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The Sound of
William Barnes’s Dialect Poems

1. Poems of Rural Life in the Dorset Dialect,
   first collection (1844)

by T. L. Burton
The Sound of William Barnes’s Dialect Poems

by T. L. Burton

This series, developed from Tom Burton’s groundbreaking study, *William Barnes’s Dialect Poems: A Pronunciation Guide* (The Chaucer Studio Press, 2010), sets out to demonstrate for the first time what all of Barnes’s dialect poems would have sounded like in the pronunciation of his own time and place. Every poem is accompanied by a facing-page phonemic transcript and by an audio recording freely available from the University of Adelaide Press website.

*From reviews of William Barnes’s Dialect Poems: A Pronunciation Guide*

‘[This] book is a wonder in the many things it does and in doing them all well ... Burton has made a serious contribution to freeing those [poems] in dialect from a dismissable specialness ... His care is a good foundation for treating the poems as poems should be treated—read, enjoyed, and pondered’ (Marcia Karp in *Essays in Criticism*).

‘Burton’s methodology is strictly and soundly philological ... It is very difficult to reproduce an accurate historical pronunciation in a natural-sounding way, but Burton’s lively readings of the poems achieve this ... *William Barnes’s Dialect Poems: A Pronunciation Guide* is a very welcome addition to the growing field of scholarship on 19th-century English’ (Joan C. Beal in *Anglia*).

‘Professor Burton’s *Pronunciation Guide* is a landmark in Barnes studies and its appearance is timely ... It is remarkably readable ... Students of Barnes’s work and, indeed, all readers of his poetry, will in future be indebted to this very comprehensive Pronunciation Guide’ (Frances Austin-Jones, *Proceedings of the Dorset Natural History and Archaeological Society*).
T. L. Burton

Tom Burton is an Emeritus Professor in the Discipline of English and Creative Writing at the University of Adelaide, where he taught for nearly forty years. He is the author of *William Barnes’s Dialect Poems: A Pronunciation Guide* (The Chaucer Studio Press, 2010), and co-editor, with K. K. Ruthven, of *The Complete Poems of William Barnes*, 3 volumes (Oxford University Press, forthcoming). He has spoken on Barnes at several international conferences and at more than two dozen universities in the UK, USA, and Australia, and has put on readings from Barnes’s poems at four Adelaide Fringe Festivals (2009–2012).
Free audio files of T. L. Burton performing the poems in this book are available from
www.adelaide.edu.au/press

This book is available as a free fully-searchable PDF from
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The Sound of
William Barnes’s Dialect Poems

1. Poems of Rural Life in the Dorset Dialect, first collection (1844)

by

T. L. Burton

Discipline of English and Creative Writing
School of Humanities and Social Sciences
The University of Adelaide
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The clote
I got two viel’s
Polly be-ën upzides wi’ Tom
Be’mi’ster
Thatchèn o’ the rick
Bees a-zwarmen
Readèn ov a headstuone
Zummer evemen dānce
Eclogue: Viairies

**Fall**

Carn a-turnèn yoller
<table>
<thead>
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<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>A-halèn carn</td>
<td>238</td>
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<tr>
<td>Harvest huome: The vust piart: the supper</td>
<td>242</td>
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<td>246</td>
</tr>
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<td>250</td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>Grenley water</td>
<td>268</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The viary veet that I da meet</td>
<td>272</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Marnen</td>
<td>274</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Out a-nuttèn</td>
<td>278</td>
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<tr>
<td>Tiakèn in apples</td>
<td>282</td>
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<td>Miaple leaves be yoller</td>
<td>284</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The weather-beāten tree</td>
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<tr>
<td>Shodon fiair: The vust piart</td>
<td>288</td>
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<tr>
<td>Shodon Fiair: The rest ō’t</td>
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<td>Guy Faux’s night</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>Winter</strong></td>
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<tr>
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<td>344</td>
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<tr>
<td>The happy daes when I wer young</td>
<td>348</td>
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<tr>
<td>In the stillness o’ the night</td>
<td>352</td>
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<tr>
<td>The settle an’ the girt wood vire</td>
<td>354</td>
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<tr>
<td>The carter</td>
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PREFACE

William Barnes (1801–1886) is a brilliant lyric poet whose work has been marginalized because his best poems are written in a despised rural dialect that snooty metropolitans regard as a vehicle fit only for use by country bumpkins. But when his poems are heard read aloud in the pronunciation of his own time and region, they come to life in a remarkable way, with all their humour, their pathos, and their power. There is, however, no general consensus amongst current readers as to the pronunciation in Barnes’s own day of the dialect in which the poems were composed. Whatever the individual merits of recordings made by current speakers of Dorset dialects, there are numerous differences in pronunciation amongst them, and none of them reproduces the dialect quite as Barnes represents it.

William Barnes’s Dialect Poems: A Pronunciation Guide (2010) sets out to rediscover the pronunciation that Barnes used in his own very popular public readings of the poems in the mid nineteenth century. The guide is accompanied by a CD containing audio recordings of eighteen poems demonstrating the pronunciation recommended in the book. Why, then, is it necessary to produce a phonemic transcript and an audio recording for other poems that Barnes wrote in the dialect? If the guide does its intended job, won’t readers be able to work out the pronunciation of any of his poems for themselves by listening to the recordings, reading the book, and putting its advice into practice?

In an ideal world of scholarship that would be so. But my experience with the Chaucer Studio has brought home to me with great force the breadth of the margin by which the scholarly world falls short of the ideal. Chaucer’s pronunciation has been thoroughly documented, and it is usefully summarized in Helge Kökeritz’s A Guide to Chaucer’s Pronunciation (1961), a handy booklet that can be found on the shelves of just about everyone who teaches Chaucer at tertiary level, and many others besides. But how many of those who teach Chaucer, and who zealously demonstrate to their students what they believe to be his pronunciation, follow Kökeritz’s Guide with any degree of accuracy? In the course of a long teaching career, spanning many international conferences and many recordings for the Chaucer Studio, I have encountered very few scholars who can be relied on to read Chaucer with as much accuracy as verve.
It is clear that a pronunciation guide on its own is not enough. Scholars who are not specialists in linguistic studies just do not have the time to study such a guide with the closeness it demands and then to make the effort to put its principles into practice. Instead, they rely on sometimes hazy memories of how their own teachers used to read Chaucer when they were students themselves. If this is true for Chaucer, the major points of whose pronunciation are widely known, how much more true will it be for Barnes, whose dialect is very little known, and amongst whose devotees there are marked differences of opinion about its pronunciation. The only safe way to ensure that Barnes’s dialect poems will be appreciated by succeeding generations in the pronunciation he intended for them is to publish a phonemic transcript of each individual poem, and to back up the written record with an audio recording that gives voice to the sounds noted in the written record. This series, accordingly, sets out to provide a phonemic transcript and an audio recording of each individual poem in Barnes’s three collections of *Poems of Rural Life in the Dorset Dialect*.

The individual volumes in the series are not designed to be critical editions: they do not contain variant readings from different versions of the poems or detailed notes on matters of linguistic, literary, social, historical, or biographical interest. The aim is simply to provide a self-contained, uncluttered, and reader-friendly text, which may be read on-screen or on the page, with marginal glosses for any words or phrases that might cause difficulty, together with recordings that may be freely audited online.

In addition to the many kind friends whose help is acknowledged in the *Pronunciation Guide* from which this series derives I wish particularly to express my gratitude to Don Balaz and Darren van Schaik of Radio Adelaide for their expert advice on the making and editing of the audio recordings for the series, to Emma Spoehr for the cover designs, and to John Emerson, Director of the University of Adelaide Press, for his unwavering support and his extraordinary patience.
ABBREVIATIONS


1847  The second edition of Barnes’s first collection of dialect poems (1847)


1879  Barnes’s *Poems of Rural Life in the Dorset Dialect*. London: C. Kegan Paul, 1879 (containing the first, second, and third collections of *Poems of Rural Life* brought together in one volume.)


