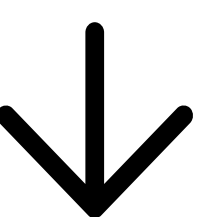
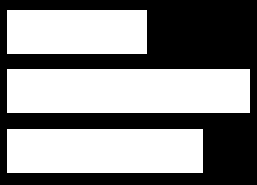


Lullabies are rhythms, melodies, words and sounds that pass from generation to generation, traveling through different places. We were all once sung a lullaby, sometimes to close our eyes and dream, sometimes to open them up, and sometimes to just share with the people we love the most.

We invite you to close your eyes and remember the first songs you heard. Go back to the moment when your mother, father, grandmother, or grandfather rocked you in their arms and sang to soothe, accompany, entertain, and embrace you. These encounters are the beginning of our affective relationships.

It does not matter what we are told, but how: the tone of voice and the strength of the hug.





WHAT TO DO WITH THE
SONGS PROPOSED IN
CANCIÓN DE CUNA

LISTEN TO THEM?

HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO
READ THEM?

AND... WITHOUT VOICE...?

TRY TO USE YOUR BODY,
GESTURES AND FORGET
THE WORDS.





COO COO MY BABY BOY

Authors: María de la Luz Uribe (lyrics) and María Rosario Cofré (music)
Singer: María Rosario Cofré

Coo coo my baby girl,
coo coo my baby boy.
Since the olive tree grows
as you grow.

I said to my baby,
Coo coo my baby girl,
under my poncho
a pine for you

I said to my baby boy,
coo coo my little bean,
I bring from the sea
a big snail and a small
sardine.

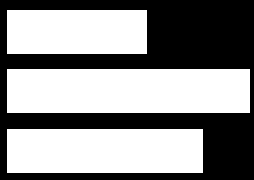
Coo coo my baby girl,
coo coo my baby boy.
Since the olive tree grows
as you grow.

I looked at my two children
sleeping in the cradle,
I gave each one of them
a black olive.

Coo coo my baby girl,
coo coo my baby boy.
Since the olive tree grows
as you grow.

When they ate the olive
I took out the pits
and in the open earth
I planted them deep.





THE BOAT IS LEAVING

Authors: Francisco Bastardi (lyrics), Edgardo Donato
and Héctor María Artola (music)

Adaptation: Zapallo music group

Singer: Álvaro Díaz

The boat, the boat is leaving,
it goes with the fisherman.
And in that boat that crosses the sea
my love is leaving, too.

If the water were ink
And the sky paper,
I would write a letter
to my dearest Manuel.

Who knows for how long
the boat will not return.
And I'm left only singing:
it's leaving, my love is leaving.

And I'm left only singing:
it's leaving, my love is leaving.

La la la la la la
La la la la lalala
La la la la la la
La la la la lalala





LITTLE BIRD THAT SINGS

Author: Rosa León

Adaptation: Judith Akoschky

Singer: Judith Akoschky

Little bird that sings
in the lagoon,
please don't wake the child
sleeping in the cradle.

Eh na nana,
eh na nana,
go to sleep little morning star.

The rose of the rosebushes goes to sleep,
my child goes to sleep because it's late.

Eh na nana,
eh na nana,
go to sleep little morning star.

Little bird that sings
beside the crystal fountain,
keep quiet so my child
doesn't wake up.

Eh na nana,
eh na nana,
go to sleep little morning star.





LITTLE BLACK BOY

Author: Unknown

Singer: Atahualpa Yupanqui

Sleep, sleep little black boy
For your mama is in the field,
little black boy...

She is going to bring quails for you
She is going to bring sweet fruit for you
She is going to bring pork meat for you
She is going to bring lots of things for you

And if the little black boy doesn't go to sleep
Then the white devil will come
and zhaz! He will eat your little leg
Chacapumba, chacapum...

Sleep, sleep little black boy
For your mama is in the field,
little black boy...

Working
Working hard, yes, working
Working and she is mourning, yes, working
Working and she goes coughing, yes, working
Working and she doesn't get paid, yes, working
For the little black boy, yes, working
For the little black boy, yes, working
Yes, she is mourning
Yes, she is coughing,
Yes, she doesn't get paid
Yes, working hard.

Sleep, sleep little black boy
For your mama is in the field,
little black boy...





THE BARN

Author: Gabriela Mistral

Singer: Delfina Guzmán

At the stroke of midnight
when Child burst into tears
the barn came alive.

And they came nearer and nearer,
and stretched out to the Child
the hundred longing necks
like a forest shaking wild.

An ox descended its breath to his face
and exhaled it silently,
and its eyes were tender
like full of dew.

A sheep rubbed the Child
against its very soft fleece,
and licked his little hands,
squatting, rolling in peace...

The walls of the wooden barn
were covered suddenly
with pheasants, blackbirds
roosters, and geese.

The pheasants descended
and passed over the Child
the great tail of colors;
and the geese with beaks wild

Were arranging the straws for him;
and the blackbird swarm
was a beating veil
over the newborn's charm...

And the Virgin, between horns
and whitish whorls,
stumbled as she came and went
Unable to hold the child.
And to help the clueless Virgin
Joseph came along.
And it was like a forest in the wind
the barn was moved way beyond words...





CU-CU, HE CALLED

Author: Unknown

Singers: Guillem Ballesteros and Paloma Valdivia

In a distant forest
already sings the cu-cu
hidden in the foliage
the owl answered back:

«cu-cu, he called to him.
Cu-cu, he called.
Cu-cu, cu-cu, cu-cu».

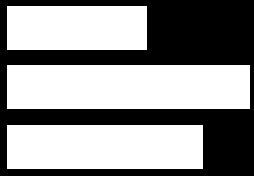
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«cu-cu, he called to him.
Cu-cu, he called.
Cu-cu, cu-cu, cu-cu».





LOOK LITTLE GIRL

Author: Los Jaivas

Singer: Mario Mutis

Look little girl
I will take you
to watch the Moon
shining in the sea,
look at the sky
and forget that languid fear
which was a permanent emotion.

Ah... it was a permanent emotion.

For the daughter
of a man with crystal eyes
and sealed paper on the skin.

Look little girl
I will take you
to watch the Moon
shining in the sea,
look at the sky
and forget that languid fear
which was a permanent emotion.

Ah, it was a permanent emotion.

For the daughter
of a man with crystal eyes
and sealed paper on the skin.

Look at the sky
and forget that languid fear
which was a permanent emotion.

Ah, it was a permanent emotion.

Ah your hair and
your eyes of honey,
but in your chest
colors of love
will flourish.

They will flourish...

Your hair and your eyes of honey...

Tenderness they will bring for you,
for you.

They will flourish...



CENTRO

CULTURAL

LA MONEDA

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