

J. *p*

Jo -

han - na, Jo - han - na, I'll keep you here for - ev - er,

*p legato*

I'll wed you on the mor - row. Jo -

*dolce*

han - na, Jo - han - na, The world will nev - er touch you,

124 *cresc.*

J. I'll wed you on the mor - row! As

*cresc.*

128 *f*

years pass, Jo - han - na, You'll tend me in my sol - i - tude,

*f*

L.H. (b)

132 *dim.*

No long - er as a daugh - ter, As a wom - an.

*dim.*

(Now fully dressed)

136 *mp* *poco cresc.*

Jo - han - na, Jo - han - na, I'll hold you here for -

*mp* *poco cresc.*

139 *poco cresc.*

J. *poco cresc.*

ev - er then, You'll keep a - way from win - dows and

*poco cresc.*

142 *mp subito*

You'll de - liv - er me, Jo - han - na, From this

*mp subito*

146 *dim. poco a poco*

Hot red dev - il With your

*dim. poco a poco*

150

soft white cool vir - gin

L.H.

L.H.

154 *pp*

palms. . .

*pp*

*(Magisterial again, picking up the Bible, he produces a key and opens the door, the key forgotten, still in the lock. Johanna jumps up)*

JOHANNA: Father!

JUDGE: Johanna, I trust you've not been near the window again.

JOHANNA: *(During this speech her eyes fall on the key in the lock)* Hardly, dear father, when it has been shuttered and barred these last three days.

JUDGE: How right I was to insist on such a precaution, for once again he has come, that conscienceless young sailor. Ten times has he been driven from my door and yet. . . *(Breaks off, gazing at her, smitten with lust)* How sweet you look in that light muslin gown.

JOHANNA: 'Tis nothing but an old dress, father.

JUDGE: But fairer on your young form than wings on an angel. . . oh, if I were to think. . .

JOHANNA: *(Demurely, moving to the door)* Think what, dear father?

JUDGE: If I were to think you encouraged this young rogue. . .

JOHANNA: *(During this speech, she slips the key from the lock, hides it in her dress)* I? A maid trained from the cradle to find in modesty and obedience the greatest of all virtues? Dear father, when have you ceased to warn me of the wickedness of men?

JUDGE: Venal young men of the street with only one thought in their heads. But there are men of a different and far higher breed. I have one in mind for you.

JOHANNA: You have?

JUDGE: A gentle man, who would shield you from all earthly cares and guide your faltering steps to the sober warmth of womanhood – a husband – a protector – and yet an ardent lover too. It is a man who through all the years has surely earned your affection. *(Drops to his knees)*

JOHANNA: *(Staggered)* You?!!! *(The scene blacks out)*