MOTHER:

TATEH:

FINALLY, Fine weather, isn't it?

City. Isn't it?

No-thing like the ci-ty...

Now that we're out of the ci-ty, isn't it? No-thing like the ci-ty...

LITTLE GIRL: "He's still staring."

TATEH: "Never mind."

LITTLE BOY:

My fa-ther's at the North Pole, with
LITTLE BOY:

Admiral Peary and Eskimos! Where is your mother?

LITTLE GIRL:

Dead.

LITTLE BOY:

My name is Edgar. We're off to visit our fireworks factory. What is your name?

LITTLE GIRL:

That's impossible. Everyone has a name. Even the

No name.
"RAGTIME" Concert Version

LITTLE BOY:

"Sshhhh! Do not be rude! He
little Negro baby who lives in our attic!"

MOTHER:

talks.

TATEH:

LITTLE BOY:

I never knew anybody who stayed on a rope like a puppy dog.