

*Last  
Song*



# *Last Song*

Composition of sound: Genoël von Lilienstern

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# *Баю-байуки-байо*



Baa-baa, little one

Baa-baa, little one  
Don't lie near the edge!  
A grey wolf will come  
And grab you by the side

He'll grab you by the side  
And drag you into the forest  
He'll drag you into the forest  
Under the willow bush

Don't come to us, grey wolf!  
Don't wake our Masha!  
Baa-baa, little one  
Don't lie near the edge!

A grey wolf will come  
And grab you by the side  
He'll grab you by the side  
And drag you into the forest

He'll drag you into the forest  
Under the raspberry bush  
And the raspberry will fall  
Right into Masha's mouth

Baa-baa, little one  
Don't lie near the edge!  
A grey wolf will come  
And grab you by the side

There lives the grandmother  
She bakes little bagels  
And sells them to the children  
But Wanjuschka is getting them for free

Баю-баюшки-баю

Баю-баюшки-баю  
Не ложися на краю!  
Придет серенький волчок  
И ухватит за бочок

Он ухватит за бочок  
И потащит во лесок  
И потащит во лесок  
Под ракитовый кусток

К нам, волчок, не ходи!  
Нашу Машу не буди!  
Баю-баюшки-баю  
Не ложися на краю!

Придет серенький волчок  
И ухватит за бочок  
Он ухватит за бочок  
И потащит во лесок

И утащит во лесок  
Под малиновый кусток  
А малинка упадет  
Прямо Машеньке в рот

Баю-баюшки-баю  
Не ложися на краю!  
Придет серенький волчок  
И ухватит за бочок

А там бабушка живёт  
И калачики печёт  
И детишкам продаёт  
А Ванюше так даёт



*Bebegın beşığı çamdan*



The baby's cradle made of pinewood

The baby's cradle is made of pinewood  
It rolled and fell from the roof  
Its father is coming from Damascus  
Rock-a-bye, rock-a-bye, rock-a-bye, baby

Girls, let's cross the river  
The water is murky, where will we drink from  
The baby is dead, where will we go  
Rock-a-bye, rock-a-bye, rock-a-bye, baby

The baby pierced my heart  
Burned, destroyed, turned to ash  
Became a servant to every door  
Rock-a-bye, rock-a-bye, rock-a-bye, baby

I walked out from Çamlıbel  
Hold on, my knees, hold on  
My uncle is on horseback, I am walking  
Rock-a-bye, rock-a-bye, rock-a-bye, baby

The baby's cradle is made of copper  
It doesn't lift, it's too heavy  
I rock it, ting-a-ling, ting-a-ling  
Rock-a-bye, rock-a-bye, rock-a-bye, baby

I pulled my skirt up  
Went into the pine forest  
What is the baby guilty of  
Rock-a-bye, rock-a-bye, rock-a-bye, baby

The peg of the black tent  
Comes from the infidel's misfortune  
My breasts are the road's food  
Rock-a-bye, rock-a-bye, rock-a-bye, baby

I met the camel with the camel  
I threw the rope around its neck  
I slept without my baby last night  
Rock-a-bye, rock-a-bye, rock-a-bye, baby

Bebeğin beşiği çamdan

Bebeğin beşiği çamdan  
Yuvarlandı düştü damdan  
Beybabası gelir Şam'dan  
Nenni de nenni de nenni de bebek

Kızlar gelin çaydan geçek  
Çay bulanık nerden içek  
Bebek ölmüş nere gidek  
Nenni de nenni de nenni de bebek

Bebek beni deyleledi  
Yaktı yıktı kül eyledi  
Her kapıya kul eyledi  
Nenni de nenni de nenni de bebek

Çamlıbelden çıktım yayan  
Dayan dizlerim de dayan  
Emmim atlı ben de yayan  
Nenni de nenni de nenni de bebek

Bebeğin beşiği bakır  
Yerinden kalkmıyor ağır  
Ben sallarım tıngır mıngır  
Nenni de nenni de nenni de bebek

Çizmeme çektim kıcıma  
İndim çamlığın içine  
Bunda bebeğin suçu ne  
Nenni de nenni de nenni de bebek

Kara çadırın kazığı  
Gelir gavurun yazığı  
Memelerim yol azığı  
Nenni de nenni de nenni de bebek

