

2025 BROADWAY CAST RECORDING

RAGTIME

THE MUSICAL

LYRICS BY
LYNN AHRENS

MUSIC BY
STEPHEN FLAHERTY

BOOK BY
TERRENCE McNALLY



MUSICAL NUMBERS

ACT ONE

1. Prologue: Ragtime COMPANY
2. Goodbye, My Love MOTHER
3. Journey On FATHER, TATEH, MOTHER
4. The Crime of the Century EVELYN NESBIT, MOTHER'S YOUNGER BROTHER, ENSEMBLE
5. What Kind of Woman MOTHER
6. A Shtetl Iz Amereke TATEH, THE LITTLE GIRL, ENSEMBLE
7. Success TATEH, J.P. MORGAN, HARRY HOUDINI, EMMA GOLDMAN, ENSEMBLE
8. His Name Was Coalhouse Walker COALHOUSE, ENSEMBLE
9. Gettin' Ready Rag COALHOUSE, ENSEMBLE
10. Henry Ford HENRY FORD, COALHOUSE, ENSEMBLE
11. Nothing Like The City MOTHER, THE LITTLE BOY, TATEH, THE LITTLE GIRL
12. Your Daddy's Son SARAH
13. New Music FATHER, MOTHER, MOTHER'S YOUNGER BROTHER, COALHOUSE, SARAH, COMPANY
14. Wheels of a Dream COALHOUSE, SARAH
15. The Night That Goldman Spoke at Union Square MOTHER'S YOUNGER BROTHER, EMMA GOLDMAN, ENSEMBLE
16. Gliding TATEH
17. Justice COALHOUSE, COMPANY
18. President SARAH
19. Till We Reach That Day SARAH'S FRIEND, COMPANY

ACT TWO

20. Coalhouse's Soliloquy COALHOUSE
21. Coalhouse Demands COALHOUSE, BOOKER T. WASHINGTON, WILLIE CONKLIN, ENSEMBLE
22. What a Game FATHER, THE LITTLE BOY, ENSEMBLE
23. Buffalo Nickel Photoplay, Inc. TATEH
24. Our Children MOTHER, TATEH
25. Sarah Brown Eyes COALHOUSE, SARAH
26. He Wanted to Say MOTHER'S YOUNGER BROTHER, EMMA GOLDMAN, COALHOUSE, ENSEMBLE
27. Back to Before MOTHER
28. Look What You've Done BOOKER T. WASHINGTON, COALHOUSE, ENSEMBLE
29. Make Them Hear You COALHOUSE
30. Epilogue: Ragtime (Reprise) / Wheels of a Dream (Reprise) COMPANY



CAST

Coalhouse Walker, Jr.	JOSHUA HENRY
Mother	CAISSIE LEVY
Tateh	BRANDON URANOWITZ
Father	COLIN DONNELL
Sarah	NICHELLE LEWIS
Mother's Younger Brother	BEN LEVI ROSS
Emma Goldman	SHAINA TAUB
Evelyn Nesbit	ANNA GRACE BARLOW
Booker T. Washington	JOHN CLAY III
Harry Houdini	RODD CYRUS
The Little Boy	NICK BARRINGTON
The Little Girl	TABITHA LAWING
Grandfather	TOM NELIS
Sarah's Friend	ALLISON BLACKWELL
Henry Ford	JASON FORBACH
Willie Conklin, Harry K. Thaw	JACOB KEITH WATSON
JP Morgan, Admiral Peary	JOHN RAPSON
Brigit	BRIANA CARLSON-GOODMAN
Kathleen	ELLIE FISHMAN
Stanford White, Charles S. Whitman	BILLY COHEN
Matthew Henson	ALAN WIGGINS
Baron's Assistant	NICHOLAS BARRÓN
Ensemble	NICHOLAS BARRÓN, LAUREN BLACKMAN, ALLISON BLACKWELL, BRIANA CARLSON-GOODMAN, JORDAN CHIN, BILLY COHEN, RHEAUME CRENSHAW, ELLIE FISHMAN, JASON FORBACH, TANIKA GIBSON, DAVID JENNINGS, MARINA KONDO, MORGAN MARCELL, TOM NELIS, KENT OVERSHOWN, KAYLA PECCHIONI, JOHN RAPSON, DEANDRE SEVON, JACOB KEITH WATSON, ALAN WIGGINS
Swings	EEAN SHERROD COCHRAN, KERRY CONTE, NICK GASWIRTH, JENNY MOLLET, MATTHEW SCOTT
Production Stage Manager	CODY RENARD RICHARD
Company Manager	MATTHEW MARKOFF

MUSICIANS

Music Director / Conductor	JAMES MOORE
Piano / Keyboard 1 / Associate Conductor	DANNY PERCEFULL
Keyboard 2 / Associate Music Director	PAUL BYSSAINTHE, JR
Violins	UNA TONE (Concertmaster), ASHLEY HORNE, CHALA YANCY, SARAH ZUN, EPONGUE EKILLE, LILY HOLGATE
Violas	TIA ALLEN, MOLLY GOLDMAN
Cellos	LAURA BONTRAGER, CARYL PAISNER except SARAH HEWITT-ROTH on tracks 2, 3, 5-9, 11-13, 16, 18, 24, 26-28
Bass	COREY SCHUTZER
Harp	STACEY SHAMES except RUTH BENNETT on tracks 4, 15, 21, 22
Woodwinds	ANDREW REHRIG, HSUAN-FONG CHEN, JONATHAN LEVINE, EMMA REINHART
Trumpets	ALEX BENDER, REBECCA STEINBERG
French Horns	WILL DE VOS, JUDY YIN-CHI LEE
Trombones	JASON JACKSON, JEFFREY CASWELL
Tuba	ANDREW BOVE
Percussion	SEAN RITENAUER
Drums	RICH ROSENZWEIG
Banjo / Guitar	ERIC B. DAVIS
Music Coordinator	JILL DELL'ABATE
Electronic Music Design	JIM HARP
Music Preparation	JOSH CLAYTON, ADAM BESKIND, TIM LACIANO
Orchestrations	WILLIAM DAVID BROHN
Vocal Arrangements	STEPHEN FLAHERTY



TERRENCE'S DREAM

The first time I met Lynn Ahrens and Stephen Flaherty was at Lincoln Center Theater. Terrence McNally had written the book to their musical *A Man Of No Importance*, which opened at the Mitzi E. Newhouse Theater at LCT in 2002. Terrence and I were not yet married but we were deeply in love, and he assured me I'd fall in love with Lynn and Stephen. He was right. While sitting in our seats at the Newhouse, Terrence told me he had always dreamed that *Ragtime* would be performed upstairs, on the stage of the Vivian Beaumont Theater, LCT's Broadway house. Terrence considered Lincoln Center to be our nation's premier performing arts organization, and he felt the Beaumont was the stage most befitting of *Ragtime*'s majestic sweep and intimate emotional core. He was right. Lear deBessonet's production of *Ragtime* is stunning. It's as though *Ragtime* has had a date with the Beaumont its entire life; like this Ahrens-Flaherty-McNally masterpiece has finally come home. Since it first opened on Broadway in 1998, I have seen productions of *Ragtime* all over the world. I have never seen a production of *Ragtime* that felt so intimate, elegant and urgent as this revival. Not a word or note has been changed, but this *Ragtime* feels more timely than ever. Listen and weep: for the promises of democracy kept and broken. But also for the sheer beauty of the voices of this cast as they bring Ahrens and Flaherty's brilliant score to insistent life. This is a *Ragtime* for the ages. Terrence is beaming.

— TOM KIRDAHY

THE TIME IS RIGHT FOR *RAGTIME*

That's what I hear most about this revival of Lynn, Stephen, and Terrence's magnum opus. Personally, I think the time is always right for *Ragtime*, which has mirrored the present since its inception. Stephen and Lynn's majestic score brims with American possibility. Bill Brohn's orchestrations, where a banjo is picked against a syncopated piano while klezmer horns blare, is a collision of ideas that form a discordant but glorious symphony, our country in orchestral form.

And if history doesn't exactly repeat itself, it certainly rhymes. A simple line from Terrence's script—"It's men like you who have made this country great"—might once have passed without notice, but it's chilling in 2025. The othering of immigrants, the racist destruction of Coalhouse's car, the killing of Sarah, the fight for workers' and women's rights... Saying *Ragtime* predicted our current strife would let the whole of American history off the hook.

When Lear's revival launched on the eve of the 2024 election, the sound of distant thunder was starting to climb again. In the single year between NY City Center's and Lincoln Center Theater's production, the wheels fell off the dream for so many Americans. When four characters sing "What is wrong with this country?" it hits like a blow to the chest. Because *Ragtime* is more than a musical; it strikes a chord born within the great American melting pot, where so many things are true at once. The time is always right for *Ragtime*, but *Ragtime* feels especially right for today.

— DAVID GORDON, EDITOR IN CHIEF, *THEATERMANIA*

SYNOPSIS

ACT ONE

In 1902 New York, three social castes – a wealthy white family in New Rochelle, working-class Black residents of Harlem, and poor European immigrants on the Lower East Side – coexist but rarely intersect (**Prologue: Ragtime**). Mother says **Goodbye, My Love** to Father as he sails off on an expedition to the North Pole, just as Latvian immigrant Tateh and his daughter arrive in America (**Journey On**). Meanwhile, Mother's naïve Younger Brother idolizes notorious Vaudeville star Evelyn Nesbit (**The Crime of the Century**).

Discovering a Black infant boy buried in her garden, Mother takes responsibility for the child and his silent mother, Sarah (**What Kind of Woman**).

The artist Tateh and his daughter arrive in America filled with hope (**A Shtetle Iz Amerike**) but soon discover how hard survival is (**Success**). In Harlem, a ragtime pianist – **His Name Was Coalhouse Walker** – prepares to win back Sarah's love (**Gettin' Ready Rag**) by buying a new Model T (**Henry Ford**). En route to better prospects in Boston, Tateh and his daughter cross paths with Mother and her son on a New Rochelle train platform (**Nothing Like the City**).

Alone, Sarah apologizes to her baby (**Your Daddy's Son**). Coalhouse calls on her weekly for months, but each time, she turns him away. Finally, on the day Father returns, Coalhouse plays **New Music** on the family piano, and Sarah rushes into his arms. Together, Sarah and Coalhouse envision a better future for their son (**Wheels of a Dream**).

Younger Brother finds new purpose on **The Night That Goldman Spoke at Union Square**, and Tateh discovers a new way to make money (**Gliding**). When a group of racist white firemen trash his car, Coalhouse seeks **Justice**, which he is repeatedly denied. Sarah seeks help from the visiting Vice **President**, but the police – claiming she has a gun – beat her to death. At Sarah's funeral, mourners seek a day of peace and justice (**Till We Reach That Day**).

ACT TWO

Angry and desperate, Coalhouse kills three of his oppressors and burns their firehouse to the ground (**Coalhouse's Soliloquy**). To the dismay of leader Booker T. Washington, **Coalhouse Demands** restitution and vengeance.

When Younger Brother passionately chastises him for his complacency, Father retreats by taking Edgar to a baseball game (**What a Game**). The family seeks change in Atlantic City, where Tateh, now calling himself "Baron Ashkenazy," is a successful film director (**Buffalo Nickel Photoplay, Inc.**). At the beach, Tateh and Mother share a quiet moment of connection (**Our Children**).

