

1. Indonesian Lullaby *Lelo Ledung*

1. Lelo lelo lelo ledung,
 Tjup menenga adfa pidjer nangis
 Anakku sing aju rupane
 Nek nangis ndak ilang ajune
 Tak gadang bisa urip muljoo
 Dadija wanita utama
 Ngluhurke asmane wong yuwa
 Dadijo 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.



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.



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.



8. Danish Lullaby *Visselulle, min lire.*

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.

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

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



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

