THE

QUEST OF THE

HOLY DAGESH
Heller, Cohen, and Israel announce

THE QUEST OF THE HOLY DAGESH.


CAST

(In order of appearance)

Dr. Lauterbach - Harry L. Margolis.
Dr. Deutsch - Jacob Moline.
Dr. Neumark - Benjamin Friedman.
Dr. Kohler - Albert Minda.
Dr. Morgenstern - Samuel S. Sup.
Dr. Guttenweiser - Myron Meyer.
Dr. Englender - Irving Reichert.

Adolph S. Oke - Samuel Harris.
Students of the College - Samuel S. Mayerberg, Max Weiss, Edward L. Israel, Samuel Harris, Samuel S. Mayerberg, Max Weiss, Samuel Harris, Philip Wasserman, Edward L. Israel, Harvey E. Wessel.

Pirate Captain - Henry J. Berkowitz, Edward L. Israel.

Pirates - Philip Wasserman, Simon Cohen, Harvey E. Wessel, Samuel Harris, Max Weiss.

Pirate Chief's Daughter - Simon Cohen.
Moses - James G. Heller.
Jeremiah - Edward L. Israel.
Maimumi - Philip Wasserman.
Devil - Harvey E. Wessel.
Jezebel - Samuel Harris.
Deborah - Max Weiss.

DIRECTING STAFF.

Stage Director - Simon Cohen.
Musical Director - James G. Heller.
Property Man - Edward L. Israel.

SCENES.

Act I, Faculty Room of the College. Act II, Scene II, Caron Coast Thirty Miles North of Poppy; two months later. Scene III, Bethel, Moonlight Night; Two weeks later. Act III, Faculty Room again; Three months later.

SONGS.

Act I, 1. Song of Farewell - Faculty, p. 5.
   2. Song of Rejoicing - Students, p. 10.
Act II, 3. Dance; Ha-Tikvah Rag.
   4. Song: I am a Yiddishke Pirate - Pirates, p. 11.
   8. College Song - Students, p. 36.

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THE QUEST OF THE HOLY DAGESH.

ACT I.

Setting: Faculty Room of the College.

Fantomine, first L. enters from left, characteristic gestures, fingers and distributes mail. Next enter M., also looks over mail, then D.

Who sits in M's seat and is pushed out; next K. escorted by M. L rushes out hurriedly, and in meantime E. enters with bag in hand, and excitedly murmurs, "Why don't you open ze windows?" Re-enter L.

K. All right. (lapses into sleep).

N. Continue.

D. What do you mean continue? We haven't started yet. EF reminds me—

K. (abruptly) No jokes, please. We van so far as—

Enter E. with a voluminous papyrus under arm, to M.

E. (to M.) Julian, can you decipher this?

N. (impatiently) Who? What? That's Hebrew, you know! That is the petition which my son Immanuel has composed for admission into the 5th grade.

L. (excitedly) Hebrew? Hebrew?

E. But vat should zat mean?

L. It's the formula for admission of students. See note 43 on the Hebrew in my Ethics of the Halakah (pulled out a reprint).

M. I move we consider the petition—

N. (interrupting) I move that the entrance requirements be changed to Mosh Nebuchim only—

Faculty (simultaneously) What?

N. (serenely) Maimonides, of course.

E. (excitedly) Altogether wrong! Moonshine! Such ubiqueness is entirely unnecessary. Give me the Bible.

M. (genuflecting) Was wessat du von.

E. (jumping up and seizing a Bible) So you think I don't know my subject? I know the Bible from (opens the first page of the Bible to look) Vreshie to—

N. Up, a churban! He don't know the first word!

E. Well, you read it. (hands him book)

N. I don't have to prove it to you. You prove it to me. (pushes book toward M.)

M. (picks it up) It is Vreshie, by golly!

Faculty (all jump from their seat, rush behind M. and look)

M. (sardonically) You would think this was the holy book.

K. (rising) Vats all together! The Dagesh is lost! After this a silence, during which K. reads in a still, small voice: [Greek text].

