

ORIGINAL CAST RECORDING

THE
BALLAD
OF LITTLE
JO

**TWO—
—RIVER**
THEATER
TWORIVERTHEATER.ORG

MUSIC BY
MIKE
REID

LYRICS BY
SARAH
SCHLESINGER

BOOK BY
SARAH
SCHLESINGER

MIKE
REID

JOHN
DIAS

BASED ON THE FILM *THE BALLAD OF LITTLE JO* BY MAGGIE GREENWALD



Teal Wicks; Photo © T Charles Erickson

EXECUTIVE PRODUCER
ROBERT M. RECHNITZ

ARTISTIC DIRECTOR
JOHN DIAS

ASSOCIATE PRODUCER
JOAN H. RECHNITZ

MANAGING DIRECTOR
MICHAEL HURST



PRESENTS

THE
BALLAD
of LITTLE JO

MUSIC BY MIKE REID

LYRICS BY SARAH SCHLESINGER

BOOK BY SARAH SCHLESINGER, MIKE REID, AND JOHN DIAS

BASED ON THE FILM *THE BALLAD OF LITTLE JO* BY MAGGIE GREENWALD

WITH

JANE BRUCE COLE BURDEN BRIAN FLORES DANIEL K. ISAAC
ERIC WILLIAM MORRIS LEENYA RIDEOUT CHRISTOPHER M. RUSSO PERRY SHERMAN
KRISTIN STOKES IAN MICHAEL STUART BARBARA TIRRELL TEAL WICKS

SCENIC DESIGNER MICHAEL CARNAHAN
COSTUME DESIGNER JESS GOLDSTEIN
LIGHTING DESIGNER JENNIFER TIPTON
SOUND DESIGNER DREW LEVY
WIGS DESIGNER LEAH J. LOUKAS
FIGHT DIRECTOR THOMAS SCHALL
CASTING JACK DOULIN + SHARKY
ASSISTANT STAGE MANAGER DENISE CARDARELLI
PRODUCTION STAGE MANAGER AMANDA MICHAELS

ORCHESTRATIONS BY DANNY LARSEN

MUSIC SUPERVISION AND VOCAL ARRANGEMENTS BY PATRICK VACCARIELLO

MUSIC DIRECTION AND DANCE/INCIDENTAL ARRANGEMENTS BY JOHN O'NEILL

CHOREOGRAPHY BY MARC KIMELMAN

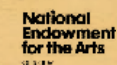
DIRECTED BY JOHN DIAS

OPENING NIGHT: JUNE 9, 2017 • JOAN AND ROBERT RECHNITZ THEATER

ALBUM PRODUCED BY SEAN PATRICK FLAHAVEN



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» CAST «

Sara Stewart Ellis JANE BRUCE
Conductor/Percy Corcoran/Walter Travers COLE BURDEN
Tommy Kelly/Lawrence Cavanaugh BRIAN FLORES
Tin Man Wong DANIEL K. ISAAC
Jordan Ellis ERIC WILLIAM MORRIS
Caroline Williams LEENYA RIDEOUT
Thomas Harrison/Ethan McClellan CHRISTOPHER M. RUSSO
Horner Burns/Ernie Stratton PERRY SHERMAN
Kate Monaghan/Jeannie Kelly KRISTIN STOKES
Lee Gibbs/Daniel Leary IAN MICHAEL STUART
Marian Cummings/Cora Reilly BARBARA TIRRELL
Josephine Monaghan/Jo Monaghan TEAL WICKS

» MUSICIANS «

Conductor/Piano/Keyboard JOHN O'NEILL
Reeds SIMON HUTCHINGS
Drums/Percussion PHILIP COIRO
Guitar/Mandolin/Banjo/Harmonica JUSTIN ROTHBERG
Violin MARTIN AGEE
Cello TROY CHANG
Bass JOSEPH WALLACE
Violin/Mandolin (Tracks 7, 10, 16) LEENYA RIDEOUT

MUSICAL NUMBERS

Act One

1. Hand in the River Jo, Company
2. Train to San Francisco Company
3. Life! Josephine
4. Everything That Touched Her Josephine
5. Far from Home Company
6. Muscle and Sweat Jordan, Jo
7. Whatcha Gonna Do? Jordan, Sara
8. Hi-Lo-Hi Company, Jordan, Jo
9. There Is This Man Sara, Jo
10. To Winter Company
11. After You Sara, Jordan
12. Everything That Touched Her (Reprise) Jo
13. A New Beginning Company, Jo

Act Two

14. Independence! Company
15. Life! (Reprise) Jo
16. When You Love Someone Jordan
17. Troubled Heart Sara
18. Hi-Lo-Hi (Reprise) Miners
19. Listen to the Rain Tin Man
20. When You Love Someone (Reprise) Sara, Jordan
21. Unbuttoning the Buttons Jo
22. Finale (Part 1) Sara, Jordan, Jo
23. Finale (Part 2) Company
24. Finale (Part 3) Jordan, Sara, Lawrence, Jo, Company



SYNOPSIS

In a dreamlike prologue, Jo and the company sing a hymn (**Hand in the River**). Decades earlier, in Boston, 1871: after giving birth to a child out of wedlock, nineteen-year-old Josephine Monaghan heads West on her own to find a way to support herself and her infant son. On the train, she encounters a group of fellow travelers who are searching for their piece of the American dream by joining the silver rush (**Train to San Francisco**). Put off the train in rural Idaho by a disgruntled conductor, Josephine is initially helped by a kindly tinker and is optimistic (**Life**). That night, she is kidnapped and violently attacked by two itinerant soldiers. In desperation, she discards all traces of femininity as a way of protecting herself in the harsh landscape, donning men's clothing and deliberately disfiguring her face (**Everything That Touched Her**). Passing herself off as a man, Jo makes her way to the rough mining town of Silver City (**Far From Home**). She befriends a young couple, Sara Stewart and Jordan Ellis. Sara takes pity on Jo and sells her an unused plot of land, coercing Jordan into helping Jo learn how to mine silver (**Muscle and Sweat**). Jordan wants to marry Sara, but she demurs (**Whatcha Gonna Do?**). Jordan, Jo, and the miners work the harsh soil and eventually make a strike (**Hi-Lo-Hi**). Sara struggles with her newfound feelings for Jo, who in turn is deeply attracted to Jordan (**There Is This Man**). Jordan comes to regard Jo as his best (male) friend. The town prepares for the coming storm and the cessation of work (**To Winter**). After a large mining company moves into the area, Jo sells her claim and uses the money she has acquired to return East for her son. Sara and Jordan are sorry to see her go (**After You**). Discovering that her family in Boston has adopted her son (**Everything That Touched Her – Reprise**) Jo returns to Silver City and her male identity, just as Jordan and Sara are being married (**A New Beginning**).

Eighteen years later, the rough mining camps have given way to a civilized town and are celebrating Idaho's statehood (**Independence!**). Jo has opened a General Store with Jordan, never revealing her longing for him. Sara still harbors feelings for Jo and grows increasingly distant from Jordan. Living alone in a remote cabin, Jo has become a prisoner of bitterness. Unrest has begun to grip the town as less and less silver is being mined. They fear that the mining company will hire Chinese laborers who work for half-pay, and then eventually shut the mines down. A Chinese man, Tin Man Wong, appears at the edge of the crowd and is attacked. Jordan and Sara protect the stranger by taking him to recover at Jo's cabin, over her objections. At the same time, Jo learns that her adult son, Lawrence, has discovered her existence and is heading for Idaho to find her (**Life – Reprise**). The presence of Tin Man, who continues to recover, and the letters from her son begin to reveal a vulnerability Jo has long hidden from view. Jordan attempts to rekindle his marriage to Sara (**When You Love Someone**), but she remains conflicted (**Troubled Heart**). When the mine shuts down, the town turns Tin Man into a scapegoat (**Hi-Lo-Hi – Reprise**). He tells Jo that his initial reason for coming to Silver City was to punish Jordan, who was inadvertently responsible for the death of Tin Man's family years ago, but now he realizes that revenge is no longer worth it (**Listen to the Rain**). During an argument about Jo's refusal to send Tin Man away, Sara admits to Jordan why she married him (**When You Love Someone – Reprise**). Tin Man sees through Jo's disguise, and they reach out to each other, ending Jo's long denial of her true self (**Unbuttoning the Buttons**). Jo's desire to protect Tin Man becomes more important to her than hiding the truth. As the town's hostility rises to fever pitch, Sara discovers a letter from Jo's son that contains a picture of her as a young woman. Realizing that Jo has deceived her for 18 years, Sara shows Jordan the picture and it ends up in the hands of the mob. Learning that Jo, like the mining company, has lied to them, the mob mindlessly heads for her cabin with torches, now looking for both Jo and Tin Man. Jo sends Tin Man to safety, assuring him that she will follow. When Sara arrives to tell Jo the mob knows her identity, Jo sends Sara home and faces the mob dressed as a woman (**Finale – Part 1**). A torch is thrown, and she is engulfed in flames (**Finale - Part 2**). Days later, Jo's son arrives in time for her funeral, and the townsfolk, shattered by the collapse of their silver dreams and the consequences of their actions, prepare to move on again (**Finale – Part 3**).



