

Marionettes

NOA

Lyrics: Leah Goldberg

Music: Nini / Dor

Transliteration:

Zeh hayah miktsat banali
Al mirpeset karnevalit
Shepanas shachach aleyah
Lehashgiach be'oro
Nifgeshu behesach da'at:
Hu dover, vehi shomaat,,
Hi pieretah -
hu piero.
Veulay hi lo pieretah,
Veulay, ulay pashut,
Hi bubah, marioneta,
Shemoshchim otah bechut.
Im zeh kach o im acheret
Im acheret o im kach
Hi, vaday, mecho'eret,
"Gizratech nechmedet gveret!"
Hu omer vene'enach.
Aval hi me'od shoteket,
Ut'shuvah befiyah ein,
Umakah beshot hasheket
Hu matchil lehitchanen:
"Biglalech ered el shachat,
"Mabataich kemiklachat,
"Me'alay beyom tamuz -
"Min harosh ad ktse hana'al,
"At toseset bi kera'al,
"tni li, tni li, lu lerega,
"milibech chatsi achuz!"
Az bekol rachok vezar lo
Beoktavah elyonah,
Kimsacheket be"don karlos"
Hi omeret veonah:
S'ancor si piange in cielo
Piangi sul mio dolore
E porta il pianto mio
Al trono del signor
"Lu teda, kamah nil'eiti
"Set goral marioneti
"Hen atah shoteh, piero!
"Hatipshut lecha masoret,
"Vlihiot misken tsuveita
"Ad ichlu kol hadorot"...
Zeh hayah miktsat banali
Al mirpeset karnevalit
Shepanas shachach aleyah
Lehashgiach beoro
Nifgeshu behesach daat:
Hu dover, vehi shomaat,
Hi pieretah -
hu piero.

Translation:

In a very silly costume
On a carnivalish street
Where the street-lamp was
Particularly low...

They met as-a-matter-of-fact
She would listen, he would chat
She - pierrette
He - pierrot

Perhaps she's really not pierrette
Maybe that is just the thing
She's a dull marionette
That you handle with a string

But oh, what difference does it make
For to pierrot's adoring eye
She really is good looking
"Ma'am, you're positively cooking"
He will tell her,
with a sigh.

But she is very quiet
It is clear she'll never heed
She must be on a verbal diet,
So he begins to plead:

"You will drive me down to hell
With the shower of your glances
Burning rain of cruel romances
That is tearing me apart!
From my hat to my shoe-lace
I am poisoned and disgraced
Would you please give me a taste
A small percentage of your heart!"

Then suddenly, she spoketh
In a very high register,
As if she were performing in Don Carlos
She said: "mister..."

(opera, in Italian...)

"Do you know I'm sick and tired
Of a fate of being wired
Oh, pierrot, your thickness is a crime!
You've fallen to a foolish swoon
Pathetically you cringe and croon
Your destiny is sealed, for all of time!"

In a very silly costume
On a carnivalish street
Where the street-lamp was particularly low...

They met as-a-matter-of-fact
She would listen, he would chat
She - pierrette
He - pierrot