K. Send for Vredie! Send for all Vredie! Hurry up! Feed!

(E. goes off)

K. Honored colleagues, we are confronted by a situation, a lack of which the Jews have never met before. Tradition stands agape! What is Hebrew without a Dagesh? As Dr. Morgenstern so aptly remarked in his speech on my seventieth anniversary: If I were asked while standing on one leg to say: What is the pivotal point of Judaism, I should unhesitatingly declare: Gentlemen, that point is the Dagesh. (Applause from Morgenstern.) What shall we do? The Apocrypha lend us no help. Homiletics fails to furnish. Pesach becomes Pesach. Pessah becomes Pessah. Fish becomes fish! We must save our faces! We must save our faces!

(Enter Oke and E., staggering under a load of books. Faculty open every one; all the same)

D. (rising, leisurely) Gentlemen, I can't stand any more of this Schutz. Let's be reasonable. History teaches us that the Dagesh originated in Palestine. Of course, personally, I have my doubts about the story that Rabbi Joehanan on
#2.

Zacchaeus, on taking the train from Jerusalem, pinned the Dageah on the inside of his Prince Albert and established it in his school at Jams. However, this may illustrate the fact that one great man is always born whenever another dies. Therefore, what remains but to trace the Dageah stream to its sources? Let our motto be Mitzvah! Back to Palestine! [Pointing to a map] I move that we move to Palestine!

A. Very persuasive.
B. Zie meny. I can agree wir.
C. Don't hesitate. Better do it right away.
D. Is the eating on the ship Kosher?
E. We must have our own Shochet.
F. But the Board of Governors!
G. On such an occasion the Faculty of the Hebrew Union College must be autonomous. The future of Judaism is at stake. This is a rare moment. Will we let it burn? It's tough, but--
H. Crisply put.
I. But--what of the students?
J. Oh, we'll give them something to look up.
K. Englander, I assign you the eulogizing speech.
L. (Calls in the student-body officers)

E. Gentlemen, when in the course of Jewish affairs it becomes necessary to rescue a language in the danger of dire destruction, all selfish motives must be cast aside. All thoughts of the baser aspects of existence must be chivvied. All utilitarian, pragmata, hedonistic, or egotistical considerations must be thrown upon the dung-heap of materialism. Now is the time to act. Around us stands the holy pillars of the Hebrew race. Will disciple of our heart, spiritual children,

M. In this noble quest, the Quest of the Holy Dageah? (Applause. Slight Pause) We, the Faculty of the Hebrew Union College, by the authority vested in us by the Board of Governors, by the money invested in us by the Union of American Hebrew Congregations, do hereby constitute the students of the Hebrew University College a self-governing body. (Applause from students) This is the Magna Carta of the Hebrew University College.

M. And, gents, don't forget to practice on some nice feminine forms till we return.

Students. You bet we will.

Faculty Quartet: SONG OF FAREWELL.

(Faculty go out)

Act II,

Scene I.

Setting: Barren coast 30 miles north of Joppa. Flag mast in the background, with yon David and two crossed bones.

(Enter pirates, dragging faculty, except L. by chains. Faculty thrown to rear left of stage, businesse.)

Song: AM A YIDDISCHE PIRATE: TYPICAL DANCE: HA-TIKVAH RAG.

Pirate-chief. Bring forward the prisoners. Inspector for... step to the front and do your duty. (Motions of modesty from the Faculty)

Ins. That's the use! You can see they're Jewish by their Yonims.

P.C. Have the prisoners been examined?

Ins. Yes. You can see them, Captain of the old salts.

P.C. What have they got on them?

Ins. (shows out a wheelbarrow) From the one with the red spinach on his jib... one notebook, absolutely blank! One box of chloride of lime, one candle, said to be the one in which Mainau rocked the world; one complete copy of a book which I tried to read but which ought to be translated into
Largo (Very Slow). Quartet - Without Piano Preferably

Soft and Accent Melody

Good-bye, old Col-tege dear, good-bye. We'll never forget where we'll be. The sign of trust we have in thee. To raise thy gob to the sky, we give thee now our parting word. Our tears and sighs for thee are heard. Good-bye, old Col-tege dear, good-bye. Good-bye. Good-bye.
Opus 246, No. 2.

Students

Words by Simon Cohen

Song of rejoicing

Music by James Heller

Allegretto, vivace, staccato, et scherzoando.

