

ELAINE FINE

**THE
COLLAR**

**FOR
SOLO
VIOLA**

**AND
NARRATOR**



**BASED ON A STORY BY HANS
CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN**

For Barbara and Ronald Hedlund

Solo Viola

The Collar

A musical setting of a story by Hans Christian Andersen

Moderato, with freedom $\text{♩} = \text{c.76}$

Elaine Fine

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Elaine Fine

5

9

13

Once upon a time there was a fine gentleman
who owned a bootjack,

a comb,

and a very fine loose collar.

17

p

The collar was interested
in getting married.

22

mf

One day, by chance, he found himself being
washed in the same tub as a lady's garter.

27

mp

"Ah!" sighed
the collar.

32

"I have never met anyone
so soft and dainty,

and with so lovely a figure. May I ask your name?"

Poco piu mosso

37

p

"No," snapped the garter.

pizz.

Molto moderato

arco

"Where exactly do
you . . . belong?"

43

The garter found the question indiscreet,
so she didn't answer.

"Are you a sort of waistband that is worn on the inside?

48

"I imagine that you're useful as well as decorative!"

"Please don't talk to me!" snapped the garter.

"I have given you neither cause nor permission."

Tempo primo

51

"Your beauty is cause enough,
and it gives its own permission."

"Don't come near me!"
screamed the garter.

"But I am a gentleman,"
boasted the collar.

55

"I own both a bootjack and a comb."

But the collar was lying.

The comb and the bootjack
really belonged to his master.

62

"Stay away from me," warned the garter.

66

Fortunately for the garter, the collar was just then taken out of the tub, dipped in starch, and taken to hang out in the sunshine.

72

After a while he was taken inside and placed
on an ironing board.

74

His eye fell on the warm iron, whom he believed to be a widow.

77

"Madame, the very sight of you makes me warm,
and it makes all my wrinkles disappear."

"Will you please marry me?"

81

"Rag!" snarled the Iron, as she rolled over him imagining she was a steam engine pulling a train.

85

The maid picked up the collar. She
found a few loose threads that needed
to be clipped.

"Oh!" exclaimed the collar
when he saw the scissors.

90

"You must be a prima ballerina. What leg movement!
I have never seen anything so elegant; no human
being could surpass you."

96

"I know that," said the scissors.

"You deserve to be a countess!" declared the collar. All I have is a bootjack, a comb, and a gentleman to wait upon me.

103

I wish I were a count."

"Are you proposing?" snipped the scissors.

108

And she cut a hole in the collar, laughing all the while.

113

The collar was ruined.

As a last resort he approached the comb. **Slower**

He complemented her teeth, and asked her if she had ever considered marriage.

117

Tempo primo

"Don't you know," said the comb, "that I am engaged to the bootjack?"

122

The ruined and rejected collar was shipped off to the paper mill, and placed in the rag pile,

127

where the fine linen huddled in one group, and the coarse linen stayed in another, as is the custom in this world.

132

All the rags liked to talk,
because they had a lot to tell. **Allegro**

137

But the collar, who loved to brag,
talked more than anyone.

140

"I was a well-starched gentleman with many sweethearts.
Women couldn't leave me alone. I had both a comb and a
bootjack, but I never used either of them.

144

My first fiancée was a waistband: so soft,
so refined, and so beautiful. She drowned
herself in a washtub for my sake

149

Then there was a widow who was red hot with passion, but I abandoned her. My wound, which you can still see, was given
me by a prima ballerina. My own comb was in love with me, and she cried her teeth out because of me.

154

I have lived, but I deserve to be made into
paper because of the hearts I have broken.

accel.

Tempo primo

160

All the rags were
made into paper.

166

p

170

But the collar had the sorry fate of becoming the
particular piece of paper that this story was printed on.

175