A. S.  Anglo-Saxon (Old English)

C  Consonant

cs  Comparative Specimen (in Part 5 of Ellis’s *On Early English Pronunciation*)

cwl  Classified Word List (in Part 5 of Ellis’s *On Early English Pronunciation*)

DCC  *Dorset County Chronicle*

Diss.  The ‘Dissertation on the Dorset Dialect of the English Language’ prefaced to 1844


EDD  *The English Dialect Dictionary: Being the Complete Vocabulary of All Dialect Words Still in Use, or Known to Have Been in Use during the Last Two Hundred Years; Founded on the*

EEP On Early English Pronunciation (see Ellis)


eMnE early Modern English (roughly 16th & 17th centuries)

F French

GenAm General American (pronunciation)

int. interjection

IPA International Phonetic Association or Alphabet (the phonetic script published by the Association)


later editions all editions of Barnes’s dialect poems in the modified form of the dialect (i.e. from 1859 onwards)


ME Middle English (roughly 1100 to 1500)

OE Old English (up to about 1100)

OED The Oxford English Dictionary Online

<http://www.oed.com>
proto-RP  The nineteenth-century forerunner of RP
RP  Received pronunciation
SDD  Studies on the Dorset Dialect  (see Widén)
StE  Standard English
SW  Southwest(ern)
V  Vowel
v.  verb
Wells  Wells, J. C. Accents of English. 3 vols. Cambridge: Cambridge Univ. Press, 1982
KEY TO PHONETIC SYMBOLS

Except where otherwise stated, words used in this key to illustrate the sounds are assumed to have the same pronunciation as in RP. Parentheses around a phonetic character indicate that it may be either sounded or silent; those around a length mark indicate that the preceding character may be either long or short. The symbols are a selection from amongst those offered by the International Phonetic Association, along lines similar to the usage in the Oxford English Dictionary, with some modifications.

**CONSONANTS**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Symbol</th>
<th>Pronunciation</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>b</td>
<td>as in <em>bin</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>d</td>
<td>as in <em>din</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>dʒ</td>
<td>as in <em>judge, gin</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>f</td>
<td>as in <em>fin</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>g</td>
<td>as in <em>get</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>h</td>
<td>as in <em>bot</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>j</td>
<td>as in <em>yet</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>k</td>
<td>as in <em>cat</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>l</td>
<td>as in <em>let</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>m</td>
<td>as in <em>mat</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>n</td>
<td>as in <em>net</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ɲ</td>
<td>as in <em>sing</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ŋ</td>
<td>as in <em>finger</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>p</td>
<td>as in <em>pat</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>r</td>
<td>as in <em>rat</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>s</td>
<td>as in <em>sin</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ʃ</td>
<td>as in <em>shin</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>t</td>
<td>as in <em>tin</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>tj</td>
<td>as in <em>chin</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>θ</td>
<td>as in <em>thin</em> (voiceless th-)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>δ</td>
<td>as in <em>this</em> (voiced th-)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>v</td>
<td>as in <em>vat</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>w</td>
<td>as in <em>win</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>z</td>
<td>as in <em>zoo</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ʒ</td>
<td>as in <em>measure</em></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**SHORT VOWELS**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Symbol</th>
<th>Pronunciation</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>a</td>
<td>as in French <em>madame</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ə</td>
<td>as in <em>bot</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>o</td>
<td>as in <em>pot</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>e</td>
<td>as in <em>pet</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>i</td>
<td>as in French <em>si</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ɪ</td>
<td>as in <em>pit</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ɔ</td>
<td>as in <em>about</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ʌ</td>
<td>as in <em>put, cut</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>u</td>
<td>as in <em>put, foot</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ʊ</td>
<td>as in French <em>douce</em></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
LONG VOWELS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Symbol</th>
<th>Pronunciation</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>a:</td>
<td>as in German <em>Tag</em> or Australian <em>car park</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ë:</td>
<td>as in German <em>fäbrt</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>e:</td>
<td>as in German <em>Schnee</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>i:</td>
<td>as in <em>bean</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>o:</td>
<td>as in <em>burn</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ð:</td>
<td>as in <em>born</em>, <em>dawn</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>u:</td>
<td>as in <em>boon</em></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

DIPHTHONGS AND GLIDES

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Symbol</th>
<th>Pronunciation</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>æi</td>
<td>as in Australian <em>g’day</em>, <em>mate</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>æo</td>
<td>as in <em>fear</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>eo</td>
<td>as in <em>fair</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ja:</td>
<td>as in German <em>ja</em>, <em>Jahr</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>je</td>
<td>as in <em>yet</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>je:</td>
<td>as in German <em>jährlich</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>jëë</td>
<td>as in <em>vair</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>uë</td>
<td>combines /u/ with /ë/</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ëë</td>
<td>between <em>buy</em> and <em>boy</em>, with a long first element</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ëë</td>
<td>as in <em>knöw</em>, with a long first element</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

ALTERNATIVE PRONUNCIATIONS

As in StE, many common words may be pronounced in more than one way in Barnes’s dialect. Wherever convenient, as with the final /d/ of *and*, *ground*, etc., or the initial /h/ of *when*, *where*, etc., parentheses are used to show that a character may be either silent or sounded. Where this is not possible, as in the case of alternative vowel pronunciations, different readers may opt for different pronunciations, as may the same reader on different occasions. The commonest examples are collected in the table on the following page. The defining factor is often (but not necessarily) a matter of stress: column 2 shows the pronunciation that is most probable when the word is stressed; column 3 shows the pronunciation when it is unstressed or lightly stressed. In many instances readers may wish to substitute the alternative form for the form used in the transcripts of the poems in the main part of the book.
TABLE OF COMMON ALTERNATIVES

The -es ending on plural nouns (when syllabic) may be either /ɪz/ or /əz/.
The -est ending on superlative adjectives may be either /ɪst/ or /əst/.
The ending -ess in -ness, -less, etc. may be either /ɪs/ or /əs/.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Word</th>
<th>Stressed</th>
<th>Unstressed</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>as</td>
<td>az</td>
<td>əz</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>at</td>
<td>at</td>
<td>ət</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>but</td>
<td>bət</td>
<td>bət</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>do</td>
<td>duː</td>
<td>əø</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>dost</td>
<td>dəst</td>
<td>dəst</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>for (var, vor)</td>
<td>var</td>
<td>vər</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>from</td>
<td>vərdm</td>
<td>vərdm</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ha’ (‘have’)</td>
<td>ha</td>
<td>hə</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>he, ’e</td>
<td>(h)iː</td>
<td>e</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>must</td>
<td>məs(t)</td>
<td>məs(t)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>nor (nar, nor)</td>
<td>nar</td>
<td>nər</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>or (ar, or)</td>
<td>ar</td>
<td>ər</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>so (‘to that extent’)</td>
<td>soː</td>
<td>əʊ</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>some</td>
<td>sam</td>
<td>əm</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>than</td>
<td>dən</td>
<td>dən</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>that</td>
<td>dət</td>
<td>dət</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>the</td>
<td>də (before a vowel)</td>
<td>ə (before a consonant)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>their</td>
<td>dəər</td>
<td>əər</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>there</td>
<td>dəər</td>
<td>əər</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>to</td>
<td>tu(ə)</td>
<td>tə</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>wher</td>
<td>(h)weər</td>
<td>(h)wər</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>year</td>
<td>jəər</td>
<td>jəər</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>you (you, ya)</td>
<td>juː</td>
<td>jə</td>
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<td>your</td>
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INTRODUCTION

Readers familiar with William Barnes’s dialect poems are likely to be taken aback by the unfamiliarity of the spellings they encounter in this volume. That is because the text of all modern editions of the poems (the only text with which readers are likely to be familiar) is based on that of the final collection published in Barnes’s lifetime, Poems of Rural Life in the Dorset Dialect (1879), a book containing a revised version of each of the three separate collections of dialect poems that Barnes had published previously, brought together for the first time in a single volume; and that volume uses a spelling system which differs markedly from that of the first edition of the first collection (published in 1844), the text that is reprinted here.

As a young man in his late teens and early twenties Barnes had published two collections of poems in the standard English of his day: Poetical Pieces (1820) and Orra: A Lapland Tale (1822). In 1834 (at the age of thirty-three) he published his first poem in dialect, in the Dorset County Chronicle (DCC). Ten years later, after publishing about 120 poems in dialect in the DCC, gradually refining the spelling system he used to portray dialect speech, Barnes brought out his first collection of dialect poems, containing all those poems that had first appeared in the DCC. The poems themselves were preceded by a detailed discussion of the history and grammar of the dialect, entitled “A Dissertation on the Dorset Dialect of the English Language”, and followed by a Glossary containing a full list of the dialect words Barnes had collected up to that time, with their meanings and sometimes their etymologies. The book was entitled Poems of Rural Life, in the Dorset Dialect: With a Dissertation and Glossary (1844). It is the text of the poems as they appeared in that collection that is reprinted in this volume. A second edition of this collection appeared in 1847, with an expanded Dissertation and Glossary, and a few minor alterations in spelling that were subsequently abandoned (e.g. the use of ð instead of italic th to represent a th that was voiced in the dialect where it would be voiceless in StE, as in words such as thing and think).

1 The complete text of 1844 will be reprinted in volume I of WBCP. The Diss. has been reprinted separately in William Barnes: Selected Poems, ed. Andrew Motion (London: Penguin, 1994); volume I of The Collected Prose Works of William Barnes, ed. Richard Bradbury (London: Routledge/Thoemmes Press, 1996); and WBPG.
In 1859 Barnes published *Homely Rhymes: A Second Collection of Poems in the Dorset Dialect*. For this collection he modified both the spelling and the grammar of the dialect to bring them closer to the language of StE, as he remarks in his prefatory comment:

I have taken for this volume of Dorset poems, a mode of spelling which I believe is more intelligible than that of the former one, inasmuch as it gives the lettered Dialect more of the book-form of the national speech, and yet is so marked as to preserve, as correctly as the other, the Dorset pronunciation.