At last they've left us. Hurrah! We are masters at the college. We had all the time that we

\[\text{\textit{Chorus}}\]

...as we have. We will spend it all right. Hurrah!\[\text{\textit{Chorus}}\]

Yell and cry hurrah — we are free to-day. No more of the professors, no

\[\text{\textit{Chorus}}\]

more of the bluffs, bluffs. Loo, loo, loo, loo.\[\text{\textit{Chorus}}\]

American Jewish Archives, MS-147, Box 1, Folder 14
Pirates.

Words by Ed. Bax, and Ed. I. Samson.

Music by James G. Heller.

until ready

Moderato.

1st Time

Last time of chorus. Song like College Yell.

Immediately after comes

HaTikvah Rape.
Pirate Dance

Characteristic Ha-Tikvah Ragg by James C. Heller

1st Part

2nd Part

Dedicated with the profound respect to Theodor Herzl
3P. (Brings our a bucket) From the fat cazabo with the shaved head we get seventeen baseball score-cards, one book of stale jokes, one hunk of ham, one spifficated rhododendron, and a love-letter from student worn next to his heart.

4P. (Brings out a green bag) (Pulls out a pair of rubber heels) This is from that fellow that can't keep still over there. (Pulls out three copies of the "Prophecies of Israel") one in each pocket, a book on gestures and a patent-long-range toothpick.

5P. (Dragging in a Wernicke girl with Jewish Encyclopedia in it) We found this on the tanned guy with whitehair; also some very scarce leaf notebooks.

6P. (Runs in with a diaper) Here, I've found something else! P.C. By the thirteen holy beards! Kartoffelkraut and Matoch Glace! These must be no use at all. I cast my vote for ritual execution.

All. So do I! Aye, aye, sir!

Faculty. Hab rachmanam!

(Two pirates drag N. to the front, P.C. unsheathes his dinner-knife)

P.C. Bare thy manly chest! (Whets his knife on the leather patch on the seat of his pants and approaches him, licking his chops and rolling up his sleeves.) Pirates throw back N.'s shirt, revealing red flannel chest-protector.

B. I have seen this scene in prophetic vision. (Grin all over with gratification).

Pirates pull N. in from the right. Pirates draw back in astonishment. Enraged Pirate Maimed backward with a Strudel on his end of a stick in one hand, an alarm-clock set at 5.30 in the morning. Following hypnotized mouth open, tongue hanging out, she bumps into chief, turns around, grasps situation at a glance, yells "By the shades of Pocahontas! Your Miltische Messer!"

P.C. (Looks at knife and throws it down in disgust) "Ah, why was I ever born Jewish?"

(Pirates withdraw muttering to right, Faculty come down stage to consult in a close bunch)

P. What shall we do?

N. Put in a want ad in the Israelites.

B. No, let us not trust in illusory hope. Fortresses and watch-towers, chariots and horsemen will not save. Faiz alone!

N. Not yours!

L. (Still watching P.M.) How beautiful she is! Almost she makes me hungry yet.

M. We must have some one to talk to the pirates and explain. We must enlist their sympathies, Englander, you do it.

B. N-n-n-n-n-n.

N. (Compactly) As my place in the Philosophical world will be well filled by my son, Emmanuel,—see Isaiah chapter 7, verse 16,—I will prove my unselfishness and bear the serpent in his mountain fastness. (Spins around towards pirates) Yo-ho, here, you what's-your-name, come here, listen. We, the Faculty of the Hebrew Union College, by the authority vested in us by the Board of Governors, by the money invested in us by the Union of American Hebrew Congregations, invite you to discuss this question with us.

First of all, you must prove to us conclusively and against our better knowledge why we should be killed.

P.C. I don't have to prove it. I admit it.

N. When you get to the Senior Class you'll be permitted to discuss that. (P.C. starts off to lann him. N. blows at him. He falls back as if stunned.)

N. In the second place, let me orient you by giving you an outline of our mission. (Following sentence to be said in twenty seconds) Within our late experiences a most noteworthy event has taken place, of which we desire to inform you, an event which considered from every aspect cannot but
wield a tremendous influence on Judaism and yiddish-Hebrew, wherever both are spoken, in communities possessing all the thirteen higher attributes of knowledge and Plato's three qualities of soul. In an awe-inspiring tone: Knol then we seek the Holy Bagdad!

