

# 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!"

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