



### 1. Indonesian Lullaby *Lelo Ledung*



A fast lullaby to entrain the waking mind. I used my young son, as a guinea-pig to test the effect of this traditional lullaby from Jakarta. He was a very happy baby, rarely cried, and would quickly synchronise with the cheerful beat. This instrumental arrangement was LucyTuned, and recorded at SkyArc Studios, Bournemouth, England in the summer of 1994, as the first of a series of eight lullabies. The translation of the Indonesian lyrics are rather strange, yet since it is an instrumental, and I know little of the original language, it may be best to invent your own.



Tak lelo lelo lelo ledung,  
Tjup menenga adfa pidjer nangis  
Anakku sing aju rupane  
Nek nangis ndak ilang ajune  
Tak gadang bisa urip muljo  
Dadja wanita utama  
Ngluhurke asmane wong yuwa  
Dadajo pendekaring bangsa  
Tjup menenga anakku  
Kae bulane ndadari  
Kaja ndas buta nggilani  
Lagi nggoleki tjah nangis  
Tak lelo lelo lelo ledung  
Tjup menenga anakku tjah aju  
Tak emban slendang batik kawung  
Jen nangis mudak gawe bingung  
Tak lelo lelo lelo ledung,  
Be quiet and don't keep crying,  
My lovely child.  
If you cry your loveliness will  
fade away.  
I hope that you will have an honourable  
Life, and be an excellent person.  
Upholding your parents' name.  
Be a patriot.  
Don't cry, my child.  
Look the moon is rising  
Like a giant's head so dreadful,  
Looking for a crying child.  
Tak lelo lelo lelo lebung.  
Don't keep crying, my lovely child.  
I am carrying you in a kain batik  
kawung.  
If you cry, I will be nervous.

### 7. Turkish Lullaby *Eh-e, Eh-e, Nini Eh!*

Istanbul, formerly Constantinople, and before that the imperial city of Byzantium, is the jewel of Turkey. Beyond it lies the huge landscape of dry, eroded plains, the hard country of the remote villages. This huge city, rich with relics of the past and glittering with monumental structures of the present, sprawls on the edge of the sea and serves as the mythological gateway to East and West across the Bosphorus. By day it is one of the noisiest cities known, combining all the clatter of the modern world with all the traditional sounds of street merchants and open-air markets. By night it is almost silent, except for the occasional sound of spontaneous song-wailing, guttural songs with few words. This lullaby shares that verbal simplicity, depending upon repetitive sounds as words. For all the excitement that Istanbul offers, most of the people have their hearts in the rough, and simple life of the far-away villages with their families.



Dandini dandini dastana  
Danalar girmis bostana  
Kov bostanci danay!  
Yemisin lahany!  
Eh-e nini, eh-e nini,  
Eh-e nini, nini,  
Nini nini nini  
Eh-e, eh-e nini eh!  
Eh-e, eh-e nini eh!  
Into the garden the calves did stray.  
Gardener quickly turn them away.  
They'll eat the cabbages without delay,  
Eh-e, ninni, ninni, ninni,  
Eh-e, ninni, ninni, eh!  
Eh-e, ninni



### 8. Danish Lullaby *Visselulle, min lire.*

Visselulle, min lire,  
Visselulle, min lire,  
Havde jeg suadanne fire  
Fire-og-tyve i hver en Vraa  
Saa skulde alle vore Vugger gaa,  
Visselulle, min lire!  
Visselulle, min lire!  
Sleep my little one  
Lullaby my baby  
Had I only now such four,  
Four-and-twenty in a row,  
Then should all the cradles go  
Lullaby my baby.  
Lullaby my baby



The final lullaby of this eight song descending sequence is at the slow tempo of 31 beats per minute. Hans Christian Anderson had something to do with preserving this lullaby for posterity. He wrote the foreword for the collection, *Bemenes Musik (1850)*, from which it is taken.