

**ELAINE FINE**

**THE COLLAR**

**FOR SOLO CLARINET**

**OR**

**SOLO BASS CLARINET**

**AND NARRATOR**

**BASED ON A STORY**

**BY HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN**

For Barbara and Ronald Hedlund

Solo Clarinet or  
Solo Bass Clarinet

# The Collar

A musical setting of a story by Hans Christian Andersen

Moderato, with freedom ♩ = c.76

Elaine Fine

The musical score is written for a solo clarinet or bass clarinet in a key of one flat (B-flat major or F minor). It consists of seven staves of music, each with a measure number at the beginning. The tempo is 'Moderato, with freedom' and the time signature is 4/4. The score includes various dynamics such as *mf*, *f*, *mp*, and *p*. The music is a melodic setting of a story by Hans Christian Andersen. The lyrics are placed below the corresponding musical staves.

5

9

13

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

17

The collar was interested  
in getting married.

22

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

27

"Ah!" sighed  
the collar.

32 *tr*

**Poco piu mosso**

"I have never met anyone so soft and dainty, and with so lovely a figure. May I ask your name?"

37 *p*

"No," snapped the garter.

**Molto moderato**

"Where exactly do  
you . . . belong?"

43 *ff* *mp*

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

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

48 *p*

"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 *f*

"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 *dolce* *mp* *ff* *mp*

"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 *f*

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

*mf*

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

74

*p*

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

77

*mf*

"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

*sfz*  
*f*

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

*mf*  
*p*

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

96

*mp*

"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. 5

103

108

I wish I were a count." "Are you proposing?" snipped the scissors.

*mf*

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

113

*ritardando*

117

The collar was ruined. As a last resort he approached the comb. He complimented her teeth, and asked her if she had ever considered marriage.

*Slower*

*pp* *p*

122

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

*Tempo primo*

*mp*

127

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.

132

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

137 *mp* *cresc.*

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

140 *mf*

"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 *f* *ff* *p* *cresc. poco a poco*

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 abandond 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 *mf*

All the rags were  
made into paper.

166 *p*

170 *mf*

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

175 *ff*