Lyrics are shown in three versions: Yiddish (capital letters), the literal English translation of the Yiddish (in italics), and the English lyrics from the original 1964 Broadway production. Original lyrics by Sheldon Harnick. Translations by Shraga Friedman.
GOLDE AND THE MOTHERS:
VER FUN UNDOZ DARF OPHITN A YIDISH HOYZ
A RUHK HOYZ, A KOSHER HOYZ?
Who of us needs to keep a Jewish house
A quiet home, a kosher home?
Who must know the way to make a proper home
A quiet home, a kosher home?
VER DARF ZEYGN KINDER, HALTN AF DER SHOYS,
K'DEY DER TATE IZ FRAY TSU GEYN IN SHUL.
Who must nurse children, hold them on their lap
So that father’s free to go to synagogue?
Who must raise a family and run the home
So papa’s free to read the holy book?

ALL:
DI MAME, DI MAME, TRADITSYE!
DI MAME, DI MAME, TRADITSYE!
The mother, the mother, tradition!
The mother, the mother, tradition!
The mama, the mama, tradition!
The mama, the mama, tradition!

THE SONS:
IN KHEYDER A DRAY-YORIKER
BAY TSEN AN ARBETSUYNG
At age three I went to kheyder
By ten, an apprentice
At three I started Hebrew school
At ten I learned a trade
ME ZOGT, A KALE VART AF MIR —
IKH HOF — A SHEYNE.
They say, a bride is waiting for me —
I hope — she’s pretty.
I hear they picked a bride for me
I hope — she’s pretty.

ALL:
DI BONIM, DI BONIM, TRADITSYE!
DI BONIM, DI BONIM, TRADITSYE!
The sons, the sons, tradition!
The sons, the sons, tradition!
The sons, the sons, tradition!
The sons, the sons, tradition!

THE DAUGHTERS:
UN KOSHERN DOS FLEYSH
AZDY VI MAME HEYST
And koshering the meat
Like mother tells me to do
And who does mama teach
To mend and tend and fix
UN VER VET ZAYN MAYN KHOSN,
DER TATE NOR ER VEYST.
And who will be my groom,
Only my father knows.
Preparing me to marry
Whoever papa picks?

ALL:
DI TEKHTER, DI TEKHTER, TRADITSYE!
DI TEKHTER, DI TEKHTER, TRADITSYE!
The daughters, the daughters, tradition!
The daughters, the daughters, tradition!
The daughters, the daughters, tradition!
The daughters, the daughters, tradition!

THE FATHERS:
DI TATES!
The fathers!
The papas!

THE MOTHERS:
DI MAMES!
The mothers!
The mamas!

THE SONS:
DI BONIM!
The sons!
The sons!

THE DAUGHTERS:
DI TEKHTER!
The daughters!
The daughters!

ALL:
TRADITSYE!
Tradition!
Tradition!

TEVYE:
UN OT IN UNDOZ KLEYNEIM SHITL HOBN MIR GEHAT
FARSHEYENDE TIPN,
And here in this small shtetl, we have various types.
And in the circle of our little village, we have always
had our special types.
KO-‘ TOY-RI VELKHE OT, L’MOSHL, YENTE DI SHAD-
KHINTE…
Pardon my saying so, for example, Yente the
matchmaker…
For instance, Yente, the matchmaker…

YENTE:
AVROM, KH’HOB A GOLDENEM SHIDUKH FAR AYER ZUN,
A MEYDL A BRILYANT.
Avrom, I have a golden match for your son, a girl,
a diamond.
Avram, I have a perfect match for your son.
A wonderfull girl.

AVROM:
VER IZ ZI? 
Who is she?
Who is it?

YENTE:
ROKHL, DEM SHUSTERS A TOKHTER.
Rokhl, the shoemaker’s daughter.
Ruchel, the shoemaker’s daughter.

AVROM:
ROKHL? KOYM VOS ZI ZET. KIMAT IN GANTSN A BLINDE.
Rokhl? She can barely see. She’s almost entirely blind.
Ruchel? But she can hardly see. She’s almost blind.

YENTE:
DER EMES AVROM, VOS IZ DO TSU ZEN BAY AYER ZUN?
LOYT DEM VI ZI ZET, UN LOYT DEM VI ER ZET OYS — S’IZ
A SHIDUKH FUN HIML.
The truth is, Avrom, what is there to see in your son?
The way she sees, and the way he looks — it’s a match
from heaven.
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.

TEVYE:
UN Reb Nokhem, der betler…
And Reb Nokhem, the beggar…
And Nahum, the beggar…

NOKHEM:
A NEDOVE, SHENKT A NEDOVE…
A donation, make a donation…
Alms for the poor, alms for the poor…

LEYZER:
NAT AYKH, Reb Nokhem, eyn kopike.
Here, Nokhem, one kopek.
Here, Reb Nahum, is one kopek.

NOKHEM:
EYN KOPIKE? YENE VOYKH HOT IR MIR GEGEBN TSVEY
KOPIKES.
One kopek? The other week, you gave me two kopeks.
One kopek? Last week you gave me two kopeks.
LEYZER:
KH'HOB GEHAT A SHVAKHE VOKH.
It's been a down week.
I had a bad week.

NOKHEM:
NU, AZ IR HOT A SHVAKHE VOKH, DARF IKH LAYDN?
So, if you have a down week, I should suffer?
So, if you had a bad week, why should I suffer?

TEVYE:
UN DER VIKHTIKSTER FUN ALE, UNDZER BALIBTER REBE...
And most important of all, our beloved Rabbi...
And most important, our beloved Rabbi...

MENDL:
REBE, MEG IKH AYKH FREGN A SHAYLE?
Rabbi, may I ask you a question?
Rabbi, may I ask you a question?

REBBE:
VOS FAR A SHAYLE, ZUN MAYNER?
What kind of question, my son?
Certainly, my son.

MENDL:
IZ DEN DO A BAZUNDERE BROKHE FARN KEYSER?
Is there a special prayer for the Tsar?
Is there a proper blessing for the Tsar?

REBBE:
A BROKHE FARN KEYSER? AVADE. ME YOSN UN DER
KODESH BORUKHU VET BENTSHEM DEM TSAR NIKOLAI UN
OPHITN IM VAYT, VAYT FUN UNDZ.
A prayer for the Tsar? Of course. May it be so, bless the
Tsar Nicholai and keep him far, far from us.
A blessing for the Tsar? Of course. May God bless and
keep the Tsar far away from us!

TEVYE:
ITST HOBN MIR FUN “ZEYERE” IN UNDZER SHTETL.
UN ZEY ZAYHEN A SAKH MER FUN UNDZ.
Now we have from “theirs” in our shtetl.
And there are a lot more of them than of us.
Then, there are others in our village.
They have a much bigger circle.

YEVO “PRI-VAS-KHA”- DI-TYEYST-VA DER GRADAVOV, YEVO
PRI-VAS-KHA”- DI-TYEYST-VA, DER GALAKH UN NOKH A
SAKH “PRI-VAS-KHA”- DI-TYEYST-VAS
His excellency, the constable, his excellency, the priest
and a lot more excellencies.
His Honor the Constable, His Honor the Priest, and His
Honor many others.

MIR TSHEPEN ZEY NIT, UN DANKEN GOT, DERVAYL
TSHEPEN ZEY UNDZ NIT.
We don’t bother them, and thank God, for the time
being, they don’t bother us.
We don’t bother them and so far they don’t bother us.

OBER TSVISHN UNDZ GIT MEN ZIKH AN EYTSE EYNER
MTN ANDERN.
But between us, we manage to cope with each other.
And among ourselves we get along perfectly well.

FARSHYTEY ZIKH, ES HOT A MOL TSVISHN UNDZ PASIRT
AZ ER HOT IM FARKOYFT A TSIG, UN IM AHEYM GESHIKT
A BOK, OBER ZEY HOBN SHOYN LANG SHOLEM GEMAKHT.
Understand, there once a time that he sold him a she-
goat, and sent him home with a he- goat, but they have
long since made peace.
Of course, there was the time when he sold him a horse
and he delivered a mule, but that’s all settled now.

HAYNT LEBN MIR IN MENEKHE UN MIT A RUIKN KOP...
Now we live in peace and with a rested head...
Now we live in simple peace and harmony and...

FIRST MAN:
S’IZ GEVEN A TSIG.
It was a she-goat.
It was a horse.

SECOND MAN:
S’IZ GEVEN A BOK.
It was a he-goat.
It was a mule.

FIRST MAN:
S’IZ GEVEN A TSIG.
It was a she-goat.
It was a horse.

SECOND MAN:
S’IZ GEVEN A BOK!
It was a he-goat.
It was a mule, I’m telling you!

JEWS:
TSIG!
She-goat.
Horse!

OTHER JEWS:
BOK!
He-goat!
Mule!

JEWS:
TSIG!
She-goat.
Horse!

OTHER JEWS:
BOK!
He-goat!
Mule!

JEWS:
TSIG!
She-goat.
Horse!

OTHER JEWS:
BOK!
He-goat!
Mule!

ALL:
TRADITSYE! TRADITSYE! TRADITSYE!
TRADITSYE! TRADITSYE! TRADITSYE!
Tradition! Tradition! Tradition!
Tradition! Tradition! Tradition!
Tradition! Tradition! Tradition!
Tradition! Tradition! Tradition!

TEVYE:
TRADITSYE. TRADITSYE. VEN NIT UNDZER TRADITSYES
VOLTN UNDZERE NESHEMOS SHOYN FUN LANG GETSAPLT
VI A — FIDLER AFN DAKH!
Tradition. Without our traditions our souls
would have long since been shaken like a — fiddler
on the roof.
Tradition. Without our traditions, our lives would be
as shaky as — as a fiddler on the roof!
SHADKHNTE, SHADKHNTE
(Matchmaker, Matchmaker)

TSAYTL:
OY, YENTE, YENTE!
Oy, Yente, Yente!
Oh, Yente, Yente!

HODL:
OBER EMETSER MIZ DOKH MEZAVEG ZIVUGIM ZAYN.
YUNGE MENTSHN KENEN AZELKHE ZAKHN ALEYN NIT BASHLISN.
But someone must make the match. Young people
cannot decide such things for themselves.
Well, somebody has to arrange the matches. Young
people can’t decide these things for themselves.

KHAVE:
ZI KON NOKH A MOL BRENGEN EMETSN A SHEYNEM…
She could bring someone handsome...
She might bring someone wonderful...

HODL:
EMETSN A FAYNEM...
Someone fine...
Someone interesting...

KHAVE:
UN A RAYKHN...
And rich...
And well-off...

HODL:
MIT YIKHES...
From a good family (pedigree)...
And important...

SHADKHNTE, SHADKHNTE
SHADKHN MIR TSU.
Matchmaker, Matchmaker
Make me a match.
Matchmaker, matchmaker
Make me a match.

SHADKHNTE, SHADKHNTE KUK IN DAYN BUKH
UN ZUKH MIR A KHOSN TSU.
Matchmaker, matchmaker
Look in your book
And look for a groom for me.
Matchmaker, matchmaker
Look through your book
And make me a perfect match.

