

English translations
of

Wederlaiden
(Summer Lightning)

1. **Dropping Anchor** ♦ *Aankerfaal*

Dropping anchor,
The ship is moored!
The sun goes down, the wind is blowing unfavourably,
Where are you sailing now, my handsome sailor?

Dropping anchor,
The ship is moored!
The helm is deserted, the masts are bare,
Where are you sailing now, my handsome sailor?

No voyages down past the Equator anymore
With your heart full of hope, bound for Valparaiso,
No lodestar sends its light anymore!
Dropping anchor,
The ship is moored!

No dolphins alongside the keel anymore
At full speed around Cape Horn,
No southern night in Brazil anymore!
Dropping anchor,
The ship is moored!

No swell cushions you in your dream anymore
Of landfall beneath dike and dune,
No shifting wind plays with the boom anymore!
Dropping anchor,
The ship is moored!

Dropping anchor,
The ship is moored!
It's not about "all or nothing" anymore,
Where are you sailing now, my handsome sailor?

Dropping anchor,
The ship is moored!
The whole ship lost in a daydream,
Where are you sailing now, my handsome sailor?

2. The Hallig Baker ♦ A haligbeker

There's a little baker sitting
On his little Hallig kingdom;
He's all full of sugar
And hot rolls.
Colorful boats pass by,
High and low tide come and go,
He only sees sheep and cows,
That really gets him down.

chorus:

Because, dear friends, he has to eat
All of his cakes himself;
Because, dear friends, he has to eat
All of his cakes himself.

Colorful boats pass by,
High and low tide come and go,
He only sees sheep and cows,
That really gets him down.
There's a little baker sitting
On his little Hallig kingdom;
He only eats flour and sugar
And hot rolls.

chorus:

Then he cries quietly down on the beach,
Because not a single customer comes ashore;
Then he cries quietly down on the beach,
Because not a single customer comes ashore.

There was a little baker sitting
On his little Hallig kingdom;
He only ate flour and sugar
And hot rolls.
Now no Hallig baker is sitting
On his little Hallig kingdom;
He doesn't eat flour or sugar anymore
And no hot rolls either.

chorus:

Because this morning he lay stone dead
In front of a mountain of raisin bread;
But this morning he lay stone dead
In front of a mountain of raisin bread.

3. The Candyman ♦ *A kinjemaan*

Now just listen to what I have to tell you:
The candyman is on his way!
The whole village is in an uproar,
Due to the candyman's wonderful sweets!
Oh no, oh no, oh no,
Oh no, the candyman!

Many a lady even takes
Such a sweet lollipop with her at night!
Such a lollipop, about ten inches long,
Creates proper bubbles on the tongue!
Oh no, oh no, oh no,
Oh no, the candyman!

The following day they stand in line
And want to see even more of these sweets!
The women are quite beside themselves
Because of the lollipops with strawberry flavour!
Oh no, oh no, oh no,
Oh no, the candyman!

My dear little lassie, stay away from
This wicked candyman!
His lollipop, may it be sour or sweet,
Causes you in the long run nothing but trouble!
Oh no, oh no, oh no,
Oh no, the candyman!

Oh no,
Stay away from
This wicked candyman!

4. Tonight I Want to Be Your Sorceress

◆ *Auer naacht wal ik din trolwüf wees*

Shut the doors behind you,
Put your night-time ghost to flight,
'Cause tonight I want to be your sorceress!

Dim the light down a little bit,
Just send your nightmare to hell,
'Cause tonight I want to be your sorceress!

refrain:

|: From above the fat moon is gazing
So yellow, so wantonly, so fervently,
The night sits on its magic throne
So lewdly, so wild, so rampantly!
From above the fat moon is gazing,
The night sits on its magic throne
So lewdly, so wild, so rampantly! :|

Kick your shoes under the bed,
Let's wade through my magic world,
'Cause tonight I want to be your sorceress!

