

Shetland Suite -

Shetlan - poem by J.Peterson

Du may waander on fir ever
An seek idder laands dee lane,
Bit someday du'll come driftin
Ta da laand o laands agen.
Sho's a laand o faeries dancin
In a ring o snaa-white scöm,
Whaar da grit grey sea lies skulkin
I'da dim, saft Simmer-höm

Dere A'm pluckin Kokkiluries,
An gadderin Paddick-stöls,
Or guddlin tricky skeeticks
I'da clear, saat-water pöls;
A'm rickin peerie sillicks
Wi a preen, an docken-waand,
Or pokin eftir smislins
I'da ebb-stanes i'da saand.

Dere I look alang da tide-line,
Among da tang an waar,
Fir barrel-scows an battens,
An bits o brokken spar;
Fir da muckle seas is brakkin
In stoor laek clouds o snaa,
An der tales o vessels wrackin
Wi dir sails aa blaen awa.

Du may waander on fir ever
An seek idder laands dee lane,
Bit some day du'll come driftin
Ta da laand o laands agen.
Shö's a laand whaar Winter's souchin
Trowe da spöndrift an da squaal.
An da smorin moorie-caavie
Fills da Nort wind's oobin waal.

*You may wander on forever
And seek other lands alone
But some day you'll come drifting
To the land of lands again
She's a land of fairies dancing
In a ring of snow white foam
Where the grit grey sea lies skulking
In the dim soft summer home
There I'm picking daisies
And gathering mushrooms
Or catching tricky cuttlefish
In the clear salt-water pools
I'm catching little pollocks
With a safety-pin, and dock-leaf stalk
Or poking at sand-gapers
In the shoreline stones in the sand
There I look along the tide-line
Among the seaweed
For broken barrel-staves
And bits of broken mast
For the mighty sea is crashing
In a storm like clouds of snow
And there are tales of wrecked vessels
With their sails all blown away
You may wander on forever
And seek other lands alone,
But some day you'll come drifting
To the land of lands again.
She's a land of Winter's sighing
Through the sea-spray and the squall.
And the suffocating blizzard
Fills the North wind's moaning wail.*

Unst Boat Song

Starka virna vestilie,
Obadeea, obadeea.
Starka, virna, vestilie,
Obadeea, monye.

Stala, stoita, stonga raer
O, whit says du da bunshka baer;
O, whit says du da bunshka baer;
Litra mae vee drengie.

Saina, papa wara,
Obadeea, obadeea,
Saina, papa wara,
Obadeea, monye.

*Starka virna vestilie -
Strong winds from the west
Obadeea - trouble, hurt
Monye- men
Stala, stoita, stonga raer –
Put the mast in order, brace up the mast
O whit says du? -
Oh what do you say?
Da bunshka baer -
That the boat will bear her sail
Litra mae vee, drengie -
I'm pleased with that boys
Saina papa wara - Bless us, Father.*

Da Narrowa Wheel

Tim-tim-ta ra-a, tim-tim-ta-ree
Da treed is snöddin trowe da ee
An tim-tim-ta ree-e,
An tim-tim-ta raa
Da wap-towe haes a boannie caa
Tim-tim-ta ra-a, tim-tim-ta-ree
Da pirm is bookin i'da flee
An tim-tim-ta ree-e,
An tim-tim-ta raa
Du's gyaain fae me, du's gyaain awa
Tim-tim-ta ra-a, tim-tim-ta-ree
An twine da boannie treed wi me
An tim-tim-ta ree-e,
An tim-tim-ta raa
Da sweerie foo is gotten aa

*Da treed – thread
Snöddin – twisting
Trowe – through
Da ee – the eye
Da wap-tow - the cord connecting the
treadle
And the axle of a spinning-wheel
Haes a boannie caa –
Has a good drive or is going well
Da prim – the spool/bobbin
Bookin - growing, becoming larger
I'da flee – in the flyer
Gyaain – leaving/going
Fae me – from me
Awa – away
An twine – and twist
Boannie – pretty/beautiful
Da sweerie – box for holding bobbins
Aa – everything*

Baloo Balilli

Baloo balilli, baloo balilli,
Baloo balilli, baloo baa

Gae awa, peerie fairies,
Gae awa, peerie fairies,
Gae awa, peerie fairies,
Fae wir bairn noo.
Baloo balilli, baloo balilli,
Baloo balilli, baloo baa

Dan come, boannie angels,
Tae wir peerie bairn,
Dan come, boannie angels,
Tae wir bairn noo.
Baloo balilli, baloo balilli,
Baloo balilli, baloo baa

Dey'll sheen ower da cradle,
O wir peerie bairn,
Dey'll sheen ower da cradle,
O wir bairn noo.
Baloo balilli, baloo balilli,
Baloo balilli, baloo baa

Baloo, balilli...

Go away little fairies

From our baby now

Then come pretty angels

To our little baby

Then come pretty angels

To our baby now

They'll shine over the cradle

Of our little baby

They'll shine over the cradle

Of our baby now

Boannie Tammie Scolla

Whaar is du been aa da day,
Boannie Tammie, boannie Tammie?
Whaar is du been aa da day,
Boannie Tammie Scolla?
Up a bank an doon a brae,
Boannie Minnie, boannie Minnie.
Up a bank an doon a brae,
Boannie Minnie Merran.