Company; Photo © T. Charles Erickson

— A NOTE FROM THE DIRECTOR —

The Ballad of Little Jo is the third musical by Mike Reid and Sarah Schlesinger that we've produced at Two River Theater. Back in 2012, our Red Bank audiences didn't know what to expect when we ushered them into our black box theater to hear a new, completely unknown (not based on a blockbuster movie or novel) chamber musical called *In This House*. I watched the show with our audiences nearly every night and witnessed them have the same experience I had nearly 15 years earlier when I attended a workshop presentation of just four songs from *The Ballad of Little Jo*, a then unfinished musical by these writers I had never heard of. After a sudden shock that commands the listener, Mike and Sarah's songs take hold of you—they pull you forward and lift you from your seat and into the heart and soul of the stranger whose story is about to become yours. During the productions of each of their three musicals at Two River, I was surprised every night to hear from audience members—young and old, black and white, Asian and Latino—a version of the same reaction as they left the theater. My favorites were from the older women dressed in tasteful sweater sets, pearls around their necks, who'd grab my hand with tears in their eyes and say something like, "Until tonight I have never cried in public. Just look at what they've done to me."

Even before closing night, the same thing happened with each show. First with *In This House*, then with their joyously heartwarming *A Wind in the Willows Christmas*, and now *The Ballad of Little Jo*: we were beset with requests—in some cases, demands—that we make a cast recording. They couldn't get these songs out of their heads, they'd tell me, and they wanted to make sure they never would! Thanks to the extraordinary generosity of a few *Little Jo* fans, the sublime talents of all the *Little Jo* artists and the daring foresight of Sean Patrick Flahaven, we can finally meet these demands.

Listen as these songs take hold of you, pull you forward, and bring you soaring across the American landscape into the expanse of our American soul. The journey begins simply by "crossing a river so deep and wide" and ends without an ending at all, but with the hope, a simple promise that you will "make a new beginning and walk down a road you've never walked before."

— *John Dias*, Artistic Director, Two River Theater



❧ A NOTE FROM THE PRODUCER ❧

The album in your hands is twenty years in the making. New musicals are challenging to write and get right—even moreso for serious, dramatic musicals not based on very well-known films, plays, or novels. The “development” path for such work often takes many years, and is dependent upon many factors, artistic and financial. No genuinely great shows go unproduced, but I’ve seen many of them, even by the most accomplished creators, take over a decade to reach their ideal production. For those of us who work behind the scenes, seeing authors’ intentions fully realized and enriched by the right collaborators provides a tremendous catharsis.

Such was the case with *The Ballad of Little Jo*, a beautiful, sometimes shocking story with a stunning score, based on an admired but not ubiquitous independent film and a little-known historical figure. It deals with serious issues: sexual violence, gender roles, manifest destiny, immigration, assimilation, labor rights, overwhelming determination, love, loss, and acceptance. It would seem in our present 2017 climate that it was written this year, but perhaps it’s one of those pieces that was actually ahead of its time.

Crucially, it touches on these topics not with didacticism, but with humanity and humor. We care about these characters because they are flawed but trying to do the right thing—most of the time—even if the results are misguided or even horrific. And the score is not a somber dirge, but a fantastically contrasting blend of rousing chorales and soaring ballads. Mike’s music has flavors of Rodgers, Copland, Britten, and Nashville. Sarah’s lyrics are the soul of character: blunt or subtle, raging or sweet, anxious or exultant.

In the course of being around this show from readings, demo recordings, a workshop, three productions, and this recording, I’ve heard these songs more times than I could count. And I have never heard “Unbuttoning The Buttons” or Jo’s posthumous letter to her son in the finale without being moved to tears. Never. On opening night at Two River Theater, I said to Mike, Sarah, and John, “Jo’s finally there, after all these years. We have to record this.”

We started The Musical Company a year ago, and our mission is to provide best-in-class service representing theatrical licensing, music publishing, and cast recordings. It’s my genuine honor to be able to do so for these writers and this production. I have no doubt that you will enjoy this, and I look forward to many more productions to come.

— Sean Patrick Flahaven



Company; Photo © T Charles Erickson

Act One

1. HAND IN THE RIVER

JOSEPHINE

I AM CROSSING A RIVER
SO DEEP AND WIDE.
I AM CROSSING A RIVER
SO DEEP AND WIDE.
I AM CROSSING A RIVER
SO DEEP AND WIDE.
LORD, LEAD ME ON
TO THE FAR SIDE.

COMPANY

THERE'S A VOICE IN THE
WILDERNESS
LEADING ME ON.
THERE'S A VOICE IN THE
WILDERNESS
LEADING ME ON.
THERE'S A VOICE IN THE
WILDERNESS
LEADING ME ON.
WHEN MORNING BREAKS
I WILL BE GONE.

LIFT ME UP FROM THIS DARKNESS
LET YOUR LIGHT SHINE ON ME.

2. TRAIN TO SAN FRANCISCO

COMPANY

THERE'S A TRAIN TO SAN
FRANCISCO
WAITING AT THE STATION.
THERE'S A TRAIN TO SAN
FRANCISCO
WAITING AT THE STATION.
SKYBLUE WATERS,
PRAIRIE BREEZES,
SILVER ON THE GROUND.

ENDLESS RICHES
WAITING TO BE FOUND.

PLAYER SIX

THERE'S A TRAIN TO SAN
FRANCISCO
WAITING AT THE STATION.
I'LL BE LEAVIN' IN THE MORNING
TAKING OFF TO PARTS
UNKNOWN.

PLAYER THREE

THERE'S A TRAIN TO SAN
FRANCISCO
THAT'S MY CHANCE FOR STARTING
OVER.
I CAN MAKE A NEW BEGINNING
GONNA MAKE MY LIFE MY OWN.

COMPANY

NO MORE WONDERING
WHERE THE DREAM WENT WRONG.
NO MORE SINGING SOMEONE
ELSE'S SONG.
FORTUNE'S WAITING AND MY
FAITH IS STRONG.
I'LL FIND A PLACE WHERE I
BELONG.

PLAYER EIGHT

WHEN I GET TO SAN FRANCISCO
I CAN MAKE A DECENT LIVIN'.
NO MORE SLAVING FOR A DOLLAR
AT THE MILL FROM DUSK TO DAWN.

COMPANY

ON THE TRAIN TO SAN FRANCISCO
WE WILL FIND A LAND OF PROMISE
WHERE THE DOORS ARE STILL
WIDE OPEN.
NOW'S THE TIME FOR MOVIN' ON—
ON TO SAN FRANCISCO—

KATE

You don't have to go through with this
Josephine. You can at least try to do
what Father's asking.

JOSEPHINE

I can't live in his house and pretend
that Lawrence isn't my baby.

KATE

If Charles and I raise Lawrence as our
son it will be best for all of us.

JOSEPHINE

I'm going to San Francisco. I will find a
place to live—and a job—and then I
will come back for my son. Just prom-
ise me you'll take care of him while
I'm gone. Lawrence is my life now. I
have to do what's right for the both
of us.

THERE'S A TRAIN TO SAN
FRANCISCO
WAITING AT THE STATION
IT'S OUR CHANCE FOR STARTING
OVER
LEAVING BOSTON FAR BEHIND

WHEN WE GET TO SAN FRANCISCO
WE'LL FEEL HAPPINESS
SURROUND US
IN A HOME THAT'S FILLED WITH
CARING
I SEE CLEARLY IN MY MIND.

WEEPING WILLOWS WITH A
BACKYARD SWING,
AN OLD OAK SPINET WHERE WE'LL
SIT AND SING,
ROSES BLOOMING BY OUR DOOR
NEXT SPRING
AND EVERY JOY THAT LOVE CAN
BRING.

COMPANY, JOSEPHINE

ON THE TRAIN TO SAN FRANCISCO
WE WILL SHARE A GREAT
ADVENTURE,
HEADING TOWARDS A NEW
HORIZON
AS THE WHEELS BEGIN TO FLY.

ON THE TRAIN TO SAN FRANCISCO,
FAR AWAY FROM DISAPPOINTMENT
I WILL FIND A LIFE WORTH LIVING
UNDERNEATH THE WESTERN
'NEATH THE WESTERN—
'NEATH THE WESTERN SKY.

THERE'S A VOICE IN THE WILDERNESS
LEADING ME ON.
A VOICE IN THE WILDERNESS
LEADING ME ON.
THERE'S A VOICE IN THE WILDERNESS
LEADING ME ON.
WHEN MORNING BREAKS,
WHEN MORNING BREAKS,
WHEN MORNING BREAKS,
I WILL BE GONE!

3. LIFE!

JOSEPHINE

IF YOU TELL ME ADVENTURE IS WAITING
I'LL THANK YOU FOR BRINGING GOOD
NEWS.
IT'S ALWAYS THE ROAD MOST UNCERTAIN
THAT I CHOOSE.

