

THUMBELINA

A musical fairytale by Merit Ariane

Based on the story by Hans Christian Andersen



Thumbelina, a girl the size of a human's thumb is sent off into the big, wide world. Magic moments and fantastical encounters lead to a journey to faraway lands where she finds the meaning of freedom and true love. Everyday life in mother nature turns into an extraordinary experience through the eyes of little Thumbelina as she meets a beautiful butterfly, a scary toad, a mole with furs more expensive than the queen's and a swallow, who will finally take her to meet the angel of the flower.

Words and Translations

On Time

Poem: Khalil Gibran, 1883 - 1931

Music: Merit Ariane, Sound Design: Jason Emberton

Know that yesterday is but today's memory and tomorrow is today's dream.

The Moon

Poem: Ibn Burd, The Grandson, died 1053, Translation: Joan Penelope Cope

Music: Morag Galloway

*The moon is like a mirror the surface of which has been tarnished by young girls' sighs.
And the night dresses herself by the light of her lamp. Just as black ink arrays itself with white paper.*

Durme Durme

Sephardic lullaby

*Sleep, sleep, beautiful maiden, with no worry or sorrow.
Listen, my beauty, to the sound of my guitar, the sorrow of my song.*

A deep sworn vow

Poem: William Butler Yeats, translation: Nadim Nu'aymah

Composed by Jason Emberton with materials supplied by Merit Ariane

From a concept by William Brooks

*Others because you did not keep
That deep sworn vow have been friends of mine;
Yet always when I look death in the face,
When I clamber to the heights of sleep,
Or when I grow excited with wine,
Suddenly I meet your face.*

Der Fluss - The River

Poem: Hamda Bint el Ziad, 12th Century

Music and German Translation: Merit Ariane

*Entranced by the river, my tears bare my secret thoughts. A doe eyed beauty captures my heart.
Her face, as if dawn, in mourning, had veiled itself.*

On Death

Poem: Khalil Gibran, 1883 - 1931

Music: Merit Ariane

Only when you drink from the river of silence shall you truly sing.

El lagarto esta llorando (from *Canciones para Ninos*)

Poem: Federico García Lorca

Music: Xavier Montsalvage (1912 - 2002)

The lizard crying and the lizardsess with white aprons are crying. By accident, they lost their wedding rings. Oh, their silver rings! Oh, how much they are crying! (English Translation by Gerardo Munde)

La baytun takhfiqu

Poem: Maisun bint Bahdal, died 700

Music: Merit Ariane

*I would rather live in a small house full of life than in a grand mansion,
I would rather wear a simple, lovely garment than a chiffon dress,
I'd rather have breadcrumbs in my own house than a whole loaf in a palace,*

Es waren zwei Königs Kinder

German Folk Song

Two royal children loved each other so much but they were separated by a deep river. They died while trying to swim across to each other in the middle of the night.

Summer Time

Lyrics: DuBose Heyward

Music: George Gershwin (1898-1937)

*Summertime, and the livin' is easy
Fish are jumpin' and the cotton is high
Oh, your daddy's rich and your ma is good-lookin'
So hush, little baby, don't you cry.
One of these mornings you're gonna rise up singing
And you'll spread your wings and you'll take to the sky
But till that morning, there ain't nothin' can harm you
With daddy and mammy standin' by.*

To a young girl dancing in the Wind

Poem: William Butler Yeats, translation: Nadim Nu'aymah

Music: Merit Ariane

From a concept by William Brooks

*Dance there upon the shore;
What need have you to care
For wind or water's roar?
And tumble out your hair
That the salt drops have wet;
Being young you have not known
The fool's triumph, nor yet
Love lost as soon as won,
Nor the best labourer dead
And all the sheaves to bind.
What need have you to dread
The monstrous crying of wind?*

Hija Hermoza

Sephardic Folksong

Beautiful girl without luck. Since my childhood I have taken pains to prepare my dowry.

I thought you were an honourable man but you turned out to be a rogue!

As I sat by the window, he threatened me with a knife, as I sat under the lemon trees, he threatened me with a knife.

Baddi Hebb

Music and words: Merit Ariane

Arabic Translation: Abdul-Salam Kheir

I want to love, with the passion I have now tasted.

I want to go to the place I have dreamt of.

I want to smell, to taste, to see, to hear, to feel life.

Will I be sad, lost, alone?

I want to love, with the passion I have now tasted...

Zaranil Mahboub

Andalusian Muwashshah

My lover came to me in a flower garden, mixed a cordial and filled my glass.

I said: My lord, O perfectly formed one, with eyes embellished by nature and cheeks of honeyden.

Zourouni

Lyrics: Mahmoud Younis Al Qadi

Music by Sayyed Darwish (1892 - 1923).

Visit me once a year! It is Haram (a sin) to ever forget me!

Man dodekh

Syriac-Aramaic wedding chant from the Song of Songs

Who is your beloved? - My beloved is like gazelle.

My beloved is like a rose, so beautiful is the perfume and colour of his petals.



Production

Concept, production, arrangements, visuals, voice - Merit Ariane

Stage Direction - Annemarie Sand

Sound Design and Recordings - Jason Emberton

Film - Lynette Queck

Featured Musicians

Accordion - Gamal el Kurdi Awad

Nay - Louai Alhenawi

Piano - Alcyona Mick

Qanun - Nilufar Habibian

Violin (Arabic) - Emile Bassili

Violin - Meg Hamilton

Vocals, Oud, Keyboard - Merit Ariane