

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, TA'NIKA 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



*Joshua Henry and Company*

# 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



*Brandon Uranowitz and Company*

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 ADMIRE 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 damnedest 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**

SSH. 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



*Ben Levi Ross and Company*

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. Ssshh. Ssshhh.  
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  
BUNGLED,  
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  
EXCRESCEENCE...

**THE LITTLE BOY**

WHAT'S EXCRESCEENCE?

**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 – !

**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**  
Shh, 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



*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. Whee!

**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  
Lynn Ahrens, Music by Stephen Flaherty ©  
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Ali Tesluk Case – **SR MANAGER, PRODUCTION**

Imogen Lloyd Webber – **EVP, MARKETING & COMMUNICATIONS**

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*Joshua Henry, Caissie Levy, Brandon Uranowitz and Company*

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LCT3 ARTISTIC DIRECTOR AND PRODUCER

# RAGTIME

Book  
TERRENCE McNALLY

Music  
STEPHEN FLAHERTY

Lyrics  
LYNN AHNRENS

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	ANNA GRACE BARLOW	JOHN CLAY III
NICK BARRINGTON		TABITHA LAWING

NICHOLAS BARRÓN LAUREN BLACKMAN ALLISON BLACKWELL BRIANA CARLSON-GOODMAN JORDAN CHIN EAN SHERROD COCHRAN BILLY COHEN  
KERRY CONTE RHEAUME CRENSHAW ELLIE FISHMAN JASON FORBACH NICK GASWIRTH TA'NIKA GIBSON JACKSON PARKER GILL  
DAVID JENNINGS KALEB JOHNSON MARINA KONDO MORGAN MARCELL KANE EMMANUEL MILLER JENNY MOLET TOM NELIS  
KENT OVERSHOWN KAYLA PECCIONI JOHN RAPSON MATTHEW SCOTT ELLIE MAY SENNETT DEANDRE SEVON JACOB KEITH WATSON ALAN WIGGINS

Scenic Design  
DAVID KORINS

Costume Design  
LINDA CHO

Lighting Design  
ADAM HONORÉ & DONALD HOLDER

Sound Design  
KAI HARADA

Projection Design  
59 STUDIO

Hair & Wig Design  
TOM WATSON

Sensitivity Specialist  
ANN JAMES

Orchestrations  
WILLIAM DAVID BROHN

Vocal Arrangements  
STEPHEN FLAHERTY

Creative Consultant  
CHRISTOPHER GATTELLI

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Music Direction  
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Choreography  
ELLENORE SCOTT

Directed by  
LEAR DEBESSENET

Album Produced By  
SEAN PATRICK FLAHERTY, LYNN AHNRENS, STEPHEN FLAHERTY

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

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