KHAVE:
SHADKHNTE, SHADKHNTE
FIR MIKH SHOYN GLAYKHI
Matchmaker, matchmaker
Steer me straight
Matchmaker, matchmaker
I’ll bring the veil

BRENG IM TSU MIR
SHMOL, LANG UN BLAYKHI.
Bring him to me
Narrow, tall and pale.
You bring the groom
Slender and pale.

BRENG MIR A RINGL, UN TU ES NOR BLOYZ —
DI KINE ZOL VERN GROYS.
Bring me a ring, and do it because
The envy should be great.
Bring me a ring for I’m longing to be
The envy of all I see.

KHAVE:
SHADKHNTE, SHADKHNTE
FIR MIKH SHOYN SHOYN TSU.
Matchmaker, matchmaker
Bring me a match
To a rich, tall and pale.

KHAVE AND HODL:
UN IJH, DARF MAY NAFBE-MINE
A BOKHER, NIT VIKHTIK DIB KLUG UN SHARF.
And I need
What’s the difference
A boy, not important as long as he’s smart and sharp.
For me, well
I wouldn’t holler
If he were as handsome as anything.

SHADKHNTE, SHADKHNTE
SHADKHN MIR TSU.
Matchmaker, matchmaker
Make me a match.
Matchmaker, matchmaker
Make me a match.

HODL, OY, HODL
KH’HOB A SHIDUKH PUNKT FAR DIR!
Hodel, oh Hodel
I have a match just for you!
Hodel, oh Hodel
Have I made a match for you.

HAYNT VIL IKH HAYNT,
TU EPES, TU.
Today, I want it today
Do something, do
Find me a find
Catch me a catch.

S’KUMT ON DI NAKHT, LIG IKH VIDER UN VEYN,
IZ SHADKHN SHOYN TSU —
MIR ALEYN...
The night comes and I lie again and cry,
So make a match —
For me...
Night after night in the dark I’m alone
So find me a match —
Of my own...

TSAYTL:
FUN VEN ON BISTU AZOY FARINTERESRT MIT KHASONIM,
KHAVE? UN IKH HOB GEMEYNT, AZ DAYN NOZ SHTIKT
NOR IN DI BIKHER.
Since when have you been so interested in grooms,
Khave? And I thought that your nose is only in your
books.
Since when are you interested in a match, Chava?
I thought you just had your eye on your books.

UN DU HOST GEVORFN AN OYG AFN REBNS ZUN.
And you have thrown your eye on the Rabbi’s son.
And you have your eye on the Rabbi’s son.

HODL:
FAR VOS NIT? MIR HOBN EYN EYNTSIKN REBN, UN DER
REBE HOT EYN EYNTSIKN ZUN. FAR VOS ZOL IKH
VELN DOS BESTE?
Why not? We have only one rabbi, and the rabbi has
only one son. Why should I not want the best?

TSAYTL:
VAYL DU BIST AN OREM KIND, FUN AN OREMER HEYM.
IZ DEM ERSHTN VOS YENTE VET BRENGEN, VESTU NEMEN.
NI AZOY? ZIKHER AZOY.
Because you are a poor child, from a poor home.
So the first one that Yente will bring you’ll take. Not so?
Surely so.
Because you’re a girl from a poor family. So whatever
Yente brings, you’ll take. Right? Of course, right.

HODL, OY HODL
KH’HOB A SHIDUKH PUNKT FAR DIR!
Hodel, oh Hodel
I have a match just for you!
Hodel, oh Hodel
Have I made a match for you.
A SHEYNER, UN YUNG!
A ZEKHTSIKER MIT FIR.
Handsome, young!
(All right he's) sixty with four.
He's handsome, he's young!
All right, he's sixty-two.

OBER A KHOSN, DOS IZ ER — SHTIMT? ...SHTIMT.
But a groom, he is — right? ...Right.
But he is a nice man, a good catch — true? ...True.

MIT MAZL UN MIT BROKHE
VESTU TSU KHUPE GEYN,
With luck and with blessing
You'll go to the chuppah (wedding canopy),
I promise you'll be happy
And even if you're not,
UN VOS VET ZAYN AZ NEYN?
KH'VEYS NIT ALEYN.
And what will be if not?
I don't know myself.
There's more to life than that
Don't ask me what.

KHAVE, IKH HOB IM.
KUK IM ON, VI ER ZIKH GEYT!
Khave, I have him.
Look at him, how he walks!
Chava, I found him.
Will you be a lucky bride!

A LANGER — IKH MEYN —
A LANGER IN DER BRYT.
A tall one — I mean —
A tall one in width.
He's handsome, he's tall,
That is from side to side.

OBER A KHOSN DOS IZ ER — GREYT? ...GREYT.
But a groom he is — ready? ...Ready.
For he is a nice man, a good catch. Right? ...Right.

UN GLEYB IN DER GESHIKHTE
AZ ER IZ FUN BRONFN DIK.
And believe the story
That he became fat from whiskey.
You heard he has a temper
He'll beat you every night.

UN SHLOGN SHLOGT ER NIKHTER,
DOS IZ DAYN GLIK.
And he only hits when he’s sober
That is your luck.
But only when he's sober
So you're all right.

HOST GEMEYNT BAKUMST A GRAF?
KH'TU DOS BESTE VOS IKH KEN.
Did you think you'd get a count?
I do the best that I can.
Did you think you'd get a prince?
Well, I do the best I can.

ON A NADN, ON YIKHES, NITO KEYN POTSHEKHES
ME GIT A MAN — IZ NEM!
Without dowry, or family pedigree, no pride or joy
One gives a man — you take!
With no dowry, no money, no family background
Be glad you got a man.

KHAVE:
SHADKHINTE, SHADKHINTE,
ZEST DOKH ALEYN
Matchmaker, matchmaker
See for yourself
Matchmaker, matchmaker
You know that I'm
KH'BIN ZEYER YUNG,
S'BRENT NI, IKH MEYN.
I am very young
There's no fire, I think.
Still very young
Please, take your time.

HODL:
LOZ UNDZ NIT FIRM
TSUM KHUPE VI SHOF,
UN HDBN A MISN SOF.
Don't send us
To the wedding canopy like sheep,
And have a horrible end.
Up to this minute
I misunderstood
That I could get stuck for good.

KHAVE AND HODL:
KLAYB YENTE,
A YID MIT RAKHMONES
Choose, Yente,
A man with compassion
Dear Yente
See that he's gentle
GEDENK BIST
OYKH A KALE GEVEN
Remember
You were also a bride
Remember
You were also a bride

IKH BIN NIT
HARB BENEMONES...
I am not (being)
Difficult in all truth...
It's not that
I'm sentimental...

KHAVE, HODL AND TSAYTL:
IKH TSITIER FUN SHREK UN VEYN!
I shake with fear and cry!
It's just that I'm terrified!

SHADKHINTE, SHADKHINTE
TU GORNIT, TU,
Matchmaker, matchmaker
Do nothing, do,
Matchmaker, matchmaker
Plan me no plans,
S'BRENT NI, KH'HOB TSAYT,
KH'HOB SHOYN GELERN,
There's no fire, I have time
I've already learned (that),
I'm in no rush
Maybe I've learned,

SHPILN MITY FAYER
VERT MEN AZH FARBRENT.
Playing with fire
One can get burned.
Playing with matches
A girl can get burned.

IZ,
KH'BET UMBADINGT,
BRENG NIT KEYN RING,
So,
I ask absolutely
Don't bring a ring
So,
Bring me no ring,
Groom me no groom,

HAYNT, MAYNE FRAYND,
KRIGT FAR MAYN HANT
A KHOSN FUN KHOSN-LAND.
Today, my friends
Get for my hand
A groom from groom-land.
Find me no find,
Catch me no catch
Unless he's a matchless match.
VEN IKH BIN A ROTSHILD
If I Were a Rich Man

TEVYE:
REBOYNE SHLOYLEM, HOST DOKH BASHNF A VELT MIT OREME-LAYT.
Dear God, You created a world with poor people.
You made many, many poor people.

UN VEYSN, VEYS IKH DOKH, AZ’SIZ GORNIT KEYN SHANDE TSU ZAYN AN OREMAN, ABER A GROYSER KOVED IZ DOS DYKH NIT.
And I know, that it is no scandal to be a poor man, but it’s no great honor, either.
I realize, of course, that it’s no shame to be poor, but it’s no great honor either.

IZ VOS VOLT GEVEN AZOY SHLEKHT, VEN IKH VOLT YO GEHAT A KLEYNER OYTSE?
Would it be so bad, if I were to have a little treasure?
So what would have been so terrible if I had a small fortune?

VEN IKH BIN A ROTSHILD
DAYDL DIIDL DAYDL
Dige digge didl didl dam
If I were a Rothschild
Daydl didl daydl
Dige digge didl didl dam
If I were a rich man
Daidle, deedle daidle
Diggug diggug deedle daidle dam

GANTSE TEG VOLT IKH ZIKH BIDI BAM
VEN IKH BIN A RAYKHER MAN.
All day long I’d biddy biddy bum
If I were a wealthy man.

MIR, IKH BET!
PUNKT VI BAY SHLOYME HAMEYLEKH — GIT AN EYTSE on me —
The most important men in town would come to fawn
ask me —
And every rich man in town would come to me and

HANT IN KALTN VASER
NISHT ARAYGETON UN Dige didl didl daydl dam
(No) hand in cold water
Would I have to endure (wouldn’t have to work hard...)
Dige digge didl didl dam
Wouldn’t have to work hard
Daidle deedle daidle
Diggug diggug deedle daidle dam

KH’VOLT GEHAT A DAYDL BAYTL GELT
UN GEVEN A ZEYDL EYOL MAN.
If I had a daydl wallet of money
And were a silk (kind-hearted) man.
If I were a biddy biddy rich
Diggug diggug deedle daidle man.

UN KH’VOLT MIR OFFGEBOY A HOYIZ VI A PALATS
DAVKE IN MITN FUN DER SHTOT,
A SHEYNEM DAKHI, UN A KOYMEN VOS BLOZT A ROYKH,
And I’d build a house like a palace
Precisely in the middle of the town
A pretty roof, and a chimney that blows smoke.
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.

A LANGE TREP FUN HOLTSH VET LOYFN AROYF,
A TSEVEYTE, NOKHI LEMBER, LOYFT AROYF,
A DRITE LOYFT, IKH VEYS NOKH VI HOYKH.
A long staircase of wood would run upstairs,
A second, even longer, running down,
A third runs, I don’t know yet how tall.
There would be one long staircase just going up,
And one even longer downstairs,
And one more leading nowhere just for show.

UN S’VET MAYN HOYF ZAYN FUL MIT KATSHKES UN GENOZ.
DI SONIM, AZHI PLATSN ZOLN ZEY,
FUN DEM KREYEN VERN DI OYER MISH.
And it would be that my courtyard will be full of ducks and geese
Supervising meals to her heart’s delight,

VEN IKH BIN A ROTSHILD
DAYDL DIIDL DAYDL
Dige didl didl daydl dam
If I were a Rothschild
Daydl didl daydl
Dige didl didl daydl dam
If I were a rich man
Daidle, deedle daidle
Diggug diggug deedle daidle dam

KH’VOLT GEHAT A DAYDL BAYTL GELT
UN GEVEN A ZEYDL EYOL MAN.
If I had a daydl wallet of money
And were a silk (kind-hearted) man.
If I were a biddy biddy rich
Diggug diggug deedle daidle man.

