

Jerry Bock "Anatevka"

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GOLDE:

A little bit of this
A little bit of that.

YENTE:

A pot,

MORDCHA

A pan,

LAZAR

A broom,

MENDEL

A hat.

TEVYE

(Spoken)

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

AVRAM

A bench, a tree.

LAZAR

So, what's a stove? Or a house?

TEVYE

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

YENTE

A stick of wood. A piece of cloth.

ALL CAST

What do we leave? Nothing much.
Only Anatevka.

Anatevka, Anatevka.

Underfed, overworked Anatevka.

Where else could Sabbath be so sweet?

Anatevka, Anatevka.
Intimate, obstinate Anatevka,
Where I know everyone I meet.

Soon I'll be a stranger in a strange new place,
Searching for an old familiar face
From Anatevka.

I belong in Anatevka,
Tumble-down, work-a-day Anatevka.
Dear little village, little town of mine

TEVYE
(spoken)
Come children. Let's leave this place.

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