

FIDDLER ON THE ROOF

COMPLETE SONG LYRICS FOR THE 2018 CAST RECORDING

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.*

TRADITSYE (Tradition)

TEVYE:

A FIDLER AFN DAKH. MESHUGE, NEYN?
A fiddler on the roof. Crazy, no?
A fiddler on the roof. Sounds crazy, no?

OBER BAY UNDZ IN ANATEVKE IZ YEDER EYNER A MIN FIDLER AFN DAKH, VOS VIL OYSKRATSN A POSHETN HARTSIKN NIGN, UN DOKH NISHT BREKHN DEM KOP.
But among us in Anatevke, everyone is a sort of fiddler on the roof, who wants to scratch out a simple, heartfelt song, and not break his head.
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.

UN ES IZ NISHT AZOY LAYKHT.
And it is not so easy.
It isn't easy.

VET IR MISTAME FREGN, FARVOS BLAYBN MIR DO ZITSN, OYB DI SAKONE IZ AZOY GROYS?
You might perhaps ask, why do we stay sitting here if the danger is so great?
You may ask, why do we stay up there if it's so dangerous?

MIR BLAYBN, VAYL ANATEVKE IZ UNZDER HEYM. UN VI AZOY HALT MEN ES TAKE OYS?
We stay, because Anatevke is our home. And how do we stand it?
We stay because Anatevka is our home. And how do we keep our balance?

AF DEM HOB IKH EYN ENTFER — GOT IZ A FOTER UN HEYLIK IZ ZAYN TOYRE!
For that I have one answer — God is a father and holy is his Torah!
That I can tell you in a word — Tradition.

JEWS OF THE SHTEL:

TRADITSYE! TRADITSYE! TRADITSYE!
TRADITSYE! TRADITSYE! TRADITSYE!
Tradition! Tradition! Tradition!
Tradition! Tradition! Tradition!
Tradition! Tradition! Tradition!
Tradition! Tradition! Tradition!

TEVYE:

YO, IN SKHUS FUN UNZDER HEYLIKER TRADITSYE ZENEN MIR AZOY OYSGESHTANEN DOYRES AF DOYRES.
Yes, in honor of our holy traditions, we were able to survive generations after generations.
Because of our traditions, we've kept our balance for many, many years.

BAY UNDZ IN ANATEVKE TUT MEN ALTS LOYT DER TOYRE — VI M'EST, VI M'SHLOFT, UN VI MEN TUT ZIKH ON — ALTS LOYT DER TOYRE.
By us in Anatevke, we do everything according to the Torah — how one eats, how one sleeps, and how one dresses — all according to the Torah.
Here in Anatevka we have traditions for everything — how to eat, how to sleep, how to wear clothes.

L'MOSHL, A HITL AFN KOP, A TALIS-KOTN AFN LAYB, ALS TSEYKHN AZ GOT IZ A FOTER UN MIR ZENEN DI SHOF.
For example, a hat on the head, a prayer garment on the body, all to show us that God is a father and we are the sheep.
For instance, we always keep our heads covered and always wear a little prayer shawl. This shows our constant devotion to God.

FREGT ZIKH A FRAGE: VI AZOY HOT ZIKH DOS ALTS ONGEHOYBN? A... VEL IKH AYKH ZOGN... IKH VEYS NISHT. AZOY SHTEYT GESHRIBN.
A question arises: how did this all begin? A... So I'll tell you... I don't know. That's how it's written.
You may ask how did this tradition start. I'll tell you... I don't know.

UN TAKE BSKHUS FUN UNZDER TOYRE VEYST YEDER FUN UNDZ VER ER IZ, UN VOS GOT HOT IM BAFOYLN.
And indeed on account of our Torah, all of us know who we are and what God commands us.
But it's a tradition. Because of our traditions, everyone knows who he is and what God expects him to do.

TEVYE, WITH THE FATHERS:

VER, TOG UN NAKHT,
VOS MUZ ZIKH MIEN UN KLOGN,
Who, day and night
Must strive and slave away,
Who day and night
must scramble for a living,

DAVNEN YEDN MORGN
BRENGEN BROYT AHEYM.
Pray every morning
Bring bread home.
Feed a wife and children
say his daily prayers.

UN VER HOT DOS REKHT
TSU ZITSN OYBN ON
UN HOBN OYKH DOS LETSTE VORT?
And who has the right
To sit at the head of the table
And have the last word?
And who has the right
as master of the house
to have the final word at home.

ALL:

DER TATE, DER TATE, TRADITSYE!
DER TATE, DER TATE, TRADITSYE!
The father, the father, tradition!
The father, the father, tradition!
The papa, the papa, tradition!
The papa, the papa, tradition!

GOLDE AND THE MOTHERS:

VER FUN UNUZ DARF OPHITN A YIDISH HOYZ

A RUIK 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 ARBETSYUNG

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

AZOY 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 UNUZER KLEYNEM SHTETL HOBN MIR GEHAT

FARSHEYDENE 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.

KO² TOY-RI VELKHE OT, L'MOSHL, YENTE DI SHAD-

KHNTE...

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 wonderful 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 VOKH 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 BENTSHN DEM TSAR NIKOLAI UN
OPHITN IM VAYT, VAYT FUN UNZ.

*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 ZAYNEN A SAKH MER FUN UNZ.

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-TYELST-VA DER GRADAVOY, YEVO

PRI-VAS-KHA-`DI-TYELST-VA, DER GALAKH UN NOKH A

SAKH `PRI-VAS-KHA-`DI-TYELST-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 UNZD 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 UNZD GIT MEN ZIKH AN EYTSE EYNER

MITN ANDERN.

But between us, we manage to cope with each other.

And among ourselves we get along perfectly well.

FARSHTEYT ZIKH, ES HOT A MOL TSVISHN UNZD 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 MENUKHE 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!

JEW:

TSIG!

She-goat.

Horse!

OTHER JEWS:

BOK!

He-goat!

Mule!

JEW:

TSIG!

She-goat.

Horse!

OTHER JEWS:

BOK!

He-goat!

Mule!

JEW:

TSIG!

She-goat.

Horse!

OTHER JEWS:

BOK!

He-goat!

Mule!

JEW:

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 UNZERE NESHOMES SHOYN FUN LANG GETSAPLT

VI A — FIDLER AFN DAKH!

*Tradition. 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 MUZ 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.

