

No. 7

AH, MISS

(ANTHONY, JOHANNA, BEGGAR WOMAN)

Con moto, poco rubato (♩ = 80)

1 ANTHONY: (Gazing at Johanna) *mp* 3

I have sailed the world, be-held its won - ders From the

R.H. *mp*

5 *sempre mp*

pearls of Spain to the ru-bies of Ti-bet, But not e - ven in Lon-don— have I

L.H.

9 *dim.* *rit.*

seen such a won - der. — La - dy,

dim. *rit.*

13 *a tempo*

Look at me look at me miss, oh look at me please oh, Fa - vor me fa - vor me with your

pa tempo

16 *a tempo*

A. glance. Ah, miss, What do you what do you see off there in those trees oh,

19 *mf*

Won't you give won't you give me a chance? Who would sail to Spain, for all its

p. *mf* L.H.

22

won - ders, When in Kearn - ey's Lane lies the great - est won - der yet? Ah, miss,

25 *mp*

Look at you look at you pale and i - vo - ry - skinned oh, Look at you look - ing so sad, so

mp

28 *mp*

queer. Prom - ise Not to re - treat to the dark - ness back of your win - dow,

31 JOHANNA: *mf*

(ANTHONY) Green finch and lin - net bird,

Not till you not till you look down here. Look at me!

34 *f*

night - in - gale, black - bird, Teach me how to sing.

Look at me!

36 *f* *Their eyes meet. They gaze at*

J. If I can - not fly, _____ Let me sing ...

A. _____ Look at me ...

each other for a moment.

38 *mp* *p* *to 41*

BEGGAR WOMAN: (*Grabbing Anthony from a garbage heap*) *Johanna, frightened, slips back inside the house. The Beggar*

41 *f* *mp*

Alms! Alms! For a mis-'ra-ble wom-an... Beg your par-don, it's

L.H. mf subito *dim.*

43 *Woman thrusts her bowl at Anthony, who hastily drops a coin into it, then turns back to discover Johanna gone.*

you, sir... Thank yer, thank yer kind - ly...

ANTHONY: (As the Beggar Woman starts off) One moment, mother. Perhaps you know whose house this is. BEGGAR

WOMAN: That! That's the great Judge Turpin's house, that is. ANTHONY: And the young lady who resides there?

BEGGAR WOMAN: Ah, her! That's Johanna, his pretty little ward. But don't you go trespassing there, young man. Not

if you value your hide. Tamper there and it's a good whipping for you -- or any other youth with mischief on his mind.

BEGGAR WOMAN: (Leering at him)

Hey! Hoy! Sail - or boy! Want it snug - ly har - bored?

60

B.W. *O - pen me gate, but dock it straight, I see it lists to star - board!*

She grabs at his crotch and dances around him grotesquely, lifting her skirts. ANTHONY: (*Tossing coins at her*) Here and here and here! Take it and be off with you! Off!

64

ben marcato
mf

Cackling, the Beggar Woman collects the coins and scampers off. The noise has frightened the birds, who start screeching.

68

Anthony gazes up at the window, then goes to the Bird Seller and shakes him awake.

BIRD SELLER: We blind 'em, sir. That's what we always does. Blind 'em and, not knowing night from day, they sing and sing without stopping, pretty creatures. (*He gets up, slinging the cages on his back, and starts off*) Have pleasure of the bird, sir. (*Exits*)

ANTHONY: (*Inspecting the cages*) Which one sings the sweetest?

BIRD SELLER: All's the same, sir. Sixpence and cheap at the price.

ANTHONY: (*Selecting a cage and giving the Bird Seller a coin*) He sings bravely -- but why does he batter his wings so wildly against the bars?

72

gva ----- *Safety* -----

Segue