IF YOU'RE LOOKING FOR SOMEONE WHO'LL
WORRY
THAT'S SOMEONE WHO I'LL NEVER BE.
SOME FOLKS ARE SCARED OF THEIR
SHADOWS
BUT NOT ME.

HOW COULD ANYTHING BE MORE EXCITING
THAN THE CHANCE TO BE HERE ON MY
OWN?
I CAN'T BELIEVE THIS IS TRUE.
JUST WAIT AND SEE WHAT I'LL DO.
LIFE, MR. HARRISON, LIFE.
NOW, MR. HARRISON, NOW.
I'M NOT BACKING DOWN
OR TURNING AROUND.



Teal Wicks; Photo © T Charles Erickson

I'LL KEEP ON MOVING SOMEHOW.

I'LL DO WHAT'S BEST FOR MY SON.
THAT BATTLE'S ONLY BEGUN.

TWO STARS, THEN ONE,
THEN IT'S MORNING.
PLEASE MAKE THE HOURS PASS BY.
I DON'T HAVE TIME TO WASTE
SLEEPING
BUT I'LL TRY.

WHEN THE SUN SHOOTS UP PAST
THE HORIZON
AND THE PRAIRIE LARK CIRCLES
THE SKY
WHEN YOU'RE HITCHING YOUR
WAGON AT DAWN
DON'T LOOK FOR ME, I'LL BE
GONE!

LIFE, MR. HARRISON, LIFE!
FIGHT, MR. HARRISON, FIGHT!
IT'S MY TURN TO WIN,
SO I'M RUSHING IN
KEEPING MY GOALS IN CLEAR
SIGHT.

I WON'T BE FRIGHTENED AWAY.
DAMMIT, I'M HERE TO STAY.

LIFE, MR. HARRISON, LIFE.
HERE, MR. HARRISON, HERE.
MY DREAMS AND PLANS
ARE ALL IN MY HANDS.
MIRACLES DON'T JUST APPEAR.

MAYBE IT'S TOO SOON TO SEE
ALL THAT MY FUTURE WILL BE
BUT I KNOW, MR. HARRISON
SOON, MR. HARRISON
YES! MR. HARRISON
NOW! MR. HARRISON
LIFE'S OUT THERE WAITING FOR ME.

4. EVERYTHING THAT TOUCHED HER

JOSEPHINE

WHO IS THAT?
WHO IS SHE?
I THOUGHT I KNEW HER.
WHO IS THAT?
WHO IS SHE?
HER NAME WAS JOSEPHINE?
WASH HER FACE.
WASH IT CLEAN.
HER NAME WAS JOSEPHINE.

WASH HER AWAY.

SHOES—DRESS—
EVERYTHING THAT TOUCHED HER.
HANDS—
LIPS—
EVERYWHERE THEY TOUCHED
HER.

WASH AWAY THE WONDERING
IF SHE'D LIVE OR DIE
WASH AWAY THE HOURS
SLOWLY CREEPING BY.

FOOLISH LITTLE GIRL
WITH HER HEART SEWN ON HER
SLEEVE
THINKING LIFE WAS FULL OF
PROMISE
ALWAYS EAGER TO BELIEVE
WISHING SOMEONE REALLY LOVED
HER
THINKING THAT A STRANGER
LOVED HER
SHE WAS TRUSTING AND NAÏVE
FOOLISH LITTLE GIRL
HIDE HER HEART AWAY.

CUT AWAY HER STUBBORNNESS
CUT AWAY HER PRIDE

NO WAY I CAN SAVE HER NOW
NO PLACE SHE CAN HIDE.
STUPID JOSEPHINE
THERE'S NO ONE ELSE TO BLAME
ONCE THEY TAKE YOUR SOUL
AWAY
THERE'S NO ONE TO RECLAIM.

FRIGHTENED LITTLE GIRL
SHE'LL ALWAYS SEE THEIR
HATEFUL EYES
ALWAYS HEAR THE WORDS THEY
WHISPERED
DROWNING OUT HER SILENT
CRIES.

I STILL FEEL THEIR BURNING
HANDS
WILL I ALWAYS FEEL THEIR HANDS
LIKE A FLAME THAT NEVER DIES?
EVERYTHING THAT TOUCHED HER
FRIGHTENED LITTLE GIRL
EVERYWHERE THEY TOUCHED
HER
NO MORE JOSEPHINE!

I MUST KILL THIS MEMORY
NOTHING CAN REMAIN
I WON'T FEEL THEM TOUCHING ME
I WON'T FEEL THE PAIN.

I WILL CUT THE PAIN AWAY.
NOW HIS HAND WAS NEVER HERE.
I WILL CUT THE PAST AWAY
I WILL MAKE IT DISAPPEAR.
JOSEPHINE—
JOSEPHINE—
JOSEPHINE!!!!



Brian Flores, Leenya Rideout, Jane Bruce, Eric William Morris; Photo © T Charles Erickson

5. FAR FROM HOME

COMPANY

FAR FROM HOME!
FAR FROM HOME!
FAR FROM HOME!
THE TRAIL IS LONG AND
LONESOME—

DANIEL

I'M JUST A ROVING FOOL WHO
CROSSED THE PRAIRIE.
I THOUGHT I'D LEFT MY TROUBLES
FAR BEHIND.
I CAME OUT HERE BELIEVING THIS
WAS EDEN
BUT COLD AND WIND AND RAIN
ARE ALL I FIND.

COMPANY

FAR FROM HOME
NO MOTHER'S LOVE TO GUIDE ME.
FAR FROM HOME
MY COMFORTS THEY ARE FEW.
FAR FROM HOME
NO TRUSTED FRIENDS BESIDE ME.
NO SWEETHEART STANDING BY
TO SEE ME THROUGH.

ERNIE

THE COFFEE'S MUD.
THE BISCUITS TASTE LIKE
PLASTER.
MY CLAIM'S RUN DRY.
MY SHANTY'S FULL OF LEAKS.
I'M OUTTA LUCK.
EACH DAY'S A NEW DISASTER.
I HAVEN'T HAD A BATH IN FIFTEEN
WEEKS.

COMPANY

FAR FROM HOME
THERE'S ONLY ONE SALVATION.
FAR FROM HOME
MY HOPE KEEPS ME ALIVE.
FAR FROM HOME

THIS LAND CANNOT DEFEAT ME

PERCY

I'M STANDING FAST AND
SOMEHOW I'LL SURVIVE

COMPANY

FAR FROM HOME!
FAR FROM HOME!
THE TRAIL IS LONG AND
LONESOME
BUT I KNOW SOMEHOW THAT I
WILL SURVIVE.

FAR FROM HOME
I'VE GOT NO TIME FOR SORROW.
FAR FROM HOME
I DO MY BEST EACH DAY.
FAR FROM HOME
I ONLY SEE TOMORROW.

TOMMY

I CAN'T LOOK BACK
OR I MIGHT LOSE MY WAY.

COMPANY

CAN'T LOOK BACK OR I MIGHT
LOSE MY WAY.
CAN'T LOOK BACK
OR I MIGHT LOSE MY WAY.

6. MUSCLE AND SWEAT

JORDAN

MUSCLE AND SWEAT
MUSCLE AND SWEAT
SILVER ON THE MOUNTAIN CALLIN'
HEY HEY HEY

MUSCLE AND SWEAT
MUSCLE AND SWEAT
CAN'T STOP WORKING
ALL THE LIVE LONG DAY.

SWINGING HI-LO-HI. EARLY IN THE
MORNING
SWING IT HIGH. SWING IT LOW.
LO-HI-LO. GOTTA KEEP IT MOVING
TOUCH THE SKY. LET IT GO.

MUSCLE AND SWEAT
MUSCLE AND SWEAT
CAN'T STOP PUSHING.
ME AGAINST THAT STONE

MUSCLE AND SWEAT
MUSCLE AND SWEAT
EVEN WHEN I'M WEARY
WEARY TO THE BONE.

JO

WATCH THE WAY HE MOVES HIS
SHOULDERS.
WATCH THE WAY HE WALKS.
WATCH THE WAY HE WIPES HIS
FOREHEAD.
HEAR THE WAY HE TALKS.

WATCH THE WAY HE TILTS HIS
HEAD BACK.
WATCH THE WAY HE STANDS.
WATCH THE WAY HE WEARS HIS
HOLSTER.
WATCH THE WAY HE HOLDS HIS
HANDS.

JORDAN

MUSCLE AND SWEAT
MUSCLE AND SWEAT
SILVER ON THE MOUNTAIN CALLIN'
HEY HEY HEY

MUSCLE AND SWEAT
MUSCLE AND SWEAT
CAN'T STOP WORKIN'
ALL THE LIVE LONG DAY.

SWINGING HI-LO-HI. EARLY
IN THE MORNING
SWING IT HIGH. SWING IT LOW.