This comment is, however, misleading in two ways: it makes no mention of the changes made in grammar; and it is in fact much less helpful as a guide to pronunciation than the earlier spelling. This modified form of the dialect is nevertheless the form Barnes used for all subsequent editions of his dialect poems: the third collection (1862, second edition 1869), the second edition of the second collection (1863), the third and fourth editions of the first collection (1862, and 1866)—which had to be substantially rewritten to conform with the modified form of the dialect that he had used for the second and third collections, and from which the Dissertation and Glossary were removed and published separately—and the final omnibus edition of all three collections (1879), which came to be regarded thereafter as the standard edition of Barnes’s dialect poems.

What, then, are the salient features of the spelling used in the first edition of the first collection (1844), the text reprinted here? They are summarized in tabular form in the pages that follow, together with an indication of the pronunciation that each spelling is designed to convey, with cross references to *WBPG*, the pronunciation guide on which the recommended pronunciation is based. The table of 1844 spellings is followed by a line-by-line analysis of one poem (“The milk-màid o’ the farm”) as an introduction to the main body of the volume, the text of each poem in the 1844 collection, with a phonemic transcript on the facing page, showing the pronunciation of each word in the poem.

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The spelling of the *1844* collection

The table below is arranged alphabetically by the *1844* spellings in column 1; forms and pronunciations from later editions that do not occur in *1844* are ignored for the purposes of this volume. Column 1 shows the pronunciation intended by the *1844* spellings; column 2 gives the equivalent spelling in StE, with the pronunciation in RP; column 3 gives references to those parts of *WBPG* (a summary of which may be found in the Appendix) where the suggested pronunciation in Barnes’s day is explained. Where no additional examples are given (as for *ā’ter, abrode*, etc.), the word in bold is itself the example. Words that are spelled and pronounced as in RP are omitted.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th><em>1844</em> spelling, pronunciation, &amp; examples</th>
<th>StE spelling, pronunciation in RP, &amp; examples</th>
<th><em>WBPG</em> ref</th>
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<td>e /e/ egg, unless, beg, threshold, leg, length, stretch, wet-shod</td>
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<td>o /ɒ/ drop, John, beyond, yonder</td>
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<td>abroad /ɔbɾɔːd/</td>
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<td>/ʌ/</td>
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<td>ur+C</td>
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<td>ir, irr</td>
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<td>f (initial)</td>
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<td>ear, (h)er (initial)</td>
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<td>/jɪ(ː)/</td>
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<td>zack, zaid, zee, zell, zing, zit, zong, zoo, zummer zun</td>
<td>sack, said, see, sell, sing, sit, song, so, summer, sun</td>
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<td>/sɛlf/</td>
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**A note on the text**

The text of the poems follows that of 1844. Minor mechanical errors are silently corrected (unpaired quotation marks, apostrophes omitted where spaces have been left for them, full stops used where commas are evidently
intended, etc.). Marginal glosses are supplied in italics for words that may cause temporary hesitation; where the same word occurs within a few lines of an earlier gloss, the gloss is not repeated. A dagger following a marginal gloss indicates that a more detailed note on the word or phrase glossed may be found in the short Glossary at the end of the book. Double quotation marks are used throughout for direct speech, for quotations, and for titles of poems and journal articles; single quotation marks are reserved for definitions and translations.

The phonemic transcripts on the pages facing the poems are based on the findings recorded in \textit{WBPG}. They show the target pronunciation that is aimed at (though doubtless not always achieved) in the accompanying audio recordings. In numerous instances alternative pronunciations would be equally acceptable: most such alternatives are listed in the table of Common Alternatives on p. xix.

\textbf{The milk-mâid o’ the farm} (a line-by-line phonemic analysis)

References in parentheses are to line numbers in the poem; those in square brackets are to sections and subsections in \textit{WBPG} and to the summary of those sections in the Appendix to this volume. No comment is made on words that have the same pronunciation as in RP. Dialect pronunciations are normally pointed out only on their first occurrence in the poem.

1 I \textit{be} the milk-mâid o’ the farm:
\[\text{\&i b\textit{\textperiodcentered} do milkma\textit{\textperiodcentered}d o do farm}\]

\textit{I.} /\textit{\textperiodcentered}i/ is the usual pronunciation in Barnes’s dialect of the diphthong pronounced /\textit{\textperiodcentered}ai/ in current RP, as in \textit{my} and \textit{white} (line 3), \textit{night} (5), \textit{lie} (6), \textit{eyes} and \textit{bright} (7), etc. [7.16.1].

\textit{mâid.} The spelling \textit{\textperiodcentered}i (replaced by \textit{\textperiodcentered}i in later editions), as in \textit{pâil} (3, 18, 23), \textit{tâil} (20), \textit{vâil} (21), etc. indicates a diphthong like that in Australian \textit{G’day}, \textit{mate}, etc., that is, /\textit{\textperiodcentered}i/ rather than RP /\textit{\textperiodcentered}e/. The same applies to the spelling \textit{\textperiodcentered}y (later \textit{\textperiodcentered}i), as in \textit{hây}, \textit{mây}, \textit{plây}, etc. [7.11.6].

\textit{o’}. /\textit{\textperiodcentered}i/ in \textit{of} is commonly lost before a consonant, yielding the pronunciation /\textit{\textperiodcentered}i/ [8.3.2].
farm. (i) Barnes’s spelling shows consistently that the initial /f/ in words adopted from French is not voiced, as it usually is in native English words [8.3.1]. (ii) Long a in the dialect, as here and in grass (12), is /əː/, as in Australian car park, rather than /ɑ/ as in current RP [7.7.1]. (iii) The r is sounded in Barnes’s dialect, though silent in RP [8.8.1]. This applies to all words in which Barnes retains the r in spelling where it would be silent in RP, whether before a consonant, as in farm here, yarm (3), marnens and lark (9), work (11), etc., or at the end of a word, as in var (6), zummer (9), never (18), etc., or when followed only by mute e, as in wore (4). When the r is not sounded in his dialect (in mirth, hearth, horse, etc.), Barnes omits it from the spelling [8.8.5].

2 I be so happy out in grawn, I am so happy out in grawn

so. When the meaning is ‘to this extent’ or (as here) ‘very’, the pronunciation is /sə/ when unemphatic, /sɔː/ when emphatic; when the meaning is ‘and so, therefore’, the spelling is zoo and the pronunciation /zuː/ [7.14.6].

happy. (i) Short a in Barnes’s dialect, as in that’s (7), lad (10), etc. is /a/ as opposed to old-fashioned RP /æ/ [7.3.1]. (ii) Final unstressed -y, as here and in deny (12), is /i/ as opposed to old-fashioned RP /i/ [7.1.1–2]; the same applies to final unstressed -ey.

out. The diphthong pronounced /au/ in current RP, as in out and grawn’ here, crown (4), bow (7), etc. is in Barnes’s dialect /ɔu/, similar to that in RP go, blow, etc. [7.18.1].

grown’. (i) for the diphthong see out above. (ii) Final /d/ is frequently lost from the consonant cluster /nd/, as shown by the spellings grown’ here, an’ (5 and throughout), stan’ (17), etc. The same applies to final /ld/, as in field, etc. [8.2.2]. But “frequently” is not “always”: both spelling and rhyme confirm its retention in muold (26).
3 Wi’ my white milk-pâil in my yarm,  
wi mərn [h]wɔ:lt mɪlkpɛl in mən jarm

Wi’. This is Barnes’s normal spelling of with, showing the loss of final /ð/, with raising and possibly lengthening of the preceding vowel from /i/ to /iː/ or /i:/ [7.1.7 and 8.13.2].

white. The initial consonant sound, as in why (8), when (9), etc., may be either aspirated /hw/, as in careful RP, or unaspirated /w/ [8.5.3].

yarm. The spelling with initial yar- (replaced by eär- in the modified spelling of later editions) shows the introductory i-glide /j/ [7.21.6].

4 As ef I wore a goolden crown.  
əz ef ø ni wuər ø guːldən krəun

As. As with and or an’ (lines 5, 7, etc.) the vowel is reduced to /ə/ when unstressed, as it is in RP [7.3.5]; when stressed it is /a/ [7.3.1].

ef. The occasional spelling of if with initial e- shows lowering of the vowel to /ɛ/ as an alternative to the usual pronunciation with /iː/ [7.1.4b].

wore. The pronunciation in Barnes’s dialect of the vowel + r combination in most words with a stressed syllable spelled or+C, ore, oar, oor, or our that has the sound /ɔː/ in RP (/ɔːr/ when followed by a vowel) is /uər/ [7.23, 7.23.1].

goolden. In his dialect poems Barnes always spells gold with oo, implying the preferred pronunciation /guːld/; rare rhymes with vwold (‘fold’) and twold (‘told”), neither in his first collection, imply an alternative pronunciation /guːld/ [7.14.5].