P.C. (Loudly) Bring in the sofa-cushions!

(Pirates place sofa-cushions and fall on their faces, gasping with astonishment.)

D. You see, I told you so.

P.C. Most noble sirs, were my breath not so taken away by my recent fall upon my self-inflicted, I should deliver an address of welcome. Suffice it to say that the heart of every Jewish pirate beats as Jewishly as that of any Jew in New-York, or Jerusalem. I volunteer my services, Nay, more, indeed, very, very, yes, certainly, I can guide you to the goal of your desires. On my pirate, apprentice-like, wandering through the desert, I remember slipping one night under the cool shade of a Dageh Tree. Well do I remember the rain of Dageh Lines falling softly on my face, and how much I was invigorated by eating the Dageh Fruits. Whither ye go, I will go. Here's me hand on it. (to K.) Give us your mit. (Confidentially) Say so, where did you get the cork-arm? (to his daughter) Linke want to go along?

P.M. With a ravishing glance at L. Yeth, pap.

P.C. Then yo-ho for the Dageh Tree. My merry men, give us good speed.

PIRATE QUARTET: YO-HO FOR THE DAGEH TREE.

ACT II. SCENE II.


L.: Considerably winded, sinks on sand at her side.

L.: Better don't run, my dear.

P.M.: (Sweatily) Why not?

L.: We-ll, (mopping his brow) Where, it's hot.

L.: (with a languishing glance) Isn't it romantic out in the desert like this, with the moon sending its erotic beams over the silver sand of the desert?

L.: (Makes a motion to get up and puts his hand to his heart, but mistakes the bottom of his pants for the place) Ah, there is something I have been wanting to ask you for very so long a time and this is the first time we have been alone. Will you----

P.M.: (Expectantly) Yes----

L.: Tell me why your father keeps kosher?

P.M.: (claps his face and walks away indignantly to the left)

L.: (following) May I call you Gwendolyn?

P.M.: No. Call me Linke for short.

L.: (Attempts to get down on his knees; a ripping sound is heard. He gets up quickly.) Were was it? Were was it! (She inspects him. He gets embarrassed and pulls away hides his face. Putting his hand back) Let's sit down.

(Aside) I wonder what it's Etiquette to do in this case. (Pulls out book with big label, "Love by Etiquette").

Duet: Love by Etiquette.

P.M.: Here's the way to do it. (grabs him)

L.: Ask me questions.

P.M.: Darling I love you. Will you be mine?

L.: (clamps her ecstatically) Yes. Is it clear to you?
Duet. Lauterbach & Pirate Maiden.

Words by: Simon Lauterbach
Music by: James G. Heller

Moderato. She.

Dedicated to Lord Chesterfield with envy.
Chorus.

Love, Love, Love, that makes the world go round—

He, Love, Love, Love, that's bliss wherever ever—

He, Love, Love, Love, that's bliss wherever ever—

He, Love, Love, Love, that's bliss wherever ever—

par-a-dise, you but.

par-a-dise, you but.

par-a-dise, you but.
Enter P.C. twirling his mustache. Unawares goes up to them. "Bless you, mein Kinder." Takes out a red bandanna handkerchief and weeps. "I always was too soft-hearted for a pirate." He joins their hands. "Where is the engagement ring?"

(P. C. takes off his little finger and puts it on her thumb.)
P.C. (with a sigh) Now I'll have to give him all my money back. (Magnanimously) As dowry to my daughter I shall endow the Hebrew Union College with one scholarship and two shower-baths.
L. Make it three showers—baths and throw in a bottle of wine.
(Enter faculty in lockstep. All rush forward to congratulate L. and ring him by the hand.)
K. I congratulate you.