VU IZ ER, VU?
TU EPES, TU.
Where is he, where?
Do something, do.
Find me a find
Catch me a catch.

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 GLAYKH
Matchmaker, matchmaker
Steer me straight
Matchmaker, matchmaker
I'll bring the veil

BRENG IM TSU MIR
SHMOL, LANG UN BLAYKH.
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.

HODL:

DER TATE, DARF AF A MINYEN.
The father, needs him for a minyen.
For papa, make him a scholar.

KHAVE:

DI MAME, DARF A RAYKHN, A GRAF.
The mother, needs a rich one, a count.
For mama, make him rich as a king.

KHAVE AND HODL:

UN IKH, DARF MAY NAFKE-MINE
A BOKHER, NIT VIKHTIK OYB KLUG UN SHARE.
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.

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 FARINTERESIRT MIT KHASONIM,
KHAVE? UN IKH HOB GEMEYNT, AZ DAYN NOZ SHTEKT
NOR IN DI BIKHER.
Since when have you been so interested in grooms,
Khava? 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 NIT
VELN DOS BESTE?
Why not? We have only one rabbi, and the rabbi has
only one son. Why should I not want the best?
Why not? We only have one Rabbi and be only has
one son. Why shouldn't I want the best?

TSAYTL:

VAYL DU BIST AN OREM KIND, FUN AN OREMER HEYM. IZ
DEM ERSHTN VOS YENTE VET BRENGEN, VESTU NEMEN.
NIT 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!
Hodl, oy Hodl
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!
Khava, 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 BREYT.
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:
SHADKHANTE, SHADKHANTE,
ZEST DOKH ALEYN
Matchmaker, matchmaker
See for yourself
Matchmaker, matchmaker
You know that I'm

KH'BIN ZEYER YUNG,
S'BRENT NISHT, IKH MEYN.
I am very young
There's no fire, I think.
Still very young
Please, take your time.

HODL:
LOZ UNUZ NIT FIRN
TSUM KHUPE VI SHOF,
UN HOBN 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 TSITER FUN SHREK UN VEYN!
I shake with fear and cry!
It's just that I'm terrified!

SHADKHANTE, SHADKHANTE
TU GORNIT, TU,
Matchmaker, matchmaker
Do nothing, do,
Matchmaker, matchmaker
Plan me no plans,

S'BRENT NIT, KH'HOB TSAYT,
KH'HOB SHOYN GELERNT,
There's no fire, I have time
I've already learned (that),
I'm in no rush
Maybe I've learned,

SHPILN MIT 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 SHELOYLEM, HOST DOKH BASHAFN 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 S'IZ GORNIT KEYN SHANDE TSU ZAYN AN OREMAN, OBER A GROYSER KOVED IZ DOS OYKH 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 OYTSEY?

*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 DIDL DAYDL
DIGE DIGE DIDL DAYDL DAM

*If I were a Rothschild
Daydl didl daydl
Dige dige didl daydl dam*

If I were a rich man
Daidle, deedle daidle
Digguh digguh deedle daidle dum

GANTSE TEG VOLT IKH ZIKH BIDI BAM
VEN IKH BIN A RAYKHER MAN.

*All day long I'd bidi bidi bam
If I were a wealthy man.*

All day long I'd biddy biddy bum
If I were a wealthy man.

HANT IN KALTN VASER
NISHT ARAYNGETON
UN DIGE DIGE DIDL
DAYDL DAM

*(No) hand in cold water
Would I have to endure (wouldn't have to work hard...)
Dige dige didl daydl dam*

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

KH'VOLT GEHAT A DAYDL BAYTL GELT
UN GEVEN A ZEYDL EYDL MAN.

*If I had a daydl wallet of money
And were a silk (kind-hearted) man.*

If I were a biddy biddy rich
Digguh digguh deedle daidle man.

UN KH'VOLT MIR OYFGEBOYT A HOYZ VI A PALATS
DAVKE IN MITN FUN DER SHTOT,
A SHEYNEM DAKH, 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 HOLTS VET LOYFN AROYF,
A TSVEYTE, NOKH LENGER, LOYFT AROP,
A DRITE LOYFT, IKH VEYS NOKH NIT 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 coming down,
And one more leading nowhere just for show.

UN S'VET MAYN HOYF ZAYN FUL MIT KATSHKES UN GENDZ.
DI SONIM, AZH PLATSN ZOLN ZEY,
FUN DEM KREYEN VERN DI OYERN MID.
*And it will be that my courtyard will be full of ducks and geese
My enemies, they'll plotz (explode)
From all that crowing, the ears become tired.*

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.

UN YEDER 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,
This means: "Jews, I laid an egg!"*

*And it means, as here lives a wealthy Jew.
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.*

VEN IKH BIN A ROTSHILD
DAYDL DIDL DAYDL
DIGE DIGE DIDL DAYDL DAM
*If I were a Rothschild
Daydl didl daydl
Dige dige didl daydl dam*

If I were a rich man
Daidle, deedle daidle
Digguh digguh deedle daidle dum

GANTSE TEG VOLT IKH ZIKH BIDI BAM
VEN IKH BIN A RAYKHER MAN.

*All day long I'd bidi bidi bam
If I were a wealthy man.*

All day long I'd biddy biddy bum
If I were a wealthy man.

HANT IN KALTN VASER
NISHT ARAYNGETON UN
DIGE DIGE DIDL DAYDL DAM
*(No) hand in cold water
Would I have to endure (wouldn't have to work hard...)*

*Dige dige didl daydl dam
Wouldn't have to work hard
Daidle deedle daidle
Digguh digguh deedle daidle dum*

KH'VOLT GEHAT A DAYDL BAYTL GELT
UN GEVEN A ZEYDL EYDL MAN.
*If I had a daydl wallet of money
And were a silk (kind-hearted) man.*

If I were a biddy biddy rich
Digguh digguh deedle daidle man.

