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

Elaine Fine

Moderato, with freedom ♩ = c.76

mf

5

f *mp*

9

f

13

Once upon a time there was a fine gentleman
who owned a a bootjack, a comb, and a very fine loose collar.

17

p

The collar was interested
in getting married.

22

mf

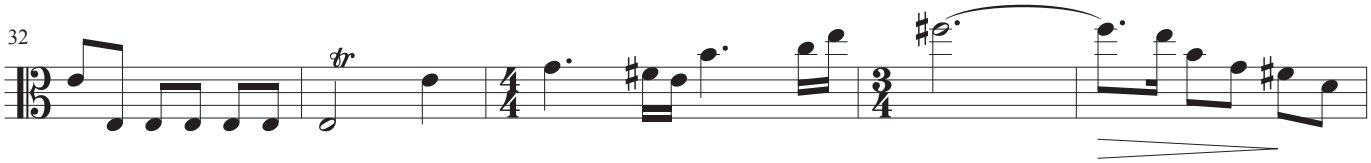
One day, by chance, he found himself being
washed in the same tub as a lady's garter.

27

mp

"Ah!" sighed
the collar.

32

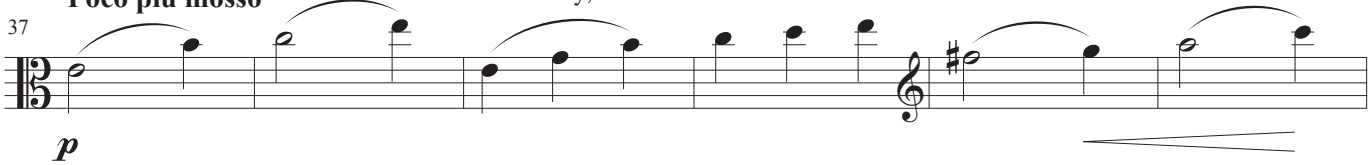


"I have never met anyone
so soft and dainty,

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

Poco piu mosso

37



"No," snapped the garter.

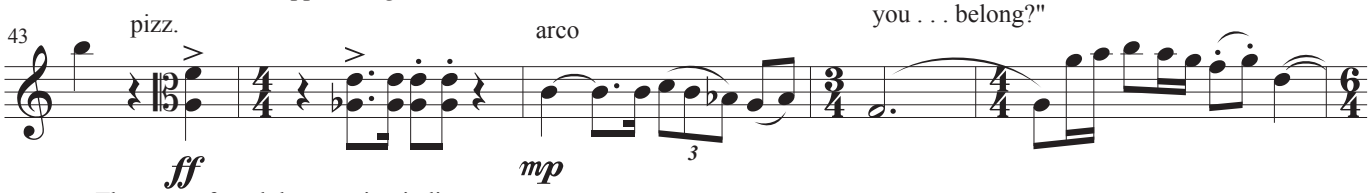
Molto moderato

"Where exactly do
you . . . belong?"

pizz.

arco

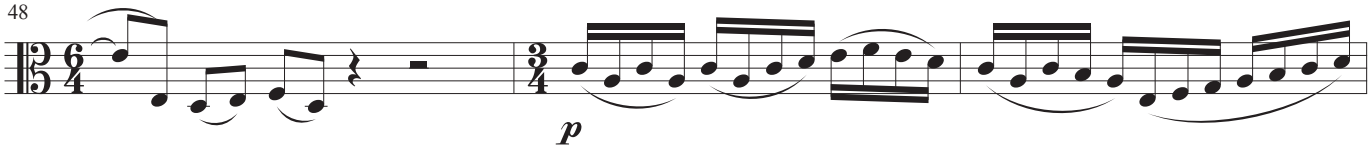
43



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

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

48

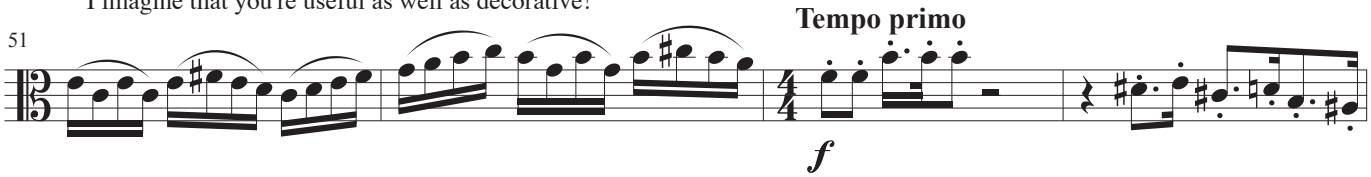


"Please don't talk to me!" snapped the garter.
"I have given you neither cause nor permission."

