

Fiddler on the Roof

Book by JOSEPH STEIN

Music by JERRY BOCK

Lyrics by SHELDON HARNICK

Based on Sholom Aleichem's stories

CROWN PUBLISHERS, INC., NEW YORK

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to our Fathers

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Street,

Fiddler on the Roof WAS FIRST PRESENTED BY HAROLD PRINCE AT THE IMPERIAL THEATRE, NEW YORK CITY, ON SEPTEMBER 22, 1964, WITH THE FOLLOWING CAST:

TEVYE, a dairyman	ZERO MOSTEL
GOLDE, his wife	MARIA KARNILOVA
TZEITEL	} their daughters
HODEL	
CHAVA	
SHPRINTZE	
BIELKE	
YENTE, a matchmaker	BEATRICE ARTHUR
MOTEL KAMZOIL, a tailor	AUSTIN PENDELTON
SHANDEL, his mother	HELEN VERBIT
PERCHIK, a student	BERT CONVY
LAZAR WOLF, a butcher	MICHAEL GRANGER
MORDCHA, an innkeeper	ZVEE SCOOLER
RABBI	GLUCK SANDOR
MENDEL, his son	LEONARD FREY
AVRAM, a bookseller	PAUL LIPSON
NAHUM, a beggar	MAURICE EDWARDS
GRANDMA TZEITEL, Golde's grandmother	SUE BABEL
FRUMA-SARAH, Lazar Wolf's first wife	CAROL SAWYER
YUSSEL, a hatter	MITCH THOMAS
CONSTABLE	JOSEPH SULLIVAN
FYEDKA, a young man	JOE PONAZECKI
SASHA, his friend	ROBERT BERDEEN

and

THE FIDDLER	GINO CONFORTI
VILLAGERS	TOM ABBOTT, JOHN C. ATTLE, SUE BABEL, SAMMY BAYES, ROBERT BERDEEN, LORENZO BIANCO, DUANE BODIN, ROBERT CURRIE, SARAH FELCHER, TONY GARDELL, LOUIS GENEVRINO, ROSS GIFFORD, DAN JASIN, SANDRA KAZAN, THOM KOUTSOUKOS,

SHARON LERIT, SYLVIA MANN, PEFF MODELSKI, IRENE
PARIS, CHARLES RULE, CAROL SAWYER, ROBERTA SENN
MITCH THOMAS, HELEN VERBIT

Entire production directed and choreographed by JE
ROME ROBBINS. Settings by BORIS ARONSON. Costumes by
PATRICIA ZIPPRODT. Lighting by JEAN ROSENTHAL. Orches
trations by DON WALKER. Musical Direction and Vocal
Arrangements by MILTON GREENE. Dance Music ar
ranged by BETTY WALBERG. Production Stage Manager,
RUTH MITCHELL. Produced by special permission of the
Estate of Olga Rabinowitz, Arnold Perl, and Crown Pub
lishers, Inc.

The place: Anatevka, a village in Russia.

The time: 1905, on the eve of the revolutionary period.

DELSKI, IRENE
ROBERTA SENN,

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ACT ONE

PROLOGUE

The exterior of TEVYE's house. A FIDDLER is seated on the roof, playing. TEVYE is outside the house.

TEVYE

A fiddler on the roof. Sounds crazy, no? But in our little village of Anatevka, you might say every one of us is a fiddler on the roof, trying to scratch out a pleasant, simple tune without breaking his neck. It isn't easy. You may ask, why do we stay up here if it's so dangerous? We stay because Anatevka is our home. And how do we keep our balance? That I can tell you in a word — tradition!

VILLAGERS

(Enter, singing.)

Tradition, tradition — Tradition.

Tradition, tradition — Tradition.

TEVYE

Because of our traditions, we've kept our balance for many, many years. Here in Anatevka we have traditions for everything — how to eat, how to sleep, how to wear clothes. For instance, we always keep our heads covered and always wear a little prayer shawl. This shows our constant devotion to God. You may ask, how did this tradition start? I'll tell you — I don't know! But it's a tradition. Because of our traditions, everyone knows who he is and what God expects him to do.

TEVYE and PAPAS

(Sing)

["Tradition"]

Who, day and night,
Must scramble for a living,

Feed a wife and children,
Say his daily prayers?
And who has the right,
As master of the house,
To have the final word at home?

ALL

The papa, the papa — Tradition.
The papa, the papa — Tradition.

GOLDE *and* MAMAS

Who must know the way to make a proper home,
A quiet home, a kosher home?
Who must raise a family and run the home
So Papa's free to read the Holy Book?

ALL

The mama, the mama — Tradition.
The mama, the mama — Tradition.

SONS

At three I started Hebrew school,
At ten I learned a trade.
I hear they picked a bride for me.
I hope she's pretty.

ALL

The sons, the sons — Tradition.
The sons, the sons — Tradition.

DAUGHTERS

And who does Mama teach
To mend and tend and fix,
Preparing me to marry
Whoever Papa picks?

ALL

The daughters, the daughters — Tradition.
The daughters, the daughters — Tradition.

(They repeat the song as a round.)

PAPAS

The papas.

MAMAS
The mamas.

SONS
The sons.

DAUGHTERS
The daughters.

ALL
Tradition.

PAPAS
The papas.

MAMAS
The mamas.

SONS
The sons.

DAUGHTERS
The daughters.

ALL
Tradition.

TEVYE

And in the circle of our little village, we have always had our special types. For instance, Yente, the matchmaker . . .

YENTE

Avram, I have a perfect match for your sons. A wonderful girl.

AVRAM

Who is it?

YENTE

Ruchel, the shoemaker's daughter.

AVRAM

Ruchel? But she can hardly see. She's almost blind.

YENTE

Tell the truth, Avram, is your son so much to look at? The way she sees and the way he looks, it's a perfect match.

(All dance.)

TEVYE

And Reb Nahum, the beggar . . .

NAHUM
Alms for the poor, alms for the poor.

LAZAR
Here, Reb Nahum, is one kopek.

NAHUM
One kopek? Last week you gave me two kopeks.

LAZAR
I had a bad week.

NAHUM
So if you had a bad week, why should I suffer?

(All dance.)

TEVYE
And, most important, our beloved rabbi . . .

MENDEL
Rabbi, may I ask you a question?

RABBI
Certainly, my son.

MENDEL
Is there a proper blessing for the Tsar?

RABBI
A blessing for the Tsar? Of course. May God bless and keep the Tsar
—far away from us!

(All dance.)

TEVYE
Then, there are the others in our village. They make a much bigger
circle.

*(The PRIEST, the CONSTABLE, and other RUSSIANS
cross the stage. The two groups nod to each
other.)*

TEVYE
His Honor the Constable, his Honor the Priest, and his Honor—
many others. We don't bother them, and, so far, they don't bother

us. And among ourselves we get along perfectly well. Of course, there was the time (*pointing to the TWO MEN*) when he sold him a horse and he delivered a mule, but that's all settled now. Now we live in simple peace and harmony and—

(The TWO MEN begin an argument, which is taken up by the entire group.)

FIRST MAN

It was a horse.

SECOND MAN

It was a mule.

FIRST MAN

It was a horse!

SECOND MAN

It was a mule, I tell you!

VILLAGERS

Horse!

VILLAGERS

Mule!

VILLAGERS

Horse!

VILLAGERS

Mule!

VILLAGERS

Horse!

VILLAGERS

Mule!

VILLAGERS

Horse!

VILLAGERS

Mule!

EVERYONE

Tradition, tradition — Tradition.
Tradition, tradition — Tradition.

TEVYE
(*Quieting them*)

Tradition. Without our traditions, our lives would be as shaky as — as a fiddler on the roof!

(*The VILLAGERS exit, and the house opens to show its interior.*)

SCENE ONE

The kitchen of TEVYE's house. GOLDE, TZEITEL, and HODEL are preparing for the Sabbath. SHPRINTZE and BIELKE enter from outside, carrying logs.

SHPRINTZE

Mama, where should we put these?

GOLDE

Put them on my head! By the stove, foolish girl. Where is Chava?

HODEL

She's in the barn, milking.

