

Bide a start wi me

Come, draa dee shair up ta da fire an bide a start wi me,
While I tell dee o da Hamelaand — da isles across da sea;
Whaar dir birds ta waatch an fysh ta catch an hedder hills ta clim,
An times whin darkness niver faas idda Laand o da Simmer Dim.

A'll tell dee o da winter's day wi da gaels an moorin snaas,
Whin da sea is hammerin at da banks an froadin ower da baas,
An we haal da boats high up idda noost an batten doon da taek,
While da peerie mare juist hings her head an skoags fornenst da daek.

Can du hear da fiddle playin an someen softly hum
As we sit an waatch da lowin paets an da spunks gjaan up da lum,
An hear da clickin-clackin o da wires as da weemen mak dir sock,
While we spend some time tagidder wi da hamely Shetland fok.

Rhoda Bulter

Wirds:

<i>baas</i>	submerged rocks
<i>bide a start</i>	stay a little while
<i>daek</i>	wall (of field, garden, etc)
<i>fornenst</i>	against
<i>froadin</i>	foaming
<i>lowin</i>	burning
<i>mak der sock</i>	do their knitting
<i>moorin</i>	drifting (of snow)
<i>noost</i>	secure place for a boat at the top of a beach
<i>Simmer Dim</i>	the time in summer when it's never really dark
<i>skoags</i>	shelters
<i>spunks</i>	sparks from fire
<i>taek</i>	thatch
<i>wires</i>	knitting needles