Dim the light down a little bit,
Just send your nightmare to hell,
'Cause tonight I want to be your sorceress!

refrain:

|: From above the fat moon is gazing
So yellow, so wantonly, so fervently,
The night sits on its magic throne
So lewdly, so wild, so rampantly!
From above the fat moon is gazing,
The night sits on its magic throne
So lewdly, so wild, so rampantly! :|

5. Cornelis Tuecke Woegens

(a murder ballad)

Cornelis Tuecke Woegens
From Toftum Eastend
Was a sailor, and misfortune
Stuck to his forehead,
Aboard the Braganza,
A brig of many tons;
He was bound for Genoa
With sugar from Saint John.

refrain:

And if you ever come along this street,
Then cast down your eyes
|: And think of Nele Woegens
And his lost soul. :|

The helmsman was a bastard,
He beat, wherever he went,
The crew with the end of a rope,
Until they got sick of this,
Because soon afterwards, one morning,
Things went wild up on deck,
Nele took him by the scruff of the neck
And threw him overboard.

refrain:

And if you ever come along this street ...

The skipper immediately followed behind,
He was swallowed up by the salty sea,
And Nele as the leader
Had to take the rudder himself;
And Nele, he gave the order
That they had to set the course anew,
And he sailed the brig to the Isle of Borkum,
Where they intended to go ashore.

refrain:

And if you ever come along this street ...

There on the sandbank called Memmert
He steered the ship on to the sand,
And he and his companions
Reached the beach safely.
But before the sun had set,
They were seized by the bailiff,
Who put Nele and his fellow seamen
Straightaway in irons.

refrain:

And if you ever come along this street ...

Alone on Ellis Island,
With only water and bread,
Nele sat behind bars,
In sorrow and in dirt.
There he waited for the hangman,
Who came as soon as it was dawn
And took his miserable life
On the gallows there.

refrain:

And if you ever come along this street ...

6. Adventures after Breakfast

◆ *Efterdoordseewentüüren*

On an elderblossom's day,
One Friday in June,
In the backlight
Along a post-breakfast street,
I met my dream of last night,
And I instantly could say:
On her lips lay poetry,
And her apple red hair
Lit the fire
That was between us;
And the sorrow in the blue of her eyes
Brought my thoughts into turmoil.

And the coincidence bore fruit,
Because with a hasty glimpse
The west wind blew us down the street
With a momentary hope around us,
Which was not disturbed by yesterday's affairs;
And I don't know exactly how,
But a crowd of schoolgirls
Suddenly scattered
Through the post-breakfast hour,
And she said: "Oh, my husband is a policeman,
A policeman, you know?"

"Well, just wait, perhaps
I can help you, you know,
That policemen
Disappear for good and all!
I have a room here at the end of the street,
And there you may stay!"
"Oh, there is nothing that can be done about it",
She laughed somewhat scared,
"I have to get up
At six in the morning!"
And so I set out for to ask,
When the first ferry sailed.

Of a candlelit room,
With spaghetti,
Two glasses and a bowl,
She said: "I wished, I were free,
So free like a fish!"
"Well, we can easily manage that,
Because you don't have to go back,
Be warmly welcome with me!"
"But tomorrow I'm not off at all!"
She said

And sank down on the bed.

And when she was asleep,
And the bare morning crept
Through the window
Into her bed,
I thought, nobody is, as I wished,
You should be for me;
And my thoughts took hold of
A grammar-school boy's story
Of a midsummer night's
Escapade;
And just yesterday she let me know,
How happy she was.

And so as a little child,
With the eyes full of sleep,
which only lend to
The sorrow of life,
She stood at the bus with a soft "goodbye!"
And "farewell!"
And I can't tell you exactly,
If I had won or lost
Or what I
Simply saw there;
But I think of her every day
– now and then – a little while.

7. The Story of a Birdcage ♦ *En fögelbүүrhistoore*

There you sit, you poor thing,
So proud and so smug
In your little golden birdcage,
Considering the world to be oh so vast.
You deliver your words so well
With such skillful affectation
That no one even inquires,
Whether you are a person or a bird.

refrain:

|: What do you, poor bird, know
Of the world's moods?
Have you ever heard of its wickedness?
Have you ever tasted its freedom,
Have you ever tasted its freedom? :|

I see, how you twist and turn
And sit and rant,
When you spruce yourself up in front of the mirror
And flaunt your colorful feathers.
With a lot of fuss and even more pomp
You hold court magnificently,
Gossiping about the whole world
With sweet twittering and chattering.

refrain:

What do you, poor bird, know ...