Teal Wicks, Eric William Morris; Photo © T Charles Erickson

LO-HI-LO GOTTA KEEP IT MOVING
TOUCH THE SKY. LET IT GO.

JO

WATCH THE WAY HE'S IN CONTROL
HERE.

FEEL HIM TAKING CHARGE.
EVERY MOVE HE MAKES FEELS
CERTAIN.

POWERFUL AND LARGE.

WATCH THE WAY HE MAKES THINGS
HAPPEN

KNOWING HE'LL SUCCEED.

WATCH THE WAY HE'S GIVING
ORDERS

ALWAYS IN THE LEAD.

JORDAN

The problem with you city boys is
you think you can come out here
to God's country and do it your
way. Well, ya can't. You don't know
nothin'. You don't know nothin' 'bout
what you're doin' out here. You
understand me, boy? Oh, I seen it.
I seen this place eat bigger men
than me alive an' leave 'em with
nothing. You ask me, you oughta
get your ass outta here an quit while
you're ahead.

JO

WATCH THE WAY HE KEEPS ON
PUSHING,

NEVER GIVING IN.

SEE THE WAY HIS MUSCLES RIPPLE
UNDERNEATH HIS SKIN.

SEE THE WAY HE MOVES HIS BODY
SURE OF WHO HE IS.

WATCH HIM ROAMING LIKE A
STALLION

ACTING LIKE THE WORLD IS HIS.

ACTING LIKE THE WORLD IS HIS.

JORDAN
HI-LO-HI,
LO-HI-LO—

You'll prob'ly starve if you don't freeze to death first, but that ain't my business. You're on your own!

JO
THINK OF HOW HE MOVES HIS SHOULDERS.
THINK OF HOW HE STANDS.
THINK OF HOW HE HOLDS HIS HANDS,
POWERFUL AND LARGE.
FEEL HIM TAKING CHARGE
I'M GONNA THINK LIKE HIM
HEAR HIM! SEE HIM! BE HIM!

7. WHATCHA GONNA DO?

JORDAN
Sara, hey, you ever wonder where you'll be a couple of years down the road?

SARA
I don't think about it.

JORDAN
I do, and you know I worry about you.
Sometimes what I see, it troubles me.

I CAN SEE YOU NOW IN A FANCY GOWN,

SARAH
Hmm.

JORDAN
BIG OL' HOUSE IN A BACK EAST TOWN,

SARAH
Well, I like this.

JORDAN
MARRIED ALL UP TO A FINANCIER.

SARAH
Really?

JORDAN
HE SCHEDULES YOU IN, IF YOU'RE LUCKY, MAYBE TWICE A YEAR—
IF YOU'RE LUCKY, MAYBE TWICE A YEAR.
WHATCHA GONNA DO WITH A MAN LIKE THAT?
IN A THREE-PIECE-SUIT TALKING THROUGH HIS HAT.
WHATCHA GONNA DO WHEN YOU FIN'LY SEE
YOU PUT THE DOLLAR WHERE YOUR HEART SHOULD BE?

WHEN YOU COULDA HADDA MAN,
SHOULDA HAD A MAN,
MIGHTA HAD A MAN LIKE—

SARA
Coulda had a man like who, Jordan?
Who?

JORDAN
Oh, I don't know. Somebody. But not that circuit-ridin' preacher who came through here last Sunday. He had his eyes all over you. Ugh, I can just see that.

I SEE YA SITTIN' AT HOME WHILE HE MAKES HIS ROUNDS
SAVIN' PRETTY GALS IN A DOZEN TOWNS,
PROMISIN' HEAVEN'S SWEET REWARDS,
BUT THE WORK HE'S DOIN' SURELY AIN'T THE LORD'S

NO THE WORK HE'S DOIN' AIN'T THE LORD'S.

WHATCHA GONNA DO WITH A MAN LIKE THAT?
ALWAYS ON THE PROWL LIKE AN OL' TOMCAT.
WHATCHA GONNA DO WHEN YOU FIN'LY SEE
YOU PUT HOSANNAS WHERE YOUR HEART SHOULD BE?
WHEN YOU COULDA HADDA MAN SHOULDA HAD A MAN
MIGHTA HAD A MAN LIKE—

OH, BUT DON'T YOU CRY LITTLE SARA
BY AND BY LITTLE SARA
NO, DON'T YOU CRY PRETTY SARA—

Hold on. No, no. Not so fast. I'm starting to see you with somebody else. Oh he's real handsome too. 'Bout yea tall.

I SEE YOU LIVIN' UP
ON TAYLOR'S HILL,
APPLE PIE COOLIN' ON THE WINDOWSILL.
CURLED ALL UP 'NEATH A HAND PIECED QUILT
A HICKORY BED THIS REAL GOOD
LOOKIN' FELLA BUILT.
IN A BED THIS HANDSOME FELLA BUILT.

SARA
AND WHAT AM I GONNA DO, ALL SOFT AND FAT?
MARRIED ALL UP TO A FOOL LIKE THAT?

JORDAN
WHAT ARE YOU GONNA DO WHEN YOU FINALLY SEE

THAT YOUR HEART'S WHERE IT
WANTS TO BE?

Now wait a minute, Sara. I'm looking
a little closer and I see six—yeah,
six—little fellas tumbling cross the
front yard. Every one of 'em's got your
eyes.

SARA

Three.

JORDAN

I thought you wasn't thinking about it.

SARA

Well, I'm not but if I was—three. And
they're girls.

MAYBE YEARLINS
IN THE STABLE.
BLACK-EYED SUSANS
RUNNIN' WILD.
SAYIN' GRACE
AROUND THE TABLE.

JORDAN

TELL YOU WHAT YOU'LL DO
WITH A BROOD LIKE THAT.
RAISE 'EM UP FINE
IN NO TIME FLAT.
PUTTIN' DOWN ROOTS
FOR YOUR FAM'LY TREE
THE ONLY PLACE
YOUR HEART SHOULD BE.
WITH THE RIGHT FELLA,
EXTRA BRIGHT FELLA
WHADDYA KNOW THIS FELLA
LOOKS A LOT LIKE—
Me!

IN

8. HI-LO-HI

PERCY

HI-LO-HI. EARLY IN THE MORNING
SWING IT HIGH. SWING IT LOW.

PERCY & ETHAN

LO-HI-LO. GOTTA KEEP IT MOVING
TOUCH THE SKY. LET IT GO.

PERCY, ETHAN, ERNIE, TOMMY

HI-LO-HI EARLY IN THE MORNING.
SWING IT UP TO THE SKY.
LO-HI-LO. GOTTA KEEP IT MOVING.
TOUCH THE EARTH. LET IT FLY.

DANIEL

GONNA SETTLE DOWN GONNA FIND
MY SILVER.
BUY MYSELF A WAGON AND A FINE
GRAY MARE.
PLANT A LITTLE CORN AND A ROW
OF TATERS.
GET MYSELF A HAIRCUT IN A
BARBER CHAIR.

COMPANY

HI-LO-HI. EARLY IN THE MORNING.
SWING IT HIGH. SWING IT LOW.
LO-HI-LO. GOTTA KEEP IT MOVING
TOUCH THE SKY LET IT GO.

TOMMY

GOTTA MAKE A STRIKE GOTTA
KEEP MY PROMISE,
BUILD A LITTLE HOUSE AT THE
EDGE OF TOWN.
CURTAINS MADE OF LACE AND A
CRIB FOR BABY,
GOTTA FIND SOME SILVER 'FORE
THE SUN GOES DOWN.

SARA

Any luck today, Jo?

JO

Not so far. Four months in, and I still
haven't made a decent strike.

SARA

This letter came from Boston for you.
Says Cavanaugh on the envelope.
Who's it from, Jo, a sweetheart or
family?

JO

Doesn't matter.

SARA

I'd sure love to see Boston someday.

JO

You wouldn't like it there. You're too
good for Boston.

SARA

I made this scarf for you.

JO

You shouldn't keep troubling yourself
about me, Sara.

SARA

It's no trouble. I like being around you.

ERNIE

THINKING 'BOUT THE GIRL THAT I
LEFT BEHIND ME.
HONEY, DON'T YOU CRY CAUSE I
WENT AWAY.
ALWAYS ON MY MIND, ALWAYS
HERE BESIDE ME
ONCE I'VE MADE MY FORTUNE, I'LL
BE HOME TO STAY

COMPANY

HI-LO-HI-EARLY IN THE MORNING.
SWING IT UP TO THE SKY.
LO-HI-LO. GOTTA KEEP IT MOVING.
TOUCH THE EARTH. LET IT FLY.

KATE

Lawrence said his first word this morning. All of us become more attached to him with each passing day. Especially Father. Please Josie, don't stay away too much longer.

PERCY

BABY WON'TCHA SMILE,
WON'TCHA SMILE FOR DADDY?
THINKIN' OF YOUR SMILE MAKES
THE TIME GO BY.
DADDY'S COMING HOME IN A
MONTH OF SUNDAYS
BRINGING YOU A RIBBON AND A
CHERRY PIE.