After taking over the Morgan Library, Coalhouse ruefully recalls the day he and Sarah first met (**Sarah Brown Eyes**). Younger Brother offers to help him (**He Wanted to Say**).

Father sets off to the Morgan Library to aid in negotiations with Coalhouse, dismissing Mother's feelings. With newfound strength, Mother realizes she has changed irreversibly (**Back to Before**).

As pressure builds on Coalhouse (**Look What You've Done**), Booker T. Washington convinces him to end the violence. Coalhouse releases his men, urging them to **Make Them Hear You**. As he exits the library with hands raised, Coalhouse is killed in a volley of gunfire.

In a sweeping **Epilogue**, the three groups of the prologue unite. Encouraged by the spirits of Coalhouse and Sarah, Mother and Tateh – now married – look to the future as they raise their three children: Tateh's daughter, Mother's son, Edgar, and the newest member of their family: young Coalhouse Walker III.

— JIM COLLERAN



1. PROLOGUE: RAGTIME

THE LITTLE BOY

In 1902 Father built a house at the crest of the Broadview Avenue hill in New Rochelle, New York, and it seemed for some years thereafter that all the family's days would be warm and fair.

ALL

THE SKIES WERE BLUE AND
HAZY,
RARELY A STORM. BARELY A
CHILL.

WOMEN

LA LA LA LA LA...

ALL

THE AFTERNOONS WERE LAZY,
EVERYONE WARM.
EVERYTHING STILL.

MEN

LA LA LA LA LA...

ALL

AND THERE WAS DISTANT
MUSIC,
SIMPLE AND SOMEHOW
SUBLIME,
GIVING THE NATION
A NEW SYNCOPATION –
THE PEOPLE CALLED IT
RAGTIME!

FATHER

Father was well-off. Very well off.
His considerable income was
derived from the manufacture of
fireworks and bunting and other
accoutrements of patriotism.
Father was also something of an
amateur explorer.

MOTHER

The house on the hill in New
Rochelle was Mother's domain.
She took pleasure in making it
comfortable for the men of her
family and often told herself
how fortunate she was to be so
protected and provided for by
her husband.

YOUNGER BROTHER

Mother's Younger Brother worked
at Father's fireworks factory. He
was a genius at explosives. But
he was also a young man in
search of something to believe
in. His sister wondered when he
would find it.

GRANDFATHER

Grandfather had been a professor
of Greek and Latin. Now retired
and living with his daughter and
her family, he was thoroughly
irritated by everything.

PEOPLE OF NEW ROCHELLE

THE DAYS WERE GENTLY TINTED,
LAVENDER PINK, LEMON AND
LIME,

MOTHER

LADIES WITH PARASOLS,

YOUNGER BROTHER

FELLOWS WITH TENNIS BALLS.

FATHER

THERE WERE GAZEBOS AND
There were no Negroes

PEOPLE OF HARLEM

AND EVERYTHING WAS
RAGTIME!

PEOPLE OF HARLEM

LISTEN TO THAT RAGTIME!

COALHOUSE

In Harlem, men and women of
color forgot their troubles and
danced and reveled to the
music of Coalhouse Walker,
Jr. This was a music that was
theirs and no one else's.

SARAH

One young woman thought
Coalhouse played just for her.
Her name was Sarah.

PEOPLE OF HARLEM

OOOOH...

BOOKER T. WASHINGTON

Booker T. Washington was the
most famous Negro in the
country. He counseled friendship
between the races and spoke of
the promise of the future. He had

no patience with Negroes who
lived less than exemplary lives.

PEOPLE OF NEW ROCHELLE
LADIES WITH PARASOLS,
FELLOWS WITH TENNIS BALLS.
THERE WERE NO NEGROES
AND
THERE WERE NO IMMIGRANTS.

TATEH

In Latvia, a man dreamed of a new
life for his little girl. It would be a
long journey, a terrible one. He
would not lose her, as he had
her mother. His name was Tateh.
He never spoke of his wife. The
little girl was all he had now.
Together, they would escape.

LITTLE BOY

Houdini! Look it's Houdini!

CROWD

OOH!... AAH!
OOH!... AAH!

HOUDINI

Harry Houdini was one
immigrant who made an art of
escape. He was a headliner in
the top vaudeville circuits.

HOUDINI'S MOTHER

Ich bin die mutter des grossen
Houdinis!

HOUDINI

He made his mother proud.

But for all his achievements,
he knew he was only an
illusionist. He wanted to
believe there was more.

(To the LITTLE BOY)
Hello, sonny.

LITTLE BOY

Warn the Duke!

HOUDINI

What did you say?

PEOPLE OF NEW ROCHELLE
AND THERE WAS DISTANT
MUSIC
CHANGING THE TUNE,
CHANGING THE TIME.

PEOPLE OF HARLEM

GIVING THE NATION
A NEW SYNCOPATION:

ALL

LA, LA, LA, LA...

J.P. MORGAN

Certain men make a country great.

HENRY FORD

They can't help it.

MORGAN

At the very apex of the American
pyramid –

FORD

– that's the very tip-top! –

MORGAN

Like Pharaoh's reincarnate,
stood J.P. Morgan.

FORD

And Henry Ford.

MORGAN

All men are born equal.

FORD

But the cream rises to the top.

EMMA GOLDMAN

Let me at those sons of bitches!
These men are the demons
who are sucking your very
souls dry! I hate them!

MORGAN

Someone should arrest that
woman!

EMMA GOLDMAN

The radical anarchist Emma
Goldman fought against the
ravages of American capitalism
as she watched her fellow
immigrants' hopes turn to
despair on the Lower East Side.

EVELYN NESBIT

LA LA LA LA
LA LA LA LA LA
Whee!

EMMA

But America was watching
another drama.

EVELYN NESBIT

Evelyn Nesbit was the most beautiful woman in America. If she wore her hair in curls, every woman wore her hair in curls.

STANFORD WHITE

Her lover was the eminent architect, Stanford White, designer of the Pennsylvania Station on 33rd Street.

HARRY K. THAW

Her husband, the eccentric millionaire, Harry K. Thaw, was a violent man.

EVELYN

After her husband shot her lover, Evelyn became the biggest attraction in vaudeville since Tom Thumb.

WOMEN

LA LA LA LA LA

MEN

Bang!

WOMEN

LA LA LA!

MEN

Bang!

WOMEN

LA!

MEN

Bang!

EMMA GOLDMAN

And although the newspapers called the shooting the Crime of the Century, Goldman knew it was only 1906...

ALL

AND THERE WERE NINETY-FOUR YEARS TO GO!

EMMA

Whee!

ALL

AND THERE WAS MUSIC
PLAYING,
CATCHING A NATION IN ITS
PRIME...
BEGGAR AND MILLIONAIRE
EVERYONE, EVERYWHERE
MOVING TO THE RAGTIME!

AND THERE WAS DISTANT
MUSIC
SKIPPING A BEAT, SINGING A
DREAM.

WOMEN

LA LA LA LA LA

ALL

A STRANGE, INSISTENT MUSIC
PUTTING OUT HEAT,
PICKING UP STEAM.

MEN

LA LA LA LA LA

ALL

THE SOUND OF DISTANT
THUNDER
SUDDENLY STARTING TO
CLIMB...

IT WAS THE MUSIC
OF SOMETHING BEGINNING,
AN ERA EXPLODING,
A CENTURY SPINNING
IN RICHES AND RAGS,
AND IN RHYTHM AND RHYME.
THE PEOPLE CALLED IT
RAGTIME...
RAGTIME... (RAGTIME)
RAGTIME... (RAGTIME)
RAGTIME... (RAGTIME, RAGTIME!)

2. GOODBYE, MY LOVE

MOTHER

GOODBYE, MY LOVE.
GOD BLESS YOU.
AND I SUPPOSE,
BLESS AMERICA, TOO.
YOU HAVE PLACES TO
DISCOVER,
OCEANS TO CONQUER,
YOU NEED TO KNOW
I'LL BE THERE AT THE WINDOW
WHILE YOU GO YOUR WAY.
I ACCEPT THAT.

BUT, WHAT OF THE PEOPLE
WHO STAY WHERE THEY'RE PUT,
PLANTED LIKE FLOWERS
WITH ROOTS UNDERFOOT?

I KNOW SOME OF THOSE
PEOPLE
HAVE HEARTS THAT WOULD
RATHER
GO JOURNEYING
ON THE SEA.

TELL ME,
WHAT OF THE PEOPLE
WHOSE BOUNDARIES CHAFE,
WHO MARRY SO BRAVELY
AND END UP SO SAFE?
TELL ME HOW TO BE SOMEONE
WHOSE HEART CAN EXPLORE
WHILE STILL STAYING HERE.
LET THIS BE THE YEAR
WE BOTH TRAVEL...

GOODBYE, MY LOVE
JOURNEY ON.

3. JOURNEY ON

FATHER

It's an honor to go on expedition
with you, Admiral Peary. It's men
like you who have made this
country great. What's that? In the
distance? Such a ghostly glow.

PEARY

They're called rag ships.
Immigrants from every cesspool
in western and eastern Europe.

FATHER

You're a brave man, whoever
you are. Coming so far,

expecting so much.

A SALUTE TO THE MAN
ON THE DECK OF THAT SHIP!
A SALUTE TO THE IMMIGRANT
STRANGER.
HEAVEN KNOWS WHY YOU'D
MAKE
SUCH A TERRIBLE TRIP.
MAY YOUR OWN GOD PROTECT
YOU
FROM DANGER.

IS IT FREEDOM OR LOVE
THAT YOU PRAY FOR
IN YOUR GUTTURAL ACCENT?
TOO LATE, LONG GONE.
A SALUTE TO A FELLOW
WHO HASN'T A CHANCE.
JOURNEY ON.

THE LITTLE GIRL

Is that other ship going back home?

TATEH

No! America is our home now.
America is our shtetl.

TATEH AND THE LITTLE GIRL

A mekhaye khlebn.

THE LITTLE GIRL

Look. Someone is waving. Where
is he going?

TATEH

He's a fool on a fool's journey.

YOU DEPART ON A SHIP
FROM A COUNTRY LIKE THIS.

WHY ON EARTH WOULD YOU
WANT TO
BE LEAVING?
WAS IT SOMETHING YOU LOST
THAT YOU SUDDENLY MISS?
ARE YOU ANGRY,
OR POSSIBLY
GRIEVING?
DO YOU SEE IN MY FACE
WHAT YOU'VE LOST, SIR?
ARE YOU MOVED BY THE
DEATH SHIP
WE SAIL UPON?
WELL, PERHAPS YOU'RE A MAN
WHO'S IN SEARCH OF HIS
HEART.
JOURNEY ON.

FATHER

JOURNEY ON.

BOTH

TWO SHIPS PASSING.
IN THE KINSHIP
OF THE DARKNESS –

FATHER

ONE GOING FROM,

TATEH

ONE COMING TO

BOTH

AMERICA.

TWO MEN MEETING
AT THE MOMENT
OF A JOURNEY.
FOR A MOMENT,
IN THE DARKNESS,

WE'RE THE SAME...

MOTHER

AND WHAT OF THE PEOPLE
WHOSE BOUNDARIES CHAFE,

WHO MARRY SO BRAVELY
AND END UP SO SAFE?