But sometimes you sit quietly in the corner
And gape dumbfounded,
With eyes bigger than a hobgoblin,
Through the thousand golden bars.

refrain:

What do you, poor bird, know ...

8. The Upper Crust ♦ *Haute volée*

We belong to the top of society,
We are the upper crust,
And in front of the door, for all to see
Stands a Porsche cabriolet, as splendid as can be.
We are trendy, we are hip,
Oh yes, we are the smart set,
No matter what the trip is,
We are always in command.

refrain:

Fancy-schmancy, easy-peasy,
We are the world's VIPs,
No matter whether Sylt or Mallorca,
Money rules it all!

We are terribly interesting,
Because we are culture,
We are so incredibly elegant,
Always haute couture.
Even if we have been lifted three times,
We still have sex appeal;
We are always full of sap,
We are so agile.

refrain:

Fancy-schmancy ...

Evenings in the Sansibar
There we show our real class
With lobster tails and caviar,
Champagne, comme il faut!
If our party is slow in getting going
Then it might just start snowing,
Indeed, a snow storm really blows you
Helps make things get off the ground.

refrain:

Fancy-schmancy ...

A Frisian house we also need,
Preferably with its own stretch of beach,
Here, we are fortunately on our own,
Soon we shall own the whole of Föhr!
Should one of the Föhr Frisians
Not do as we require,
Then we will just push him aside,
A million will settle the matter.

refrain:

Fancy-schmancy ...

9. Aunt Ida's Tripping Waltz ♦ *litje-Mei san klinkerdaans*

Why do you stand there, with your hands so stiff at your side,
Why are you tripping there up and down?
Why do you throw your neck back so proudly,
Do you perhaps not regard me as trustworthy?

refrain:

Oh Aunt Ida, oh Aunt Ida,
Just let your dress really swing and fly!
Oh Aunt Ida, oh Aunt Ida,
When I dance with you this tripping waltz,¹
You and I will spin around the dancing floor at top speed!

I see there is a gleam in your eye,
How could I possibly resist it?
And when the band straight away starts playing a tripping waltz,
I will take you firmly by the hand!

refrain:

Oh Aunt Ida, oh Aunt Ida ...

At first to the left in a circle with a joyful shout,
Then to the right in full swing!
When you lie in my arm, so proud and dignified,
All goes round at full speed!

refrain (2x):

Oh Aunt Ida, oh Aunt Ida ...

¹ *tripping waltz* (Frisian *klinkerdaans*, Danish *klinkevals*, *trippevals*) 'a traditional kind of waltz with short, tripping dancing steps'

10. Keike, Meike and Cathrin ♦ *Keike, Meike an Katriin*

Keike, Meike and Cathrin
Wear a bow in their hair and they are so pretty,
|: Play hopscotch along the street,
They nod their heads and say hello! :|

Alie-malie, sheewie-showie,
Dogs bark, cats meow!
|: They bake and fry mud pies:
“Who will marry the three of us?” :|

Keike, Meike and Cathrin
They play ball and dance on the rope,
They giggle behind the fence,
Dress their dog and cat in a shirt.

Johnny, Magnus and Nis Puck
Lie in wait around the corner,
A helmet on their head, a sword on their side:
“Who of you will be our bride?”

refr. (chorus):
Keike, Meike and Cathrin
Wear a bow in their hair and they are so pretty,
|: Play hopscotch along the street,
They nod their heads and say hello! :|

Alie-malie, sheewie-showie,
Dogs bark, cats nmeow!
|: They bake and fry mud pies:
“Who will marry the three of us?” :|

Johnny likes Meike so much,
Gives her a wink and looks so friendly.
Meike puckers her lips,
Laughing at poor Johnny!

Keike, Meike and Cathrin
Don't get involved with Johnny:
”We already have a lover, one, two, three,
And you are out!”

refr. (chorus):
Keike, Meike and Cathrin ...

11. **Queen in the North** ♦ *Köningin am a nuurd*

And if you sail, my friend, one day to the north,
Then please take along a message for me on board
And greet the one with the dark-brown hair,
Who was my queen for one summer.

And ask her, my friend, if she still knows me
Or if my name is still on her front door,
And ask her, when no more stars twinkle in the night,
If she thinks of me in her dream.

