

No. 8A

JOHANNA (Part II)

(ANTHONY)

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

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

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.*

1 *Maestoso* (♩ = 66) *Safety* **START** ANTHONY: *f*
I'll

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

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

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

ff *dim.*

23

feel you, Jo - han - na, And

dim.

27 *mp* *He smashes the cage.*

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

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

37

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

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

Segue