M. Many happy returns to you and ze wife of zy use.
E. I assure you my heart is with you.
D. Well, now we are a married faculty, like in the days of Zirndorf.
M. May all your troubles be little ones.
L. Vot's dat?
P.C. (blushes) Jakie, dot vas a choke!
P.C. (who has in the meantime been inspecting the Dageesh, strides forward majestically) Attention, most reverend sire! We have traversed these many miles of sandy waste in the Quest of the Holy Dageesh and now we stand at the goal of our desires. Gentlemen, behold the Dgeesh Tree, with the Dageesh calmly taking its alesta on the sand!
(Faculty rush forward to look at it.)
D. (Comes back, strokes his whiskers) Utterly unhistorical.
M. It's a fake. The Hebrew language can't revolve around that. It isn't round, it's one and not forte, it's fat and not lene.
Faculty (in chorus) Throw him out!
E. Why, it's an ostrich egg!
Faculty. What's to do? We've been for nothing. What's the use? No Dageesh. A fake!

(Shofar blast is heard. At the last blast Moses appears.)
M. They've laid one too many (holds up the ostrich egg)
E. That's rotten.
M. Berek ale havdimot shon ha-rachamim ha-gadol shel Yishayahu.
E. The second of the prophets: Horeh, ha-aron ha-avion ha-tenem, ha-nasem.
M. You're not historical, you're a fake, you never lived at all, you're a bluff, so you can't be resurrected.
M. I am just as historical as you are and have a prettier beard anyhow.
(Enter faculty in lockstep. All rush forward to congratulate L. and P. C. wanders off arm in arm and the faculty
and P.C. follow.
Mr. Let's sit down and talk it over.
D. Got a Nebo cigarette?
Mr. Every nail in my coffin is a Nebo cigarette. (pulls one from between his toes. D. lights it.)
D. Well, my dear sir, to begin with, the newspaper, the Haifa Tageblatt, reported that you were alive in the year 3061 B.D.
Mr. Whaddy mean, B.D.?
D. B.D., before Deutsch, corresponding to A.D., after Deutsch. However such newspaper accounts are very unsatisfactory. In the Dayton flood year 53 A.D. the newspapers first placed the dead at 5000, there were only 84 people and 16 Shochures killed. But I forget. Mrs. Goldstein's two Kinnim died of heart failure. That reminds me of the joke: I can if they'll let me.
Mr. That joke was old in my day.
D. That proves you're unhistorical. I invented it. Put to sum up. You come around to my house; you'll see for yourself that you're unhistorical. It's in my o'clock index. (takes him by the elbow and they go off.)
B. (entering) Ah, at last! My heart beats. Since Deutsch has seen Moses, I now hope to see Chasdeiah, zat fiure of pizz and pazoo, se attacker of ze Deuteronomic Reform-ation, ze man of ze agony of soul and ze constant life of persecution. (Enter a gay young sport.) Ah, sir, can you tell me where—where—-is ze home of Chasdeiah?
C.Y.C. Sure. I'm the guy.
D. You———
J. Yes. I'm Jeremiah, the guy we put the profs on prophecy.
B. But where is your agony of soul? Didn't you write some famous words, 'No, no, it's nothing—you're not worth a dime'?
J. O, there's a little bit of that. (dashes off in a fit of Katzenjammers. You see what got me in jail so often——
B. (excited—as usual) Your life of persecution——
J. Was because I was tanked so much and was sent to the jug. But this time I had been celebrating the completion of my Deuteronomic Code——
B. You wrote?
J. Sure.
B. But your Temple-sermon——
J. Well, I could give those fellows hell when I felt like. I was some preacher. (B. rushes off in despair) Crazy nut! (strolls of leisurely)
(Enter Neumark from left, with head down, muttering) Moreh Nebuchim—— Saadya——Moreh Nebuchim——Tesorleh Malekarim——Neumark——Moreh Nebuchim——Maimuni——Neumark——(shakes head as if in thought) ——Neumark——Maimuni——
(Enter Maimuni from the right, slaps N. on the shoulder) Are you Neumark?
N. Yes, I am the one. I AM the one.
B. Do you teach me?
N. I am the one.
B. (Whacks him on the noggin with a heavy book. N. falls to his knees) Each afternoon fifty lusty cursers from fifty young mouths reach my heavenly abode. Each afternoon I hear your voice confounding my works——while bright young fellows write in agony and curse the blessed name of Maimuni. I teach you to take the middle way and yet you are conceited (Whacks him again)
