

# THE VISITOR

ORIGINAL CAST RECORDING

MUSIC BY **TOM KITT** LYRICS BY **BRIAN YORKEY**  
BOOK BY **KWAME KWEI-ARMAH & BRIAN YORKEY**

BASED ON THE GROUNDWELL PRODUCTIONS AND PARTICIPANT MEDIA MOTION PICTURE WRITTEN BY THOMAS MCCARTHY





THE PUBLIC THEATER

OSKAR EUSTIS  
ARTISTIC DIRECTOR

PATRICK WILLINGHAM  
EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR

Presents

# THE VISITOR

Music by **TOM KITT**

Lyrics by **BRIAN YORKEY**

Book by **KWAME KWEI-ARMAH & BRIAN YORKEY**

Choreography by **LORIN LATARRO**

Directed by **DANIEL SULLIVAN**

Based on the Groundswell Productions and Participant Media  
motion picture written by **THOMAS McCARTHY**

With **JACQUELINE ANTARAMIAN, ROBERT ARIZA, ANTHONY CHAN, ALYSHA DESLORIEUX,  
DELIUS DOHERTY, C.K. EDWARDS, WILL ERAT, BRANDON ESPINOZA, SEAN EWING,  
ALBERT GUERZON, CRYSTAL JOY, MARLA LOUISSAINT, AHMAD MAKSOD,  
SAHAR MILANI, DIMITRI JOSEPH MOÏSE, ARIEL NEYDAVOUD, TAKAFUMI NIKAIKO,  
DAVID HYDE PIERCE, PAUL PONTRELLI, KATIE TERZA**

Scenic Design **DAVID ZINN**

Costume Design **TONI-LESLIE JAMES**

Lighting Design **JAPHY WEIDEMAN**

Co-Sound Design **JESSICA PAZ & SUN HEE KIL**

Co-Video Design **DAVID BENGALI & HANA S. KIM**

Hair, Wigs and Makeup Design **MATTHEW ARMENTROUT**

Prop Manager **CLAIRE M. KAVANAH**

Fight Director **THOMAS SCHALL**

Orchestrations **JAMSHIED SHARIFI**

Music Supervisor **MEG ZERVOULIS**

Music Director **RICK EDINGER**

Music Coordinator **TOMOKO AKABOSHI**

Production Stage Manager **JAMES LATUS**

Line Producer **GARLIA CORNELIA JONES**

Company Manager **HEATHER FICHTHORN**

Production Manager **JASON PARADINE**

Associate Artistic Director /  
Resident Director  
**SAHEEM ALI**

Production Executive  
**RUTH E. STERNBERG**

Associate Artistic Director /  
Director of Public Theater Productions  
**MANDY HACKETT**

Managing Director  
**JEREMY ADAMS**

Director of Producing  
**YUVIKA TOLANI**

Directors of Casting  
**HEIDI GRIFFITHS/  
JORDAN THALER**

World Premiere of THE VISITOR produced by The Public Theater October 16, 2021 – December 5, 2021, Opening Night November 4, 2021

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and **FORD FOUNDATION. THE LUESTHER T. MERTZ CHARITABLE TRUST** provides leadership support  
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# CAST

Mouna .....	JACQUELINE ANTARAMIAN
Zainab .....	ALYSHA DESLORIEUX
Walter .....	DAVID HYDE PIERCE
Tarek .....	AHMAD MAKSOUD
Ensemble/Nasim .....	ROBERT ARIZA
Ensemble/Detainee .....	ANTHONY CHAN
Ensemble/Guard .....	DELIUS DOHERTY
Ensemble/Detainee .....	C.K. EDWARDS
Ensemble/Charles .....	WILL ERAT
Ensemble/Colleague .....	BRANDON ESPINOZA
Ensemble/Transit Cop .....	SEAN EWING
Ensemble/Zinzi .....	MARLA LOUISSAINT
Ensemble/Detainee .....	DIMITRI JOSEPH MOÏSE
Ensemble/Drummer .....	TAKAFUMI NIKAIDO
Ensemble/Student .....	PAUL PONTRELLI
Ensemble/Conference Chair .....	KATIE TERZA
Swings. ....	ALBERT GUERZON, CRYSTAL JOY, SAHAR MILANI, ARIEL NEYDAVOUD
Production Stage Manager .....	JAMES LATUS
Stage Manager .....	STEPHEN MILOSEVICH



# MUSICIANS

MUSIC DIRECTOR/KEYBOARD 1 .....	RICK EDINGER
ASSOCIATE MUSIC DIRECTOR .....	EMILY WHITAKER
DUDUK/KEYBOARD 2 .....	INNA DUDUKINA
DRUMS/PERCUSSION .....	GREG JOSEPH
GUITARS/LOUD .....	HARVEY VALDES
ELECTRIC BASS/ACOUSTIC BASS GUITAR .....	ALEXANDRA ECKHARDT
	ALAN HEWITT ON TRACKS 2, 3, 4, 7, 12, 20
VIOLIN/TARHU/VIOLA .....	HAJNAL PIVNICK
DJEMBE COACH .....	TAKAFUMI NIKAI DO
ELECTRONIC MUSIC PROGRAMMING .....	BILLY JAY STEIN, HIRO IIDA, CHRIS PETTI, FUSO MURASE FOR STRANGE CRANIUM
MUSIC COPYIST .....	EMILY GRISHMAN MUSIC PREPARATION
MUSIC ASSISTANT .....	STEPHANIE LEAH EVANS







# LINER NOTE

*The Visitor* began development with the kind of love and hard work that goes into many new musicals: years of readings, workshops, edits, and rewrites. Some of us were a part of the very first reading, and some of us joined the company a few weeks before the world premiere production closed off-Broadway at The Public Theater. With every new face that came and went to help build this show, a deeper meaning began to unfold.

The story of Walter—a white, widowed, college professor who has lost his sense of life—is one that really takes shape once he encounters an immigrant couple living in his Manhattan apartment. Tarek, a charming Syrian drummer and his girlfriend Zainab, a guarded but passionate Senegalese jewelry designer, end up having a unique impact on Walter as he tries (and ultimately fails) to help them navigate the struggles of being undocumented immigrants in New York City. Mouna, Tarek’s mother, complicates this further when she visits from Michigan following her intuition that her son is in trouble.

A compelling narrative, created by Tom McCarthy in his 2007 film of the same name, *The Visitor* originally came about as a response to the anti-immigrant sentiments that followed 9/11. That this same story has even more relevance in today’s political climate over two decades later is a testament to the treacherous life of an undocumented immigrant.

The road to bringing this musical adaptation to life was not an easy one. Our initial rehearsal process was interrupted by the surge of the COVID-19 pandemic. The production was postponed for 18 months until our industry found a way to safely navigate operating with the threat of the coronavirus. And when rehearsals finally resumed, amidst the new challenges of working under strict COVID protocols, the production process became fraught with difficult conversations around race, white supremacy, and authentic representation. Many of us were faced with the challenge of enduring an unprecedented amount of emotional

labor before we could even begin the artistic process. And the story that brought our beautiful, diverse company into the room, eager to share with an audience, became somewhat secondary. Ultimately, what came about was a unique and lasting bond within the company. We not only believed in the story, but more importantly we believed in each other. We left our egos behind and shared “one heart, one mind, one soul.” We stood together, spoke truth to power, and strove to make our artistic workplace a safe and supportive environment for everyone to collaborate in.

Performing these songs together became a spiritual endeavor every night. We were always there for each other, connected by our affection for one another. “Drum Circle” was like an anthem, full of life and pure joy. “Heart in Your Hands,” a powerful ballad originally conceived as a solo for Tarek, became a vocal highlight shared with the ensemble, featuring the layered, soaring harmonies of Tom Kitt. And backstage, you could always find many of us swaying to the gentle but moving “Lady Liberty.” Everywhere in this piece you will hear both the individual voices of a cast comprised of many different backgrounds, and the collective sound of a group of artists and musicians who, simply put, just vibe together.

This recording of Tom’s evocative, poignant score and Jamshied Sharifi’s stunning orchestrations will hopefully serve not only as a document of the collective efforts we put forth, but a message to those who seek refuge from the trials they may endure: a message of resounding hope in the midst of our beautifully complex and dangerous world.

We often refer to ourselves as one big drum circle, filled with rhythms of strength, perseverance, and love. We hope “the rhythm will hold you, lift you, take you, guide you.”