ERNIE & ETHAN

BRINGING YOU A RIBBON AND A
CHERRY PIE.

KATE

Yesterday I found Father hiding your portraits away. He says knowing about you will only confuse the baby. He has begun talking about adoption.

COMPANY

SILVER'S SURE TO TURN MY LIFE
AROUND.
RIGHT HERE WAITING FOR ME
UNDERGROUND.
SONS TO RAISE AND BILLS THAT I
CAN'T PAY.
ONE BIG STRIKE COULD WIPE THE
PAST AWAY.

DANIEL

Sun's goin' down.

TOMMY

I'm done. I'm goin' in.

DANIEL

Hey, Look at Monaghan over there.
Hey! What the hell you diggin' for?

JO

I got obligations. I can't go back with nothin'.

JORDAN

There's wolves out here after dark.
It'll wait til mornin'.

JO

I can't wait.

JORDAN

Well, all right then.

JO

What are you doing?

JORDAN

I'm sure not giving up before you do.

TOMMY

Me neither.

ERNIE

What the hell. I'll give it another go.

COMPANY

HI-LO-HI.
EARLY IN THE MORNING.
SWING IT LOW.
SWING IT HIGH.
LO-HI-LO. GOTTA KEEP IT MOVING.
TOUCH THE EARTH. LET IT FLY.

ALL AROUND ME
SILVER'S CALLING.
JUST BELOW ME
SILVER'S WAITING

JORDAN

SO I WILL NEVER GIVE UP.

COMPANY

HI-LO-HI!

DANIEL

NEVER LET GO

COMPANY

HI-LO-HI!

ERNIE

TIL I FIND MY SILVER.

COMPANY

GOTTA MAKE A STRIKE NOW.
HI-LO-HI!

JORDAN, JO

TIL I SEE MY SILVER.

COMPANY

GOTTA MAKE A STRIKE NOW.
HI-LO-HI!
TIL MY SILVER DREAMS COME—

JO

Jesus! There's silver running through
this rock.

JORDAN

Look at that. Damn, Monaghan!

COMPANY

HI-LO-HI GOTTA MAKE A STRIKE
NOW
HI-LO-HI GOTTA MAKE A STRIKE
NOW
HI-LO-HI GOTTA MAKE A STRIKE
NOW



Jane Bruce, Teal Wicks; Photo © T Charles Erickson

9. THERE IS THIS MAN

JO

LAWRENCE—I'VE FOUND IT.
LAWRENCE, THERE'S SILVER.
SOMEDAY SOON I WILL HOLD YOU
AND TELL YOU HOW IT WAS
IN THIS PLACE SO FAR
FROM ALL I KNOW.
THE NIGHTS ARE LONELY
THE WORK IS HARD—
AND THE HOURS SOMETIMES MOVE
SLOW.

THERE IS THIS MAN
WHOSE VOICE IS FILLED WITH MUSIC.
THERE IS THIS MAN
WHOSE SONG WON'T LET ME BE.

THERE IS THIS MAN WHOSE ARMS
COULD LIFT A MOUNTAIN.
THERE IS THIS MAN
WHOSE ARMS CAN'T REACH FOR ME.

SARA

THERE IS THIS MAN
WHO'S KIND AND UNDERSTANDING.
THERE IS THIS MAN
WHO'S GENTLE AS CAN BE.
THERE IS THIS MAN
WHOSE SMILE CUTS THROUGH MY
SADNESS.

THERE IS THIS MAN
WHOSE HEART WON'T WARM TO ME

IF HE AND I COULD ONLY BE
TOGETHER,
EACH DAY WOULD BE LIKE SPARKLIN'
APPLE WINE.

THIS MAN COULD FILL MY
EMPTINESS FOREVER.

BUT HE IS JUST A DREAM,
HE'S NOTHING BUT A DREAM,
HE IS JUST A DREAM
THAT CAN'T BE MINE.

JO
THIS MAN'S
ARMS CAN'T REACH FOR ME.

SARA
THIS MAN
IS GENTLE AS CAN BE.

JO
HE CAN'T REACH FOR ME.

BOTH
IF HE AND I COULD ONLY BE
TOGETHER.
I'D BLOSSOM LIKE AN EARLY
MORNING VINE.
HE'D PAINT MY LIFE LIKE
SUNSHINE PAINTS A MEADOW
BUT HE IS JUST A DREAM,
HE'S NOTHING BUT A DREAM,
HE IS JUST A DREAM THAT CAN'T BE
MINE.
THIS MAN.
THIS MAN.

HE IS JUST A DREAM.
HE'S NOTHING BUT A DREAM.
HE IS JUST A DREAM THAT CAN'T BE
MINE.

10. TO WINTER

JORDAN
WINTER IS COMIN'
THERE'S FROST ON THE PRAIRIE
THE TWIGS OF THE WILLOW
WILL WITHER AND DIE
TOMORROW IS CALLIN'
THE SWALLOWS ARE LEAVIN'
THEIR WINGS MAKING SHADOWS
AGAINST THE DARK SKY.

CAROLINE
THE DAYS HAVE TURNED SHORTER.
THE BERRIES ARE FALLING

LIKE TINY RED FOOTPRINTS
THAT MARK THE FIRST SNOW.

ETHAN
THE NIGHTS HAVE TURNED
COLDER.
OUR FISHING LINES TREMBLE
THE WIND HAS A SECRET
THAT ALL OF US KNOW.
TO WINTER!

COMPANY
TO WINTER!
TO WINTER, TO WINTER!

TOMMY
WINTER IS COMIN'.
WE HIDE BY THE FIRE.
WE COUNT UP OUR BLESSINGS
AND DEBTS WE CAN'T PAY.
WE FASTEN THE SHUTTERS,
BUT WINTER STILL FINDS US.
SHE WAITS BY THE WINDOW
AND WON'T GO AWAY!

COMPANY
TO WINTER!
WHEN SHE COMES CALLIN'
THERE'S JUST ONE REPLY. TO
WINTER!
YOU WELCOME HER IN WITH A
STAMP AND A CRY.

ERNIE
THE LEAVES OF NOVEMBER HAVE
FADED FOREVER.
DECEMBER'S A BATTLE
WE EACH HAVE TO WIN.

ETHAN
SO FILL UP YOUR CUPBOARDS
WITH WHISKEY AND COURAGE
AND SHOW WHAT YOU'RE MADE OF
WHEN WINTER COMES IN.

COMPANY
TO WINTER!
TO WINTER!

COMPANY
TO WINTER
SHE'S COMIN' TOO EARLY
WINTER IS COMIN'
TO WINTER
BUT WHEN SHE COMES CALLIN'
DOWN IN THE MEADOW
TO WINTER
WHEN SHE COMES CALLIN'
WINTER IS COMIN'
TO WINTER
THERE'S JUST ONE REPLY
WELCOME HER IN BOYS
TO WINTER
HANG OUT A BRIGHT LANTERN
WINTER IS COMIN'
TO WINTER
TO WELCOME HER IN BOYS
THERE BY THE WINDOW
TO WINTER
WELCOME HER IN
WINTER IS COMIN'
TO WINTER
WITH A STAMP AND A CRY
WELCOME HER IN
TO WINTER
SHE'S DOWN IN THE HOLLOW
WELCOME HER IN
TO WINTER
LET'S SUMMON HER IN BOYS
WELCOME HER IN
STAMP AND
SUMMON HER IN WITH A
AND A CRY!
A CRY!
SHOUT NOT A SIGH

SHE'S THERE BY THE WINDOW
SO WELCOME HER IN BOYS
WELCOME HER IN BOYS
WELCOME HER IN BOYS
WELCOME HER IN WITH A STAMP
AND A CRY.



Company; Photo © T Charles Erickson

11. AFTER YOU

SARA

THE SNOWS WILL FALL
THE CREEK WILL RISE.
I'LL SEE IT ALL
THROUGH DIFFERENT EYES.

THE STARS WILL SHINE
ONCE YOU HAVE GONE,
BUT NOT AS BRIGHT
'CAUSE YOU'VE MOVED ON.

JORDAN

HERE'S ONE FACT CAN'T BE
DENIED—
I'LL MISS WORKING SIDE BY SIDE
WITH YOU.

BOTH

AFTER YOU, THIS PLACE

SARA

WON'T FEEL AS MUCH LIKE HOME

BOTH

AFTER YOU, I'LL TAKE

JORDAN

THE ROUGH DAYS ON ALONE

BOTH

WHO COULD HAVE GUESSED
THE THREE OF US
WOULD END UP RIGHT AS RAIN?
AFTER YOU, MY FRIEND,
THIS PLACE WON'T EVER SEEM THE
SAME.

JORDAN

THIS MAN YOU ARE
MADE ME SWEAR TO DO MY
DAMNDEST
EVERY DAY.

SARA

THIS MAN YOU ARE—
ALWAYS KIND AND GENTLE.

THAT PART OF YOU
WILL ALWAYS REMAIN.