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

Tempo primo

51



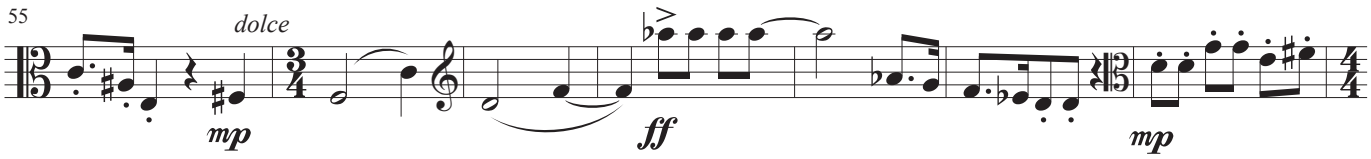
"Your beauty is cause enough,
and it gives its own permission."

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

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

dolce

55

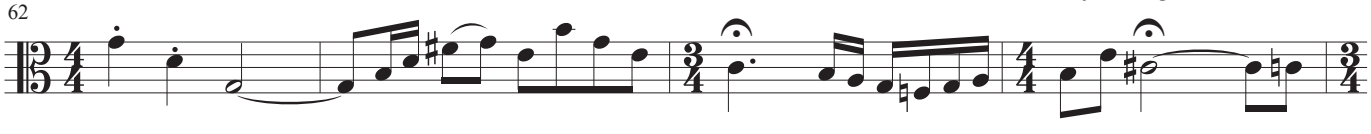


"I own both a bootjack and a comb."

But the collar was lying.

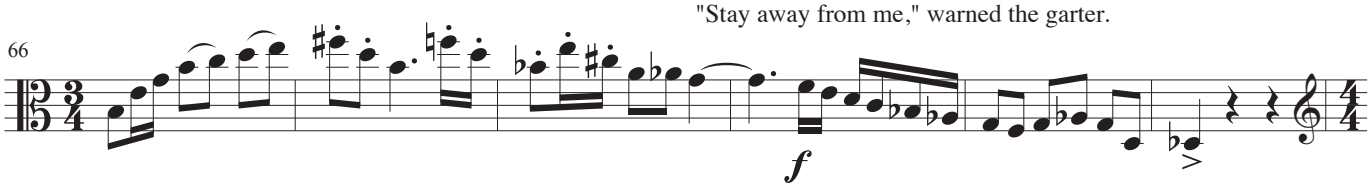
The comb and the bootjack
really belonged to his master.

62

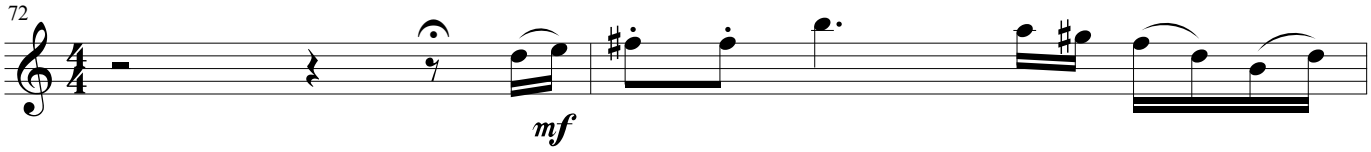


"Stay away from me," warned the garter.

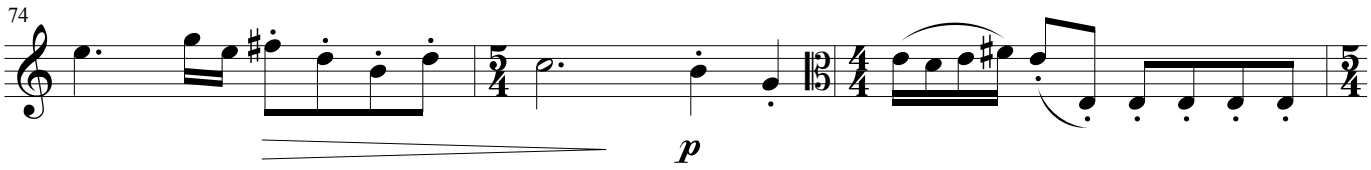
66



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.