—The Company of *The Visitor*



# SYNOPSIS

A djembe sounds in the darkness. Walter, a middle-aged, white professor of economics at the University of Connecticut, enters, briefcase in hand, and kneels at a grave. After a moment he stands, lost in thought. Voices grow as students enter a classroom. They turn to look at Walter (PROLOGUE). The sudden silence returns him to reality. He half-heartedly finishes a lecture (WAKE UP).

A Muslim student, whom Walter wrongly assumes is foreign, attempts to turn in a paper late and Walter rebuffs him. Walter's department chair, Charles, asks him to attend a conference in New York City to deliver a paper. He attempts several excuses, but Charles pushes hard.

In the city, Walter notices a bucket drummer in the subway, but keeps moving. Arriving at his apartment, he surprises a young couple—Zainab, a Senegalese immigrant, and Tarek, a Syrian immigrant—who thought they had found a sublet. Walter explains that he owns the apartment and didn't authorize guests. Zainab is angry at Tarek (TAREK AND ZAINAB) and apologizes to Walter (ZAINAB'S APOLOGY). They leave, but Walter hurries after them and offers to let them stay. They reluctantly agree.

The next day, Walter heads to the conference, encountering a drummer and singers (SUBWAY TRANSITION). At the conference, Walter daydreams about Tarek and Zainab and subconsciously drums on his folder, to the chagrin of the other attendees (IN THE MIDDLE OF THE MIDDLE ROW).

That afternoon, Walter returns to the apartment, interrupting Tarek's djembe practice. They begin to get to know each other. When Tarek takes a call from his mother, Walter experimentally plays the drum. Tarek returns and encourages Walter to practice the basics of African rhythm (TWO AND THREE).


Zainab returns from selling her jewelry at a market, where a customer broke her table. Tarek asks Walter to accompany him to Central Park, meeting other musicians in the subway as they go. Walter is swept up in the music and community (DRUM CIRCLE). Afterward, in the subway station, realizing he's late to meet Zainab, Tarek pays his fare but accidentally trips the turnstyle with his drum, so he jumps over. Two racist transit cops don't believe his story and arrest him, despite Walter's attempted intervention.

Back at the apartment, Walter tells a distraught Zainab about what happened. She explains that they're undocumented. Walter calls the precinct and is told that Tarek has been taken to an ICE detention center in Queens. Walter offers to visit him since Zainab cannot, for fear of arrest herself, and to pay for an immigration attorney. Zainab assumes Walter wants sexual favors in return and details her own horrifying immigration story (ZAINAB'S SONG – BOUND FOR AMERICA). Walter assures her of his good intentions, but she leaves.

The next day, at the conference, Walter and his fellow economists ironically describe their privileged attitudes (HERE IN THE FIRST WORLD). Later, Walter visits Tarek at the detention center, and discuss strategy. Walter suggests that they contact Tarek's mother in Michigan, but Tarek is understandably panicked and desperate, as are the other prisoners (WORLD BETWEEN TWO WORLDS).

A week later, Tarek's mother, Mouna, arrives at Walter's apartment, worried that she hasn't heard from him. Walter explains the situation, to her growing distress. He offers to let her stay with him (WHAT LITTLE I CAN DO – PREPRISE). The next day, at the detention center, Walter reads a letter to Tarek that his mother wrote, while she waits in a nearby coffee shop with a friendly waiter, Nasim. Tarek, Mouna, Nasim, and the other prisoners express their loneliness and anger (WHERE IS HOME/NO HOME).



A close-up, artistic photograph of a person's hands playing a djembe drum. The hands are positioned over the drumhead, with fingers spread, ready to strike. The drum is made of wood with a light-colored, textured skin head. The background is dark and out of focus, emphasizing the hands and the drum. The lighting is soft, highlighting the contours of the hands and the texture of the drumhead.

Days later, on the Staten Island Ferry, Mouna and Zainab finally meet for the first time. Mouna explains that she didn't dislike Zainab personally, but wanted Tarek to marry an American citizen to help keep him safe from deportation. Together, they miss Tarek and lament America's hypocritical immigration policies (LADY LIBERTY).

At the detention center, Tarek is pleased to hear that his mother and Zainab are getting along, but knows that Mouna is worried that her son will end up like his father: dying in Syria for his political beliefs. Changing the topic, Tarek encourages Walter to keep practicing the djembe (HEART INTO YOUR HANDS).

At the apartment, Walter tells Mouna that the petition for asylum for Tarek is before the judge. Charles calls, frustrated that Walter has disappeared from his academic responsibilities, and Walter asks Mouna to cover for him. He does not want to return to teaching and is using writing his book and his work on Tarek's behalf as an excuse. Walter and Mouna begin to flirt.

In the market, Zainab, Zinzi, and the other vendors try to keep a positive attitude (BLESSINGS). Walter arrives to tell Zainab that he's continuing to fight for Tarek's release. She remains extremely skeptical and doesn't understand his motivations. She finally relents and passes on a message for Tarek.

Back at the apartment, Walter arrives to find Mouna listening to a recording of his late wife's piano performance (SUCH BEAUTIFUL MUSIC). He asks her on a date.

Days later, at the detention center, we learn that Tarek has lost his case and will be deported. Walter is optimistic about an appeal, but Tarek is furious and resigned. He asks Walter to take down a farewell letter to Zainab (MY LOVE IS FREE).

On their date, Walter and Mouna stroll through Central Park in the evening. Walter says that he is planning to take a leave of absence and doesn't find meaning in his teaching anymore. Before they can make plans, Tarek's lawyer calls to tell Walter that ICE is moving Tarek to another facility.

Walter hurries to the detention center, only to find that they have already deported Tarek to Syria. Walter explodes in frustrated rage at his inability to save his friend from an unjust and uncaring system (BETTER ANGELS).

The next day, Mouna tells Walter that she lied about the immigration proceeding years ago, which eventually led to his deportation. Despite their burgeoning relationship, she needs to return to Syria to be with Tarek, and will thus not be able to return to America again (WHAT LITTLE I CAN DO / SUCH BEAUTIFUL MUSIC – REPRISE).







## 1. PROLOGUE

### ENSEMBLE

HERE I AM  
HERE I AM  
HERE I AM  
HERE I AM  
HERE I AM  
HERE I AM  
HERE I AM

## 2. WAKE UP

### WALTER

So the post-World War II academic movement referred to as neo-classical synthesis, absorbing the macroeconomic thought of John Maynard Keynes resulted in the theories and models termed...

WAKE UP, YOU IN THE BACK  
ROW  
YOU'RE DROOLING DOWN YOUR  
CHIN,

...Neo-Keynesian economics. That theory was developed by John Hicks and Maurice Allais, and popularized by the mathematical economist Paul Samuelson. The process...

WAKE UP, YOU WITH THE HAIR  
THERE  
SOMEONE POKE HER WITH A  
PIN.

...began soon after the publication of Keynes' General Theory with the IS/LM model-investment.

WAKE UP, YOU LITTLE SNOT  
RAGS

PRETEND YOU HAVE A CLUE  
IF I HAVE TO LISTEN TO THIS PAP  
THIS DULL AND DREARY CRAP  
THEN SO DO YOU.

AND IT'S NOT LIKE I CAN BLAME  
THEM  
IF THEY LEAVE THE ROOM  
THE MIND DEPARTS,  
JUST UP AND DRIFTS AWAY  
IT'S NATURAL TO FLEE  
FROM THIS OPPRESSIVE GLOOM  
THIS BOGUS INTELLECTUAL  
DISPLAY  
THE ONLY THING THAT CHANGES  
IS THE DAY

I'm sorry, Where was I? Hicks, of course. John Hicks continued with adaptations of the supply and demand model...

WAKE UP, YOU SLEEPY  
SHITHEADS,  
THIS WORLD IS SPINNING FAST.  
YOU MAY THINK YOU HAVE IT  
SUSSSED  
THAT LIFE IS GOOD AND JUST  
BUT IT WON'T LAST,  
BLINK TWICE IN ALL YOUR  
LAUGHTER  
AND YOUR' HAPPY EVER AFTER,  
FLIES RIGHT PAST.

GOD, TRY TO FOCUS, WALTER,  
ON THE POINTS AT HAND  
THIS COURSE THAT YOU HAVE  
TAUGHT FOR TWENTY YEARS,  
DON'T THINK ABOUT THE DAY  
YOU BOUGHT HER WEDDING  
BAND,  
OR THE TRIP THAT YOU BOTH  
MADE ONCE TO ALGIERS,  
OR THE WAY THE TIME BETWEEN  
JUST DISAPPEARS

A specific example of this is the consumer theory of individual demand. That's it. See you next week.

WAKE UP, YOU WITH THE  
LECTURE  
THE DAY'S NOT OVER YET  
NO TIME FOR REMEMBRANCE  
OR REGRET.