5 An’ I don’t zit up hafe the night,  
ən ø ni dənt zit up heːf də neːt

don’t. The vowel that has become the diphthong /əʊ/ in RP was in some words in Barnes’s dialect the pure vowel /ɔː/, as in don’t here, roll’d (28), own (31), etc., and in others the diphthong /uə/ [7.14, 7.14.1–3, 7.14.14].
As he tells us in §36 of the Diss., initial /s/ before a vowel is “often but not universally” voiced in the dialect [8.9.1]. This will cause no problems for readers since Barnes consistently spells words with ẑ when the initial sound is voiced, as in ẑit here, ẑummer (9), ẑun (13), etc., in contrast to those in which the /s/ remains voiceless, as in so (2), sîch (22), etc.

Many words that have the vowel /ɑː/ in RP have /ɛː/ in Barnes’s dialect, including half (5, 6), father, laugh, after, aunt, last, etc. A variety of different spellings is used to indicate the pronunciation: addition of final e, as here, substitution of ae or ē for a, etc. [7.7.4].

Nar lie var hafe the day a-bed:
nor lɔː vɔr hɛ:f də dɛ: ðɛd

Nar. Barnes consistently uses the spelling ar in 1844, as in Nar and var here and marnen(s) (9, 25), to indicate the pronunciation /ar/ for words spelled with or or ar in StE representing /ɑː/ or /ɛːr/ in RP. When the syllable is unstressed, however (as frequently with for, or, nor), the pronunciation is reduced (as here) to /ar/ or /ɛːr/ [7.22.1–3].

var. Barnes consistently uses v to show the voicing of initial /f/ in native English words, as in for here, vust (11, 31), and vetch’d (28); contrast farm from French in the title and lines 1 and 33) [8.3.1].

day. Unlike háy, máy, pláy, stáy, etc. (and most words that have ay in StE spelling, for which see the comment on máid in line 1 above), day is rarely rhymed with words spelled with áy and very rarely spelled with áy itself, though it has several other spellings in 1844 (da, dā, dae, and dāe). Its normal pronunciation for Barnes is /deː/, though the spelling dây and the rhyme with stáy in the third stanza of “Evemen in the village” (a stanza that was omitted in all subsequent editions) suggest the possibility of the alternative pronunciation /dæːr/. When the spelling is dây but the rhyme is with háy (as in “Hây-miakên” and “Hây-carrên”), it is not clear which Barnes intends, a full rhyme or a half rhyme. Other words with ay or ey in StE spelling that normally have the vowel /ɛː/ in Barnes’s dialect are dây,
fay (v. ‘succeed, prosper’), lay, say, way, grey, key, and whey [7.11.7; for way and away see further 7.11.8].

7 An’ that’s how ’tis my eyes be bright,
    on datz hau tiz mo: az bi: brə:it

8 An’ why my cheäks be ālwiz red.  
    on [h]wə: mə: tsiaks bi: æ:lwiz red

cheäks. The spelling eä, though widely used and indicating a number of different pronunciations in the modified form of the dialect, is in 1844 reserved for a small number of words that have ea in StE: beät, bleät, cleän, deäl, etc., in which the dialectal pronunciation of the vowel is /ia/. Its use in cheek suggests that the dialect form is derived from the West Saxon cēace (as might be expected in the southwest), whereas the StE form is from Anglian cēce. [7.10.8, 7.10.13].

ālwiz. The usual spelling is always, as in StE, with the pronunciation /æ:lwı:z/; but spelling in 1844 shows that vowel of the first element sometimes has the variant pronunciation /ɛ:/ and that of the second is sometimes reduced to /ı/ or even /ə/ [7.11.8, 7.13.1].

9 In zummer marnens, when the lark
    in zamər mə:nə:nz [h]wen do lark

10 Da rouse the yerly lad an’ lass
    do rə:uz do jə:ri ləd on la[:]s

Da. The spelling with a (here and in 14, 15, etc.), found only when do is unstressed, and abandoned in later editions, shows the pronunciation /da/ [7.15.5]. When do is stressed (as in 23), the spelling is do and the pronunciation /du:/, as in RP.
yerly. Like arm in line 3 above, words with initial er- or ear- (earn, earnest, etc.) are consistently spelled with initial yar- in 1844, indicating the pronunciation /jaːr/; early, however, was evidently /ɛər/ [7.9.3].

lass. The vowel may be either short or long; the rhyme with grass suggests that here it is long [7.7.2].

11 To work, I be the vust to mark
   to wərk ən bi: ðə vəst tə mɑrk

vust. Words with /ɔːrst/ in RP have /æst/ in Barnes’s dialect, as with first here and worst in line 29 [7.9.5c].

12 My steps upon the dewy grass.
   mɔːi steps əpən ðə djui grəs

13 An’ in the evemen, when the zun
   ən ən ði iːvman [h]wen ðə zən
evemen. (i) The spelling with medial m, found in both 1844 and 1847 but replaced by evenèn in the modified spelling of later editions, shows that Barnes’s preferred pronunciation was /iːvman/ [8.7.1]. (ii) For the -en ending see the note on bubblèn (15).

14 Da sheen upon the western brows
   də jɪn əpən ðə wɛstərn braʊz

sheen. Shine and chime are consistently spelled sheen and cheem in Barnes’s dialect poems, showing the retention of the vowel /iː/ from Middle English [7.10.2].

15 O’ hills, wher bubblèn brooks da run
   ə hɪlz [h]wor bablən bruks ðə rən

wher. Where, there, and their are usually spelled wher and ther in 1844, suggesting pronunciation with /ər/, particularly when the word is
unstressed; but rhymes with words such as bare, fair, and wear suggest the alternative pronunciation with /ɛər/[7.20.3].

*bubbën*. In both early and late editions of his poems Barnes uses the spelling -èn for the unstressed -ing ending on present participles and verbal nouns, though the accent on the e is not infrequently omitted in 1844. The pronunciation, as for other words ending in unstressed -en (past participles of strong verbs, nouns such as garden, etc.), is /ən/ [7.1.5].

16 Ther I da zing an’ milk my cows.
   ðəər əi ɗə ziŋ ɑŋ milk məu kəuz

17 An’ ev’ry cow da stan’ wi’ I,
   ɑŋ əvri kəu ɗə stan wi əi

18 An’ never mōve, nar kick my pāl,
   ɑŋ ˈnevr ˈmeɾ ˈnər kik mə ˈpæl

*mōve*. The pronunciation of the vowel is uncertain. *WBPG* argued originally in favour of /ə/; but occasional spellings with ő, here and in the third stanza of “Looks a-know’d avore” (1844), suggest the possibility of an alternative pronunciation, /ɔː/ [7.5.3].

19 Nar bliare at t’other cows, nar try
   nəɾ ˈbliəɾ ət tədəɾ kəuəz nər təɾi

*bliare* (i.e. ‘blare’, hence ‘bellow’). The word belongs with mare, share, fair, pair, etc., always spelled with -iare or -iair in 1844. The diphthong is pronounced as in RP /əə/ but with an introductory i-glide, creating the triphthong /jeə/, followed by /ɻ/ (see *farm* above), hence /ʃeər/[7.20.2].

20 To hook, ar swītch me wi’ her tāil.
   tə hʊk əɾ swɪtʃ miː wi [h]əɾ təɾi

*swītch*. The ĕ spelling, which is retained in 1847 but not in the third or fourth editions of the first collection (1862 and 1866 respectively) or in 1879, is
puzzling. Normally it indicates /əʊ/, but since I know of no reason why the i in switch should be long, I have assumed it is an uncorrected printing error and have transcribed it, accordingly, as /ɪ/.

21 Noo liady, wi’ her muff an’ vâil,
nuː lɛd i wi [h]ər maʃ ən væɪl

Noo. Barnes consistently maintains a distinction between no (the opposite of yes), rhymed only with words ending in /oː/ and always spelled no, and noo (‘not any’), always so spelled and evidently pronounced /nuː/ [7.14.6].

liady. The spelling always used in 1844 and 1847 for the diphthong in the sequence spelled C+a+C+e or (as here) C+a+C+y and pronounced /æɪ/ in RP is ia, as in stiately (22). The pronunciation in Barnes’s dialect is /jɛ/ [7.11.1].

22 Da wā’ke wi’ sich a stiately tread
ðə wek wi stɪʃ ə stjetli tred

wā’ke. The combination spelled alk in StE is in 1844 almost always spelled a’k, a’ke, or a’ke, implying /eːk/ (which I take to be the normal pronunciation in the dialect), but occasionally a’k, implying the alternative pronunciation /aːk/ [7.13.2].

sich. This is the usual spelling of such in 1844, showing that the preferred pronunciation was /sɪtʃ/. In later editions both sich and such are found frequently, suggesting that /sætʃ/ was an acceptable alternative [7.5.6].