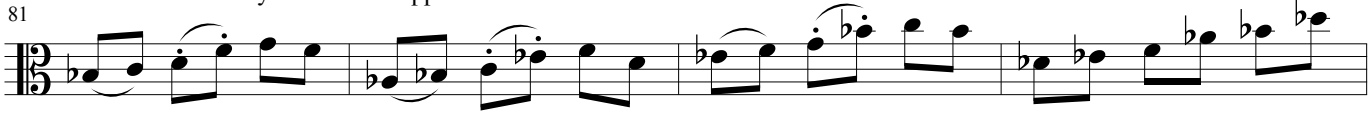
After a while he was taken inside and placed on an ironing board.



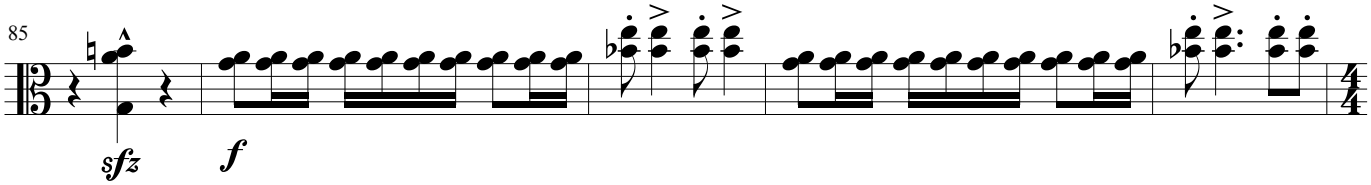
His eye fell on the warm iron, whom he believed to be a widow.

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

"Will you please marry me?"

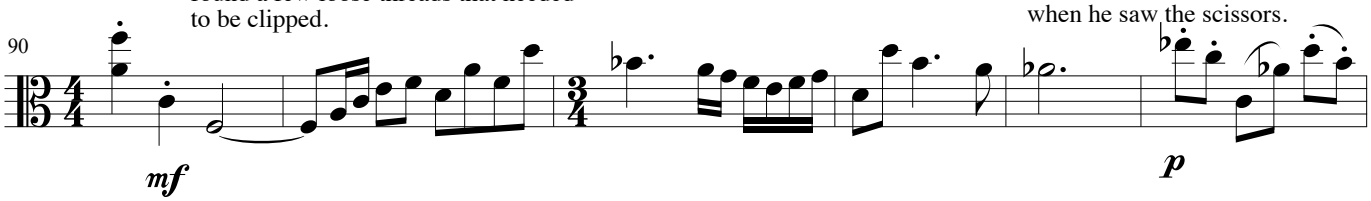


"Rag!" snarled the Iron, as she rolled over him imagining she was a steam engine pulling a train.

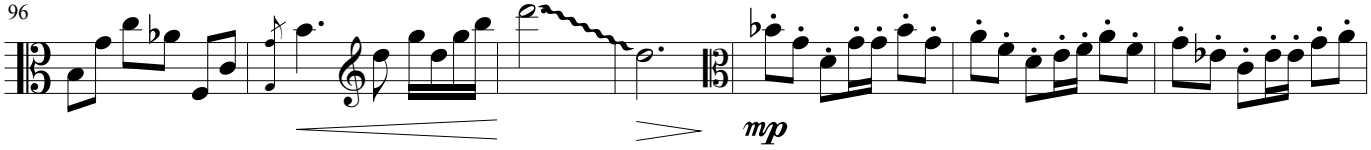


The maid picked up the collar. She found a few loose threads that needed to be clipped.

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

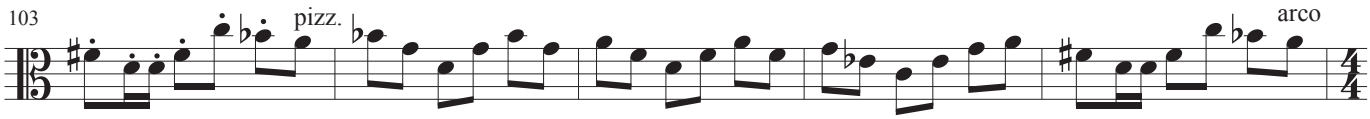


"You must be a prima ballerina. What leg movement! I have never seen anything so elegant; no human being could surpass you."



"I know that," said the scissors.