Deveyi deveye çattım  
İpini boynuna attım  
Dün gece yavrusuz yattım  
Nenni de nenni de nenni de bebek



# *El Coco*



The Coco\* (Sleep, child)

Sleep, baby, sleep now  
For here comes the Coco  
And he will take you away

Sleep, baby, sleep now  
For here comes the Coco  
And he will eat you up

Mommy, mommy  
Here comes the Coco  
Mommy, mommy  
I'm scared  
Mommy, mommy  
Here comes the Coco

Run, run, my child  
For here comes the Coco  
And he will take you away

Run, run, my child  
For here comes the Coco  
And he will eat you up

He will eat you  
He will eat you  
He will eat you  
He will eat you

\*The Coco is a mythical figure from Spanish and Latin American folklore, often described as a kind of frightening figure or boogeyman. It is used to instill fear in children, encouraging them to obey or go to sleep. There is no single representation of El Coco; it can be depicted as a monster or a shadowy being said to „take“ or „eat“ children.

El Coco (Duérmete niño)

Duérmete niño, Duérmete ya  
Que viene el coco  
Y te llevará.

Duérmete niño, Duérmete ya  
Que viene el coco  
Y te comerá

Mamá, mamá  
Ahí viene el coco  
Mamá, mamá  
Tengo miedo  
Mamá, mama  
Ahí viene el coco

Corre, corre, mi niño  
Que viene el coco  
Y te llevará

Corre, corre, mi niño  
Que viene el coco  
Y te comerá

Te comerá  
Te comerá  
Te comerá  
Te comerá



# *Embora ó papão*



Oh papão, go away

Oh Papão, go away  
From up there on the roof  
Let the child sleep  
A peaceful sleep  
Let the child sleep  
A peaceful sleep

\*The word „papão“ comes from Portuguese and literally means „eater“ or „devourer“. It is used as a term for a frightening, usually imaginary creature meant to scare children into behaving or falling asleep.

Embora ó papão

O papão, vai-te embora  
La de cima do telhado  
Deixa dormir o menino  
Um soninho descansado  
Deixa dormir o menino  
Um soninho descansado



*Guten Abend, gut' Nacht*



Good evening, good night

Good evening, good night,  
covered with roses,  
adorned with cloves,  
slip under the blanket:  
Tomorrow morning, if god wills,  
you will wake once again.

Good evening, good night,  
watched over by angels,  
who will show you in your dreams  
the Christ Child's tree.  
Sleep now blissful and sweetly,  
and see paradise in your dreams.

Guten Abend, gut' Nacht

Guten Abend, gut' Nacht,  
mit Rosen bedacht,  
mit Näglein besteckt,  
schlupf unter die Deck':  
Morgen früh, wenn Gott will,  
wirst du wieder geweckt.

Guten Abend, gut' Nacht,  
von Englein bewacht,  
die zeigen im Traum  
dir Christkindleins Baum.  
Schlaf nun selig und süß,  
schau im Traum 's Paradies.



*Heidschi Bumbeidschi*



## Heidschi Bumbeidschi

Oh heidschi bumbeidschi, sleep long,  
Your mother has gone away,  
She has gone away and won't come back home,  
Leaving this little boy all alone.  
Oh heidschi bumbeidschi bum bum!  
Oh heidschi bumbeidschi bum bum!

Oh heidschi bumbeidschi, sleep sweetly,  
The little angels send you greetings,  
They send you greetings and ask you,  
If you'd like to take a walk to heaven.  
Oh heidschi bumbeidschi bum bum!  
Oh heidschi bumbeidschi bum bum!

Oh heidschi bumbeidschi, to heaven,  
A snow-white steed will take you,  
On it sits a little angel with a lantern,  
Inside it shines the most beautiful star from heaven.  
Oh heidschi bumbeidschi bum bum!  
Oh heidschi bumbeidschi bum bum!

And Heidschi-Bumbeidschi has come,  
And has taken my little boy with him.  
He has taken him and never brought him back,  
So I wish my little boy a very good night.  
Oh heidschi bumbeidschi bum bum!  
Oh heidschi bumbeidschi bum bum!

## Heidschi Bumbeidschi

Aber heidschi bumbeidschi, schlaf lange,  
es is ja dei Muatter ausgange,  
sie is ja ausganga und kimmt nimma hoam  
und lasst dös kloan Büabale ganz alloan.  
Aber heidschi bumbeidschi bum bum!  
Aber heidschi bumbeidschi bum bum!

