

MS#4a Anthony

AH, MISS

(ANTHONY, JOHANNA, BEGGAR WOMAN)

Con moto, poco rubato (♩ = 80)

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

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

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

9 seen such a won - der. La - dy,

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* glance. Ah, miss, 17 *a tempo* What do you what do you see off there in those trees oh,

19 Won't you give won't you give me a chance? 21 *mf* Who would sail to Spain, for all its

22 won - ders, When in Kern - 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

28 *mp*

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

31 JOHANNA: *mf*

(ANTHONY) *mf*

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!

Their eyes meet. They gaze at

36

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

A. _____ Look at me. . .

← End

each other for a moment.

38 *mp* *p* to 41

BEGGAR WOMAN: (*Grabbing Anthony from a garbage heap*) *Jobanna, 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.*

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

43

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