

Jerry Bock "Prologue"

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[TEVYE]

Tradition, tradition! Tradition!
Tradition, tradition! Tradition!

[TEVYE & PAPAS]

Who, day and night, must scramble for a living,
Feed a wife and children, say his daily prayers?
And who has the right, as master of the house,
To have the final word at home?

The Papa, the Papa! Tradition.
The Papa, the Papa! Tradition.

[GOLDE & MAMAS]

Who must know the way to make a proper home,
A quiet home, a kosher home?
Who must raise the family and run the home,
So Papa's free to read the holy books?

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've picked a bride for me. I hope she's pretty.

The son, the son! Tradition!
The son, the son! Tradition!

[DAUGHTERS]

And who does Mama teach to mend and tend and fix,
Preparing me to marry whoever Papa picks?

The daughter, the daughter! Tradition!
The daughter, the daughter! Tradition!

[MATCHMAKER]

Matchmaker, matchmaker, make me a match.
Find me a find, catch me a catch.
Matchmaker, matchmaker, look through your book
And make me a perfect match.

Matchmaker, matchmaker, I'll bring the veil.
You bring the groom, slender and pale.
Bring me a ring, for I'm longing to be

The envy of all I see.

For Papa, make him a scholar.
For Mama, make him rich as a king.
For me, well, I wouldn't holler
If her were as handsome as anything.

Matchmaker, matchmaker, make me a match.
Find me a find, catch me a catch.
Night after night, in the dark, I'm alone.
So, find me a match of my own.

[TSEITEL]

Hodel, oh Hodel, have I made a match for you.
He's handsome! He's young! All right, he's 62.
But he's a nice man, a good catch. True? True!
I promise you'll be happy. And even if you're not,
There's more to life than that. Don't ask me what!

Chava! I've found him! Will you be a lucky bride!
He's handsome. He's tall! That is, from side to side.
But he's a nice man, a good catch, Right? Right!
You've heard he has a temper. He'll beat you every
night.
But only when he's sober- so you're all right!

Did you think you'd get a prince?
Well I do the best I can.
With no dowry, no money, no family background,
Be glad you got a man!

Matchmaker, matchmaker, you know that I'm
Still very young. Please, take your time.
Up to this minute, I've misunderstood
That I could get stuck for good.

Dear Yenta, see that he's gentle.
Remember, you were also a bride.
It's not that I'm sentimental.
It's just that I'm terrified!

Matchmaker, matchmaker, plan me no plans.
I'm in no rush. maybe I've learned
Playing with matches a girl can get burned.
So bring me no ring, groom me no groom,
Find me no find, catch me no catch.

Unless he's a matchless match!

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