Aber heidschi bumbeidschi, schlaf süaße,  
die Engelein lassen di grüaße,  
sie lassen di grüaßn und lassen di fragn,  
ob du in' Himmel spazieren willst fahrn.  
Aber heidschi bumbeidschi bum bum!  
Aber heidschi bumbeidschi bum bum!

Aber heidschi bumbeidschi, in' Himmel,  
da fahrt di a schneeweißer Schimmel,  
drauf sitzt a kloans Engerl mit oaner Latern,  
drein leuchtet vom Himmel der allerschenst Stern.  
Aber heidschi bumbeidschi bum bum!  
Aber heidschi bumbeidschi bum bum!

Und da Heidschi-Bumbeidschi is kumma  
und hat ma mei Büaberl mitg'numma.  
Er hat ma's mitg'numma und hat's neama bracht,  
drum wünsch i mein' Büaberl a recht guate Nacht.  
Aber heidschi bumbeidschi bum bum!  
Aber heidschi bumbeidschi bum bum!



# *Highland Fairy Lullaby*





## Highland Fairy Lullaby

I left my baby lying here  
Lying here, lying here  
I left my baby lying here  
To go and gather blaeberreries

Hovan, hovan gorry o go  
Gorry o go, gorry o go  
Hovan, hovan gorry o go  
I've lost my darling baby, o!

I found the wee brown otter's track  
Otter's track, otter's track  
I found the wee brown otter's track  
But nêr a trace o' my baby, o!

Hovan, hovan gorry o go  
Gorry o go, gorry o go  
Hovan, hovan gorry o go  
I've lost my darling baby, o!

I found the track of the swan on the lake  
Swan on the lake, swan on the lake  
I found the track of the swan on the lake  
But not the track of baby, o!

Hovan, hovan gorry o go  
Gorry o go, gorry o go  
Hovan, hovan gorry o go  
I've lost my darling baby, o!

I found the trail of the mountain mist  
Mountain mist, mountain mist  
I found the trail of the mountain mist  
But nêr a trace of baby, O!

Hovan, hovan gorry o go  
Gorry o go, gorry o go  
Hovan, hovan gorry o go  
I've lost my darling baby, o!



# かごめかごめ



Kagome, Kagome\*

The bird in the cage  
When, oh when, will it come out?  
At the break of dawn  
The crane and the turtle slipped  
Who stands behind you now?

\*Kagome can be understood as basket, weave, cage, as well as circle or repetitive dance.

かごめかごめ

かごめ かごめ  
かごのなかの とりは  
いついつ でやる  
よあけの ばんに  
つるとかめが すべった  
うしろのしょうめん だーれ



*Lilla Carl, sov sött i frid*



Little Carl, sleep sweetly in peace

Little Carl, sleep sweetly in peace!  
For soon enough you will wake,  
Soon enough see our wicked times  
And taste their bitterness.  
The world is an island of sorrow:  
Just as one breathes, one must die  
And return to dust.

Once, where a stream flowed  
Past a sheaf in the rye,  
Stood a little sweet boy  
Gazing at his reflection in the waves.  
As he saw his image so fair  
In the rippling water, clear and green,  
Suddenly, it was gone.

So it is with our fleeting life,  
And so the years vanish:  
Just as one breathes well and happily,  
One is laid upon the bier.  
Little Carl shall remember this  
When he sees the tiny flowers  
That adorn the spring.

Sleep, hush, little friend!  
Your well-being shall bring us joy.  
When you wake, we shall then  
Give you a horse and sleigh to ride;  
Then, small houses of cards—hush, hush—  
We shall build, blow over,  
And sing little songs.

Mama has for her child here  
Little golden shoes and a golden cape,  
And if Carl is well-behaved,  
Then soon enough, Papa will come,  
Bringing little treats...  
Sleep, hush! Lie down now  
And cuddle your pillow.

Lilla Carl, sov sött i frid

Lilla Carl, sov sött i frid!  
Ty du får tids nog vaka,  
tids nog se vår onda tid  
och hennes galla smaka.  
Världen är en sorgeö:  
bäst man andas skall man dö  
och bli mull tillbaka.