JORDAN

AFTER YOU GET ON THAT TRAIN,
I'M GONNA BUILD THAT STORE
AND MAKE DAMN SURE
THERE'S ROOM FOR ONE MORE
NAME.

BOTH

AFTER YOU, MY FRIEND,
THIS PLACE WILL NEVER SEEM
THE SAME.
NO, THIS PLACE WILL NEVER SEEM
THE SAME.

12. EVERYTHING THAT TOUCHED HER - REPRISE

JOSEPHINE

WHO IS THAT?
WHO IS HE?
I THOUGHT I KNEW HIM.
WHO IS THAT?
WHO IS HE?
HE'S SOMEONE ELSE'S CHILD.
HANDSOME FACE,
LAUGHING EYES,
YOU'RE NOT THE BABY BOY
I LEFT BEHIND.

WARMTH. LOVE.
EVERYTHING YOU NEED THERE.
HOME. JOY.
EVERYTHING YOU'LL WANT THERE.

TINY ANGEL IN MY ARMS
ONLY YESTERDAY

WHO HAVE YOU TURNED INTO
WHILE I'VE BEEN AWAY?

IF I WALK STRAIGHT OUT THAT
DOOR
DON'T LOOK BACK—JUST
DISAPPEAR
IF I SET YOU FREE RIGHT NOW—
YOU WON'T KNOW THAT I WAS
EVER HERE.

13. A NEW BEGINNING

JORDAN

TODAY IS THE DAY
WE MAKE A NEW BEGINNING.
TODAY IS THE DAY
WE MAKE THIS LAND OUR OWN.

TODAY IS THE DAY
THIS VALLEY'S FULL OF PROMISE.
TOMORROW OUR SONS
WILL REAP WHAT WE HAVE SOWN.

COMPANY

TODAY WE WILL BUILD
A CABIN IN A CLEARING
AND ADD TO IT ROOM BY ROOM
AS YEARS PASS BY.
TODAY WE WILL DREAM
A TOWN HIGH ON THE HILLSIDE.
TOMORROW WE'LL SEE ITS
ROOFTOPS
TOUCH THE SKY.

WE'LL WALK TOGETHER
IN THE COOL OF EVENING.
WE'LL LOOK AT LIFE
THROUGH EYES BRAND NEW.

WHAT WE WILL BUILD HERE
WILL LAST FOREVER.

NO LONGER LONELY STRANGERS
PASSING THROUGH.

TOMMY

WE'LL DO OUR WORK
AND WATCH OUR CHILDREN GROW
HERE.
LIVE SIDE BY SIDE,
SHARING THE LAUGHTER AND THE
TEARS.

COMPANY

EACH DAY'S A GIFT
WE'LL GIVE TO ONE ANOTHER.

TOMMY

A PROMISE MADE—
A PROMISE KEPT—
UNBROKEN THROUGH THE YEARS.

COMPANY

TODAY IS THE DAY
WE MAKE A NEW BEGINNING.
TODAY IS THE DAY
WE MAKE THIS LAND OUR OWN.
TODAY IS THE DAY
THIS IS OUR GOLDEN HOUR

TOMORROW OUR SONS,
TOMORROW OUR SONS,
TOMORROW OUR SONS—
WILL REAP WHAT WE HAVE
SOWN.

JO

THERE'S A VOICE IN THE
WILDERNESS LEADING ME ON.
A VOICE IN THE WILDERNESS
LEADING ME ON.
THERE'S A VOICE IN THE
WILDERNESS LEADING ME ON.

WHEN MORNING COMES.
WHEN MORNING COMES
I WILL BE GONE.



Jane Bruce, Eric William Morris; Photo © T Charles Erickson

Act Two

14. INDEPENDENCE!

ERNIE

LADIES AND GENTS, PLEASE TAKE
YOUR PLACES.

BOW TO YOUR PARTNERS, DOCEY-
DO.

LET'S GIVE A CHEER FOR
INDEPENDENCE.

LET'S GIVE A CHEER FOR IDAHO.

ALLEMANDE LEFT. DANCE TO THE
FIDDLER.

DANCE AS THE SEASONS EBB AND
FLOW.

LET'S TAKE A TURN FOR
INDEPENDENCE.

LET'S TAKE A TURN FOR IDAHO.

COMPANY

LIFE IS A DANCE
EACH OF US DO
DAY AFTER DAY.

ERNIE

PROMENADE PARTNERS ALL,
CIRCLE AROUND THE HALL.

LADIES AND GENTS,
FOLLOW THE CALLER.

MEET WITH YOUR OWN AND SWING
'EM LOW.

SWING 'EM AROUND FOR
INDEPENDENCE.

SWING 'EM AROUND FOR IDAHO.
COME ALONG HOME.

COMPANY

BACK TO THE CENTER.

ERNIE

NEVER GET THERE IF YOU MOVE
TOO SLOW.

COMPANY

KICK UP YOUR HEELS

ERNIE

FOR INDEPENDENCE.

COMPANY

KICK UP YOUR HEELS FOR IDAHO.

LIFE IS A DANCE
EACH OF US DO
YEAR AFTER YEAR.
EVERYTHING TURNS OUT FINE
LONG AS YOU STAY IN LINE.

APPLE TREES START BEARING
APPLES.
PEOPLE START TO ACT REFINED.
STEEPLES GROW ON TOP OF
CHAPELS.

SIMPLE TRUTHS ARE LEFT BEHIND.

SUNSETS COME AND GO
UNNOTICED.
MARRIED COUPLES START TO FIGHT.
WORK TO KEEP FOOD ON THE
TABLE.
DREAMS SEEM EMPTY OVERNIGHT.

LADIES AND GENTS, PLEASE TAKE
YOUR PLACES.
GO THROUGH THE MOTIONS. HEEL
AND TOE.
DOIN' YOUR BEST FOR
INDEPENDENCE.
DOIN' YOUR BEST FOR IDAHO.

ALL AT ONCE THE DANCE STARTS
CHANGING.
NOW OUR STEPS ARE NOT AS SURE.
SOMEONE KEEPS ON REARRANGING
HOW WE MOVE AROUND THE
FLOOR.

ROUND AND ROUND, THE DAYS
OUTLAST US.
SHOULDERS ACHE AND HAIR

URNS GRAY.
OUT OF STEP AS LIFE FLIES PAST
US.
DEBTS COME DUE THAT WE CAN'T
PAY.

WEDNESDAY NIGHT BECOMES
DECEMBER.
STRANGERS TRY TO TAKE WHAT'S
YOURS.
HOPE SEEMS LIKE A DYING EMBER.
FOLKS BEGIN TO LOCK THEIR
DOORS.

DANCE TO HOLD YOUR LIFE
TOGETHER.
DANCE TO KEEP THE WORLD AWAY.
KEEP THIS TOWN THE SAME
FOREVER.
DANCE TO GET THROUGH ONE
MORE DAY.

LADIES AND GENTS,
BOW TO YOUR PARTNERS
MAKING A CHOICE,
RAISING A VOICE,
DOIN' A DANCE FOR IDAHO!!!

DANCE TO HOLD YOUR LIFE
TOGETHER.
DANCE TO KEEP THE WORLD AWAY.
KEEP THIS TOWN THE SAME
FOREVER.
DANCE TO GET THROUGH ONE
MORE DAY.

15. LIFE! - REPRISE

LAWRENCE

Mr. Monaghan, I'm trying to locate
my mother. I recently discovered
that she left Boston shortly after I was
born. I have found letters she
sent from Idaho. I'm writing to
you because your last name is the
same as hers. I'm coming to find

her. I expect to be in Silver City by the end of next month. Sincerely,
Lawrence Cavanaugh.

JO

I'VE BEEN WRONG
NOT TO ANSWER MUCH SOONER.
THIS LETTER IS WAY OVERDUE.
THE PERSON YOU MENTIONED
IS SOMEONE I ONCE KNEW.

THERE ARE THINGS THAT
YOU NEED TO CONSIDER
BEFORE YOU SET OFF ON YOUR
WAY.

SHE PACKED UP HER BAGS AND
WENT TRAVELING, SAD TO SAY.

SHE TOOK OFF LEAVING NOTHING
BUT SILENCE.

NO TRACE OF YOUR MOTHER
REMAINS.

FRANKLY, FROM MY POINT OF
VIEW,
THIS ISN'T WISE TO PURSUE.

SO DON'T, MR. CAVANAUGH,
DON'T.

NO, MR. CAVANAUGH, NO.
STAY RIGHT WHERE YOU ARE.
WHY VENTURE SO FAR,
WHEN SHE DISAPPEARED LONG
AGO?

GIVEN THE GIVENS, IT'S TRUE.
THERE'S NOTHING MORE YOU CAN
DO.

MY ADVICE, MR. CAVANAUGH,
STAY, MR. CAVANAUGH,
THERE, MR. CAVANAUGH
NO, MR. CAVANAUGH
PLEASE!
NO ONE'S HERE WAITING FOR YOU.

