

LIESL

71

LIESL:

I am six-teen go-ing on sev-en-teen,

Fl., Bsn.

Str. *pp*

I know that I'm na-ive, Fel-lows I meet may tell me I'm sweet And

Hns.

Cl., E.H.

79

will-ing - ly I be - lieve. I am six-teen go-ing on sev-en-teen,

Fl., Bsn.

f W.W., Br. Str.

in-no-cent as a rose. Bach-e - lor dan-dies, Drink-ers of bran-dies,

Cl., E.H.

87

What do I know of those? To-tal - ly un-pre - pared am I To

Cl.

Hns.

Hn.

Str. pizz.

et

face a world of men. Tim-id and shy and scared am I O:

95

things be-yond my ken. I need some-one old-er and wis-er

*f* Tutti

*pp* sub.  
Bsn., Cl.

Tell-ing me what to do, — You are sev-en-teen go-ing on eight-een,

E.H.

I'll de - pend on you.

Fl., Str., W.W.

Hns.

107

Picc.

Tpts.

Str. pizz.

Br.

Fl., Cls., Str.

Hns.

+ Picc., Tpt.

Tutti

rall.

Waltz (Viennese)

Hns., Str.

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Fl., Ob., Str.

Hns.

~~CHILDREN: A needle pulling thread  
 MARIA: La, a note to follow sew  
 CHILDREN: A note to follow sew  
 MARIA: Tea, a drink with jam and bread  
 CHILDREN: Jam and bread  
 MARIA: *(Rising)*  
                     That will bring us back to do  
 ALL: *(Children crowd around MARIA)*  
                     That will bring us back to  
                     *(MARIA goes down the scale until her final "Do" is  
 practically bass.)*  
 MARIA: Do ti la so fa mi re do  
 ALL: *(Singing with a happy laugh)*  
                     Do.  
                                     *(Blackout)*~~

ACT I  
 Scene 6

*Outside the villa. A shallow scene showing the villa  
 and wall that runs around it. D.L.C. is a stone bench.  
 After a moment LIESL enters D.R., turns and waves to  
 someone offstage. \* START*  
 LIESL: Good night, Rolf.  
 ROLF: *(Walking on with his bicycle)* Liesl!  
 LIESL: *(Going to him)* Yes?  
 ROLF: You don't have to say good night this early just  
           because your father's home—  
 LIESL: How did you know my father was home?  
 ROLF: Oh, I have a way of knowing things.  
 LIESL: You're wonderful.  
 ROLF: *(Resting the bicycle on its stand)* Oh, no, I'm not  
           —really.

LIESL: (*Crosses D.L.*) Oh, yes, you are. I mean—how did you know two days ago that you would be here at just this time tonight with a telegram for Franz?

ROLF: (*Following her*) Every year on this date he always gets a birthday telegram from his sister.

LIESL: You see—you *are* wonderful.

ROLF: Can I come again tomorrow night?

LIESL: (*Sitting on the bench*) Rolf, you can't be sure you're going to have a telegram to deliver here tomorrow night.

ROLF: (*Sitting beside her*) I could come here by mistake—with a telegram for Colonel Schneider. He's here from Berlin. He's staying with the Gauleiter but I—(*Suddenly concerned.*) No one's supposed to know he's here. Don't you tell your father.

LIESL: Why not?

ROLF: Well, your father's pretty Austrian.

LIESL: We're all Austrian.

ROLF: Some people think we ought to be German. They're pretty mad at those who don't think so. They're getting ready to—well, let's hope your father doesn't get into any trouble. (*He goes to his bicycle.*)

LIESL: (*Rising*) Don't worry about father. He was decorated for bravery.

ROLF: I know. I don't worry about him. The only one I worry about is his daughter.

LIESL: (*Above bench*) Me? Why?

(*ROLF gestures to her to stand on the bench. She does and he studies her.*)

ROLF: How old are you, Liesl?

LIESL: Sixteen—What's wrong with that? \* END

~~ROLF: (*Singing*)~~

~~You wait, little girl, on an empty stage~~

~~For fate to turn the light on,~~