BIELKE

When will Papa be home?

GOLDE

It's almost Sabbath and he worries a lot when he'll be home! All day long riding on top of his wagon like a prince.

TZEITEL

Mama, you know that Papa works hard.

GOLDE

His horse works harder! And you don't have to defend your papa to me. I know him a little longer than you. He could drive a person crazy. (*Under her breath.*) He should only live and be well. (*Out loud.*) Shprintze, bring me some more potatoes.

(*CHAVA enters, carrying a basket, with a book under her apron.*)

Chava, did you finish milking?

CHAVA

Yes, Mama. (*She drops the book.*)

GOLDE

You were reading again? Why does a girl have to read? Will it get her a better husband? Here. (*Hands CHAVA the book.*)

(*CHAVA exits into the house. SHPRINTZE enters with basket of potatoes.*)

SHPRINTZE

Mama, Yente's coming. She's down the road.

HODEL

Maybe she's finally found a good match for you, Tzeitel.

GOLDE

From your mouth to God's ears.

TZEITEL

Why does she have to come now? It's almost Sabbath.

GOLDE

Go finish in the barn. I want to talk to Yente alone.

SHPRINTZE

Mama, can I go out and play?

GOLDE

You have feet? Go.

BIELKE

Can I go too?

GOLDE

Go too.

(*SHPRINTZE and BIELKE exit.*)

TZEITEL

But Mama, the men she finds. The last one was so old and he was bald. He had no hair.

GOLDE

A poor girl without a dowry can't be so particular. You want hair, marry a monkey.

TZEITEL

After all, Mama, I'm not yet twenty years old, and—

GOLDE

Shah! (*Spits between her fingers.*) Do you have to boast about your age? Do you want to tempt the Evil Eye? Inside.

(TZEITEL leaves the kitchen as YENTE enters from outside.)

YENTE

Golde darling, I had to see you because I have such news for you. And not just every-day-in-the-week news — once-in-a-lifetime news. And where are your daughters? Outside, no? Good. Such diamonds, such jewels. You'll see, Golde, I'll find every one of them a husband. But you shouldn't be so picky. Even the worst husband, God forbid, is better than no husband, God forbid. And who should know better than me? Ever since my husband died I've been a poor widow, alone, nobody to talk to, nothing to say to anyone. It's no life. All I do at night is think of him, and even thinking of him gives me no pleasure, because you know as well as I, he was not much of a person. Never made a living, everything he touched turned to mud, but better than nothing.

MOTEL

(*Entering*)

Good evening. Is Tzeitel in the house?

GOLDE

But she's busy. You can come back later.

MOTEL

There's something I'd like to tell her.

GOLDE

Later.

TZEITEL

(*Entering*)

Oh, Motel, I thought I heard you.

GOLDE

Finish what you were doing. (TZEITEL goes out. To MOTEL) I said later.

MOTEL

(*Exiting*)

All right!

YENTE

What does that poor little tailor, Motel, want with Tzeitel?

GOLDE

They have been friends since they were babies together. They talk, they play . . .

YENTE

(Suspiciously)

They play? What do they play?

GOLDE

Who knows? They're just children.

YENTE

From such children, come other children.

GOLDE

Motel, he's a nothing. Yente, you said —

YENTE

Ah, children, children! They are your blessing in your old age. But my Aaron, may he rest in peace, couldn't give me children. Believe me, he was good as gold, never raised his voice to me, but otherwise he was not much of a man, so what good is it if he never raised his voice? But what's the use complaining. Other women enjoy complaining, but not Yente. Not every woman in the world is a Yente. Well, I must prepare my poor Sabbath table, so goodbye, Golde, and it was a pleasure talking our hearts out to each other. *(She starts to exit.)*

GOLDE

Yente, you said you had news for me.

YENTE

(Returning)

Oh, I'm losing my head. One day it will fall off altogether, and a horse will kick it into the mud, and goodbye, Yente. Of course, the news. It's about Lazar Wolf, the butcher. A good man, a fine man. And I don't have to tell you that he's well off. But he's lonely, the poor man. After all, a widower . . . You understand? Of course you do. To make it short, out of the whole town, he's cast his eye on Tzeitel.

GOLDE

My Tzeitel?

YENTE

No, the Tsar's Tzeitel! Of course your Tzeitel.

GOLDE

Such a match, for my Tzeitel. But Tevye wants a learned man. He doesn't like Lazar.

YENTE

Fine. So he won't marry him. Lazar wants the daughter, not the father. Listen to me, Golde, send Tevye to him. Don't tell him what it's about. Let Lazar discuss it himself. He'll win him over. He's a good man, a wealthy man—true? Of course true! So you'll tell me how it went, and you don't have to thank me, Golde, because aside from my fee—which anyway Lazar will pay—it gives me satisfaction to make people happy—what better satisfaction is there? So goodbye, Golde, and you're welcome.

(She goes out. Enter TZEITEL.)

TZEITEL

What did she want, Mama?

GOLDE

When I want you to know, I'll tell you. Finish washing the floor.

(She exits. HODEL and CHAVA enter with wash mop and bucket.)

HODEL

I wonder if Yente found a husband for you?

TZEITEL

I'm not anxious for Yente to find me a husband.

CHAVA

(Teasing)

Not unless it's Motel, the tailor.

TZEITEL

I didn't ask you.

HODEL

Tzeitel, you're the oldest. They have to make a match for you before they can make one for me.

CHAVA

And then after her, one for me.

HODEL

So if Yente brings —

TZEITEL

Oh, Yente! Yente!

HODEL

Well, somebody has to arrange the matches. Young people can't decide these things for themselves.

CHAVA

She might bring someone wonderful —

HODEL

Someone interesting —

CHAVA

And well off —

HODEL

And important —

["Matchmaker, Matchmaker"]

Matchmaker, Matchmaker,
Make me a match,
Find me a find.
Catch me a catch.
Matchmaker, Matchmaker,
Look through your book
And make me a perfect match.

CHAVA

Matchmaker, Matchmaker,
I'll bring the veil,
You bring the groom,
Slender and pale.
Bring me a ring for I'm longing to be
The envy of all I see.

HODEL

For Papa,
Make him a scholar.

CHAVA

For Mama,
Make him rich as a king.

CHAVA *and* HODEL

For me, well,
I wouldn't holler
If he were as handsome as anything.

Matchmaker, Matchmaker,

Make me a match,

Find me a find,

Catch me a catch.

Night after night in the dark I'm alone,

So find me a match

Of my own.

TZEITEL

Since when are you interested in a match, Chava? I thought you just had your eye on your books. (HODEL *chuckles*.) And you have your eye on the rabbi's son.

HODEL

Why not? We only have one rabbi and he only has one son. Why shouldn't I want the best?

TZEITEL

Because you're a girl from a poor family. So whatever Yente brings, you'll take. Right? Of course right. (*Sings*.)

Hodel, oh Hodel,

Have I made a match for you!

He's handsome, he's young!

All right, he's sixty-two,

But he's a nice man, a good catch — true? True.

I promise you'll be happy.

And even if you're not,

There's more to life than that —

Don't ask me what.

Chava, I found him.
Will you be a lucky bride!
He's handsome, he's tall—
That is, from side to side.
But he's a nice man, a good catch—right? Right.

You heard he has a temper.
He'll beat you every night,
But only when he's sober,
So you're all right.

Did you think you'd get a prince?
Well, I do the best I can.
With no dowry, no money, no family background
Be glad you got a man.

CHAVA

Matchmaker, Matchmaker,
You know that I'm
Still very young.
Please, take your time.

HODEL

Up to this minute
I misunderstood
That I could get stuck for good.

CHAVA *and* HODEL

Dear Yente,
See that he's gentle.
Remember,
You were also a bride.
It's not that
I'm sentimental.

CHAVA, HODEL, *and* TZEITEL

It's just that I'm terrified!

Matchmaker, Matchmaker,
Plan me no plans,
I'm in no rush.

Maybe I've learned
Playing with matches
A girl can get burned.

So,

Bring me no ring,
Groom me no groom,
Find me no find,
Catch me no catch,
Unless he's a matchless match.