16. WHEN YOU LOVE SOMEONE

JORDAN

I KNOW THIS LIFE WITH SARA
HASN'T BEEN AN EASY RIDE.
SOME DAYS I SEE NO POINT IN
HOLDING ON.

BUT THEN I'LL CATCH HER LAUGHING
WITH OUR CHILDREN BY HER SIDE
AND JUST LIKE THAT—
MY HOPELESSNESS IS GONE.

LORD KNOWS I'VE BEEN A LUCKY
MAN
FOR ALL THE SIMPLE BLESSINGS I
HAVE FOUND.

SURE 'NUFF I'D BE A FOOLISH
MAN,
LOSING FAITH,
LETTING GO,
EVEN THOUGH
HARD TIMES COME 'ROUND.

'CAUSE WHEN YOU LOVE
SOMEONE,
YOU NEVER WALK AWAY.
THE COST OF THAT IS MORE THAN
YOU COULD BEAR.

WHEN YOU LOVE SOMEONE.
YOU FIND THE STRENGTH TO STAY
YOU FIGHT TO MAKE HER KNOW
HOW MUCH YOU CARE.
CAUSE LIFE WOULD NOT BE LIFE IF
SHE'S NOT THERE.

LOVE IS LIKE AN ACRE,
A FIELD WE HAVE TO TEND
THAT'S FILLED WITH GOOD
INTENTIONS AND MISTAKES.
BUT THE HARVEST THAT LIES
WAITING'S
WORTH THE STRUGGLE IN THE
END

A SURE AND STEADY HAND IS
WHAT IT TAKES.

GOD, LET ME BE A PATIENT MAN
DON'T LET MY FAILIN'S GET THE
BEST OF ME.
TRUTH IS, I'D BE A LONELY MAN
LIVIN' LOST,
STUMBLIN' ON,
WITH HER GONE
WHERE WOULD I BE?

CAUSE WHEN YOU LOVE SOMEONE,
YOU DON'T JUST WALK AWAY
WHEN SHE'S EVERYTHING THAT
MATTERS—EVERYWHERE.
WHEN YOU LOVE SOMEONE
IT'S 'TIL YOUR DYING DAY.
WITHOUT HER HERE, I HAVEN'T
GOT A PRAYER
'CAUSE LIFE WOULD NOT BE LIFE
IF SHE'S NOT THERE.
MY LIFE WOULD NOT BE LIFE IF
SHE'S NOT THERE.

17. TROUBLED HEART

SARA

EVENIN' FALLS—
'CROSS MY FLOOR.
SHADOWS I CAN'T SHAKE
COME HANGIN'
ROUND MY DOOR.

TOSS AND TURN.
RIGHT OR WRONG.
DROWNING IN REGRET
I'VE BEEN LIVING WITH TOO LONG.
CATCH A WILD BIRD. SET IT FREE.
BUT THIS DOUBT INSIDE OF ME
SIMPLY WILL NOT LET ME BE.

LIKE AN EARLY APRIL RAIN
RUNNIN' DOWN A THIRSTY HILL

THERE'S NO MAKING A TROUBLED
HEART BE STILL.

NO WAY OUT
I CAN SEE.
HEARTSTRINGS HOLD TIGHTER
THAN THE ROOTS OF A WILLOW
TREE.

JUST LIKE THE WIND
NIGHT AND DAY
LOVE TAKES DOWN ANYTHING
GETS IN ITS WAY.
NOTHING CERTAIN. NOTHING'S
TRUE.
IS THIS WANTING EVER THROUGH?
WHAT AM I SUPPOSED TO DO?

LIKE A SWALLOW ON THE WING
BOUND TO WANDER WHERE IT
WILL
THERE'S NO MAKIN' A TROUBLED

HEART BE STILL.

NOTHING'S CLEAR
NOTHING'S SURE
JUST THIS FOREVER YEARNIN' FOR
MORE

THOUGH I TELL MY HEART TO
REST
I DON'T THINK IT EVER WILL
IS THERE ANY MAKING A
TROUBLED HEART BE STILL?
I TELL MY HEART TO REST
BUT I DON'T THINK IT EVER WILL.
THERE'S NO MAKIN' A TROUBLED
HEART BE STILL.
NO MAKIN' A TROUBLED HEART BE
STILL.
OH, TROUBLED HEART,
BE STILL.

18. HI-LO-HI - REPRISE

ETHAN
GAME.

TOMMY
GAME.

ERNIE
FIVE CARD STUD.

PERCY
ANTE.

TOMMY
ANTE.

ETHAN
TWO CARDS DOWN, GENTS.
READ YOUR CARDS.
READY?



Cole Burden, Christopher Russo, Ian Michael Stuart, Perry Sherman, Brian Flores; Photo © T Charles Erickson

ALL
READY.

ERNIE
YEAH. I'M IN. BET FIVE.
YEAH FIVE.

TOMMY
CALL. I'M IN.
I RAISE 'EM TWO.

ERNIE
CALL. I'M IN.

ETHAN
FOUR CARDS ROUND.

ERNIE
I'M BETTIN' THREE.

PERCY
BETTIN' THREE.
I'M IN.

TOMMY
I RAISE A BUCK.

PERCY
TOO RICH FOR ME.
THAT'S IT. I FOLD.

ERNIE
I'LL SEE YA FOUR.

ETHAN
FIFTH CARD ROUND.

ERNIE
CHECK. I'M IN.

TOMMY
BET TEN BUCKS.

ERNIE
SEE YOUR TEN.

ETHAN
READ 'EM AND WEEP, BOYS.
SHOW YOUR HANDS.
READ 'EM AND WEEP, BOYS.
WINNER TAKES IT ALL.

ERNIE
Damn you! He was bluffing again!

PERCY
Whoa—whoa—whoa—whoa—

ETHAN
Hold on there, Ernie.

DANIEL
DON'T MAKE ANY SENSE GETTING
MAD AT TOMMY.
AIN'T NO TIME FOR FIGHTIN',
TROUBLE'S COME TO TOWN.
WAGONS LOADIN' UP ALL THEIR
DAMNED EQUIPMENT
AIN'T NO DOUBT ABOUT IT.
GONNA SHUT US DOWN.

I seen 'em down there packing up.

ERNIE
Cowards. Moving out in the middle of
the night...

DANIEL
Fella at the gate said they're moving
everything down to Stoddard, where
they got the Chinese working for pen-
nies.

THEY GOT ALL THE CHIPS. WE
DON'T COUNT FOR NOTHIN'.
ALL WE OWN IS MARKERS DOWN
AT JORDAN'S STORE.
WE DONE ALL THE DIGGIN' FOR
THE GOD DAMN SILVER.
GONNA TELL THE BASTARDS WE
WON'T TAKE NO MORE.

PERCY
There's nothing we can do to stop 'em.

TOMMY
We can sure as hell try.

DANIEL
ERNIE?

ERNIE
OKAY.

DANIEL
ETHAN?

ETHAN
I'M WITH YOU.

PERCY
AW RIGHT...

DANIEL
HI-LO-HI.

PERCY
HAD ENOUGH OF THEIR LIES. FACE
'EM DOWN.
NO MORE CAVIN' IN NOW.

ERNIE
HI-LO-HI.

TOMMY
BLOCK THE ROAD OUTTA TOWN.
LET 'EM SEE WE CAN STAND
TOGETHER

ETHAN
HI-LO-HI.

TOMMY
UP TO HERE! GIVE 'EM HELL! TAKE
AN OATH
GONNA STICK IT TO 'EM.

COMPANY

HI-LO-HI!
GOT A SCORE TO SETTLE.
HI-LO-HI!
SOLD US DOWN THE RIVER.
HI-LO-HI!
MADE THEIR MONEY HERE
HI-LO-HI!
HI-LO-HI!
'TIL THEY BLED US DRY
HI-LO-HI!
AIN'T NO TURNIN' BACK.
NEVER STANDIN' DOWN TILL WE GET
WHAT'S COMIN'!

19. LISTEN TO THE RAIN

TIN MAN

LISTEN TO THE RAIN FALL DOWN,
FALLING SOFTLY THROUGH THE
TREES,
FALLING LIKE THE FOOTSTEPS IN A
DREAM.

LISTEN TO THE RAIN FALL DOWN,
FALLING ON YOUR HANDS AND
FACE,
FALLING IN A GENTLE, HEALING
STREAM.

LISTEN TO IT TELLING YOU
DROP BY DROP,
"LET GO OF THIS PAIN."
EACH DROP PURE AND PLAIN,
"GIVE IN TO THE RAIN!"

LISTEN TO THE RAIN FALL DOWN,
FALLING LIKE A FRINGE OF TEARS
WANTING US TO FACE WHAT'S GONE
BEFORE.



Daniel K. Isaac; Photo © T Charles Erickson

LISTEN TO THE RAIN FALL DOWN,
LISTEN TO THE HOPE IT BRINGS
TEACHING US TO REACH FOR LIFE
ONCE MORE.

LET IT HELP YOU START AGAIN
DROP BY DROP,
LET GO OF THE PAIN.
BE HEALED BY THE RAIN.
REACH OUT TO THE RAIN.

