

Ellis Island: The Dream of America

For actors and orchestra with projected images



Texts from the Ellis Island Oral History Project

Script created and music composed by

Peter Boyer

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Photo by courtesy of the Ellis Island Immigration Museum.

Composer's Preface

Ellis Island: The Dream of America is a work which is conceived for performance employing a large orchestra in the concert hall, but the multiple media and nature of the work render it closer to a piece of theater than to a purely symphonic work. As an American composer who is fascinated by the relationship between historical events and music, I was drawn to the idea of creating a symphonic work which would be based on the American immigrant experience. This concept drew me naturally to Ellis Island, the now-legendary immigrant processing station which was the gateway to America for literally millions of immigrants. In the years of its operation, from 1892 to 1954, more than 12 million immigrants, or over 70% of all immigrants to the United States, passed through the halls of this facility. Today, more than 40% of the U.S. population, over 100 million Americans, can trace their roots to an ancestor who came through Ellis Island. Thus this is a theme of great relevance to all Americans.

I knew that I wanted to create a piece which would combine spoken word with music and projected images. In researching the subject of Ellis Island, I learned of the existence of something which would define the nature of the piece: the Ellis Island Oral History Project. This is a collection of interviews, housed at the Ellis Island Immigration Museum, with immigrants who were processed at Ellis Island during the years of its operation. Begun in 1973, the Ellis Island Oral History Project now contains over 2,000 interviews. The largest number of these were done during the late 1980s and early 1990s, catalyzed by the opening of the Museum in 1990. All immigrants interviewed for the Project were asked a standard set of questions: what life was like in their country of origin, reasons for coming to America, the nature of the voyage to port and the journey by ship, experiences arriving in New York Harbor and being processed at Ellis Island, their ultimate destination, and their experiences adjusting to life in the United States. Collectively, the interviews which constitute the Ellis Island Oral History Project—in both audio recordings and in transcripts—are a treasure of immeasurable worth in American history. When I learned of the existence of this resource, I knew I had found the source from which my texts would be drawn: *real* words of *real* people telling their own stories.

Employing texts from the Ellis Island Oral History Project dictated the demands of those needed to speak these words. Whereas the few pieces in the symphonic repertoire which employ spoken word call for “narrator” or “speaker,” what this piece demands are true *actors*, who can do more than simply read these words, but can *embody* the immigrants whose actual words these are. For the piece to work, it is crucial that the audience be made to accept that the words they are hearing are being spoken *in the first person*. My original conception for the work was that a single actor and a single actress would read all seven stories. Dramatist Martin Charnin, engaged to cast and direct the actors for the first performances, suggested that engaging seven actors, one for each immigrant’s story, would be dramatically superior, and this was the circumstance for the first performances. The work can be performed in either of these two ways, with two or seven actors.

The creation of this script—around which the music is composed—involved the selection, arrangement and editing of texts from the Ellis Island Oral History Project into a sort of dramatic narrative. This proved to be a huge task, not least because of the staggering amount of material which exists (much more than I could ever realistically canvas for material). Because Ellis Island welcomed (or rejected) immigrants from a great many countries over a span of more than sixty years, I wanted the immigrants’ stories chosen for inclusion to be widely representative of both geography and historical period. And of course, I wanted to use stories which would say something important about the American immigrant experience, stories which were poignant, gripping, or even humorous. In fact, it seems the whole range of human experience is contained in the Ellis Island Oral History Project, and the most difficult task was deciding what material to omit. I examined over 100 interviews, and found many more stories than could be included in a 40-minute piece with just under 25 minutes of spoken word. Ultimately I settled on a structure which includes seven stories, four female and three male, of immigrants

who came through Ellis Island from seven countries, between 1910 and 1940. In the end, I chose these stories both because they spoke to me personally, and because they seemed to complement one another dramatically.

Distilling each immigrant's story to its most essential elements was another difficult task in assembling this script. Wanting to include a fair number of different stories, and working under the time constraints of the work's commission, meant that individual stories needed to average three minutes' speaking time. Given that individual interviews averaged 45-60 minutes, this meant finding the most essential elements of each story, and often omitting much fascinating material. It also meant, in some cases, reordering lines of text to preserve chronology. It must be remembered that these were interviews, in which the subjects were responding to a series of questions, so their stories emerged mostly in short segments. Also, these people were mostly elderly—often quite so—and as such, their recollections and speech were sometimes scattered. So in some cases, preserving the narrative thread of their stories required condensing and reordering. In a very few cases, I substituted a pronoun for a proper name, or inserted a word or two necessary only for clarification. But again it must be remembered that these are *real* words of *real* people. When the immigrants became emotionally moved by certain recollections, this was noted by the transcribers, and I included those notes at those points in the script. (Listening to their voices on tape, one cannot help but be moved at these poignant moments.)