23 As I do wi’ my milkèn pâil,
əz əi dʊː wi məː i milkən pæɪl

24 A-balanc’d up upon my head.
əbæləns tə pən məː i hæd
25  An I at marnen an’ at night
    an, an at marnen an at night

26  Da skim the yaller crēam, an’ muold
    de skim de jalar kre:m an muold

_yaller_. (i) The spellings _yaller_ and _yoller_ for _yellow_ (both found in 1844) imply for the vowel of the stressed syllable a pronunciation between /a/ and /ɒ/, hence /ɑ/[7.2.3, 7.4]. (ii) Hyper-rhoticity leads to the frequent substitution of /ɔː/ for /ʌ:/ in words ending in unstressed -ow [8.8.2].

crēam. I take the spellings _ē_ and _ēa_ to represent /ɛ:/, the sound Barnes calls “the Dorset _ē_” (1863 Grammar, p. 11), though such words are often spelled without the macron (as in StE), and rhymes show that pronunciation with /ɪː/ (as in RP) was also acceptable [7.10.4].

muold. The spelling with _uo_ in 1844 and 1847 (replaced by _wo_ in later editions) shows the diphthongal pronunciation of long _o_, /uə/, but the rhyme with _roll’d_ (28), which has the monophthongal /ʌ:/ (see _don’t_ in line 5 above), shows that Barnes accepted rhymes between the pure vowel and the diphthong [7.14.3].

27  An’ press my cheeses red an’ white,
    on pres ma: tʃi:iz red on [h]wo:t

28  An’ zee the butter vetch’d an’ roll’d.
    on zi: ḏɔ bɔtər vətʃt an rold

29  An’ Tommas shon’t be cāll’d the wust
    on toma:s ʃʌnt bi: ke:ld ḏɔ wast

_shon’t_. This is the usual spelling of _shan’t_ in 1844, though the latter is also found (in “Eclogue: The common a-took in’’). As with the alternative _a_
and ø spellings for the first syllable of yellow (26), I take the pronunciation of the vowel to be /a/[7.4].

cāll’d. Words containing the sound /ɔ:l/ in RP are given their StE spellings in later editions (all, haul, crawl, etc.) but a variety of different spellings in 1844. The commonest are al (as in line 31) and a’l, which I take to represent the unrounded pronunciation /ɑ:l/; the alternative with āl(l) (as here) I take to be /ɛːl/; and the rare occurrences with StE spelling in 1844 I take as /ɔːl/[7.13.1].

30  Young man alive, var he da try

31  To milk roun’ al his own cows vust,

al. For the pronunciation /aːl/ see the note on cāll’d (29).

bis. Initial /h/ is normally retained in Dorset when the syllable is stressed, but it may be dropped in unstressed syllables (as it frequently is in StE) [8.5.1].

32  An’ then to come an’ milk var I.

33–36 [The final stanza repeats the first.]
1844 POEMS

WITH

PHONEMIC TRANSCRIPTS
SPRING

THE SPRING

When wintry weather’s al a-done
An’ brooks da sparkle in the zun,
An’ naisy buildên rooks da vlee
Wi’ sticks toward ther elem tree,
An’ we can hear birds zing, and zee
Upon the boughs the buds o’ spring,
Then I don’t envy any king,
A-vield wi’ health an’ zunsheen.

Var then the cowslip’s hangên flow’r,
A-wetted in the zunny show’r,
Da grow wi’ vi’lets sweet o’ smell,
That modalitàs al da like so well;
An’ drushes’ aggs, wi’ sky-blue shell,
Da lie in mossy nests among
The tharns, while thê da zing ther zong
At evemen in the zunsheen.

An’ God da miake his win’ to blow
An’ rāin to val var high an’ low,
An’ tell his marnen zun to rise
Var al alik’; an’ grouw’ an’ skies
Ha’ colors var the poor man’s eyes;
An’ in our trials He is near
‘To hear our muoan an’ zee our tear,
An’ turn our clouds to zunsheen.
An’ many times, when I da vind
Things goo awry, an’ vo’ke unkind;
To zee the quiet veedèn herds,
An’ hear the zingèn o’ the birds,
Da still my spurrit muore than words.
  Var I da zee that ’tis our sin
  Da miake oon’s soul so dark ’ithin
    When God wood gi’e us zunsheen.
an meni təːimz (h)wen ño ño vaːin(d)
dʒiːz gn: ñu ñu nɔːk ñakəːin(d)
tə ziː ño kwəːst viːpən ʰəːrdz
hɛə nə ño ñɛə ñə βɛrdz
də stil məw məw spəːt məw ñən wəːrdz
  var ño ño ziː ñet tiz ñəəəl sin
də mjek (w)umz soːl sə dɑːrk ɪðn
  (h)wen gnə wud giː ñə zənʃiːn
THE WOODLANDS

O SPREAD agen your leaves an’ flow’rs,
   Luonesome woodlands! zunny woodlands!
Here undernēath the dewy show’rs
   O’ warm-āir’d spring-time, zunny woodlands.
As when, in drong ar oben groun’, lane between hedges or open fields
Wi’ happy buoyish heart I voun’
The twitt’ren birds a-buildèn roun’
   Your high-bough’d hedges, zunny woodlands.

Ya gie’d me life, ya gie’d me jāy,
gave
   Luonesome woodlands, zunny woodlands;
Ya gie’d me health as in my plây
    through
   I rambled droo ye, zunny woodlands.
Ya gie’d me freedom var to rove
    for
   In āiry meäd, ar shiady grove;
Ya gie’d me smilen Fanny’s love,
   The best ov al ō’t, zunny woodlands.

My vust shill skylark whiver’d high,
   first, resonant, hovered
To zing below your deep-blue sky
   An’ white spring-clouds, O zunny woodlands.
An’ boughs o’ trees that oonce stood here,
Wer glossy green the happy year
That gie’d me oon I lov’d so dear
   An’ now ha lost, O zunny woodlands.

O let me rove agen unspied,
   Luonesome woodlands, zunny woodlands,
Along your green-bough’d hedges’ zide,
do (w)udlən(d)z

o: spread agent bear live on flower

luəsəm (w)udlən(d)z zani (w)udlən(d)z
hiər andərəneθ də djui ʃəərz
ə warməird sprəntəim zani (w)udlən(d)z
əz (h)ən in drəŋ ar oːnəŋ gɾəən
wi həpi bəwən hərt tə lə vən
də təuvətən bərədən rənən
jər həənəmu hədʒiz zani (w)udlən(d)z

jo gид miː leʃʃ jo gид miː dʒæi

luəsəm (w)udlən(d)z zani (w)udlən(d)z
jo gид miː helθ az məi plæi
ə rəmbəld druː iː zani (w)udlən(d)z
jo gид miː frıdəm vər tə roːv
in æəri miəd æə fədə groːv
jo gид miː sməɾən fəniz ləv
əə best əv aːl oːt zani (w)udlən(d)z

məːi vəst ʃil skəələrk (h)wəərd həə

luəsəm (w)udlən(d)z zani (w)udlən(d)z
tə zənən biloː jər dɪp bləː skəə
ən (h)wəət sprɪŋ kluədz oː zani (w)udlən(d)z
ən bənuəz tə trizi dət (w)əns stəd hiər
wər gləsi gɾiŋ də həpi j{iər
dət gид miː (w)ənə uː ləvə pə dər
ən nəːn hə最后一次 oː zani (w)udlən(d)z

oː let miː roːv əɡən ənspaəid

luəsəm (w)udlən(d)z zani (w)udlən(d)z
ələpə jər ɡɾiŋəkəud hədʒiz zəːːd

37
As then I rambled, zunny woodlands.
An’ wher the missèn trees oonce stood,
Ar tongues oonce rung among the wood,
My memory shall miake em good,

Though you’ve a-lost em, zunny woodlands.
az ëen ci rambol d'zani (w)udlon(d)z
en (h)war òo mësön tri:z (w)uns stud
ar tasz (w)uns rëq ëm do wud
moi memëri jëfl mëjek ëm gud
òo: jënu ëlast ëm zëni (w)udlon(d)z
LIADY-DAY AN’ RIDDEN HOUSE

EEES, twer at Liady-Day, ya know,
I come vrom Gullybrook to Stowe.
At Liady-Day I took my pack
O’ rottletraps, an’ turn’d my back
Upon the wold thick woaken door
That had inzide ō’n long avore
The muost that, thieze zide o’ the grieve,
I’d live to have, or die to siave;
My childern an’ my vier-pliace,
An’ Molly wi’ her cheerful fiace.
An’ riddèn house is sìch a caddle,
That I shont want to have noo muore ō’t
Not eet a bit, ya mid be sure ō’t,—
I’d rather kip upon oone staddle.