I WILL BE JOURNEYING
HERE, MY LOVE,
AS YOU GO
JOURNEYING

ON THE SEA

FATHER

I SALUTE YOU,
MY FRIEND

AS YOU GO

JOURNEYING
ON THE SEA

TATEH

MAY YOU
FIND WHAT
YOU NEED

AS YOU GO

JOURNEYING
ON THE SEA

ALL THREE

WE'RE TWO SHIPS PASSING
AT A DISTANCE,
THROUGH THE DARKNESS,

FATHER

ONE GOING FROM

MOTHER AND TATEH

ONE COMING TO

ALL THREE

AMERICA.

STRANGERS SHARING
THE BEGINNINGS
OF A JOURNEY

FATHER

I SALUTE YOU

TATEH

GOD BE WITH YOU

MOTHER

I WILL MISS YOU

ALL THREE

IN THE DARKNESS
OF THE DAWN
JOURNEY ON!

4. THE CRIME OF THE CENTURY

JUDGE

And now, testifying for the
defense, Miss Evelyn Nesbit.

EVELYN

WHEE!

CHORINES and SOB SISTERS

LA LA LA LA
LA LA LA LA LA

EVELYN

WHEE!

CHORINES and SOB SISTERS

LA LA LA LA
LA LA LA LA LA

EVELYN

YOUR HONOR,
I WAS ONCE THE LADY FRIEND
OF STANFORD WHITE.

CHORINES and SOB SISTERS

HE'S THE FAMOUS ARCHITECT!

EVELYN

YES, THAT'S RIGHT.
HE PUT ME ON A VELVET
SWING.
AND MADE ME WEAR...WELL...
HARDLY ANYTHING!

Ruined at the age of fifteen!

YOUR HONOR!
THEN I WENT AND MARRIED
MR. HARRY THAW,

**EVELYN, CHORINES
and SOB SISTERS**

ECCENTRIC MILLIONAIRE.

CHORINES and SOB SISTERS

OH! OH!

EVELYN

HARRY'S A JEALOUS MAN.

CHORINES and SOB SISTERS

BANG! BANG!

EVELYN

THAT WAS THE END OF STAN!

CHORINES and SOB SISTERS

BOO HOO!

EVELYN

YOUR HONOR, BE FAIR!
MY HARRY WENT CRAZY, I
SWEAR!

CHORINES and SOB SISTERS

LA LA
LA LA LA

ALL, EVELYN

NOW IT'S THE
CRIME OF THE CENTURY!
CRIME OF THE CENTURY!
GIVING THE WORLD A THRILL!

EVELYN

HARRY'S IN TROUBLE
AND STANNY'S IN HEAVEN
AND EVELYN IS IN VAUDEVILLE!

ALL, EVELYN

THE CRIME OF THE CENTURY!
CRIME OF THE CENTURY!
ALL FOR A YOUTHFUL FLING.
FORTUNE, FAME
AND A RUINED NAME!

EVELYN

AND NOW I'M THE GIRL ON THE
SWING!
WHEE!

YOUNGER BROTHER

From what had become his
regular seat in the front row of
the second balcony, Younger
Brother would lean far over
the railing, hoping his goddess
would notice him. One night he
almost fell. Evelyn caught sight
of him and smiled. Life was
suddenly wonderful and full of
delicious possibilities.

CHORINES and SOB SISTERS

OH! OH!

EVELYN

HARRY MUST NOT BE HUNG!

CHORINES and SOB SISTERS

BANG! BANG!

JUDGE

LET'S HAVE THAT VERDICT
SUNG!

CHORINES and SOB SISTERS

BOO! HOO!

JURY FOREMAN

YOUR HONOR WE FIND
THAT HARRY'S NOT GUILTY...

EVELYN

MY HARRY'S NOT GUILTY!

ALL

'CAUSE HARRY IS OUT OF HIS
MIND!

AND IT'S THE CRIME OF THE
CENTURY

CRIME OF THE CENTURY
MAKING THE WORLD GO
"WHEE"!

HARRY'S IN TROUBLE
AND STANNY'S IN HEAVEN

EVELYN

AND EVELYN GETS PUBLICITY

ALL

THE CRIME OF THE CENTURY,
CRIME OF THE CENTURY
NOT SUCH AN AWFUL THING —

EVELYN

STANNY'S KILLED,
BUT MY MOTHER'S THRILLED
'CAUSE NOW I'M THE GIRL ON
THE

ALL

NOW SHE'S THE GIRL ON THE

EVELYN

NOW I'M THE GIRL

ALL

ON THE SWING

EVELYN

WHEE!

5. WHAT KIND OF WOMAN

KATHLEEN

Is it alive? Oh, please, God, let it be!

MOTHER

It's alive. It's a Negro child. A newborn baby boy.

MOTHER

WHAT KIND OF WOMAN
WOULD DO SUCH A THING?
WHY IN GOD'S NAME
IS MY HUSBAND NOT HERE?
I'M SUCH A FOOL!

WHY DID I SAY
HE WAS FREE TO GO?
WHAT AM I TO DO?
WHERE ARE YOUR
INSTRUCTIONS,
MY DEAR?
YOU LEFT ME LISTS.
EVERYTHING IN LISTS!
WELL, YOUR LITTLE LISTS
AREN'T VERY HELPFUL,
I FEAR!

EACH DAY THE MAIDS TRUDGE
UP THE HILL.
THE HIRED HELP ARRIVES.
I NEVER STOPPED TO THINK
THEY MIGHT HAVE LIVES
BEYOND OUR LIVES.

MOTHER

Are you the mother? Thank God,

I found him.
I will take responsibility. For
mother and child. Please take
Miss Sarah inside.

WHAT KIND OF WOMAN
WOULD DO WHAT I'VE DONE –
OPEN THE DOOR
TO SUCH CHAOS AND PAIN!

YOU WOULD HAVE GENTLY
CLOSED THE DOOR,
AND GENTLY TURNED THE KEY,
AND GENTLY TOLD ME NOT TO
LOOK
FOR FEAR WHAT I MIGHT SEE.

WHAT KIND OF WOMAN
WOULD THAT HAVE MADE ME?

6. A SHTETL IZ AMEREKE

TATEH, THE LITTLE GIRL

A SHTETL IZ AMEREKE
A MEKHAYE KHLEBN.

**TATEH, THE LITTLE GIRL,
JEWISH IMMIGRANTS**
ES RUT OYF IR DI SHKINELE

ITALIAN IMMIGRANTS

MERICA, MERICA, BEL
MASSOLINO DI FIOR.

TATEH, LITTLE GIRL JEWISH IMMIGRANTS

MIR ZOLN AZOY LEBN.
MIL KHOMES, BIKSN

MENTSHN BLUT DARFN MIR
OYF TSORES

A GUBERNATOR DAR MEN NIT,

A KEYSER, OYF KAPORES.

AMEREKE!
AMEREKE!
AMEREKE!
AMEREKE!
AMERICA!

ITALIAN IMMIGRANTS

BEL MASSOLINO
DI FIOR.

MERICA, MERICA
BEL MASSOLINO
DI FIOR

MERICA, MERICA,

BEL MASSOLINO
DI FIOR

MERICA!
MERICA!
MERICA!
AMERICA!

HAITIAN IMMIGRANTS

GRAN MESI,
WASHINGTON
KI BA NOU LAMERIK

GRAN MESI, WASHINGTON,

GRAN MESI, WASHINGTON



KI BA NOU LAMERIK

LAMERIK!
LAMERIK!
LAMERIK!
LAMERIK!
AMERICA!

7. SUCCESS

TATEH

I PROMISED YOU AMERICA,
AND LITTLE ONE, WE'RE THERE.

IMMIGRANTS, LITTLE GIRL
AMERICA!

TATEH

OUR FEET ARE ON THE SOLID
GROUND
AND HOPE IS IN THE AIR!

IMMIGRANTS, LITTLE GIRL
AMERICA!

TATEH

YOU'LL SOON BE EATING
APPLE PIE
FROM OFF A CHINA PLATE.
PRETTY DRESSES, PRETTY
DOLLS,
JUST WAIT!
FOR SHINING IN YOUR TATEH'S
EYE
AND JUST BEYOND THIS GATE —

ALL
AMERICA!

TATEH

HERE IN AMERICA
ANYONE AT ALL CAN
SUCCEED.

IMMIGRANTS

AMERICA! HERE IN AMERICA.

TATEH

DO WHAT YOU DO,
AND THE WORLD WILL COME
TO YOU
GUARANTEED!

IMMIGRANTS

AMERICA! WE'RE IN AMERICA.

TATEH

I MAY BE JUST A MAKER OF
ART,
BUT HERE YOU COULD START
WITH LESS
AND MAKE A SUCCESS!

TATEH

Step right up and have a
silhouette made by a real
artist! With ordinary paper, a
pair of scissors and some glue
I will give you a thing of such
beauty! A life-like portrait of
someone you love. Silhouettes
of your favorite celebrity.

EVELYN NESBIT. HEY, LOOK!
SHE'S ON HER VAUDEVILLE
STAGE.

HARRY HOUDINI. HE
PRACTICALLY ESCAPES
FROM THE PAGE.
ONLY A NICKEL.
DON'T WALK AWAY!
SOMEDAY THESE WILL
IMPRESS...
WHEN I'M A SUCCESS!

IMMIGRANTS (2 GROUPS)
AMERICA, AMERICA

TATEH

LOOK AT THE SILHOUETTES
HERE IN THE TENEMENTS,
BENT OVER SEWING
OR DANCING OR ARGUING
THOUSANDS OF SILHOUETTES,
THOUSANDS OF STORIES TO
TELL.

LOOK AT THEM, LITTLE ONE,
SUCH OPPORTUNITY!
RIGHT ON THE CORNER OF
ORCHARD AND RIVINGTON.
WE'LL MAKE OUR
SILHOUETTES,
THINK HOW THEY'LL SELL.
WE'LL JOIN THE PARADE
OF AMERICANS ALL DOING
WELL!

TATEH and IMMIGRANTS
SUCCESS!
SUCCESS!

MORGAN

I'M J.P. MORGAN, MY FRIENDS,
THE WEALTHIEST MAN ON THIS
EARTH!

TATEH AND IMMIGRANTS
SUCCESS!**MORGAN**

YOU IMMIGRANTS, LOOK UP TO
ME
AND YOU'LL SEE WHAT MONEY
IS WORTH!

TATEH AND IMMIGRANTS
SUCCESS!**MORGAN**

ONE DAY YOUR IMMIGRANT
SWEAT
MIGHT GET YOU THE WHOLE
U.S.!

HOUDINI

AND IF YOU'RE TRAPPED
AND FAILURE SEEMS IMMINENT,
THINK OF HOUDINI,
THAT FABULOUS IMMIGRANT!
BREAK THOSE CHAINS WITH
ALL YOU POSSESS!

TATEH AND IMMIGRANTS

THIS IS AMERICA!
THIS IS THE LAND OF
SUCCESS!
SUCCESS!

EMMA

The angry, fetid tenements of the
Lower East Side were worse

than anything Tateh and his
wife had suffered in Latvia.
The little girl was often sick
now. Tateh wrapped her in
his prayer shawl. What rabbi
would disapprove?

IMMIGRANTS

AMERICA!
AMERICA!

