

C4 LULLABIES (ŠADLE)

Informant Dawið 'Adam (Dure)

(1) Sárgun bròni<sup>1</sup> lè-y ðäléwa.<sup>1</sup> hár yawéwa bxàya.<sup>1</sup> lèðaxwa märe díye mòdile.<sup>1</sup> yála zòra-wewa<sup>1</sup> gu-dudíya,<sup>1</sup> dargùšta.<sup>1</sup> kàzaxwa<sup>1</sup> nabláxwale l-duxtüre<sup>1</sup> 'u-<sup>2</sup>axxa-w tàmma<sup>1</sup> lè fedáwale<sup>1</sup> lèðíwa bíye díye.<sup>1</sup> yála zòra<sup>1</sup> yá'ni mārìwa naþyáþe.<sup>1</sup> réše šayðšwale,<sup>1</sup> hátxa lèðax bíye.<sup>1</sup> (2) 'ána mo-wíðli.<sup>2</sup> qìmlì<sup>1</sup> moláxmáli 'áyya,<sup>1</sup> 'áyya zmárta bíye díye.<sup>1</sup> 'imà zamrènwala,<sup>1</sup> kalèwa,<sup>1</sup> masýðþwa.<sup>1</sup> 'imæt parqènwa mæn-zómri,<sup>1</sup> šaréwa bxàya.<sup>1</sup> (3) qímæn moláxmænna 'ánna šére bud-díye,<sup>1</sup> 'u-wíðæn-alle šārīt<sup>1</sup> díya.<sup>1</sup> kudán baxèwa,<sup>1</sup> mattónwale 'o-šārīt,<sup>1</sup> masýðþwa<sup>1</sup> hal-<sup>2</sup>é-gæt parqàwa,<sup>1</sup> ta-t-baxéwa xá-ga xèta.<sup>1</sup> mādóřnwale b-rèše<sup>1</sup> 'u-šámèwala<sup>1</sup> 'u-ðäléwa.<sup>1</sup> 'áy y-awáwa súla díya.<sup>1</sup> y-amrènwa:

(4) darguštux qesa xwara.  
kawsæt yæmmux b-xwara.  
maštalux xalwa xwara.

(5) la baxæt bronæt babe  
t-yawèllux kulla ðlabe  
zuze t-yawènnux rabe

(6) babi 'ázizæt xone  
bæd-zawènnne harmonè  
mšadrønne l-bæþæt Sone

(7) pari 'ázizi ma-le?  
zawènnne bærtaqale.  
mšadrønne l-bæþæt xale.

(8) pari 'ázizæt xæþe  
mšadrønne l-an maþwaþe  
ðalbæx m-<sup>2</sup>umra-w 'etaþe

Informant Leya 'Oraha (Dure)

(9) hole nwile gu-dwara  
qundaxæt tope xwara  
jani bronì t-la gwara

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Informant Dawið ʿAdam (Dure)

(1) My son Sargon used not to sleep. He always cried. We did not know what his illness was. He was a baby in a cradle. We tried (to help him) and took him to the doctors, and so forth, but it was no use to him, they did not know what was the matter with him. (He was) a baby and his ears ached. He shook his head, but we did not know what was the matter with him. (2) What did I do? I composed this song about him. When I sang it, he stopped and listened. When I finished my song, he began to cry. (3) I composed these verses about him and I made for him a tape of it. Whenever he cried, I put on the tape and he listened until it finished, then he cried again. I put it back to the beginning and he listened to it and slept. This is what it did (for him). I used to say:

(4) Your cradle is white wood.  
The hair of your mother is becoming white.  
She gives you white milk.

(5) Do not cry, oh son of his father,  
He will give you all requests  
He will give you lots of money

(6) My dear, the beloved of his brother  
I shall buy for him pomegranates  
I shall send him to the house of Sone<sup>1</sup>

(7) What is wrong with my beloved lamb  
I shall buy for him oranges  
I shall send him to the house of his uncle

(8) My lamb, beloved of his sister  
I shall send him to the villages  
We shall request help from the churches.<sup>2</sup>

Informant Leya ʿOraha (Dure)

(9) There, he has appeared in the resting place  
The butt of his rifle is white

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<sup>1</sup> The name of his grandmother.

<sup>2</sup> Literally: the church and the churches.

(10) *hole n̄wile gu-zoma*  
*qundaxət tope koma*  
*jani bronī laxoma*

(11) *mānile gare gare*  
*šopət ʔagle bəzmare*  
*Ramʔel θaya m-be-xale*

(12) *goriye l-eni dame*  
*šəklana m-bəθre-w qame*  
*ʔAwiye brōn-t Leya*

(13) *pəšətli qənnə t-nama*  
*ʔap-xa la məte tama*  
*ʔAmir biš-rixa-w rama*

(14) *pəšət ʔenir ləle*  
*yasmin gu-šəllele*  
*ʔAmir maxe b-səmbele*  
*ʔu-ʔap-ʔən litle barele*

Informant: Siranoš Xaməs (ʔEn-Nune)

(15) *hay babi hay*  
*dudiyux t-qārāčay*  
*natrilux ʔumre lay*  
*bustanux gu-jilway*

My soul, my son, is not married.  
 (10) He has appeared in the summer pastures  
 The butt of his rifle is black  
 My soul, my son, is handsome

(11) Who is (walking over) the roof?  
 His footstep is (full of) nails.<sup>3</sup>  
 Ramʔel is coming from his uncle's house.<sup>4</sup>

(12) To whom does my dear resemble?  
 He is handsome from the back and the front  
 Awiya son of Leya

(13) You are for me (like) a nest of an ostrich  
 Nobody can reach it  
 (But my son) Amir is taller and higher.

(14) You are (like) the lily of the night,  
 Jasmin in waterfalls.  
 Amir will touch his moustache (with these herbs)  
 Even if he does not have (a moustache) it will grow for him.<sup>5</sup>

Informant: Siranoš Xaməs (ʔEn-Nune)

(15) Oh my dear,  
 Your cradle is (made by) gypsies.  
 The upper churches (on the mountains) will protect you  
 Your garden is among the Jilu people

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<sup>3</sup> Referring to the nails in his shoes.

<sup>4</sup> I.e. he takes a shortcut over the roofs.

<sup>5</sup> It will grow on account of the herbs.