LET IT HELP YOU START AGAIN
DROP BY DROP.
LET GO OF THE PAIN.
BE HEALED BY THE RAIN.
REACH OUT TO THE RAIN.

LET IT HELP YOU START AGAIN
DROP BY DROP.
LET GO OF THE PAIN.
BE HEALED BY THE RAIN.
REACH OUT TO THE RAIN.

20. WHEN YOU LOVE SOMEONE - REPRISE

JORDAN

WHEN YOU LOVE SOMEONE, YOU
BACK THEM ALL THE WAY.
THERE'S NOTHING THEY CAN ASK
THAT YOU WON'T DO.
WHEN YOU LOVE SOMEONE, LIFE
TESTS YOU EVERY DAY,
BUT YOU'RE STILL THERE TO SEE
EACH OTHER THROUGH.
THAT'S THE KIND OF FAITH, SARA, I
NEED FROM YOU.

WHEN YOU LOVE SOMEONE
YOU SET YOUR DOUBTS ASIDE
TO FIND THE GOOD IN
EVERYTHING THEY DO.

WHEN YOU LOVE SOMEONE
YOUR HEART'S YOUR ONLY GUIDE

YOU SEE EACH OTHER THROUGH

THAT'S THE KIND OF FAITH
I NEED FROM YOU.

SARA

CATCH A WILD BIRD,
SET IT FREE.
BUT THIS DOUBT INSIDE OF ME
WILL NOT LET ME BE

LIKE A SWALLOW ON THE WING
BOUND TO
WANDER WHERE IT WILL
THERE'S NO MAKING
A TROUBLED HEART BE STILL

JORDAN

Why the hell did you marry me?

SARA

Why does it always come back to this?

JORDAN

Tell me, Sara.

SARA

I married you because Jo didn't want
me. There. Is that what you wanted
to hear?

21. UNBUTTONING THE BUTTONS

JOSEPHINE

UNBUTTONING THE BUTTONS.
UNBUTTONING THE YEARS.
UNBUTTONING THE LONGINGS,
THE FLOOD OF UNWEPT TEARS.

UNBUTTONING THE BUTTONS,
I WONDER IF YOU'LL FIND
SOME LONG FORGOTTEN FEELINGS--
A FRAGMENT LEFT BEHIND?

IS THERE ANY TRACE OF ME INSIDE
THE MASK I'VE LEARNED TO WEAR?
UNDERNEATH THESE BUTTONS,
IS JOSEPHINE STILL THERE?

A LONGING FOR A LILAC,
A TINY SHRED OF LACE,
A CHANCE TO LET THE TENDERNESS
BE PRESENT ON MY FACE.

UNBUTTONING THE BUTTONS.
UNDOING EVERY LIE.
UNFASTENING THESE FEELINGS
I THOUGHT I COULD DENY.

IS THERE ANY NEED ALIVE IN ME,
SOME UNREMEMBERED PRAYER?
UNDERNEATH THESE BUTTONS,
IS JOSEPHINE STILL THERE?

EACH BUTTON THAT BECOMES
UNDONE
ONE BY ONE UNLOCKS
THE PART OF ME I'VE BURIED DEEP
WITHIN A SECRET BOX.

AN IMAGE OF A WOMAN
THAT I'VE LET NO ONE SEE.

A HEART I'M HOLDING CAPTIVE
THAT HUNGERS TO GO FREE.

I GIVE YOU WHAT IS LEFT OF ME.
WHAT I HAVE LEFT TO SHARE.
THE BUTTONS ARE UNDONE NOW
AND JOSEPHINE
AND JOSEPHINE IS THERE.



Daniel K. Isaac, Teal Wicks; Photo © T Charles Erickson

22. FINALE – PART 1

SARA

MR. LAWRENCE CAVANAUGH IS
LOOKING
FOR HIS MOTHER, JORDAN.
HE WONDERS IF YOU KNOW HER,
JORDAN.
HE'S WRITTEN TO YOUR PARTNER,
JORDAN.
BECAUSE HIS MOTHER'S NAME
IS MONAGHAN, JORDAN.
MR. LAWRENCE CAVANAUGH IS
LOOKING FOR HIS MOTHER,
JORDAN.

SARA

Look at this photograph, Jordan. This
is his mother. This is the person
who's been making fools of us for
eighteen years.

JORDAN

Sara, get back here!

SARA

Jo! I know you're in there. Jo, I've got
to talk to you. Jo, folks in town are
running through the streets, tossing
rocks and setting fires. They're on
their way here.

JO

Tien Mien's safe. It doesn't matter.

SARA

They're not just looking for him, Jo.
Your son sent Jordan a letter, with
a picture of his mother. They know
Jo—they know—and they're coming
here for both of you. Why didn't you
tell me Jo? You could have told me.

JO
Sara—

SARA
You have to hide. You can't be here
when they come.

JO
I can't hide anymore.

SARA
Josephine

JO
Please make sure my son gets this. Go
home to your husband, Sara. Look
after your children.

23. FINALE – PART 2

COMPANY
SOMEWHERE IN THE DARKNESS
SOMEWHERE IN THE DARKNESS
HI-LO-HI, HI-LO-HI,
HI-LO-HI, HI-LO-HI!

24. FINALE – PART 3

JORDAN
This is where your mother lived. This
is my wife Sara and Tien Mien
Wong. They were her friends. This
is Lawrence, Jo's boy. The mob was
already out of control—and when
they realized she was a woman—they
lost their minds.

SARA
She left this letter for you.

LAWRENCE
“My Dear Lawrence, I thought I would

be hurting you by letting you find
me, but I know now I was wrong.
I've lied about who I am most of my
life, and a lot of people have been
hurt by that—most of all, you.”

LAWRENCE, JO
“Never let anyone keep you from
believing in yourself. Love the chil-
dren you will someday have so com-
pletely that you erase all memory of
how those of us who came before you
have failed.”

JOSEPHINE
“Do this Lawrence—for them, for
yourself, and for me. Your mother,
Josephine.”

TODAY IS THE DAY TO MAKE A NEW
BEGINNING.
TODAY IS THE DAY
TO OPEN EVERY DOOR.
TODAY IS THE DAY TO MAKE A NEW
BEGINNING
AND WALK DOWN A ROAD YOU'VE
NEVER WALKED BEFORE.

SARA
TODAY IS THE DAY
WE MAKE A NEW BEGINNING
TODAY WE WILL WALK A PATH
THAT'S STILL UNKNOWN

JO
I AM CROSSING A RIVER SO DEEP
AND WIDE
I AM CROSSING A RIVER SO DEEP
AND WIDE

JORDAN, SARA
TODAY IS THE DAY
WE MAKE A NEW BEGINNING
TOMORROW OUR SONS WILL REAP
WHAT WE HAVE SOWN

JO
I AM CROSSING A RIVER SO DEEP
AND WIDE
LORD, LEAD ME ON TO THE FAR
SIDE.

**SARA, JORDAN, JO,
LAWRENCE, TIN MAN**
LIFT ME UP FROM THIS DARKNESS,
LET YOUR LIGHT SHINE ON ME.
LIFT ME UP FROM THIS DARKNESS,
LET YOUR LIGHT SHINE ON ME.

JO, JORDAN, SARA, LAWRENCE
TODAY IS THE DAY
WE MAKE A NEW BEGINNING

TODAY WE WILL WALK A PATH
THAT'S STILL UNKNOWN
TODAY IS THE DAY
WE MAKE A NEW BEGINNING

COMPANY
THERE'S A VOICE IN THE
WILDERNESS
LEADING ME ON

A VOICE IN THE WILDERNESS
LEADING ME ON

THERE'S A VOICE IN THE
WILDERNESS
LEADING ME ON

COMPANY
TOMORROW OUR SONS
TOMORROW OUR SONS
TOMORROW OUR SONS
WILL REAP WHAT WE HAVE SOWN!

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RECORDED June 28-29, 2017 at Avatar Studios,
New York City

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Two River Theater, under the leadership of Artistic Director John Dias and Managing Director Michael Hurst, develops and produces great American theater. Through 10 theatrical productions each year (including world premieres, musicals, classics and theater for young audiences) and 50+ events, we produce exceptional theater and cultivate engaged audiences. Founded by Joan and Robert Rechnitz in 1994, Two River is recognized in the national theater community for its new-play commissioning program, which creates a pipeline for developing work that contributes to the vitality and future of the American theater. Each season, the theater hosts numerous artist residencies, workshops and readings, and presents an annual Cabaret of New Songs for the Musical Theater in association with NYU's Graduate Musical Theatre Writing program. The Crossing Borders (Cruzando Fronteras) festival and Nosotros program foster a closer relationship between the theater and Latino artists and audiences. Two River cultivates a new generation of theatergoers through innovative arts education programs that introduce young people to the theater and create opportunities for them to engage with renowned theater artists. Two River Theater is located in Red Bank, New Jersey. For more information, visit tworivertheater.org.



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