N. Oh, Maimuni, Maimuni!
B. That's all you think about, your money, your money, but how about Maimuni?
N. Oh, Maimuni!
B. You frog-faced philosopher——you phosphorescent bearded plain son-of-a-gun. From g your money, your offspring beare the name Immune. Kant. Is that gratitude?
N. I can't help it.
Mai. Promise! I say, promise!
N. I shall promise anything in the world. Oh, how my soul that the Lord!  
Mai. Hereafter, don't put any lies into what I wrote, hereafter shall no  
curse arise, hereafter dedicate your soul to a life of philosophy, but  
make a policeman out of him.
N. I promise.
Mai (whacks him again) Get thee gone then!
N. Edisappears crying) Maimuni! Maimuni! (Exit Mai.)
(Enter Kohler from the wings, in a loose-leaf note-book)
K. (mumbles incoherently) Truth—twelve patriarchs—see article in  
Jewish Encyclopedia—
Dev. (enters in the meantime from the rear, creeping, stalking him, comes  
behind him and yells) Booh!
K. Who—-who's that? (turns around and fumbles in pocket for his eye-  
glasses).
Dev. I am the Accuser, called by some Satan, Belial, etc., etc., a regular  
Hell-pf-a-fellow, but most any old-nick namesuite me. I think you in  
anything that is not in my Systematic Theology.
Dev. My dear sir, you not only believe in me, you even work for me. Didn't  
you write a book with the title, "Systematic Theology"? Why the system  
that book has given me more subjects to my kingdom than any other work  
extent. Of course you know that each curse means ten-thousand years in  
Hades, in that ring where you must sit forever in the bleachers and watch  
the home team fan out one by one.
K. Hah! I'm hellish. But if you are really the Teufel, I'd like to ask  
you a few questions. It has long been my purpose to write an article on  
Theology of the Devil. For instance—what is your opinion as to Resurrec  
tion?
Dev. When I get my claws into them, you can bet they won't get back again.
K. But surely the righteous at least will rise again?
Dev. They'll have sense enough to stay where they are.
K. What then be your opinion of the future of Reform Judaism and of our  
College?
Dev. Time is getting short, and I am really not much on a scrap, altho  
who have done some corking good "bottles" with the Lord, so I'll bid you  
adieu in a sudden manner.)
K. I must find him. His endorsement would increase our prestige prodigious-  
ly. (Exit)
(Enter E., and Jezebel tangoing)
E. Oh, my! Jezebel, far be it from me to cast any aspersions upon the  
sacred profession of teaching, but—-yes—I would rather dance the  
tango with you than teach advanced grammar by the inductive method.
K. Oh you seductive Heine. Quit your kidding. Don't try to pull that  
soft stuff on a suffragette like me. You wise, boy?
E. Ah, but Jezebel. I have no objection to your having the vote. And further,  
in my history course I excuse your sins as the sins of the generation.
Let Wattaango again, jezebel.
K. What, you wrench, you say I sinned. You'll get what Naboeh got (rushes  
off with a hat-pin. Oh that old man Ahab were here to avenge my  
wounded honor. But, poor guy, he's home minding our two adopted odorless  
skunks. (Werks for a moment and then enraged, gets for E.)
E. I demand protection. I demand——
(Enter M. and Deborah)
M. Take place, gentlemen, ladies yourselves.
K. (going sweetly up to him) Ah, he calls me a gentleman. He's the guy for  
me. (brushes off M.'s coat-collar.)
M. No chance, jezzy, old girl. Deb here and I have become quite chummy and
out of respect to the yrs. at home, I must pay attention to only one, Debbie, kiss me.

Deb. Isn't he a dear? I never could judge him guilty of any crime. No, never, Julian. And to think, he's going to carry the Votes for Ladies flag in the Suffrage parade at 7th and next week.

E. I will also volunteer for a like position, Jezebel.

Jezebel. That's the stuff. I knew you'd come round.

E. And now that all is amicably settled, come Julian, Jezebel and Deborah. Let us imbibe of the refreshing fluid of נבון לִבָּךְ.

