

1. Leenje Wöögen Ooken

Text: Traditional, 19th c., revised by Volkert F. Faltings

Mel.: Traditional, arranged and amended by Ole Carstensen

Text: Trad., 19. Jh., überarbeitet von Volkert F. Faltings

Mel.: Trad., arrangiert und ergänzt von Ole Carstensen

This traditional Föhr polka was first introduced to us by Jan and Keike's father, Volkert, who, one night after recalling the melody and lyrics of an old satirical song, supplied us with a sound recording without further ado. Thus we got to hear of one Lena Wögen Ocken, who rooted around in the hayloft in the middle of the night to catch a famous Föhr rooster. An unsuccessful attempt with a frustrated Lena! A traditional melody supplemented with an instrumental section by Ole's own hand.

Leenje Wöögen Ooken	Lena Wögen Ocken
Lep üüb sooken	Went on socks
Ap tu böön	Upon the loft
Efter'n höön!	For a rooster!
Küd de höön ei faad fu	She couldn't catch hold of the rooster
An tu baad fu!	And get him into bed!
Stel di'ns föör,	Just imagine,
So'n malöör!	What bad luck!

Leenje Wöögen Ooken	Lena Wögen Ocken
Moost üüb sooken	Had to go on socks
Uun jonk naacht	In the dead of night
Saner laacht	Without any light
Tüs tu hör ual mantje	Home to her decrepit little man
Üüb baadkantje!	On the edge of bed!
So'n malöör,	What bad luck,
So'n malöör!	What bad luck!

2. Man tufaalsflenerk [My lucky butterfly]

Text: Keike Faltings, Volkert F. Faltings

Mel.: Keike Faltings, Dennis Werner

A song about a tempestuous chance-acquaintance, which, fast and fleeting, flutters by like a colorful butterfly, yet bathes your whole awareness of life in a single beat of sensuous, rosy light.

A swaalken neebe üüb at wiir
An täär jo am rian goor niks kiar,
Diarfaan küd wi noch wel wat liar,
Dü, man tufaalsflenerk!

The swallows are cooing on the line,
And don't need to worry about anything,
We could learn a lot from them,
My lucky butterfly!

A poden gnore deel uun sluat,
At maankaat snoret üüb man skuat,
An ik, ik ling so efter'n tuat,
Uu, faan di, man tufaalsflenerk,
Man tufaalsflenerk,
Dü, man tufaalsflenerk!

The toads are croaking on the pond,
The tomcat is purring on my lap,
And I, I long for something joyful,
Oh, for you, my lucky butterfly,
My lucky butterfly,
You, my lucky butterfly!

refr.:
Kom, lei en sküür deel bi min sidj,
Tufaalsflenerk, tufaalsflenerk,
Lei en sküür deel bi min sidj,
Dü, man tufaalsflenerk!

refr.:
Come, lie down for a while by my side,
Lucky butterfly, lucky butterfly,
Lie down for a while by my side,
You, my lucky butterfly!

At gäärs stäänt huuch deel uun üüs taft,
A plumbuum stäänt al fol uun traft,
An neemen schocht, wat hi diar draft,
Uu, mä mi, man tufaalsflenerk!

The grass is high down in our yard,
The plum tree is in full bloom,
And no one sees what he's up to do there,
Oh, with me, my lucky butterfly!

A flagen wei gul, ruad an blä,
A laasken schong, a hööner krä,
Leet al min hei an höög henflä,
Uu, tu di, man tufaalsflenerk,
Man tufaalsflenerk,
Dü, man tufaalsflenerk!

The flags are waving gold, red, and blue,
The larks are singing, the cocks are crowing,
I let my mind and my happiness wander,
Oh, to you, my lucky butterfly,
My lucky butterfly,
You, my lucky butterfly!

refr.: Kom, lei en sküür ...

refr.: Come, lie down ...

3. Numer trii [Number three]

Trad., arr. by Kalüün

Traditional Föhr polka, the title of which (No. 3) comes from its ordinal position in the repertoire of the minstrels on Föhr of that time. Still known especially to the older generation as a normal polka (Frisian: ütjskuper 'kicking dance'), this piece is most notably recognized as Föhrer Kreuzpolka Nr. 3 in present-day German folk dance.

4. Fering hüs [Frisian house]

Text: Volkert F. Faltings

Mel.: Thom Moore, Cedars of Lebanon

A ballad of an old Frisian house that offered its Frisian residents protection and comfort for centuries, only to succumb now to the big money of an affluent in-crowd that drives the long-time inhabitants into homelessness on their own island. Melody from Cedars of Lebanon, by Thom Moore.

Din hart slait al fôl hunert juar
Uun skaad faan haal- an halbeibuum;
Din stem klangt mi so neesk uun't uar,
Bant naacht fôr naacht man jongensdruum.
Din taag so liich, din müüren skiaf,
So namst dü üs bi hun
An feerst üs uk uun liigerwaal
Henuun üüs leefelk lun.

refr.:
Troch a waas
flä faan uast Suart swarken auer'n strun;
Am a waast
breecht en flud Troch dik an doom uun lun
An draft loongs stich an struat
mä'n stiften struum!
At stuuwen leit uun sluat,
Troch hüks, diar weit en winj
So kuul an kluum!