OT IZ MAYN VAYB, MAYN GOLDE, ZET SHOYN OYS A GVIKTE,
GEYT MIT A GOYDER, MIT A BOYKH,
MAKHT A TSIMES, STAM IN A PROSTN TOG,
*Here is my wife, my Golde, looks like a rich woman,
Goes with a double chin and a stomach
Makes a stew, on a regular day,
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,*

ZI VISHT DEM SHVEYS, UN ZI BLOZT ZIKH, GEYT SHOYN
VI A PAVE,
UN ES GEYT FUN IR A ROYKH,
KHAPN ALE DINSTN BALD A YOG.
*She wipes her sweat, and she struts and goes like a peacock
And smoke goes from her,
Chasing after all the maids.
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.*

UN YEDER GVIR 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 will 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
TSI MAYN ENTFER HOT A TAM —
For them it's no difference
If my answer makes sense —
And it won't make one bit of difference
If I answer right or wrong —

VER S'IZ RAYKH FARSHTEYT KHAZONES OYKH!
Whoever's rich understands the cantor's singing too.
When you're rich they think you really know.

VEN IKH BIN RAYKH, HOB IKH ZIKH TSAYT UN IKH GEY
DRAY MOL A TOG IN SHUL ARAYN,
UN IKH KOYF MIR A SHTOT BAY DER MIZREKH-VANT.
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.

UN KH'LERN SHAS UN POSKIM MIT DI FRUME YIDN,
GOTENYU, VEN VET DOS ZAYN?
EFSHER NOR IN UNDZER HEYLIK LAND?
And I'd learn the Talmud and the scriptures with the
religious Jews,
Dear God, when will this be?
Maybe only in our holy land?
And I'd discuss the holy books with the learned men
Seven hours every day
This would be the sweetest thing of all.

VEN IKH BIN A ROTSHILD
DAYDL DIDL DAYDL
DIGE DIGE DIDL DAYDL DAM
If I were a Rothschild
Daydl didl daydl
Dige dige didl daydl dam
If I were a rich man
Daidle, deedle daidle
Digguh digguh deedle daidle dum

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

HANT IN KALTN VASER
NISHT ARAYNGETON UN
DIGE DIGE DIDL DAYDL DAM
(No) hand in cold water
Would I have to endure (wouldn't have to work hard...)
Dige dige didl daydl dam
Wouldn't have to work hard
Daidle deedle daidle
Digguh digguh deedle daidle dum

GOT VOS VARFT FUN HIML UN DZ DEM MAN
ER BASHLIST: IKH BLAYB AN OREMAN,
God, who throws from the skies manna
He decides I remain a poor man,
Lord, who made the lion and the lamb
You decreed I should be what I am,

VOS VOLT SHOYN GESHTERT BAY DIR DEM PLAN —
VEN IKH BIN A RAYKHER MAN?
How would it spoil by you your plan —
If I were a wealthy man?
Would it spoil some vast, eternal plan —
If I were a wealthy man?

SHABES BROKHE (Sabbath Prayer)

TEVYE AND GOLDE:
TATE ZISER, GOT FUN AVROHOM,
Dear father, God of Abraham,
May the lord protect and defend you,

KUMEN ZOL MESHIEKH SHOYN SHNEL.
The messiah should come quickly.
May he always shield you from shame.

VAYL ES VART AF IM
Because waiting for him is
May you come to be

DOS GANTSE FOLK FUN YISROEL.
The entire people of Israel.
In Yisroel a shining name.

SORE, RIVKE, RUKHL UN LEYE,
Sarah, Rebecca, Rachel and Leah,
May you be like Ruth and like Esther,

BENTSHT DI KINDER LEOYLEM-VOED
Bless the children forever and ever
May you be deserving of praise

GOTENYU MAYN GOT
Dear God, my God
Strengthen them, oh Lord

UN HIT ZEY FUN DER FREMD UN SHMAD.
And protect them from the stranger and conversion.
And keep them from the stranger's ways.

COMPANY:
GOT ZOL GEBN
God will give
May God bless you

FUN MAZL DI KROYN —
From luck the crown —
And grant you long lives —

GOLDE:
UN MEKAYEM ZAYN ZOL ER ZAYN HEYLIK VORT.
And he should fulfill his holy word.
May the lord fulfill our sabbath prayer for you.

COMPANY:
VEN DERLEBN MIR EYNIKLEKH SHOYN?
When will we live long enough to have grandchildren?
May God make you good mothers and wives.

TEVYE:
SHABES ZOL BAYM ZEYDINS TISH NIT ZAYN KEYN ORT.
Sabbath at grandfather's table there should be no
room at the table.
May he send you husbands who will care for you.

COMPANY:
TATE ZISER, GOT FUN AVROHOM,
Dear Father, God of Abraham,
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.

LOYBN MIR DIKH, GOT,
We praise you, God,
Favor them, oh Lord,

MIT SHOLEM-ALEYKHEM
With peace unto you
With happiness and peace

MALAKHEY-HASHOREYS
Ministering angels
Oh, hear our sabbath prayer

OMEYN.
Amen.
Amen.

LEKHAYIM
(To Life, Lekhayim)

TEVYE:

ZOL ZAYN TSUM GUTN. FAR BROKHE UN HATSLOKHE. FAR
LEBN UN GEZUNT ZAYN. IN A GUTER UN MAZDIKER 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.

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 FAR UNDZ.
Life is a mishmash for us.
Life has a way of confusing us.

LEYZER:

BROKHES 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

SHTEYT 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 ZOGEN EYKHO
Better, instead of saying a mourning prayer
How much more can we be joyful

MAKHT MEN ZIKH A SIMKHE
We make ourselves a party
When there's really something

VIL MEN SIMKHES NOKH!
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.
My daughter.
To Tzeitel, my daughter.

LEYZER:

MAYN VAYB!
My wife!
My wife!

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

TEVYE:

KHIBE A 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 ALEMEN 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, Tsaytl.
Tevye's oldest, Tzeitel.

PEOPLE IN THE TAVERN:

MAZL-TOV... A SIMKHE... IN A MAZDIKER 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 have 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

DAVKE NOR 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

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

MIT MAZL UN MIT BROKHE,
With luck and with blessing,
 To us and our good fortune,

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 UNUZ,
And if the good luck is not for us,
 And if our good fortune never comes,

NOKH MASHKE GIST FAR UNUZ,
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 — Day — Day
 Dai — Dai — Dai — Dai — Dai — Dai — Dai

RUSSIAN:

ZA VASHE ZDOROVIA
To your health
 Zachava zdarovia

BOG ZOL BENTSHN AYKH, NA ZDOROVIA,
God should bless you in good health,
 Heaven bless you both nazdrovia,

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

ZA VASHE ZDOROVYIA
To your health
 Zachava zdarovia

BOG ZOL BENTSHN AYKH, NA ZDOROVIA,
God should bless you with good health,
 Heaven bless you both nazdrovia,

ZAYT GEZUNT UN LEBT MIT UNUZ 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 UNUZ 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 BENTSHN AYKH, NA ZDOROVYIA,
God should bless you with in good health,
 Heaven bless you both nazdrovia,

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

TEVVE:

LEKHAYIM!
To life!
 To life!