M. (as they go out.) Well, we may.

(A Shofar blast is heard. Elijah appears with asbestos pants and a miniature aeroplane about his middle.)

Elijah. **Hark, a voice is perceptible in the wilderness, saying: Gather ye members of the faculty, and ye hear the revelation of the Lord!** (Faculty come running in.) The Lord has sent me to tell you that your quest will be futile. No longer is the Holy Dageš to be found in Palestine. They have all been killed off. Depart, cease, desist, forbear, return to your homes and +trust that the Lord will be bountiful to you.

V. [Mary] - or a strawberry if you prefer. You have journeyed hither; you have seen many visions; you have trod the soil of the Holy Land; now let it disappear.

Faculty. So, it's no use.

M. Well, gents, let's take the next boat home. I wonder if the Reds won today.

N. Home again, home again! How my dear students must have missed me!

FACULTY: SONG OF RETURN.

ACT III

Faculty room of the College as in Act I. Students around table.

1. Say fellows, I wonder what the faculty are doing. I almost begin to miss those old ginks.

2. Yes, somehow, the College doesn't seem the way it used to. The ventilation system is working too well.

3. Why, we haven't had a Student Body Meeting in months. No good old political shindies, no expensive fees and a few rotten jokes.

4. No choir. Why I don't know why I've sung a College song.

2. Do you remember that one (giving first verse of chorus)?

STUDENT QUARTET: TALMUDBAUFENSTEIN.

3. Sounds great doesn't it? Second epazoo. Do you remember that one entitled "Who put it over the quality's soup, or will Spearmint keep its flavor on the Bedpost over Night?" Don't you know it begins (hum a few bars)

STUDENT QUARTET: HAIL TO THE COLLEGE!

(As they are singing the last chorus the faculty file in in dejection)

Students singing a yell. Welcome back to College. Entrance exams next week.

M. Leave us, we would confer.

(Faculty sink one by one into their seats. Order, K.D.N.B.L.M. E. sinks down last. Jumps five feet and puts hand to אֶלֶּה הַנְּדָעָה)

E. (yells) Ouch, my -

3. (Faculty look around listlessly)

B. (turns his head quickly) Looks over faculty in surprise, jumps up)

The Dageš is found! The Dageš is found! He said my -

All. Where is it? Where is it?

E. Oh my chair (holds it up) I sat on it. Believe me, it's a Dageš Forte!

B. (pense to Berenstine, takes Dageš and puts it on the page, reads) Berenstine.

B. (both with Dageš) Echim - it fits perfectly.

B. Run to the doors! Run in and bring the students, too.

(They come in. Faculty yell! The Dageš is found! Everybody dances around.)
Palmudbaunstern

2.Down in a dell are the ser-mon-spring, that never run dry-er.
3. Li-n-dor the con-ju-fron vin-de. The his-tor bushes are

blows. And the spar-e-breech thru the pret-seal trees sweet.

Cham-pengo-dori throws. These

parked. For ever and a reign-end grows. For e-v-ery thorn a rock.

The

sings - a thrush on a Mi-nah buh by the stream-of Eau-de-Vie. And my heart grows still with the

Mo-reh Pat-ah you'll surely catch. (Get-te- Fish from the brooks. The bank of the trees -

Snow when's cold is pret-ub-gold. The ice is plain Tal-mud clear. The June. when's Thow-ls

nap-saurusull as I. think of that fair coun-try made - af cheese. Their leaves are the leaves of a book.

hem-o-nude Shawd-The rain it rain - eth beer.

Chorus.
Hur-rah for the land of the magic sand and the woody prophecy birds that fly without feather. And tell us the weather and speak in Putty the words of this.

Ever I'm blue—and so may be you, I do not stop to pine. So I pack up my duds and a-tale make me blue—and so it may be, I'll hoot the home-ward sign. So I'm off with my duds for a way. I scold for Ta-mud-sau-l-en-stein, for Ta-mud-sau-l-en-stein.
Opus 246, No. 8. Students.

Elisha ben Abuya.

Words by Eliahu Cohen, music by Heinrich Stolzel.

American Jewish Archives, MS-147, Box 1, Folder 14
Students

Words by
[Signature]

Hail to the College!

Music by
[Signature]