And, my friend, is the gold in her voice still enticing
And does there still lie this ardent sparkle in her eye,
Or did time take it away long ago,
When she was queen in our summer kingdom?

And say her, my friend, no dream is lasting,
Nevertheless I think of her every day for a little while,
When the twilight and the dusk persuade my thoughts
And moths fly in the field of corn marigolds.

And beg her, my friend, when the geese migrate and honk,
That she might stoke the fire well,
And beg her that she should keep herself warm,
When it storms and rains and yellow leaves are falling.

And if you sail, my friend, one day to the north,
Then please take along a message for me on board
And greet the one with the dark-brown hair,
Who was my queen for one summer.

12. **Shrunken World** ♦ *Krompen wäält*

We meet each other day after day
In the lane just opposite.
Already before breakfast she stands there in a fancy dress,
Waiting in the doorway.

With a heart full of hope and in good spirits
She waits there hour by hour,
But nobody comes and slowly
She lowers her eyes down to the ground.

She is looks for him all over the house
And she still cannot find him,
Because already fifty years ago
He sailed away with a western wind.

refrain:

And then she sticks a dark red rose
Into her silvery hair,
And her lackluster eyes are drifting westwards
Out to the tidal flats and the sea,
And her lackluster eyes are so far away,
So far, so far away,
So far!

At night, when the moon and stars are shine,
She sees his silhouette in the lane,
And when at night the wild geese call,
She suddenly hears his voice.

The wind blows from the east, the wind blows from the west,
The water rises and falls,
And when the sun rises it remains dark
In her little shrunken world.

refrain:

And then she sticks a dark red rose ...

13. Late in September ♦ *Leed uun september*

The heather blooms purple late in September,
The stubble-field lies barren,
A clammy wind from the sea banishes the summer,
Before the leaves fall,
Before the leaves fall.

The last blue cornflowers along the field's edge
Are witnesses to our summer days.
You wore a wreath of wild flowers in your hair
And I a dark-red ribbon,
And I a dark-red ribbon.

The lapwings gather and migrate south,
Your ship put to sea already.
Since then I think often of the blue cornflowers
And of the wreath in your hair,
And of the wreath in your hair.

The easterly wind around the Michaelmas¹ blows across the land,
In the fields the straw is shining.
The summer flew with you into the distance
And took my yearning along with it,
And took my yearning along with it!

¹ September 29.

14. **Take It Easy, Mary!** ♦ *Maai't gud, Marie!*

Come and sit down by my side
And stop your fidgeting!
Then, like a gypsy woman,
I will read your palm!
I see, you have already long been sailing to the west
With storm in your hair,
Your eyes are revited on the doorhandle,
Your thoughts are away on a drinking spree.

refrain (chorus):

So take it easy, my sweet Mary,
Keep your cheerful spirit!
Your course is clear, my sweet Mary,
The odds are in your favour!
So put to sea, my sweet Mary,
The tide will shortly change!
But before you leave, my sweet Mary,
Just cover the embers with ashes,
But before you leave, my sweet Mary,
Just cover the embers with ashes
Yes, with ashes!

You miss the breath of L.A.,
My world is too narrow for you,
The riddle of our summer dream
Is far too difficult for you.
All of a sudden you look much older,
As you stand there on the lane,
And a cold wind blows through the house
And grabs hold of my heartbeat.

refrain (chorus):

So take it easy, my sweet Mary ...

15. Morning Mist Blues ♦ *Maarenmist-blues*

Morning mist drips from my hair
And no penny left in my pocket,
Head and heart already sail into the distance,
A last farewell on the stairs;
Stardust lays upon both our cheeks
Due to our nightly adventures;
Don't try to change the course of the night,
Because a dream like this cannot be steered.

refrain:

And promise not that you will write, my dear,
Because that you won't do anyway,
And who knows, where you are drifting to, my dear,
Or if you still will be the same,
When we will meet again sometime
In a year and a day, between low and high tide,
When the roosters crow in the east, my dear,
In a year and a day, between low and high tide,
|:When the roosters crow in the east, my dear,
Between low and high tide! :|

Corn marigolds fade away quickly,
Before the evening dew falls;
Summer bustle is over quickly,
When the wind cools down our heartbeat.
It makes no sense to sit there and to wonder
That swallows migrate to the south.
Don't you hear the rumbling from the sea?
Summer mugginess goes by soon.

refrain:

And promise not that you will write, my dear ...