ES KUMT A TOG (Any Day Now)

Yiddish Translation by Daniel Kahn

PERTSHIK:

GEDENKT, KINDER...
Remember, children...
 Remember, children...

SHPRINTSE:

YO, PERTSHIK.
Yes, Pertshik.
 Yes, Pertshik.

BEYLKE:

YO, PERTSHIK.
Yes, Pertshik.
 Yes, Pertshik.

VEN DER YAM VET FARFLEYTSN 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 MILYONEN 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?
UMGLOYBLEKH!
You gave each other your word?
Unbelievable!
You gave each other a pledge?
Unthinkable!

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

VU MEYNEN ZEY, ZEY ZENEN?
AMERIKTSHKE?
Where do they think they are?
America?
Where do they think they are?
America?

UN VOZHE KENSTU DEN, VOS?
FASTRIGEVEN, DU GORNISHT?
And what is it 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 HAMEYLEKH?
Who do you think you are?
King Solomon?
Who do you think you are?
King Solomon?

ME TUT ES NISHT AZOY
BAY UNUZ, IKH MEYN,
S'IZ FARAN TSAYTN 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 AROP,
VU SHTELT ZIKH ES OP?
VU SHTELT ZIKH ES OP?
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 OP? 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 GIB AYKH MAYN VORT, REB TEVYE, AYER TOKHTER
VET BAY MIR FUN HUNGER NIT SHTARBEN.
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 MENTSH. 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 DOKH 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.

ZEY HOBN ZIKH GEGBN DOS VORT.
HEFKER-TSIBELES.

*They gave each other their word.
What's the difference.*

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

ZEY HOBN ZIKH GEGBN DOS VORT —
UMGLOYBLEKH!

*They gave each other their word —
Unbelievable!*

They gave each other a pledge —
Unthinkable!

TUT OBER A KUK AF IR —

ZI VIL IM, DOS TRAKHT ZI —

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 —

SHTEYT DOKH A POSEK BAY MIR.

SOLAKHTI.

There is a passage I learn.

I relent.

And look at my daughter's eyes.

So hopeful.

TRADITSYE!

Tradition!

Tradition!

UVEKHEYN KINDER, VEN SHTELN MIR DI KHUPE?

*Very well, children, when will we put up the wedding
canopy?*

Well, children, when shall we make the wedding?

TSAYTL:

A DANK DIR, TATE.

Thank you, father.

Thank you, Papa.

MOTL:

A DANK DIR, TATE.

Thank you, father.

Thank you, Papa.

TEVYE:

A DANK DIR, TATE! ADOY-SHEM NOSN V'ADOY-SHEM

LOKAKH — ZEY HOBN ZIKH ALEYN GEGBN, ZEY HOBN

ZIKH ALEYN GENUHEN! HAYNTIKE 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!

NISIMLEKH-VENIFLO'OYS

(Miracle of Miracles)

MOTL:

A NES MINASHOMAYIM. A NES MINASHOMAYIM!

A miracle from heaven. A miracle from heaven!

It was a miracle! It was a miracle!

GOT S'IZ A VUNDER, NISIMLEKH-VENIFLO'OYS,

PUNKT VI BAY MOYSHEN MIT DEM SHTEYN.

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.

SHTOT IM TSU BETN, HOT ER IM DERLANGT A SHTOYS.

AZ DOS VASER ZOL SHOYN GEYN.

Stead of asking, he gave him a push.

That the water would go.

Stood by his side, and miracle of miracles.

Walked him through the lion's den.

GOT, S'IZ A VUNDER NISIMLEKH-VENIFLO'OYS,

IKH HOB GEMEYNT, AZ S'HALT SHOYN SHLEKHT,

God, it's a wonder, miracles and wonders,

I thought that all was bad,

Wonder of wonders, miracle of miracles,

I was afraid that God would frown,

DOKH FUN MITSRAYIM FIRSTU, GOT, DAYN FOLK AROYYS,

UN GENUG SHOYN ZAYN A KNEKHT.

Thus, from Egypt, God brought your people out,

And enough with being a slave.

But like he did so long ago in Jericho

God just made a wall fall down.

VEN PARE HOT DERLOYBT TSU GEYN

DOS IZ A NES GEVEN.

When Pharaoh let (us) go

That was a miracle.

When Moses softened Pharaoh's heart

That was a miracle.

VEN GOT HOT GESHPOLTN DEM YAM AF TSVEY

DOS IZ A NES GEVEN, OYKH.

When God split the sea in two

That was a miracle too.

When God made the waters of the Red Sea part

That was a miracle, too.

FUN DI ALE NISIMLEKH, KLEYN UN GROYS,

DOS GRESTE FUN ALE NIFLO'OYS,

From all the miracles, small and big,

The biggest of all the wonders,

But of all God's miracles large and small,

The most miraculous one of all,

IZ GESHEN TSU MIR, ZAY GOT GEBENTSHT —
HOST FUN MIR GEMAKHT A MENTSH.

*Happened to me, let God be blessed —
You made a person out of me.*

Is that out of a worthless lump of clay —
God has made a man today.

GOT, S'IZ A VUNDER, NISIMLEKH-VENIFLO'OYS,

GOT NEMT A SHNAYDER BAY DER HANT,

God, it's a wonder, miracle and wonders,

God takes a tailor by the hand,

Wonder of wonders, miracle of miracles,

God took a tailor by the hand,

FIRT IM ARAYN, UN NISIMLEKH-VENIFLO'OYS,

IN DEM OYSDERVEYLTN LAND.

Leads him in, and miracle and wonders,

To the Promised land.

Turned him around, and miracle of miracles,

Led him to the promised land.

HOT DOVID MAYSE-HELD GEMAKHT,

DOS IZ A NES GEVEN.

When David story of heroism was made,

That was a miracle.

When David slew Goliath, yes!

That was a miracle.

UN KHANIKE TSINDT MEN LIKHTLEKH AKHT,

DOS IZ A NES GEVEN, OYKH.