OT IZ MAYN VAYB, MAYN GOLDE, ZET SHOYN DYS A GVIRTE,
GEYT MIT A GROYDER, MIT A BOYKH,
MAKHT A TSIMES, STAM IN A PROSTN TOG,
Here is my wife, my Golde, looks like a rich woman,
With a proper double chin
Oy! What a happy mood she’s in
With a stomach

VEN IKH BIN A ROTSHILD
DAYDL DIIDL DAYDL
Dige didl didl daydl dam
If I were a Rothschild
Daydl didl daydl
Dige didl didl daydl dam
If I were a rich man
Daidle, deedle daidle
Diggug diggug deedle daidle dam

UN YEDEY KVAK UN KNAK UN GOPL UN BAK,
DOS HEYST: “YIDN, IKH HOB GELEYGT AN EY!”
UN S’HEYST NOKH, AZ DO VOYNT A RAYKHER YID.
And every kvak and knak and gopl and bak,
And it means, as here lives a wealthy Jew.
And each loud quack and cluck and gobble and honk
Screaming just as noisily as they can.

UN YEDEY KVAK UN KNAK UN GOPL UN BAK,
DOS HEYST: “YIDN, IKH HOB GELEYGT AN EY!”
UN S’HEYST NOKH, AZ DO VOYNT A RAYKHER YID.
And every kvak and knak and gopl and bak,
And it means, as here lives a wealthy Jew.
And each loud quack and cluck and gobble and honk
Supervising meals to her heart’s delight,

OT IZ MAYN VAYB, MAYN GOLDE, ZET SHOYN DYS A GVIRTE,
GEYT MIT A GROYDER, MIT A BOYKH,
MAKHT A TSIMES, STAM IN A PROSTN TOG,
Here is my wife, my Golde, looks like a rich woman,
With a proper double chin
Oy! What a happy mood she’s in

VEN IKH BIN A ROTSHILD
DAYDL DIIDL DAYDL
Dige didl didl daydl dam
If I were a Rothschild
Daydl didl daydl
Dige didl didl daydl dam
If I were a rich man
Daidle, deedle daidle
Diggug diggug deedle daidle dam

GANTSE TEG VOLT IKH ZIKH BIDI BAM
VEN IKH BIN A RAYKHER MAN.
All day long I’d biddy biddy bum
If I were a wealthy man.

OT IZ MAYN VAYB, MAYN GOLDE, ZET SHOYN DYS A GVIRTE,
GEYT MIT A GROYDER, MIT A BOYKH,
MAKHT A TSIMES, STAM IN A PROSTN TOG,
Here is my wife, my Golde, looks like a rich woman,
With a proper double chin
Oy! What a happy mood she’s in

VEN IKH BIN A ROTSHILD
DAYDL DIIDL DAYDL
Dige didl didl daydl dam
If I were a Rothschild
Daydl didl daydl
Dige didl didl daydl dam
If I were a rich man
Daidle, deedle daidle
Diggug diggug deedle daidle dam

UN YEDEY GVR IN SHTOT, VET KUMEN TSU, UN FREGN MIR —
And every rich man in town would come to me and
ask me —
The most important men in town would come to fawn
on me —

PUNKT VI BAY SHLOYME HAMEYLEKH — GIT AN EYTSE MIR, IKH BET!
Just like by King Solomon — give me advice, I ask you!
They will ask me to advise them like Solomon the wise.
KRATST DI BORD REB TEVYE, ZOGT A VORT, REB TEVYE. 
Scratch your beard, Reb Tevye, say a word, Reb Tevye. 
"If you please, Reb Tevye. Pardon me, Reb Tevye."

AF DI SHAYLES OYKH DER ROV DI PEYES DREYT. 
About the questions that cause the Rabbi to turn his peyes. 
Posing problems that would cross a Rabbi’s eyes.

S’IZ FAR ZEY KEYN SHUM NAFKE-MINE 
For them it’s no difference

TSI MAYN ENFTER HOT A TAM — 
If I answer right or wrong —

VER S’IZ RAYKH FARSHTEYT KHAZONES OYKH! 
Whoever’s rich understands the cantor’s singing too.

AF DI SHAYLES OYKH DER ROV DI PEYES DREYT. 
About the questions that cause the Rabbi to turn his peyes. 
Posing problems that would cross a Rabbi’s eyes.

S’IZ FAR ZEY KEYN SHUM NAFKE-MINE 
For them it’s no difference

TSI MAYN ENFTER HOT A TAM — 
If I answer right or wrong —

VER S’IZ RAYKH FARSHTEYT KHAZONES OYKH! 
Whoever’s rich understands the cantor’s singing too.

VEN IKH BIN RAYKH, HOB IKH ZIKH TSAYT UN IKH GEY 
If I were rich, I’d have time and I’d go

THREE TIMES A DAY TO SYNAGOGUE 
And I’d buy myself a place by the Eastern wall.

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.

VEN IKH’LERN SHAS UN POSKIM MIT DI FRUME YIDN, 
Dear father, God of Abraham,

GOTENYU, VEN VET DOS ZAYN? 
May the Lord protect and defend you,

EFSHER NOR IN UNDZER HEYLIK LAND? 
Kum men meshiekh shoyn shnel.

And I’d learn the Talmud and the scriptures with the religious Jews, 
The messiah should come quickly.

Dear God, when will this be? 
May he always shield you from shame.

Maybe only in our holy land? 
May you come to be

And I’d discuss the holy books with the learned men 
Hear the voice from our home.

Seven hours every day 
May the Lord preserve you from pain.

This would be the sweetest thing of all. 
We praise you, God,

VEN IKH BIN A ROTSHILD 
With peace unto you

DAYDL DIOT DAYDL 
With happiness and peace

DIGE DIDGE DIDL DAYDL DAM 
MALAKHEY-HASHOREYS 
If I were a Rothschild

DIGE DIDGE DIDL DAYDL DAM 
Ministering angels

If I were rich man 
Oh, hear our sabbath prayer

Dайдle, deedle daidle 
OMEYN. 
Diggugh diggugh deedle daidle dum

DIGGUGH DIGGUH DEDEL DIDL DAM 
Amen.

GANTSE TEG VOLT IKH ZIKH BIDI BAM 
GOTENYU MAYN GOT 
VEN IKH BIN A RAYKHNER MAN.

All day long I’d bidely bam 
Dear God, my God

If I were a wealthy man. 
Strengthen them, oh Lord

If I were a wealthy man.

HANT IN KALTN VASER 
SHABES BROKHE 
NISHT ARAYNETON UN 
(Sabbath Prayer) 
DIGE DIDGE DIDL DAYDL DAM 
(Tevey and Golde) 
(No) hand in cold water

HISHTAR GETNETON UN 
May you be deserving of praise

DIGE DIDGE DIDL DAYDL DAM 
(No) hand in cold water

Would I have to endure (wouldn’t have to work hard...)

Wouldn’t have to work hard

Daidle deedle daidle 
May God make you good mothers and wives.

Diggugh diggugh deedle daidle dum

GOT VOS VARFT FUN HIML UNDIKZER DERMAN 
SHABYES BROKHE 
EB BASHLIST: IKH BLYAY AN OREMEN, 
VEN IKH BIN RAYKHNER MAN?

God, who throws from the skies manna

How would it spoil by you your plan —

He decides I remain a poor man,

If I were a wealthy man.

Lord, who made the lion and the lamb

If I were a wealthy man?

You decreed I should be what I am,

VEN IKH BIN A RAYKHNER MAN?

This would be the sweetest thing of all.

VEN DERLEBN MIR EYNIKLEXSHOYN? 
VOS VOLT SHOYN GESHTERT BAY DIR PLAN —

When will we live long enough to have grandchildren?

VEN IKH BIN A RAYKHNER MAN?

May the lord fulfill our sabbath prayer for you.

VEN ICH BIN RAYKH, HOB IKH ZIKH TSAYT UN IKH GEY 
May the lord fulfill our sabbath prayer for you.

VOL ZAYN SHOYN SHNEL.

If I were rich, I’d have time and I’d go

HADITY, HADILY, DAM 
Three times a day to synagogue

If I were rich I’d have the time that I lack

And I’d buy myself a place by the Eastern wall.

To sit in the synagogue and pray

And maybe have a seat by the Eastern wall.

HEN VOS VARFT FUN HIML UN DER MIZREKH-VANT.

Lord, who made the lion and the lamb

If I were a wealthy man.

You decreed I should be what I am,

VEN IKH BIN A RAYKHNER MAN?

May he send you husbands who will care for you.

VEN DERLEBN MIR EYNIKLEXSHOYN? 
VEN DERLEBN MIR EYNIKLEXSHOYN?

When will we live long enough to have grandchildren?

VEN IKH BIN RAYKHNER MAN?

May the Lord protect and defend you,

HER DOS KOL FUN UNDZER HEYM.

May the Lord preserve you from pain.

VEN DERLEBN MIR EYNIKLEXSHOYN? 
When will we live long enough to have grandchildren?

VEN IKH BIN A RAYKHNER MAN?

May God make you good mothers and wives.

VEN DERLEBN MIR EYNIKLEXSHOYN? 
May God make you good mothers and wives.

VEN DERLEBN MIR EYNIKLEXSHOYN? 
May God make you good mothers and wives.

VEN DERLEBN MIR EYNIKLEXSHOYN? 
May God make you good mothers and wives.

VEN DERLEBN MIR EYNIKLEXSHOYN? 
May God make you good mothers and wives.

VEN DERLEBN MIR EYNIKLEXSHOYN? 
WILL WE LIVE LONG ENOUGH TO HAVE GRANDCHILDREN?

VEN IKH BIN A RAYKHNER MAN?

May the Lord protect and defend you,

HER DOS KOL FUN UNDZER HEYM.

Hear the voice from our home.

May the Lord preserve you from pain.

VEN IKH BIN A RAYKHNER MAN?

May God make you good mothers and wives.

VEN IKH BIN A RAYKHNER MAN?

May God make you good mothers and wives.

VEN IKH BIN A RAYKHNER MAN?

May God make you good mothers and wives.

VEN IKH BIN A RAYKHNER MAN?

May God make you good mothers and wives.

VEN IKH BIN A RAYKHNER MAN?

May God make you good mothers and wives.

VEN IKH BIN A RAYKHNER MAN?

May God make you good mothers and wives.

VEN IKH BIN A RAYKHNER MAN?

May God make you good mothers and wives.
TEVYE:
ZOL ZAYN TSUM GUTN. FAR BRÖKHE UN HATSLOKHE. FAR LEBN UN GEZUNT ZAYN. IN A GUTER UN MAZLDIKER SHO —
It should all be good. To blessing and success. To life and health. In a good and lucky hour —
To our agreement. To our prosperity. To good health and happiness. And most important —

ZOL ZAYN MIT GLIK, LEKHAYIM.
It should be with happiness, to life.
To life, to life, l’chaim.

