

26

FAR FROM THE HOME I LOVE

Female Singing

Antandino - In 4

In 2 **START**

(HODEL)

How can I hope to make you un - der - stand Why I do what I do,

Why I must trav - el to a dis - tant land Far from the home I love?

Once I was hap - pi - ly cont - ent to be As I was, where I was,

Close to the peo - ple who are close to me Here in the home I love.

Who could see that a man would come Who would change the shape of my dreams?

Menno mosso - In 4

Help - less, now, I stand with him Watch - ing old - er dreams grow dim.

29 **In 2**

Oh, what a mel - an - cho - ly choice this is, Want - ing home,

32 want - ing him, 33 Clos - ing my heart to ev - 'ry

34 hope but his, 35 Leav - ing the home I 36 love.

37 *rall.*

There where my heart has set - tled long a - go. I must go, I must go.

41 **In 4**

Who could im - ag - ine I'd be wand - 'ring so Far from the home I

44 love? Yet, 45 *ritard* there with my love, I'm 46 **END** home.

The musical score is written on a single treble clef staff in a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). It begins with a box containing the number 29 and the tempo marking 'In 2'. The music consists of a series of eighth and quarter notes, with some beamed eighth notes. Measure numbers 29 through 46 are indicated above the staff. The lyrics are printed below the staff, with hyphens indicating syllables that span across multiple notes. The score includes several performance directions: 'rall.' (ritardando) above measure 40, and 'ritard' (ritardando) above measure 45. The piece concludes with a double bar line and the word 'END' in red capital letters above measure 46.

## Fiddler on the Roof Auditions - Female Reading

**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 ... 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. But my Aaron couldn't give me children. Believe me, he was good as gold, never raised his voice to me, but otherwise he was not much of a man, so what good is it if he never raised his voice? But what's the use complaining, other women enjoy complaining, but not Yente. Not every woman in the world is a Yente. Well, I must prepare my poor Sabbath table, so goodbye, Golde, and it was a pleasure talking our hearts out to each other.