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.

DOKH FUN ALE NISIMLEKH KLEYN UN GROYS,

DOS GRESTER FUN ALE NIFLO'OYS,

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,

IZ DER NES VOS DAKHT ZIKH KEN NIT ZAYN

IKH BIN DAYNS UN DU BIST MAYNS.

Is the one I thought would not be

I am yours and you are mine.

Is the one I thought could never be

God has given you to me.

DER KHOLEM (The Dream)

TEVYE:

GEVALD! GEVALD!
Gevald! Gevald!
"Help! Help!"

GOLDE:

TEVYE, SHTEY 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-VOLFS VAYB,
IZ DO NOR VOS GESHTANEN.
*Frume-Sore. Frume-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 OPGESHEYDT,
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. You were dreaming a dream. Spit
three times and tell me what you dreamed, it will be
good for you.*
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:

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

GOLDE:

DERSTEYL SHOYN.
Tell me already.
Tell me.

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:

DERTSEYL 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
UNDZ A SIMKHE: MENTSHN A SAKH, YIDN UN VAYBER,
HAYNT KLEZMORIM...
*First of all, I dreamed that we were having a celebra-
tion: 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...

DERVAYL EFNT ZIKH DI TIR UN ES KUMT ARAYN DAYN
BOBE TSAYTL, OLEYASHOLEM.
*In the meantime, the door opens and in comes your
Grandma Tsaytl, may she rest in peace.*
In the middle of the dream, in walks your grand-
mother Tzeitel, may she rest in peace.

GOLDE:

MAYN BOBE TSAYTL? VI AZOY HOT ZI OYSGEZEN?
My Grandma Tsaytl? How did she look?
Grandmother Tzeitel? How did she look?

TEVYE:

FAR A YIDENE VOS LEBT SHOYN NIT DRAYSIK YOR HOT ZI
GANTS GUT OYSGEZEN.
*For a woman who hasn't been alive for thirty years, she
looked very good.*
For a woman who is dead thirty years, she looked
very good.

FARSHTEYT ZIKH, AZ KH'HOB IR DERLANGT A BOREKH-
HABE. MAKHT ZI TSU MIR —
Understood, that I greeted her. She says to me —
Naturally, I went up to greet her. She said to me —

BOBE TSAYTL:

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

DER ROV:

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

BOBE TSAYTL:

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

DER ROV:

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

BOBE TSAYTL:

AN EYDEM A 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 Kamzoyl.*
And such a son-in-law,
Like no one ever saw,
The tailor Motel Kamzoyl.

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.
Mazl-tov, mazl-tov.
Mazeltov, mazeltov.

BOBE TSAYTL:

A YIKHES MIT A SKHUS.
A pedigree with merit.
Of pious family.

DER ROV:

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

BOBE TSAYTL:

UN HEYSN HEYST ER NOKH —
MAYN FETER MORDKHEN, DOKH,
DER SHNAYDER MOTL KAMZOYL.

*And named is he after —
My uncle Mordkhe 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!!!
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,
Motel 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 SHTIK 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.
A fine upstanding boy, A comfort and a joy.
The tailor Motel Kamzoil.

GOLDE:

DI GANTSE VELT VEYS SHOYN. DOS VORT GEGERBN 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 GEGERBN, 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!!!
No!!!

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

VOS SHAYEKH LEYZER-VOLF, IZ HER ZIKH TSU,
TEVYE, ZUKH AN EYTSE DU.
*Regarding Leyzer-Wolf, listen good,
Tevye, look for a "wayout" yourself!*
But as for Lazar Wolf, I say to you,
Tevye, that's your headache too.

KHOR:

A BROKHE IN DAYN HOYZ, MAZL-TOV, MAZL-TOV.
DU VEYST NOKH NIT, VI GROYS, MAZL-TOV, MAZL-TOV.
A blessing in your house, mazl-tov, mazl-tov.
You don't know yet how big, mazl-tov, mazl-tov.
A blessing on your house, mazeltov, mazeltov.
Imagine such a spouse, mazeltov, mazeltov.

A BOKHER A BRILYANT,
VU ZET MEN DOS IN LAND,
DER SHAYDER MOTL KAMZOYL.
*A boy, a jewel,
Where does one see this in our land,
The tailor Motl Kamzoyl.*
And such a son-in-law,
Like no one ever saw,
The tailor Motel Kamzoil.

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? VER?
Who is coming?
Who? Who? Who? Who? Who?
Who comes here?
Who? Who? Who? Who?

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 VEY! 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 SHEL'T.
It's the butcher's wife, look how she goes and curses.
It's the butcher's dear darling departed wife.

FRUME-SORE, FRUME-SORE,
FRUME-SORE, FRUME-SORE, FRUME-SORE.
Frume-Sore, Frume-Sore,
Frume-Sore, Frume-Sore, Frume-Sore.
Fruma-Sarah, Fruma-Sarah,
Fruma-Sarah, Fruma-Sarah, Fruma-Sarah.

FRUME-SORE:

HOT DAYN TOKHTER TAKE KHASENE SHOYN MIT
MAYN LEYZER?
Is your daughter really marrying my Leyzer?
Tevye! Tevye! What is this about your daughter
marrying my husband?

CHORUS:

MIT IR LEYZER.
With her Leyzer.
Yes, her husband.

FRUME-SORE:

FE, DOS VESTU DOKH NIT TON DAYN SHKHEYNE,
FRUME-SORE!
Fe, you wouldn't do that to your neighbor,
Frume-Sarah!
Would you do this to your friend and neighbor,
Fruma-Sarah!

CHORUS:

FRUME-SORE.
Frume-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:

IR NESHOME.
Her soul.
Woman's feelings?

FRUME-SORE:

UN DU GIST AVEK MAYN GANTS FARMEGN FAR A FREMDE.
And you give away all my belongings to a stranger.
Handing over my belongings to a total stranger.

CHORUS:

GOR A FREMDE.
A complete stranger.
Total stranger.

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?
How can you allow it, how?
How can you let your daughter take my place?

NEMT TSU MAYN SHTUB, UN VOS ZI KON,
UN MAYNE PERL OYKH, 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 posterous, and I'll leave.

Tell me that it isn't true and then I wouldn't worry.

CHORUS:

MIR ANTLOYFN.

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.*Say you didn't give your blessing to your daughter's
marriage.**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.

SHHHH!