For the final text in the work, I knew from the beginning that I could not create a work about Ellis Island without making reference to the poem by Emma Lazarus, *The New Colossus*, which is inscribed at the base of the Statue of Liberty. This poem is synonymous with the Statue, Ellis Island, and American immigration in the minds of many Americans (including my own). A number of immigrants interviewed for the project made reference to the poem, and the words of Katherine Beychok provided a natural bridge to a reciting of the poem. It seemed natural for both the actor and actress to share in this sonnet, with the actress embodying the words of the "Mother of Exiles," and both actor and actress joining in the sonnet's final line. The division of the lines of the poem given in this script is to be used if two actors only are employed. If seven actors are employed, the lines of the poem may be distributed among the actors in a number of possible ways, determined by vocal qualities of the actors engaged and preferences of conductor and/or director. All seven actors should speak the final line ("I lift my lamp beside the golden door!") in unison.

The orchestral music in *Ellis Island: The Dream of America* is continuous, framing, commenting on, and (hopefully) amplifying the words. Following a six-minute orchestral prologue, in which the most significant thematic material in the work is introduced, the work's structure alternates the individual immigrants' stories with orchestral interludes. In general, during the actors' monologues in which the immigrants' stories are told, the orchestra plays a supporting role, employing a more sparse orchestration and texture so as not to overpower the speaking voice. During the interludes, the orchestra assumes the primary role, and accordingly "speaks up" with fuller orchestration. The voices of the actors must obviously be amplified in the performance of the work. An experienced sound mixer should be seated in the performance hall, constantly monitoring the balance of volume between the voices and the orchestra.

The images in *Ellis Island: The Dream of America*, which are to be projected on a screen above the orchestra, conductor, and actors during the Prologue and Epilogue, come primarily from the archive of historic photographs housed at the Ellis Island Immigration Museum Library. In the course of my research, I reviewed the entire collection of about 2,000 photographs, which illustrate the history of Ellis Island and American immigration, and I selected a number of these for use in the piece. Many come from the great collection of Augustus Sherman, who was a longtime Ellis Island employee, and who took many photographs of immigrants which are of great historical interest. Many of these immigrants' faces seem to tell their own stories, and it is little wonder that copies of many of these photographs are displayed prominently in the Ellis Island Immigration Museum.

I wish to acknowledge the invaluable assistance of three members of the staff at the Ellis Island Immigration Museum, National Park Service, U.S. Department of the Interior: Janet Levine, Oral Historian, Barry Moreno, Librarian, and Jeffrey Dosik, Librarian Technician.

Ellis Island: The Dream of America was commissioned by The Bushnell Center for the Performing Arts, in celebration of the inaugural season of its Belding Theatre. The first performances of the work were given by the Hartford Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Peter Boyer, on April 9, 10 & 11, 2002, at The Bushnell.

Finally, on a personal note, I wish to mention that I had begun composing this work's music when the tragic events of September 11, 2001 occurred. Having been engaged in the project for so long, and thinking about creating music which would reflect "the dream of America," I was of course devastated by these acts motivated by hatred of America. As my mind had been on Ellis Island, suddenly my thoughts moved just a short distance across New York Harbor to the World Trade Center. After September 11, the Statue of Liberty National Monument and Ellis Island Immigration Museum, which draw millions of visitors each year, were closed to the public for over three months. However, it was inevitable that they would reopen, just as the freedoms which are the foundation of America, which have drawn generations of immigrants from around the world, will inevitably endure.

—Peter Boyer
April 2002 (revised February 2003)

1. ORCHESTRAL PROLOGUE

2. ACTRESS:

(Story #1)

[Words of Helen Lansman Cohen, born 1900; emigrated from Poland, 1920, age 20; passage on the Leopoldina. Interviewed November 13, 1985, age 85]

I was dreaming to come to America. We had two uncles who came here when they were young men. And right after World War One they wrote and asked us if we wanted to come to America. But they couldn't send for the whole family; they just sent for three of us: my father and I and my younger brother. I was dreaming about it. I was writing to my uncles; I said, "I wish one day I'll be in America."

