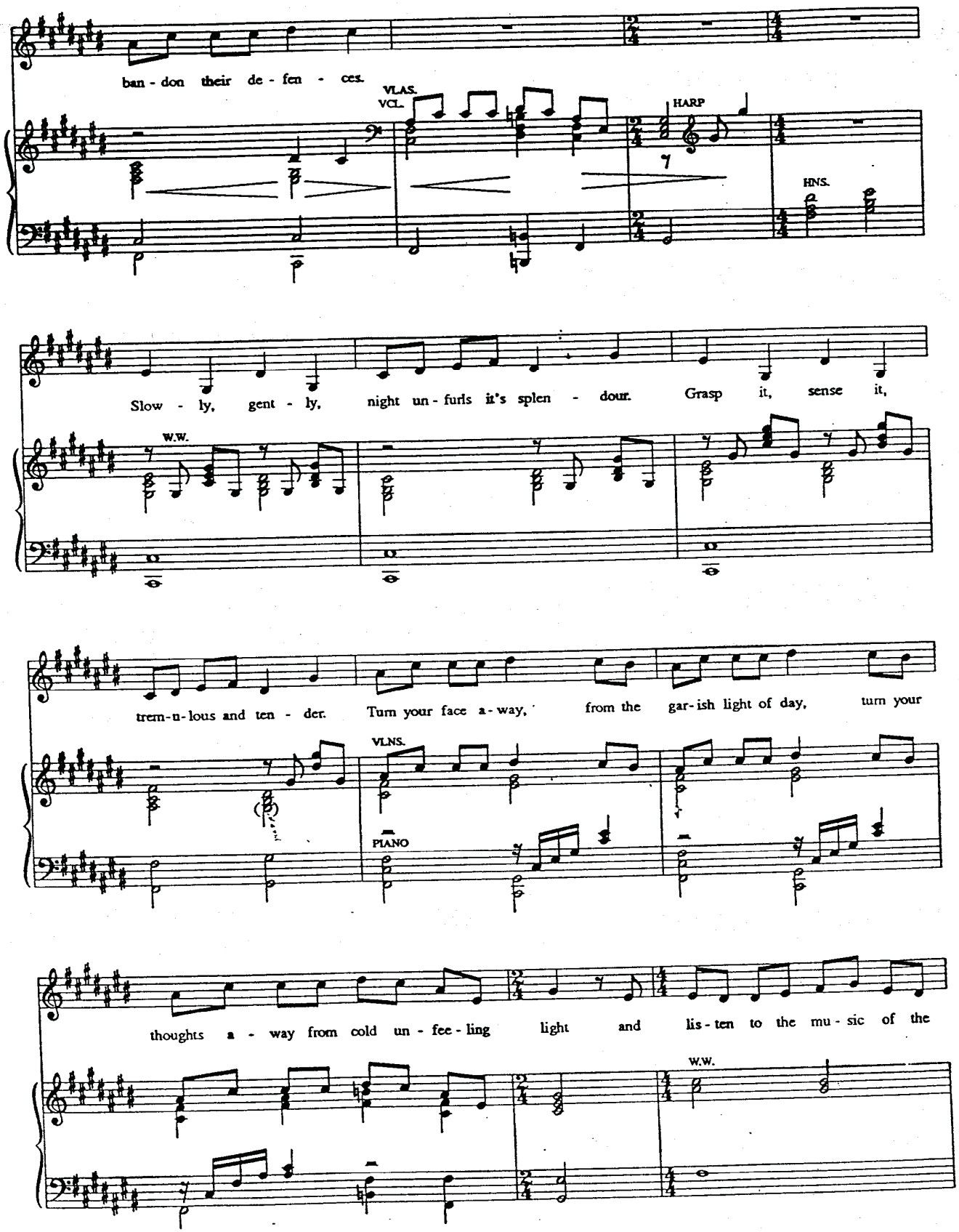
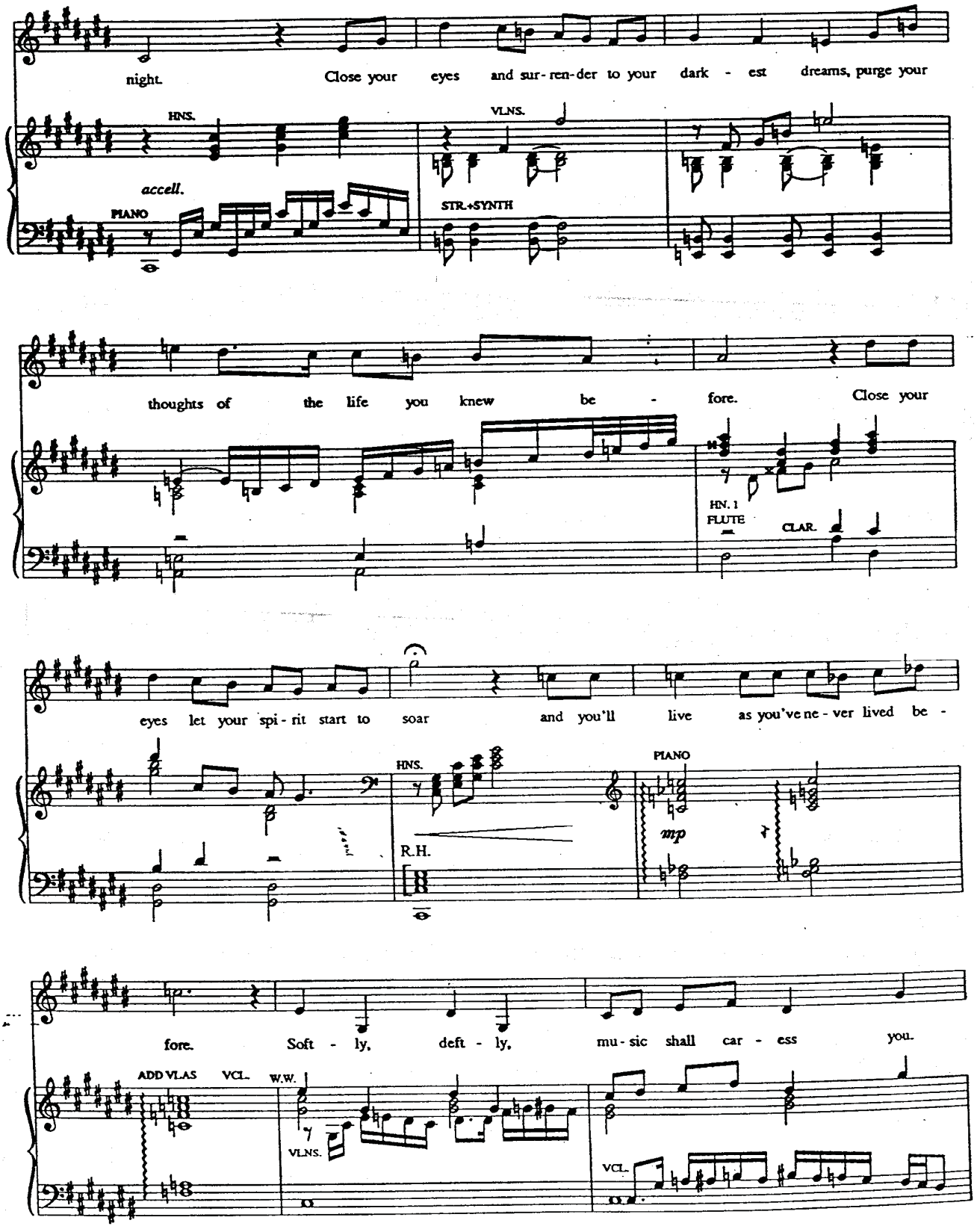
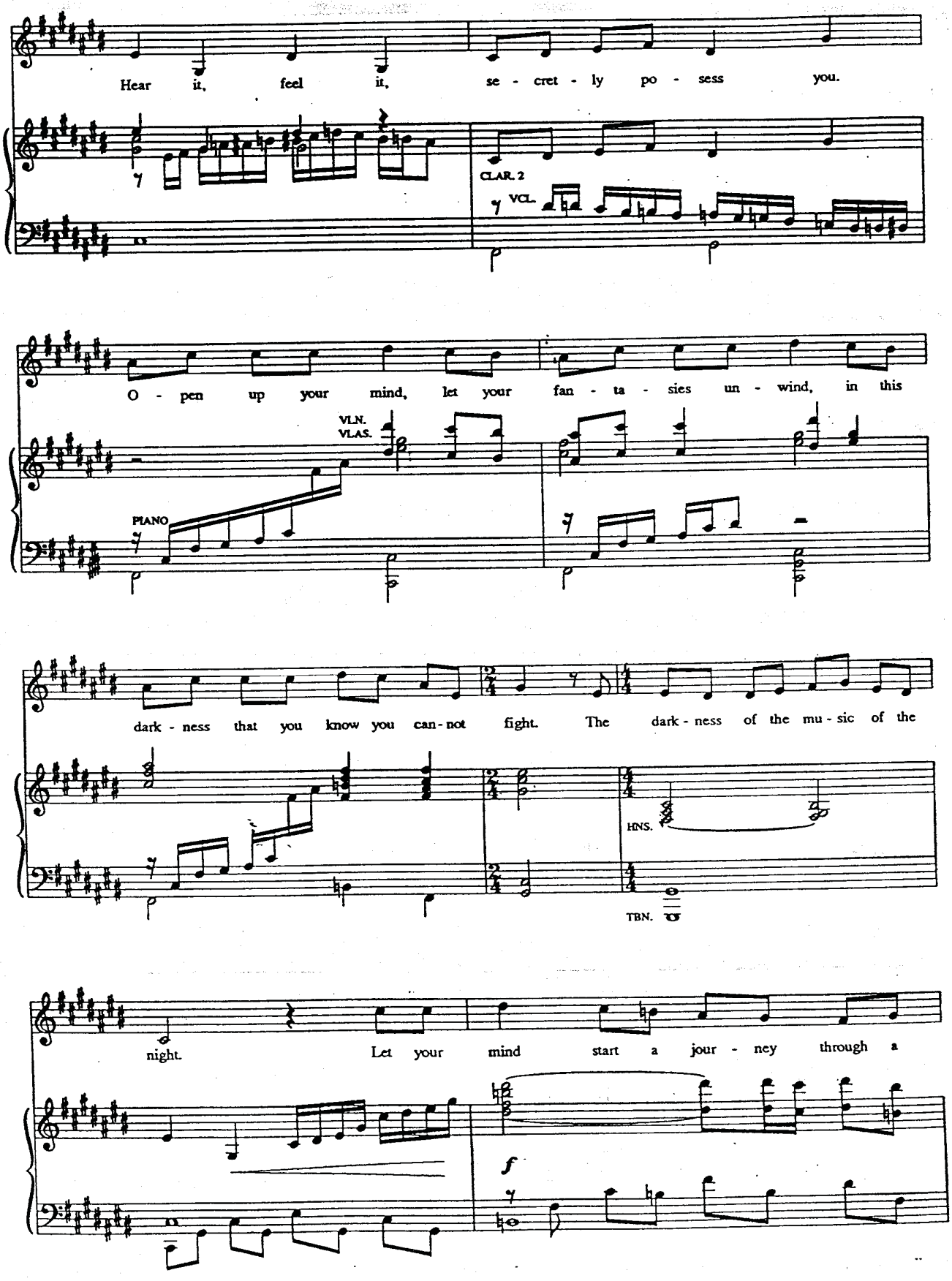
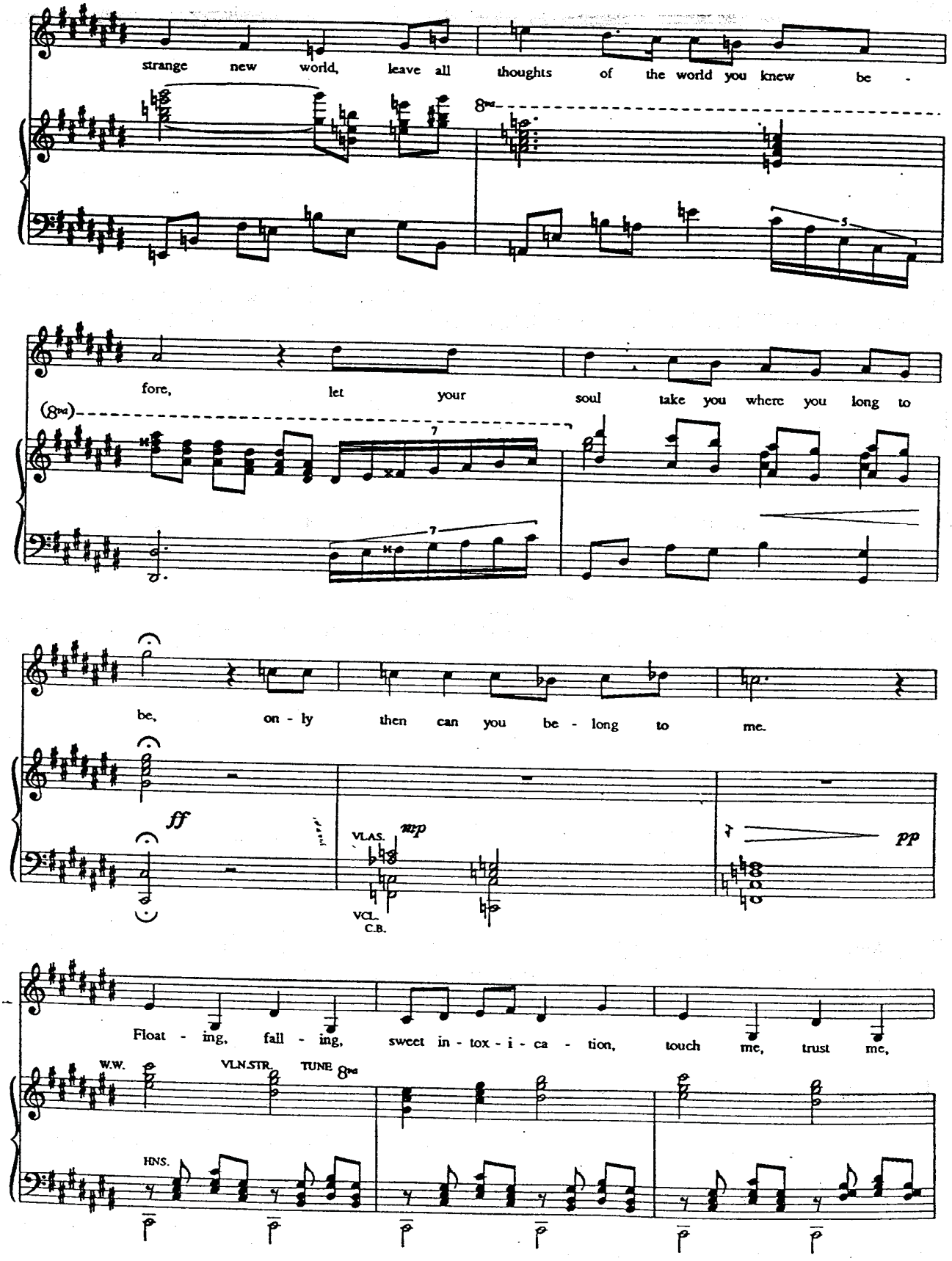
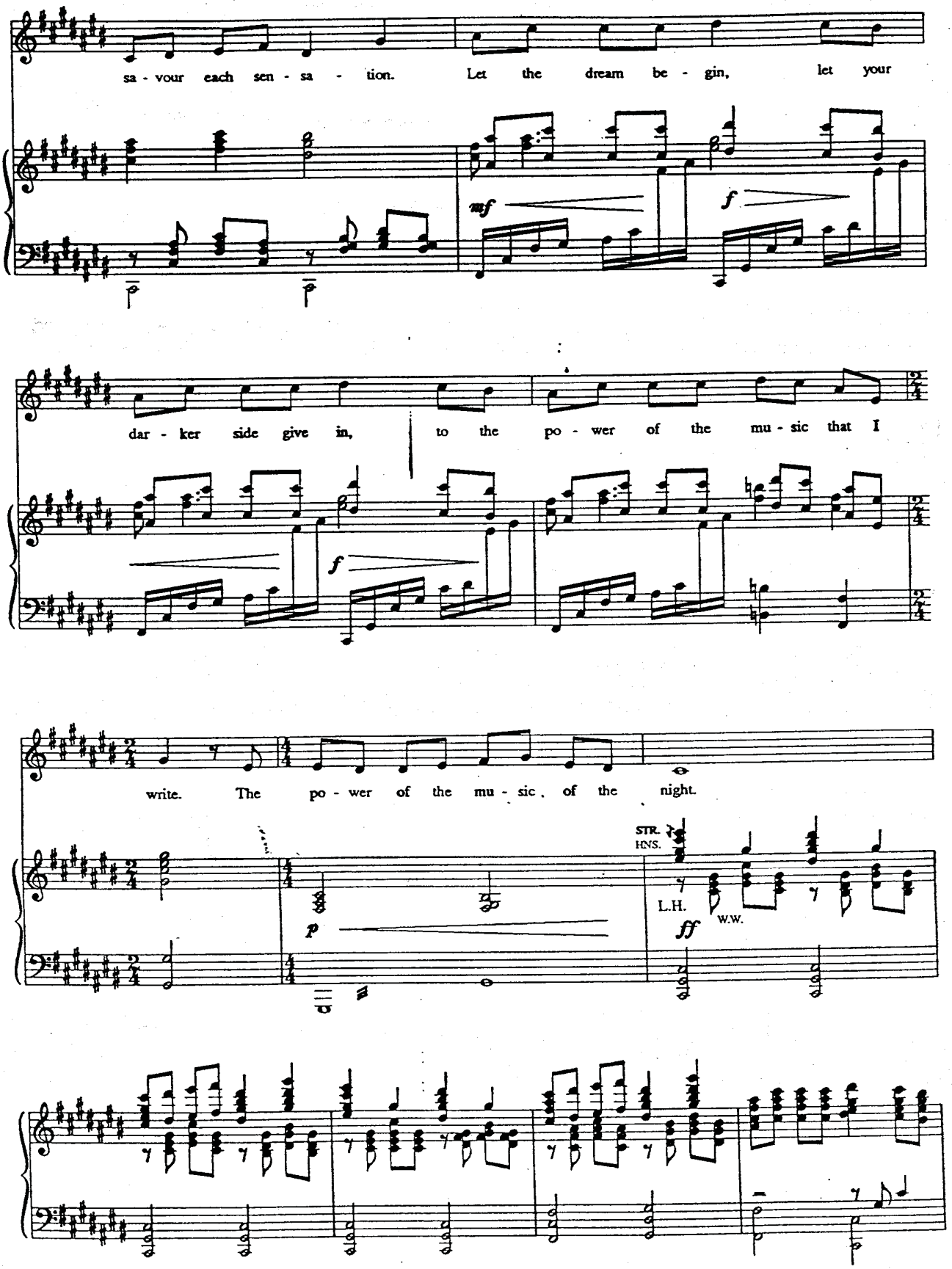
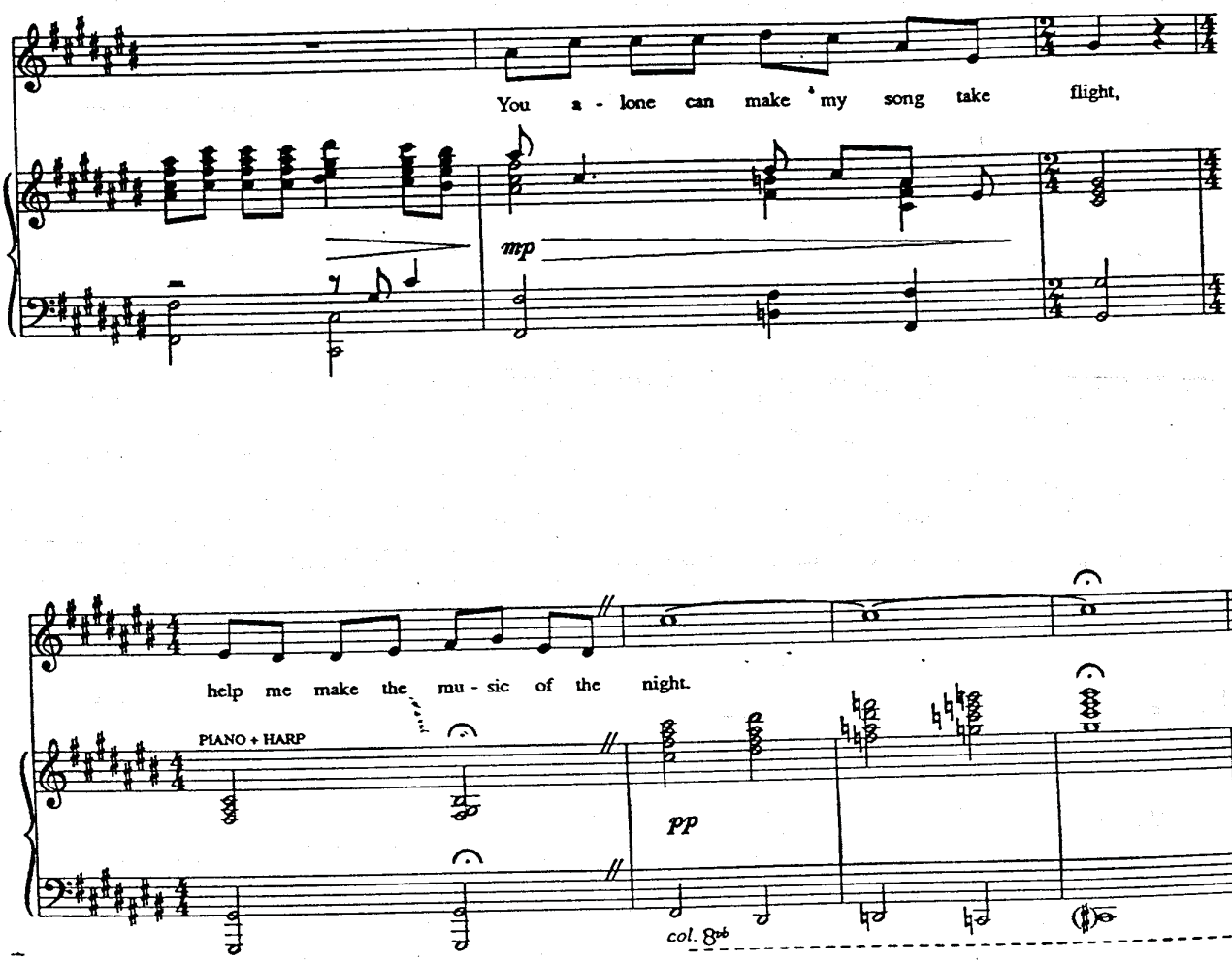

(8va) one a - lone.
Since the mo - ment I first heard you sing I have
VCL.
mp
nee - ded you with me to serve me, to sing for my mu - sic my
dim.
ril.
mu - sic.
Night time, shar - pens, heigh - tens each sen - sa - tion.