LEKHAYIM
(To Life, Lekhayim)

TEVYE AND LEYZER:
LEKHAYIM, LEKHAYIM ZOL ZAYN.
To life, to life, it should be.
L’chaim, l’chaim, to life.

TEVYE:
ZOL DO SHOYN LEBEDIK UN FREYLEKH ZAYN.
It should be lively and happy be.
Here’s to the father, I’ve tried to be.

LEYZER:
KH’VEL VI A MEYLEKH ZAYN.
I’ll be like a king.
Here’s to my bride to be.

TEVYE AND LEYZER:
A LEKHAYIM,
A toast,
Drink, l’chaim,

ZOL ZAYN MIT GLIK, LEKHAYIM,
It should be with happiness, to life,
To life, to life, l’chaim,

LEKHAYIM, LEKHAYIM ZOL ZAYN.
To life, to life it should be.
L’chaim, l’chaim, to life.

TEVYE:
DOS LEBN IZ A Mishmash Fur Undz.
Life is a mishmash for us.
Life has a way of confusing us.

LEYZER:
BRÖKHE UN KLOLES UNDZ.
Blessing and cursing us.
Blessing and bruising us.

TEVYE AND LEYZER:
A LEKHAYIM ZOL ZAYN!
Let’s have a toast!
Drink, l’chaim, to life!

TEVYE:
VESO-MAKH-TO B’KHA-GE-KHO
Be happy with your lot
God would like us to be joyful

SHTETY BAY UNDZ A POSEK, FREYEN MIR ZIKH DOKH.
We have a passage of scripture, we therefore enjoy ourselves.
Even when our hearts lie panting on the floor.

LEYZER:
BESER, SHTOT TSU ZOGN EYKHO
And we want more parties!
To be joyful for!

TEVYE AND LEYZER:
ZOL ZAYN MIT GLIK, LEKHAYIM!
It should be with happiness, to life!
To life, to life, l’chaim!

TEVYE:
LEKHAYIM MAYN TOKHTER.
To Tzeitel, my daughter.

LEYZER:
MAYN VAYB!
My wife!
My wife!

TEVYE:
DOS IZ A SIBE A TRAKHT TSU TON,
This is a reason to think about,
It gives you something to think about,

TEVYE:
KHI’BEN SHNAPS TSU TON.
Unless there’s a reason to take a drink.
Something to drink about.

TEVYE AND LEYZER:
A LEKHAYIM ZOL ZAYN.
Let’s have a toast.
Drink, l’chaim, to life.

LEYZER:
REB MORDKHE!
Reb Mordkhe!
Reb Mordcha!

MORDKHE:
YO, LEYZER-VOLF.
Yes, Leyzer-Wolf.
Yes, Lazar Wolf.

LEYZER:
DERLANGT ALEMEM TSU TRINKEN.
Bring everyone a drink.
Drinks for everybody.

MENDL:
VOS IZ DI SIMKHE?
What’s the occasion?
What’s the occasion?

LEYZER:
KH’NEM MIR A KALE.
I’m taking a bride.
I’m taking myself a bride.

PEOPLE IN THE TAVERN:
VEMEN, VEMEN?
Who, who?
Who, who?

LEYZER:
TEVYES ELTSTE TOKHTER, TSAYTLEN.
Tevye’s oldest daughter, Tzeitl.
Tevye’s oldest, Tzeitel.

PEOPLE IN THE TAVERN:
MAZL-TOV… A SIMKHE… IN A MAZLDIKER SHO…
Mazeltov… wonderful… congratulations…
Mazeltov… wonderful… congratulations…

PEOPLE IN THE TAVERN:
TSU LEYZER-VOLF!
To Leyzer-Wolf!
To Lazar-Wolf!

TEVYE:
TSU TEVYE!
To Tevye!
To Tevye!

PEOPLE IN THE TAVERN:
ZOL LEBN DAYN TOKHTER
Long live your daughter
To Tzeitel, your daughter
LEYZER:  
MAYN VAYB.  
My wife.  
My wife.

ALL:  
ZOL AYKH MIT YORN FARZORGN GOT,  
God should provide you with years,  
May all your futures be pleasant ones,

GEDENKTZHE ZAYN TSEN GEBOT  
Remember his ten commandments  
Not like our present ones

A LEKHAYIM ZOL ZAYN,  
Let's raise a toast,  
Drink, l'chaim, to life,

MIT GLIK, LEKHAYIM,  
With happiness, to life,  
To life, l'chaim,

LEKHAYIM, LEKHAYIM ZOL ZAYN.  
To life, to life, it should be.  
L'chaim, l'chaim, to life.

ES IZ A SIMKHE, DI FREYD IZ GROYS,  
It is a party, the happiness is big,  
It takes a wedding to make us say,

HAYNT LEBSTU, MORGN OYS,  
Today you live a whole day through,  
Let's live another day,

A LEKHAYIM ZOL ZAYN.  
A toast should be.  
Drink, l'chaim, to life.

UN MAKHT A KOYSE  
And raise a glass  
We'll raise a glass and

DAVKEN OR A GROYSE,  
Of course, only a big one,  
Sip a drop of schnapps,

S'IZ A MAZL, YIDN,  
It's lucky, Jews,  
In honor of the great good luck,

VOS MIR ZENEN DO.  
That we are here.  
That favored you.

ES HOT A PONIM  
Apparently  
We know that when good

AZ DI MAKHETONIM,  
The in-laws,  
Fortune favors two such men,

KUMEN SHOYN VINTSHN IN A  
Are coming now to wish you in this  
It stands to reason

MAZDLIKER SHO!  
Oh so lucky hour!  
We deserve it, too!

UN EYBIK GEZUNT ZOLT IR ZAYN!  
And forever healthy you should be!  
Be happy, be healthy, long life!

UN OYB DER MAZL IZ NIT FAR UNDZ,  
And if the good luck is not for us,  
And if our good fortune never comes,

NOKH MASHKE GIST FAR UNDZ,  
More whiskey pour for us,  
Here's to whatever comes,

A LEKHAYIM ZOL ZAYN.  
Let's have a toast.  
Drink, l'chaim, to life.

DAY — DAY — DAY — DAY — DAY  
Day — Day — Day — Day — Day  
Dai — Dai — Dai — Dai — Dai

RUSSIAN:  
ZA VASHE ZDOROVIA  
To your health  
Zachava zdarovia

BOG ZOL BENTSIN AYKH, NA ZDOROVIA,  
God should bless you with good health,  
Heaven bless you both zdarovia,

ZAYT GEZUNT UN LEBT MIT UNDZ TSUZAMEN IN FREYD.  
Be well and live together in joy.  
To your health and may we live together in peace.

RUSSIANS:  
OYKH DI GOYIM VELN TRINKEN AYER FLESHL VAYN.  
Also the non-Jews will also drink your bottle of wine.  
May you both be favored with the future of your choice.

MORGN, OYB IR MAKHT A SIMKHE, RUFT UNDZ SHNEL ARAYN.  
Tomorrow, if you're making a party, call us in quickly.  
May you live to see a thousand reasons to rejoice.

ZA VASHE ZDOROVIA  
To your health  
Zachava zdarovia

BOG ZOL BENTSIN AYKH, NA ZDOROVIA,  
God should bless you with good health,  
Heaven bless you both zdarovia,

ZAYT GEZUNT UN LEBT MIT UNDZ TSUZAMEN IN FREYD.  
Be well and live together in joy.  
To your health and may we live together in peace.

TEVYE:  
LEKHAYIM!  
To life!  
To life!

ES KUMT A TOG  
(Any Day Now)

Yiddish Translation by Daniel Kahn

PERTSHIK:  
GEDENKT, KINDER...  
Remember, children...  
Remember, children...

SPRINTSE:  
YO, PERTSHIK.  
Yes, Pertshik.  
Yes, Pertshik.

BEYLKE:  
YO, PERTSHIK.  
Yes, Pertshik.  
Yes, Pertshik.
VEN DER YAM VET FARLEYTSN DI GANTSE ERD.
KUMT A TOG SHOYN, KUMT A TOG.
When the sea floods the entire earth.
Any day now, any day.
Yes, the river will rise and the dam will burst.
Any day now, any day.

VELN OREM UN RAYKH VERN IBERGEKERT.
KUMT A TOG SHOYN, KUMT A TOG.
The poor and the rich will switch places.
Any day now, any day.
And the first will be last and the last be first.
Any day now, any day.

VEN MILYDENEN HENT, TSEBUNDN FRAY,
VELN EFENEN DI TIRN FUN DER VELT AFS NAY
When a million hands which have been bound are freed,
They will open the door of the new world.
A million doors and windows will be opened wide,
And the dust and decay will be swept away.

UN DI KEYT VERT TSEBROKHEN, DI BAYTSH FARBRENT.
And the gate will be broken, the whip burned.
When a million hands will be united.

UN DER SHVERD VERT GESHMIDT FAR AN AYZN.
KUMT A TOG SHOYN, KUMT A TOG.
And the sword is beat into plowshares.
Any day now, any day.
And the swords will be beaten into ploughshares.
Any day now, any day.

ZEY HOBN ZIKH GEGEBN DOS VORT
(They Made Each Other a Pledge)

TEVYE:
ZEY HOBN ZIKH GEGEBN DOS VORT.
HEFKER-PETRISHKE.
They gave each other their word.
Anything goes.
They gave each other a pledge.
Unheard of, absurd.

IR HOT ZIKH GEGEBN DOS VORT?
UMGLOYBLEKHI!
You gave each other your word?
Unbelievable!
You gave each other a pledge?
Unthinkable!

UN VU ZHE MEYNT IR, IR ZENT?
IN MOSKVE?
PARIZKE?
And where do you think you are?
In Moscow?
Paris?
Where do you think you are?
In Moscow?
In Paris?

GU MEYNYEN ZEK, ZEK ZENEN?
AMERIKTSHKE?
Where do they think they are?
America?
Where do they think they are?
America?

UN VOEZHE KENSTU DEN, VOS?
FASTRIGEVEN, DI GORNISHT?
And what is that you can do?
Sew? You nothing?
And what do you think you’re doing?
You a stitcher, you nothing?

UN VERZHE MEYSTU DU BIST?
SHLOYME HAMEYLEKHI?
Who do you think you are?
King Solomon?
Who do you think you are?
King Solomon?

ME TUT ES NISHT AZOY
BAY UNDZ, IKH MEYN,
S'12 FARAN TASAYTN VEN KH’MUZ ZOGN NEYN.
This is not our way
By us, I mean,
There are times when I must say no.
This isn’t the way it’s done
Not here, not now.
Some things I will not, I cannot allow.

TRADITSYE —
SHIDUKHIM ZENEN GEMAKHT FUNEM TATN —
DOS TOR ANDERSH NIT ZAYN.
Tradition —
Making matches for a child is the domain of the father
— This can’t be any other way.
Tradition —
Marriages must be arranged by the papa — This
should never be changed.

S’FERDL, OYB S’LOYFT ALEYN BARG ARDP,
VU SHTELT ZIKH ES DP?
VU SHTELT ZIKH ES DP?
The horse, if it runs alone down the hill,
Where will it stop?
Where will it stop?
One little time you pull out a prop,
And where does it stop?
Where does it stop?