SCENE TWO

The exterior of TEVYE'S house. TEVYE enters, pulling his cart. He stops, and sits on the wagon seat, exhausted.

TEVYE

Today I am a horse. Dear God, did you have to make my poor old horse lose his shoe just before the Sabbath? That wasn't nice. It's enough you pick on me, Tevye, bless me with five daughters, a life of poverty. What have you got against my horse? Sometimes I think when things are too quiet up there, You say to Yourself: "Let's see, what kind of mischief can I play on my friend Tevye?"

GOLDE

(Entering from house)

You're finally here, my breadwinner.

TEVYE

(To heaven)

I'll talk to You later.

GOLDE

Where's your horse?

TEVYE

He was invited to the blacksmith's for the Sabbath.

GOLDE

Hurry up, the sun won't wait for you. I have something to say to you. *(Exits into the house.)*

TEVYE

As the Good Book says, "Heal us, O Lord, and we shall be healed." In other words, send us the cure, we've got the sickness already.

(*Gestures to the door.*) I'm not really complaining — after all, with Your help, I'm starving to death. You made many, many poor people. I realize, of course, that it's no shame to be poor, but it's no great honor either. So what would have been so terrible if I had a small fortune?

[“If I Were a Rich Man”]

If I were a rich man
Daidle deedle daidle
Digguh digguh deedle daidle dum,
All day long I'd biddy biddy bum,
If I were a wealthy man.

Wouldn't have to work hard,
Daidle deedle daidle
Digguh digguh deedle daidle dum,
If I were a biddy biddy rich
Digguh digguh deedle daidle man.

I'd build a big, tall house with rooms by the dozen
Right in the middle of the town,
A fine tin roof and real wooden floors below.
There would be one long staircase just going up,
And one even longer coming down,
And one more leading nowhere just for show.

I'd fill my yard with chicks and turkeys and geese
And ducks for the town to see and hear,
Squawking just as noisily as they can.
And each loud quack and cluck and gobble and honk
Will land like a trumpet on the ear,
As if to say, here lives a wealthy man.

(*Sighs.*)

If I were a rich man,
Daidle deedle daidle
Digguh digguh deedle daidle dum,
All day long I'd biddy biddy bum,
If I were a wealthy man.

Wouldn't have to work hard,
Daidle deedle daidle
Digguh digguh deedle daidle dum,
If I were a biddy biddy rich
Digguh digguh deedle daidle man.

I see my wife, my Golde, looking like a rich man's wife,
With a proper double chin,
Supervising meals to her heart's delight.
I see her putting on airs and strutting like a peacock,
Oil what a happy mood she's in,
Screaming at the servants day and night.

The most important men in town will come to fawn on me.
They will ask me to advise them like a Solomon the Wise,
"If you please, Reb Tevye. Pardon me, Reb Tevye,"
Posing problems that would cross a rabbi's eyes.

(He chants.)

And it won't make one bit of difference
If I answer right or wrong.
When you're rich they think you really know!
If I were rich I'd have the time that I lack
To sit in the synagogue and pray,
And maybe have a seat by the eastern wall,
And I'd discuss the Holy Books with the learned men
Seven hours every day.
That would be the sweetest thing of all.

(Sighs.)

If I were a rich man,
Daidle deedle daidle
Digguh digguh deedle daidle dum,
All day long I'd biddy biddy bum,
If I were a wealthy man.

Wouldn't have to work hard,
Daidle deedle daidle
Digguh digguh deedle daidle dum,

Lord, who made the lion and the lamb,
You decreed I should be what I am,
Would it spoil some vast, eternal plan —
If I were a wealthy man?

(*As the song ends, MORDCHA, MENDEL, PERCHIK,
AVRAM, and other TOWNSPEOPLE enter.*)

MORDCHA

There he is! You forgot my order for the Sabbath!

TEVYE

Reb Mordcha, I had a little accident with my horse.

MENDEL

Tevye, you didn't bring the Rabbi's order.

TEVYE

I know, Reb Mendel.

AVRAM

Tevye, you forgot my order for the Sabbath.

TEVYE

This is bigger news than the plague in Odessa.

AVRAM

(*Waving the newspaper that he holds*)

Talking about news, terrible news in the outside world — terrible!

MORDCHA

What is it?

MENDEL

What does it say?

AVRAM

In a village called Rajanka, all the Jews were evicted, forced to leave their homes.

(*They all look at each other.*)

MENDEL

For what reason?

AVRAM

It doesn't say. Maybe the Tsar wanted their land. Maybe a plague . . .

MORDCHA

May the Tsar have his own personal plague.

ALL

Amen.

MENDEL

(To AVRAM)

Why don't you ever bring us some good news?

AVRAM

I only read it. It was an edict from the authorities.

MORDCHA

May the authorities start itching in places that they can't reach.

ALL

Amen.

PERCHIK

(Has quietly entered during above and sat down to rest.)

Why do you curse them? What good does your cursing do? You stand around and curse and chatter and don't do anything. You'll all chatter your way into the grave.

MENDEL

Excuse me, you're not from this village.

PERCHIK

No.

MENDEL

And where are you from?

PERCHIK

Kiev. I was a student in the university there.

MORDCHA

Aha! The university. Is that where you learned to criticize your elders?

PERCHIK

That's where I learned that there is more to life than talk. You should know what's going on in the outside world.

MORDCHA

Why should I break my head about the outside world? Let them break their own heads.

TEVYE

He's right. As the Good Book says, "If you spit in the air, it lands in your face."

PERCHIK

That's nonsense. You can't close your eyes to what's happening in the world.

TEVYE

He's right.

AVRAM

He's right and he's right? How can they both be right?

TEVYE

You know, you're also right.

MORDCHA

He's right! He's still wet behind the ears! Good Sabbath, Tevye.

VILLAGERS

Good Sabbath, Tevye.

(They take their orders and leave. MENDEL remains.)

MENDEL

Tevye, the rabbi's order. My cheesel

TEVYE

Of course. So you're from Kiev, Reb . . .

PERCHIK

Perchik.

TEVYE

Perchik. So, you're a newcomer here. As Abraham said, "I am a stranger in a strange land."

MENDEL

Moses said that.

TEVYE

(To MENDEL)

Forgive me. As King David put it, "I am slow of speech and slow of tongue."

MENDEL

That was also Moses.

TEVYE

For a man with a slow tongue, he talked a lot.

MENDEL

And the cheese!

(TEVYE notices that PERCHIK
is eying the cheese hungrily.)

TEVYE

Here, have a piece.

PERCHIK

I have no money. And I am not a beggar.

TEVYE

Here—it's a blessing for me to give.

PERCHIK

Very well—for your sake! (*He takes the cheese and devours it.*)

TEVYE

Thank you. You know, it's no crime to be poor.

PERCHIK

In this world, it's the rich who are the criminals. Some day their
wealth will be ours.

TEVYE

That would be nice. If they would agree, I would agree.

MENDEL

And who will make this miracle come to pass?

PERCHIK

People. Ordinary people.

MENDEL

Like you?

PERCHIK

Like me.

MENDEL

Nonsense!

TEVYE

And until your golden day comes, Reb Perchik, how will you live?

PERCHIK

By giving lessons to children. Do you have children?

TEVYE

I have five daughters.

PERCHIK

Five?

TEVYE

Daughters.

PERCHIK

Girls should learn too. Girls are people.

MENDEL

A radical!

PERCHIK

I would be willing to teach them. Open their minds to great thoughts.

TEVYE

What great thoughts?

PERCHIK

Well, the Bible has many lessons for our times.

TEVYE

I am a very poor man. Food for lessons? (PERCHIK *nods*.) Good. Stay with us for the Sabbath. Of course, we don't eat like kings, but we don't starve, either. As the Good Book says, "When a poor man eats a chicken, one of them is sick."

MENDEL

Where does the Book say that?

TEVYE

Well, it doesn't exactly say that, but someplace it has something about a chicken. Good Sabbath.

MENDEL

Good Sabbath.

PERCHIK

Good Sabbath.

(MENDEL *exits as* TEVYE *and* PERCHIK *enter the house.*)

SCENE THREE

The interior of TEVYE'S house. TEVYE'S daughters are there. TEVYE and PERCHIK enter.