*Ruin your party.**Shhhh!*

Fatal wedding.

Shhhh!

FRUME-SORE:

HOT TSAYTL KHASENE MIT LEYZER VOLF,

AZ OKH UN VEY TSU ZEY.

*If Tsaytl marries Leyzer Wolf,**Woe, to them.*

If Tzeitel marries Lazar Wolf,

I pity them both.

Z'IT LEBN MIT IM DRAY VOKHN

UN VEN DI DRAY VOKHN GEYEN OYS,

*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 I 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, AHFFF!

NA DIR MAYN DROSHE-GESHANK OYB ZI NEMT MAYN

LEYZER-VOLF!

*Clobber will I your Tsaytl,**Here, take my wedding present if she takes my**Leyzer-Wolf!*

That I'll give you Tzeitel

Here's my wedding present if she marries Lazar Wolf!

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!**Tfu, tfu, tfu!*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 ZOIGN, 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.*If my grandmother Tzeitel, may she rest in peace, took
the trouble to come all the way from the other world
to tell us about the tailor, all we can say is that it is
all for the best, and it couldn't possibly be any better.
Amen.**TEVYE:**

OMEYN-SELO.

*Amen.**Amen.***GOLDE:**

A BROKHE AF MAYN KOP, MAZL-TOV, MAZL-TOV,

MAYN BOBE TSAYTL ZOIGT, 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, mazeltov, mazeltov,

Like Grandma Tzeitel said, mazeltov, mazeltov.

AN EYDEM A BRILYANT

FUN MAYN MISHPOKHES SHTAMT,

DER SHNAYDER MOTL KAMZOYL.

*A son-in-law a jewel.**From my family's lineage,**The tailor Motl Kamzoil.*

We'll have a son-in-law

Like no one ever saw,

The tailor Motel Kamzoil.

TEVYE:

UN VOS MIT YENEM YAT?

And what about the other guy?

We haven't got the man?

GOLDE:

MAZL-TOV, MAZL-TOV.

Mazl-tov, mazl-tov.

Mazeltov, mazeltov.

TEVYE:

S'IZ GORNIT AZOY GLAT.

It's not gonna be that easy.

We had when we began.

GOLDE:

MAZL-TOV, MAZL-TOV,

Mazl-tov, mazl-tov,

Mazeltov, mazeltov.

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 Motl Kamzoyl!*
The tailor Motel Kamzoil,
The tailor Motel Kamzoil,
The tailor Motel Kamzoil.

TOG-AYN, TOG-OYS
(Sunrise, Sunset)

TEVYE:

IZ DOS MAYN MEYDELE, DOS KLEYNER?
IZ ES DOS YINGELE, IKH ZE?
*Is this my girl, the little one?
Is this the little boy, I see?*
Is this the little girl I carried?
Is this the little boy at play?

GOLDE:

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 OYSGEVAKSN 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 UNZDER LOYFN,
*Day-in, day-out,
Day-in, day-out,
This is our reward,*
Sunrise, sunset,
Sunrise, sunset,
Swiftly flow the days,

S'KERNDL HOT GEGBN 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 FREYDN MIT A TRER.
*The years run after each other,
Carrying joy with a tear.*
One season following another,
Laden with happiness and tears.

TEVYE:

ZOL IKH MIT EYTSSES ZEY FARZORGN?
ZOL IKH ZEY HELFN EFSHER, 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 OYS VI NAY GEBOYRN
They look like newborns
They look so natural together

HODL:

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

PERTSHIK & HODL:

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 FREYDN 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 HODL. ZEYER GLIKLEKH.
I am very happy, Hodl. Very happy.
I am very happy, Hodl. Very happy.

HODL:

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 GEMEYNT AZ
KH'HOB DI GANTSE VELT,
IZ DOS A LIGN GEVEN.
*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.

KH'HOB ZIKH A TSIL GESHELTEL,
TSU ENDERN DI VELT—
IZ MIR A NES DO GESHEN.
*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.

ES IZ MIR KIDAY SHOYN TSU SHTARBN,
KH'HOB SHOYN MIT VEMEN TSU LEBN, OYKH.
*It is now something for me 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.

ITST HOB IKH DI GANTSE VELT,
NIT BLOYZ DI GANTSE VELT
UN EFSHER TAKE NOKH MER,
*Now I have the whole world,
Not just the whole world
And maybe even more,*
Yes, now I have everything,
Not only everything
I have a little bit more,

AKHUTS DEM VOS KH'HOB DI VELT,
BISTU MIR OYKH NOKH BASHERT.
*Besides that I have the world,
You were also to me destined.*
Besides having everything,
I know what everything's for.

GEY VEYS, FUN VANEN
NEMT ZIKH AZA VAYB,
VOS VET DIR GETRAY ZAYN, GETRAY IN HARTS UN LAYB.
*Go know from where
I take such a wife
Who will be true to me, true in heart and body.*
I used to wonder
Could there, be a wife to
Share such a difficult, wand' ring kind of life?

HODL:
KH'BIN GESHTANEN IN DER ZAYT
OPGEVART DIKH.
*I was standing on the side
Waiting (for) you.*
I was only out of sight
Waiting right here.

PERTSHIK:
VER VEYST, OYB MORG
HOBN MIR A HEYM?
*Who knows if tomorrow
We will have a home?*
Who knows tomorrow
Where our home will be?

HODL:
DU BIST MAYN HEYM, TO
LOZ MIKH NIT ALEYN.
*You are my home, so
Leave me not here alone.*
I'll be with you and that's
Home enough for me.

PERTSHIK:
VARTN VESTU NIT A YOR.
You will wait less than a year.
Everything is right at hand.

HODL AND PERTSHIK:
POSHET UN KLOR.
Simple and clear.
Simple and clear.

ES IZ MIR KIDAY SHOYN TSU SHTARBN,
KH'HOB SHOYN MIT VEMEN TSU LEBN, OYKH.
*It's 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 could live for, too.

ITST HOB IKH DI GANTSE VELT,
NIT BLOYZ DI GANTSE VELT,
UN EFSHER TAKE NOKH MER.
*Now I have the whole world,
Not just the whole world,
And maybe even more.*
Yes, now I have everything,
Not only everything,
I have a little bit more.

AKHUTS DEM VOS KH'HOB DI VELT,
BISTU MIR OYKH NOKH BASHERT.
*Besides that I have the world
You were also for me destined.*
Besides having everything,
I know what everything's for.

