

LULLABY MOVEMENT / LYRICS

AYA ZUZU - LATVIA **- HUSHABY, LITTLE BEAR CUBS**

*Hushaby, hushaby my bear cubs, sleep
With a little brown feet, hush,hush
With a little brown feet, hush,hush*

*Father went to gather honey, hushaby, hushaby
Mother went to gather berries, hush, hush
Mother went to gather berries, hush, hush*

*Father brought a honey pot, hushaby, hushaby
Mother brought a berry basket, hush, hush
Mother brought a berry basket, hush, hush*

*It's all for the baby, hushaby, hushaby
That's for a calm sleep, hush,hush
That's for a calm sleep, hush,hush*

YELLA TNAM REEMA - LEBANON **- OH LORD HELP REEMA SLEEP**

*Oh Lord! Help Rima Sleep, May she become sleepy
May she grow loving to pray and to fast
Oh God Make her healthier each day*

*Oh Lord! Oh Lord!
May she go to sleep and I will cook a delicious
pigeon,
Go pigeon bird, don't believe what I am saying,
I just say it so that Rima will sleep.*

*Rima, Rima, beautiful rose of the prairies,
you have shining blond hair,
The one who loves you shall kiss,
and the one who hates you will go away.*

*Oh merchants of grapes and of jujube,
tell my mother and my father,
the gypsies have kidnapped me,
from below the tent of "Majdaliyyeh".*

*I will take you on a little trip,
to place where there are prunes under the
apricot tree
and each time the wind blows ,
I will pick an apricot for Rima*

*Hey Lina,
Lend us your kettle and your bowl
So that we wash the clothes of Rima,
and hang them up on the jasmine tree*

YOLAY CHU - CHINA **NORTHEASTERN CRADLE SONG**

*The moon is bright,
the wind is quiet,
The tree leaves hang over the window,*

*My little baby, go to sleep quickly,
Sleep, dreaming sweet dreams.*

*The moon is bright,
the wind is quiet,
The cradle moving softly,
My little one, close your eyes,
Sleep, sleep, dreaming sweet dreams.*

EMI-O KO-ROKO - NIGERIA **- EMI-O**

*Emi has not gone to the farm
Emi has not gone to the market
Wants to eat, we make him soup
Now he's had "eba" and has a well-rounded
filled stomach
Indeed, you're a wealthy child who can even
afford to eat a guinea fowl's egg*

***Eba is a type of food made from cassava.*

LULAY ZE JEZUNIU - POLAND **- HUSH LITTLE JESUS**

*Hush little Jesus, my little pearl,
Hush my favourite little delight.*

*Hush little Jesus, hush, hush
But you lovely mother, solace him in tears*

*Close your little eyelids,
tired of weeping,
Solace the little lips,
fainted from sobbing.*

*Hush little Jesus, hush, hush
But you lovely mother, solace him in tears*

*Hush little Jesus, hush, hush
But you lovely mother, solace him in tears*

ZEKO I POTOCHICH - CROATIA **- LITTLE BUNNY AND THE STREAM**

*Once upon a time,
on a cold winters night, There is a tall hill,
a little brook froze up,
it vanished from site.*

*...and a little bunny rabbit,
looked for the stream all around,
where did it go he thought,
why does it not want to be found.
and so he cried and cried,
little bunny tears,*

he sadly sighed through the night,
where, oh where could it be.

and then a thought came to him,
it came straight from his heart,
perhaps the little brook,
followed the swallows to the south.

VONG ED MIEN NOM - VIETNAM
- BAMBOO BRIDGE OF LIFE

Imagine.
The wooden bridge is bound with nails,

The bamboo bridge is rough and difficult to cross...
The bamboo bridge is rough and difficult to cross...
Mummy has to cross over the bridge
I will hold your hand and walk across the bridge with you
Imagine.
She will walk with the child to cross many bridges

CHANDA MAMA - INDIA
- UNCLE MOON

(O my darling child), Your dear uncle,
Living afar, with home in the moon,
He will cook for you,
Sweet and syrupy bread (puaa), with sugar.

But lo,
He will serve for himself in a big plate,
And for munna (the toddler child),
He will serve it in a tiny bowl.

(O my darling child), Your dear uncle,
Living afar, with home in the moon,
He will cook for you,
Sweet and syrupy bread (puaa), with sugar.

Alas, that tiny bowl is still too big,
For the tiny hands of the toddler,
It fell from the teeny fingers, and broke,
And munna is now afraid and upset.

But oh, let this worry you not,
For we will bring,
More such tiny bowls, all shining a new,
And we all will clap with happiness.

And so, we will try to please munna,
And make him smile again,
And then he will have milk,
With layers of fresh butter.
(O my darling child), Your dear uncle,
Living afar, with home in the moon,

He will cook for you,
Sweet and syrupy bread (puaa), with sugar,
But lo,
He will serve for himself in a big plate,
And for munna (the toddler child),
He will serve it in a tiny bowl.

(O my darling child), Your dear uncle,
Living afar, with home in the moon,
He will cook for you,
Sweet and syrupy bread (puaa), with sugar,
And then, in a flying chariot,
Munna will travel to uncle's home in the moon,
And will enjoy playing hide and seek,
With the stars in the heaven.

And when munna is fulfilled with the play,
And is feeling tired,
Then with tiny baby steps,
Walking like a teeny weeny elephant,
Munna will come tumbling back home.

(O my darling child), Your dear uncle,
Living afar, with home in the moon,
He will cook for you,
Sweet and syrupy bread (puaa), with sugar,
But lo,
He will serve for himself in a big plate,
And for munna (the toddler child),
He will serve it in a tiny bowl,
(O my darling child), Your dear uncle,
Living afar, with home in the moon,
He will cook for you.

AYJIA MARINA - GREEK CYPRUS
- SAINT MARINA, MISTY MAIDEN

Ayia Marina, misty maiden,
Thou who lullest gentle youth,
O rest thy slumber on my angel,
On my golden tune.

O slumber, thou who takest children,
Take my child, O this one too,
So young, so little, on thy bosom,
Bear it yonder, bring it true

O bear it yonder, send it yon,
Then on my chest anon,
Upon the river to the garden,
Lend it birds and song.

O lend it birds, their trilling song,
Upon the graces' morn,
Upon the roses to the season,
Lend it spring and summers long,
O mother thee, O blessed maiden.