We were supposed to get on second class, but we were in third class because so many people were going to America, because they opened the doors for everybody right after the War. It was very, very crowded. It was absolutely terrible, and I was sick the whole time; I was very, very sick. I said to my father, "Take me on the deck and throw me in the ocean, because I can't stand it." But finally we got here, and we came to Ellis Island, and we couldn't get off the boat because there were so many people on Ellis Island. They didn't have enough room for us. So we had to stay on the boat six days. They ran out of food. We only had bread and water.

When we finally got on Ellis Island, my father sent a telegram to his brothers to come and get us. They never got the telegram. And nobody came, and we were worried sick. Then they told us, if nobody's going to come and get us off, they're sending us back to Europe. Can you imagine how we felt? My father was crying. He said, "My God, what's happening? Why don't they come? They don't want us, or what?" Finally my uncle decided that something is wrong, that he didn't hear from us. So he had a cousin in New York, so he called that cousin and he came and he took us off.

Yes, I was always dreaming of America. And I was dreaming, and my dream came true. When I came here, I was in a different world. It was so peaceful. It was so wonderful here. It was quiet. You were not afraid. The doors were open. I'm free. I'm just like a bird. You can fly and land on any tree, and you're free.

3. ORCHESTRAL INTERLUDE #1

4. ACTOR:

(Story #2)

[Words of James Apanomith, born August 22, 1895; emigrated from Greece, 1911, age 16; passage on the Patris. Interviewed June 17, 1992, age 96]

The village I was born in was Afede. I was raised in Volos. From Volos, I come to the United States. Volos was a waterfront. Fishing boats coming in and out. My father was a hardworking man, working day and night with the nets on the fishing boat. My father didn't tell me to go to America or not to go to America. He didn't say a word. He figured out that I make up my own mind. Although I was sixteen years old, I make up my own mind.

We went to Pireaus, a port near Athens, and then we got the boat. We got up on the deck. Then my father, for the first time, expressed how he felt. We shake hands, and he say, "James, I never say to you go or not go. I'm very proud that you make up your own mind to go to America. I know you're going to have a better life in America than we have here." And then he left, and he was crying. He was crying. Do you know how I felt when I left my home, my father and my mother? I was the first in my family to come to the United States.

I was in third class. Seventy-five dollars for the ticket. There was three in the cabin. I was on the bottom bunk, and this man named Gus and his father on top of me. The trip was twenty-two days on the ocean. We arrived in New York and saw the Statue of Liberty. Gus asked me, “What’s that statue?” And then we’re looking at the statue, and his father say, “That’s Christopher Columbus.” And I put my two cents out. I say, “Listen, that don’t look like Christopher Columbus. That’s a lady there.”

They started examinations on Ellis Island. And I was alongside Gus, and I noticed he had a chalk mark on his back. I couldn’t reach my back, so I asked him, “Do I have a chalk mark on the back?” So he looked, he say, “No.” I say, “You’ve got one.” And I’m thinking, either he goes back to Greece, or I go back to Greece. So what happened, the one with the chalk mark went back to Greece. He had to go back. I don’t know why. I just pray, dear Lord, and thank God, that I was admitted to the United States through Ellis Island, without a chalk mark on my back.

5. ORCHESTRAL INTERLUDE #2

6. ACTRESS:

(Story #3)

[Words of Lillian Galletta, born October 20, 1923; emigrated from Italy, 1928, age 4-1/2; passage on the President Wilson. Interviewed September 25, 1991, age 67]

My father spent most of his time going back and forth from Sicily to America, because there wasn’t enough work there for a carpenter. Practically all the Galletta family were master carpenters. And he’d come back and forth every couple of years. That’s why all my brothers and sisters are spaced two years apart—my mother became pregnant every time he came over. It became too burdensome for my father to keep coming back every couple of years. You know, that boat trip was no joke. Then my uncle told him one day that he should take the whole family back with him. My mother and father came with the two oldest children first. Then about a year later, the other five children followed. I was the youngest. My uncle escorted the five of us to Palermo, and then we came to America from there. There were a lot of people, all class of people. Some just came with what they had on their backs. They didn’t even have baggage.