En gång, där en källa flöt  
förbi en skyl i rågen,  
stod en liten gosse söt  
och spegla sig i vågen:  
bäst sin bild han såg så skön  
uti böljan, klar och grön,  
straxt han inte såg'en.

Så är med vår levnad fatt,  
och så försvinna åren:  
bäst man andas gott och glatt,  
så lägges man på bären.  
Lilla Carl skall tänka så,  
när han ser de blomor små,  
som bepryda våren.

Sove lulla, lilla vän!  
Din välgång skall oss gläda.  
När du vaknar, sku vi sen  
dig klippa häst och släda;  
sen små hus av kort – lull lull –  
sku vi bygga, blåsa kull  
och små visor kväda.

Mamma har åt barnet här  
små gullskor och gullkappa,  
och om Carl beskedlig är,  
så kommmmer rättnu pappa,  
lilla barnet namnam ger...  
Sove lulla! Ligg nu ner  
och din kudde klappa.



*Măi puiut, de rândunea*



Oh, little swallow chick

Oh, little swallow chick,  
Oh, little swallow chick,  
Have you seen my mother?  
Have you seen my mother?  
Have you seen my mother?

I saw her by the hearth,  
Kneading the white dough,  
Kneading the white dough,  
She was shedding bitter tears,  
She was shedding bitter tears.

Oh, little swallow chick,  
Oh, little swallow chick,  
Go and tell my mother this,  
Go and tell my mother this:  
Do not knead the white dough,  
Do not knead the white dough,  
Do not sing for me,  
Do not sing for me.

For where they sent me, I am not well,  
Where they sent me, I am not well,  
My little bed is made of viburnum,  
My little bed is made of viburnum,  
My pillow is of thorny flowers,  
My pillow is of thorny flowers.

Where they sent me, they will not take me out,  
Where they sent me, they will not take me out,  
Only God and death can,  
Only God and death can,  
Only God and death can.

Oh, little swallow chick,  
Oh, little swallow chick,  
Have you seen my mother?  
Have you seen my mother?  
Have you seen my mother?

Măi puiuț de rândunea

Mă puiuț di rândune,  
Mă puiuț di rândune,  
N'ai vadzut pi mama me?  
N'ai vadzut pi mama me?  
N'ai vadzut pi mama me?

Am vadzut' o lângă jatrâ,  
Framânta la chitâ albâ,  
Chitâ albâ framânta,  
Lacrâmi amari varsa,  
Lacrâmi amari varsa.

Mă puiuț di rândune,  
Mă puiuț di rândune,  
Du'ti dzâ'i șâ mamii așe,  
Du'ti dzâ'i șâ mamii așe.

Chitâ albâ nu framânti,  
Chitâ albâ nu frământi,  
Dupâ mini nu sâ cânti,  
Dupâ mini nu sâ cânti,  
Că unde m' o dat nu mi' i ghini,  
Unde m' o dat nu mi' i ghini,  
Patuțu mi' i di calini,  
Patuțu mi' i di calini,  
Perina din flori di schini' e,  
Perina din flori di schini' e.

Undi m' o dat nu m' o scoati,  
Undi m' o dat nu m' o scoati,  
Numa Dumnedzău cu moarti,  
Numa Dumnedzău cu moarti,  
Numa Dumnedzău cu moarti.

Mă' puiuț di rândune,  
Mă' puiuț di rândune,  
N'ai vadzut pi mama me?  
N'ai vadzut pi mama me?  
N'ai vadzut pi mama me?



# *Maykäfer flieg*



Maybug, fly!

Maybug, fly!

The father is at war.

The mother is in Pomerania.

And Pomerania has burned down.

Maykäfer, flieg!

Maykäfer, flieg!