## 3. TAREK AND ZAINAB

### ZAINAB

JE VOUS L'AI DIT

### TAREK

I know you have.

### ZAINAB

JE VOUS L'AI DIS TOUJOURS

### TAREK

I know, I know.

### ZAINAB

YOU NEVER LISTEN TO ME.

### TAREK

I DO, I SWEAR I DO.

### ZAINAB

QU'EST-CE QU'ON PEUT FAIRE?  
QU'EST-CE QU'ON PEUT FAIRE?

### TAREK

WE KNEW THIS PLACE WOULD  
NOT BE FOREVER WE HAVEN'T  
FOUND THAT YET  
WE SAID WE'D STAY 'TIL WE HAD  
TO GO DON'T FORGET

### ZAINAB

YOU ALWAYS MAKE THIS  
PROMISE

YOU ALWAYS SAY TO TRUST YOU  
AND STILL, WE'RE ALWAYS ON  
THE RUN

THIS CITY IS HEARTLESS  
THIS CITY IS COLD  
THE SECOND WE LET OUR  
GUARD DOWN WE'RE DONE.

### TAREK

SOMEDAY, SOME PLACE WILL BE  
OURS FOREVER  
LET'S JUST SURVIVE THIS NIGHT  
WE'VE ALWAYS LANDED UP ON  
OUR FEET—  
SO—ALL RIGHT?  
ALL RIGHT?

### ZAINAB

All right.

## 4. ZAINAB'S APOLOGY

### ZAINAB

I APOLOGIZE, WALTER,  
FOR OUR TRESPASS IN YOUR  
FLAT  
FOR YOUR HURT, AND  
CONFUSION,  
OUR UNTHINKABLE INTRUSION,  
I APOLOGIZE FOR THAT.  
WE SHOULD HAVE MADE MORE  
COURTEOUS AMENDS,  
AS WE PACKED AWAY OUR LITTLE  
ODDS AND ENDS,  
THAT WASN'T RIGHT  
SO I APOLOGIZE, WALTER—  
GOOD NIGHT.

### WALTER

Do you know where you are going  
to go?

### ZAINAB

WE'VE HAD SEVEN HOMES IN A



YEAR  
NUMBER EIGHT WILL SOON BE  
NEAR  
WE'RE QUITE GOOD AT KNOWING  
HOW TO DISAPPEAR  
WE BOTH KNOW HOW TO FLEE  
IN FEAR—

I APOLOGIZE, I DO —  
FOR WHAT WE'VE PUT YOU  
THROUGH  
GOOD NIGHT,  
GOOD LUCK, TO YOU.

**WALTER**  
WE KNEW THIS PLACE  
WOULDN'T BE FOREVER— A  
YOUTHFUL HOME FOR TWO—  
IT SEEMS NO MORE THAN SOME  
EMPTY ROOMS WITHOUT YOU.

## 5. SUBWAY TRANSITION

### SINGERS

(In Arabic)  
AMAN  
AMAN  
ASHHAD...  
ASHHAD...  
ASHHAD...

**WALTER**  
HERE I AM...

**ENSEMBLE**  
HERE I AM...

## 6. IN THE MIDDLE OF THE MIDDLE ROW

### SPEAKER

In spite of the remarkable economic growth which China has experienced over the past three

decades, more than 153 million of its inhabitants still live on less than \$1.25 per day. That's less than your morning latte folks...

### WALTER

THAT ZAINAB TERRIFIES ME—  
SHE'S BRILLIANT, YOUNG, AND  
FIERCE.  
THOSE LOOKS SHE SHOOTS ME  
PIERCE ME TO THE QUICK,  
AND I FEEL THICK,  
AND I DEFER,  
BUT HE LOVES HER.

### SPEAKER

When I checked with the oracle,  
Twitter, this morning, Chinese  
policy still restricts microfinance.

### WALTER

THAT TAREK HAS A SWEETNESS  
IT FILLS A ROOM WITH LIGHT  
MY GOD, TO BE THAT BRIGHT  
AND BE THAT FREE—  
WAS THAT ONCE ME?  
THE WAY WE WERE—  
THE WAY HE LOVES HER...  
HE LOVES HER.

AND HERE I AM,  
HERE I AM;  
IN A SUIT, IN A BALLROOM,  
OF A TASTEFUL, WELL-LIT,  
BROWN-AND-BEIGE HOTEL,  
PRETENDING THAT I'M HERE TO  
LISTEN WELL,  
KNOWING THAT NOBODY ELSE  
CAN HEAR  
THIS RHYTHM IN MY EAR...

### SPEAKER

These conservative regulations have  
a very serious effect on wealth  
creation.

**WALTER**  
IN MY EAR...

### SPEAKER

So, let us look to other countries  
with looser regulations.

### WALTER

THE TWO OF THEM SEEM  
FEARLESS,  
AND BURNING WITH THEIR  
YOUTH,  
WITH PASSION AND WITH  
TRUTH AND WITH DESIRE.  
THAT BRIGHTEST FIRE  
MAY SOMEDAY DIM,  
BUT HE LOVES HER,  
AND SHE LOVES HIM.

BUT HERE I AM,  
HERE I AM,  
MAKING EVERYTHING  
ROMANTIC,  
WHILE TWO STRANGERS HAVE  
THE RUN OF MY SMALL FLAT  
I GAVE THEM KEYS—AND WHY  
DID I DO THAT?  
THEY'RE STEALING ALL I HAVE IN  
THERE, I BET—  
OF COURSE, THEY HAVEN'T  
DONE THAT YET—

AND HERE I AM,  
HERE I AM,  
IN A SUIT, IN THIS CONFERENCE,  
IN THE MIDDLE SEAT INSIDE THE  
MIDDLE ROW,  
WITH NOWHERE MUCH OF NOTE  
THAT I CAN GO,  
WISHING I WERE ANYWHERE  
INSTEAD,  
WITH THIS RHYTHM IN MY  
HEAD...

**WALTER**  
IN MY HEAD...  
IN MY HEAD...  
IN MY HEAD...

HERE I AM...  
HERE I AM...  
HERE I AM—

### ATTENDEES

SH!  
SH!  
SH!  
SH!  
SH!  
SH!  
SH!  
SH!  
SH!

**SPEAKER & ATTENDEES**  
SHHH!

**WALTER**  
Assholes.

## 7. TWO AND THREE

### TAREK

LET GO THE FOUR AND THINK IN  
THREE— COME, NOW, AND TRY  
WITH ME.

DON'T DO THE THING YOU  
THINK YOU SHOULD— THINK  
OF THE THREE, NOW, THERE  
THAT'S GOOD!

Ta ta ta. One two three. Yeah, there  
it is!

TAKE UP THE SQUARE AND  
MAKE IT ROUND,  
TASTE OF THE RHYTHM,



TRY TO SEE THE SOUND.  
DO EV'RY THING YOU DON'T  
EXPECT—  
DO WHAT'S RIGHT, NOT WHAT'S  
CORRECT.

I FEEL THAT YOU FEEL THE  
FRICTION NOW,  
FINDING THE THREE WHERE  
THERE WERE TWO.  
TRY LIVING WITH THE  
CONTRADICTION NOW—  
DRUM OUT THE OLD AND HIT  
WHAT'S NEW.

WALK THE PARADE, BUT NOT IN  
STEP...  
MAKE YOUR OWN RHYTHM,  
LET THE REST GET HEP.  
THIS IS THE SOUND OF LIFE,  
THESE DRUMS:  
THIS IS THE FABRIC THAT LIFE  
BECOMES.

NOW RHYTHM IS NOT A THING  
YOU FIND  
RHYTHM IS NOT A THING YOU  
DO  
NO, RHYTHM IS IN BODY,  
BREATH, AND MIND  
FIND ALL YOU NEED INSIDE OF  
YOU.

FEEL THE BEAT IN YOUR  
BLOOD...  
FEEL THE HIT IN YOUR HEART  
AND HAND...  
FIND THE RHYTHM WITHIN...

SOON ENOUGH YOU WILL  
UNDERSTAND  
WHAT YOU NEVER CAN SAY...  
WHAT YOU ONLY CAN PLAY...

JUST TAKE THAT TWO AND MAKE  
IT THREE,

DO IT YOURSELF BUT RIGHT  
WITH ME, NOW,  
THAT'S THE SOUND OF LIFE YOU  
SEE—  
THE SOUND OF WHAT MIGHT BE

BEAT BY BEAT I KNOW YOU FEEL  
THE FRICTION NOW,  
FINDING THE THREE WHERE  
THERE WERE TWO.  
TRY LIVIN' IN THE  
CONTRADICTION NOW—  
DRUM OUT THE OLD AND HIT  
WHAT'S NEW.