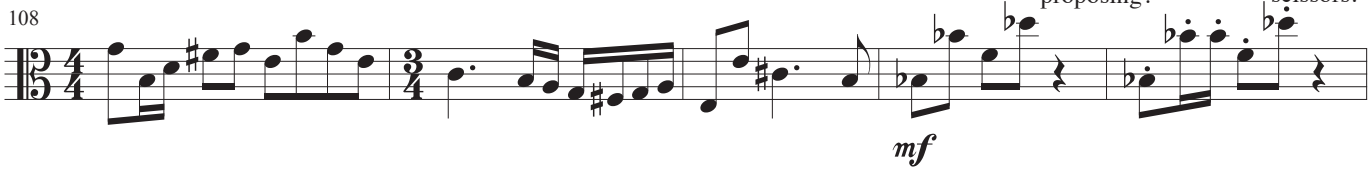
"You deserve to be a countess!" declared the collar. All I have is a bootjack, a comb, and a gentleman to wait upon me.



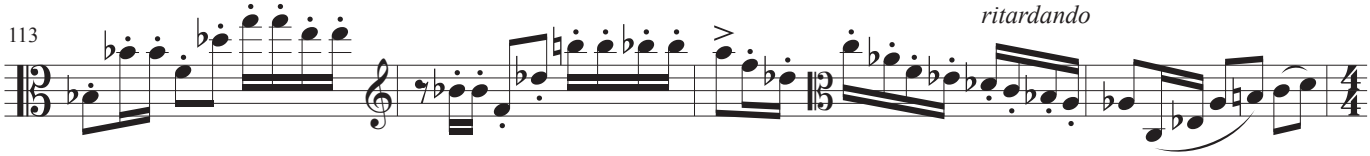
I wish I were a count."

"Are you proposing?"

snipped the scissors.



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

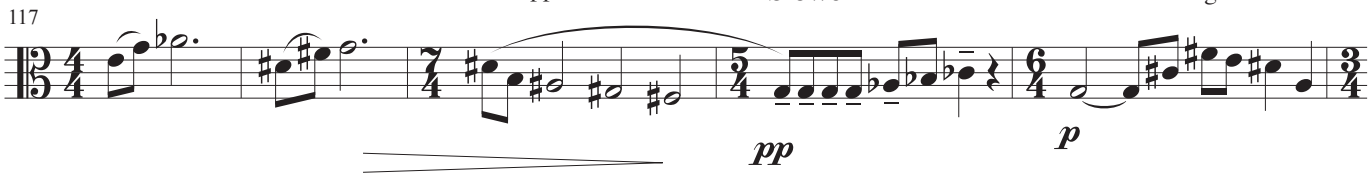


The collar was ruined.

As a last resort he approached the comb.

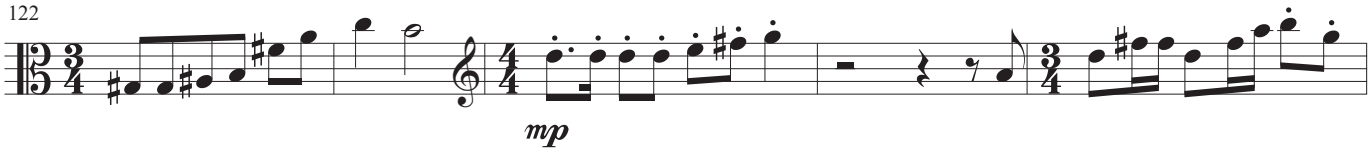
Slower

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

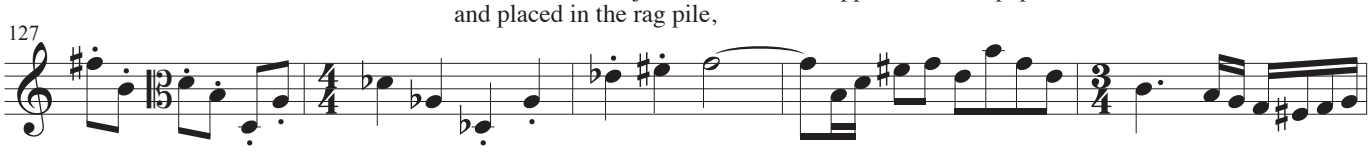


Tempo primo

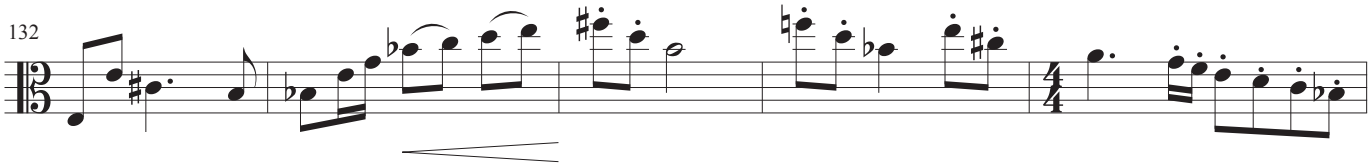
"Don't you know," said the comb, "that I am engaged to the bootjack?"

