
Fiddler on the Roof
Music: Jerry Bock
Lyrics: Sheldon Harnick
Book: Joseph Stein
Premiere: Tuesday, September 22, 1964

Act 1

1. Prologue - Tradition
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Act II

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1. Tradition

Tradition, tradition. Tradition!
Tradition, tradition. 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?
The papa, the papa. Tradition!
The papa, the papa. Tradition!

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 books?
The mama, the mama. Tradition!
The mama, the mama. Tradition!

At three I started Hebrew school, at ten I learned a trade.
I hear they've picked a bride for me, I hope she's pretty.
The sons, the sons. Tradition!
The sons, the sons. Tradition!

And who does Mama teach to tend and mend and fix,
Preparing me to marry whoever Papa picks?
The daughters, the daughters. Tradition!
The daughters, the daughters. Tradition!

(All sing all above verses together)

Tradition, tradition. Tradition!
Tradition, tradition. Tradition!

2.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.

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.

For Papa, make him a scholar,
For Mama, make him rich as a king,
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.

Since when are you interested in a match, Chava? I thought you just
had your eyes on your books. And you have your eye on the rabbi's son!

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

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

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've 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've 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've got a man.

Matchmaker, matchmaker, you know that I'm
Still very young. Please, take your time.
Up to this minute I misunderstood
That I could get stuck for good.
Dear Yente, see that he's gentle,
Remember you were also a bride.
It's not that I'm sentimental,
It's just that I'm terrified.
Matchmaker, matchmaker, plan me no plan,
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!

3.If I Were a Rich Man

Dear God, 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'd had a small fortune?

If I were a rich man,
Yaha-deeuh-deeuh-deeuh-deeuh-deeuh-dum,
All day long I'd biddy-biddy-bum,
If I were a wealthy man.
I wouldn't have to work hard,
Yaha-deeuh-buua-buua-buua-deeba-deeba-dum
If I were a biddy-biddy-rich
Yida-deeda-dida-dida-man.

I'd build a big tall house with rooms by the dozen,
Right in the middle of the town
A fine tin roof with real wooden floors below.
There could 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 (prolonged squawk)
Would land like a trumpet on the ear,
As if to say, "Here lives a wealthy man."

If I were a rich man,
Yaha-deeuh-deeuh-deeuh-deeuh-deeuh-dum,
All day long I'd biddy-biddy-bum,
If I were a wealthy man.
I wouldn't have to work hard,
Yaha-deeuh-buua-buua-buua-deeba-deeba-dum
If I were a biddy-biddy-rich
Yida-deeda-dida-dida-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,
Oy! 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 Solomon the Wise.
"If you please, Rev Tevye,
Pardon me, Rev Tevye,"
Posing problems that would cross a rabbi's eyes.
La-de, la-de, la-la.

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.

If I were a rich man,
Yaha-deeuh-deeuh-deeuh-deeuh-deeuh-dum,
All day long I'd biddy-biddy-bum,
If I were a wealthy man.
I wouldn't have to work hard,
Yaha-deeuh-buua-buua-buua-deeba-deeba-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?

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
I 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 with 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

If I were a rich man, etc.

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
Oh 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 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
This would be the sweetest thing of all ...
(sigh)
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 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?

4.Sabbath Prayer

May the Lord protect and defend you,
May He always shield you from shame,
May you come to be in years full well 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 way.
May God bless you and grant you long life (may the Lord fulfill our sabbath
prayer for you),
May God make you good mothers and wives (may He send you husbands who will
care for you).
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.

5.To Life

Here's to our prosperity, our good health and happiness, and most important ...
To life, to life, la kayim,
La kayim, la kayim, to life,

Here's to the father I tried to be,
Here's to my bride-to-be,
Drink la kayim, to life,
To life, la kayim,
La kayim, la kayim, to life,
Life has a way of confusing us,
Blessing and bruising us,
Drink la kayim, to life!
God would like us to be joyful, even when our hearts lie panting on the floor.
How much more can we be joyful, when there's really something to be joyful for?
To life, to life, la kayim,
To Tzeitel, my daughter--my wife,
It gives you something to think about,
Something to drink about,
Drink la kayim, to life!

(Le Morta!
Yes, Lazar Wolf?
Drinks for everyone!
What's the occasion?
I'm taking myself a bride!
Who is it?
Tevye's eldest, Tzeitel!)

To Lazar Wolf--
To Tevye!
To Tzeitel, your daughter--my wife!
May all your futures be pleasant ones,
Not like our present ones,
Drink la kayim, to life,
To life, la kayim,
La kayim, la kayim, to life,
It takes a wedding to make us say,
"Let's live another day,"
Drink la kayim, to life!
We'll raise a glass and sip a drop of schnapps in honor of the great
good luck that favors 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 la kayim, to life!

Heaven bless you both, to your health and may we live together in peace!
May you both be favored with the future of your choice,
May you live to see a thousand reasons to rejoice!

We'll raise a glass and sip a drop of schnapps in honor of the great
good luck that favors 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 la kayim, to life!

6. Miracles Of Miracles

Wonder of wonders,
Miracles of miracles,
God took Daniel once again,
Stood by his side and
Miracle of miracles,
Walked him through the lion's den.
Wonder of wonders,
Miracles 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 or small,
The most miraculous one of all
Is that out of worthless lump of clay,
God has made a man today.