VU SHTELT ZIKH ES DP? TSI HOB IKH A SHTIKL DEYE TSU
ZOGN AF MAYN KIND? ODER FREGT MEN SHOYN NISHT
A TATN?
Where will it stop? Do I have some authority to say
[what happens] to my child? Or do they no longer ask
a father?
Where does it stop? Do I still have something to say
about my daughter, or doesn’t anyone have to ask a
father anymore?

MOTL:
IKH GIG AYKH MAYN VORT, REB TEVYE, AYER TOKHTER
VET BAY MIR FUN HUNGER NIT SHARTBN.
I promise you, Tevye, your daughter will not die from
hunger with me.
I promise you, Reb Tevye, your daughter will not
starve.

TEVYE:
ITST REDT ER EPES VI A MENTSCH. UN TSURIK
GESHMUEST: VOS FAR A SHIDEKH VET ES ZAYN MIT AN
OREMEN SHNAYDER?
Now he’s talking like a person. On the other hand: what
kind of match will it be with a poor tailor?
He’s beginning to talk like a man. On the other hand
what kind of match would that be, with a poor tailor?

UN TSURIK GESHMUEST: ER IZ OBER A GANTS FAYN
BOKHERL. AN ARBETSYUNG. UN TSURIK GESHMUEST: ER
FARMOGT DOHK OBER GORNIT.
On the other hand: he is entirely a good young man.
A hard worker. On the other hand: he earns almost
nothing.
On the other hand: he is an honest, hard worker. On
the other hand: he has absolutely nothing.

UN TSURIK GESHMUEST: ERGER KON SHOYN BAY IM NIT
ZAYN, S’KON NOR ZAYN BESER.
On the other hand: it can’t get worse for him, it can
only get better.
On the other hand: things can not get worse for him,
they can only get better.
They gave each other their word. Unheard of, absurd.

They gave each other a pledge — Unbelievable!

Take, however, a look at her — She wants him, so she thinks — But look at my daughter's face — She loves him, she wants him.

There is a passage I learn.

And look at my daughter's eyes. So hopeful.

Tradition!

There is a passage I learn. I relent.

Very well, children, when will we put up the wedding canopy? Well, children, when shall we make the wedding?

Thank you, father.

Thank you, father.

Thank you, Papa.

A DANK DIR, TATE. Thank you, father. Thank you, Papa.

A DANK DIR, TATE! ADOY-SHEM NOSN V'ADOY-SHEM LOKAKH — ZEY HOBN ZIKH ALEYN GEGEBN, ZEY HOBN ZIKH ALEYN GENUMEN! HAYNITKE KINDER! Thank you, father! God gave and God took away — they gave themselves to each other and they took each other. Today's children! Thank you, Papa... They pledged their troth... Today's children!

A miracle from heaven. A miracle from heaven! It was a miracle! It was a miracle!

Unheard of, absurd. Unbelievable! Unthinkable!

When God gave and God took away — he made a person out of me. Is that out of a worthless lump of clay — God has made a man today.

God, it's a wonder, miracles and wonders, Just like Moses with the stone. Wonder of wonders, miracle of miracles, God took a Daniel once again.

God, it's a wonder, miracle and wonders, God took a tailor by the hand. Wonder of wonders, miracle of miracles, God took a tailor by the hand.

When Pharoah let (us) go That was a miracle. When Moses softened Pharoah's heart That was a miracle.

And on Chanuke we light candles eight, That was a miracle too. When god gave us manna in the wilderness, That was a miracle, too.

When God made the waters of the Red Sea part That was a miracle, too.

FUN DI ALE NISIMELKH, KLEYN UN GROYS, DOS GRESTER FUN ALE NIFLO'IOS, But from all the miracles small and big, The biggest of all (the) miracles, But of all God's miracles large and small, The most miraculous one of all,
DER KHOLEM
(The Dream)

TEVYE:
GEVALD! GEVALD!
Gevald! Gevald!
"Help! Help!"

GOLDE:
TEVYE, SHTYE OYF. TEVYE, VOS IZ DIR? VOS GEVALDEVESTU?
Tevye, wake up! Tevye, what’s with you? Why are you screaming?
Tevye, wake up! Tevye! What’s the matter with you? Why are you howling like that?

TEVYE:
VU IZ ZI ERGETS? VU IZ ZI ERGETZ?
Where is she? Where is she?
Where is she? Where is she?

GOLDE:
VER IZ? VEMEN ZUKHSTU?
Who is? Who are you looking for?
Where is who? What are you talking about?

TEVYE:
FRUME-SOREN. FRUME-SORE, LEYZER-VOLF'S VAYB, IZ DO NOR VOS GESEHTANEN.
Fruma-Sore. Fruma-Sore, Leyzer-Wolf’s wife, was just standing here.
Fruma-Sarah. Lazar Wolf’s first wife, Fruma-Sarah. She was standing here a minute ago.

GOLDE:
FRUME-SORE, LEYZER-VOLF’S, ZOL ZAYN OPGESHEYDHT, IZ SHOYN LANG AF DER EMESER VELT. ES HOT ZIKH DIR GEKHOLEMT A KHOLEM. SHPAY OYS DRAY MOL UN DERTSEYL MIR VOS HOT ZIKH DIR GEKHOLEMT VEL IKH DIR OYSLEYGN TSU GUTN.
Frume-Sore, Leyzer-Wolf’s, we should be separated from her (when someone dies), has been on the other side for a long time. Everybody we knew was there and musicians too...

TEVYE:
IZ DOS GEVEN A SHREK.
Was that a scare! It was terrible.

TEVYE:
NOR BETN VEL IKH DIKH, ZOLST ZIKH NOR NIT SHREKN.
But I will ask you, not to get scared.
All right - only don’t be frightened.

GOLDE:
DERSTEYL SHOYN!
Tell me already.
Tell me!

TEVYE:
HER ZHE DEM KHOLEM, VOS HOT ZIKH MIR GEKHOLEMT.
Hear this dream that I dreamed.
All right, this was my dream.

KOYDEM-KOL HOT ZIKH MIR GEKHOLEMT, AZ S’IZ BAY UNDOZ A SIMKHE: MENTSIN A SAKHI, YIDN UN VAYBER, HAYNT KLEZMORIM...
First of all, I dreamed that we were having a celebration: a lot of people, men and women, klezmers...
In the beginning I dreamt that we were having a celebration of some kind. Everybody we knew was there and musicians too...

BOBE TSAYTL:
A SIMKHE DO BAY NAKHT.
A celebration here tonight.
A blessing on your head,

DER ROV:
MAZL-TOV, MAZL-TOV.
Mazel-tov, mazel-tov.
Mazeltov, mazeltov.

BOBE TSAYTL:
A KHASENE GEMAKHT.
A wedding (we) made.
To see a daughter wed.

DER ROV:
MAZL-TOV, MAZL-TOV.
Mazel-tov, mazel-tov.
Mazeltov, mazeltov.

BOBE TSAYTL:
AN EYDEA BRILYANT, VU ZET MEN DOS IN LAND, DER SHNAYDER MOTL KAMZOYL.
A son-in-law, a jewel, Where does one see this in our land, The tailor Motl Kamzoi.
And such a son-in-law, Like no one ever saw, The tailor Motel Kamzoi.

GOLDE:
MOTL?
Motl?
Motel?

BOBE TSAYTL:
AN ERLEKH KIND IZ DOS
An honest child is this
A worthy boy is he

DER ROV:
MAZL-TOV, MAZL-TOV.
Mazel-tov, mazel-tov.
Mazeltov, mazeltov.

BOBE TSAYTL:
A YIKHES MIT A SKHUS.
A pedigree with merit.
Of pious family.

DER ROV:
MAZL-TOV, MAZL-TOV.
Mazel-tov, mazel-tov.
Mazeltov, mazeltov.
BOBE TSAYTL:  
UN HEYSN HEYST ER NOKH —  
MAYN FETER MOROKHEN, DOKH,  
DER SHNAYDER MOTL KAMZOYL.  
And named is he after —  
My uncle Mordkh too  
The tailor Motl Kamzoyl.  
They named him after my  
Dear uncle Mordecai  
The tailor Motel Kamzoil.

GOLDE:  
A SHNAYDER?! ZI HOT ZIKHER SHLEKHT GEHERT. ZI  
MEYNT A KATSEF.  
A tailor?! She certainly heard wrong. She means a  
butcher.  
A tailor?! She must have heard wrong. She meant a  
butcher.

TEVYE:  
HOST SHLEKHT GEHERT, BOBENYU,  
NIT KEYN SHNAYDER,  
You heard wrong, Grandma,  
Not a tailor,  
Must have heard wrong, grandma,  
There’s no tailor,

DU MEYNST A KATSEF, BOBE,  
VOS ER HEYST GOR LEYZER-VOLF.  
You mean a butcher, Grandma,  
Who’s named Leyzer-Wolf.  
You mean a butcher, grandma,  
By the name of Lazar-Wolf.

BOBE TSAYTL:  
NEYN!!!  
No!!!

IKH MEYN A SHNAYDER, TEVYE, MAYN EYNIKL,  
I mean a tailor, Tevye, My grandson!  
I mean tailor, Tevye, My great grandchild!

MAYN KIND, MAYN TSAYTL, VAYL ZI HEYST NOKH MIR,  
MOTL MUZ NOR ZAYN FAR IR.  
DEM SHIDEKH IZ ZI VERT.  
My child, my Tsaytl, because she’s named for me,  
Motl must be just for her.  
The match is worthy of her.  
My little Tzeitel who you named for me,  
Motel’s bride was meant to be.  
For such a match I prayed.

CHORUS:  
MAZL-TOV, MAZL-TOV.  
Mazl-tov, mazl-tov.  
Mazeltov, mazeltov.

BOBE TSAYTL:  
FUN HIML IZ BASHERT.  
From Heaven it’s destined.  
In Heaven it was made.

CHORUS:  
MAZL-TOV, MAZL-TOV.  
Mazl-tov, mazl-tov.  
Mazeltov, mazeltov.

BOBE TSAYTL:  
A BOKHER A SHITIK GOLD, NOR IM HOB IKH GEVOLT.  
DEM SHNAYDER MOTL KAMZOYL.  
A boy, a piece of gold, Only him did I want.  
The tailor Motl Kamzoyl.

GOLDE:  
DI GANTSE VELT VEYS SHOYN. DOS VORT GEGEBN HOBN  
MIR DEM KATSEF.  
The whole world knows already. We gave our word to  
the butcher. But we announced it already. We made a bargain with  
the butcher.

TEVYE:  
DI GANTSE VELT VEYS, BOBE, MIT DI SHKHEYNIM,  
The whole world knows, Grandma, With the neighbors,  
But we announced it, Grandma To our neighbors

DOS VORT GEGEBN, BOBE,  
MIT DEM KATSEF LEYZER-VOLF.  
Our word was given, Grandma,  
To the butcher Leyzer-Wolf.  
We made a bargain, Grandma,  
With the butcher, Lazar Wolf.

BOBE TSAYTL:  
NEYN!!!  
No!!!

ZOL DI VELT VISN, TEVYE, MEKHE-TEYSE.  
Let the world know, Tevye, Why not?  
So you announced it, Tevye, That’s your headache.

