

THIRDSPACE

THEATRE

Let it Be a Tale

devised and created by
the cast and company of ThirdSpace

Songs and Translations



Ой у гаю, при Дунаю

Ой у гаю, при Дунаю
Соловей щечече.
Він же свою всю пташину
До гніздечка кличе.

Ох-тьох-тьох і тьох-тьох-тьох
Соловей щечече.
Він свою всю пташину
До гніздечка кличе.

Ой у гаю, при Дунаю
Там музика грає.
Бас гуде, скрипка плаче,
Милий мій гуляє.

Ох-тьох-тьох і тьох-тьох-тьох
Там музика грає.
Бас гуде, скрипка плаче,
Милий мій гуляє.

Ой у гаю, при Дунаю
Стою самотою.
Плачу, тужу, ще й ридаю
Милий за тобою.

Ох-тьох-тьох і тьох-тьох-тьох
Соловей щечече.
Він свою всю пташину
До гніздечка кличе.

Oh, in the grove, by the Danube

On the grove, by the Danube
The nightingale is singing.
It's calling all its little birds
Back to their sweet nest.

Okh-tyokh-tyokh and tyokh-tyokh-tyokh
The nightingale is singing.
It's calling all its little birds
Back to their sweet nest.

Oh, in the grove, by the Danube
The music is playing.
The bass is humming, the violin weeping,
My darling is merry-making.

Okh-tyokh-tyokh and tyokh-tyokh-tyokh
The music is playing.
The bass is humming, the violin weeping,
My darling is merry-making.

Oh, in the grove, by the Danube
I'm standing all alone.
Weeping, yearning, deeply mourning
For you, my dear, I groan.

Okh-tyokh-tyokh and tyokh-tyokh-tyokh
The nightingale is singing.
It's calling all its little birds
Back to their sweet nest.



Ой, Марічко

Ой Марічко чичері, чичері, чичері,
Розчеши мя кучері, кучері, кучері.

Я би тобі чесала, чесала, чесала,
Коби мати не знала, знала, знала.

Ой, Марічко, люблю тя, люблю тя, люблю тя,
Заріж мені когутя, когутя, когутя.

Мати буде дивити, дивити, дивити,
Як ся буду ганьбити, ганьбити, ганьбити,

А, як когуть запіє, запіє, запіє,
Вставай рано, Маріє, Маріє, Маріє.

Hey, Mary.

Oh, Sweet Mary, chickpea, chickpea, chickpea,
Comb my curls, my curls, my curls.

I would comb them, comb them, comb them,
If mother didn't know, didn't know, didn't know.

Oh, Sweet Mary, I love you, I love you, I love you,
Kill the little rooster for me, for me, for me.

Mother will be watching, be watching, be watching,
How I'll be embarrassed, embarrassed, embarrassed.

When the rooster crows its song, its song, its song,
Rise early, Mary, Mary, Mary.



Ngiy'e sharp mina

Ngiy' e sharp mina
Babuze bonke bazok'tshela
Ngiy' e sharp mina
Ag'nanto ey'ningi mina

Ngihleka nawonke umunt' Ohleka nam'
Ng'phinde ng'vez elokuquibela
Kodwa maw'ngisukela

Ngiy' e sharp mina
Babuze bonke bazok'tshela
Ngiy' e sharp mina
Ag'nanto ey'ningi mina

Ngihleka nawonke umunt' Ohleka nam'
Ng'phinde ng'vez elokuquibela
Kodwa maw'ngisukela

Ngiy' e sharp mina
Babuze bonke bazok'tshela
Ngiy' e sharp mina
Ag'nanto ey'ningi mina

I am a calm guy.

I am a calm guy
Ask anyone, they will tell you
I am a calm guy
I am a chilled guy

I get along with almost everyone
My huge smile is a testament to that
But if you provoke me

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Tezen

Tezen bon zanmi mwen, zen.
Tezen nan dlo, bon zanmi mwen, zen

Tezen

Tezen, my good friend, come here.
Tezen, who lives in the water, my good friend, come here.

.Pōkarekare Ana

Pōkarekare ana, ngā wai o Waiapu
Whiti atu koe hine, marino ana e.

The waves are breaking

The waves are breaking, against the shores of Waiapu,
But when you cross over, girl, they will be calm.

E hine e, hoki mai ra
Ka mate ahau i te aroha e.

Oh my beloved girl, come back to me,
I could die of love for you.

E kore te aroha, e maroke i te rā
Mākūkū tonu i aku roimata e.

My love will never be dried by the sun
It will be forever moistening by my tears.



فال بد أن تعيش أنت
رفعت العرعر

إذا كان لا بد أن أموت
فال بد أن تعيش أنت
لتروي حكايتي
لتبيع أشياءي
وتشتري قطعة قماش
وخيوطا
(فلتكن بيضاء وبذيل طويل)
كي يبصر طفل في مكان ما من غزة
وهو يحرق في السماء
منتظراً أباه الذي رحل فجأة
دون أن يودع أحداً
وال حتى لحمه
أو ذاته
يبصر الطائرة الورقية
طائرتي الورقية التي صنعتها أنت
تحلق في الأعالي
ويظن للحظة أن هناك مالكاً
يعيد الحب
إذا كان لا بد أن أموت
فليأت موتي بالأمل
فليصبح حكاية
ترجمة سنان أنطون

If I Must Die
by Refaat Alareer

If I must die,
you must live
to tell my story
to sell my things
to buy a piece of cloth
and some strings,
(make it white with a long tail)
so that a child, somewhere in Gaza
while looking heaven in the eye
awaiting his dad who left in a blaze—
and bid no one farewell
not even to his flesh
not even to himself—
sees the kite, my kite you made, flying up above
and thinks for a moment an angel is there
bringing back love
If I must die
let it bring hope
let it be a tale

(Translation by Sinan Antoon)