

Barbra Streisand, Yentl Medley (Where Is It Written)

Oh tell me where-
Where is it written what it is I'm meant to be
That I can't dare
To have the chance to pick the fruit of ev'ry tree
Or have my share
Of ev'ry sweet-imagined possibility?

[speaking]those are questions that women have been asking for centuries, and incredibly enough, I had to make the film...yentl, as some of you know, is the story of a girl in eastern europe at the turn of the century. Her thirst for knowledge, taught her secretly. and after his death, in order to continue her studies, she disguises herself as a boy.

Papa, can you hear me?
Papa, can you hear me?
Papa, can you see me?
Papa, can you find me in the night?
Papa, are you near me?
Papa, can you hear me?
Papa, can you help me not be frightened?
Looking at the skies, I seem to see a million eyes
Which ones are yours?
Where are you now that yesterday
Has waved goodbye and closed it's door?
The night is so much darker,
The wind is so much colder
The world I see is so much bigger
Now that I'm alone
Papa, please forgive me
Try to understand me
Papa, don't you know I had no choice?
Can you hear me praying,
Anything I'm saying,
Even though the night is filled with voices?
I remember ev'rything you taught me
Ev'ry book I've ever read
Can all the words in all the books
Help me to face what lies ahead?
The trees are so much taller
And I feel so much smaller
The moon is twice as lonely
And the stars are half as bright
Papa, how I love you
Papa, how I need you
Papa, how I miss you
Kissing me goodnight...
[speaking]

To go on with the story, em, yentl then meets a boy whom she falls in love with; but it turns out he's vented from getting married. and to make a long story short, he asks yentl, who, of course, he thinks she's a boy. The girl get married, and if you want to see how yentl got away with the wedding night, you'll have to see the film. S! anyway, mmm, one night he comes over to the house to study. but it's clear that the only thing he's good for is studying.

Will someone ever look at me that way?
See the way they gaze at her,
Like slaves they follow ev'ywhere she goes.
Do my eyes forget themselves
And do I ever look at him
And smile in such a way
That what I'm feeling shows?
Sometimes I have the feeling ev'rybody knows
And even though it's crazy,
Still I can't help wond'ring if I'll ever live to see that day
When by some miracle of miracles,

He'll turn around and look at me
That way...

A piece of sky
Oh tell me where?
Where is the someone who will turn and look at me?
And want to share
My ev'ry sweet-imagined possibility?
The more I live - the more I learn.
The more I learn - the more I realize
The less I know.
Each step I take -
(papa, I've a voice now!)each page I turn -
(papa, I've a choice now!)each mile I travel only means
The more I have to go.
What's wrong with wanting more?
If you can fly - then soar!
With all there is - why settle for
Just a piece of sky?
Papa, I can hear you...
Papa, I can see you...
Papa, I can feel you...
Papa, watch me fly!
Papa, watch me fly!

[speaking]thank you! I'm glad you liked that! thank you! thank you! thank you! oh, that's great! thank
Ents, a fact that sometimes seems to get overlooked nowadays, you know? I guess it is easier to c
Ositive and possible in this great country of ours and around the world.