

## **Broadways**

### **"Ragtime-Our Children"**

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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 run 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.

MOTHER  
Well.

TATEH  
You say that often. "Well".

MOTHER  
It's because I don't know what to say, Baron.

TATEH  
I'm not a Baron, of course. I'm a poor immigrant, a Jew,  
who points a camera so that his child can dress as  
beautifully  
as a princess. I want to drive from her memory every  
tenement stench and filthy immigrant street. I will buy  
her  
light and sun and clean wind of the ocean for the rest  
of her  
life. Now you know me. Now you understand. I am no  
Baron.  
I am Tateh.

MOTHER  
Now I know even less what to say.

TATEH  
Now it's my turn: Well.

MOTHER  
Thank you for your confidence. I shall keep it here.

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