TEVYE:  
S’GEVEN A KATSEF!  
He is a butcher!  
He is a butcher!

CHORUS:  
DER SHNAYDER MOTL KAMZOYL.  
The tailor Motl Kamzoyl.  
The tailor Motel Kamzoil.

TEVYE:  
S’IZ LEYZER-VOLF!  
It’s Leyzer-Wolf! 
It’s Leyzer-Wolf!  
DER SHNAYDER MOTL KAMZOYL.  
The tailor Motl Kamzoyl.  
The tailor Motel Kamzoil.

CHORUS:  
SHA! SHA!  
KUK!  
VER IZ DOS? VER IZ DOS?  
Quiet! Quiet!  
Look!  
Who is this?  
Who is this?  
Shah! Shah!  
Look!  
Who is this?  
Who is this?
VER KUMT ON?
VER? VER? VER? VER?
Who is coming?
Who comes here?

VOS FAR A GESHTALT?
TSU AL DI BEYZE RIKHES!
What kind of a person?
To all the evil ghosts!
What woman is this?
By righteous anger shaken!

INDIVIDUAL VOICES:
S’KON NIT ZAYN!
It can’t be!
Could it be?

NEYN?
No?
Sure?

EFSHER YO?
Perhaps yes?
Yes it could?

OY VYE! LOMIR ZOGN SLIKHES!
Woe is me! Let us say penitential prayers!
Why not? Who could be mistaken?

CHORUS:
OY, DEM KATSEFS VAYB KUMT ON FUN YENER VELT.
Oy, the butcher’s wife approaches from the other world.
It’s the butcher’s wife come from beyond the grave.

S’IZ DEM KATSEFS VAYB, KUKT VI ZI GEYT UN SHELT.
It’s the butcher’s dear darling departed wife.
It’s the butcher’s dearly departed wife.

FRUME-SORE, FRUME-SORE,
FRUME-SORE, FRUME-SORE, FRUME-SORE.
Fruma-Sarah, Fruma-Sarah.
Fruma-Sarah, Fruma-Sarah.
Fruma-Sarah, Fruma-Sarah.
Fruma-Sarah, Fruma-Sarah.

FRUME-SORE:
HOSTU TAKE KEYN RAKHMONES NIT AF MAYN NESHOME?
Do you really have no pity on my soul?
Have you no consideration for a woman’s feelings?

CHORUS:
FRUME-SORE.
Fruma-Sarah.
Fruma-Sarah.
Fruma-Sarah.
Fruma-Sarah.

FRUME-SORE:
VOS IZ DER TAYTSH? ZOG ZHE VOS?
FAR VOS DAYN TOKHTER ZOL MIKH YARSHENEN?
What does it mean, tell me what?
Why should your daughter inherit from me?

CHORUS:
GOR A FREMDE.
A complete stranger.
Total stranger.

FRUME-SORE:
NEMT TSU MAYN SHTUB, UN VOS ZI KON,
UN MAYNE PERL DYKH, STAYTSH.
Takes away my house, and whatever she can,
And my pearls also, really.
Live in my house, carry my keys,
And wear my clothes, pearls, how?

CHORUS:
STAYTSH, DU LOZT AZOY DAYN TOKHTER —
IR YARSHENEN?
Really, you let your daughter —
Inherit from her?
How can you allow your daughter
To take her place?

FRUME-SORE:
PERL!
Pearls!
Pearls!

CHORUS:
SHTUB!
House!
House!

FRUME-SORE:
PERL!
Pearls!
Pearls!

CHORUS:
ALTS!
Everything!
Keys!

FRUME-SORE:
PERL!
Pearls!
Pearls!

CHORUS:
NEMT!
Takes!
Clothes!

FRUME-SORE:
PERL!
Pearls!
Pearls!

CHORUS:
STAYTCH!
Really!
How!

FRUME-SORE:
TEVYE!!
Tevye!!
Tevye!!
CHORUS:
TEVYE!!
Tevye!!
Tevye!!

FRUME-SORE:
AZA LAMDN VI DU, TEVYE, VET ES NIT DERLOYBN.
A learned man like you, Tevye, wouldn’t let it happen.
Such a learned man as Tevye wouldn’t let it happen.

CHORUS:
NIT DERLOYBN.
Not permit it.
Let it happen.

FRUME-SORE:
ZOG MIR, AZ S’IZ NIT GESHTOYGN, VEL IKH MIR ANTLOYFN.
Tell me, that’s it’s not preposterous, and I’ll leave.
Tell me that it isn’t true and then I wouldn’t worry.

CHORUS:
I’LL LEAVE.
Wouldn’t worry.

FRUME-SORE:
SHVER ZIKH, AZ DAYN TOKHTER VESTU NIT TSUM KHUPE FIRN.
Swear that you will not take your daughter to the wedding canopy.

CHORUS:
KHUPE FIRN.
To the wedding canopy.
Daughter’s marriage.

FRUME-SORE:
UN OYB NIT, HER, VI AZOY IKH KUM UN SHTER DAYN SIMKHE.
And if not, listen, how I'll come and ruin your party.
Let me tell you what would follow such a fatal wedding.

CHORUS:
SHTER DAYN SIMKHE.
Shhhhh!
Ruin your party.
Shhhhh!
Fatal wedding.
Shhhhh!

FRUME-SORE:
HOT TSAYTL KHASENE MIT LEYZER VOLF, AZ OKH UN VET TSU ZEY.
If Tsaytl marries Leyzer Wolf, I pity them both.
If Tzeitel marries Lazar Wolf, I pity them both.

Z’IT LEBN MIT IM DRAY VOKHN UN VEN DI DRAY VOKHN GEYEN DYS,
Three weeks she'll live only
And when that time is up, she'll live with him three weeks
And when three weeks are up

KUM IKH TSU IR BAY NAKHT, UN KH’NEM ZI ON BAYM HALDZ, UN...
Come to her at night,
And I'll take her by the throat, and...
I'll come to her by night,
I'll take her by the throat and...

HAK IKH ON DAYN TSAYTL, KNAK IKH ON DAYN TSAYTL,
Clobber will I your Tsaytl,
Knock will I your Tsaytl,
This I'll give you Tzeitel,
This I'll give you Tzeitel,

HAK IKH ON DAYN TSAYTL, AHHHH!
NA DIR MAYN DROSHE-GESHANK OYB ZI NEMT MAYN LEYZER-VOLF!
Clobber will I your Tsaytl,

GOLDE:
IN TAYKH ZOL DOS FALN, IN DER ERD ZOL DOS ZINKEN!
TFU, TFU, TFU!
It should fall in the river, it should sink in the earth!
Thu, thu, thu!
It’s an evil spirit! May it fall into the river; may it sink into the earth!

A BEYZER, A VISTER, A FINSTERER KHOLEM AF DEM KATSEFS KOP UN AF ZAYNE HENT UN FIS!
An evil, a dismal, a dark dream on the butcher’s head
and on his hands and feet!
Such a dark and horrible dream! And to think it was brought on by that butcher.

MISTAME, AZ MAYN BOBE TSAYTL, IZ ZIKH MATRIEKH FUN YENER VELT KUMEN AHER OPGEBN MAZL-TOV,
BADARFN MIR ZOGN, S’ZOL ZAYN IN A GUTER SHO, A MAZLDIKER, OMEYN-SELO.
Perhaps, if my Grandma Tsaytl, took the trouble to come here from the other world to give congratulations, we should say, it should be in a good hour, a lucky one, Amen.

TEVYE:
OMEYN-SELO.
Amen.

GOLDE:
UN VOS MIT YENEM YAT?
And what about the other guy?
We haven’t got the man?

TEVYE:
UN VOS MIT YENEM YAT?
And what about the other guy?
We haven’t got the man?

GOLDE:
A BROKIE AF MAYN KOP, MAZL-TOV, MAZL-TOV, MAYN BOBE TSAYTL ZOGT, MAZL-TOV, MAZL-TOV.
A blessing on my head, mazl-tov, mazl-tov,
My Grandma Tsaytl says, mazl-tov, mazl-tov.
A blessing on my head, mazelto, mazelto.
Like Grandma Tzeitel said, mazelto, mazelto.

AN EYDEM A BRILYANT FUN MAYN MISHPOKHES SHTAMT, DER SHNAYDER MOTL KAMZOYL.
A son-in-law a jewel.

TEVYE:
UN VOS MIT YENEM YAT?
And what about the other guy?
We haven’t got the man?

GOLDE:
MAZL-TOV, MAZL-TOV.
Mazelto, mazelto.

TEVYE:
S’IZ GORNIT AZOY GLAT.
It’s not gonna be that easy.
We had when we began.

GOLDE:
MAZL-TOV, MAZL-TOV.
Mazelto, mazelto.
TEVYE:
TO HALT DER BOBES VORT,
UN NEM, VI HEYST ER DORT?
So, keep grandma’s word,
And, take what’s his name?
But since your grandma came
She’ll marry what’s his name?

GOLDE:
DER SHNAYDER MOTL KAMZOYL.
The tailor Motl Kamzoyl.
The tailor Motel Kamzoil.

TEVYE & GOLDE:
DER SHNAYDER MOTL KAMZOYL,
DER SHNAYDER MOTL KAMZOYL,
DER SHNAYDER MOTL KAMZOYL!
The tailor Motl Kamzoyl,
The tailor Motl Kamzoyl,
The tailor Motel Kamzoyl,
The tailor Motel Kamzoyl,
The tailor Motel Kamzoyl.

GOLO:
GIT NOR A KUK, VI SHOYN DERVAKSN
ZENEN ZEY.
Just give a look, how grown up
They’ve become.
I don’t remember growing older
When did they?

TEVYE:
VEN IZ ZI AZOY SHEYN GEVORN?
VEN IZ ER DYSEVAKSN HOYKH?
When did she become so pretty?
When did he get to grow tall?
When did she get to be a beauty?
When did he get to be so tall?

GOLDE:
ERSHT NEKHTN HOBN ZEY GESHPILT IN HOYF.
Just yesterday they were playing in (the) courtyard.
Wasn’t it yesterday when they were small?

MEN’S CHOIR:
TOG-AYN, TOG-OYS
TOG-AYN, TOG-OYS,
DOS IZ UNDZER LOYN,
Day-in, day-out,
Day-in, day-out,
This is our reward,
Sunrise, sunset,
Sunrise, sunset,
Swiftly flow the days,

S’KERNDL HOT GEGEBN BLUMEN,
UN IBER NAKHT VAKST OYS A BOYM.
The seedling has given flowers,
And overnight grows a tree.
Seedlings turn overnight to sunflowers,
Blossoming even as we gaze.

WOMEN’S CHOIR:
TOG-AYN, TOG-OYS,
TOG-AYN, TOG-OYS,
DOS IZ DAYN BASHER.
Day-in, day-out,
Day-in, day-out,
This is your destiny.
Sunrise, sunset,
Sunrise, sunset,
Swiftly fly the years.

LOYFN DI YORN NOKH ANANDER,
TROGN ZEY FREYON MIT A TRER.
The years run after each other,
Carrying joy with a tear.
One season following another,
Laden with happiness and tears.