Well zoo, ya know, in marnen we
Got up so riathe as we could zee,
An’ borried uncle’s wold hoss Dragon,
To bring the wold ramshackle waggon
An’ luoad: an’ vust begun a-packèn
The bedsteads, an the ruopes an’ zackèn;
An’ then put up the girt yarm-chair,
An’ cuoffer vull ov ethen-ware,
An’ vier-dogs, an’ copper kittle;
Wi’ pots an’ sasspans big an’ little;
An’ other things bezide; an’ then
Al’ up o’ top o’ thā agen,
The long woak tiable buoard to eat
Our tiaties an our bit o’ meat—
Var he ther wou’den be noo doen
'ithout at āl—an’ then we tied
Upon the riaves along the side
The long woak stools belongen too en;
An’ put betwix his lags turn’d up’ard
The zalt box an’ the carner cup-b’ard.
An’ then we laid the wold clock kiase
Al’ dumb a'birt upon his fiace,
Var al’ the works, I needen tell ye,
Wer took out ov his head an’ belly.
An’ then we put upon the pack
The settle, flat upon his back;
An’ ā’ter he, a-tied in pairs,
Oon in another, al’ the chairs;
An’ beds an’ other things bezide;
An’ at the very top, a-tied,
The childern’s little stools did lie,
Wi’ lags a-turn’d towards the sky.
An’ zoo we luoded up our scroff,
An’ tied it vast, an’ started off.
An’,—as the waggon diden car al’
We had to car—the butter-barrel
An’ cheese-press, wi’ a páil an’ viat
Ar two, an’ cistern var to zet
The milk in, an’ a view things muore,
Wer al’ a-carr’d the day avore.

And when we thought the things wer out,
An’ went in var to look about
In holes an’ carners, var to vind
What odd oones wer a-left behind,
The holler wind did whissle round
About the empty rooms, an’ sound
iodact ot e1 on den wi: teid
opad de rjевz olag do zevd
do laj (w)uok sturls bilagodon tu: en
en pat bitwik (h)iz lagz taerd aperd
do zalt baks on do karruor kaberd
en den wi: led de (w)ueld klok kjes
ai: dam adyart apro (h)iz fjes
var al de warks or niidan tel i:
war tuk eut av (h)iz hed en beli
en den wi: pat apro de pak
do setal flat apro (h)iz bak
en eitor hi: eter in peeraz
(w)unj in anade aor ai de tjeerz
en bedz en aether dinaf bizetp
en at de veri tep etpep
do tjeiznorz litel stulz did lai
wi lagz etterd towardz de skar
en zu: wi: luuqip ap eter skraf
en teid it vast en startid of
en az do wagon diden kar al
wi: had te karr de batuorbaral
en tjeizpres wi o pael en vjat
er tu: en sistern ver to zet
de milk in en a vju: dipz muer
wer al kaerd de: enuer

en(d) (h)wen wi: dot de dipz wer eut
en went in var to luk about
in hoi:z en karrorz ver to varin(d)
(h)wot ad (w)uinz wer elef biezin(d)
de holar win(d) did (h)wisel rezun(d)
obeyut or em(p)ti ruizm en szenun(d)
So dismal, that I zaid to Molly
Did miake I feel quite molancholy.
Var when a man da leave the hearth
Wher vust his childern drā’d ther breath,
Ar wher thā grow’d, an’ had ther fun,
An’ things wer oonce a-zaid an’ done
That he da mind, da touch his heart
A little bit, I’ll ānswer var’t.
Zoo ridden house is sich a caddle,
That I wou’d rather kip my staddle.
so vozma o tê a zed tê moli

did mjek o vi: l kwæ:t molænkæli
vær (h)wen o man de liøv de heθ
(h)ær vast (h)iz tʃildærn dre:d dør breθ
ar (h)ær de: grod øn had dør fan
øn ðiæz wær (w)uns æzd øn dan
døt hi: de ma:n(d) de tatʃ (h)iz haːt
ø itøl bit æ:l ænsør væːt
zu: ridøn hæ:sus iz sitʃ ø kadøl
døt ø i:wud redeør kip mør stødøl
EASTER TIME

LASTE Easter I put on my blue
Frock cuoat, the vust time, vier new;
Wi’ yaller buttons āl o’ brass,
That glitter’d in the zun lik’ glass;
An’ stuck into the button hole
A bunch o’ flowers that I stole.
A span-new wes’co’т, too, I wore,
Wi’ yaller stripes āl down avore;
An tied my breeches’ lags below
The knee, wi’ ribbon in a bow;
An’ drow’d my kitty-boots azide,
An’ put my laggèns on, and tied
My shoes wi’ ribbon hāfe inch wide,
Bekiaze ’twer Easter Zunday.

An’ ā’ter marnen church wer out
I come back huome an’ strolled about
Al’ down the viel’s, an’ drough the liane,
Wi’ sister Kit an’ cousin Jiane.
The lam’s did plây, the groun’s wer green,
The trees did bud, the zun did sheen,
The lark wer zingen in the sky,
An’ āl the dirt wer got so dry
As if the zummer wer begun.
An’ I had sich a bit o’ fun,
I miade the màidens squāl an’ run,
Bekiaze ’twer Easter Zunday.

An’ zoo a-Monday we got droo
Our work betimes, an’ ax’d a vew
leist istor er in pat un maen blu:
fruk kuer o vest toin enoer nju:
wi jalor batanz eil o bras:
det glitard in o zan lik glas:
en stak into o batan hol:
e bant of flexeuzz det in stor:
e span nju: weskot tu: ao wun erw
wi jalor struips al denun ovu:
en taip maen britjiz lagz bilo:
do ni: wi riben in o bo:
en drod maen kit buits ozone:
en pat maen lagenz ao an(d) taip
maen fujz wi riben hef intj weip:
bikeyz twar istor zande:

en estor maruen tjaert wo wae
ao kam bak huan ao stroild aboat
al denun do vilz ao dru: do ljen
wi sistor kit ao kazan djen
do lamz did plaer do græunz war grin
do triz did bad do zan did jin:
do lark war zielin in do skerin
ei ei do dert war got so dran
az if do zamer war bigan
en aie had sitz o bit o fan
ai mjed do maedanz skweil en tan

bikeyz twar istor zande:

en zu: o munde: wi: got dru:
aua warak bitomuz en akst o vju:
Young vo’ke vrom Stowe an’ Coom, an’ zome folk
Vrom uncle’s down at Grange to come,
Wi’ two or three young chaps bezide,
To meet and kip up Easter tide:
Var I’d a-zaid before, I’d git
Zome friends to come, an’ have a bit
O’ fun wi’ I, an’ Jiane, an’ Kit,
  Bekiaze ’twer Easter Monday.

An’ there we plây’d awoy at quiâts,
An’ weigh’d ourzelves wi’ skiales an’ wâights.
An’ jump’d to zee who wer the spryest,
An’ jump’d the vurdest an’ the highest;
An’ rung the bells var vull an hour,
An’ plây’d at fives agien the tower.
An’ then we went an’ had a tâit,
An’ cousin Sammy wi’ his wâight
Broke off the bar, ’e wer so fat,
An’ toppled off an’ vell down flat
Upon his head, and squot his hat,
  Bekiaze ’twer Easter Monday.
January 10, 1983

The following text is a translation from the original document with some notes:

\[\text{transcription}\]

\[\text{notes}\]

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January 10, 1983

The following text is a translation from the original document with some notes:

\[\text{transcription}\]

\[\text{notes}\]
DOCK LEAVES

The dock leaves that da spread so wide
Upon thik wold bank’s zunny zide
Da bring to mind what we did do
At plây wi’ docks var years agoo.
How we,—when nettles had a-stung
Our busy han’s when we wer young,—
Did rub ’em wi’ a dock an’ zing
“Our nett’l in dock. In dock out sting.”
An’ when thy zunburnt fiace, wi’ het,
Did sheen wi’ tricklen draps o’ zweat,
How thee didst sqout upon a bank
An’ toss thy little head, an’ pank,
An’ take a dock leaf in thy han’,
An’ zit an’ whisk en var a fan;
While I did hunt ’ithin thy zight
Var streaky cockle-shells to fight.

