Tevye's Dream

Full Company

Tevye: They gave each other a pledge. Unheard of, absurd.
You gave each other a pledge?
Unthinkable. Where do you think you are?
In Moscow? In Paris? Where do think they are? America?
And what do you think you're doing?
You stitcher, you nothing! Who do think you are? King Solomon?
This isn't the way it's done, not here, not now.
Some things I will not, I cannot, allow.
Tradtion-Marriages must be arranged by the papa. This should never changed.
One little time you pull out a prop, and where does it stop? Where does it stop?Where does it stop?
Do I still have something to say about my daughter,
or doesn't anybody have to ask the father any more?Motel:
I have wanted to ask you for some time,
Reb Tevye, but first I wanted to save up for my own sewing machine.Tevey:
Stop talking nonsense. You're just a poor tailor.Motel:
That's true, Reb Tevey, but even a poor tailor is entitled to some happiness.
I promise you, Reb Tevey, your daughter will not starve.Tevey:
He's beginning to talk like a man.
But what kind of match would that be, with a poor tailor?
On the other hand, he's an honest, hard worker.
On the other hand, he has absolutely nothing. On the other hand,
Things could never get worse for him, they coulud only get better.
They gave each other a pledge-unheard of, absurd.
They gave each other a pledge-unthinkable.
But look at my daughter's face-she loves him,
She wants him-and look at my daughters eyes, so hopeful.Tradition!Well, children, when shall we make the wedding?Tzeitel: Thank you, Papa.Motel: Thank you, Papa.Tevey: Thank you, Papa! Golde! What do I do about Golde? Help!

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