TEVYES ENTFER (*Tevye's Rebutta*)

TEVYE:
KH'GLEBYT NIT ALEYN VOS IKH HER, MAYN BROKHE?
FAR VOS?
I don't believe what I'm hearing, my blessing? Why?
I can't believe my own ears. My blessing? For what?

AF TSULAKHIS MIR TSU TON? UMMEGLEKH
To spite me? Impossible.
For going over my head? Impossible.

AFILE TSAYTL UN MOTL HOBN GEBETN,
GETAYNET.
*Even Tsaytl and Motl begged,
and pleaded.*
At least with Tzeitel and Motel, they asked me,
They begged me.

UN ITST, TSI IKH VIL, TSI NIT,
A KHASENE.
*And now, if I want it or not,
A wedding.*
But now if I like it or not,
She'll marry him.

TO VOS VILT IR DEN FUN MIR? IZ GEYT UN SHOYN.
DI BORD RAYST AROYS,
UN ALTS IZ SHOYN OYS.
*So what does she want from me? So go already,
So tear out my beard,
And everything is gone.*
So what do you want from me?
Go on, be wed. And tear out my beard,
And uncover my head.

TRADITSYE!
HAYNT DI KINDER HOBN NIT MOYRE
FAR DEM TATN.
Tradition!
*Today's children aren't scared
Of their father.*
Tradition!
They're not even asking permission
From the papa.

UN VOS VET ZAYN MIT UNZER TOYRE?
EYN MOL GELOZT DOS FERDL ALEYN—
AVU VET DOS GEYN? VU VET DOS GEYN?
*What will become of our Torah?
One time left the horse alone—
Where will this go? Where will this go?*
What's happening to the tradition?
One little time I pulled out a thread—
And where has it led? Where has it led?

VU VET DOS GEYN? IR ZET DOKH ALEYN. A MENTSH ZOGT MIR ON, AZ ER GEYT KHASENE HOBN. ER BET NIT BAY MIR, NEYN, ER ZOGT MIR NOR ON. OBER EYDER VOS MAKHT ER ZI FAR AN AGUNE.

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.

He is not abandoning me, Papa.

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." LIBE. A NAYER KHIDESH. UN TSURIK GESHMUEST, UNZERE ALTE MINHOGIM ZENEN DOKH OYKH A MOL GEVEN A KHIDESH, NIT AZOY? UN TSURIKGESHMUEST, A SHIDEKH ON A TATN, ON A SHADKHN.

"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, HOBN ODEM UN KHAVE DEN GEHAT A SHADKHN? AVADE GEHAT. VAYST OYS, AZ DI TSVEY HOBN GEHAT DEM ZELBN SHADKHN.

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.

MIR AF TSELAKHES GETON —
VU ZET MEN DOS DEN?

GIB ZEY A BROKHE, DOS POR
A KHUTSPE.

They spited 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 FARSHLISN 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?)

TEVYE:

ER IZ A GUTER BOKHER, GOLDE. ER GEFELT MIR. ER IZ A BISL A TSEDREYTER, OBER ONGEZAPT MIT YOYSHER FUN OYBN BIZ AROP. ER GEFELT MIR.

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 SHTEYT 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?

TEVYE:

LIBST MIKH, SERTSE?

Do you love me, darling?

Do you love me?

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 LAYDSTU 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?

FAR FINF UN TSVANTSIK YOR VOS KH'VASH DAYN VESH,
KH'RAYB UN PUTS TEP FUN MESH,
*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,

KHODEVE KINDER, KH'MELK DI KU.
NOKH FINF UN TSVANTSIK YOR, FALT LIBE DIR AYN,
NAR DU?
*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.
*Golde, when I first set eyes on you,
In a long, white wedding dress.
Trembling.*
Golde, the first time I met you
Was on our wedding day.
I was scared.

GOLDE:
KH'BIN FARSHEMT.
I was embarrassed.
I was shy.

TEVYE:
UN MAYN HARTS.
And my heart.
I was nervous.

GOLDE:
HOT GEKLEMT.
Felt so heavy.
So was I.

TEVYE:
ZOGT MAYN TATE UN MAYN MAME
AZ M'ET LIBN ZIKH MISTAME
*Said my father to my mother
We'd love each other probably*
But my father and my mother
Said we'd learn to love each other

DERIBER FREG IKH:
GOLDE, LIBST MIKH,
SERTSE?
*Therefore, I ask you: Golde,
Do you love me, darling?*
And now I'm asking, Golde,
Do you love me?

GOLDE:
KH'BIN DAYN VAYB.
I'm your wife.
I'm your wife.

TEVYE:
IKH VEYS —
LIBST MIKH, SERTSE?
*I know —
Do you love me, darling?*
I know —
But do you love me?

GOLDE:
TSI IKH LIB IM?
Do I love him?
Do I love him?

S'IZ FINF UN TSVANTSIK YOR VOS KH'LEB MIT IM,
KH'ES MIT IM, KH'FAST MIT IM,
*For twenty-five years that I live with him,
I eat with him, I fast with him,*
For twenty-five, years I've lived with him,
Fought with him, starved with him,

ALES MIT IM — BAY NAKHT, BAY TOG,
IZ DOS NIT LIBE, ZOG?
*Everything with him — at night, at day,
If that's not love, tell me?*
Twenty-five years my bed is his,
If that's not love, what is?

TEVYE:
LIBST MIKH, TAKE?
You love me, really?
Then you love me?

GOLDE:
DAKHT ZIKH MIR AZOY.
It seems to me so.
I suppose I do.

TEVYE:
IZ DAKHT ZIKH MIR, AZ KH'LIB DIKH OYKH.
So it seems to me that I love you too.
And I suppose I love you too.

TEVYE AND GOLDE:
S'IZ HAYNT KEYN KHILEK NISHT,
KHOTSH S'IZ ALTS EYNS,
NOKH FINF UN TSVANTSIK YOR,
GUT AZ MEN VEYST.
*Today it makes no difference,
It's all the same*
*After twenty-five years,
Good that we know.*
It doesn't change a thing
But even so after twenty-five years,
It's nice to know.

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 Pertschik, 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 Pertschik 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 HODLEN?

*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, SHREKLEKH!

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...

GEDENKST 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?

GEDENKST 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-MAKSHOVES,

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 GEYT 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

UNDZ 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 Hodel's gone to Kiev.