TEVYE

Good Sabbath, children.

DAUGHTERS

(Running to him)

Good Sabbath, Papa.

TEVYE

Children! *(They all stop.)* This is Perchik. Perchik, this is my oldest daughter.

PERCHIK

Good Sabbath.

TZEITEL

Good Sabbath.

PERCHIK

You have a pleasant daughter.

TEVYE

I have five pleasant daughters. *(He beckons to the girls, and they run into his arms, eagerly, and TEVYE kisses each.)* This is mine . . . this is mine . . . this is mine . . . this is mine . . .

(MOTEL enters. TEVYE almost kisses him in sequence.)

This is not mine. Perchik, this is Motel Kamzoil and he is—

GOLDE

(Entering)

So you did me a favor and came in.

TEVYE

This is also mine. Golde, this is Perchik, from Kiev, and he is staying the Sabbath with us. He is a teacher. *(To SHPRINTZE and BIELKE)* Would you like to take lessons from him? *(They giggle.)*

PERCHIK

I am really a good teacher, a very good teacher.

HODEL

I heard once, the rabbi who must praise himself has a congregation of one.

PERCHIK

Your daughter has a quick and witty tongue.

TEVYE

The wit she gets from me. As the Good Book says —

GOLDE

The Good Book can wait. Get washed!

TEVYE

The tongue she gets from her mother.

GOLDE

Motel, you're also eating with us? (*MOTEL gestures, "Yes, if I may."*) Of course, another blessing. Tzeitel, two more. Shprintze, Bielke, get washed. Get the table.

TZEITEL

Motel can help me.

GOLDE

All right. Chava, you go too. (*To PERCHIK*) You can wash outside at the well.

(Exit the DAUGHTERS, PERCHIK, and MOTEL.)

Tevye, I have something to say to you.

TEVYE

Why should today be different? (*He starts to pray.*)

GOLDE

Tevye, I have to tell you —

TEVYE

Shhh. I'm praying. (*Prays.*)

GOLDE

(Having waited a moment)

Lazar Wolf wants to see you.

(TEVYE begins praying again, stopping only to respond to GOLDE, then returning to prayer.)

TEVYE

The butcher? About what? (*Prays.*)

GOLDE

I don't know. Only that he says it is important.

TEVYE

What can be important? I have nothing for him to slaughter.
(*Prays.*)

GOLDE

After the Sabbath, see him and talk to him.

TEVYE

Talk to him about what? If he is thinking about buying my new milk cow (*prays*) he can forget it. (*Prays.*)

GOLDE

Tevye, don't be an ox. A man sends an important message, at least you can talk to him.

TEVYE

Talk about what? He wants my new milk cow! (*Prays.*)

GOLDE

(*Insisting*)

Talk to him!

TEVYE

All right. After the Sabbath, I'll talk to him.

(*TEVYE and GOLDE exit. He is still praying. MOTEL, TZEITEL, and CHAVA bring in the table. CHAVA exits.*)

TZEITEL

Motel, Yente was here.

MOTEL

I saw her.

TZEITEL

If they agree on someone, there will be a match and then it will be too late for us.

MOTEL

Don't worry, Tzeitel. I have found someone who will sell me his

used sewing machine, so in a few weeks I'll have saved up enough to buy it, and then your father will be impressed with me and . . .

TZEITEL

But, Motel, a few weeks may be too late.

MOTEL

But what else can we do?

TZEITEL

You could ask my father for my hand tonight. Now!

MOTEL

Why should he consider me now? I'm only a poor tailor.

TZEITEL

And I'm only the daughter of a poor milkman. Just talk to him.

MOTEL

Tzeitel, if your father says no, that's it, it's final. He'll yell at me.

TZEITEL

Motel!

MOTEL

I'm just a poor tailor.

TZEITEL

Motel, even a poor tailor is entitled to some happiness.

MOTEL

That's true.

TZEITEL

(Urgently)

Will you talk to him? Will you talk to him?

MOTEL

All right, I'll talk to him.

TEVYE

(Entering)

It's late! Where is everybody? Late.

MOTEL

(Following him)

Reb Tevye—

TEVYE

(Disregarding him)

Come in, children, we're lighting the candles.

MOTEL

Reb Tevye. (*Summoning courage*) Reb Tevye, Reb Tevye.

TEVYE

Yes? What is it? (*Loudly*) Well, Motel, what is it?

MOTEL

(*Taken aback*)

Good Sabbath, Reb Tevye.

TEVYE

(*Irritated with him*)

Good Sabbath, Good Sabbath. Come, children, come.

(*TEVYE'S family, PERCHIK, and MOTEL gather around the table. GOLDE lights the candles and says a prayer under her breath.*)

TEVYE and GOLDE

(*Sing to DAUGHTERS.*)

["Sabbath Prayer"]

May the Lord protect and defend you,
May He always shield you from shame,

May you come to be

In Yisroel a shining name.

May you be like Ruth and like Esther,

May you be deserving of praise.

Strengthen them, O Lord,

And keep them from the stranger's ways.

May God bless you

And grant you long lives.

(*The lights go up behind them, showing other families, behind a transparent curtain, singing over Sabbath candles.*)

GOLDE

May the Lord fulfill our Sabbath prayer for you.

TEVYE and GOLDE

May God make you

Good mothers and wives.

TEVYE

May He send you husbands who will care for you.

TEVYE *and* GOLDE

May the Lord protect and defend you
May the Lord preserve you from pain.

Favor them, O Lord,
With happiness and peace.
O hear our Sabbath prayer.
Amen.

SCENE FOUR

The Inn, the following evening. AVRAM, LAZAR, MENDEL, and several other people are sitting at tables. LAZAR is waiting impatiently, drumming on the tabletop, watching the door.

LAZAR

Reb Mordcha.

MORDCHA

Yes, Lazar Wolf.

LAZAR

Please bring me a bottle of your best brandy and two glasses.

AVRAM

"Your best brandy," Reb Lazar?

MORDCHA

What's the occasion? Are you getting ready for a party?

LAZAR

There might be a party. Maybe even a wedding.

MORDCHA

A wedding? Wonderful. And I'll be happy to make the wedding merry, lead the dancing, and so forth. For a little fee, naturally.

LAZAR

Naturally, a wedding is no wedding without you — and your fee.

(FYEDKA enters with several other RUSSIANS.)

FIRST RUSSIAN

Good evening, Innkeeper.

Good evening. MORDCHA

We'd like a drink. Sit down, Fyedka. FIRST RUSSIAN

Vodka? Schnapps? MORDCHA

Vodka. FYEDKA

Right away. MORDCHA

(TEVYE enters. LAZAR, who has been watching the door, turns away, pretending not to be concerned.)

Good evening. TEVYE

Good evening, Tevye. MORDCHA

What are you doing here so early? MENDEL

TEVYE
(Aside to MENDEL)
He wants to buy my new milk cow. Good evening, Reb Lazar.

LAZAR
Ah, Tevye. Sit down. Have a drink. *(Pours a drink.)*

TEVYE
I won't insult you by saying no. *(Drinks.)*

LAZAR
How goes it with you, Tevye?

TEVYE
How should it go?

LAZAR
You're right.

TEVYE
And you?

LAZAR

The same.

TEVYE

I'm sorry to hear that.

LAZAR

(Pours a drink.)

So how's your brother-in-law in America?

TEVYE

I believe he is doing very well.

LAZAR

He wrote you?

TEVYE

Not lately.

LAZAR

Then how do you know?

TEVYE

If he was doing badly, he would write. May I? *(Pours himself another drink.)*

LAZAR

Tevye, I suppose you know why I wanted to see you.

TEVYE

(Drinks.)

Yes, I do, Reb Lazar, but there is no use talking about it.

LAZAR

(Upset)

Why not?

TEVYE

Why yes? Why should I get rid of her?

LAZAR

Well, you have a few more without her.

TEVYE

I see! Today you want one. Tomorrow you may want two.

LAZAR

(Startled)

Two? What would I do with two?

TEVYE

The same as you do with one!

LAZAR

(Shocked)

Tevye! This is very important to me.