TATEH

LOOK AT MY DAUGHTER, GOD.
WHY HAVE YOU BROUGHT US
HERE?
HOW CAN I FEED HER OR
CLOTHE
OR PROTECT HER HERE?
WHERE'S THE AMERICA
WE WERE SUPPOSED TO GET?
WAS IT A SILHOUETTE?!
HEY, MISTER,
HERE IN AMERICA
ANYTHING YOU WANT, YOU
CAN BE!
SUCKER, STEP UP,
AND I'LL CUT YOU OUT YOUR
OWN GUARANTEE!
COME SEE THE ARTIST!
BIG SHOT, OH YES!
RED, WHITE AND BLUE!
HOORAY AND GOD BLESS!
I'M A SUCCESS!
I'M A SUCCESS!
...SUCCESS!
...SUCCESS!!!

HOUDINI

IF YOU'RE TRAPPED

AND FAILURE SEEMS IMMINENT,
THINK OF HOUDINI,
THAT FABULOUS IMMIGRANT!
BREAK THOSE CHAINS WITH
ALL YOU POSSESS!

TATEH

I PROMISED YOU AMERICA,
AND LITTLE ONE...

We will find it!

**8. HIS NAME WAS
COALHOUSE WALKER****PEOPLE OF HARLEM**

HIS NAME WAS COALHOUSE
WALKER.

SOLO MAN 1

WAS A NATIVE OF ST. LOUIS
SOME YEARS BEFORE.

SOLO WOMAN 1

WHEN HE HEARD THE MUSIC
OF SCOTT JOPLIN

SOLO MAN 2

IN ST. LOUIS

SOLO WOMAN 2

BOUGHT HIMSELF SOME
PIANO LESSONS
WORKING AS A STEVEDORE.

SOLO MAN 3

HERE WAS A MUSIC

THAT TRULY INSPIRED HIM.

LADIES

DANCERS REQUIRED HIM,

MEN

CLUB OWNERS HIRED HIM,

ALL

THE STRIVERS OF HARLEM
RESPECTED AND ADMIRER HIM

SOLO MAN 4

FOR TURNING HARLEM INTO
ART.

COALHOUSE

BUT COALHOUSE HAD A
BROKEN HEART.

The Good Lord looked down
and saw me lonely and
loveless and He thought
to Himself: "Enough is
enough. I'm putting Sarah in
Coalhouse's life."

9. GETTIN' READY RAG

COALHOUSE

AND HE DID.

This wasn't a woman. This
was an angel, a gift of God.
Coalhouse loved this woman,
but not wisely and not too well.
She left me without a word or
trace. There was no pity for me.

SARAH'S FRIEND

None at all, Coalhouse!

COALHOUSE

NOW SHE IS HAUNTING ME
JUST LIKE A MELODY –
THE ONLY SONG I SEEM TO
KNOW.

SARAH, MY LIFE HAS
CHANGED.

SARAH, I MISS YOU SO.
SARAH, I DID YOU WRONG.
SARAH, WHERE DID YOU GO?

COALHOUSE

And then this morning, the
miracle happened. I found out
where she is and I'm going to
do my damndest to see she
takes me back. Ladies and
gentlemen, the Gettin' Ready
Rag!

ALL

GETTIN' READY RAG...
GETTIN' READY RAG
GETTIN', GETTIN', GETTIN'
READY RAG.

WOMEN

ANYTHING IT TAKES.

MEN

ANYTHING YOU NEED.

ALL (EXCEPT COALHOUSE)

YA GOTTA FIND YOUR GIRL,
COALHOUSE
AND WIN HER BACK!

ALL

GETTIN' READY RAG!

MEN (EXCEPT COALHOUSE)

READY AS YOU'LL EVER GET –

COALHOUSE

NOT YET!

WOMEN

GOTTA WIN THE GIRL,
COALHOUSE!

COALHOUSE

THINK OF WHAT A BETTER
MAN SHE'LL SEE
WHEN MR. HENRY FORD PUTS
ME
AT THE WHEEL OF A MODEL T!

10. HENRY FORD

FORD

SEE MY PEOPLE?
WELL, HERE'S MY THEORY
OF WHAT THIS COUNTRY
IS MOVIN' TOWARD.
EVERY WORKER
A COG IN MOTION.
WELL, THAT'S THE NOTION OF
HENRY FORD!

ONE MAN TIGHTENS
AND ONE MAN RATCHETS
AND ONE MAN REACHES
TO PULL ONE CORD.
CAR KEEPS MOVING
IN ONE DIRECTION.

ALL (EXCEPT HENRY FORD)

A GENUFLECTION TO
HENRY FORD!

HALLELUJAH!
PRAISE THE MAKER
OF THE MODEL T

FORD

SPEED UP THE BELT!
SPEED UP THE BELT, SAM.

ALL (EXCEPT HENRY FORD)

HALLELUJAH!

COALHOUSE

HELL, I'LL TAKE HER!

ALL (EXCEPT HENRY FORD)

SURE AMAZIN'
HOW FAR SOME FELLAS CAN
SEE!

FORD

SPEED UP THE BELT
SPEED UP THE BELT, SAM.
SPEED UP THE BELT
SPEED UP THE BELT, SAM.

ALL (EXCEPT HENRY FORD)

SPEED UP THE, SPEED UP THE
SPEED UP THE, SPEED UP THE
BELT!

ALL (EXCEPT HENRY FORD)

MASS PRODUCTION
WILL SWEEP THE NATION.
A SIMPLE NOTION,
THE WORLD'S REWARD.

FORD

EVEN PEOPLE WHO AIN'T TOO
CLEVER
CAN LEARN TO TIGHTEN A NUT
FOREVER,
ATTACH ONE PEDAL
OR PULL ONE LEVER

ALL (EXCEPT HENRY FORD)

FOR HENRY FORD!
HENRY FORD!
HENRY FORD!
HENRY FORD!

FORD

GRAB YOUR GOGGLES

ALL (INCLUDING HENRY FORD)

AND CLIMB ABOARD!

COALHOUSE

I'm ready, Lord!

11. NOTHING LIKE THE CITY

MOTHER

Don't stare. It's not polite to stare.

TATEH

He's a rude little boy. Ignore him.
People of good breeding do
not stare at other people. They
acknowledge them politely with
a bow. Like this.

GOOD DAY.

MOTHER

GOOD DAY, SIR.

TATEH

SHE CALLED ME SIR.
WITHOUT A DOUBT
WE'RE REALLY OUT
OF NEW YORK CITY.

MOTHER

FINE WEATHER, ISN'T IT?

TATEH

ISN'T IT?
NOW THAT WE'RE OUT OF THE
CITY,
ISN'T IT?

BOTH

NOTHING LIKE THE CITY...

THE LITTLE GIRL

He's still staring.

TATEH

Never mind.

THE LITTLE BOY

MY FATHER'S AT THE NORTH
POLE,
WITH ADMIRAL PEARY AND
ESKIMOS!
WHERE IS YOUR MOTHER?

THE LITTLE GIRL

DEAD.

MOTHER

Edgar!

THE LITTLE BOY

MY NAME IS EDGAR. WE'RE OFF
TO VISIT OUR FIREWORKS
FACTORY.
WHAT IS YOUR NAME?

THE LITTLE GIRL

NO NAME.

THE LITTLE BOY

THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE.
EVERYONE HAS A NAME.
EVEN THE LITTLE NEGRO BABY
WHO LIVES IN OUR ATTIC...

MOTHER

SSHH. DO NOT BE RUDE.
HE TALKS.

THE LITTLE BOY

I NEVER KNEW ANYONE
WHO STAYED ON A ROPE
LIKE A PUPPY DOG.
WHAT DOES IT FEEL LIKE?

TATEH

I SEE THAT.

THE LITTLE GIRL

SAFE.

MOTHER

HE ALSO STARES.
YOU'D THINK
HE'D NEVER

THE LITTLE BOY

SAFE?

MOTHER

SEEN SOMEONE

FROM NEW YORK CITY.

THE LITTLE GIRL

YES.

THE LITTLE BOY

EVERYONE'S SAFE
IN NEW ROCHELLE.

TATEH

THAT'S CHILDREN,
ISN'T IT?

THE LITTLE GIRL

SAFE?

MOTHER

ISN'T IT?

THE LITTLE BOY

YES.

MOTHER, TATEH

ALWAYS ANOTHER SURPRISE,
ISN'T IT?

CONDUCTOR

Boston Post Road trolley! Boston!

MOTHER

Well.

TATEH

Well.

HAVE A PLEASANT DAY, MA'AM.

MOTHER

HAVE A PLEASANT TRIP, SIR...

MOTHER AND TATEH

NOTHING LIKE THE CITY....

THE LITTLE BOY

We know those people.

MOTHER

That's ridiculous. They're poor
foreigners.

THE LITTLE BOY

Then we're going to know them.

MOTHER

Who put such thoughts in your
head?

12. YOUR DADDY'S SON

SARAH

OOH...

DADDY PLAYED PIANO,
PLAYED IT VERY WELL.
MUSIC FROM THOSE HANDS
COULD
CATCH YOU LIKE A SPELL.
HE COULD MAKE YOU LOVE
HIM,
'FORE THE TUNE WAS DONE.
YOU HAVE YOUR DADDY'S
HANDS.
YOU ARE YOUR DADDY'S SON.

OOH...

DADDY NEVER KNEW
THAT YOU WERE ON YOUR WAY.

HE HAD OTHER LADIES,
AND OTHER TUNES TO PLAY.
WHEN HE UP AND LEFT ME,
I JUST UP AND RUN.
ONLY THING IN MY HEAD –
YOU WERE YOUR DADDY'S SON

COULDN'T HEAR NO MUSIC,
COULDN'T SEE NO LIGHT.
MAMA, SHE WAS FRIGHTENED
CRAZY FROM THE FRIGHT.
TEARS WITHOUT NO COMFORT,
SCREAMS WITHOUT NO
SOUND.

ONLY DARKNESS AND PAIN,
THE ANGER AND PAIN,
THE BLOOD AND THE PAIN!
I BURIED MY HEART IN THE
GROUND!
IN THE GROUND.
WHEN I BURIED YOU IN THE
GROUND.

DADDY PLAYED PIANO.
BET HE'S PLAYIN' STILL.
MAMA CAN'T FORGET HIM.
DON'T SUPPOSE I WILL.

GOD WANTS NO EXCUSES.
I HAVE ONLY ONE.
YOU HAD YOUR DADDY'S
HANDS.
FORGIVE ME.
YOU WERE YOUR DADDY'S SON.

13. NEW MUSIC

FATHER

WHERE HAVE I BEEN?
HOW DID WE CHANGE,
CAUGHT IN THIS STRANGE
NEW MUSIC?
SAY,
WAS I AWAY TOO LONG?

MOTHER

JUST LIKE THAT TUNE
SIMPLE AND CLEAR,
I'VE COME TO HEAR
NEW MUSIC.

FATHER

NEW MUSIC.

MOTHER

WHY,
WHY CAN'T YOU HEAR THE
SONG?

YOUNGER BROTHER

HIS FINGERS STROKE THOSE
KEYS,
AND EVERY NOTE SAYS,
“PLEASE,”
AND EVERY CHORD SAYS,
“TURN MY WAY.”

MOTHER, FATHER, YOUNGER BROTHER

I THOUGHT I KNEW
WHAT LOVE WAS
BUT THESE LOVERS PLAY
NEW MUSIC!

HAUNTING ME,
AND SOMEHOW TAUNTING ME –
MY LOVE WAS NEVER HALF AS
TRUE.

FATHER

AND I ASK MYSELF,
WHY CAN'T I SING IT, TOO?

ENSEMBLE

HIS FINGERS STROKE THOSE
KEYS,
AND EVERY NOTE SAYS,
“PLEASE,”
AND EVERY CHORD SAYS,
“TURN MY WAY.”