When we hit the Strait of Gibraltar, there was this terrible storm that broke out. It lasted three days. The water was so rough that the waves almost capsized the ship. People were throwing up, and if you wanted to faint, there wasn’t room for them to faint. They couldn’t lie on the floor. There was no space. These old women were throwing their medals in the water and getting down on their knees and crying, just praying to God to calm the waters.

I remember New York Harbor. It was the most beautiful sight in the world because we didn’t die in that storm. We were alive. [She is moved.] We made it. We were in America, a free country. We would be reunited with our parents. My father came to meet us at Ellis Island. I can see that almost vividly. We were in this big room. And they call your name out. And when they called “Galletta,” [very moved] my father came running through the turnstile, and he squatted on his knees with his arms outstretched, and the five of us ran into his arms, and we were kissing and hugging. We were so happy to be together. He said, “We’re all together now. We’ll never be apart again.”

7. ORCHESTRAL INTERLUDE #3

8. ACTOR:

(Story #4)

[Words of Lazarus Salamon, born 1904; emigrated from Hungary, 1920, age 16; passage on the Zeeland. Interviewed May 29, 1986, age 81]

I did not have a normal childhood because there was a war, a never-ending war. That's all I knew of, the scarcity of food, the scarcity of materials. We had to fight for a piece of bread; hide it because it was taken away from you. So when I left, I just came with my shirt on my back.

The Romanians came in to Hungary as an army of occupation. When they came in, they were anxious to get rid of the minorities. The Jews had nobody who would stick up for them. The Romanians made Jews turn in their precious stones, silver coins, of which my father had a big amount. And not only did they take it away from him, but they beat him up mercilessly. And the soldier that beat him up didn't have the heart to hit him hard, and the officer hollered, "Hit him hard!" And before they took him away, he came over to us children: "Let me bless you." We never knew if he was going to come back because over there, they took you away and you disappeared. So when he came over to bless us, my mother collapsed and died.

We decided to leave. Of course, you couldn't come through Germany; it was closed off. So, to reach the Port of Antwerp in Belgium, you had to go through the underbelly of Europe. And it was a trip of five weeks. At that time, the railroads didn't have a glass pane in their windows; that's how bad it was. There wasn't a single pane in any car—unbelievable. I noticed, as we came closer to port, masses and masses of people from East Europe, from the Baltics. It was waves and waves of people; unbelievable what you saw.

This was an old broken down boat. The trip was eleven days on the ocean, and we were packed in tight, like in the army when they ship soldiers across. Nobody ate the first few days; everybody was seasick. I stayed in bed a whole week. The last two days, I finally got to taste food, and when I saw the lights I felt fine; I know we're nearing land. At dawn, when we saw the Statue of Liberty, like welcoming you, that was such a beautiful feeling. People started to sing and everybody was happy.

I feel like I had two lives. You plant something in the ground, it has its roots, and then you transplant it where it stays permanently. That's what happened to me. You put an end, and forget about your childhood. I became a man, here, all of a sudden. I started life new, amongst people whose language I didn't understand. It was a different life; everything was different, but I never despaired, I was optimistic. And this is the only country where you're not a stranger, because we are all strangers. It's only a matter of time who got here first.

9. ORCHESTRAL INTERLUDE #4

10. ACTRESS:

(Story #5)

[Words of Helen Rosenthal, born October 7, 1910; emigrated from Belgium (originally from Poland), 1940, age 30; passage on the Nyassa. Interviewed September 26, 1991, age 80]

[Her story began with the pogroms in Poland in 1920, when she was 10; and her resolve never to have a child in Poland after cruelty toward Jewish children by her schoolmates.]

I lived in Belgium with my sister for two and a half years. That's where I met my husband, Paul. We got engaged in 1936 and were married soon after. By 1940, the war was coming closer to Belgium, and I had a feeling that the Germans would have to go through Belgium to get to France. I kept on saying to Paul, "We have to leave."

From Belgium, we went to Lisbon, and we stayed there about three months. We couldn't get a boat, we couldn't get a plane. Everybody was trying, and everybody wanted to go. Finally, we got a berth on the *Nyassa*. It was a small boat. It must have been a cattle boat. They just put paint over it, and that was it. One meal I ate on that boat, the first night. And after that it was very hard. We traveled for twelve days. I couldn't eat. It was a nervous time. One day they said there were mines. Water mines. Another day a

German boat passed by. We wondered whether we would ever get to America. I was thinking, “Survive the day.” That’s it. Nothing else mattered. To survive the day and survive the voyage. Nothing else. I didn’t cry for what I lost. I didn’t cry for what I haven’t got, and I didn’t care. To wash my face, to wash my hands, to keep the child going, and to be well. That’s all.

