

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.*

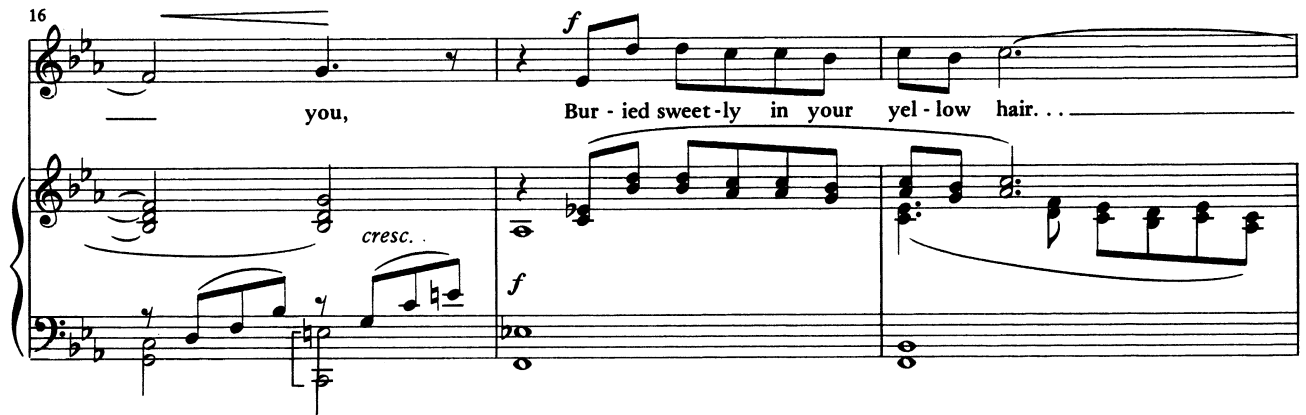
1 **Maestoso** (♩ = 66) *-----Safety-----* 3 ANTHONY: **f**

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

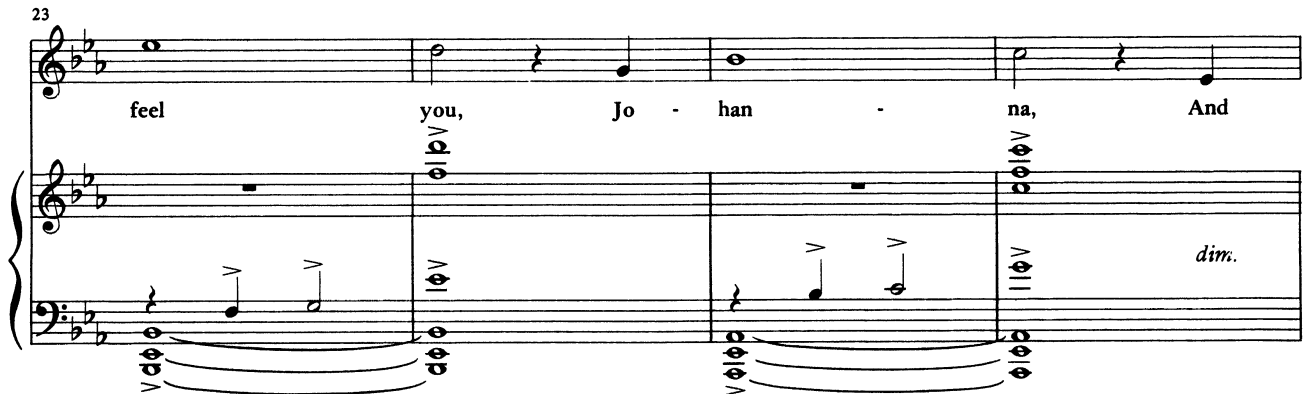
9 **Con poco moto** **mf**

steal you. Do they think that walls can hide you?

13
A. 

16 

19 *A tempo* 

23 

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

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

Segue