

Fiddler On The Roof

"Teyves Monologue"

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Perchik

Reb Tevye!

We are not asking for you're permission.
Only for you're blessing.
We are going to get married.

Tevye

You're not asking for my permission?

HODEL

But we would like you're blessing Papa!

Tevye

I can't believe my own ears.
My blessing?
For what?
For going over my head?
Impossible!
At least with Tzeitel and Motel,
They asked me, they begged me!
But now if I like it or not,
You'll marry him,
So what do you want from me?
Go on!
Be wed!
And tear out my beard,
and uncover my head.
Tradition!
They're not even asking Permission,
From the Papa!
What's happening to the Tradition?
One little time i pulled out a thread.
And where has it lead?
Where has it lead?
Where has it lead?
To this?
The man tells me, he's getting married.

Oh, he doesn't ask, he tells me?!?!?!
But first, he abandons her!

HODEL

He is NOT abandoning me Papa!

Perchik

As soon as I can I will send for her,
And marry her!
I LOVE HER!

Tevye

I love her?
Oh, Love, it's the new style.
On the other hand,
Our old ways were new once weren't they?
On the other hand
They decided without parents!
Without a Matchmaker!
On the other hand,
Did Adam and Eve have a Matchmaker?
Yes they did.
It seems these two have the same Matchmaker.

Their going over my head.
Unheard Of, Absurd!
For this they want to be blessed!
Unthinkable!
I'll lock her up in her room!
I couldn't.
I should!
But look at my daughters eyes.
She loves him.

Tradition?
Very well children,
you have my blessing...
ahahahahah
and...
my permission.

HODEL

Ohhhhh
Thank you Papa.
You don't know how happy this makes me!

Perchik

Thank you, ... Papa?...

Tevye

Thank you Papa... hmmm

What am I going to tell you're mother?

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