We got to New York; we were so elated. We were so happy. The elation came from the heart. You could see it on the faces. That’s all you could see. The faces of the people. They were in awe. It’s like, we were safe. That’s all there was. When we landed at Ellis Island, they said, “What do you want? You want something to eat?” I said, “I want a good glass of milk.” That’s all I wanted. The milk tasted like cream. It was delicious. [She is moved.] That’s all I remember.

Years later, we found out my mother and father were killed; all my cousins; the whole town. Until 1942, we still had mail from my mother and father. After ’42, the Germans evacuated them, and they became refugees. I have a cousin who saw them in Auschwitz. They were put in the ovens. My husband, Paul—his whole family got killed; his father, mother, two sisters, a brother who was married with a wife and two daughters—they all got killed in Poland. He was the only survivor.

If you hate, you lose yourself. There’s nothing left in this world after hate. I can’t hate. I have never been taught to hate. Even after pogroms, after all that happened in our town, my father tried to explain. I was ten years old. I asked that question, “Why?” There was no answer to it. There still isn’t.

11. ORCHESTRAL INTERLUDE #5

12. ACTOR:

(Story #6)

[Words of Emanuel “Manny” Steen, born June 23, 1906; emigrated from Ireland, 1925, age 19; passage on the Caronia. Interviewed March 22, 1991, age 84]

We were eight kids. My father and mother was ten. My bachelor uncle was eleven and my grandmother lived with us. Twelve people! The boys slept four in a bed, toe-to-toe. The girls slept three to a bed. We were poor people, but not dirt poor. We were poor but we ate.

In 1921, my father died, and my uncle Jack assumed command of the family. He said, “We can’t go on. The economy is nothing. We’re all going to America.” But we didn’t go all at once. Finally, in 1925, I came with my sister. I was nineteen. I had no ties and looked forward to America as an adventure. My brother Lou had gone to America the year before, and was writing, telling me all about the wonderful things he was doing as a cowboy, and how he was with Barnum and Bailey’s Circus. I knew so little about America. For me, America was cowboys and Indians and streets paved with gold. I only had the good news, you understand.

I left from the port of Liverpool with my sister. I arrived in New York Harbor August first. I remember I heard the lookout say, “Land ahoy!” Everybody rushed up on deck to see land, the first sign of America. I remember rushing up. I couldn’t see a goddamned thing. I mean, the horizon was the sea. Then, as we sailed closer, slowly I saw New York coming up, like out of the sea. And the first thing I saw was the Woolworth building. That was the highest building in the world at that time. So the first thing you saw sticking out of the water was the top of the Woolworth building. And as we proceeded, of course, the building came out of the water. [Laughs.] Everybody was cheering, “America!” My God, everybody was yelling and crying and kissing. There were a couple thousand people. As we came in, of course, Manhattan Island started coming up, and the Statue of Liberty.

We got off the ferry and went right into the main building. That day there must have been three, four ships. Maybe five, six thousand people. Jammed! And remember, it was August. Hot as a pistol and I’m

wearing my long johns and a heavy Irish tweed suit. Got my overcoat on my arm. It was the beginning of fall back home, see. And I'm carrying my suitcase. I'm dying with the heat. During the day that hall became so hot, and all they had was a couple of rotating fans, which did nothing except raise the dust. I just wanted to get the hell out of there.

The immigration officials slammed a tag on you with your name, address, country of origin, et cetera. Everybody was tagged. They didn't ask you whether you spoke English or not. They took your papers, and they tagged you. They checked your bag. Then they pushed you and they'd point, because they didn't know whether you spoke English or not. Understaffed. Overcrowded. Jammed. And the place was the noisiest, and the languages, and the smell. Foul, you know what I mean?

My brother Henry comes in the door. I hadn't seen him in four years. We took the subway to a three-room apartment in East Harlem. When we arrived, Henry said to me, "Get those long johns off and throw the goddamned things out. They stink like hell," and he loaned me a pair of BVDs. Oh, boy! It was like getting out of jail.

