

FIDDLER ON THE ROOF

By Joseph Stein

Yente: GOLDE DARLING, I HAD TO SEE YOU BECAUSE I HAVE SUCH NEWS FOR YOU. And not just every-day-in-the-week news - - once-in-a-lifetime news. And where are your daughters? Outside, no? good. Such diamonds, such jewels. You'll see, Golde, I'll find every one of them a husband. But you shouldn't be so picky. Even the worst husband, God forbid, is better than no husband, God forbid. And who should know better than me? Ever since my husband died I've been a poor widow, alone, nobody to talk to , nothing to say to anyone. It's no life. All I do at night is think of him, and even thinking of him gives me no pleasure, because you know as well as I, he was not much of a person. Never made a living, everything he touched turned to mud, but better than nothing.