

AN APPEAL.

SHETLAND words are obviously the most appropriate medium for the interpretation of native folk melodies, but as most of the airs received were without words, English words have had to be improvised in a few cases. It is hoped that this may be only a temporary expedient, however, and that in due course the airs will find a proper setting in the dialect of the Islands. But as experience shows, the air is the abiding thing, and it is important, therefore, that old folk melodies—even fragments of tunes—should be treasured and preserved, leaving it to the poet of the present or future to provide appropriate words. The Committee will be glad to hear from anyone who remembers old tunes, so that arrangements may be made for noting them down before it is too late.

PROGRAMME OF Shetland Folk Music & Dances TOWN HALL, LERWICK

Wednesday, 6th Dec., and Thursday, 7th Dec., 1944

AT 8.0 P.M.

*Programme contains Words of Songs
and Notes on Airs recently collected.*

PRICE OF ADMISSION TO CONCERT
3/6 AND 2/6 (RESERVED).

Accompanist :
JEAN P. BOYD, L.R.A.M.

Chairman :
MAJOR MAGNUS SHEARER, O.B.E.,
Provost of Lerwick.

VOCALISTS.

Mrs J. M. J. Rogerson.	Miss Margaret Blance.
Miss Hilary Campbell.	Mr Ronald Robb.
Miss Amy Murray.	Mr T. Pottinger.

RECITATIONS BY

Miss Margaret Shewan.

SOLO FIDDLERS.

Mr W. S. Anderson.	Mr W. Hunter, Junr.
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DANCE TEAMS.

Lerwick A.T.C. and G.T.C.	Cunningsburgh W.R.I. Team.
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ORCHESTRA.

Mr W. S. Anderson (Leader).	
Mr Wm. Sandison.	Mr Wm. Hunter, Senr.
Mr Wm. Hunter, Jnr.	Mr John Pottinger.

The Song Quest.

THIS Programme is presented not only in fulfilment of a promise made to the Shetland public some time ago, but also as a token of our appreciation of the encouraging response evoked by the appeal for old Shetland airs which we issued during the Music Festival Week in July last.

We commend this humble oblation to all who cherish their ancient traditions, in the hope that it may stimulate an interest in folk song collection and thus help in preserving from oblivion those fading echoes of the past which enshrine so much of what is beautiful in our spiritual inheritance.

To all those who sent in manuscripts, and to those members of Lerwick Folklore Society who assisted in arranging the dances, we tender our sincere thanks.

FIDDLE TUNES.

WE are greatly indebted to Mrs Smith, 19 Hillhead, Lerwick, for placing at our disposal the fine collection of fiddle tunes made through the collaboration of her husband, the late Mr James C. Smith, of Unst and Whalsay, with the late Mr Magnus Sutherland, Lerwick; and to Mr Peter Jamieson, 21 St. Magnus Street, Lerwick, and others for tunes sent in. We have been able to include in this programme only a small proportion of the airs received.

THE COMMITTEE.

PART I.

Fiddle Music Selection of Shetland Reels Orchestra

Da Lerrick Lasses

Be-nort da daeks o' Voe.

Come, again, ye'r wilcom.

Song Land of our Sires *Fredaman Stickle*

Ronald Robb.

(Violin Obligato by J. J. Garriock.)

Land of our sires, legend-haunted, hoary,
Hallowed thy hills, consecrate thy story.
This be our resolve : Loyal sons and daughters
To serve unceasingly, our sacred Island altars.
This our Covenant — privilege excelling
To serve thee heart and hand, Beloved ocean dwelling
Land of our sires : Legend haunted, hoary,
Hallowed thy hills ; Consecrate thy story.

Words and title by Neil Matheson.

Music lent and accompaniment arranged by Robert Stickle, Edinburgh, a descendant of the Composer, who was a noted violinist in Unst in the early part of last century. A grand and dignified air.

Dance Foula Reel Members of Lerwick
A.T.C. and G.T.C.

Shetland version of Strip the Willow,
according to the best forms found by
the Folk Lore Society in different
Shetland districts.

Fiddle Solos *Shetland Airs*

W. S. Anderson.

Da boanie Isle o' Whalsay.

Da Vinstrik Brig.

Deil rive Robbie.

Song Bressay Cradle Song *Traditional*

Mrs J. M. J. Rogerson.