Next morning, my brother says, "I gotta go to work. Take a trolley car and go downtown. Take a look around." So I go to the corner, and the trolley car stopped, and I got on. And I sat down, and the conductor came over. The conductors on the Third Avenue trolley were all Irish immigrants. And he says, "What are you doing, young fella?" And I says, "Just taking a ride downtown." "Is it Irish you are?" "Aye," I says. "When did you get here?" "Yesterday. I just got off the boat!" [Laughs.] He sat down beside me, and he's giving me a free tour all the way down Third Avenue. He's pointing out the buildings, the Singer building, and I was fascinated. Hey, America is a great place. I'm only here one day, and this guy is giving me a royal reception.

I got off at City Hall Park. I was feeling very adventurous. Here it's a beautiful day, and I'm wearing thin underwear, and I'm beginning to feel comfortable now; and I walk across the park, and I look up and there's the street sign. It says "Broadway." Well, I want to tell you, that was one of the most exciting moments of my life. Broadway! I'm only one day in America and I'm on Broadway! I mean, it may sound like nothing to you, but I got so excited. It's a wonder I wasn't killed, because the traffic was going in all directions, and I was so confused, watching to the left, to the right.

Fantastic! I walked across the park and sat down on the bench and nobody was bothering me. No one could identify me as a foreigner, you know, and everybody's acting like I'm a full-blooded American. I felt like I had the world on a string. I mean, this was my day! I finally got back to East Harlem, and my brother came home, and I told him about my day. He thought it was dull and dumb, but it wasn't to me. It was one of the most exciting days. And that was my first day in America.

13. ORCHESTRAL INTERLUDE #6

14. ACTRESS:

(Story #7)

[Words of Katherine Beychok, born 1900; emigrated from Russia, 1910, age 10; ship unknown. Interviewed October 9, 1985, age 85]

Hunger was a guest in everybody's home. By our standards, they had nothing. The majority of people were hungry all the time. The only time there was a relief from that poverty was on the Sabbath. Then the men came home, whatever they were doing, whether they were studying or working and making a living, and put on whatever better clothes that they had to get ready for the Sabbath. And went to *shul*, synagogue and came home, and that was the time there was a decent meal in the house. All week long it was hunger.

My father left for America when I was two years old. I didn't see my father until I came here. We couldn't get passports to get out then. We were Jews. It was all illegal. We traveled all night, and before it got light we stopped to hide out in somebody's house. We made it to the border, and then we took a train. We were going to Holland, to Rotterdam. They had to carry me screaming onto the ship. That's how afraid I was. We traveled for eighteen days in steerage. I was so sick all the time. I don't know why, but I was one of the sickest. It was a horrible trip.

As soon as we hit the harbor in New York it was like rejuvenation. The water was blue, the sky, it was a beautiful day. Everybody was laughing and crying that they were here; they're in America. It was such jubilation that it just carried itself over even to me.

A number of friends were there. Then I saw this man coming forward and he was beautiful. I didn't know he was my father. He was tall, slender, and he had brown wavy hair and to me he looked beautiful. He looked very familiar to me. Later on I realized why he looked familiar to me. He looked exactly like I did. And I fell in love with him right away, and he with me.

And, of course, the first thing I had seen was that lady, the Statue of Liberty. It was a thing I can never forget to this very day, because when I think of her, when I think of the Statue of Liberty, I feel so wonderful and so good. I don't think there's anything under the sun that can make me feel better. It seemed that she was a vision from heaven, and it's been with me ever since. All the wonderful words that were written on it by Emma Lazarus... [*segues immediately into:*]

15. EPILOGUE: THE NEW COLOSSUS (Emma Lazarus, 1883)

ACTOR:

Not like the brazen giant of Greek fame,
With conquering limbs astride from land to land;
Here at our sea-washed, sunset gates shall stand
A mighty woman with a torch, whose flame
Is the imprisoned lightning, and her name
Mother of Exiles. From her beacon-hand
Glows world-wide welcome; her mild eyes command
The air-bridged harbor that twin cities frame.

ACTRESS:

"Keep ancient lands, your storied pomp!"

ACTOR:

...cries she With silent lips.

ACTRESS:

"Give me your tired, your poor,
Your huddled masses yearning to breathe free,
The wretched refuse of your teeming shore.
Send these, the homeless, tempest-tost to me,

ACTRESS/ACTOR in unison:

I lift my lamp beside the golden door!"

(Music builds to closing passage and final climax)

END