**WALTER**  
TWO NEEDS THREE AND THREE  
NEEDS TWO.

**TAREK**  
ME AND YOU AND ME-AND-YOU.  
DRUM OUT THE OLD AND HIT  
WHAT'S NEW.

## 8. DRUM CIRCLE

**TAREK**  
GIVE IT A TRY—JUST HIT THAT  
SIMPLE RHYTHM  
GIVE IT A GO—YOU KNOW  
THIS—BOOM BOOM BOOM  
YOU FEAR THAT YOU WON'T FIT  
BUT ANYWHERE THAT YOU SIT  
THERE'S ROOM

LISTEN A WHILE AND SOON  
YOU'LL FALL IN WITH 'EM  
LISTEN A WHILE AND HEAR THAT  
HEARTBEAT POUND  
SOON YOU'RE TAKING THE RIDE  
SOON YOU'RE SLIPPING INSIDE  
THE SOUND

YOU SLIP INTO THE CIRCLE  
YOU SLIDE ALONG THE BEAT

INSIDE THE BEAT  
YOU STEP INTO THE CIRCLE  
AND IT'S COMPLETE

**DRUMMER**  
WE'RE RIDING THE RHYTHM, IT'S  
NOT ABOUT PERFECTION  
THAT NO ONE MAN CAN RULE –  
BUT ALL CONTROL

**TWO DRUMMERS**  
JUST LEAVE YOUR EGO BEHIND  
AND SHARE ONE HEART ONE  
MIND ONE SOUL

**ANOTHER DRUMMER**  
A BODY IN RHYTHM—IT'S ALL  
ABOUT CONNECTION  
REVEALING AND HEALING SO  
SIMPLE, SWEET AND PURE  
SO OPEN THE HEART THAT AILS  
THE RHYTHM IT NEVER FAILS TO  
CURE

**CIRCLE**  
AND SO YOU JOIN THE CIRCLE  
AND SO YOU PLAY SO CLEAR SO  
TRUE  
AND SO YOU JOIN THE CIRCLE  
AND IT JOINS YOU

**TAREK**  
TRIP INTO THE CIRCLE, RUN  
INTO THE CIRCLE  
AND PLAY  
MOVE INTO THE CIRCLE  
GROOVE INTO THE CIRCLE  
PROVE IT IN THE CIRCLE  
ALL NIGHT

**CIRCLE**  
PLAY  
JOIN THE CIRCLE FOR  
TOMORROW  
PLAY  
FIND THE BEAT AND PLAY FOR

JOY  
FOR NEED  
FOR LIGHT  
PLAY ALL NIGHT

**CIRCLE**  
THAT'S HOW WE JOIN THE  
CIRCLE  
THAT'S HOW WE MAKE OF MANY  
SONGS ONE SONG  
THAT'S HOW WE JOIN THE  
CIRCLE  
THAT'S HOW WE'RE STRONG

THAT'S HOW YOU JOIN THE  
CIRCLE  
THAT'S HOW YOU JOIN YOUR  
HAND TO EV'RY HAND  
AND WHEN YOU JOIN THE  
CIRCLE

**TAREK**  
YOU'LL UNDERSTAND

**CIRCLE**  
YOU UNDERSTAND  
OH - OH - OH, OH - OH - OH  
OH - OH - OH, OH - OH - OH  
OH - OH - OH, OH - OH - OH  
OH - OH - OH, OH - OH - OH.

## 9. ZAINAB'S SONG (BOUND FOR AMERICA)

**ZAINAB**  
TWELVE HUNDRED MILES IN A  
ONE-ENGINE PIROGUE  
WE SET SAIL FROM PORT SAINT  
LOUIS  
IN TWELVE TRYING DAYS, WE  
MADE LOS CRISTIANOS  
STARVING AND SICK FROM THE  
SEA

WITH FIVE DAYS NO WATER, AND



THREE DAYS SINCE RAIN  
SOME DRANK FROM THE SEA,  
WHICH PLAYED TRICKS ON THE  
BRAIN,  
WITH SORES FROM WET  
CLOTHING, WITH FEVER,  
IN PAIN,  
MOST WERE JUST HAPPY THEY  
DROPPED US IN SPAIN  
BUT ME, I WAS BOUND FOR  
AMERICA  
ME, I WAS BOUND FOR AMERICA

THEY LEFT US, NO PAPERS, TO  
ROAM BARCELONA  
BUT I TOOK THE FIRST TRAIN TO  
FRANCE  
STAYED WITH SOME COUSINS IN  
NICE  
BEFORE CROSSING THE  
CHANNEL WHEN I HAD THE  
CHANCE

A NIGHT BOAT, LE HAVRE TO  
PORTSMOUTH, AT DAWN  
THE MONEY MY FATHER HAD  
GIVEN ME, GONE  
I WORKED FOR FIVE WEEKS 'TIL  
A CREW FROM TAIWAN  
SHARED WORD OF A SHIP THEY  
COULD HELP ME GET ON  
AT LAST, I WAS BOUND FOR  
AMERICA  
NOW I WAS BOUND FOR  
AMERICA

BUT THE PRICE OF THE VOYAGE  
WAS STEEP  
THEY WOULD TOUCH ME WHEN I  
WAS ASLEEP  
SO I TOOK TO LONG NIGHTS UP  
ON DECK  
THEN THEY PUT ME AGROUND  
IN QUEBEC  
BUT ONE SAILOR, HE KNEW A  
BOSS

WHO FOR A PRICE HE WOULD  
HELP ME ACROSS  
BUT I HAD JUST PENNIES, OR  
LESS  
SO THE PRICE, BY THIS POINT, I  
COULD GUESS...

A PIROGUE FROM SENEGAL TO  
TENERIFE  
TO FAM'LY IN FRANCE WHERE  
MY RESPITE WAS BRIEF  
TO CROSSINGS THAT COST  
UNACCOUNTABLE GRIEF  
THIS LAND IS MY FORTUNE—  
THE JOURNEY'S A THIEF  
BUT HERE I AM, NOW, IN  
AMERICA  
AT LEAST, AND FOR NOW, IN  
AMERICA.

## **10. HERE IN THE FIRST WORLD**

### **WALTER**

HERE IN THE FIRST WORLD  
THE SUNRISE RISES ROSY  
WE DRINK COFFEE IN A COZY  
IN OUR CAR  
LEARNING FACTS FROM NPR

HERE IN THE FIRST WORLD  
WE LOVE TO HAVE OUR  
THEORIES,  
HYPOTHESES AND QUERIES  
STAY ABSTRACT  
DO ANYTHING BUT ACT.

AND WE STRAIN TO HEAR A  
DISTANT, THRUMMING DRUM  
AND WE STAND TO SING AND  
FIND WE'VE BEEN STRUCK  
DUMB  
AND WE WAIT FOR REVOLUTIONS  
THAT WON'T COME  
HERE IN THE FIRST WORLD  
HERE IN THE FIRST—

TODAY IN THE FIRST WORLD  
WE DROWN IN INFORMATION  
THE MOST ENLIGHTENED  
NATION  
ARE WE LOST  
AND JUST COUNTING UP THE  
COST?

HERE IN THE FIRST WORLD  
WE LIVE OUR LIVES OF WONDER  
WE DON'T LISTEN TO THE  
THUNDER  
FAR AWAY  
THERE'S ONLY SUN TODAY.