ADD FAMILY

I THOUGHT I KNEW
WHAT LOVE WAS,
BUT THESE LOVERS PLAY
NEW MUSIC!
HAUNTING ME
AND SOMEHOW TAUNTING ME
–
MY LOVE WAS
NEVER HALF AS TRUE.

COALHOUSE

SARAH, MY LIFE HAS
CHANGED.
SARAH, YOU'VE GOT TO SEE.
SARAH, WE'VE GOT A SON!
SARAH, COME DOWN TO ME...

SARAH

YOU AND YOUR MUSIC,
SINGING DEEP IN ME,
MAKING NICE TO ME,

SAYING SOMETHING SO NEW —
CHANGING EVERYTHING,
MEANING EVERYTHING
CALLING MY HEART TO YOU...

PLAY THAT MELODY
YOUR SWEET MELODY
CALLING MY HEART TO YOU

COALHOUSE

NEW
MUSIC
ALL FOR YOU, GIRL
YOU, SARAH
YOU

ALL

OOH!

**ALL (EXCEPT SARAH AND
COALHOUSE)**

JUST LIKE THAT TUNE,
SIMPLE AND CLEAR,
I'VE COME TO HEAR
NEW MUSIC —
BREAKING MY HEART,
OP'NING A DOOR,
CHANGING THE WORLD!
NEW MUSIC!
I'LL HEAR IT FOREVERMORE!

14. WHEELS OF A DREAM

COALHOUSE

I SEE HIS FACE.
I HEAR HIS HEARTBEAT.
I LOOK IN THOSE EYES.

HOW WISE THEY SEEM.
WELL, WHEN HE IS OLD
ENOUGH
I WILL SHOW HIM AMERICA
AND HE WILL RIDE
ON THE WHEELS OF A DREAM.

COALHOUSE

WE'LL GO DOWN SOUTH
AND SEE YOUR PEOPLE
WON'T THEY TAKE TO HIM
LIKE CATS TO CREAM!

SARAH

GO DOWN SOUTH
SEE MY FOLKS.
THEY'LL TAKE TO HIM
MMM...

COALHOUSE

THEN WE'LL TRAVEL ON FROM
THERE.

SARAH

CALIFORNIA OR WHO KNOWS
WHERE!

BOTH

AND WE WILL RIDE
ON THE WHEELS OF A DREAM

COALHOUSE

YES, THE WHEELS ARE
TURNING FOR US, GIRL,
AND THE TIMES ARE STARTING
TO ROLL
ANY MAN CAN GET WHERE HE
WANTS TO

IF HE'S GOT SOME FIRE IN HIS
SOUL
WE'LL SEE JUSTICE, SARAH,
AND PLENTY OF MEN
WHO WILL STAND UP
AND GIVE US OUR DUE.
OH, SARAH, IT'S MORE THAN
PROMISES.

SARAH, IT MUST BE TRUE.
A COUNTRY THAT LETS A MAN
LIKE ME
OWN A CAR, RAISE A CHILD,
BUILD A LIFE WITH
YOU....

COALHOUSE

WITH YOU...

SARAH

WITH YOU...

BOTH

BEYOND THAT ROAD
BEYOND THIS LIFETIME
THAT CAR FULL OF HOPE
WILL ALWAYS GLEAM

WITH THE PROMISE OF
HAPPINESS
AND THE FREEDOM HE'LL LIVE
TO KNOW
HE'LL TRAVEL WITH HEAD
HELD HIGH,
JUST AS FAR AS HIS HEART
CAN GO.
AND HE WILL RIDE,
OUR SON WILL RIDE
ON THE WHEELS OF A DREAM.



Nichelle Lewis and Joshua Henry

15. THE NIGHT THAT GOLDMAN SPOKE AT UNION SQUARE

EMMA GOLDMAN

I have just returned from
Lawrence, Massachusetts,
where eight weeks ago the
workers there went on strike.
They are starving, their children
are dying, but they are holding
firm and we must support them!

YOUNGER BROTHER

IT WAS WINTER IN NEW YORK
AS THE SNOW BEGAN TO FALL,
AND THE WORKMEN'S HALL
HAD NOT A SEAT TO SPARE.
WHEN A YOUNG MAN DUCKED
INSIDE
JUST TO WARM HIMSELF, WAS
ALL,
THE NIGHT THAT GOLDMAN
SPOKE AT UNION SQUARE.

EMMA

What is happening in Lawrence
is happening everywhere. Let
us at last make this the land of
opportunity for all people and
not just the owners. The land
of opportunity for Tateh and his
little girl. We cannot rest!

YOUNGER BROTHER

SHE WAS SPEAKING LOUD AND
FAST
THROUGH A HAZE OF NOISE
AND HEAT

AND THE SMELL OF SWEAT
AND ANGER IN THE AIR.
THE POLICE WERE STANDING BY,
BUT THE CROWD WAS ON ITS
FEET
THE NIGHT THAT GOLDMAN
SPOKE AT UNION SQUARE.

EMMA

You!

YOUNGER BROTHER

HE THOUGHT HE HEARD HER
SAY

EMMA

What brings you here today?

EMMA, RALLYERS

POOR YOUNG RICH BOY

EMMA

MASTURBATES FOR A
VAUDEVILLE TART!
WHAT A WASTE OF A FIERY
HEART
DEAR!

YOUNGER BROTHER

HE THOUGHT SHE SAID:

EMMA, RALLYERS

POOR YOUNG BOURGEOIS!

EMMA

THERE ARE THINGS THAT
YOU'VE NEVER THOUGHT.
COME TO EMMA AND YOU'LL
BE TAUGHT,
HERE

YOUNGER BROTHER

HIS HEAD WAS SPINNING!

EMMA, RALLYERS

PEOPLE FEATHERED AND
TARRED, MY FRIEND.
UNIONS BROKEN, AND WHY
FOR?
CHILDREN LABORING, WOMAN
STILL ENSLAVED!
LEAVE YOUR LITTLE BACK
YARD, MY FRIEND,
THERE ARE CAUSES TO DIE FOR.

RALLYERS

STRIKE!

YOUNGER BROTHER

IN THE GUTTERS OF THE CITY
I HAVE TRIED TO FIND SOME
MEANING

RALLYERS

STRIKE!

YOUNGER BROTHER

IN THE ARMS OF FALLEN
WOMEN.
IN THE THOUGHT OF SUICIDE.

RALLYERS

STRIKE!

YOUNGER BROTHER

LIKE A FIREWORK
UNEXPLODED,
WANTING LIFE BUT NEVER
KNOWING HOW...

EMMA

MY BROTHER, LIFE HAS



MEANING
I'LL SHOW YOU HOW!

YOUNGER BROTHER
TILL NOW!

EMMA
MY BROTHER, YOU ARE WITH
US NOW!

YOUNGER BROTHER
HE WAS CALLING OUT HER
NAME
SHOUTING WHAT, HE DID NOT
KNOW,
AND HE FOUND THAT HE WAS
STANDING ON A CHAIR
WITH A HEART AS CLEAN AND
NEW
AS THE FRESHLY FALLEN SNOW,
THE NIGHT THAT GOLDMAN
SPOKE

EMMA
I've been waiting for you.

YOUNGER BROTHER
AT UNION SQUARE

16. GLIDING

TATEH
Don't cry. Don't be afraid. I'm here.
We're together. Sssh. Sshhh.
Look what I've made for you.

SEE THE SILHOUETTES.
IT'S A LITTLE BOOK OF

SILHOUETTES.
WHEN YOU FLIP THE PAGES,
THEY MOVE.
LOOK HOW NICE!
THIS IS YOU ON SKATES
TURNING PRETTY FIGURE
EIGHTS
ON THE SMOOTH, COOL ICE...

WE ARE GLIDING,
GLIDING ON A POND.
CLOSE YOUR EYES.
CLOSE YOUR EYES.
WE ARE GLIDING,
GLIDING FAR BEYOND.
CLOSE YOUR EYES,
CLOSE YOUR EYES.

FEEL THE WIND
AS YOU PIROUETTE.
ARE YOU HAPPY YET?
ARE YOU HAPPY YET?

YOUR MAMEH WOULD TELL
YOU:
"IMAGINE YOU'RE FEARLESS.
IMAGINE YOU'RE FEARLESS
AND SOON, YOU WON'T
FEAR!"
WHEN I AM AFRAID,
I IMAGINE YOUR MAMEH.
SHE SKATES JUST AHEAD.
CAN YOU SEE HER?
SHE'S HERE!

AND WE'RE
GLIDING,
GLIDING FAR AWAY.
PIROUETTES,

FIGURE EIGHTS,
SILVER SKATES
JUST DOWN THE TRACK.
GLIDE WITH ME, LITTLE ONE.
GLIDE WITH YOU TATEH.
WE'LL NEVER
LOOK BACK!

17. JUSTICE

SARAH
Come on, Coalhouse. It doesn't
matter.

COALHOUSE
WE'LL SEE JUSTICE, SARAH
AND PLENTY OF MEN
WHO WILL STAND UP AND
GIVE US OUR DUE!

TOWN HALL BUREAUCRAT
Well, you can sign another
complaint, Mr. Walker, but
volunteer firemen are not
municipal employees and
therefore do not come under
the jurisdiction of the city. I'm
sorry.

SECOND BUREAUCRAT
I'm still tracing your first
complaint, Mr. Walker. Are
you sure you filed it with this
office? Let me look again.

COALHOUSE
JUSTICE, SARAH.
THIS IS AMERICA.

BOOKER T. WASHINGTON

We must exhibit patience. Self-control. Forbearance. And dwell above hatred and acts of cruelty.

COALHOUSE

THE LAW'S THE LAW
THE LAW'S BEEN BROKEN
WHY SHOULD I TURN THE
OTHER CHEEK?
WHAT ABOUT JUSTICE?

PEOPLE OF HARLEM

THE BUREAUCRATS AND
BUNGLERS,
THE ATTORNEYS WHO SMILED
THE CLERKS AND THE
OFFICIALS
AND THE FORMS THAT WERE
FILED
SO MANY ROADS TO JUSTICE
AROUND THE BEND.

BLACK LAWYER

I want justice for our people so bad I can taste it. But I won't waste my time on a mere case of vandalism when I have real injustices to take to the courts!

PEOPLE OF HARLEM

AND EVERY ROAD A NEW DEAD
END...

COALHOUSE

I WILL NOT MOVE
FROM WHERE I'M STANDING
TILL WHAT'S MINE IS RESTORED
TO ME.

I'M NOT SOME FOOL.
I'M NOT THEIR NIGGER!
I WILL HAVE WHAT'S FAIRLY
OWED ME!
AND TILL THEN,
I WILL NOT MARRY...

MOTHER

We understand Mr. Walker's outrage. We share it. All decent people do.

SARAH

HE SAID, "WHEELS ARE
TURNING FOR US, GIRL."

MOTHER

But I'm sure there's a way to settle this affair without calling off the wedding.

SARAH

HE SAID, "TIMES ARE STARTING
TO ROLL."

MOTHER

To be so close to happiness you both deserve and have it come to this!

SARAH

WELL, I KNOW HE'LL GET
WHERE HE WANTS TO
'CAUSE HE'S GOT THAT FIRE IN
HIS SOUL.
SAID "THERE'S JUSTICE,
SARAH,
AND PLENTY OF MEN
WHO WILL STAND UP AND GIVE

US OUR DUE..."
WELL, YOU'LL HAVE YOUR DUE
COALHOUSE.
YES, YOU'LL HAVE YOUR DUE.

