Male Singing TO LIFE



Fiddler on the Roof Auditions - Male Reading

TEVYE: Today I am a horse... Dear God, did you have to make my poor old horse lose his shoe, just before the Sabbath? That wasn't nice... It's enough you pick on me, Tevye... bless him with five daughters, a life of poverty. What have you got against my horse?... Sometimes I think when things are too quiet up there, you say to yourself: Let's see, what kind of mischief can I play on my friend, Tevye? I'm not really complaining – after all, with your help, I'm starving to death. You made many, many poor people. I realize of course, that it's no shame to be poor, but it's no great honor either. So what would have been so terrible if I had a small fortune?