AND WE DEIGN TO DANCE ON  
FEET OF DRIEST CLAY  
AND WE BURN TO RUN BUT  
KNOW WE'LL ALWAYS STAY  
FOR WE'RE SURE THE EARTH  
WILL EVER SPIN OUR WAY  
HERE IN THE FIRST WORLD  
HERE IN THE FIRST WORLD

A FEW DJEMBE LESSONS  
AND LIKE THAT I AM  
ENLIGHTENED  
MY CONSCIENCE IS AWAKENED,  
MY SENSE OF GRIEVANCE  
HEIGHTENED.  
ONE IMMIGRANT I BARELY  
KNOW IS SUDDENLY IN  
DANGER  
AND INSTANTLY I THINK I  
KNOW THE PLIGHT OF EVERY  
STRANGER  
I'M SUDDENLY AWARE  
I SAY ANOTHER PRAYER  
FOR ANOTHER MAN'S DESPAIR

### **ECONOMISTS**

WE SHOW WE CARE  
SHOW WE CARE  
SHOW WE CARE  
WE SHOW WE CARE  
SHOW WE CARE

SHOW WE  
SHOW  
SHOW  
SHOW

### **WALTER & ECONOMISTS**

WE'VE CONQUERED FAMINE,  
WAR, DISEASE, AND DROUGHT  
ALONG WITH ANY TRACE OF  
MORAL DOUBT  
LIKE THE OUTSIDE WORLD,  
WE'VE LEARNED TO KEEP IT  
OUT  
OUT OF THE FIRST WORLD  
OUT OF THE FIRST WORLD

### **WALTER**

BUT WE STRAIN TO HEAR A  
DISTANT, THRUMMING DRUM  
AND WE STAND TO SING AND  
FIND WE'VE BEEN STRUCK  
DUMB  
AND WE WAIT FOR REVOLUTIONS  
THAT WON'T COME

### **WALTER & ECONOMISTS**

HERE IN THE FIRST WORLD  
HERE IN THE FIRST WORLD  
HERE IN THE FIRST WORLD  
NO MORE BUILDING NATIONS  
HERE IN THE FIRST WORLD  
HERE IN THE FIRST--  
JUST THINK TANKS AND  
FOUNDATIONS  
HERE IN THE FIRST WORLD  
HERE IN THE FIRST WORLD  
CAUTIOUS WITH CONVICTIONS  
HERE IN THE FIRST WORLD  
PRIVILEGE IS AFFLICTION  
HERE IN THE FIRST WORLD  
I SAID  
HERE HERE  
HERE HERE  
HERE HERE  
HERE HERE  
HERE IN THE FIRST WORLD!







## 11. WORLD BETWEEN TWO WORLDS

### TAREK

THEY CUFF OUR HANDS AND  
CHAIN OUR FEET  
THEY GIVE US SOAP BUT CRAP  
TO EAT  
AND ONE HARD COT AND ONE  
GREY SHEET  
AND THIS UNIFORM—THAT'S  
ALL

THEY LET US OUT AN HOUR FOR  
AIR  
NO PLACE TO READ, NO RUG  
FOR PRAYER  
JUST HOURS ON END TO SIT  
AND STARE  
AT THE FACELESS CONCRETE  
WALL

AND MANY MEN ARE STUCK  
INSIDE FOR WELL MORE THAN  
A YEAR  
BUT I'D GO CRAZY WALTER—GET  
ME OUT OF HERE

OUT OF THIS  
WORLD BETWEEN TWO WORLDS  
THIS HOME FOR MEN WITH  
NONE  
THE LIGHTS STAY ON ALL NIGHT  
SO DAYS ARE NEVER DONE

I'M TERRIFIED, I CAN'T PRETEND  
BUT YOU'VE BEEN SUCH A  
FAITHFUL FRIEND  
WE'LL SEE THIS THROUGH,  
UNTIL THE END  
TELL ZAINAB NOT TO FEAR

I'LL MAKE IT OUT, BUT GOD  
KNOWS WHEN  
SO HELP HER TO STAY STRONG  
'TIL THEN

AND PROMISE ME YOU'LL COME  
AGAIN  
DON'T FORGET ME HERE

### WALTER

I WON'T FORGET YOU HERE

### TAREK

DON'T FORGET ME

### WALTER

HERE.  
HERE

### TAREK

HERE.  
HERE.

### WALTER & TAREK

IN THIS  
WORLD BETWEEN TWO WORLDS

### TAREK

THIS WAREHOUSE FULL OF  
SOULS  
THIS JAIL THAT'S NOT A JAIL  
THAT NO GOVERNMENT  
CONTROLS  
WHERE NIGHTS ARE FREEZING  
COLD  
AND GUARDS RUN MEAN AND  
HOT  
IN THIS WORLD BETWEEN TWO  
WORLDS

### WALTER

WORLD BETWEEN TWO WORLDS

### TAREK

WHERE EV'RY DAY'S THE SAME  
UNTIL IT'S NOT

DON'T FORGET ME HERE,  
WALTER

### WALTER

I WON'T, TAREK.

### TAREK

DON'T FORGET OUR DRUMS

### WALTER

I WON'T.

### TAREK

WE'LL PLAY TOGETHER SOON,  
WALTER, WHATEVER COMES

### DETAINEES

DON'T FORGET ME HERE,  
DAUGHTER  
DON'T FORGET ME, WIFE  
WE'LL BE TOGETHER SOON, MY  
SON  
AND BACK TO LIFE

### TAREK

DON'T LEAVE ME HERE ALONE  
DON'T LEAVE ME LOCKED AWAY

### TAREK

BACK TO LIFE

### TAREK & DETAINEES

BACK TO LIFE  
OUT  
OF  
THIS  
WORLD BETWEEN TWO WORLDS  
THIS HOME FOR MEN WITH NONE  
THE LIGHTS STAY ON ALL NIGHT  
SO DAYS ARE NEVER DONE

THE NIGHTS ARE FREEZING  
COLD  
THE BRUTAL GUARDS RUN HOT  
IN THIS WORLD BETWEEN TWO  
WORLDS

WHERE EV'RY DAY'S THE SAME...  
EV'RY DAY'S THE SAME...  
EV'RY DAY'S THE SAME...

### TAREK

UNTIL IT'S NOT.

## 12. WHAT LITTLE I CAN DO (PREPRISE)

### WALTER

But where will you go?

### MOUNA

I will find a hotel.

### WALTER

You can stay here.

### MOUNA

Thank you for your offer. I don't  
want to impose.

### WALTER

Please, I would like you to stay.

### MOUNA

Again, thank you...

### WALTER

Mrs. Khalil—

YOUR TAREK WAS WITH ME, YOU  
SEE  
THE TRAIN, THE DAY THAT HE  
WAS CAUGHT  
YOUR SON HAS BEEN A FRIEND  
TO ME.  
I PROMISED THAT I'D HELP HIM,  
AS I OUGHT.

I WISH YOU'D LET ME HELP AS  
WELL  
A HOME, AND NOT A COLD  
HOTEL  
MORE COMFORTABLE, MORE  
FRIENDLY TOO,  
I WISH YOU'D LET ME DO  
WHAT LITTLE I CAN DO

### MOUNA

All right. Thank you, Mr. Vale.







**WALTER**

Please. Call me Walter.

**MOUNA**

Then you will call me Mouna.

**WALTER**

All right. Mouna.

**MOUNA**

I would like to go there. To the detention center. Now.

**WALTER**

Okay—are you sure you—

**MOUNA**

I won't go in. I just want to see where they are holding him.

**WALTER**

THEY'LL LET ME BRING A NOTE INSIDE—

**MOUNA**

And nothing more?

**WALTER**

NO, I'VE TRIED.  
BUT THAT WILL MEAN THE  
WORLD, IT'S TRUE—  
AT TIMES LIKE THIS, WE DO  
WHAT LITTLE WE CAN DO

**MOUNA**

Tarek wanted to come to New York to play music. I told him not to come.

**WALTER**

I'll get my coat.

**MOUNA**

MY SON, I'M NOT SURE WHY I  
CAME  
THEY MAY DEPORT YOU JUST  
THE SAME

AND WHY MY SON? I WISH I  
KNEW—  
WELL, NOW I'M HERE, I'LL DO  
WHAT LITTLE I CAN DO  
WHAT LITTLE I CAN DO...

### 13. WHERE IS HOME / NO HOME

**MOUNA**

MY DEAREST TAREK.  
ARE YOU HEALTHY IN THERE?  
ARE YOU SLEEPING ALL RIGHT?  
I THINK OF YOU NIGHT AND  
NOON  
WE'LL HAVE YOU HOME SOON...

**TAREK**

BUT WHERE IS HOME?  
IS IT NEW YORK?  
OR IS IT MICHIGAN?  
IS IT ANN ARBOR,  
WHERE THE WINTER TREES AT  
LAST ARE SHOWING BUDS  
AGAIN

**MOUNA & TAREK**

THE BIRDS ARE BACK TO SING,  
THE RIVER FLOODS AGAIN  
DO YOU THINK OF THIS?  
IS THAT THE PLACE YOU MISS  
WHEN DAYS ARE DONE?

**MOUNA**

WHERE IS HOME, MY SON?

**NASIM**

Darjeeling, Miss. May I offer you  
anything else?

**MOUNA**

No, thank you.

**GUARD**

Two coffees.

**NASIM**

Two coffees, please.

**GUARD**

What was that?

**NASIM**

Two coffees, right away, sir.