Look out of the kitchen window,
How the swallows fly down south,
And you might ask, why
The straw in the fields is shining that yellow.
Our dreams rest behind the curtain,
Drunken of those dreamy days.
When the west wind blows in the trees,
My course is not clear any longer.

refrain:

And promise not that you will write, my dear ...

16. Funfair Lover ♦ Markelsbridj

The organ grinder plays his music
The funfair people are in Wyk!
And all along the Harbour Road
Countless coloured lights twinkle
From every tent, from top to bottom
The funfair bustle bursts out.

refrain:

My lovely, lovely funfair lover,
With you on my arm, by your side,
I'll turn the wheel of fortune for us!
One night only, or maybe two,
Our two hearts will be beat for one another!
With you I have such joy and pleasure,
|: My funfair lover,
With you at my side,
With you at my side,
My funfair lover! :|

My girl with the curly red hair,
I'll shoot for you a teddy bear
Or, if you want, a big, green snake,
And when we ride on the Golden Dragon,¹
Suddenly you become all upset,
But nevertheless you say you're by no means afraid!

refrain:

My lovely, lovely funfair lover...

Around midnight, at the funfair dance
You take my hand quite unexpectedly,
Your eyes try to tell me something
And please believe me, I wished, I could
Forever be close to you and not so far!
- And onward turns the carousel.

refrain:

My lovely, lovely funfair lover...

¹ the name of a fast carousel

17. **Downwind** ♦ *Oner a winj*

refrain:

Downwind with reefed sails
I lie at anchor in lee;
There beneath the dike and in the dunes
|:I feel secure and free! :|

Along the tideway and the fairway flows the ebb stream,
Seabirds fly into the land;
When moon and star sail across the sky,
|:I take you firmly by the hand. :|

refrain:

Downwind with reefed sails ...

Under the cliff rest our dreams,
Behind the horizon the sun sets;
Just warm me up in those nights,
|:Warm up my shivery skin! :|

So, when the wind creeps through the reeds,
When day and night blend,
I will stoke our morning embers,
|:Even before the prayer bells ring. :|

refrain:

Downwind with reefed sails ...

18. Prawn Shellerwoman's Lament

♦ *Porenpülster-elegii*

I shell prawns for the tourists
Down by the harbour, half-days,
And you, you drill for oil
Near Faroe Islands, about halfway.
Many a time I stand there in the evening,
Before the sun sets, down on the quay,
Lying in wait for you to come back from the high seas
And reach harbour again with the incoming tide.

The spring wind blew so balmily from the sea
Through my thoughts and through my soul,
And beneath the cliff the surf was high
And the grass grew high in the fields!
The horizon burned in all colours,
Also you and me were ablaze,
But before the sun began to rise,
You set sail with the ebb stream!

refrain:

Oh, come back, my handsome sailor,
Because our fire will dwindle soon,
Oh, come back, my handsome sailor,
Steer, your ship, my darling,
Steer, your ship, my darling, ashore,
Steer, your ship, my darling,
Steer, your ship, my darling, ashore!

We turned our wheel of fortune constantly,
Being dizzy in those drunken days,
And we danced the tango for nights on end
Down in the harbour bar.
But we didn't hear the cuckoo calling,
Didn't hear the ship's bell ring,
And we wondered, still all out of breath,
That the day swallowed up the night.

The summer flew with you into the distance,
But summer fortune will not return,
And autumn mist drips from my hair
Down on the landing stage.
Your smell of sweat and oil
Floats through my winter dreams sometimes
And seagulls call your name in the night,
That makes my dream so cold and clammy.

refrain:

Oh, come back, my handsome sailor ...

I shell prawns at the harbour
For many years, day by day,
And you are still near the Faroe Islands,
Heading for oil.
The swallows speed in the evening light
To and fro on the quay,
But lovesickness will not stop smarting,
Before you return from the sea.

refrain:

Oh, come back, my handsome sailor ...

19. Red Patent Shoes ♦ *Ruad lakskur*

There are strange patent shoes in front of your door,
So bright red and fervent,
They flaunt red in the early morning light,
That makes my brow so feverish!

