

## 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

5 *sempre mp*

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

9 *dim.* *rit.*

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? Who would 21 *mf* sail to Spain, for all its

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

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

*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...