TEVYE

Why is it so important to you?

LAZAR

Frankly, because I am lonesome.

TEVYE

(Startled)

Lonesome? What are you talking about?

LAZAR

You don't know?

TEVYE

We're talking about my new cow. The one you want to buy from me.

LAZAR

(Stares at TEVYE, then bursts into laughter.)

A milk cow! So I won't be lonesome! *(He howls with laughter. TEVYE stares at him.)*

TEVYE

What's so funny?

LAZAR

I was talking about your daughter. Your daughter, Tzeitel! *(Bursts into laughter. TEVYE stares at him, upset.)*

TEVYE

My daughter, Tzeitel?

LAZAR

Of course, your daughter, Tzeitel! I see her in my butcher shop every Thursday. She's made a good impression on me. I like her. And as for me, Tevye, as you know, I'm pretty well off. I have my own house, a good store, a servant. Look, Tevye, why do we have to try to impress each other? Let's shake hands and call it a match. And you won't need a dowry for her. And maybe you'll find something in your own purse, too.

TEVYE

(*Shouting*)

Shame on you! Shame! (*Hiccups.*) What do you mean, my purse?
My Tzeitel is not the sort that I would sell for money!

LAZAR

(*Calming him*)

All right! Just as you say. We won't talk about money. The main
thing is, let's get it done with. And I will be good to her, Tevye.
(*Slightly embarrassed*) I like her. What do you think?

TEVYE

(*To the audience*)

What do I think? What do I think? I never liked him! Why should
I? You can have a fine conversation with him, if you talk about
kidneys and livers. On the other hand, not everybody has to be a
scholar. If you're wealthy enough, no one will call you stupid. And
with a butcher, my daughter will surely never know hunger. Of
course, he has a problem—he's much older than her. That's her
problem. But she's younger. That's his problem. I always thought
of him as a butcher, but I misjudged him. He is a good man. He
likes her. He will try to make her happy. (*Turns to LAZAR.*) What
do I think? It's a match!

LAZAR

(*Delighted*)

You agree?

TEVYE

I agree.

LAZAR

Oh, Tevye, that's wonderful. Let's drink on it.

TEVYE

Why not? To you.

LAZAR

No, my friend, to you.

TEVYE

To the both of us.

LAZAR

To our agreement.

TEVYE

To our agreement. To our prosperity. To good health and happiness. (*Enter FIDDLER.*) And, most important (*sings*),

["To Life"]

To Life, to Life, L'Chaim.

TEVYE *and* LAZAR

L'Chaim, L'Chaim, To Life.

TEVYE

Here's to the father I've tried to be.

LAZAR

Here's to my bride to be.

TEVYE *and* LAZAR

Drink, L'Chaim,

To Life, to Life, L'Chaim.

L'Chaim, L'Chaim, to Life.

TEVYE

Life has a way of confusing us,

LAZAR

Blessing and bruising us,

TEVYE *and* LAZAR

Drink, L'Chaim, to Life.

TEVYE

God would like us to be joyful,
Even when our hearts lie panting on the floor.

LAZAR

How much more can we be joyful
When there's really something
To be joyful for!

TEVYE *and* LAZAR

To Life, to Life, L'Chaim.

TEVYE

To Tzeitel, my daughter.

LAZAR

My wife.

It gives you something to think about,

and happi-

TEVYE
Something to drink about,
TEVYE *and* LAZAR
Drink, L'Chaim, to Life.

LAZAR
Reb Mordcha.

MORDCHA
Yes, Lazar Wolf.

LAZAR
Drinks for everybody.

MENDEL
What's the occasion?

LAZAR
I'm taking myself a bride.

VILLAGERS
Who? Who?

LAZAR
Tevye's eldest, Tzeitel.

VILLAGERS
Mazeltov. . . . Wonderful. . . . Congratulations. . . . (*Sing.*)
To Lazar Wolf.

TEVYE
To Tevye.

VILLAGERS
To Tzeitel, your daughter.

LAZAR
My wife.

ALL
May all your futures be pleasant ones,
Not like our present ones.
Drink, L'Chaim, to Life,
To Life, L'Chaim,
L'Chaim, L'Chaim, to Life.
It takes a wedding to make us say,
"Let's live another day,"
Drink, L'Chaim, to Life.

We'll raise a glass and sip a drop of schnapps
In honor of the great good luck
That favored you.

We know that
When good fortune favors two such men
It stands to reason we deserve it, too.
To us and our good fortune.
Be happy, be healthy, long life!
And if our good fortune never comes,
Here's to whatever comes.
Drink, L'Chaim, to Life.
Dai-dai-dai-dai-dai-dai-dai.

*(They begin to dance. A RUSSIAN starts to sing,
and they stop, uncomfortable.)*

RUSSIAN

Za va sha, Zdarovia,
Heaven bless you both, Nazdrovia,
To your health, and may we live together in peace.

Za va sha, Zdarovia,
Heaven bless you both, Nazdrovia,
To your health, and may we live together in peace.

OTHER RUSSIANS

May you both be favored with the future of your choice.
May you live to see a thousand reasons to rejoice.

Za va sha, Zdarovia,
Heaven bless you both, Nazdrovia,
To your health, and may we live together in peace.
Hey!

*(The RUSSIANS begin to dance, the OTHERS
join in and they dance to a wild finale pile-
up on the bar.)*

TEVYE

(From the pileup)

To Life!

(Blackout)

SCENE FIVE

The street outside the Inn. Entering through the inn door are the FIDDLER, LAZAR, TEVYE, the other VILLAGERS, and the RUSSIANS, singing "To Life."

LAZAR

You know, Tevye, after the marriage, we will be related. You will be my papa.

TEVYE

Your papa! I always wanted a son, but I wanted one a little younger than myself.

(The CONSTABLE enters.)

CONSTABLE

Good evening.

FIRST RUSSIAN

Good evening, Constable.

CONSTABLE

What's the celebration?

FIRST RUSSIAN

Tevye is marrying off his oldest daughter.

CONSTABLE

May I offer my congratulations, Tevye?

TEVYE

Thank you, your Honor.

(All but TEVYE and the CONSTABLE exit.)

CONSTABLE

Oh, Tevye, I have a piece of news that I think I should tell you, as a friend.

TEVYE

Yes, your Honor?

CONSTABLE

And I'm giving you this news because I like you. You are a decent, honest person, even though you are a Jewish dog.

TEVYE

How often does a man get a compliment like that? And your news?

CONSTABLE

We have received orders that sometime soon this district is to have a little unofficial demonstration.

TEVYE

(Shocked)

A pogrom? Here?

CONSTABLE

No — just a little unofficial demonstration.

TEVYE

How little?

CONSTABLE

Not too serious — just some mischief, so that if an inspector comes through, he will see that we have done our duty. Personally, I don't know why there has to be this trouble between people, but I thought I should tell you, and you can tell the others.

TEVYE

Thank you, your Honor. You're a good man. If I may say so, it's too bad you're not a Jew.

CONSTABLE

(Amused)

That's what I like about you, Tevye, always joking. And congratulations again, for your daughter.

TEVYE

Thank you, your Honor. Goodbye. *(The CONSTABLE exits. TEVYE turns to heaven.)* Dear God, did You have to send me news like that, today of all days? It's true that we are the Chosen People. But once in a while can't You choose someone else? Anyway, thank You for sending a husband for my Tzeitel. L'Chaim.

(The FIDDLER enters, he circles TEVYE, and they dance off together.)

SCENE SIX

Outside TEVYE'S house. PERCHIK is teaching SHPRINTZE and BIELKE while they peel potatoes at a bench. HODEL is cleaning pails at the pump.

PERCHIK

Now, children, I will tell you the story from the Bible, of Laban and Jacob, and then we will discuss it together. All right? (*They nod.*) Good. Now Laban had two daughters, Leah and the beautiful Rachel. And Jacob loved the younger, Rachel, and he asked Laban for her hand. Laban agreed, if Jacob would work for him for seven years.

SHPRINTZE

Was Laban a mean man?

