A fiddler on the roof...Sounds crazy, no? But here, 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?'
Well, we stay because Anatevka is our home. And how do we keep our balance? That I can tell you in one word: tradition!...And because of our traditions, every one of us knows who he is and what God expects him to do (act 1, scene1)

[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!
Do You Love Me
Tevye: Golde, Do you love me?
Golde: Do I what?
T: Do you love me?

G: Do I love you?
With our daughters getting married, and this trouble in the town,
You’re upset, you’re worn out, go inside, go lie down. Maybe it’s indigestion.

T: Golde, I’m asking you a question – Do you love me?
G: You’re a fool!
T: I know – But do you love me?

G: Do I love you?
For twenty-five years I’ve washed your clothes,
Cooked your meals, cleaned your house,
Given you children, milked the cow,
After twenty-five years, why talk about love right now?

T: Golde, the first time I met you was on our wedding day. I was scared.

G: I was shy.
T: I was nervous.
G: So was I.

T: But my father and my mother said we’d learn to love each other
And now I’m asking, Golde, do you love me?

G: I’m your wife!
T: I know – But do you love me?

G: Do I love him?
For twenty-five years I’ve lived with him, fought with him, starved with him.
Twenty-five years my bed is his, if that’s not love what is?

T: Then you love me?
G: I suppose I do.
T: And I suppose I love you too.

T & G: It doesn’t change a thing but even so,
After twenty-five years, it’s nice to know.
The New Colossus

Not like the brazen giant of Greek fame,
With conquering limbs astride from land to land;
Here at our sea-washed, sunset gates shall stand
A mighty woman with a torch, whose flame
Is the imprisoned lightning, and her name
Mother of Exiles. From her beacon-hand
Glows world-wide welcome; her mild eyes command
The air-bridged harbor that twin cities frame.
“Keep, ancient lands, your storied pomp!” cries she
With silent lips. “Give me your tired, your poor,
Your huddled masses yearning to breathe free,
The wretched refuse of your teeming shore.
Send these, the homeless, tempest-tost to me,
I lift my lamp beside the golden door!”—Emma Lazarus