

Stephen Sondheim "Johanna Reprise"

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(Note: Many of the lyrics for Todd and Anthony are sung simultaneously)

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

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

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

TODD:

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

ANTHONY:

Johanna

BEGGAR:

Smoke, smoke

Sign of the devil (x2)

City on fire

Witch, a witch

Smell it sir, and evil smell

Every night at the vespers spell

Smoke that came with and awful hell

City on fire (x2)

Mischief (x3)

TODD:

And if I never hear your voice,

My turtle dove, my dear

I still have reason to rejoice

The way ahead is clear

Johanna

ANTHONY:

I feel you, Johanna

TODD:

And in that darkness when I'm blind

With what I can't forget

It's always morning in my mind,

My little lamb, my pet

Johanna

You stay, Johanna

ANTHONY:

Johanna

TODD:

The way I dreamed you were

Oh, look, Johanna

A star

ANTHONY:

Buried sweetly in your yellow hair

TODD:

A shooting star

BEGGAR:

There, there

Somebody, somebody

Look up there

Didn't I tell you?

Smell that air

City on fire

Quick, sir! Run and tell

Warn them all of the witches spell
There it is, there it is
There in hell, this smell
Tell it to the Beadle, police as well
Tell them, tell them
Oh! Fiend!
City on fire (x2)
Mischief (x2)

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

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

TODD:
Wake up, Johanna
The nerve, the bright lit day
We learn, Johanna
To say
Goodbye

ANTHONY:
I'll steal you

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