Freem skur stun daaling fôör din dör,
En freemen treed gungt üüb din brag;
Din oontliat smat al loong a klöör,
Fôör hüks, diar weit nian fering flag.
Din rütjen blinj, din sial tu kuup,
So leist dü diar uun dööw;
Din fering stem as kwarkt uun jil,
Din hiligst leit tu preew.

refr. Troch a waas flä ...

Your heart has been beating for hundreds of years
In the shade of elm and elder tree;
Your voice sounds so pleasant in my ears,
It ties night by night my childhood dreams,
Your roof is low, your walls are inclining,
You take us by the hand
And lead us even when danger threatens
To our lovely country.

refr.:
Through the tidal flats
from the east, dark clouds fly over the beach;
In the west,
a flood is breaking, through dikes and dams into the country
And flows along roads and streets
With a strong current;
The farmyard is flooded,
Through the house, there blows a wind
So cold and clammy.

A stranger's shoes are standing in front of your door today,
Unfamiliar footsteps are treading on the pavement around the house
Your face has long lost its colour,
In front of the house, no Frisian flag is flying;
Your window panes are blind, your soul is up for sale,
You lie there in a semi-conscious state,
Your Frisian voice is suffocated under all the money,
Your holiest things are there to be taken.

refr.: Through the tidal ...

5. Spöören [Footprints]

Text: Volkert F. Faltings

Mel.: Gillian Welch, David Rawlings, I'm Not Afraid To Die

A gentle love song about an intimate romance, adorned with the anxious, but hopeful, question of whether the visible traces - spoor- of love also trail on into the future.

Melody from I'm Not Afraid to Die, by Gillian Welch & David Rawlings.

Din laachin leit noch uun a locht,
Din hun leit noch üüb't kleenk,
Dei-dei-dii-lei, Wat mei üs maaren swei?

Your laughing is still in the air,
Your hand is still on the door-handle,
Dei-dei-dii-lei, What will happen to us tomorrow?

Din spöören wei noch loongs uun't sun,
A kuben skrei dan nööm,
Dei-dei-dii-lei, Wat mei üs maaren swei?

Your footprints are still wandering along the sand,
The seagulls call your name,
Dei-dei-dii-lei, What will happen to us tomorrow?

Dan störem stäänt noch uun min hiar,
Min hart räánt noch tu heecht,
Dei-dei-dii-lei, Wat mei üs maaren swei?

Your smell is still in my hair,
My heart is still racing,
Dei-dei-dii-lei, What will happen to us tomorrow?

Din wurden wei noch troch a waas,
Jo drei mä eeb an flud,
Dei-dei-dii-lei, Wat mei üs maaren swei?

Your words are still drifting along the tidal flats,
They turn at every low and high tide,
Dei-dei-dii-lei, What will happen to us tomorrow?

Man druum traufteest üüb di, man leew,
Min hööb raut uun din hun,
Dei-dei-dii-lei, Wat mei üs maaren swei?
Dei-dei-dii-lei, Wat mei üs maaren swei?

My dream trusts in you, my love,
My hope rests in your hand,
Dei-dei-dii-lei, What will happen to us tomorrow?
Dei-dei-dii-lei, What will happen to us tomorrow?

6. Daaling, maat, do drank ik een [Today, mate, I'm going to drink one]

Text: Volkert F. Faltings

Mel.: An Déirc, gälisches Trad., arr. von Danú,
und Dennis Werner, Pearlys daans

A song about an unburdened aficionado whose life is easy-breezy as long as the glasses are full and the burdens of everyday life are far away. Melody from the traditional Gaelic An Déirc, ar-ranged by the Irish group Danú, follows Pearlys daans (Pearly's dance), an instrumental piece written by Dennis. The cadence and melody of this tune are as animated as the treading of his cat Pearly.

	refr.:	refr.
Daaling, maat, do drank ik een, Man maaren, maat, do drank ik muaren, An do de dai, do drank ik neen, So hual ik, maat, det al sant juaren.		Today, mate, I'm going to drink one, But tomorrow, mate, I'm going to drink a few more, And the day after that, I won't drink any, I've kept that up for years, mate.