**MOUNA**

THOSE MEN WITH THEIR  
BADGES, THEIR CURSES,  
THEIR GUNS  
THESE MEN MUST HAVE  
FATHERS AND BROTHERS AND  
SONS  
IF THEY ARE AMERICA, WHAT  
THEN OF ME?  
I HAVE MORE IN COMMON WITH  
THE BOY WHO SERVES TEA.

AND STILL I WONDER  
WERE WE RIGHT TO HAVE  
STAYED?  
BUT WHAT ELSE COULD WE DO?  
THE HOME THAT WE KNEW IS AT  
WAR  
AND WORSE THAN BEFORE

**MOUNA & TAREK**

NOW WHERE IS HOME?  
IT'S NOT NEW YORK.  
IT ISN'T SYRIA.

**NASIM**

ALEXANDRIA

**TAREK**

IS IT ANN ARBOR?

**MOUNA, TAREK, NASIM**

WHERE THE WINTER TREES AT  
LAST ARE SHOWING BUDS  
AGAIN  
THE BIRDS ARE BACK TO SING,  
THE RIVER FLOODS AGAIN

**NASIM**

THE MULBERRY FLOWERS

**MOUNA, TAREK, NASIM**

BUT WAS IT EVER OURS?  
HOW COULD IT BE?  
WHERE IS HOME  
WHERE IS HOME  
FOR YOU AND ME?

**TAREK**

WHERE IS HOME...  
WHERE IS HOME...

WHERE IS HOME  
FOR YOU AND ME?

**DETAINEE**

THIS IS NO HOME

**TAREK**

WHERE IS HOME?  
WHERE IS HOME?  
WHERE IS HOME  
FOR YOU AND ME?  
WHERE IS HOME?  
WHERE IS HOME?  
WHERE IS HOME  
FOR YOU AND ME?

THIS IS NO HOME  
THIS IS NO HOME  
THIS IS NO HOME  
THIS IS NO HOME  
NO HOME NO HOME  
NO HOME NO HOME  
NO HOME NO HOME  
NO HOME NO HOME

**DETAINEES**

THIS IS NO HOME, NO HOME  
NO HOME

THIS IS NO HOME,  
THIS IS NO HOME, NO HOME  
NO HOME



NO HOME FOR YOU AND ME.

NO HOME!  
NO HOME AHH  
NO HOME!  
NO HOME AHH  
NO HOME!  
NO HOME!  
NO HOME!  
NO HOME!

#### **TAREK & DETAINEES**

SAY  
NO HOME  
HEY  
NO HOME  
NO NO SAY  
NO HOME!  
SAY  
NO HOME  
HEY  
NO HOME  
NO NO SAY  
NO HOME  
NO HOME

NO HOME

#### **TAREK**

THERE WILL BE HOME...  
SOMEHOW, YOU'LL SEE...  
WE WILL FIND HOME  
FOR YOU AND ME.

#### **14. LADY LIBERTY**

##### **MOUNA**

HEY LIBERTY LADY, STATUESQUE  
LADY  
WHAT DO YOU HIDE IN THAT  
ROBE?  
ORPHANS FROM OVER THE  
GLOBE?  
THEY TUG AT YOUR HEM—  
WHAT CAN YOU DO NOW FOR

THEM?  
YOU SAY GIVE ME YOUR TIRED,  
YOUR POOR,  
WELL, WE'VE GOT MORE.  
THEY KNOCK, BUT YOU'RE NOT  
AT THE DOOR.

##### **ZAINAB**

HEY LIBERTY WOMAN, SERIOUS  
WOMAN,  
UNDER THAT OPULENT CROWN  
AFTER THE TOWERS CAME  
DOWN  
THEY CLOSED YOU UP FAST  
PUT OUT YOUR TORCHLIGHT AT  
LAST.  
AND YOUR CROWN WAS OFF-  
LIMITS FOR YEARS  
LOST TO OUR FEARS  
IT STILL IS, OR SO IT APPEARS

##### **MOUNA**

LISTEN, MISS LIBERTY, DON'T  
HEAR ME WRONG  
YOU SURE DESERVE A VACATION  
AFTER TWO OR THREE  
CENTURIES, STANDING THAT  
LONG  
HOLDING THE HOPES OF A  
NATION

##### **ZAINAB**

LISTEN, MISS LIBERTY, GO HAVE  
YOUR FUN—  
BUT PLEASE LADY, PLEASE, DO  
COME BACK WHEN YOU'RE  
DONE

##### **MOUNA & ZAINAB**

WE NEED YOU HERE  
IT'S CLEAR

##### **MOUNA**

HEY STATUE OF LIBERTY,  
TIRELESS LADY  
WE'RE WOMEN WHO WORK





HARD LIKE YOU  
WHEN WILL OUR TRIALS BE  
THROUGH?  
JUST GIVE US SOME WORD—  
SWEAR THAT OUR PRAYER WILL  
BE HEARD

**ZAINAB**

WE HAVE ALWAYS BELIEVED  
WHAT YOU SAY  
THAT'S WHY WE STAY  
AND LIBERTY LADY

**MOUNA**

STATUESQUE LADY

**ZAINAB**

FUN-LOVING LADY

**MOUNA & ZAINAB**

OUR LONG-LOST LADY  
WE BELIEVE YOU'LL BE BACK  
HERE, SOME DAY.  
WE BELIEVE YOU'LL BE BACK  
HERE, SOME DAY.

**15. HEART INTO YOUR HANDS**

**TAREK**

DON'T FORCE IT, WALTER, FIND  
IT—  
DON'T FALL TOO FAR BEHIND  
IT—  
THERE, NOW, THAT'S THE WAY.

NOW PROMISE ME YOU'LL  
PRACTICE—  
TWO HOURS AT LEAST OF  
PRACTICE,  
EV'RY DAY  
AND WHEN YOU GET ME FREE  
WE'LL PLAY  
WE'LL PLAY

JUST HEAR YOUR HEART

JUST FEEL YOUR HEART  
JUST PUT YOUR HEART INTO  
YOUR HANDS AND PLAY  
NOW ONE TWO THREE AS IF  
WITH ME

YOU PUT YOUR HEART INTO  
YOUR HANDS AND PLAY

**ENSEMBLE**

OOH – AHH – OOH

**TAREK**

FORGET WHAT SOME ARE  
SAYING,  
KEEP TRYING, MAN, KEEP  
PLAYING,  
DON'T GIVE UP THE BEAT.

**TAREK**

LET WORRIES STAY UNSPOKEN.  
WE'RE BLOODIED BUT  
UNBROKEN—  
ON OUR FEET.  
AND WHEN I'M FREE WE'LL BE  
COMPLETE  
COMPLETE

**ENSEMBLE**

OOH  
OOH  
OOH  
WE'LL BE (WE'LL BE)  
WE'LL BE (WE'LL BE)  
WE'LL BE (WE'LL BE)

**TAREK**

JUST PUT YOUR HEART  
JUST PUT YOUR HEART  
JUST PUT YOUR HEART INTO  
YOUR HANDS AND PLAY

**ENSEMBLE**

AHH  
AHH  
HEART INTO YOUR HANDS

AND PLAY (AND PLAY)

**TAREK**

AN EASY ART,  
WHILE WE'RE APART,  
TO PUT YOUR HEART INTO YOUR  
HANDS  
AND PLAY.

**ENSEMBLE**

AHH  
AHH  
OOH

**TAREK**

YOU PLAY ON THROUGH THE  
PAIN YOU KNOW  
THE RHYTHM WILL SUSTAIN  
YOU, MAKE YOU WHOLE  
SO LET YOUR FINGERS BLEED  
YOU KNOW  
THAT'S JUST WHAT YOU NEED,  
YOU FEED YOUR SOUL  
YOU SAVE YOUR SOUL

**ENSEMBLE**

OOH  
SOUL  
SOUL

**TAREK**

JUST PUT YOUR HEART  
JUST PUT YOUR HEART  
JUST PUT YOUR HEART INTO  
YOUR HANDS AND PLAY

YOU HOPE AND PRAY FOR ONE  
MORE DAY  
THEN PUT YOUR HEART INTO  
YOUR HANDS AND PLAY.

**ENSEMBLE**

PUT YOUR HEART (PUT YOUR  
HEART INTO)  
PUT YOUR HEART (PUT YOUR  
HEART IN...)

AHH AHH  
PLAY

AHH AHH  
YOUR HEART INTO YOUR HANDS  
AND  
(AND PLAY)

**TAREK**

YOU PUT YOUR HEART INTO  
YOUR HANDS AND PLAY.

**16. BLESSINGS**

**ZAINAB**

AT TIMES LIKE THESE  
AT TIMES LIKE THESE  
WHEN THE WORLD IS DARK AND  
DAYS WEIGH ON YOUR MIND  
A GIRL NEEDS ALL THE  
BLESSINGS SHE CAN FIND...

