

No. 8A

JOHANNA (Part II)

(ANTHONY)

JUDGE: Johanna, if I were to think you encouraged that young rogue. . .

JUDGE: *(Relenting, petting her cheek)* Dear child. *(gazing at her lustfully)* How sweet you look in that light muslin gown. *Johanna runs into the house, the Judge after her. The Beadle follows. Anthony is left alone, the empty cage in his hands.*

JOHANNA: Oh father, I hope always to be obedient to your commands.

1 *Maestoso* (♩ = 66) *-Safety-* 3 ANTHONY: *f*

5 steal you, Jo - han - na, I'll

9 *Con poco moto*
mf steal you. Do they think that walls can hide — you?

mf

13

A.

E - ven now I'm at your win - dow. I am in the dark be - side

16

you, Bur - ied sweet - ly in your yel - low hair...

cresc. *f*

19

A tempo

I

ff

23

feel you, Jo - han - na, And

dim.

27 *mp* *He smashes the cage.*

A. *one day I'll steal you.*

mp *R.H.*

31 *mf*

Till I'm with you then, I'm with you there, Sweet-ly bur-ied in your

mf *poco cresc.*

34 *cresc. poco a poco*

yel-low hair.

f *cresc. poco a poco*

37 *He throws the cage away, picks up his duffel bag, and runs off. The lights fade.*

ff *fff* *R.H.* *L.H.* *R.H.*

Segue