PERCHIK

(*Dryly*)

He was an employer! Now, after Jacob worked seven years, do you know what happened? Laban fooled him, and gave him his ugly daughter, Leah. So, to marry Rachel, Jacob was forced to work another seven years. You see, children, the Bible clearly teaches us, you must never trust an employer. Do you understand?

SHPRINTZE

Yes, Perchik.

BIELKE

Yes, Perchik.

PERCHIK

Good, now —

GOLDE

(*Entering from the barn*)

Papa isn't up yet?

HODEL

No, Mama.

GOLDE

Then enough lessons. We have to do Papa's work today. How long can he sleep? He staggered home last night and fell into bed like a dead man. I couldn't get a word out of him. Put that away and clean

the barn. (SHPRINTZE and BIELKE exit into the barn. To HODEL) Call me when Papa gets up. (GOLDE exits. HODEL pumps a bucket of water.)

HODEL

That was a very interesting lesson, Perchik.

PERCHIK

Do you think so?

HODEL

Although I don't know if the rabbi would agree with your interpretation.

PERCHIK

And neither, I suppose, would the rabbi's son.

HODEL

My little sisters have big tongues.

PERCHIK

And what do you know about him, except that he is the rabbi's son? Would you be interested in him if he were the shoemaker's son, or the tinsmith's son?

HODEL

At least I know this, he does not have any strange ideas about turning the world upside down.

PERCHIK

Certainly. Any new idea would be strange to you. Remember, the Lord said, "Let there be light."

HODEL

Yes, but He was not talking to you personally. Good day. (Starts off.)

PERCHIK

You have spirit. Even a little intelligence, perhaps.

HODEL

Thank you.

PERCHIK

But what good is your brain? Without curiosity it is a rusty tool. Good day, Hodel.

HODEL) Call
a bucket of

our interpre-

rabbi's son?
cer's son, or

about turn-

ember, the

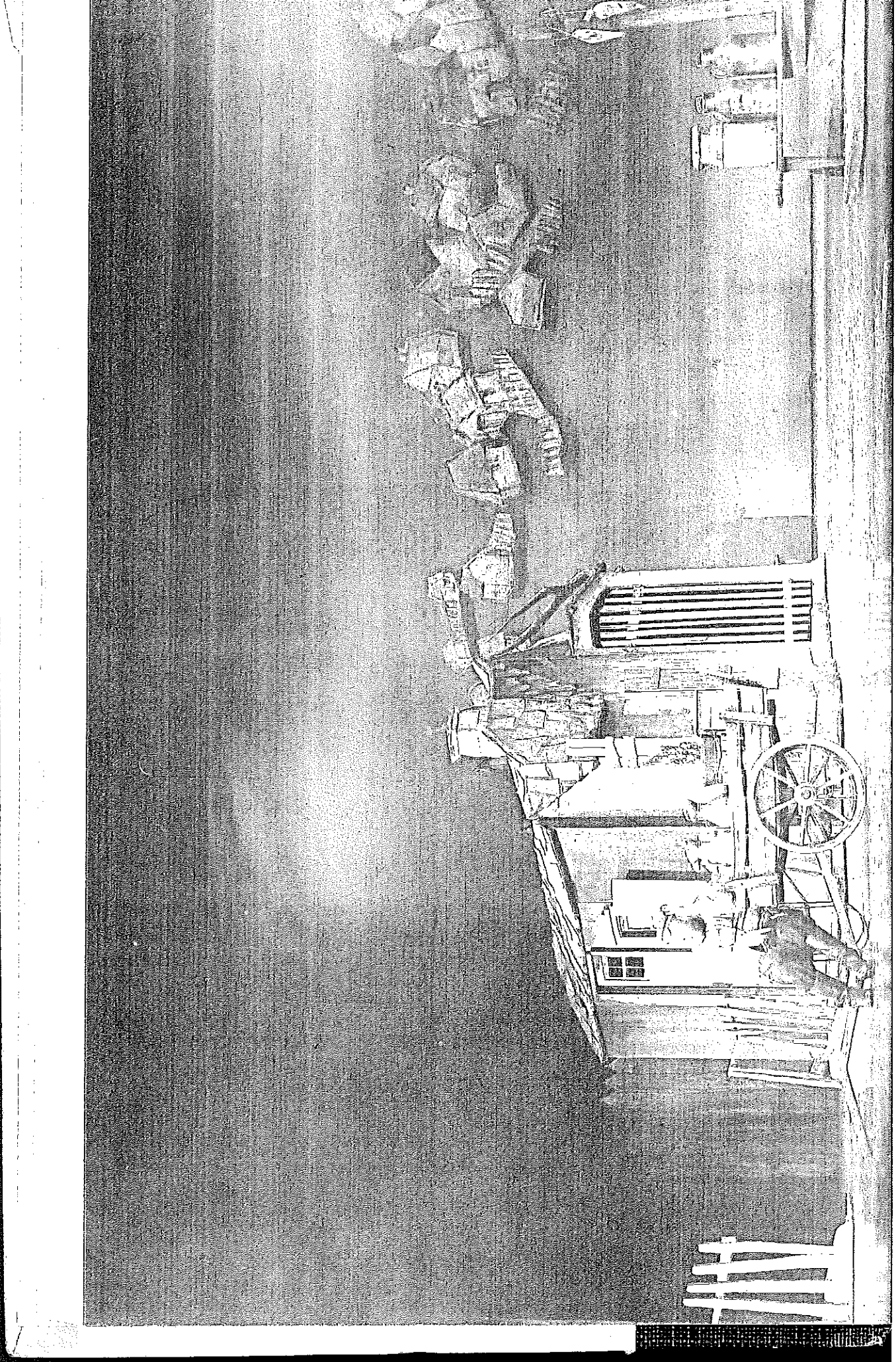
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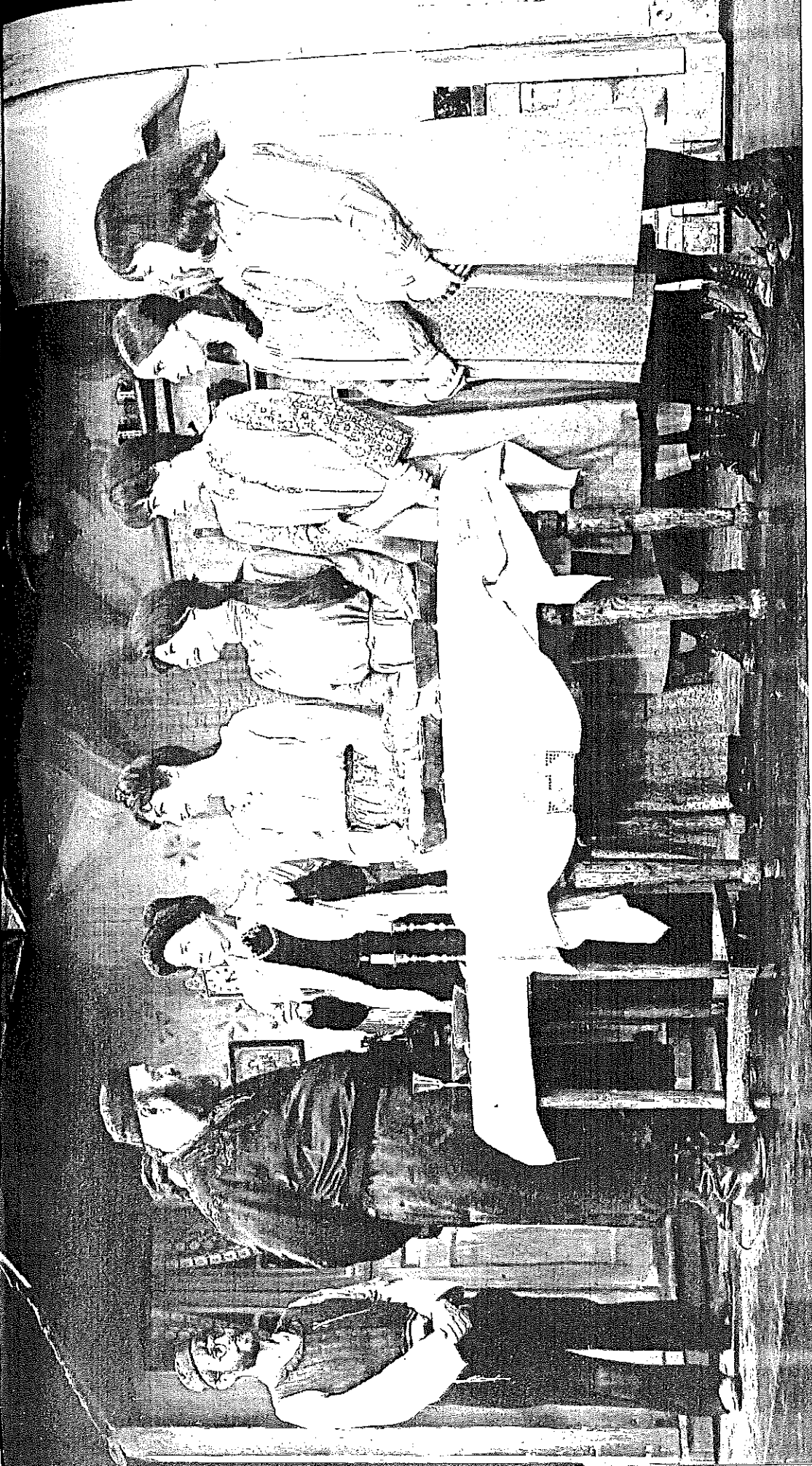
FRIEDMAN-ABELES