18. PRESIDENT**YOUNGER BROTHER**

The Republican vice-presidential candidate was to be in the city that evening to attend a rally. The Secret Service was at the ready. The recent assassination of President McKinley had been a lesson well learned. Guns were going off everywhere.

SARAH

I'll tell him...

PRESIDENT,
I AM COMING TO YOU
ON BEHALF OF COALHOUSE
WALKER.
HE DON'T KNOW I'M HERE.
HE'S MUCH TOO PROUD!
AND I AIN'T MUCH OF A
TALKER.

BUT PRESIDENT,
HE NEEDS YOUR HELP.
SIR, YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE.
'CAUSE COALHOUSE, HE
WON'T MARRY ME
TILL THIS THING IS DONE.
AND PRESIDENT
WE GOT A SON!

SARAH

President! Mr. President!

MORGAN

She's got a gun!

MORGAN

I saw a gun!

19. TILL WE REACH THAT DAY

COALHOUSE

Noooo!!!

MOURNERS

OH...

OH...

OH...

SARAH'S FRIEND

THERE'S A DAY OF HOPE
MAY I LIVE TO SEE
WHEN OUR HEARTS ARE
HAPPY

AND OUR SOULS ARE FREE.
LET THE NEW DAY DAWN,
OH, LORD, I PRAY.
WE'LL NEVER GET TO HEAVEN
TILL WE REACH THAT DAY.

**SARAH'S FRIEND and PEOPLE
OF HARLEM**

IT'S A DAY OF PEACE.
A DAY OF PRIDE.
A DAY OF JUSTICE
WE HAVE BEEN DENIED
WHEN A MAN CAN LIVE,

AND A CHILD CAN PLAY.
WE'LL NEVER GET TO HEAVEN
TILL WE REACH THAT DAY.

COALHOUSE

WHAT THEY DID TO HER,
WHAT THEY TOOK FROM HER.
SHE HAD LIFE IN HER,
LORD, SHE HAD MY BABY!
LOOK WHAT THEY LEFT OF
HER,
LEFT OF HER,
LEFT OF MY GIRL!

EMMA

SHE WAS NOTHING
TO THEM,
SHE WAS A WOMAN

COALHOUSE

MY GIRL.

MOTHER

NOTHING AND NO ONE TO
THEM,

**EMMA, MOTHER AND
COALHOUSE**

SO THEY BEAT HER
AND BEAT HER AND BEAT HER
AND...

MOURNERS (FULL ENSEMBLE)

A DAY OF PEACE

COALHOUSE

THERE WAS BLOOD ON THE
GROUND

MOURNERS (FULL ENSEMBLE)

A DAY OF PRIDE

**COALHOUSE, EMMA,
MOTHER, TATEH**

SHE WAS ONLY A GIRL

MOURNERS (FULL ENSEMBLE)

A DAY OF JUSTICE

**COALHOUSE, EMMA, MOTHER,
YOUNGER BROTHER, TATEH**

IT WILL HAPPEN AGAIN

**ABOVE, PLUS OTHER
IMMIGRANTS, HARLEM**

IT WILL HAPPEN AGAIN
AND AGAIN
AND AGAIN

MOURNERS (FULL ENSEMBLE)

WE HAVE BEEN DENIED

LET THE NEW DAY DAWN
OH, LORD...

TATEH

WHY DOES NOBODY CARE?

YOUNGER BROTHER, EMMA

THERE IS BLOOD IN THE AIR!

HARLEM WOMEN

WE HAVE VOICES AND SOULS!

**EMMA, YOUNGER BROTHER,
TATEH**

WHAT IS WRONG WITH THIS
COUNTRY?

IMMIGRANTS

SHE WAS SOMEBODY'S CHILD!

HARLEM MEN

THERE ARE NEGROES OUT
THERE!

**IMMIGRANTS, HARLEM,
MOTHER, YOUNGER
BROTHER, LITTLE BOY,
WOMAN WITH EMMA**

THERE ARE PEOPLE OUT
THERE!

MORE PEOPLE

GIVE THE PEOPLE

**ALL (EXCEPT FATHER and
GRANDFATHER)**

A DAY OF PEACE.
A DAY OF PRIDE.
A DAY OF JUSTICE
WE HAVE BEEN DENIED.
LET THE NEW DAY DAWN,
OH, LORD, I PRAY...

WE'LL NEVER GET TO HEAVEN
TILL WE REACH THAT DAY.

20. COALHOUSE'S SOLILOQUY

COALHOUSE

SAY GOODBYE TO MUSIC.
SAY GOODBYE TO LIGHT.
ANYTHING I CARE FOR,
TAKE IT FROM MY SIGHT.
LET ME SEE NO FUTURE.
LET ME HEAR NO SOUND.

ONLY DARKNESS AND PAIN,
THE ANGER AND PAIN,
THE BLOOD AND THE PAIN –
THEY BURIED MY HEART IN
THE GROUND,
IN THE GROUND,
WHEN THEY BURIED YOU IN
THE GROUND.

I SEE YOUR FACE
AND WE WILL RIDE
ON THE WHEELS OF A NEW
DREAM,
SARAH,
A NEW TIME, SARAH,
NOW,
I'LL PLAY THEM THE MUSIC
OF SOMETHING BEGINNING,
AN ERA EXPLODING,
A CENTURY SPINNING –
MY LAW AND MY JUSTICE
IN RHYTHM AND RHYME!
LISTEN TO THAT RAGTIME!

21. COALHOUSE DEMANDS

ALL

SOMEWHERE IN THE CITY
THERE'S A MADMAN WAITING,
STANDING IN THE SHADOWS
WITH A GUN IN HIS HANDS.
A MAN OF COLOR
WHO IS CALMLY STATING:
COALHOUSE DEMANDS!
COALHOUSE DEMANDS!

NEW ROCHELLE MEN, WOMEN

HE DEMANDS!

HARLEM MEN, WOMEN

HE DEMANDS!
COALHOUSE DEMANDS!

NEW ROCHELLE MEN

WHO IS HE TO DEMAND?

HARLEM MEN, WOMEN

HE DEMANDS!

**NEW ROCHELLE WOMEN, MEN
AND NEWSBOYS**

HE DEMANDS!

NEWSBOYS

KILLER NEGRO DEMANDS!

HARLEM MEN, WOMEN

ABOUT TIME A BLACK MAN
DEMANDED!

ALL

HE CALLS CONKLIN THE WHITE
EXCRESCENCE...

THE LITTLE BOY

WHAT'S EXCRESCENCE?

FATHER

Edgar, go to your room!

MOTHER

Three firemen were killed and six
more badly injured.

GRANDFATHER

I told you we hadn't heard the
last of that Negro.

ALL

COALHOUSE DEMANDS

**COALHOUSE'S GANG,
YOUNGER BROTHER**

IT'S AN EYE FOR AN EYE
CALL IT JUSTICE FRIEND.

**HARLEM WOMEN, SARAH'S
FRIENDS**

PEOPLE'S LIVES FOR A CAR
AIN'T JUSTICE.
AN EYE FOR AN EYE, THAT
AIN'T.

FIREMEN

HE WANTS WILLIE CONKLIN.

CONKLIN

WILLIE CONKLIN.
HE EVEN MISSPELLED MY
NAME.
WOULDN'T YOU KNOW IT!
WITH A "K".
HE CAN'T TAKE A JOKE, NOW
CAN HE
SENSITIVE, AIN'T HE?

DOES HE THINK ONLY
NIGGERS GET SHIT?
WE IRISH HAD TO GET USED
TO IT!

FIREMAN

You goddamned, gutless Mick,
look what you go us into!

CONKLIN

YOU'RE GONNA PROTECT ME,
AIN'T YA?
HIDE ME, AIN'T YA?

FIREMAN

Get out of town, Will, before
they kill us all!

COALHOUSE'S MEN

WHAT THEY DID TO YOU,
WHAT THEY TOOK FROM YOU,
WE ARE ONE WITH YOU.
NOW THE WORLD WILL KNOW
THERE ARE NEGROES OUT
THERE
TO MAKE THEM LISTEN!
WE'RE ALL COALHOUSE!

REPORTER #1

Do you have a statement for us,
Mr. Washington?

REPORTER #2

What do you think of these
Negro renegades, Mr.
Washington?

BOOKER T. WASHINGTON

FOR THE SUM OF MY LIFE
I HAVE LIVED IN HOPE
WE MIGHT ALL BE CHRISTIAN
BROTHERS.
I HAVE WORKED TO PERSUADE
EVERY WHITE-SKINNED MAN
THAT HE NEED NOT FEAR OUR
RACE.

I deplore Mr. Walker's actions,

and the irreparable harm he
has done to my people.

AND I WISH THAT I MIGHT TELL
HIM
FACE TO FACE.

HARLEM WOMEN (GROUP 1)

NOT ONE OF OURS.
NEVER HEARD OF HIM.
WE DON'T WANT ANY
TROUBLE.
NOT ONE OF OURS.

HARLEM WOMEN (GROUP 2)

NOT ONE OF OURS.
NEVER HEARD OF HIM.
DON'T WANT ANY TROUBLE.
NOT ONE OF OURS.

ALL HARLEM WOMEN

DON'T KNOW ANYTHING

AND I WOULDN'T TELL
THOSE PECKERWOODS
EVEN IF I DID!

GROUP 1

NO ONE KNOWS WHAT HE
LOOKS LIKE.
NO ONE KNOWS WHERE HE IS.
NO ONE KNOWS HOW TO
STOP HIM.

CONKLIN, OTHERS

SOMEWHERE IN THE CITY,
WAITING IN THE DARK!
STOP HIM!

GROUP 1

SOMEWHERE IN THE CITY
THERE'S A MADMAN WAITING,
STANDING IN THE SHADOWS
WITH A GUN IN HIS HANDS!

CONKLIN, GROUP

SOMEWHERE IN THE CITY
STANDING IN THE SHADOWS

ALL

A MAN OF COLOR
WHO IS CALMLY STATING:
COALHOUSE DEMANDS!

SOMEWHERE IN THE CITY
COALHOUSE!

COALHOUSE AND HIS MEN

WE'LL PLAY THEM THE MUSIC
OF SOMETHING BEGINNING!

AN ERA EXPLODING, A CENTURY
SPINNING –
LISTEN TO THAT RAGTIME!

22. WHAT A GAME

FATHER

IN A WORLD GONE MAD,
THERE IS COMFORT TO BE HAD
IN THE GAME FATHER PLAYED
AT SCHOOL
MEN OF CLASS,
COMPETING ON THE GRASS,
WHERE SPORTSMANSHIP
AND FELLOWSHIP

AND COURTESY
ARE THE RULE

UMPIRE

Play ball!

ALL

AIN'T THIS THE KIND O'
WEATHER

ALL

FOR SMACKIN' LEATHER,

ALL

FOR PLAYIN' BASEBALL!

ALL

THE KIND O' WEATHER MAKES A
MAN
HIT LIKE HELL
(HOCK, SPIT)

SOLO 1

LET'S GO, YOU SONS
O'BITCHES!

SOLO 2

LET'S SEE SOME PITCHES!

ALL

LET'S PLAY SOME BASEBALL!

SOLO 3

THE KRAUT IS STRIKIN' OUT
AGAIN!