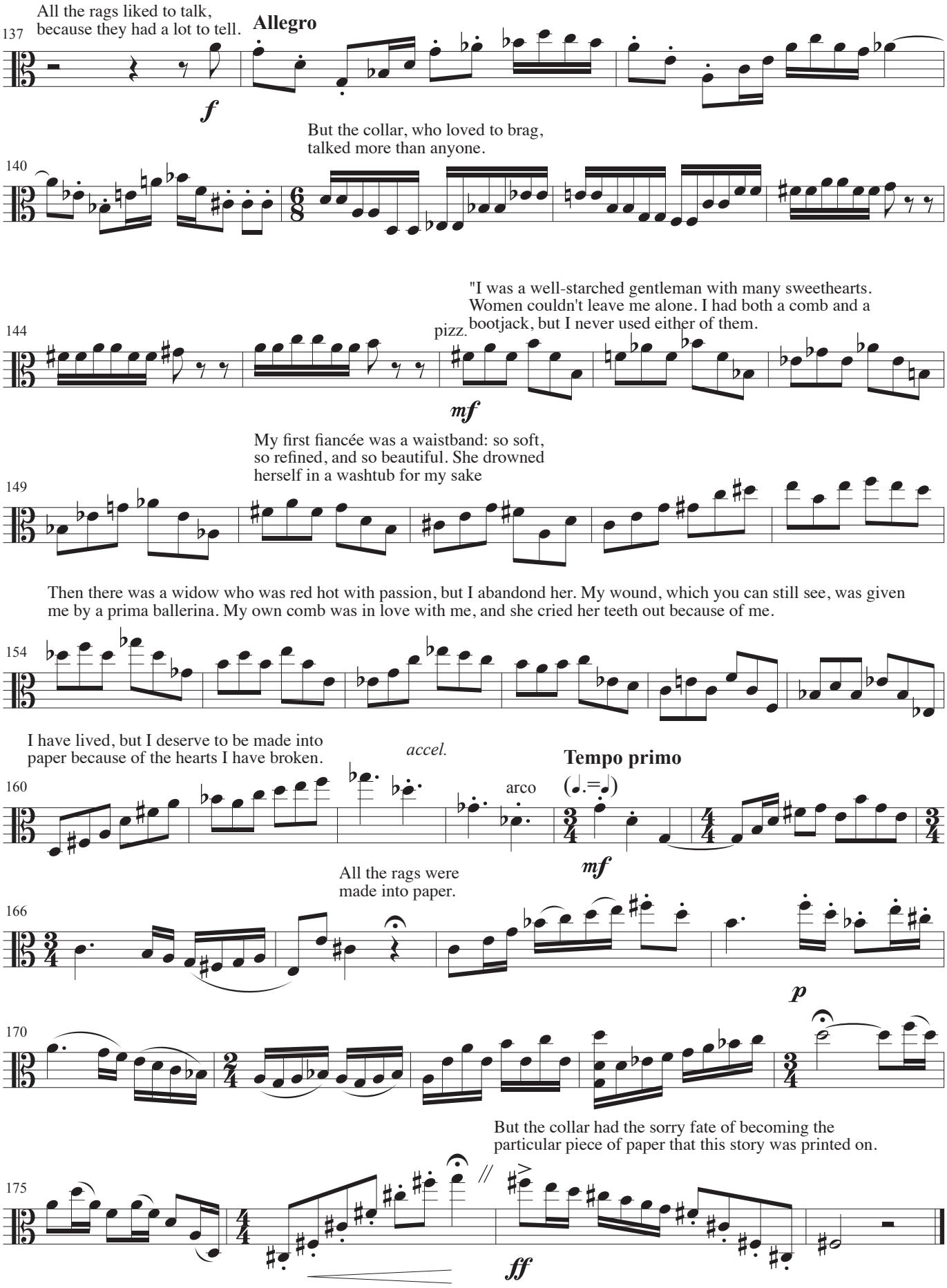


The ruined and rejected collar was shipped off to the paper mill, and placed in the rag pile,



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





May 5, 2017 c. 8 minutes