Baloo, balilli, Baloo balilli,
Baloo, balilli, Baloo, ba.
Gae awa peerie ferries, Gae awa peerie ferries
Gae awa peerie ferries, Fae wir bairn noo.

Dan come bonie angels
Ta wir peerie bairn,
Dan come bonie angels
Ta wir bairn noo.

Dey'll sheen ower da cradle
O' wir peerie bairn,
Dey'll sheen ower da cradle
O' wir bairn noo.

Words and music noted down by Mrs E. J. Smith, Schoolhouse, Sandness, from her mother's singing.

The simplicity of both the tune and the poem gives a lovely atmosphere. It is a mother's song with the tenderness of home in it and the quietness of country ways.—J. P. B.

Song In a moarnin o' Mey, O Traditional

T. Pottinger.

1. I saa da eel come furt ta teel
 In a moarnin' o' Mey o.
2. I saa da craa come furt ta saa
3. I saa da sparrow come furt ta harrow
4. I saa da yow come furt ta how
5. I saa da mare come furt ta share
6. I saa da coo come furt ta screw

Words and music supplied by Mrs Sandison, "Altona," Mid Yell.

Many songs of this type have been collected in various districts and countries. The Shetland dialect gives it vitality and colours the humour in a gay, infectious tune, leaping happily and ending with an upward lilt on the fifth of the scale.—J. P. B.

Recitation Tirvil an' Me Mrs George D.

Deyell, Cullivoe

Margaret Shewan.

Song A Cradle Hymn Traditional

Hilary Campbell.

My little darling, softly sleeping,
Where has your spirit ta'en its flight,
In what Elysian field is playing,
Bathed in pools of healing light ?
May you draw there strength and beauty,
May you grow both wise and good,
Learn the law of love and duty
And the joy of brotherhood.

My little darling, pure and tender,
Smiling sweetly in your dream,
Ah, how my thoughts are forward straying
As you embark on Life's wide stream !
Holy angels guard you sleeping,
Holy angels hover near,
Holy angels watch are keeping
O'er the cradle of my dear.

Words by Jane Saxby.

An old melody noted down by Mr Arthur Abernethy, 6 Prince Alfred Street, Lerwick.

The cradle Hymn, with its long smooth phrasing and its fine balance, has exquisite dignity and repose.—J. P. B.

Dance The Pin Reel Lerwick
A.T.C. and G.T.C.

An example of the "grab and leave out" type of dance, performed by an unequal number of lads and lasses, the odd one out being known as "pinny."—J. R. S. C.

Song Auld Merrin's Sang Traditional Air

Hilary Campbell.

A' body's gane, An' here I sit tinkin'
O' days 'at ir been An' dem 'at's awa ;
Sittin me lane, Da bonnie fire blinkin,
I tink I see ane 'At I miss abune a'.
Fir A'm no sae blind, Bit I can see his face ;
A'm no sae deaf Bit he'll tice me awa.

A' be me lane, trow nicht's mirk an' langsome,
I hear da bairns lauchin' Whin da winds blaw,
An whin da starns sheen In trow da but window
I see der bright een 'At wid luck me awa.
Fir A'm no sae deaf Bit I hear dem lauchin ;
A'm no sae blind Bit I see dem a'.

Shune A'll be gane, Nae airtly repinin'
Sall keep me frae dem 'At wid tice me awa'.
Blyde ta be hame, An' baith seein' an hearin',
A'll lauch wi da next ane, An' ax about a'.
Fir A'm no sae tired Bit I can mak ready
Ta tak da last rod 'At leads hame to dem a'.

Words by James R. S. Clark, M.A.

Air supplied by Mr Andrew Abernethy, Glenmount, St. Olaf Street, Lerwick, who heard it from his mother.

The air has a delightful melodic line, borne smoothly on a pleasant rhythm. The Shetland words give it a reflective mood.—J. P. B.

Song An Aatim Love Lilt *Traditional*

Margaret Blance.

Aa da stubbly rigs is stookit
An da hairst mön's sheenin bricht,
An da witless waves is swinklin
I' da daandrin, dimmer nicht,
An' dere's no a soondin murmur
'Less a dug's bark doon da voe,
Or a haegry fleein', sraichen,
Frae da heljer ta da gjo.

Bricht da toonship lights is blinkin
Ower ahint da muckle clift,
An da hurrin horsegock's birrin
Somewhar i' da starny lift,
Aa things gadderin haem to rest dem
Aa thing finnin rest bit me,
Tae I hear dee comin saftly
Doon da glimmer lichtsomely.

