

# Masquerade

Andrew Lloyd Webber

FIRMIN:

Dear Andre what a splendid party!ANDRE:

The prologue to a bright new year!FIRMIN:

Quite a night! I'm impressed!FIRMIN:

Well, one does one's best . . .ANDRE/FIRMIN:

(raising their glasses) Here's to us!FIRMIN:

I must say, all the same, that it's a shame that 'Phantom' fellow isn't here!(The gauze lifts fully to reveal the staircase of the opera house. The opera ball begins. Among the

GUESTS:

are four carrying strange percussion instruments: a monkey with cymbals, a toy soldier with a drum, a triangle, bells. Together they play weirdly throughout)CHORUS:

Masquerade! Paper faces on parade . . .

Masquerade! Hide your face, so the world will never find you!Masquerade! Every face a different shade . . .

Masquerade! Look around - there's another mask behind you!Flash of mauve . . .

Splash of puce . . .

Fool and king . . .

Ghoul and goose . . .

Green and black . . .

Queen and priest . . .

Trace of rouge . . .

Face of beast . . .Faces . . .

Take your turn, take a ride on the merry-go-round . . .

in an inhuman race . . .Eye of gold . . .

Thigh of blue . . .

True is false . . .

Who is who . . .? Curl of lip . . .

Swirl of gown . . .

Ace of hearts . . .

Face of clown . . .Faces . . .

Drink it in, drink it up, till you've drowned in the light . . .

in the sound . . .RAOUL/CHRISTINE:

But who can name the face . . .?ALL:

Masquerade! Grinning yellows, spinning reds . . .

Masquerade! Take your fill - let the spectacle astound you!Masquerade! Burning glances, turning heads . . .

Masquerade! Stop and stare at the sea of smiles around you!Masquerade! Seething shadows breathing lies . . .

Masquerade! You can fool any friend who ever knew you!Masquerade! Leering satyrs, peering eyes . . .

Masquerade! Run and hide - but a face will still pursue you!(The ENSEMBLE activity becomes background, as

ANDRE, FIRMIN, MEG, GIRY, PIANGI and CARLOTTA come to the fore, glasses in hand)GIRY:

What a nightMEG:

What a crowd!ANDRE:  
 Makes you glad!FIRMIN:  
 Makes you proud! All the creme de la creme!CARLOTTA:  
 Watching us watching them!MEG/GIRY:  
 And all our fears are in the past!ANDRE:  
 Six months...PIANGI:  
 Of relief!CARLOTTA:  
 Of delight!ANDRE/FIRMIN:  
 Of Elysian peace!MEG/GIRY:  
 And we can breathe at last!CARLOTTA:  
 No more notes!PIANGI:  
 No more ghost!GIRY:  
 Here's a health!ANDRE:  
 Here's a toast: to a prosperous year!FIRMIN:  
 To the new chandelier!PIANGI/CARLOTTA:  
 And may its splendour never fade!FIRMIN:  
 Six months!GIRY:  
 What a joy!MEG:  
 What a change!FIRMIN/ANDRE:  
 What a blessed release!ANDRE:  
 And what a masquerade!(They clink glasses and move off RAOUL and  
 CHRISTINE:

emerge. She is admiring a new acquisition: an engagement ring from RAOUL, which she has attached to a gold  
 chain around her neck.)CHRISTINE:

Think of it! A secret engagement! Look - your future bride! Just think of it!RAOUL:

But why is it secret? What have we to hide?CHRISTINE:

Please, let's not fight . . .RAOUL:

Christine, you're free!CHRISTINE:

Wait till the time is right . . .RAOUL:

When will that be? It's an engagement, not a crime!Christine, What are you afraid of?CHRISTINE:

Let's not argue . . .RAOUL:

Let's not argue . . .CHRISTINE:

Please pretend . . .RAOUL:

I can only hope I'll . . .CHRISTINE:

You will . . .BOTH:

. . . understand in time . . .(Dance section, in which CHRISTINE, almost coquettish almost jittery, goes from  
 man to man. But too many of her partners seem to be replicas of the PHANTOM, and each spins her with  
 increasing force. Eventually RAOUL rescues her and holds her tightly. He whirls her back into the dance, as the  
 music heads towards its climax.)ALL:

Masquerade! Paper faces on parade! Masquerade! Hide your face, so the world will never find  
 you!Masquerade! Every face a different shade! Masquerade! Look around - There's another mask behind  
 you!Masquerade! Burning glances, turning heads . . .

Masquerade! Stop and stare at the sea of smiles around you!Masquerade! Grinning yellows, spinning reds . . .

Masquerade! Take your fill - let the spectacle astound you!(At the height of the activity a grotesque figure  
 suddenly appears at the top of the staircase. Dressed all in crimson, with a death's head visible inside the hood

of his robe, the PHANTOM has come to the party. With dreadful wooden steps he descends the stairs and takes the centre of the stage)

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnlyrics.com/>