

|| GOLDE & YENTE

YENTE: (*suspiciously*) What does that poor little tailor Motel want with Tzeitel?

GOLDE: They've been friends since they were babies. They talk, they play, T

YENTE: They play? What do they play?

GOLDE: Who knows? They're children.

YENTE: From such children come other children.

GOLDE: Yente, you said-

YENTE: Ah, children, children! They are a blessing in your old age. But my Aaron, may he rest in peace, couldn't give me children. Believe me, he was as good as gold, never raised his voice to me, but otherwise he was not much of a man, so what good is it he never raised his voice? But what's the use of complaining? Other women enjoy complaining, but not Yente.

GOLDE: Yente, you said you had news.

YENTE: Of course, the news - It's about Lazar Wolf, the butcher. Out of the whole town, he's cast his eye on Tzeitel.

GOLDE: Such a match, for my Tzeitel. But Tevye wants a learned man.

YENTE: Listen to me, Golde, send Tevye to him. Don't tell him what it's about. Let Lazar discuss it himself.

GOLDE: Tevye doesn't like Lazar.

YENTE: Lazar will win him over. He's a good man, and I don't have to tell you he's well off. And you don't have to thank me, Golde, because it gives me satisfaction to make people happy. So goodbye, Golde, and you're welcome.