Maning maartelt dai för dai, Jachtet efter gul an gloore, Man ik wuuge kral man wai, Haa nian heest an keen nian stuure.	Some people toil away day after day, Striving for gold and glory, But I saunter along my own jolly way Without any hurry or fuss.
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refr.: Daaling, maat ...	refr.: Today, mate ...
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Täär ei werke, täär ei wret, Haa nian hüs an haa nian stuuwen, Keen nian komer an fertret, San aran uun arke huuwen.	I don't need to work, don't need to rummage around, I have no house, I have no farmyard, I know no sorrow or disappointment, I'm at home in every harbor.
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refr.: Daaling, maat ...	refr.: Today, mate ...
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Sankt a san an rast a muun, Draft mi det hen tu da tuanbeenk, Faan en puns fu ik kaluun, Alwan jam mi diarfaan een iinskeenk.	As soon as the sun sets and the moon rises, I feel driven to the bar. I get my strength from the hard tea punch, Whenever you guys pour me one.
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refr.: Daaling, maat ...	refr.: Today, mate ...
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Ik san altidj gud tu mud, As't uk bütjen laid an toner, Efter'n eeb komt weler flud, Lei ik boowen, lei ik oner.	I'm always feeling good, Even in stormy weather, After a low tide again comes the rise, Whether I lie above or below.
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Instr.: Pearlys daans [Pearlys dance]

7. Fering kontra [Frisian contra]

Trad., arr. von Kalüün

An old contra dance of Föhr, handed down in 1924 by Ida C. Jensen (1841-1929), in Frisian called “Iitje Mei”, thus saved from oblivion. Ida was the daughter of the legendary minstrel Boy Breckling (1814-1894) from Nieblum on Föhr.

This piece found its way to us via Ole’s father, Jann, who passed the melody on to his son while playing it for him on the fiddle.

8. A swinger [The swing]

Trad., arr. von Kalüün

A traditional waltz from Föhr, that Jan, Keike, and Ole learned from Mother Faltings. To this day, The Swing belongs to the classic repertoire of every folk dance troop on Föhr.

9. Haale iin, man maatje [Lower the sails, my little mate]

Text: Volkert F. Faltings

Mel.: Keike Faltings, Dennis Werner

Lullaby for a little mate from Föhr, whose father crosses the Mediterranean far away from Föhr, all the while still holding his protecting hand over him.

Sliap wel an drem wat swets, Man maatje, Muun an luadstäär hual waacht; A naachtwinj schongt di'n wiis, Man maatje, Rau nü wel an saacht.	Sleep well and dream of something sweet, my little mate, Moon and stars are keeping watch. The night wind is singing you a song, my little mate, Rest well and softly now.
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refr.:	refr.:
Haale iin, man maatje, haale iin, Haale iin, man maatje, haale iin, Stjüür din skap uun eeg, man maatje! A dai gungt bal tu neeg, so haale iin!	Lower the sails, my little mate, lower the sails, Lower the sails, my little mate, lower the sails, Steer your ship toward land, my little mate! The day is fading fast, so lower the sails!

Dan aatj siilt fiar faan Feer, Man maatje, Üüb a Madellunsia. Dan aatj siilt sincken tu san maatje Tüs faan Abukir.	Your father is sailing far from Föhr, my little mate, On the Mediterranean. Your father is bringing raisins to his little mate Home from Abu Qir.
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Dan aatj häält piil san kuurs, Man maatje, Troch det oonenjonk naacht, Häält uk üüb di en uug, Man maatje, Hen tu't maarenlaacht.	Your father is holding a steady course, my little mate, Through the pitch-black night, He's also keeping an eye on you, my little mate, my little mate, Until the morning light.
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refr.: Haale iin ...	refr.: Lower the sails ...
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An rast a san uun't uast, Man maatje, Komt en neien dai! Könsst weler reen an spring, Man maatje, Loongs a hiale wai!	And when the sun rises in the East, my little mate, Comes another day! You can run and jump again, my little mate, my little mate, Down the whole street.
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refr. (3 x): Haale iin ...

10. Wi knoltre ap tu Doogebal [We are rumbling to Dagebüll]

Mel.: Jan Faltings

This jaunty instrumental piece describes an adventurous car ride from Bremen to Dagebüll. The white-knuckle-fast drive through the villages first ends when the view of the ferry, awaiting its trip to Föhr, becomes clear behind the Dagebüll dike. All is well with the world again!

11. Lingen [Longing]

Text: Reinhard Arfsten (1897-1971), 1953

Mel.: Wahre Freundschaft (True friendship), German trad., 18th c.

This piece is counted among the Föhr classics. Especially for the Föhrer-Americans in New York, this song bears a high, emotional significance, bringing even the most hard-boiled lads to tears, homesick for their island. We recorded this song in the middle of a thunderstorm purely by chance, after sitting together in cozy company at the end of our last studio day, Jan's journey to South America looming nigh.

Harewstinjem san ik gingen Wech faan mensken an grat steed, Stun üüb fial so fol faan lingen, Feel alian mi an ferleet.	One fall evening I went out Away from people and big places, I'm standing out in a field, so full of longing, Feeling lonely and abandoned.
An do hiar ik fögelstemen Uun a locht huuch auer mi! Flä jo wech of san's uun't kemen? As't en lingen, dat jo tji?	And then I hear seabirds calling In the air high above me! Are they flying away or are they just arriving? Is it longing that drives them?
Hed ik meeht, so mä tu fläen, Bleew mad freemen ik ei heer, Toog mä jo troch naacht an gräen Tüs tu min leew eilun Feer!	If I could, I'd fly with them, I wouldn't stay here, a foreigner, I'd go with them through the night and fog Home to my beloved island Föhr!