

Stephen Sondheim, Johanna (Quartet)

ANTHONY:

I feel you, Johanna, I feel you
Do they think that walls can hide you?
Even now I'm at your window
I am in the dark beside you,
Buried sweetly in your yellow hair, Johanna

SWEENEY TODD:

And are you beautiful and pale,
With yellow hair, like her
I'd want you beautiful and pale,
The way I've dreamed you were, Johanna...

ANTHONY:

Johanna...

SWEENEY TODD:

And if you're beautiful, what then,
With yellow hair, like wheat?
I think we shall not meet again
My little dove, my sweet Johanna

ANTHONY:

I'll steal you, Johanna

SWEENEY TODD:

Goodbye, Johanna.
You're gone, and yet you're mine.
I'm fine, Johanna, I'm fine!

ANTHONY:

Johanna

BEGGAR WOMAN:

Smoke! Smoke! Sign of the devil! Sign of the devil!
City on fire!
Witch! Witch! Smell it, sir! An evil smell!
Every night at the vespers bell
Smoke that comes from the mouth of hell
City on fire! City on fire!
Mischief! Mischief! Mischief...

SWEENEY TODD:

And if I never hear your voice,
My turtledove, my dear,
I still have reason to rejoice:
The way ahead is clear, Johanna...

JOHANNA:

I'll marry Anthony Sunday
Anthony Sunday

ANTHONY:

I feel you

SWEENEY TODD:

And in that darkness when I'm blind
With what I can't forget

ANTHONY:

Johanna

SWEENEY TODD:

It's always morning in my mind,

My little lamb, my pet, Johanna

JOHANNA:
I knew you'd come for me one day
Come for me one day

SWEENEY TODD/ANTHONY:
You stay, Johanna Johanna

SWEENEY TODD:
The way I've dreamed you are
Oh look, Johanna a star!

ANTHONY:
Buried sweetly in your yellow hair

SWEENEY TODD:
A shooting star!

BEGGAR WOMAN:
There! There! Somebody, somebody look up there!
Didn't I tell you? Smell that air! City on fire!
Quick, sir! Run and tell!
Warn 'em all of the witch's spell!
There it is, there it is, the unholy smell!
Tell it to the Beadle and the police as well!
Tell 'em! Tell 'em! Help! Fiend!
City on fire! City on fire!
Mischief! Mischief! Mischief...Fiend . . .
Almsalms...for a miserable woman

SWEENEY TODD:
And though I'll think of you, I guess, until the day I die,
I think I miss you less and less as every day goes by,
Johanna...

ANTHONY:
Johanna...

JOHANNA:
With you beside me on Sunday,
Married on Sunday

SWEENEY TODD:
And you'd be beautiful and pale,
And look too much like her.
If only angels could prevail,
We'd be the way we were, Johanna...

ANTHONY:
I feel you...Johanna

JOHANNA'S VOICE:
Married on Sunday married on Sunday ...

SWEENEY TODD:
Wake up, Johanna! Another bright red day!
We learn, Johanna, to say goodbye!

ANTHONY:
I'll steal you!