Zero Mostel addresses Heaven



EILEEN DARBY - GRAPHIC HOUSE

Zero Hostel as Terre



EILEEN DARBY - GRAPHIC HOUSE

Austin Pendleton, Bert Convy, Zero Mostel, Maria Karnilova, Joanna Merlin, Julia Migenes, Tanya Everett, Marilyn Rogers, and Linda Ross - lighting the Sabbath candles

HODEL

We have an old custom here. A boy acts respectfully to a girl. But, of course, that is too traditional for an advanced thinker like you.

PERCHIK

Our traditions! Nothing must change! Everything is perfect exactly the way it is!

HODEL

We like our ways.

PERCHIK

Our ways are changing all over but here. Here men and women must keep apart. Men study. Women in the kitchen. Boys and girls must not touch, should not even look at each other.

HODEL

I am looking at you!

PERCHIK

You are very brave! Do you know that in the city boys and girls can be affectionate without permission of a matchmaker? They hold hands together, they even dance together — new dances — like this. (*He seizes her and starts dancing, humming.*) I learned it in Kiev. Do you like it?

HODEL

(*Startled*)

It's very nice.

PERCHIK

(*Stops dancing.*)

There. We've just changed an old custom.

HODEL

(*Bewildered*)

Yes. Well, you're welcome — I mean, thank you — I mean, good day.

PERCHIK

Good day!

(*TEVYE enters, suffering from a headache.*)

TEVYE

Bielke, Shprintze, what's your name?

HODEL

Hodel, Papa.

TEVYE

Where is Tzeitel?

HODEL

She's in the barn.

TEVYE

Call her out. (*HODEL exits into the barn.*) Reb Perchik. How did the lesson go today?

PERCHIK

(*Watching HODEL's exit*)

I think we made a good beginning.

(*Enter GOLDE.*)

GOLDE

Ah, he's finally up. What happened last night, besides your drinking like a peasant? Did you see Lazar Wolf? What did he say? What did you say? Do you have news?

TEVYE

Patience, woman. As the Good Book says, "Good news will stay and bad news will refuse to leave." And there's another saying that goes —

GOLDE

(*Exasperated*)

You can die from such a man!

(*TZEITEL enters from the barn. HODEL and CHAVA follow her.*)

TEVYE

Ah, Tzeitel, my lamb, come here. Tzeitel, you are to be congratulated. You are going to be married!

GOLDE

Married!

TZEITEL

What do you mean, Papa?

TEVYE

Lazar Wolf has asked for your hand.

GOLDE
(Thrilled)

I knew it!

TZEITEL
(Bewildered)

The butcher?

GOLDE
(Enraptured)

My heart told me this was our lucky day. O dear God, I thank Thee, I thank Thee.

TEVYE
And what do you say, Tzeitel?

GOLDE
What can she say? My first-born, a bride! May you grow old with him in fortune and honor, not like Fruma-Sarah, that first wife of his. She was a bitter woman, may she rest in peace. Not like my Tzeitel. And now I must thank Yente. My Tzeitel, a bride! (*She hurries off.*)

HODEL and CHAVA
(Subdued)
Mazeltov, Tzeitel.

TEVYE
You call that a Mazeltov? (HODEL and CHAVA *exit.*) And you, Reb Perchik, aren't you going to congratulate her?

PERCHIK
(Sarcastic)
Congratulations, Tzeitel, for getting a rich man.

TEVYE
Again with the rich! What's wrong with being rich?

PERCHIK
It is no reason to marry. Money is the world's curse.

TEVYE
May the Lord smite me with it! And may I never recover! Tzeitel knows I mean only her welfare. Am I right, Tzeitel?

TZEITEL
Yes, Papa.

TEVYE

You see.

PERCHIK

I see. I see very well. (*He exits.*)

TEVYE

Well, Tzeitel, my child, why are you so silent? Aren't you happy with this blessing?

TZEITEL

(*Bursts into tears.*)

Oh, Papa, Papa.

TEVYE

What is it? Tell me.

TZEITEL

Papa, I don't want to marry him. I can't marry him. I can't—

TEVYE

What do you mean, you can't? If I say you will, you will.

TZEITEL

Papa, if it's a matter of money, I'll do anything. I'll hire myself out as a servant. I'll dig ditches, I'll haul rocks, only don't make me marry him, Papa, please.

TEVYE

What's wrong with Lazar? He likes you.

TZEITEL

Papa, I will be unhappy with him. All my life will be unhappy. I'll dig ditches, I'll haul rocks.

TEVYE

But we made an agreement. With us an agreement is an agreement.

TZEITEL

(*Simply*)

Is that more important than I am, Papa? Papa, don't force me. I'll be unhappy all my days.

TEVYE

All right. I won't force you.

TZEITEL

Oh, thank you, Papa.

TEVYE

It seems it was not ordained that you should have all the comforts of life, or that we should have a little joy in our old age after all our hard work.

(Enter MOTEL, breathless.)

MOTEL

Reb Tevye, may I speak to you?

TEVYE

Later, Motel. Later.

MOTEL

I would like to speak to you.

TEVYE

Not now, Motel. I have problems.

MOTEL

That's what I want to speak to you about. I think I can help.

TEVYE

Certainly. Like a bandage can help a corpse. Goodbye, Motel. Goodbye.

TZEITEL

At least listen to him, Papa.

TEVYE

All right. You have a tongue, talk.

MOTEL

Reb Tevye, I hear you are arranging a match for Tzeitel.

TEVYE

He also has ears.

MOTEL

I have a match for Tzeitel.

TEVYE

What kind of match?

MOTEL

A perfect fit.

TEVYE

A perfect fit.

Like a glove. MOTEL

Like a glove. TEVYE

This match was made exactly to measure. MOTEL

A perfect fit. Made to measure. Stop talking like a tailor and tell me who it is. TEVYE

Please, don't shout at me. MOTEL

All right. Who is it? TEVYE

Who is it? MOTEL

Who is it? TEVYE
(Pauses)

Who is it? MOTEL

Who is it? TEVYE

It's me—myself. MOTEL

TEVYE
(Stares at him, then turns to the audience,
startled and amused.)

Him? Himself? (To MOTEL) Either you're completely out of your mind or you're crazy. (To the audience) He must be crazy. (To MOTEL) Arranging a match for yourself. What are you, everything? The bridegroom, the matchmaker, the guests all rolled into one? I suppose you'll even perform the ceremony. You must be crazy!

MOTEL
Please don't shout at me, Reb Tevye. As for being my own matchmaker, I know it's a little unusual.

TEVYE

Unusual? It's crazy.

MOTEL

Times are changing, Reb Tevye. The thing is, your daughter Tzeitel and I gave each other our pledge more than a year ago that we would marry.