In all our plây-games we did bruise
The dock leaf wi’ our nimble shoes;
In carthouse wher we chaps did fling
You mâidens upwards in the zwing,
An’ by the zae-pit’s dusty bank
Wher we did tâit upon a plank.
—(Dost mind how oonce thee coossen zit
The buoard, an’ vell’st off into pit?)
An’ when we hunted ye about
The girt rick-barken in an’ out
Among the ricks, your vlee-èn frocks
An’ nimble veet did strick the docks.
dok li:vi

do dok li:vi do spred so wə:pd
əpən dık (w)əld bəŋks zəni zəe:nd
do bɾiŋ tə mə:əm(d) (h)əwt wi: did du:
ət plə: wi dəks vər jərəz əgu:
ho:u wi: (h)əwen nətəlz həd əstəŋ
ə:nəə bəzi hənz (h)əwen wi: wəə jəŋ
did ɾəb eən wi o dək en ziŋ
əut nətel in dək in dək əut stəŋ
ən (h)əwen ə:ə: zə:ə:bə:ənt ʃə:s wi hət
did ʃi:n wi triklen drəps o zət
ho:u əi: didst skwət əpən o bəŋk
ən təs ə:ə: lited həd ən pəŋk
ən tək o dək li:f in ə:ə: hən
ən zit ən (h)əsk ən əə o fən
(h)əwəil əə di:d hənt əi:n ə:ə: zə:ət
vər striki kə:kə:əlz te fə:t

do dək li:f wi ə:ə: nəmə:l ʃu:z
in karθə:wus (h)ər wi: tʃəps did fəŋ
ju: mə:ə:nənənərəz in əə zə:ŋ
ən b(ə)ə əə zə:pitə də:usti bəŋk
(h)ər wi: did tə:t əpən o pəŋk
dəst mə:əm(d) həu (w)ənəs əi: kusən zit
do bəərd ən vəlst af əntə pət
ən (h)əwen wi: həntid i: əbuah
də əə:t ri:kə:kə:nən in əə ut
ə:mə:nə də riks jər vli:ə:n frəks
ən nəmə:l vət did strik do dəks
An’ zoo thē docks a-spread so wide
Upon thīk wold bank’s zunny zide,
Da bring to mind what we did do,
Among the docks var years agoo.
and this: do: does suspend so: we: did
and did (w)ould he:ks by: two:ed
do bring to: mean(d) (h)owt wi: did du:
and do: does v:er jierz agu:
THE BLACKBIRD

Ov al the birds upon the wing
Between the zunny show’rs o’ spring,
Var al the lark, a-swingèn high,
Mid zing sweet ditties to the sky,
An’ sparrers, clus’tren roun’ the bough,
Mid chatter to the men at plough;
The blackbird, hoppèn down along
The hedge, da zing the gàyest zong.

'Tis sweet, wi’ yerly-wakèn eyes
To zee the zun when vust da rise,
Ar, hâlen underwood an’ lops
Vrom new-plèsh’d hedges ar vrom copse,
To snatch oon’s nammet down below
A tree wher primruosen da grow,
But ther’s noo time the whol dà long
Lik’ evemen wi’ the blackbird’s zong.

Var when my work is al a-done
Avore the zettèn o’ the zun,
Then blushèn Jian da wâ’k along
The hedge to mit me in the drong,
An’ stây till al is dim an’ dark
Besides the ashen tree’s white bark.
An al bezides the blackbird’s shill
An’ runnèn evemen-whissle’s still.

How in my buoyhood I did rove
Wi’ pryèn eyes along the drove,
ook blakboerd

voor al de boerdz opad de wiim bitwin de zana feyn sprîn voor al de laerk eeswien heia mid zii swi(;)t ditiz to de skeno en sparorx klastron rau ûn deus ûnêl mid tfâto to de men et plau de blakboerd hehden ûnhêlê ûn de hædz ûn zii ûn ûn gæenst zaa

tiz swi(;)t wi jorli wjekon éiz to zi: de zan (h)wen vast de reiz ar he:lon anderwud en loaps vrem njuple;st hedgiz ûr vrem kops to snatf (w)uz namit doûn bilo: û tri: (h)wer primuwaen de gro: bet ûrç nu: toûm û de huwel de: naag lik ivmeen wi de blakboerdz zaà

voor (h)wen mei wûrk iz al epeçav mei ûn ûr de zon û de zan ûn blasen dgen do wek aap ûn de hædz to mit mi: in û de droj en stæi til al iz ûn ûn dark bizaàdz ûi afon triiz (h) ûn bûrk ûn al bizaàdz ûn blakboerdz ûl ûn raàen ivmeen (h)wiselz stil

huë in mei deo hûnhu e û de û droj ûn ûo hûpe ûn ûn ûp ûn ûn û
Var blackbird’s nestes in the quick-
Set hedges high, an’ green, an’ thick;
Ar clim’ al up, wi’ clingèn knees,
Var crows’ nestes in swâyèn trees,
While frighten’d blackbirds down below
Did chatter o’ ther well-know’d foe.

An’ we da hear the blackbirds zing
Ther sweetest ditties in the spring,
When nippèn win’s na muore da blow
Vrom narthern skies wi’ sleet ar snow,
But drēve light doust along between
The cluose liane-hedges, thick an’ green;
An’ zoo the blackbird down along
The hedge da zing the gâyest zong.
COME, Fanny, come! put on thy white,
’Tis Woodcom’ feäst ya know, to-night.
Come! think noo muore, ya silly mâid,
O’ chickèn drown’d, or ducks a-strây’d;
Nor muope to vind thy new frock’s tâil
A-tore by hetchèn in a nâil;
Nar grieve an’ hang thy head azide,
Λ-thinkèn o’ thy lam’ that died.
The flag’s a-vlee-ên wide an’ high,
An’ ringèn bells da shiake the sky;
The band da plây, the harns da roar,
An’ boughs be up at ev’ry door.
Tha’ll be a-dâncèn soon: the drum
’s a-rumblèn now. Come, Fanny, come!
Father an’ mother, I be sure,
’v a-ben a-gone an hour ar muore;
An’ at the green the young an’ wold
Da stan’ so thick as sheep in vuold:
The men da lâfe, the buoys da shout,
Come out, ya muòpen wench, come out,
And goo wi’ I, an’ shew at leäst
Bright eyes an’ smiles at Woodcom’ feäst.

Come, let’s goo out an’ fling our heels
About in jigs an’ vow’r-han’ reels,
While āl the stiff-lagg’d wolder vo’ke
Λ-zittèn roun’ da ta’ke an’ joke,
An’ zee us dānce, an’ smile to zee
Ther youthful rigs a-plây’d by we.
wudkam fiest

kam fani kam pat an do ci (h)weit
tiz wudkam fiest jo no: toocut
kam dihk nu: muor jo sili mœid
e tʃikən dɔːːənd ər daks əɛstræid
nar muap tɔ vocin(d) do nju: frɔks tæıl
ʃtuɔr b(ɔː)ʃi hɛtʃɛn in ə nœil
nar gri:v an haŋ dɔ hɛd ɔːzɛ:x
ɔdʒɪŋk an ə doɔː lam ət dəːp
do flægz əvlɪı:ən ən həə
ən riŋən belz də ʃjek do skəː
do ban(d) do plae do hærnz do ruər
ən bæːz bi: ap ət əvri duər
dəːl biː ədənən suːn do drəm
z ɜmblæn ənːi kam fani kam
ʃeːdər an mədər ə tə biː ʃu(t):ʃə
v əbɛ əŋe ən muər ə附加值ə
ət do grəm ə do jæː ən (w)əld
ə do stan ə ɔːik əz jip ən vələd
ə do mən do leːf ə do bweːiz do jəːːə
kam əʃt jo ə məʊnən əŋtʃ kam əʃt
ən(d) guː wi ə ən ʃəː ət liəst
bɛːt ət ən smɔːləz et wudkam fiest

kam lets guː əʃt ən flɪə əʃuər hɪːlz
əʃuɔt ɪn dʒɪgz ən vəʊnəɾən rɪləz
(h)weɪl əl ɔ do stɪflæd (w)əldəɾ vɔːk
əzɪtən ræːn do tək ən ɗɔːk
ən ziː əs dems ən smæıl ə tə ziː:
dəɾ juːθfuːl rɪgz əplaɪd b(ɔː)ʃi wiː
Var ever since the wold church speer for, old, spire
Vust prick’d the clouds, vrom year to year, first
When grass in meäd did reach oon’s knees, blossom, set
An’ blooth did kern in apple-trees;
Zome merry dā ’v’ a-broke to sheen day has broken to shine
Upon the dānce at Woodcom’ green.
An āl o’ thā that now da lie all of those
So low āl roun’ thik speer so high, that spire
Oonce, vrom the biggest to the leāst, Had merry hearts at Woodcom’ feāst.