A footmark leads along the grass,
So nimbly and ardently,
Sneaked stealthily through the silvery morning dew,
That makes my brow unruly!

refrain:

So red, so red, so bright red
The dawn is blazing fiercely,
And so fiercely my heart hurts,
So fiercely my heart hurts,
Such pain finds no refuge,
Finds no refuge!

A jaunty buttercup,
So bright yellow and untouched,
Lies there lurking on the doorstep,
That makes my brow spin!

There are strange patent shoes in front of your door,
So bright red and fervent,
They flaunt red in the early morning light,
That makes my brow so feverish!

refrain (2x):

So red, so red, so bright red ...

20. Silver Moon ♦ *Salwermuun*

Once we counted all the stars
Up there on the shore of the sea.
There you swore to me
That our star never would sink.
– And the moon was shining through the willows,
Silver-silver moon!

refrain:

My silver moon, my friend in the night,
My fellow, so cold and clammy!
With your pale silver light you are
The companion of my dream!

I did not stop counting,
My hair turned grey by that time.
Much snow has fallen since,
With that your promise drifted away.
– And the moon was shining through the willows,
Silver-silver moon!

refrain:

My silver moon, my friend in the night ...

I awaited you for many years,
The tidal flats ran dry meanwhile.
The wind blew away the tears
As well as you and me.
– And the moon was shining through the willows,
Silver-silver moon!

refrain:

My silver moon, my friend in the night ...

Once we counted all the stars
Up there on the shore of the sea.
There you swore to me
That our star never would sink.
– And the moon was shining through the willows,
Silver-ilver moon!

refr. (2x):

My silver moon, my friend in the night ...

21. Tampico

(a forbitter shanty)

Oh Lolita, my star from the striptease bar,
You shine so brightly at night over Tampico¹ Bay,
But the Blue Peter² is already waving so livelily on the foremast,
So give me once more this fiery look!

refrain:

And so heave ya ho, heave ya ho!
A farewell to all you girls from Tampico-o!
And so heave ya ho, heave ya ho!
A farewell to all you girls from Tampico-o!

Oh Pepita, my little dove from the tango saloon,
You glide with me so proudly cheek to cheek through the whole dance hall,
But the Blue Peter is already waving so livelily on the foremast,
Puts an end to tequila and to Tango Totale!

refrain:

And so heave ya ho, heave ya ho ...

Oh Conchita, my bunny from the red-light district,
You drive me completely crazy and you make my blood boil,
But the Blue Peter is already waving so livelily on the foremast,
And what remains is such a longing and a blazing fire!

refrain:

And so heave ya ho, heave ya ho ...

Oh Rosita, my rose from the beach promenade,
You bloom in the moonlight voluptuous and blazing dark red,
But the Blue Peter is already waving so lively on the foremast,
And the ship sails into the distance, and Jack Tar³ suffers want and hardship!

refrain:

And so heave ya ho, heave ya ho ...

¹ a Mexican city and port located on the Gulf of Mexico

² a blue flag with a white square in the centre, raised by a ship about to leave port

³ an ordinary sailor

22. Time to Go ♦ *Tidj tu gungen*

The roosters are crowing, dawn is breaking,
In the lowlands a lapwing cries out.
My eyes caress your hair,
You're still fast asleep.
The sun sits so red on the horizon,
The tide is slowly coming in.
One last time I listen to the beating of your heart,
Before I leave for good.

refrain:

For we are no longer as we were,
Our good years are past.
|: Even if I wanted to stay here longer,
There's no place for me anymore. :|

Once we shared our last piece of bread
And warmed each other at night.
Even when I did do my most wrongful deeds,
You still took care of me.
I certainly wasn't always true to you,
Because we were young and free,
But you didn't ask any questions,
And that I won't forget.

refrain:

For we are no longer as we were ...

But now you're looking for something steady,
And for a stable home,
But I'm definitely not the man,
Who can promise you that.
My thoughts have long been sailing the seas,
The wind will soon swallow them up.
One last time my hand rests on you,
It's time for me to go.

refrain:

For we are no longer as we were ...

23. Old Times ♦ *Ualing tidjen*

There on the bench, in the evening sun,
They sit and speak about the old times,
When young men still were real guys
And girls were even much prettier.