Wonder of wonders,
Miracles of miracles,
God took a tailor by the hand,
Turned him around and
Miracles of miracles,
Led him to the Promised Land.
When David slew Goliath, yes!
That was a miracle;
When God gave us a manna in the wilderness,
That was a miracle, too.
But of all God's miracles, large or small,
The most miraculous one of all
Is that one I thought could never be,
God has given you to me.

7. Sunrise, Sunset

Is this the little girl I carried?
Is this the little boy at play?
I don't remember growing older
When did they?
When did she get to be a beauty?
When did he get to be so tall?
Wasn't it yesterday when they
Were small?
Sunrise, Sunset
Sunrise, Sunset
Swiftly flow the days
Seedlings turn overnight to sunflowers
Blossoming even as we gaze
Sunrise, Sunset
Sunrise, Sunset
Swiftly fly the years
One season following another
Laden with happiness and tears

What words of wisdom can I give them?
How can I help to ease their ways?
Now they must learn from one another
Day by day
They look so natural together
Just like two newlyweds should be
Is there a canopy in store
For me?
Sunrise, Sunset
Sunrise, Sunset
Swiftly fly the years
One season following another
Laden with happiness and tears

8. Now I Have Everything

Perchik:
I used to tell myself,
That I had everything,
But that was only half true.
I had an aim in life,
And that was everything,
But now I even have you...
I have something that I would die for,
Someone that I can live for too, yes,
Now I have everything,
Not only everything,
I have a little bit more...
Besides having everything,
I know what everything's for.
I used to wonder could there be a wife,
To share such a difficult, wandering kind of life.
Hodel:
I was only out of sight,
Waiting right here!
Perchik:
Who knows tomorrow where our home will be?
Hodel:
I'll be with you,
And that's home enough for me.
Perchik:
Everything is right at hand,
Both:
Simple and clear...
Perchik:
I have something that I could die for,
Someone that I can live for too, yes,
Now I have everything,
Not only everything,
I have a little bit more...
Besides having everything,
I know what everything's for!

9. Do You Love Me?

Tevye:
Do you love me?
Golde:
Do I what?

Tevye:
Do you love me?
Golde:
Do I love him? With our daughters getting married
And this trouble in the town,
You're upset, you're worn out,
Go inside, go lie down maybe it's indigestion.
Tevye:
Golde I'm asking you a question!
Do you love me?
Golde:
You're a fool!
Tevye:
I know but do you love me?
Golde:
Do I love you?
For twenty five years I've washed your clothes,
Cooked your meals,
Cleaned your house,
Given you children,
Milked your cows,
After twenty five years
Why talk about love right now?
Tevye:
Golde, the first time I met you was on our wedding day,
I was scared
Golde:
I was shy
Tevye:
I was nervous
Golde:
So was I
Tevye:
But my father and my mother said,
We'd learn to love each other,
So now I'm asking Golde,
Do you love me?
Golde:
I'm your wife!
Tevye:
But do you love me?
Golde:
Do I love him?
For twenty five years I've lived with him,
Fought with him,
Starved with him,
Twenty five years--
My bed is his,
If that's not love, what is?
Tevye:
Then you love me?
Golde:
I suppose I do
Tevye:
And I suppose I love you too
Both:
It doesn't change a thing, but even so,
After twenty five years,
It's nice to know.

10. Far From The Home I Love

How can I hope to make you understand
Why I do what I do,
Why I must travel to a distant land,
Far from the home I love.
Once I was happily content to be
As I was, where I was,
Close to the people who are close to me,
Here in the home I love.
Who could see that a man could come
Who would change the shape of his dreams.
Helpless now I stand with him,
Watching older dreams grow dim.
Oh, what a melancholy choice this is,
Wanting home, wanting him,
Closing my heart to ev'ry hope but his,
Leaving the home I love,
There where my heart has settled long ago
I must go, I must go, I must go,
Who could imagine I'd be wand'ring so
Far from the home I love
Yet there with my love, I'm home.

How can she think we wouldn't understand
Why she does what she does,
Why she must travel to a distant land,
Far from the home she loves.
Once she was happily content to be
As she was, where she was,
Safe in the bosom to her family,
Here in the home she loves.
Who could see that a man could come
Who would change the shape of my dreams.
Helpless now she stands with him,
Watching older dreams grow dim.
Oh, what a melancholy choice this is,
Wanting home, wanting him,
Closing her heart to ev'ry hope but his,
Leaving the home she loves,
There where her heart has settled long ago
She must go, she must go, she must go,
Who could imagine she'd be wand'ring so
Far from the home she loves
Yet there with her love, she's home.

11. Anatevka

Anatevka,
Anatevka,
Underfed,
Overworked Anatevka.
Where else could Sabbath be so sweet?
Anatevka,
Anatevka,
Intimate, obstinate Anatevka,
Where I know ev'ryone I meet.
Soon I'll be a stranger in a strange new place,

Searching for an old familiar face
From Anatevka.
I being in Anatevka,
Tumble down, work-a-day Anatevka,
Dear little village,
Little town of mine.

Anatevka,
Anatevka,
Underfed,
Overworked Anatevka.
Where else could Sabbath be so sweet?
Anatevka,
Anatevka,
Intimate, obstinate Anatevka,
Where I know ev'ryone I meet.
Soon I'll be a stranger in a strange new place,
Searching for an old familiar face
From Anatevka.
I being in Anatevka,
Tumble down, work-a-day Anatevka,
Dear little village,
Little town of mine.