SOLO 4

SCHMIDT, YA SMELL!
(HOCK, SPIT)

ALL

THE GIANTS HAVEN'T GOT A
PRAYER

ALL

AAH, YER UNDERWEAR!

ALL

UP YER ALLEY!

ALL

GO BACK TO WHERE YER
MOTHER ONCE CAME!

ALL

HIT THAT BALL!

SOLO 5

RUN, YOU BASTARD!

ALL

HIT THAT BALL!

SOLO 3

KILL THE KRAUT!

ALL

WHAT A GAME!
(HOCK, SPIT)

SOLO 5

Hey, Schnabel! Take your head
out of your ass! I guess that's
telling him.

THE LITTLE BOY

Hey Schnabel! Take your head
out of your – !



Nick Barrington and Colin Donnell

FATHER

AT HARVARD,
WE WERE GENTLEMEN.
MEN WERE GENTLEMEN.

EVERYONE ELSE

SO'S YER SISTER!

FATHER

WE CALLED EACH OTHER
MISTER, AND...

SOLO 1, SOLO 2, SOLO 4

DOYLE, YA SUCK!

FATHER

DON'T LISTEN!
OUR GAMES WERE VERY QUIET,
WE'D NEVER RIOT, WE'D...

SOLO 3, SOLO 5

EAT THAT BASEBALL!

FATHER

THE WORST WE EVER SAID
WOULD BE...

SOLO 2

RUN, YA SCHMUCK!

FATHER

DON'T LISTEN!

NOW HERE'S THIS NOISY
RABBLE
THIS FOREIGN BABBLE.
WHO LET THIS HAPPEN?!
THERE'S HARDLY ONE
AMERICAN NAME!

SOLO 1

YAH, HERZOG!

ALL

HIT THAT BALL!

SOLO 4

STUPID POLLACK!

ALL

HIT THAT BALL!

SOLO 5

KILL THE KIKE!

ALL

WHAT A GAME!
(HOCK, SPIT)

IT'S
BRAVES AND GIANTS
TWO TO TWO.
THE PITCHER'S NAME IS
HUB PURDUE.
JACK MURRAY'S NOW
UP AT BAT...

ALL

MY GOD, WOULD SOMEBODY
LOOK AT THAT!

ALL (IN STANDS)

AIN'T THIS THE KIND OF
WEATHER
TO GET TOGETHER AND

ALL

BASH HIS TEETH IN!

THE KIND O' WEATHER MAKES
A MAN

HIT — LIKE HELL!

A FINE, UPLIFTIN'
ATMOSPHERE.
BRING YOUR CHILDREN HERE
TEACH THEM BASEBALL.
THE GAME ALL TRUE
AMERICANS
DO DAMN WELL.

IT'S LIKE THE CONSTITUTION
THE INSTITUTION
OF DEAR OL' BASEBALL,
WHERE EVERY MAN IS TREATED
THE SAME!

KILL THAT MICK!

SOLO 3

RUN, YOU POLLACK!

ALL

STRIKE THE KIKE!

SOLO 1

KILL THE KRAUT!

ALL

WHAT A...WHAT A...WHAT A...

THE LITTLE BOY

Up yer alley!

FATHER

Sshh, Edgar!

ALL

GAME!
(HOCK, SPIT)
YEAH!

23. BUFFALO NICKEL PHOTOPLAY, INC.

BARON ASHKENAZY (TATEH)

Anyone can get lucky in America.
I remind myself of this every
day.

THE FIRST NICKEL I EVER
EARNED,
I KEEP IN A LITTLE SILVER
FRAME.
IT'S HOW I GAVE MY COMPANY
A NAME,
REMINDING ME HOW VERY FAR
I CAME!

I WAS A
MAKER OF SILHOUETTES
WHO MADE A SMALL
IMPROVEMENT –
A LITTLE BOOK OF
SILHOUETTES
THAT SIMULATED MOVEMENT!
WELL, PEOPLE SEEMED TO LIKE
IT.
SOON THE MONEY'S GOING
CLINK!
AND I'M BUFFALO NICKEL
PHOTOPLAY, INC.!

I GO FROM
SILHOUETTES TO PHOTOS.
I INVENT A SMALL PROJECTOR,
AND SOON, I'M MAKING MOVIES
AND THEY'RE CALLING ME
DIRECTOR!

AN INDUSTRY IS DAWNING
AND I'M STANDING ON THE
BRINK
MISTER BUFFALO NICKEL
PHOTOPLAY, INC.!

LIFE SHINES FROM THE
SHADOW SCREEN
COMICAL, YET INFINITELY TRUE.
PEOPLE LOVE TO SEE WHAT
PEOPLE DO,
HERE WHERE EVERYONE IS
SOMEONE NEW!

SUCH TALES FROM THE
SHADOW SCREEN!
LITTLE MEN WHO NEVER GET
THE BREAKS,
FIGHTING ON TILL SOMETHING
FIN'LLY TAKES –
WHAT A LOVELY MOVIE IT ALL
MAKES!

WELL, BUSINESS IS BOOMING
I'M HAPPY TO SAY.
I JUST MADE A CONTRACT
TO FILM FOR PATHÉ –
A SERIES OF CHAPTERS
THAT END IN SUSPENSE.
EACH WEEK, SEE WHAT'S NEXT
FOR ANOTHER FIVE CENTS!

AND I AM
WAKING EVERY MORNING
FILLED WITH SUCH
ANTICIPATION!
I FRAME THE SEA,
I FRAME THE SKY,
AND THIS IS MY VACATION!

I SHAKE YOUR HAND,
I KISS YOUR HAND,
I BUY YOU ALL A DRINK!
AND MAYBE IF YOU CHANCE TO
SEE
A MOVIE THAT WAS MADE BY ME,
REMEMBER WHEN MY NAME
GOES BY
(THAT'S ASH-K-E-N-A-Z-Y)
THE BARON, NOW AMERICAN,
WHO HAPPENECE ONCE TO
THINK
OF SILHOUETTE
AND FLICKER BOOK
AND MOVIES AS THEY'RE
MEANT TO LOOK,
AND BUFFALO NICKEL,
BUFFALO NICKEL PHOTOPLAY, INC.!

24. OUR CHILDREN

MOTHER

HOW THEY PLAY,
FINDING TREASURE IN THE SAND.
THEY'RE FOREVER HAND IN
HAND,
OUR CHILDREN.

TATEH

HOW THEY LAUGH.
SHE HAS NEVER LAUGHED LIKE
THIS.

MOTHER

EVERY WAKING MOMENT BLISS.

BOTH

OUR CHILDREN.

TATEH

SEE THEM RUNNING DOWN
THE BEACH.
CHILDREN RUN SO FAST.

MOTHER

TOWARD THE FUTURE.

TATEH

FROM THE PAST.

MOTHER

HOW THEY DANCE,
UNEMBARRASSED AND ALONE.

BOTH

HEARING MUSIC OF THEIR
OWN,
OUR CHILDREN.

TATEH

ONE SO FAIR,

MOTHER

AND THE OTHER, LITHE AND
DARK.

BOTH

SOLEMN JOY AND SUDDEN
SPARK.
OUR CHILDREN.
SEE THEM RUNNING DOWN
THE BEACH.
CHILDREN FUN SO FAST
TOWARD THE FUTURE,
FROM THE PAST.

THERE THEY STAND,
MAKING FOOTPRINTS IN THE

SAND,
AND FOREVER, HAND IN HAND,
OUR CHILDREN.
TWO SMALL LIVES,
SILHOUETTED BY THE BLUE,

ONE LIKE ME
AND ONE LIKE YOU.
OUR CHILDREN.
OUR CHILDREN.

25. SARAH BROWN EYES

COALHOUSE

What's your name?

SARAH

Sarah.

COALHOUSE

I'm Coalhouse.

SARAH

I know.

COALHOUSE

THERE WAS NO MUSIC
IN MY HEART TONIGHT.
MELODIES KEPT REFUSIN' TO
FLOW.
ONE LOOK AT YOU,
NOW EVERY NOTE FEELS
RIGHT,
COMIN' OUT ALL SWEET AND
SLOW.

SARAH

YOU TELL STORIES

LIKE YOUR HANDS PLAY TUNES

COALHOUSE

SWEETEST TUNE I KNOW
IS SARAH BROWN EYES.
DON'T BE SHY, NOW.
SARAH BROWN EYES
OUGHTA TAKE A CHANCE.
THE STARS ARE
SILVER NOTES
ACROSS THAT SKY NOW.
SARAH BROWN EYES,
COME, LET'S DANCE.

SARAH

I NEVER HEARD NO MUSIC
QUITE LIKE YOURS.
WHERE'D YOU LEARN
HOW TO PLAY IT THAT WAY?
WAS I SMART,
I'D WALK RIGHT OUT THOSE
DOORS.

COALHOUSE

THEN I'VE GOT TO MAKE YOU
STAY.

BOTH

NOTHIN' FOR IT BUT A RAGTIME
TUNE
ON THAT PIANO...

SARAH BROWN EYES,
DON'T BE SHY, NOW
SARAH BROWN EYES,
OUGHTA TAKE A CHANCE.
THE STARS ARE
SILVER NOTES
ACROSS THAT SKY, NOW.

BOTH

SARAH BROWN EYES,
COME LET'S DANCE.
SILVER NOTES
ACROSS THAT SKY, NOW
SARAH BROWN EYES,
COME LET'S

SARAH

DANCE.

26. **HE WANTED TO SAY**

COALHOUSE FOLLOWER

Here's here.

COALHOUSE

What is it you want?

YOUNGER BROTHER

I...I...I want to...I know that if...

EMMA GOLDMAN

HE WANTED TO SAY,
"I AM HERE BECAUSE I HAVE TO
BE."

HE WANTED TO SAY,
"I AM HERE FOR WHAT IS
RIGHT."

EVERY DAY I WAKE UP
KNOWING
WHAT YOU'VE LOST AND WHAT
IS OWING.

I WOULD SHED THIS SKIN IF I
COULD
TO STAND WITH YOU AND
FIGHT.

HE WANTED TO SAY

YOUNGER BROTHER

I AM NOT WHO I APPEAR TO BE.

EMMA GOLDMAN

HE WANTED TO SAY

YOUNGER BROTHER

DO NOT BLAME ME FOR MY PAST

BOTH

WE HAVE DIFFERENT LIVES
AND FACES
BUT OUR HEARTS HAVE
COMMON PLACES.
THIS WAS DEEP INSIDE OF ME
AND YOU HELPED ME FIND IT
AT LAST.

EMMA GOLDMAN

TWO MEN MEETING
FOR A MOMENT IN THE
DARKNESS

COALHOUSE

ONE TURNING FROM

YOUNGER BROTHER

ONE WAKING TO

ALL THREE

AMERICA
TWO MEN FINDING
FOR A MOMENT IN THE
DARKNESS

**YOUNGER BROTHER and
COALHOUSE**

THEY'RE THE SAME

EMMA GOLDMAN

THEY'RE THE SAME

COALHOUSE'S MEN

HE WANTED TO SAY

COALHOUSE

HOW I ENVY YOU YOUR
INNOCENCE

**EMMA GOLDMAN and
COALHOUSE'S MEN**

HE WANTED TO SAY

YOUNGER BROTHER

BY YOUR SIDE, I COULD BE
BRAVE.
IF THERE'S SUCH A THING AS
JUSTICE
LET ME HELP YOU FIND YOUR
JUSTICE.
THIS I DO FOR YOU AND FOR
SARAH
WHO LIES IN HER GRAVE...