What is du been döin dere?
A'm been seekin me a wife.
Whan's du gyaain ta mairry her?
At da back o Hallamas.
What wye will du get her hame?
A'll pit her on da muckle mare.
Whaar's du gyaain tay mak her sit?
Inby ida muckle shair.
What's du gyaain ta gie'er ta aet?
A coarn o mael apon a plate.
Dat's what du'll gie her ta aet?
Dat's what A'll gie her ta aet.

Whaar - where

Aa da - all the

Pit - put

Muckle shair - big chair

Gie'er tae aet - give her to eat

Coarn - a small amount (also corn)

Mael - meal (oats or corn)

Hallamas - hallåas Day

(1st November)

In by - near the

Whit wye - how (also why)

Da Selkie Wife Sang -

words & music by Mary Ellen Odie

Whin da first blink o day
Lights da grey sea wance more
I creep fae my bed
An geng doon tae da shore,
An' dere be da Skerry,
Ida saatie sea-spray,
I sing wi da Selkie
A sang tae da day.
Ooo....
I sing wi da Selkie
A sang tae da day.

Whin da sun clims da sky,
An da Selkie maan go,
Dey laeve me ta greet
Be da side o da voe.
But der voices I hear
Trowe da sound o da sea
“We’ll come back, Selkie-wife,
Fir we’re waitin fir dee.”
Ooo....
“We’ll come back, Selkie-wife,
Fir we’re waitin fir dee.”

Whin da last light o day
Laeves da rim o da sea,
An waves on da shingle
Maks music tae me.
A’ll be doon be da Skerry
I’da mön’s silver light
Ta sing wi da Selkie,
A sang tae da night.
Ooo....
Ta sing wi da Selkie,
A sang tae da night.
Ooo...
“We’ll come back Selkie-wife
For wir waiting for dee.”

*When the first glimpse of day
Lights the grey sea once more
I creep from my bed
And go down to the shore
And there by the skerry
In the salty sea spray
I sing with the Selkie
A song to the day
Oooo....
When the sun climbs the sky
And the Selkie-men go,
They leave me to weep
By the side of the voe.
But their voices I hear
Through the sound of the sea
“We’ll come back Selkie-wife
For we’re waiting for you.”
Oooo...
When the last light of day
Leaves the rim of the sea
And waves on the shingle make music to me
I’ll be there by the skerry
In the moon’s silvery light
To sing with the Selkie
A song to the night
Oooo...
“We’ll come back Selkie-wife
For we’re waiting for you.”*

King Orfeo

Der lived a king ida da aste,
Scowan ürla grün
Der lived a lady ida wast.
Whar giorten han grün oarlac
Dis king he has a huntin gaen,
He's left his Lady a' her lane.
Oh I wis du'd never gaen away,
For at dye hame is döl an wae.
For da king o' Faerries
Wee his daert,
Has pierced dye lady tae da hert.
And aifter dem da king has gaen,
But whan he cam
It was a grey stane.
And oot der cam a servin' man
And tae da King's right hand he ran
Noo come du in itta wir Haa,
Scowan ürla grün
An come du in among wis aa.
Whar giorten han grün oarlac
Noo he's geen in itta dir haa,
Scowan ürla grün
An he's geen in among dem aa.
Whar giorten han grün oarlac
Dan he took oot his pipes ta play,
Bit sair his hert wi döl an wae.
And first he played da notes o noy,
Scowan ürla grün
An neest he played da notes o joy.
Whar giorten han grün oarlac
An dan he played
Da göd gabber reel,
Dat meicht ha made a sick hert hale.
Noo tell wis what du best wid hae;
Whit shall we gie de for dye play
Aks onything athin wir Haa,
An du may tak dat sam awa.
What I wid hae I will dee tell,
An dat's me lady I loe well
Shö is da dearest thing o mine;

I widna fir me life her tine
Du tak dy lady, an du geng hame,
An du'll be King ower aa dye ain
He's taen his lady,
An he's geen hame,
Scowan ürla grün
An noo he's King ower aa his ain.
Whar giorten han grün oarlac
Der lived a king ida da aste,
Scowan ürla grün
Der lived a lady ida wast.
Whar giorten han grün oarlac

*There lived a King in the east
Early greens the wood
There lived a lady in the west
Where the stag goes yearly
This King he has gone hunting
He's left his lady all alone
Oh, I wish you'd never gone away
For at your home
It's sorrow and woe
For the Fairy King with his dart
Has pierced your lady to the heart
And after them the King has gone
But when he came it was a grey stone
Then out there came a serving man
And to the King's right hand he ran
And come you in to our hearth
And come you in amongst us all
And he's gone in to their hearth
And he's gone in amongst them all
Then he took out his pipes to play
But sore was his heart with sorrow
and woe
And first he played
The notes of sadness
And next he played the notes of joy
And then he played a good lively reel
That might've made a sick heart whole
Now tell us what you'd like best*

*What shall we give you
For your playing
Ask anything within our house
And you may take that thing away
What I would have, I will tell you
And that's my lady I love well
She is the dearest thing of mine
I wouldn't for my life lose her
Take your lady and go home
And you'll be King over all your own
He has taken his lady
And he's gone home
And now he's King over all his own
There lived a King in the east
Early greens the wood
There lived a Lady in the west
Where the stag goes yearly*