

Noa, Marionettes

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,
"milibeich 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 shes 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
"Maam, 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 Im 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