Sön ower stubbly rigs A'll waander
Doon da glimmer, Luv, wi dee,
Wi da starns blinkin ower wis
Wi dem blinkin i' da sea,
Tae da star-licht, mön-licht's linkin
Aa da wirld in faery flicht,
Linkin haands and herts tagedder
Daftly doon da daandrin nicht.

Words by John Petersen, Lerwick.

Air supplied by William W. Ratter, Lerwick.

A carefree tune with a wistful note creeping into it, this air has the repetitions found in nearly all of the others, and then a last phrase full of interest.—J. P. B.

Fiddle Music Selection of Shetland Reels *Orchestra*

Tilly Plump.
Da Brig.
Reestit Mutton.*

* "Reestit Mutton" is a reel composed by Mr Gideon Stove, violin teacher, Lerwick.

PART II.

Fiddle Music Selection of Shetland Reels *Orchestra*

Da Scallowa Lasses.

Da Foostra.

Sleep soond i' da mornin.

Song Fetlar Lullaby *Traditional*

Mrs J. M. J. Rogerson.

Darkness is falling and home to their nest
Seabirds are flying from east and from west,
Bairnies should now be all in bed
Sleep until morning, dear sleepy head,
Sweet be thy sleeping, strong thy waking,
Hush-a-bye, my dear wee curly head.

Fairies are spreading their carpet of dew
Soft, soft, their footsteps, as all the night through
They'll steal to thy window, and watch they bed
Guarding their treasure, dear sleepy head.

Dawn will come soon with its light and its sound
Fairies depart to their homes underground
Sunbeams adorn the hills in gold
Waking the sleepy ones of the fold.

Words by Neil Matheson.

Air supplied by Peter Jamieson, 21 St. Magnus Street, Lerwick, and by Alex. Cluness, Hayfield Cottage, Lerwick.

A charming lullaby with a curious last phrase of three bars.—J. P. B.

Dance Bride's Reel Cunningburgh
W.R.I. Team

In olden times the tune for the Bride's Reel was played not only for the actual dancing but also during the bridal procession from the Church to the place of festivities after the marriage service. This is to be contrasted with the song which was sung by the Bridal party before the arrival at the church, the words of which were as follows :—

"Noo man I laeve faider an' midder,
An' noo man I laeve sister an' bridder,
An' noo man I laeve baith kith an' kin,
An' follow da back o' a fremd man's sin" (son).

"fremd man" = stranger.
The Bride's Reel was the first dance danced at the wedding festivities and was performed by the bride and her kinswomen. It is not strictly speaking a dance, although it is so called. It would be more fitting to describe it as a "march with a lilting step." The important thing is that no foot-fall should be heard. — *Note by Rev. Barclay Wilson, M.A., Cunningburgh.*

Fiddle Solos Shetland Airs

W. Hunter, Jnr.

Da Flytin' Reel.

Spencie's Reel.

Da Keppin' Grund.

Song Lullaby Traditional

Hilary Campbell.

Hurr, hurr dee noo, Hurr, hurr dee noo
Noo faa de ower, my lammie,

Chorus—Hurr, hurr dee noo, Hurr, hurr dee noo,
Dey're nane sall get my lammie.
Hurr dee, Hurr dee, Mammie sall keep dee,
Hurr dee, Hurr dee, Mammie is here.

Soond be dy sleep, my lammie,
I' da laand o' dreams, my lammie.

A' trow da nicht dy mammie
Sall guard her mootie lammie.

Air and words of the first verse noted from the singing of old folk by Mrs E. J. Smith, Schoolhouse, Sandness. Verses 2 and 3 constructed.

Naturally one finds lullabies more readily in folk-song collections. That there is perhaps less distinctive a character about this one does not detract from its pleasant restfulness.—J. P. B.

Song A Burravoe Boat Song N. Matheson

Ronald Robb.

Chorus—Bend to the oar, lads, Pull for the shore, lads,
Pull all together : measured and slow ;
Over the voe, lads, sing as we go, lads,
Over the water to Burravoe.

Fast runs the tide, lads, Gaily we ride, lads,
Over the white-crested waves of the flow ;
Over the foam, lads, Sure there is home, lads,
Safe in the haven at Burravoe.

Winds they may howl, lads, Weather be foul, lads,
Safe ploughs our keel and it's steady we go ;
Out of the welter, into the shelter,
Safe home at last, lads, in Burravoe.