PERTSHIK:
ZOL IKH MIT EYTSES ZEY FARYORN?
ZOL IKH ZEY HELFN EFSEH, ZOG?
Should I load them down with advice about this and that?
Should I help them, perhaps, tell?
What words of wisdom can I give them?
How can I help to ease their way?

GOLDE:
GOT, HELF ZEY YEDERN FRIMORGN,
TOG BAY TOG.
God, help them every morning,
Day by day.
Now they must learn from one another,
Day by day.

PERTSHIK:
ZEY ZEYEN DIS VI NAY GEBOYRN
They look like newborns
They look so natural together

HOOL:
PUNKT VI A NAY PORFOLK ZET OYS.
Just how a new couple should look.
Just like two newlyweds should be.

PERTSHIK & HOOL:
IZ NOKH A KHUPE DO FAR MIR, NOR BLOYZ?
Is there a wedding canopy for me?
Is there a canopy in store for me?

ALL:
TOG-AYN, TOG-OYS,
TOG-AYN, TOG-OYS,
DOS IZ DAYN BASHER.
Day-in, day-out,
Day-in, day-out,
This is your destiny.
Sunrise, sunset,
Sunrise, sunset,
Swiftly fly the years.

LOYFN DI YORN NOKH ANANDER,
TROGN ZEY FREYON MIT A TRER.
The years run after each other,
Carrying joy with a tear.
One season following another,
Laden with happiness and tears.

ITST HOB IKH DI GANTSE VELT
(Now I Have Everything)

PERTSHIK:
IKH BIN ZEYER GLIKLEKH HOOL. ZEYER GLIKLEKH.
I am very happy, Hodl. Very happy.
I am very happy, Hodl. Very happy.

HOOL:
IKH OYKH, PERTSHIK. VOS IZ?
Me too, Pertshik. What’s the matter?
So am I, Perchik. What’s the matter?

PERTSHIK:
BIZ ITST HOB IKH GEMEYN AZ
KYHOB DI GANTSE VELT,
IZ DOS A LIGN SEVEN.
Until now I thought
That I had the whole world,
That was a lie.
I used to tell myself
That I had everything,
But that was only half true.
I set myself a goal, 
To change the world —
To me a miracle here happened.
I had an aim in life,
And that was everything —
But now I even have you.

It is now worthwhile to die for,
I have now with whom to live for, too.
I have something that I would die for,
Someone that I can live for, too.

Now I have the whole world,
Not just the whole world
And maybe even more.
Yes, now I have everything,
I have a little bit more.

Besides having everything,
I know what everything's for.

I was standing on the side
Waiting (for) you.
I was only out of sight
Waiting right here.

Who knows if tomorrow
We will have a home?
Who knows tomorrow
Where our home will be?

Everything is right at hand.

And now, if I want it or not,
She'll marry him.

So what do you want from me?
Go on, be wed. And tear out my beard,
And uncover my head.

Tradition!
Today's children aren't scared
Of their father.
Tradition!
They're not even asking permission
From the papa.

What will become of our Torah?
One little time I pulled out a thread —
And where has it led? Where has it led?
Where will this go? You see this yourself. A person tells me that he is going to get married. He doesn’t ask me, no, he tells me. But in the meantime, he is making her an abandoned wife.

Where has it led? To this! A man tells me he is getting married. He doesn’t ask me, he tells me. But first, he abandons her.

HODL:
ER MAKHT MIKH NIT FAR KEYN AGUNE, TATE.
He is not making me an abandoned wife, father.

PERTSHIK:
VI BALD IKH VEL NOR KONEN, SHIK IKH NOKH IR UN HOB MIT IR KHASENE. IKH HOB ZI LIB.
As soon as I can, I will send for her and marry her. I love her.

As soon as I can, I will send for her and marry her. I love her.

TEVYE:
"IKH HOB ZI LIB." LOVE. A NAYER KHIDESH. UN TSURIK GESHMUEST, UNDEZERE ALTE MINHOG ZENEN DOKH OYKH A MOL GEVEN A KHADESHE, NIT AZOY? UN TSURIK GESHMUEST, SHIDEKH ON A TATN, ON A SHADKHIN.
"I love her." Love. A new wonder. And on the other hand, our old customs were also once a new wonder, isn’t that true? And on the other hand, a match without a father, without a matchmaker.

HE loves her. Love. It’s a new style. On the other hand, our old ways were once new, weren’t they? On the other hand, they decided without parents, without a matchmaker.

UN TSURIK GESHMUEST, HOBEN ODEM UN KHAVE DEN GEHAT A SHADKHIN? Avade gehat. Vayst oys, az di tsvey hobe gehat dem zelben shadkhin.
And on the other hand, did Adam and Eve have a matchmaker? Of course, they did. It looks like these two had the same matchmaker. After all, did Adam and Eve have a matchmaker? Yes, they did. Then it seems these two have the same matchmaker.

LIBST MIKH, SERTSE?
(Do You Love Me?)

MIR AF TSELAKHES GETON —
VU ZET MEN DOS DEN?
GIB ZEY A BROKHE, DOS POR A KHUTSPE.
They spied me —
Where do we see this?
Give them a blessing,
The nerve.
They’re going over my head —
Unheard of, absurd.
For this they want to be blessed
Unthinkable.

KH’VEL ZI FARSILSN IN SHTUB.
IKH KON NIT — IKH MUZ!
SHTRALN DI OYGN BAY IR —
MIT LIBE.
TRADITSYE!
I will lock her in the house.
I can’t — I must!
Her eyes beam —
With love.
Tradition!
I’ll lock her up in her room.
I couldn’t — I should
But look at my daughter’s eyes —
She loves him.
Tradition!

LIBST MIKH, SERTSE?
Do you love me, darling?
Do you love me?

TEVYE:
ER IZ A GUTER BOKHER, GOLDE. ER GEFELT MIR. ER IZ A BISL A TSEDREYT, OBER ONGEZAPT MIT YOYSHER FUN OYGN BAYIR — MIT LIBE.
He is a good boy, Golde. I like him. He’s a little mixed-up, but full of justice from top to bottom. I like him.

He is a good man, Golde. I like him. He is a little crazy but I like him.

VE’AL KU-LOM, HODL: VI SHTETY DORT GESHRIBN?
OHAVTI — ER VIL ZI, ZI VIL IM. TO VOS KON MEN TON?
S’IZ A NAYE VELT, A NAYE VELT. LIBE. GOLDE —
And above all, Hodl: Where is it written? Love — he wants her, she wants him. So what can we do? It’s a new world, a new world. Love. Golde —
And what’s more important, Hodel likes him. Hodel loves him. So what can we do? It’s a new world, a new world. Love. Golde —

LIBST MIKH, SERTSE?
Do you love me, darling?
Do you love me?

GOLDE:
TSI IKH VOS?
Do I what?
Do I what?

GOLDE:
TSI IKH LIB DIKH?
FIRN TEKHTER TSU DER KHUPE,
UN ES KOKHT BAY UNDZ IN HOYZ.
Do I love you?
Leading daughters to the chupe,
And there’s trouble in the house.
Do I love you?
With our daughters getting married,
And this trouble in the town.

BIST SHOYN GANTS GUT TSEDREYT.
GEY IN SHTUB, SHLOF ZIKH OYS.
MISTAME LAYSTFU FUN MOGN.
You’re entirely mixed up.
Go in the house, sleep it off.
Probably you suffer from a stomach-ache.
You’re upset, you’re worn out.
Go inside, go lie down.
Maybe it’s indigestion.

TEVYE:
GOLDE, KH’VIL DIR FREGN A FRAGE —
Golde, I want to ask you a question —
Golde, I’m asking you a question —

LIBST MIKH, SERTSE?
Do you love me, darling?
Do you love me?

GOLDE:
BIST A NAR.
You’re a fool.
You’re a fool.

TEVYE:
IKH VEYS.
OBER LIBST MIKH, SERTSE?
I know.
But do you love me, darling?
I know.
But do you love me?

GOLDE:
TSI IKH LIB DIKH?
Do I love you?
Do I love you?
For twenty-five years I've washed your wash,
I rub and polish pots of brass,
For twenty-five years I've washed your clothes,
Cooked your meals, cleaned your house,

Raised children, I milk the cows.
After twenty-five years, the idea of love occurs to you,
You fool?
Given you children, milked the cow.
After twenty-five years, why talk about Love right now?

TEVYE:
GOLDE, VEN KH’HOB DIR
DERZEN, IN A LANG, VAYS
KHUPE-KLEYD. TSAPLDIK.
I'm your wife.
I'm your wife.

DER KLANG
(The Rumor)

YENTE:
MIRELE, MIRELE, HOB IKH FAR DIR NAYES, AZOYNS UN AZELKHES.
Mirele, I have news for you, something especially good.
Rifka, I have such news for you.

GEDENKSTU PERTSHIK, DEM TALMID-KHOKHEM
GEDENKSTU DOS STUDENTL?
Do you remember Pertshik, the learned man
Do you remember that student?
Remember Perchik, that crazy student?
Remember at the wedding

VOS HOT BAFOYLN MOTLEN —
“GEY MAKH A KHUPE-TENTSL,
UN DAVKE GOR MIT HODLEN”?
Who ordered Motl
“Go make a wedding-dance —
And specifically with Hodl”?
When Tzeitel married Motel
And Perchik started dancing
With Tevye’s daughter Hodel?

IZ, HER ZIKH TSU —
DER PERTSHIK ZITST IN TFISE, IN KIEV.
So, listen —
That Pertshik is in prison in Kiev.
Well, I just heard
That Perchik’s been arrested, in Kiev.

ALL:
NEYN!
No!
No!
YENTE:
YO!
Yes!
Yes!

FIRST WOMAN:
RIVKE, RIVKE
VART UN HER A MAYSE:
Rivke, Rivke
Wait and hear a story:
Shaindel, Shaindel
Wait till I tell you:

GEDENKSTU PERTSHIK, DEM TALMID-KHOKHEM?
GEDENKSTU DOS STUDENTL?
VOS HOT GETANTST MIT Hodl?
Do you remember Pertshik, the learned man?
Do you remember that student?
Who danced with Hodl?
Remember Perchik, that crazy student?
Remember at the wedding?
He danced with Tevye's Hodel.

IZ,
HER ZIKH TSU
AZ Hodl ZITST IN TFISE, IN KIEV!
So,
Listen,
Hodl sits in prison in Kiev.
Well, I just heard
That Hodel's been arrested, in Kiev.

ALL:
NEYN, SHREKLEKH, SHREKHLEKH!
No, terrible, terrible!
No. Terrible, terrible!

SECOND WOMAN:
MIRELE, MIRELE, HOB IKH FAR DIR NAYES, FREG
SHOYN NIT:
Mirele, Mirele, do I have news for you, don't ask:
Mirala...

GEDENKSTU DEM LAMDN PERTSHIK,
DER LERER FUN KIEV?
Do you remember that scholar Pertshik,
The teacher from Kiev?
Do you remember Perchik that student,
From Kiev?

GEDENKSTU NIT ZAYNE MAYSIM,
AF MOTLS-TSAYTLS SIMKHE?
Don't you remember his acts
At Motl-Tsaytl's celebration?
Remember how he acted
When Tzeitel married Motel?