TEVYE

(Stunned)

You gave each other your pledge?

TZEITEL

Yes, Papa, we gave each other our pledge.

TEVYE

(Looks at them, turns to the audience. Sings.)

["Tradition" Reprise]

They gave each other a pledge.

Unheard of, absurd.

You gave each other a pledge?

Unthinkable.

Where do you think you are?

In Moscow?

In Paris?

Where do they think they are?

America?

What do you think you're doing?

You stitcher, you nothing!

Who do you think you are?

King Solomon?

This isn't the way it's done,

Not here, not now.

Some things I will not, I cannot, allow.

Tradition —

Marriages must be arranged by the papa.

This should never be changed.

One little time you pull out a prop,

And where does it stop?

Where does it stop?

(*Speaks.*)

Where does it stop? Do I still have something to say about my daughter, or doesn't anyone have to ask a father any more?

MOTEL

I have wanted to ask you for some time, Reb Tevye, but first I wanted to save up for my own sewing machine.

TEVYE

Stop talking nonsense. You're just a poor tailor.

MOTEL

(*Bravely*)

That's true, Reb Tevye, but even a poor tailor is entitled to some happiness. (*Looks at TZEITEL triumphantly.*) I promise you, Reb Tevye, your daughter will not starve.

TEVYE

(*Impressed, turns to the audience.*)

He's beginning to talk like a man. On the other hand, what kind of match would that be, with a poor tailor? On the other hand, he's an honest, hard worker. On the other hand, he has absolutely nothing. On the other hand, things could never get worse for him, they could only get better. (*Sings.*)

They gave each other a pledge—
Unheard of, absurd.

They gave each other a pledge—
Unthinkable.

But look at my daughter's face—
She loves him, she wants him—
And look at my daughter's eyes,
So hopeful.

(*Shrugs. To the audience*)

Tradition!

(*To TZEITEL and MOTEL*)

Well, children, when shall we make the wedding?

TZEITEL

Thank you, Papa.

about my
ore?

but first I

d to some
you, Reb

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tely noth-
him, they

MOTEL

Reb Tevye, you won't be sorry.

TEVYE

I won't be sorry? I'm sorry already!

TZEITEL

Thank you, Papa.

MOTEL

Thank you, Papa.

TEVYE

Thank you, Papa! They pledged their troth! (*Starts to exit, then looks back at them.*) Modern children! (*Has a sudden thought.*) Golde! What will I tell Golde? What am I going to do about Golde? (*To heaven.*) Help! (*Exits.*)

TZEITEL

Motel, you were wonderful!

MOTEL

It was a miracle! It was a miracle. (*Sings.*)

["Miracle of Miracles"]

Wonder of wonders, miracle of miracles,
God took a Daniel once again,
Stood by his side, and miracle of miracles,
Walked him through the lion's den.

Wonder of wonders, miracle of miracles,
I was afraid that God would frown.
But, like He did so long ago in Jericho,
God just made a wall fall down.

When Moses softened Pharaoh's heart,
That was a miracle.
When God made the waters of the Red Sea part,
That was a miracle, too.

But of all God's miracles large and small,
The most miraculous one of all
Is that out of a worthless lump of clay
God has made a man today.

Wonder of wonders, miracle of miracles,
God took a tailor by the hand,
Turned him around, and, miracle of miracles,
Led him to the Promised Land.

When David slew Goliath, yes!
That was a miracle.
When God gave us manna in the wilderness,
That was a miracle, too.

But of all God's miracles, large and small,
The most miraculous one of all
Is the one I thought could never be—
God has given you to me.

SCENE SEVEN

TEVYE's bedroom. The room is in complete darkness. A groan is heard, then another, then a scream.

TEVYE
Aagh! Lazar! Motel! Tzeitell!

GOLDE
What is it? What?

TEVYE
Help! Help! Help!

GOLDE
Tevye, wake up! (*GOLDE lights the lamp. The light reveals TEVYE asleep in bed.*)

TEVYE
(*In his sleep*)
Help! Help!

GOLDE
(*Shaking him*)
Tevye! What's the matter with you? Why are you howling like that?

TEVYE
(*Opening his eyes, frightened*)
Where is she? Where is she?

GOLDE

Where is who? What are you talking about?

TEVYE

Fruma-Sarah. Lazar Wolf's first wife, Fruma-Sarah. She was standing here a minute ago.

GOLDE

What's the matter with you, Tevye? Fruma-Sarah has been dead for years. You must have been dreaming. Tell me what you dreamt, and I'll tell you what it meant.

TEVYE

It was terrible.

GOLDE

Tell me.

TEVYE

All right — only don't be frightened!

GOLDE

(Impatiently)

Tell me!

TEVYE

All right, this was my dream. In the beginning I dreamt that we were having a celebration of some kind. Everybody we knew was there, and musicians too.

(As he speaks, MEN, including a RABBI, WOMEN and MUSICIANS enter the bedroom. TEVYE, wearing a nightshirt, starts to get out of bed to join the dream.)

In the middle of the dream, in walks your Grandmother Tzeitel, may she rest in peace.

GOLDE

(Alarmed)

Grandmother Tzeitel? How did she look?

TEVYE

For a woman who is dead thirty years, she looked very good. Naturally, I went up to greet her. She said to me —

(GRANDMA TZEITEL enters, and TEVYE approaches her
and greets her in pantomime. GRANDMA sings.)

["The Tailor, Motel Kamzoil"]

GRANDMA TZEITEL

A blessing on your head,

RABBI

Mazeltov, Mazeltov.

GRANDMA TZEITEL

To see a daughter wed.

RABBI

Mazeltov, Mazeltov.

GRANDMA TZEITEL

And such a son-in-law,
Like no one ever saw,
The tailor Motel Kamzoil.

GOLDE

(Bewildered)

Motel?

GRANDMA TZEITEL

A worthy boy is he,

RABBI

Mazeltov, Mazeltov.

GRANDMA TZEITEL

Of pious family.

RABBI

Mazeltov, Mazeltov.

GRANDMA TZEITEL

They named him after my
Dear Uncle Mordecai,
The tailor Motel Kamzoil.

GOLDE

A tailor! She must have heard wrong. She meant a butcher.

(TEVYE, who has returned to GOLDE,
listens to this, then runs back to
GRANDMA TZEITEL.)

TEVYE

You must have heard wrong, Grandma,
 There's no tailor,
 You mean a butcher, Grandma,
 By the name of Lazar Wolf.

GRANDMA TZEITEL

(Flies into the air, screaming angrily)

No!!

(Sings.)

I mean a tailor, Tevye.
 My great grandchild,
 My little Tzeitel, who you named for me,
 Motel's bride was meant to be.
 For such a match I prayed.

CHORUS

Mazeltoiv, Mazeltoiv,

GRANDMA TZEITEL

In heaven it was made.

CHORUS

Mazeltoiv, Mazeltoiv,

GRANDMA TZEITEL

A fine upstanding boy,
 A comfort and a joy,
 The tailor Motel Kamzoil.

GOLDE

(From bed)

But we announced it already. We made a bargain with the butcher.

TEVYE

But we announced it, Grandma,
 To our neighbors.
 We made a bargain, Grandma,
 With the butcher, Lazar Wolf.

GRANDMA TZEITEL

(Again flies into the air, screaming angrily)

No!!

(Sings.)

So you announced it, Tevye,
That's your headache.
But as for Lazar Wolf, I say to you,
Tevye, that's your headache, too.

CHORUS

A blessing on your house, Mazeltov, Mazeltov,
Imagine such a spouse, Mazeltov, Mazeltov,
And such a son-in-law,
Like no one ever saw,
The tailor Motel Kamzoil.

TEVYE

(Speaks.)

It was a butcher!

CHORUS

The tailor Motel Kamzoil.

TEVYE

(Speaks.)

It was Lazar Wolf!

(Sings.)

The tailor Motel Kam . . .

CHORUS

Shah! shah!

Look!

Who is this?

Who is this?

Who comes here?

Who? who? who? who? who?

What woman is this

By righteous anger shaken?

SOLO VOICES

Could it be?

Sure!

Yes, it could!

Why not?

Who could be mistaken?