Words and melody by Neil Matheson.
Accompaniment arranged by Jean Boyd, L.R.A.M.
Dedicated to A. I. Tulloch, Esq., Manor House, Burravoe.

Dance Shetland Reel Cunningburgh
W.R.I. Team

Song Shetland Lullaby W. Yorston

Amy Murray.

Hushyba, my curry ting,
Cuddle close to mammie ;
Cuddle close and hear me sing,
Peerie mootie lammie.

Glancin goold and siller shells
 Fae da mermaid's dwellin',
 Bonnie flo'ers fae fairy dells,
 Past a' mortal tellin';
 Wha, oh wha sall get but de,
 Hert o' my hert, life o' me.

Saftly, saftly, hümin grey
 Owre da sea is creepin';
 An' it's nedder nicht nor day,
 Waking time, nor sleepin';
 But da waves upo' da shore
 Whisper still my lammie,
 Doun da lum, an' troo da door;
 Cuddle close to mammie.
 Cosier du couldna be—
 Hert o' my life, life o' me.

Bonnie blue een blinkin' fast,
 Peerie, mootie lammie;
 Sleep has ta'en de noo at last,
 Cuddlin' close to mammie.
 Blissens be attendin' de,
 Happy be dy wakin',
 For wir ain comes fae da sea
 Whin da day is breakin',
 Daybreak, licht o' hame is he
 Hert o' my life, life o' me.

Words by L. J. Nicolson.
 Accompaniment by Thomas Manson.

Song The Tooin' o' wir Boat *Thomas Manson*

Margaret Blance.

This song by the late Mr Manson is included in the British Students' Song Book. The old Shetland haaf fishing boats used a "looderhorn" (actually a bull's horn) to sound in fog, or when approaching shore in certain conditions.

Words by George Stewart.

Recitations To the Kittiwake by *Jas. Stout Angus*
 Livin' Colls and Cauld Clods by *Basil R. Anderson*
 Margaret Shewan.

Song De Knowe o' de Firt *Mrs J. Saxby*

T. Pottinger.

De weddin' by, wi' wine an' maet,
 Tree days o' dance an' spree;
 An' sae for hame I took me gaet
 Doon ower de Waster Lee.

A dwam¹ cam' ower me in de daal,
 An' dere I laid me doon,
 An' dere I fell intil a dwaal²
 An' heard de Ferrie's tün.
 (Fiddle with Spence's reel here.)

Dan Fivla³ called "Come in i' wir houll
 Come in frae de cauld daggr⁴
 Dan sal du lave baith care an' dö
 An' come an' dance wi' me."

I said, "I'll no' come in i' your houll,
 Nae grist⁵ sal ye cast on me,"
 I prayed "Göd save frae every ill,"
 An' fled hame ower de Lee.

I nöned⁶ de Tün ower as I fled,
 I played him ower to Mam,
 But she jüst smiled an' skimpin'⁷ said
 Du's been dee a dim,⁸ my Lamb.

Words and melody by Jane Saxby.
 Accompaniment by E. Marguerite Reid Tait.

In the middle of the deep valley at the head of Gloup Voe, which winds inland between high hills known as de "Waster Lee" and "de Lee," there is a knoll called "de Knowe o' de Firt."

A little more than 100 years ago a youth, James Spence by name, was returning home after a three-day celebration of a wedding at Westafirth. Feeling somewhat exhausted, he lay down in the grey dawn of morning, and there heard the music ever since known by the name of the "Spence's Reel."—J. S.

¹A faint feeling. ²A sort of half-sleep. ³Trow's name. ⁴Dawn. ⁵Spell.
⁶Hummed. ⁷Mocking. ⁸You have been away a long time.

Fiddle Music Selection of Shetland Reels Orchestra

Jock brack da prison door.
Da trig bag.
Valafyel.



CONCERT COMMITTEE.

Miss Jean Boyd, L.R.A.M.

Mr J. R. S. Clark, M.A.

Mr T. M. Y. Manson, M.A.

Mr W. S. Anderson.

Mr N. Matheson, *Hon. Secretary.*

This Concert owes its inspiration to the Musical Festival Committee, at whose suggestion the above mentioned members, along with Mr W. S. Anderson as a co-opted member, undertook the work of presenting to the public the first fruits of our Folk-Song collection, the idea of which was first mooted at one of the Musical Festival Committee meetings.