NOW, REMEMBER FRIEND, THAT  
WHEN I'M GONE  
MY BLESSING STAYS WITH YOU

**ZINZI**

WHEN THE NIGHTS GET LONG,  
WHEN DAYS DRAG ON  
A BLESSING GETS YOU  
THROUGH

**VENDOR**

WHEN THE MORNING LULL CAN  
LAST ALL DAY  
A BLESSING ON EACH STALL

**ANOTHER VENDOR**

WHEN THE TOURISTS HAGGLE,  
HATE TO PAY

**ZAINAB, ZINZI, VENDOR'S**

A BLESSING ON THEM ALL



**ZAINAB**

OH AT TIMES LIKE THESE  
OH AT TIMES LIKE THESE  
YOU CAN THROW YOUR HANDS  
UP HIGH  
AND SHRUG AND SIGH  
OR SAY, "GOD BLESS US  
SOMEHOW  
WE'LL GET BY..."

**ZINZI & VENDORS**

TIMES LIKE THESE  
AHH  
SIGH  
"GOD BLESS US SOMEHOW  
WE'LL GET BY..."

**ZAINAB**

WHEN THE DAY IS HUMID, HOT,  
AND GREY

**ALL**

A BLESSING SHOULD YOU  
SWOON...

**CUSTOMER**

WHEN MISTER SOFTEE DRIVES  
OUR WAY

**ALL**

A BLESSING ON HIS TUNE!

**ANOTHER CUSTOMER**

WHEN THE Q AND R RUN LATE  
AND SLOW

**ALL**

A BLESSING ON THE BUS  
AND A BLESSING WITH YOU AS  
YOU GO  
FROM EVERY ONE OF US!

**ZAINAB & ZINZI**

OH AT TIMES LIKE THESE  
OH AT TIMES LIKE THESE  
THESE BLESSINGS ARE LIKE  
MAGIC

YOU MIGHT SAY

**VENDORS**

TIMES LIKE THESE  
TIMES LIKE THESE  
AHH  
SAY

**ALL**

THE MORE YOU GIVE  
THE MORE WILL COME YOUR WAY  
THE MOVE YOU LIVE THE MORE  
YOU GIVE  
THE MORE WILL COME YOUR WAY

**ZAINAB**

AT TIMES LIKE THESE  
OH, AT TIMES LIKE THESE  
WHEN THE DAYS TURN HARD  
AND COLD AS ONYX STONE  
A BLESSING KNOWING YOU ARE  
NOT ALONE

**17. SUCH BEAUTIFUL MUSIC****MOUNA**

SUCH A BEAUTIFUL SOUND,  
SUCH A MAGICAL EASE,  
THIS FLOATING MELODY...  
LIKE A RAY OF THE SUN,  
A SUMMERTIME BREEZE,  
SO AIRY AND SO FREE...  
WEAVES AN ELABORATE SPELL,  
BUT SIMPLE AND FINE—  
THE MUSIC OF A LIFE.  
I HAVE BEEN WONDERING—  
WELL—  
THIS MUST BE YOUR WIFE—  
YES, WALTER?

**WALTER**

Yes.

**MOUNA**

She must have had a beautiful soul.

**WALTER**

She did.

**MOUNA**

OH, SUCH A BEAUTIFUL SOUND,  
SO SHINING AND CLEAR,  
THIS SOARING, TUNEFUL CRY.

**WALTER**

SHE HAD A WAY.  
A GIFT.  
FOR A WHILE...

**MOUNA**

HOW SUCH A GLORIOUS STRAND  
COULD LEAVE US IN TEARS  
ALONE AND WOND'RING WHY?

**WALTER**

A WAY WITH A TUNE,  
A ROOM,  
A SMILE...

**MOUNA**

WHY SUCH A BEAUTIFUL SONG,  
SO BRIMMING WITH JOY,  
COULD BE THE SOUND OF LOSS.

**WALTER**

SHE'D PLAY...  
SHE'D STOP...  
SHE'D WAIT...

**MOUNA**

HOW SUCH A LYRICAL LOVE,  
FALLS ACROSS OUR HEARTS...

**WALTER**

I WOULD LISTEN,  
BUT TOO LATE...  
TOO LATE.

**MOUNA**

OUR TWO BROKEN HEARTS...  
OUR SHINING, BREAKING,  
BROKEN HEARTS.

**WALTER**

OUR  
BROKEN HEARTS.

**WALTER**

Mouna?

**MOUNA**

Yes?

**WALTER**

I was wondering if...do you have  
plans Thursday night?

**MOUNA**

No, Walter, I have no plans.

**WALTER**

I was thinking, maybe we could do  
something?

**MOUNA**

Okay.

**WALTER**

Okay.

**MOUNA**

SUCH A BEAUTIFUL SOUND,  
SUCH A MAGICAL EASE,  
THIS FLOATING MELODY...  
LIKE A RAY OF THE SUN,  
A SUMMERTIME BREEZE,  
SO AIRY AND SO FREE...

**18. MY LOVE IS FREE****TAREK**

MY HANDS ARE AT A METAL DOOR  
MY FEET ARE CUFFED IN STEEL  
MY HEART—MY HEART IS HELD  
NO MORE  
MY LOVE WILL NEVER KNEEL

AND THOUGH I'M LOCKED INSIDE  
THESE WALLS



AND I MAY ALWAYS BE  
MY LOVE IS FREE  
MY LOVE IS FREE

#### **TAREK & ZAINAB**

MY LOVE CAN CROSS THE ALTAI  
STEPPE  
OR CLIMB THE ATLAS RANGE  
NO BORDER IS TOO BOLDLY  
DRAWN  
NO FOREIGN LAND TOO STRANGE

MY LOVE IS IN THE SINAI  
AND ON THE SEVENTH SEA  
MY LOVE IS FREE  
MY LOVE IS FREE

MY LOVE IS MULTITUDES, AND  
JUST WE TWO  
MY LOVE IS INFINITE, AND ONLY  
YOU  
MY LOVE IS EVERYWHERE, A  
STRANGER IN STRANGE LANDS  
MAY MY BODY FALL—MY LOVE  
STILL STANDS.

MY LOVE—IT'S TIME TO SAY  
GOODBYE  
IT'S TIME YOU MUST MOVE ON  
IT ISN'T SAFE TO WRITE TO ME—  
IMAGINE THAT I'M GONE—

#### **TAREK**

THE BEST THING YOU CAN DO  
NOW  
IS PROMISE THAT TO ME—  
THAT YOU'LL BE FREE

#### **ZAINAB**

I'LL FIND A WAY TO DO IT—  
I PROMISE LOVE, YOU'LL SEE—  
BUT LOVE IS FREE—

#### **DETAINEES**

LOVE IS FREE—

#### **ALL**

OUR LOVE IS FREE—

MY LOVE IS INFINITE—MY LOVE  
WON'T DIE  
MY LOVE WILL LIFT YOU UP—AND  
HOLD YOU HIGH  
MY LOVE IS EVERYWHERE, IN  
LANDS BOTH NEAR AND FAR—  
MY LOVE'S THE WHOLE WORLD  
OVER—  
IT RUNS THE WHOLE WORLD  
OVER—  
IT FLIES THE WHOLE WORLD  
OVER—  
MY LOVE IS WHERE YOU ARE.

#### **ZAINAB**

MY LOVE IS ON A CROSSTOWN  
STREET  
OR ON AN UPTOWN TRAIN

#### **TAREK**

IT CAN'T BE BOUND BY HOBbled  
FEET  
OR HELD BY ANY CHAIN

#### **ZAINAB & TAREK**

MY LOVE IS ANY WAY TO RUN  
MY LOVE IS EVERY KEY  
MY LOVE IS FREE

#### **ZAINAB & TAREK**

MY HEART IS FREE  
MY MIND IS FREE  
MY HOPE IS FREE  
MY LOVE IS FREE

#### **DETAINEES**

(MIND IS FREE)  
(HOPE IS FREE)  
(FREE)

### **19. BETTER ANGELS**

#### **WALTER**

You can't just take people away like  
that. It's not fair. This man... This  
man...

THIS MAN, HE WAS A GOOD MAN,  
WITH A LIFE AND YEARS TO LIVE  
THIS MAN DESERVED THE BEST  
OF WHAT THIS COUNTRY HAS TO  
GIVE  
AND NO JUST LAW WOULD MEAN  
THAT SUCH A MAN SHOULD  
DISAPPEAR,  
WE'RE NOT JUST HELPLESS  
CHILDREN—  
DO YOU HEAR ME? DO YOU HEAR?  
DO YOU HEAR?