EMMA GOLDMAN and MEN

BUT ALL HE SAID WAS...

YOUNGER BROTHER

I know how to blow things up.

EMMA GOLDMAN and MEN

TWO MEN MEETING
FOR A MOMENT
IN THE DARKNESS
FOR A MOMENT
IN THE DARKNESS!





Shaina Taub, Joshua Henry, Jordan Chin, Ben Levi Ross, and Deandre Sevon

27. BACK TO BEFORE

MOTHER

THERE WAS A TIME
OUR HAPPINESS SEEMED
NEVERENDING.
I WAS SO SURE
THAT WHERE WE WERE
HEADING WAS RIGHT.
LIFE WAS A ROAD
SO CERTAIN AND STRAIGHT
AND UNBENDING.
OUR LITTLE ROAD
WITH NEVER A CROSSROAD IN
SIGHT.
BACK IN THE DAYS
WHEN WE SPOKE IN CIVILIZED
VOICES –
WOMEN IN WHITE
AND STURDY YOUNG MEN AT
THE OAR.
BACK IN THE DAYS
WHEN I LET YOU MAKE ALL MY
CHOICES.
WE CAN NEVER GO BACK TO
BEFORE.

THERE WAS A TIME
MY FEET WERE SO SOLIDLY
PLANTED.
YOU'D SAIL AWAY,
WHILE I TURNED MY BACK TO
THE SEA.
I WAS CONTENT,
A PRINCESS ASLEEP AND
ENCHANTED.
IF I HAD DREAMS,
THEN I LET YOU DREAM THEM

FOR ME.
BACK IN THE DAYS
WHEN EVERYTHING SEEMED
SO MUCH CLEARER.
WOMEN IN WHITE
WHO KNEW WHAT THEIR LIVES
HELD IN STORE.
WHERE ARE THEY NOW,
THOSE WOMEN WHO STARED
FROM THE MIRROR?
WE CAN NEVER GO BACK TO
BEFORE.

WOMEN

AAAH...

MOTHER

THERE ARE PEOPLE OUT THERE
UNAFRAID OF REVEALING
THAT THEY MIGHT HAVE A
FEELING,
OR THEY MIGHT HAVE BEEN
WRONG.
THERE ARE PEOPLE OUT THERE
UNAFRAID TO FEEL SORROW,
UNAFRAID OF TOMORROW,
UNAFRAID TO BE WEAK...
UNAFRAID TO BE STRONG.
THERE WAS A TIME
WHEN YOU WERE THE PERSON
IN MOTION.
I WAS YOUR WIFE.
IT NEVER OCCURRED TO WANT
MORE.
YOU WERE MY SKY.
MY MOON AND MY STARS AND
MY OCEAN.
WE CAN NEVER GO BACK TO
BEFORE.

WE CAN NEVER GO BACK TO
BEFORE.

28. LOOK WHAT YOU'VE DONE

WOMEN AT VIGIL

A DAY OF PEACE.
A DAY OF PRIDE.
A DAY OF JUSTICE.
WE HAVE BEEN DENIED.
LET THE NEW DAY DAWN.
OH, LORD I PRAY!

BOOKER T. WASHINGTON

FOR THE SUM OF MY LIFE
I HAVE LIVED IN HOPE
WE MIGHT ALL BE CHRISTIAN
BROTHERS.
I HAVE WORKED TO PERSUADE
EVERY WHITE-SKINNED MAN
THAT HE NEED NOT FEAR OUR
RACE.

WHAT HAS YOUR SELFISH
RECKLESSNESS
COST US,
WE WHO WORK SO HARD TO
STILL.
THE WHITE MAN'S HATE
LOOK WHAT YOU'VE DONE.

VIGIL WOMEN

DAY OF PEACE...
DAY OF PRIDE...
JUSTICE!
JUSTICE!

COALHOUSE

Despite the respect I have for
you Mr. Washington, you have
come in vain.

BOOKER T. WASHINGTON

AND YOU DARE TO TEACH
YOUR LESSONS
TO THESE WILD, UNTHINKING
YOUTHS.
YET YOUR OWN SON,
YOU ABANDON
TO BE RAISED ON WHITE MEN'S
TRUTHS.
LOOK WHAT YOU'VE DONE.
THINK OF YOUR SON.

SARAH

OOH...

BOOKER T. WASHINGTON

Is this the legacy you would
bestow on him? Are these the
shoulders you would have him
stand upon? Let him be the son
of a man who had the courage
to tell the truth in a court of
law. Make your case, and if the
verdict is death, go to it proudly
knowing you have been heard.
The truth is all. If you do this,
you will have the thanks and
respect of every decent man of
color and all those children of
our race whose way is hard and
whose journey is long.

THINK OF YOUR SON.

29. MAKE THEM HEAR YOU

COALHOUSE

GO OUT AND TELL OUR STORY.
LET IT ECHO FAR AND WIDE.
MAKE THEM HEAR YOU,
MAKE THEM HEAR YOU.

HOW JUSTICE WAS OUR
BATTLE
AND HOW JUSTICE WAS
DENIED.
MAKE THEM HEAR YOU.
MAKE THEM HEAR YOU.

AND SAY TO THOSE WHO
BLAME US
FOR THE WAY WE CHOSE TO
FIGHT
THAT SOMETIMES THERE ARE
BATTLES
THAT ARE MORE THAN BLACK
OR WHITE.

AND I COULD NOT PUT DOWN
MY SWORD
WHEN JUSTICE WAS MY RIGHT.
MAKE THEM HEAR YOU.

GO OUT AND TELL OUR STORY
TO YOUR DAUGHTERS AND
YOUR SONS.
MAKE THEM HEAR YOU,
MAKE THEM HEAR YOU.

AND TELL THEM, IN OUR
STRUGGLE,

WE WERE NOT THE ONLY ONES.
MAKE THEM HEAR YOU,
MAKE THEM HEAR YOU.

YOUR SWORD CAN BE A
SERMON
OR THE POWER OF THE PEN.
TEACH EVERY CHILD TO RAISE
HIS VOICE
AND THEN, MY BROTHERS, THEN

WILL JUSTICE BE DEMANDED
BY TEN MILLION RIGHTEOUS
MEN.
MAKE THEM HEAR YOU.
WHEN THEY HEAR YOU,
I'LL BE NEAR YOU
AGAIN.

30. EPILOGUE: RAGTIME (REPRISE) / WHEELS OF A DREAM (REPRISE)

THE LITTLE BOY

The era of Ragtime had run out,
as if history were no more than
a tune on a player piano. But
we did not know that then.

YOUNGER BROTHER

After Coalhouse Walker's death,
Younger Brother drove south
to Mexico, where he joined the
great peasant revolutionary,
Emiliano Zapata.

ALL

LA LA LA LA LA

EMMA GOLDMAN

The signs of the coming world war were everywhere. The anarchist Emma Goldman was arrested again, of course, but this time she would be deported, as well.

ALL

OOH OOH...

BOOKER T. WASHINGTON

Booker T. Washington's Tuskegee Institute became, in time, the capital of black America. When he died, flags were flown at half-mast. President and Mrs. Wilson attended the funeral.

ALL

LA LA LA LA LA

GRANDFATHER

Grandfather resided now in a cemetery. At last, peace and quiet!

EVELYN NESBIT

The passionate and beautiful Evelyn Nesbit would lose her looks and fall into obscurity. Wheel!

HOUDINI

Harry Houdini was hanging

upside down high over Times Square when the Archduke Franz Ferdinand was assassinated in Sarajevo.

THE LITTLE BOY

Warn the Duke!

HOUDINI

A little boy's words suddenly rang clear to the great illusionist. It was the one genuine mystical experience of his life. But it was too late. The world was already at war.

FATHER

When the *Lusitania* was torpedoed by a U-boat off the Southwest coast of Ireland, twelve hundred men, women and children lost their lives and among them, Father.

MOTHER

Mother wore black for a year. At the end of this time, Tateh proposed and she accepted. She adored him.

THE LITTLE BOY

They moved to California.

THE LITTLE GIRL

They were now a family.

THE LITTLE BOY

They felt blessed.

MOTHER

Coalhouse!

TATEH

One afternoon, watching his children play, Tateh had an idea for a movie: a bunch of children, white, black, Christian, Jew, rich, poor – all kinds – a gang, a crazy gang getting into trouble, getting out of trouble, but together despite their differences. He was sure it would make a wonderful movie – a dream of what this country could be. He would be the first in line to see it.

COALHOUSE

I SEE HIS FACE.

SARAH

I HEAR HIS HEARTBEAT.

BOTH

I LOOK IN THOSE EYES,
HOW WISE THEY SEEM.

**MOTHER, TATEH, COALHOUSE,
SARAH AND ALL (EXCEPT
LITTLE BOY AND LITTLE GIRL)**

WELL, WHEN HE IS OLD
ENOUGH

I WILL SHOW HIM AMERICA
AND HE WILL RIDE,
OUR SON WILL RIDE,
ON THE WHEELS OF A...
DREAM.



PRODUCTION CREDITS

ALBUM PRODUCED BY Sean Patrick Flahaven,
Lynn Ahrens, Stephen Flaherty

RECORDED, EDITED & MIXED BY Ian Kagey
MASTERED BY Oscar Zambrano, Zampol
Productions, New York, NY

RECORDED AT Power Station at BerkleeNYC, New
York, NY - October 26-28, 2025

MIXED AT Renaissance Recording, New York, NY

TECHNICAL ENGINEER: Ben Miller

ASSISTANT ENGINEERS: Omisha Chaitanya,
Michael Hickey, Juan Carlos Martinez,
John Miller, Matthew Sullivan

PRODUCTION MANAGER: Jill Dell'Abate

ART DIRECTION & DESIGN BY Derek R. Bishop

ORIGINAL LOGO DESIGN BY BLT

PRODUCTION PHOTOGRAPHY BY Matthew Murphy

RECORDING SESSION PHOTOGRAPHY BY
Jenny Anderson, Carrington Spires

SPECIAL THANKS TO: Lear deBessonet,
Nicole Kastrinos, Robert Jones, Tom Kirdahy,
Kevin Ryan, Isaiah Abolin

PUBLISHING CREDITS: All songs: Lyrics by
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RAGTIME

Book
TERRENCE McNALLY

Music
STEPHEN FLAHERTY

Lyrics
LYNN AHRENS

Based on the Novel, "Ragtime" by E.L. DOCTOROW

starring

JOSHUA HENRY

CAISSIE LEVY

BRANDON URANOWITZ

COLIN DONNELL

NICHELLE LEWIS

BEN LEVI ROSS

SHAINA TAUB

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KENT OVERSHOWN KAYLA PECCIONI JOHN RAPSON MATTHEW SCOTT ELLIE MAY SENNETT DEANDRE SEVON JACOB KEITH WATSON ALAN WIGGINS

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DAVID KORINS

Costume Design
LINDA CHO

Lighting Design
ADAM HONORÉ & DONALD HOLDER

Sound Design
KAI HARADA

Projection Design
59 STUDIO

Hair & Wig Design
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JAMES MOORE

Choreography
ELLENORE SCOTT

Directed by
LEAR DeBESSONET

Album Produced By

SEAN PATRICK FLAHAVEN, LYNN AHRENS, STEPHEN FLAHERTY

NEW YORK CITY CENTER PRODUCED THE GALA PRODUCTION OF RAGTIME IN 2024

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