IZ HER ZIKH TSU —
ZITST MOTL SHOYN IN TFISE,
FAR TANTSN BAY DER KHUPE.
Well, listen —
Sits Motl now in jail
For dancing at the wedding.
Well, I just heard
That Motel's been arrested
For dancing at the wedding.

ALL:
NEYN!
No!
No!

SECOND WOMAN:
IN KIEV
In Kiev
In Kiev

MENDL:
REBE! REBE!
Rabbi! Rabbi!
Rabbi! Rabbi!

IR VEYST, AZ PERTSHIK, REB PERTSHIK, BAL-MAKHSHOVES,
VOS HOT GEHEYSN TEVYEN
ER ZOL MIT GOLDEN TANTSN?
You know, that Pertshik, Reb Pertshik, the thinker,
Who told Tevye
He should dance with Golde?
Remember Perchik, with all his strange ideas?
Remember Tzeitel's wedding?
Where Tevye danced with Golde

IZ HERT ZIKH TSU —
ZITST TEVYE SHOYN IN TFISE,
UN GOLDE GEY'T KEYN KIEV.
So, listen —
Tevye is sitting in jail
And Golde's gone to Kiev.
Well, I just heard
That Tevye's been arrested
And Golde's gone to Kiev.

ALL:
NEYN!
No!
No!

MENDL:
GOT BAHIT!
God forbid!
God forbid!

ALL:
VEN GEYT ZI?
When is she going?
She didn't.

MENDL:
SHOYN ITST.
Right now.
She did.

AVROM:
YIDN, HERT A MAYSE, A SHTROF FUN GOT — A SHTROF —
Jews, hear a story, a penalty from God — a penalty —
Terrible news — terrible —

DOS ALTS HOT PERTSHIK
UNZ ONGEMAKHT A TSORE.
This all has Pertshik
Us made this trouble.
Remember Perchik
Who started all the trouble.

IZ HERT ZIKH TSU, DI MAYSE IZ AZOY:
So listen up, the story is just so.
So listen up, this is the story.

ALL:
VOS?
What?
What?

AVROM:
AZ GOLDE ZITST IN TFISE,
UN HODL GEYT KEYN KIEV.
That Golde sits in jail,
And Hodl is gone to Kiev.
That Golde's been arrested
And Hodl's gone to Kiev.

MOTL LERN'T TANTSN,
UN TEVYE IZ OYS MENTSCH.
Motl is teaching dancing,
And Tevye is beside himself.
Motl studies dancing,
And Tevye's acting strange.

SHPRINTSE POKT UN MOZLT,
UN BEYLIKE HUST UN NIST.
Shprintze has the pox and measles,
And Bielke coughs and sneezes.
Shprintze has the measles,
And Bielke has the mumps.
YENTE:
UN ZET VOS KUMT VEN MENER MIT VAYBER TANTSN!
And see what comes when men and women dance (together)!
And that’s what comes from men and women dancing!

VAYT FUN MAYN LIBER HEYM
(Far From the Home I Love)

HOOD:
ER IZ GESHIKT GEVORN KEYN SIBIR.
He was sent to Siberia.
He is in a settlement in Siberia

TEVYE:
SIBIR! UN ER FARLANGT FUN DIR FARLOZN TATE-MAME,
UN ZAYN MIT IM IN DER KALTER VISTENISH, UN DORT
MIT IN KHASENE TSU HOBN?
Siberia! And he’s asking you to abandon your father and mother, and be with him in the cold wasteland and get married to him there?
Siberia! And he asks you to leave your father and mother and join him in that frozen wasteland, and marry him there?

HOOD:
NEYN, TATE, ER FARLANGT FUN MIR GORNIT. IKH VIL
TSU IM GEYN. IKH VIL NIT ER ZOL ZAYN ALEYN. IKH VIL
IM HELFN IN ZAYN ARBET. DOS IZ DOS GRESTE VOS IKH
DARF TON.
No father, he’s asking nothing of me. I want to go to him. I don’t want him to be alone. I want to help him in his work. This is the biggest thing I must do.
I don’t want him to be alone. I want to help him in his work. It is the greatest work a man can do, Papa.

TEVYE:
HOOD, MAYN KIND — HOOD.
Hodl, my child — Hodl.
But, Hodel, baby.

HOOD:
TATE —
Father —
Papa —

VOS ZOL IKH TON, DU ZOLST MIKH GUT FARSHTEYN,
HER, FARVOS TU IKH DOS,
What should I do, you should understand me well.
Listen to why, I’m doing this.
How can I hope to make you understand
Why I do, what I do.

IN A FARYORFN LAND FOR IKH ALEYN
VAYT FUN MAYN LIBER HEYM.
To a faraway land, I travel alone
Far from my beloved home.
Why I must travel to a distant land
Far from the home I love.

YO, S‘IZ A MOL FAR MIR GENUG GEVEN,
TAKE BLOYZ UNDZER HOYZ,
Yes, once it was enough for me,
Just only our house,
Once I was happily content to be,
As I was, where I was,

NOENT MIT MISHPOKE UN MIT ALEMEN
DOS IZ GEVEN MAYN HEYM.
Close to my family and with everyone,
That was my home.
Close to the people who are close to me,
Here in the home I love.

ITST KH’FARSHTEY, AZ ER VART AF MIR,
UN MIT IM TSU ZAYN IZ MAYN FLIKHT.
Now I understand that he waits for me,
And to be with him is my duty.
Who could see that a man would come,
Who would change the shape of my dreams?

S’VILT ZIKH ZAYN MIT IM SHOYN GIKH
KHOTSH DI ALTE HEYM RUFT MIKH.
I want to be with him quickly
Even though the old home calls me.
Helpless, now, I stand with him
Watching older dreams grow dim.

TAKE DERFAR RAYST MIR DOS HARTS UN TSIT,
KH’VIL MAYN HEYM, KH’VIL OYKH IM.
That is why my heart is tearing and tugging,
I want my home, I want him too
Oh, what a melancholy choice this is,
Wanting home, wanting him.

IZ DOS A KHOLEM VOS IZ MIR TSEBLIT,
VAYT FUN MAYN LIBER HEYM?
Is this a dream which for me blooms
Far from my beloved home.
Closing my heart to every hope, but his
Leaving the home I love.

DO VU MAYN HARTS VIL BLAYBN, DO ALEYN
IKH MUZ GEYN, IKH MUZ GEYN.
Here where my heart wants to stay, here alone
I must go, I must go.
There where my heart has settled long ago
I must go, I must go.

ITST VEL IKH BLONDZH ELNT VI A SHTEYN.
VAYT FUN MAYN LIBER HEYM?
Now I will wonder, alone as a stone,
Far from my beloved home.
Who could imagine I’d be wand’ring so
Far from the home I love.

VAYL,
ER IZ FAR MIR MAYN HEYM.
Because,
He is for me, my home.
Yet, there with my love, I’m home.

KHAVELE
(Khavele)

TEVYE:
KIND, MAYN KIND, TAYER KHAVELE,
KH’KON GORNIT FARSHTETN
VOS IZ DO GESHEN.
Child, my child, dear Chavelle,
I don’t understand anything
That happened here.
Little bird, little Chavelle,
I don’t understand what’s happening today.

S‘IZ MIR EPES ENG DI VELT.
ALTS VOS IKH EZ A MEYDELE,
KLEYN VI A FEYGELE
KHAVELE, KHAVELE.
The world has gotten tight.
All that I see is a little girl,
Small as a little bird
Chavele, Chavelle.
Everything is all a blur.
All I can see is a happy child,
The sweet little bird you were
Chavelah, Chavaleh.

OY, MAYN KIND, TAYER KHAVELE,
ALE MOL GEVEN A ZIS UN PREKHTIK KIND.
Child, my child, dear Chavelle,
Always was a sweet and happy child
Little bird, little Chavelah,
You were always such a pretty little thing
Everybody’s fav’rite child.
Kind and good to everyone,
Oh, how so pretty, pretty little bird
Such a sweet small little bird.
Chavele, Chavele.
Gentle and kind and affectionate,
What a sweet little bird you were.
Chavaleh, Chavaleh.

Hear me out, father, I will die, if you move from this place. I beg you, hear me out now, father.
Papa… I want to talk with you… Papa, stop… At least listen to me… Papa, I beg you to accept us.

Hear her out? How? Can I forget what she did? On the other hand, it is written a parent should have compassion for a child, there is no bad child to a father.
Accept them? How can I accept them? Can I deny everything I believe in? On the other hand, can I deny my own child?

On the other hand… there is no other hand, there is no other! No, Khave. No — no — no!

On the other hand… there is no other hand. No! Chava. No — no — no!

People who travel through Anatevka don’t even know they’ve been here.

Someone should have set a match to this place long ago.

A pan,
A pot,
A pot,

A piece of wood,
A stick of wood,

A pot,
A pan,
A pan,

A piece of cloth.
ALL:
VOS BLAYBT SHOYN DO?
NIT A SAKH.
S’BLAYBT NOR ANATEVKE...
What remains here now?
Not a lot.
Only Anatevke remains...
What do we leave?
Nothing much.
Only Anatevka...

ANATEVKE, ANATEVKE,
BIST FARYOGT, BIST FARFLOGT, ANATEVKE,
DO HOT DER SHABES AZA KHEYN!
Anatevke, Anatevke,
You’re expelled, you’re tormented, Anatevke,
Here has the Sabbath such charm!
Anatevke, Anatevke,
Underfed overworked Anatevka,
Where else could Sabbath be so sweet!

ANATEVKE, ANATEVKE,
FUL MIT HARTS, TROYERIK SHVARTS, ANATEVKE,
ST’IZ MIR BAKANT DO YEIDER SHTEYN.
Anatevke, Anatevke,
Full of heart, darkened by sadness, Anatevke,
I recognize here every stone.
Anatevka, Anatevka
Intimate, obstinate Anatevka,
Where I know everyone I meet.

VI A FREMDER IN DER FREMD BIN IKH SHOYN BALD,
VEL IKH ZUKHN A BAKANT GESHTALT
FUN ANATEVKE,
Like a stranger in a strange land will I soon be,
I will search for a familiar face
From Anatevke,
Soon I’ll be a stranger in a strange new place,
Searching for an old familiar face
From Anatevka.

VAYL IKH SHTAM FUN ANATEVKE,
TEL GEMAKHT, IN EYN NAKHT, ANATEVKE,
DU, TAYER SHTETL, SHTETELE DU MAYNS.
Because I come from Anatevke,
All in ruins, in one night, Anatevke,
You, dear town, little town of mine.
I belong in Anatevka,
Tumble down, workaday Anatevka,
Dear little village, little town of mine.

GOLDE:
IZ VOS, STAM AN ORT.
It’s what, just a place.
Eh, it’s just a place.

MENDL:
UN UNZERE ELTER-ELTER-ZEYDES HOT MEN AFILE NIT GEGEBN KEYN DRAY TEG TSAYT.
They didn’t even give our great-great grandfathers three days.
Our forefathers have been forced out of many, many places at a moment’s notice.

TEVYE:
IZ EFSHER DERFAR TROGT A YID SHTENDIK A HITL.
Maybe that is why a Jew always wears a hat.
Maybe that’s why we always wear our hats.