WE HAVE BETRAYED OUR BETTER  
ANGELS  
THE ONES THAT ONCE SHOWED  
US THE WAY  
THE BETTER ANGELS OF OUR  
NATURE—  
ARE THEY LOST TO US TODAY?  
WELL, IT ISN'T YOURS TO SAY.

THIS MAN WHO THEY HAVE  
VANISHED,  
LIKE A MURDER, LIKE A GHOST—  
THIS MAN IS AN AMERICAN,  
IN ALL THAT MATTERS MOST.  
BOTH TIRELESS AND FEARLESS,  
FULL OF MUSIC, PROUD AND  
FREE...

IF SUCH A MAN CAN DISAPPEAR,  
THEN WHY NOT YOU AND ME?  
WHY NOT ME?

WHEN DID WE LOSE OUR BETTER  
ANGELS?  
HOW DID WE LEAVE THEM IN OUR  
WAKE?  
HOW DID WE SACRIFICE OUR

TRUEST CAUSE  
FOR SOME SMALL COMFORT'S  
SAKE?

WE KNOW COMPASSION IS NOT  
WEAKNESS,  
AND THAT TRUE JUSTICE IS NOT  
BLIND.  
BUT WE HAVE LOST OUR BETTER  
ANGELS—  
WE HAVE LEFT THEM FAR BEHIND.

IT'S SUCH A POOR, PATHETIC  
SIGHT:  
ONE OLD WHITE MAN, ONE  
ERRANT KNIGHT,  
AWAKENED TO THIS WORLD AT  
LAST.

BUT IF THERE IS A GOD, WELL,  
THEN,  
A THOUSAND OLD AND TIRED  
WHITE MEN,  
A MILLION OLD AND SCARED  
WHITE MEN,  
WILL WAKE UP JUST LIKE ME—  
AND FAST...  
AND FAST...

AND WE MUST FIND OUR BETTER  
ANGELS,  
AND OUR COUNTRY'S STOLEN  
SOUL.  
AND REMEMBER WHERE WE CAME  
FROM.  
AND MAKE WHAT'S BROKEN  
WHOLE.

FOR WE WERE BORN IN  
REVOLUTION  
AND WE WERE BUILT ON RIGHTS  
OF MEN  
WHEN WE FIGHT, WE SAY FOR  
FREEDOM  
WILL WE KNOW FREEDOM ONCE  
AGAIN?



FOR WE WARRIORS OF FREEDOM,  
WE HAVE UP AND WE'VE  
DESERTED...  
AM I PREACHING TO THE CHOIR?  
WELL, THE CHOIR'S NOT  
CONVERTED.

THEY SAY A SINGLE VOICE  
CANNOT BE HEARD ABOVE THE  
ROAR  
SO WE'LL RAISE A MILLION VOICES  
AND AS ONE WE'LL SAY—NO  
MORE.

AND SEEK OUR BETTER ANGELS  
WE WILL FIND OUR BETTER  
ANGELS  
WE WILL KNOW OUR BETTER  
ANGELS  
WE PRAY  
WE WILL EMBRACE OUR BETTER  
ANGELS ONE DAY

## 20. WHAT LITTLE I CAN DO / SUCH BEAUTIFUL MUSIC (REPRISE)

### **MOUNA**

Walter, it's my fault—what happened  
to Tarek. We did receive the letter  
telling us to leave. I threw it away.  
I had found a job. Tarek was in  
school... Everyone told me not to  
worry. That the government didn't  
care. For a time that seemed true.  
Then after a while, you forget that.  
You think that you really belong. It's  
best for me to leave now.

### **WALTER**

Mouna.

### **MOUNA**

HE NEEDS MY HAND, HE NEEDS  
MY CARE  
MY PRECIOUS BOY WHO DID NO  
WRONG  
I DON'T KNOW WHAT AWAITS HIM  
THERE  
IT'S CHANGED SO MUCH, AND  
WE'VE BEEN HERE SO LONG

### **WALTER**

WE'LL ASK THE COURT FOR AN  
APPEAL—  
THE CONFLICT OVER THERE IS  
REAL  
MOUNA  
DEAR WALTER, NO, THAT TIME IS  
THROUGH  
I MUST BE THERE TO DO  
WHAT LITTLE I CAN DO

### **WALTER**

IT'S NOT YOUR FAULT, I HOPE  
THAT'S CLEAR  
YOU CHASED A DREAM TO THIS  
NEW SHORE...  
A LIFE OF HOPE, AND FREE FROM  
FEAR...  
YOU'RE EVERYTHING THIS  
COUNTRY SHOULD STAND FOR.

### **MOUNA**

THIS LAND THEY SAY IS FOR THE  
FREE  
NO LONGER FEELS THAT WAY TO  
ME  
IT'S NOT THE LAND OF HOPE I  
KNEW  
AND 'TIL NOW I NEVER KNEW  
WHAT LITTLE I CAN DO

WE GIVE OUR CHILDREN ALL WE  
CAN

### **BOTH**

WE MAKE THE LIFE THAT WE CAN  
MAKE

### **WALTER**

YOUR BOY'S A GOOD AND GIVING  
MAN  
THE TALE YOU TOLD, YOU TOLD  
FOR TAREK'S SAKE

### **MOUNA**

THIS WORLD IS DARK, BOTH  
NIGHT AND DAY  
NO WISH CAN WASH THE HURT  
AWAY

### **WALTER**

NO HURT IS EASY TO SUBDUE  
BUT STILL, SOMEHOW, WE DO  
WHAT LITTLE WE CAN DO

### **BOTH**

STILL SOMEHOW, WE DO,  
WHAT LITTLE WE CAN DO

### **MOUNA**

Thank you, Walter. For everything.

### **WALTER**

I haven't done anything... at all. I  
don't want you to go.

### **MOUNA**

I know, habibi.

## 21. DRUM CIRCLE (REPRISE)

### **ENSEMBLE**

HERE I AM (HERE I AM)  
HERE I AM (HERE I AM)  
HERE I AM...  
HERE I AM...

### **WALTER**

RHYTHM IS NEVER A THING THAT  
YOU FIND OUTSIDE YOU  
RHYTHM IS NOT LIKE A TRAIN  
THAT YOU CHASE IN VAIN

### **TAREK**

RHYTHM IS LIFE AND DEATH, THE  
TURNING TIDES, THE BREATH OF  
RAIN

### **MOUNA**

RHYTHM WILL HOLD YOU, LIFT  
YOU, TAKE YOU, GUIDE YOU  
RHYTHM WILL SHOW YOU THE  
WAY THAT YOU FIND YOUR WAY

### **TAREK**

DON'T WORRY ON LEARNING A  
PART  
JUST LISTEN HARD TO YOUR  
HEART AND PLAY

### **ZAINAB**

LISTEN TO ALL AROUND YOU AND  
YOU'LL HEAR IT  
LISTEN WITH LOVE, AND LEARN  
BEFORE YOU'RE DONE

### **MOUNA & WALTER**

THE CIRCLE ENCIRCLES US ALL  
WE STAND OR ELSE WE FALL AS  
ONE...

### **ZAINAB**

FALL AS ONE...



**TAREK**  
FALL AS ONE...

**ALL**  
ONE...

THAT'S HOW WE JOIN THE CIRCLE  
THAT'S HOW WE MAKE OF MANY SONGS ONE SONG  
THAT'S HOW WE JOIN THE CIRCLE  
THAT'S HOW WE'RE STRONG  
STRONGER IN THE CIRCLE  
WHERE WE HEAR THE BEAT OF MANY HEARTS

**TAREK, ZAINAB, MOUNA**  
BEATING IN THE CIRCLE  
SINGING IN THE CIRCLE  
SO WE JOIN THE CIRCLE  
LIVE INSIDE THE CIRCLE  
STEP INTO THE CIRCLE

**ENSEMBLE**  
WE SING ALONG  
WE SING ALONG  
THE CIRCLE  
LIVE INSIDE THE CIRCLE  
STEP INTO THE CIRCLE

**ENSEMBLE**  
HERE I AM  
HERE I AM  
THE CIRCLE  
LIVE INSIDE THE CIRCLE  
STEP INTO THE CIRCLE

**TAREK**  
AND SOMETHING STARTS

**ALL**  
OH - OH - OH. OH - OH - OH  
OH - OH - OH. OH - OH - OH  
OH - OH - OH. OH - OH - OH  
OH - OH - OH. OH - OH - OH  
OH - OH - OH!









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