Gazing back at the girls,
Who stroll through the summer evening,
Being at once heroes again
And feeling so strong and so free.

refrain:

|: Because there on the bench, in the evening sun,
They sit and speak about the old times,
When young men still were real guys
And girls were even much prettier. :|

Sing with a sparkle in their eyes
At the top of their voices "Lilly Marleen"
And all those other old tunes,
They know from the old times.

And when they raise a glass to their comrades,
Fallen in front of Stalingrad,
They drift eastwards with their thoughts,
And silence grabs hold of head and heart.

refrain:

Because there on the bench, in the evening sun ...

And the young guys have to leave the island,
Driven away by big money,
And the old guys don't have a say anymore,
And sell-off is everywhere.

And even if the band decreases,
And even if many old sore aches,
They still dream their dreams of yesterday
With brandy and Flensburg beer.

refrain:

Because there on the bench, in the evening sun ...

24. In the Farewell Water

◆ *Uun't faarwelsweeder*

Both our shadows are quietly sailing
Fully unexpected in the farewell water,
A perfidious lie lurks in your voice,
Your eyes long since seem to have a lookalike.

refrain:

Our dance was short and faded quickly away,
So fare thee well now, my love, farewell!
The game is over, the song is sung,
So fare thee well now, my love, farewell!

From a distance a door swings shut,
At the end of the street a dog sits and howls,
The threshold is already overflowing,
The morning tide cannot be staved off.

refrain:

Our dance was short and faded quickly away ...

A grain of sand crunches between my teeth,
A damp fog moves in from the north,
The cold wind sends chills to the bone,
A summer dream went unfulfilled.

refrain:

Our dance was short and faded quickly away ...

Whether I won or lost,
Is written in the stars above.
Winter is coming and I must go,
Nothing is made of lasting value.

refrain:

Our dance was short and faded quickly away ...

25. When You Need Me

◆ *Wan dü mi brükst*

When the cold draught is in your hair,
When the rain runs down your cheeks,
Then take me by the hand, when you need me
And let me feel that you also are looking for me!

When the sea washes over the dyke,
When the winter ice does not take weight,
Then take me by the hand, when you need me
And let me feel that you also are looking for me!

Sometimes your eyes show this constraint,
Once you were in the uncertain,
Therefore I will catch a rainbow for you
That you understand, where you belong!

For sure, such a marvel takes time,
Rome wasn't built in a day either!
The morning sun might dispel your dark clouds,
If you only would trust yourself,
If you only would trust yourself!

When no ship sails past the horizon any longer,
When no shallows marker leads through the tideway,
Then give me your hand that I might comfort you,
And just let yourself fall, I will hold you tight!

When you miss your guiding star in the dark night,
When no light burns for you at the front door,
Then give me your hand that I might comfort you,
And just let yourself fall, I will hold you tight!

So give me your hand that I might comfort you,
And just let yourself fall, I will hold you tight!
Then give me your hand that I might comfort you, yes, comfort you,
And just let yourself fall, I will hold you tight, so tight,
Yes, just let yourself fall, I will hold you tight!

26. Summer Lightning ♦ Wederlaiden

A sultry atmosphere hangs heavily over the land and people,
The mirages are dancing in the air;
They are holding our passion tight, they are binding our time,
They are whizzing through my thoughts.

Between the tideway and the fairway there sits the yellow stripe of a rainbow,
The summer lightning is flickering;
There is a rumbling over the tidal flats and the embankment along the shore,
There is a rumbling in my thoughts.

refrain:

But I am so tired from all the bustle,
I miss the warmth of your skin;
Come, put your head on my lap,
Come, let us weave and spin our thread anew!
– And hoverflies are hovering
Through the midday hour,
– And summer lightning is rapidly approaching
From the Norwegian Grounds.¹

Black clouds are crawling over the beach,
There's lightning coming from the Halligs;²
The sand is racing from the sea through the dunes,
It is also racing through my thoughts.

A thundershower flies through the air,
Hail is beating against the window panes;
A cold gust of wind blows over marsh and moor,
And it blows cold through my thoughts.

refrain:

But I am so tired from all the bustle ...

¹Sandy bar south of Föhr

²Tiny islets in the Wadden Sea