MOTL LERNT TANTSN,

UN TEVYE IZ OYS MENTSH.

*Motl is teaching dancing,**And Tevye is beside himself.*

Motel studies dancing,

And Tevye's acting strange.

SHPRINTSE POKT UN MOZLT,

UN BEYLKE HUST UN NIST.

*Shprintse has the pox and measles,**And Beylke coughs and sneezes.*

Shprintze has the measles,

And Bielke has the mumps.

YENTE:

UN ZET VOS KUMT VEN MENER MIT VAYBER TANTSNI!
 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)

HODL:

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

TEVYE:

SIBIRI! UN ER FARLANGT FUN DIR FARLOZN TATE-MAME,
 UN ZAYN MIT IM IN DER KALTER VISTENISH, UN DORT
 MIT IN KHASENE TSU HOBNI?
*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?

HODL:

NEYN, TATE, ER FARLANGT FUN MIR GORNIT. IKH VIL
 TSU IM GEYNI. 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:

HODL, MAYN KIND — HODL.
Hodl, my child — Hodl.
 But, Hodel, baby.

HODL:

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 FARVORFN 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 MISHPOKHE 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 SHOYNI 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 GEYNI, IKH MUZ GEYNI.
*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 BLONDZHN 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
(Khavale)

TEVYE:

KIND, MAYN KIND, TAYER KHAVELE,
 KH'KON GORNIT FARSHTEYN
 VOS IZ DO GESHEN.
*Child, my child, dear Chavele,
 I don't understand anything
 That happened here.*
 Little bird, little Chavaleh,
 I don't understand what's happening today.

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

OY, MAYN KIND, TAYER KHAVELE,
 ALE MOL GEVEN A ZIS UN PREKHTIK KIND.
*Child, my child, dear Chavele,
 Always was a sweet and happy child.*
 Little bird, little Chavaleh,
 You were always such a pretty little thing
 Everybody's fav'rite child.

VOYL UN GUT TSU ALEMEN,
OY AZOY SHEYN SHEYNE FEYGELE
AZA ZIS KLEYNE FEYGELE.
KHAVELE, KHAVELE.

*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.

KHAVE:

HER MIKH OYS TATE-FOTER, ZOL IKH SHTARBN OYB DU
VEST ZIKH RIRN FUNEM ORT! IKH BET DIKH, HER MIKH
OYS FRIER, TATE.

*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.

TEVYE:

OYSHERN ZI? VI AZOY? KON IKH FARGESN VOS ZI HOT
OPGETON? UN TSURIK GESHMUEST, SHTEYT DOKH
KERAKHEM OV AL BONIM, NITO KEYN SHLEKHT KIND BAY
A TATN.

*Hear her out? How? Can I forget what she did? On the
other hand, it is written a parent should have compas-
sion 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?

UN TSURIK GESHMUEST, TSINDT ZIKH ON A FAYER BAY
MIR IN HARTSN AF IR

On the other hand, a fire burns in my heart for her.

[No English line was used here in the original
Broadway production.]

NITO KEYN TSURIK GESHMUEST, NITO KEYN TSURIK!
NEYN, KHAVE. NEYN — NEYN — NEYN!

*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!

KHAVE:

TATE, TATE.
Father, father.
Papa, Papa.

ALL:

TRADITSYE, TRADITSYE, TRADITSYE.
Tradition, Tradition, Tradition.
Tradition. Tradition. Tradition.

**ANATEVKE
(Anatevka)**

SHEYNDL:

OPGELEBT A LEBN, A SHTIKL PAPIR UN LEKH-LEKHO.
*Live out a life, and they come with a piece of paper and
get thee out.*

After a lifetime, a piece of paper and get thee out.

MENDL:

REBE, S'GANTSTE LEBN HOBN MIR OYSGEKUKT AF
MESHIEKHN. IZ NIT ITST DI RIKHTIKE TSAYT FAR IM TSU
KUMEN?

*Rabbi, we've waited for the Messiah our whole lives.
Isn't this the right time for him to come?*

Rabbi, we've been waiting for the Messiah all our
lives. Wouldn't this be a good time for him to come?

DER ROV:

VELN MIR IM OPVARTN ERGETS VU ANDERSH. DERVAYL
LOMIR ZIKH SHTELN PAKN.

*So we'll wait for him somewhere else. Let's start
packing in the meantime.*

We'll have to wait for him someplace else. Meanwhile,
let's start packing.

YENTE:

MEYLE, A GAN-EYDN IZ ANATEVKE KEYN MOL NIT GEVEN.
Well, Anatevke was never a paradise.

Well, Anatevka hasn't been exactly the Garden of Eden.

AVROM:

S'IZ OYKH EMES.

That's also true.

That's true.

GOLDE:

EYGNTLEKH, VOS HOBN MIR DO?

As a matter of fact, what do we have here?

After all, what've we got here?

A BISELE FUN DEM, A BISELE DU NEM,

A little bit of this, a little bit of that,

A little bit of this, a little bit of that,

YENTE:

A TOP,

A pot,

A pot,

LEYZER:

A FAN,

A pan,

A pan,

MENDL:

A BARSHT,

A broom,

A broom,

AVROM:

A HUT.

A hat.

A hat.

TEVYE:

M'HOT SHOYN LANG BADARFT DO UNTERLEYGN
A SHVEBELE UN BRENNEN ZOL ES.

*We should have long ago put a match to it and
let it burn.*

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

MENDL:

A BANK,

A bench,

A bench,

AVROM:

A BOYM,

A tree,

A tree,

GOLDE:

AN OYVN OYKH,

An oven too,

So what's a stove?

LEYZER:

UN A SHTUB.

And a house.

Or a house?

MENDL:

MENTSHN VOS FORN FARBAY ANATEVKE VEYSN GORNIT
AZ ZEY ZENEN DO GEVEN.

*People who travel through Anatevke do not know that
they were here.*

People who pass through Anatevka don't even know
they've been here.

GOLDE:

A SHTIKL HOLTS,

A piece of wood,

A stick of wood,

YENTE:

A SHMATE BLOYZ.

A rag only.

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

ANATEVKE, ANATEVKE,
 FUL MIT HARTS, TROYERIK SHVARTS, ANATEVKE,
 S'IZ MIR BAKANT DO YEDER 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
 GEGBEN 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.