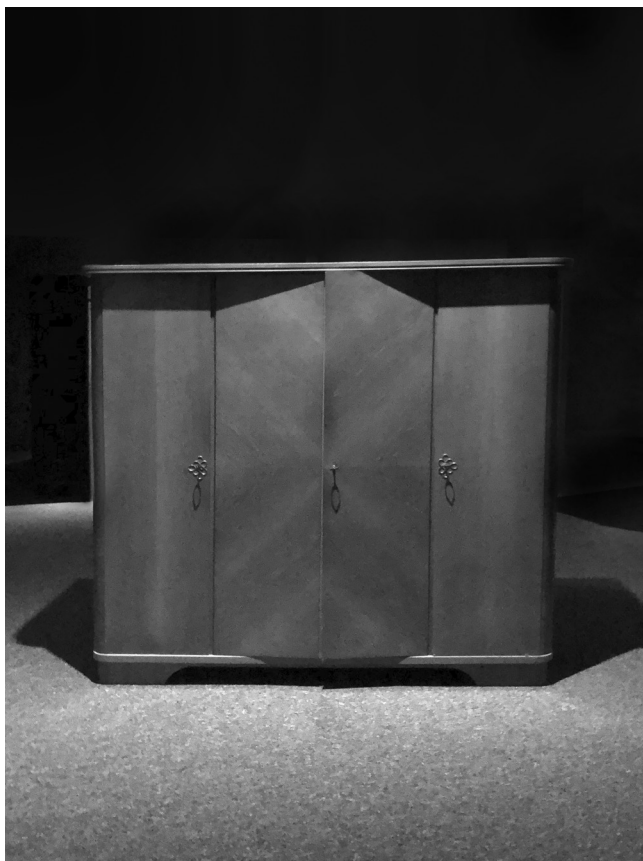
Der Vater ist im Krieg.

Die Mutter ist im Pommerland.

Und Pommerland ist abgebrandt.



*Ninna Nanna, Ninna Oh*



Ninna nanna, ninna oh

Ninna nanna, ninna oh  
Who shall I give this child to?  
(..)

If I give him to the Befana\*  
She'll keep him for a week  
If I give him to the black ox  
He'll stay with him for a whole year

If I give him to the white wolf  
He'll stay with him for a long, long time  
Ninna nanna, ninna oh  
Sleep, my little one

Ninna nanna, ninna oh  
Who shall I give this child to?  
(..)

If I give him to the Befana  
She'll keep him for a week  
If I give him to the black ox  
He'll stay with him for a whole year

If I give him to the white wolf  
He'll stay with him for a long, long time  
Ninna nanna, ninna oh  
Sleep, my little one

If I give him to the white wolf  
He'll stay with him for a long, long time  
Ninna nanna, ninna oh  
Sleep, my little one

Ninna nanna, ninna oh  
Who shall I give this child to?  
(..)

\* An Italian legend says that on the night of January 5th to 6th, the kind-hearted witch Befana brings sweets and gifts to the children who have been good, while the „naughty“ ones receive coal.

Ninna nanna, ninna oh

Ninna nanna, ninna oh  
Questo bimbo a chi lo do?  
(..)

Se lo do alla Befana  
Me lo tiene una settimana  
Se lo do al bove nero  
Me lo tiene un anno intero

Se lo do al lupo bianco  
Me lo tiene tanto tanto  
Ninna nanna, nanna fate  
Il mio bimbo addormentate

Ninna nanna, ninna oh  
Questo bimbo a chi lo do?  
(..)

Se lo do alla Befana  
Me lo tiene una settimana  
Se lo do al bove nero  
Me lo tiene un anno intero

Se lo do al lupo bianco  
Me lo tiene tanto tanto  
Ninna nanna, nanna fate  
Il mio bimbo addormentate

Se lo do al lupo bianco  
Me lo tiene tanto tanto  
Ninna nanna, nanna fate  
Il mio bimbo addormentate

Ninna nanna, ninna oh  
Questo bimbo a chi lo do?  
(..)



*Once upon a time  
there was a pretty fly*





Once upon a time there was a pretty fly

Once upon a time there was a pretty fly  
He had a pretty wife, this pretty fly  
But one day she flew away, flew away  
She had two pretty children  
But one night these two pretty children  
Flew away, flew away, into the sky, into the moon



*Schlaf Kindelein, süße*



Sleep, sweet little child

Sleep, sweet little child,  
The angels send their greetings to you.  
They send their greeting and tell you  
that they will carry you to heaven.  
Sleep, sweet little child.

Sleep, little one, for long,  
death sits on the perch.  
He has a yellow sled with him  
and takes the naughty children away.  
Sleep, little one, for long.

Schlaf, Kindelein, süße

Schlaf, Kindelein, süße,  
die Engelein lassen dich grüssen.  
Sie lassen dich grüssen und lassen dir sag´n,  
daß sie dich werden ins Himmelein trag´n.  
Schlaf Kindchen süße.

