Prologue

John Williams

(Tevye)
"A fiddler on the roof. Sounds crazy, no? But in our little village of Anatevka, you might say every one of us is a fiddler on the roof, trying to scratch out a pleasant, simple tune without breaking his neck. It isn't easy. You may ask, why do we stay up there if it's so dangerous? We stay because Anatevka is our home... And how do we keep our balance? That I can tell you
in one word... Tradition."(Chorus)
Tradition, tradition... tradition
Tradition, tradition... tradition(Tevye)
"Because of our traditions, we've kept our balance for many, many years. Here in Anatevka we have traditions for everything... how to eat, how to sleep, even, how to wear clothes. For instance, we always keep our heads covered and always wear a little prayer shawl... This shows our constant devotion to God. You may ask, how did this tradition start? I'll tell you - I don't know. But it's a tradition... Because of our traditions, everyone knows who he is and what God expects him to do."(Tevye & Papas)
Who day and night
Must scramble for a living
Feed the wife and children
Say his daily prayers
And who has the right
As master of the house
To have the final word at home?(All)
The papa, the papas... tradition
The papa, the papas... tradition(Golde & Mamas)
Who must know the way to make a proper home
A quiet home, a kosher home
Who must raise a family and run the home
So papa's free to read the holy book?(All)
The mama, the mama... tradition
The mama, the mama... tradition(Sons)
At three I started Hebrew school
At ten I learned a trade
I hear they picked a bride for me
I hope... she's pretty(All)
The sons, the sons... tradition
The sons, the sons... tradition(Daughters)
And who does mama teach
To mend and tend and fix
Preparing me to marry
Whoever papa picks?(All)
The daughters, the daughters... tradition(Tevye)

"I have five daughters!"(All)
The daughters, the daughters... tradition(Repeat as round)(Papas)
The papas(Mamas)
The mamas(Sons)
The sons(Daughters)
The daughters(All)
Tradition(Papas)
The papas(Mamas)
The mamas(Sons)
The sons(Daughters)
The daughters(All)
Tradition(Tevye)
"And in the circle of our little village, we have always had our special types. For instance, Yente, the matchmaker..."(Yente)
"Avram, I have a perfect match for your son. A wonderful girl."(Avram)
"Who is it?"(Yente)
"Ruchel, the shoemaker's daughter."(Avram)
"Ruchel? But she can hardly see. She's almost blind."(Yente)
"Tell the truth, Avram, is your son so much to look at? The way she sees and the way he looks, it's a perfect match."(Tevye)
"And Nahum, the beggar..."(Beggar)
"Alms for the poor, alms for the poor..."(Lazar)
"Here, Reb Nahum, is one kopek."(Beggar)
"One kopek? Last week you geve me two kopeks."(Lazar)
"I had a bad week."(Beggar)
"So, if you had a bad week, why should I suffer?"(Tevye)
"And most important, our beloved Rabbi..."(Mendel)
"Rabbi, may I ask you a question?"(Rabbi)
"Certainly, my son."(Mendel)
"Is there a proper blessing for the Tsar?"(Rabbi)
"A blessing for the tsar? Of course. May God bless and keep the Tsar... far away from us!"(Tevye)
"And among ourselves, we get along perfectly well. Of course, there was the time when he sold him a horse, but delivered a mule, but that's all settled now. Now we live in simple peace and harmony and..."(1st Man)
"It was a horse."(2nd Man)
"It was a mule."(Chorus)
Horse!
Mule!
Horse!
Mule!
Tradition, tradition... tradition
Tradition, tradition... tradition(Tevye)
"Tradition. Without our traditions, our lives would be as shaky as... as a fiddler on the roof!"

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