pp
VLNS. VLAS.
HARP
pp
VCL.
C.B.
HARP
Dark - ness stirs and wakes i - ma - gi - na - tion. Si - lent - ly the sen - ses, a -
HARP
ADD HN. 1
ADD W.W.


ban - don their de - fen - ces.
VLAS.
VCL.
HARP
HNS.
Slow - ly, gent - ly, night un - furls it's splen - dour. Grasp it, sense it,
W.W.
trem-u-lous and ten - der. Turn your face a - way, from the gar-ish light of day, turn your
VLNS.
PIANO
thoughts a - way from cold un - fee - ling light and lis - ten to the mu - sic of the
W.W.


night. Close your eyes and sur-ren-der to your dark - est dreams, purge your
HNS.
VLNS.
accell.
PIANO
STR.+SYNTH
thoughts of the life you knew be - fore. Close your
HN. 1
FLUTE
CLAR.
eyes let your spi-rit start to soar and you'll live as you've ne-ver lived be -
HNS.
PIANO
mp
R.H.
fore. Soft - ly, deft - ly, mu-sic shall car - ess you.
ADD VLAS
VCL.
W.W.
VLNS.
VCL.


Hear it, feel it, se - cret - ly po - sess you.
CLAR. 2
VCL.
O - pen up your mind, let your fan - ta - sies un - wind, in this
VLN.
VLAS.
PIANO
dark - ness that you know you can - not fight. The dark - ness of the mu - sic of the
HNS.
TBN.
night. Let your mind start a jour - ney through a
f


strange new world, leave all thoughts of the world you knew be -
fore, let your soul take you where you long to
be, on - ly then can you be - long to me.
ff
VLAS.
mp
VCL.
C.B.
pp
Float - ing, fall - ing, sweet in - tox - i - ca - tion, touch me, trust me,
W.W.
VLN.STR.
TUNE
HNS.


sa - vour each sen - sa - tion. Let the dream be - gin, let your
mf
f
dar - ker side give in, to the po - wer of the mu - sic that I
f
write. The po - wer of the mu - sic, of the night.
STR.
HNS.
L.H.
W.W.
p
ff

[During all this, the PHANTOM has conditioned CHRISTINE to the coldness of his touch and her fingers are brave enough to stray to his mask and caress it, with no hint of removing it.
The PHANTOM leads her to the mirror from which he removes the dustcover and in which we see the image of CHRISTINE, a perfect wax-face impression, wearing a wedding gown.
CHRISTINE moves slowly towards it, when suddenly the image thrusts it's hands through the mirror towards her. She faints.
The PHANTOM catches her and carries her to the bed, where he lays her down]