Schlaf, Kindelein, lange,  
der Tod sitzt auf der Stange.  
Er hat einen gelben Schlitten mit  
und nimmt die bösen Kinder mit.  
Schlaf Kindchen lange.



*Schlaf, Kindlein, schlaf*



Sleep, little child, sleep

Sleep, little child, sleep,  
the father guards the sheep,  
the mother shakes the little trees,  
and a little dream falls down,  
sleep, little child, sleep.

Sleep, little child, sleep,  
the Christ Child has a sheep,  
he is the dear Lamb of God,  
who died for all of us,  
sleep, little child, sleep!

Sleep, little child, sleep,  
and don't bleat like a sheep,  
otherwise, the shepherd's little dog will come  
and bite my naughty little child,  
sleep, little child, sleep.

Schlaf, Kindlein, schlaf

Schlaf, Kindlein, schlaf,  
der Vater hüt die Schaf,  
die Mutter schüttelts Bäumelein,  
da fällt herab ein Träumelein,  
schlaf, Kindlein, schlaf.

Schlaf, Kindlein, schlaf,  
Christkindlein hat ein Schaaf,  
ist selbst das liebe Gotteslamm,  
das um uns all zu Tode kam,  
schlaf, Kindlein, schlaf!

Schlaf, Kindlein, schlaf,  
und blöck nicht wie ein Schaaf,  
sonst kömmt des Schäfers Hündelein,  
und beißt mein böses Kindelein,  
schlaf, Kindlein, schlaf.



*Sofðu unga ástin mín*



Sleep, my young love

Sleep, my young love.  
Outside, the rain is crying.  
Mommy keeps your gold,  
your old bed and your little chest.  
We won't stay awake through dark nights.

There's much the darkness knows,  
my heart is heavy.  
Often I've looked at the black sand,  
burning green meadowland.  
In the glacier, deep cracks echo death.

Sleep long, sleep gently,  
it's best to wake up late.  
Fatigue will teach you quickly,  
while the day is fleeting,  
that people love, lose, cry, and miss.

Sofðu unga ástin mín

Sofðu unga ástin mín.

Úti regnið grætur.

Mamma geymir gullin þín,

gamla leggi og völuskrín.

Við skulum ekki vaka um dimmar nætur.

Það er margt sem myrkrið veit,

minn er hugur þungur.

Oft ég svarta sandinn leit

svíða grænan engireit.

Í jöklinum hljóða dauðadjúpar sprungur.

Sofðu lengi, sofðu rótt,

seint mun best að vakna.

Mæðan kenna mun þér fljótt,

meðan hallar degi skjótt,

að mennirnir elska, missa, gráta og sakna.



*Solen er så rød, mor*



The sun is so red, mother

The sun is so red, mother,  
and the forest becomes so black.  
Now the sun is dead, mother,  
and the day has gone away.  
The fox is walking outside, mother.  
We lock our door.  
Come, sit by my pillow, mother,  
and sing a little song.

The sky is so big, mother,  
with clear stars on it.  
I wonder who lives there, mother,  
on the star in the blue?  
Do you think there are boys, mother,  
who look down at me?  
And do you think they have beds, mother,  
and sleep just like I do?

Why does it get night, mother,  
and cold and bitter the wind?  
Listen to the little cat, mother,  
it meows and wants to come inside.  
The seagulls and terns  
have no place to stay.  
Oh, listen, now the stars are singing.  
They sing me to sleep.

Solen er så rød, mor

Solen er så rød, mor,  
og skoven blir så sort.  
Nu er solen død, mor,  
og dagen gået bort.  
Ræven går derude, mor.  
Vi låser vores gang.  
Kom, sæt dig ved min pude, mor,  
og syng en lille sang.

Himlen er så stor, mor,  
med klare stjerner på.  
Hvem monstro der bor, mor,  
på stjernen i det blå?  
Tror du, der er drenge, mor,  
der kigger ned til mig?  
Og tror du, de har senge, mor,  
og sover li'som jeg?

Hvorfor blir det nat, mor,  
og kold og bitter vind?  
Hør den lille kat, mor,  
denmjaver og vil ind.  
Mågerne og ternerne  
har ingen sted at bo.  
Å hør, nu synger stjernerne.  
De synger mig til ro.



## Translations

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