Zoo kip it up, an’ let ther be keep
A feāst var others ā’ter we. after
Come to the green, var when the zun
da zet upon our harmless fun,
The moon wull rise up in the east give
To gi’e us light at Woodcom’ feāst.
Come, Fanny, come! put on thy white, thou wilt
Tis merry Woodcom’ feāst to night:
Ther’s nothin’ var to muope about;
Come out, ya liazy jiade, come out;
An’ thee wu’t be, to oon at leāst, prettiest
The pirtiest mâid at Woodcom’ feāst.
var ever sins do (w)ould tʃɔrtʃ spɬɐ
vast prikt do klɔːudz vrem jiór tə jiór
(h)wen grɔs in miød did rɪtʃ (w)unz niːz
ən bluːð did kærn in apɔltriz
zam meri deː v əbɾɔːk tə ʃɪm
əpən doː dɛns tə wʊdkwem grɪn
ən eːl c ə deː ʃet nən ʊə lɔː
se loː eːl ræun dɪk spɪər sə hæ
(w)uns vrem doː bɪɡɪst tə do əɪst
həd meri hɔːts tə wʊdkwem fɪəst
zuː kɪp ɪt əp ən let dɔr biː
c fɪəst vər ʌðərz ətər wiː
kəm tə do ɡrɪn vər (h)wen doː zæn
do zet əpən əʊər hɑːrmliːs ʃən
də muːn wʊl ræn əp ɪn ə diːst
to ɡiː əs lɔːt tə wʊdkwem fɪəst
kəm fænɪ kam pæt ən dəzi (h)wɔːt
tiz meri wʊdkwem fɪəst tə nɔːt
dərz əθən vər tə muːp əbəːt
kəm əːt jə ljezi ʤɪɛd kam əːt
ən diː wʊt biː tə (w)un tə liːst
do pərtɪst mæp tə wʊdkwem fɪəst
THE MILK-MÂID O’ THE FARM

I be the milk-mâid o’ the farm:
   I be so happy out in groun’,
Wi’ my white milk-pâil in my yarm,
   As ef I wore a goolden crown.

An’ I don’t zit up hafe the night,
   Nar lie var hafe the day a-bed:
An’ that’s how ’tis my eyes be bright,
   An’ why my cheāks be ālwiz red.

In zummer marnens, when the lark
   Da rouse the yerly lad an’ lass
To work, I be the vust to mark
   My steps upon the dewy grass.

An’ in the evemen, when the zun
   Da sheen upon the western brows
O’ hills, wher bubblèn brooks da run
   Ther I da zing an’ milk my cows.

An’ ev’ry cow da stan’ wi’ I,
   An’ never mōve, nar kick my pâil,
Nar bliare at t’other cows, nar try
   To hook, ar swīch me wi’ her tâil.

Noo liady, wi’ her muff an’ vâil,
   Da wā’ke wi’ sich a stiately tread
As I do wi’ my milkèn pâil,
   A-balanc’d up upon my head.
An I at marnen an’ at night
   Da skim the yaller crēam, an’ muold
An’ press my cheeses red an’ white,
   An’ zee the butter vetch’d an’ roll’d.
   yellow

An’ Tommas shon’t be cāll’d the wust
   worst
   fetched (turned solid)
Young man alive, var he da try
To milk roun’ al his own cows vust,
   first
An’ then to come an’ milk var I.

I be the milk-mâid o’ the farm:
   I be so happy out in groun’,
Wi’ my white milk-pâil in my yarm,
   As ef I wore a goolden crown.
THE GIRT WOAK TREE THAT’S IN THE DELL

THE girt woak tree that’s in the dell!
Ther’s noo tree I da love so well.
Var in thik tree, when I wer young,
I have a-clim’d, an’ I’ve a-zwung,
An’ pick’d the yacors that wer spread
About below his spready head.
An’ jist below en is the brook
Wher I did vish wi’ line an’ hook,
An’ bathe my young an’ slender lims,
An’ have my buoyish dips and zwims;
An’ there my fāther used to zit;
An’ there my mother used to knit:
An’ I’ve a-plàyed wi’ many a buoy
That’s now a man an’ gone awoy.
Zoo I da like noo tree so well
’s the girt woak tree that’s in the dell.

An’ there I of’en have a-roved
Along wi’ thik poor mâid I lov’d,—
The mâid too fiair to die so soon,—
When evemen twilight ar the moon
Drow’d light enough into the pliace
To show the smiles upon her fiace:
Wi’ eyes so clear ’s the glassy pool,
An’ lips an’ cheāks so soft as wool:
There han’ in han’ wi’ bosoms warm
Wi’ love that burn’d but thought noo harm,
Under thik tree we us’d to zit
Var hours I never can vargit.
In dit tri: doets in do del

In dit tri: doets in do del

Var in dik tri: (h)wen ac war jau

(h)en oklimd en ac azwun

En pikt do jekarz doet war sprad

Aboret blo: (h)iz spreden hed

En dzist blo: en iz do bruk

(h)wor ac id vij wi leun en huk

En bjoed mai jan en slend byl

En hau mew iuwzips en(d) zwimz

En deor may feizor just to zit

En deor may mador just to nit

En ac awplaid wi meni o bwem

Zo: ac do leuk nu: tri: so wel

Z do gart (w)uk tri: doets in do del

En deor ac ac afna hav erovd

Palj wi dik pu(;)or macd ac lavd

Do macd tu: fjern to pso so sunn

(h)wen ivmen twarlost ar do munn
drovd loxt inaf into do pljes
to fo: do swarelz adun (h)or fjes

Wi az so kierz do glasi pur:
en lips en tjeiks so soft oz wul

Deer han in han wi baazamz warm

Wi lav dit boerd bet doet nu: harm

Andor dik tri: wi: just to zit

Ven areer oder ac never kan vergit
Tho’ she can never be my wife,
She’s still the angel o’ my life.
She’s gone: an’ she ’ve a-left to me
Her token o’ the girt woak tree.

Zoo I da love noo tree so well
’s the girt woak tree that’s in the dell.

An’ oh! mid never ax nar hook
Be brote to spwile his stiately look;
Nar roun’ his white an’ mossy zides
Mid cattle rub ther hiary hides.
Beät routen pigs awoy, an’ keep
His luonesome shiade var harmless sheep;
An’ let en grow, an’ let en spread,
An’ let en live when I be dead.
But oh! ef thā shou’d come an’ vell
The girt woak tree that’s in the dell,
An’ build his planks into the zide
O’ zome girt ship to plow the tide,
Then life ar death! I’d goo to sea,
An’ sâil on wi’ the girt woak tree:
An’ I upon thā planks wou’d stand,
An’ die a-fightën var the land,—
The land so dear; the land so free;
The land that bore the girt woak tree;—

Var I da love noo tree so well
’s the girt woak tree that’s in the dell.
do: si: kan nevar bi: mei: wotr
sis stil di andzel e mei: las:

sis gat en si: vi: left te mi:
hor tokan e do gjart (w)uak tri:
 zu: ci do lav nu: tri: se wel
 z do gjart (w)uak tri: dot in do del

an o: mid nevar aks nar huk
bi: brot te spwarl (h)iz stjetti lukt
nar raun (h)iz (h)wont en masi zordz
mid kateb ab der hjeari hordz
biot raunen pigz owi en kip
(h)iz luwzom sjed vor harmlis sjip
an let an gro: en let an spred
an let en liv (h)wen en bi: ded
bat o: ef de: jod kam en vel
do gjart (w)uak tri: dot in do del
en bild (h)iz planks inta do zerip
e zm gjart sjip te pozu do teip
den laip er deo ejd qu: te si:
en saerl an wi do gjart (w)uak tri:
en ci open de: planks wud stond
en doj afvotion var do lan(d)
do lan(d) so dior do lan(d) so fri:
do lan(d) dot buer do gjart (w)uak tri:
 var ci do lav nu: tri: se wel
 z do gjart (w)uak tri: dot in do del
VELLEN THE TREE

Ees, the girt elem tree out in little huome groun’
Wer a-stannen this marnen, an’ now ’s a-cut down.
Aye, the girt elem tree so big roun’ an’ so high,
Wher the mowers did goo to ther drink, an’ did lie
A-yeazen ther lims, var a zultery hour,
When the zun did strick down wi’ his girtest o’ pow’r.
Wher the hâymiakers put up ther picks an’ ther riakes,
An’ did squot down to snabble ther cheese an’ ther kiakes,
An’ did vill vrom ther flaggons ther cups wi’ ther yale,
An’ did miake therzelves merry wi’ joke an wi’ tiale.

Ees, we took up a ruope an’ we tied en al roun’
At the top ō’n wi’ oon end a-hangen to groun’,
An’ when we’d a-za’d his girt stem a’most drough,
We gie’d the wold chap about oon tug ar two,
An’ ’e swây’d āl his lims, an’ ’e nodded his head,
Till ’e vell awoy down lik’ a girt lump o’ lead:
An’ as we rinn’d awoy vrom ’en, cluose at our backs,
Oh! his boughs come a-whizzen an’ gie-èn sich cracks;
An’ his top wer so lofty that now’s a-vell down
The stem ō’n da reach a’most auver the groun’.
Zoo the girt elem tree out in little huome groun’
Wer a-stannen this marnen, an’ now ’s a-cut down.
BRINGEN OON GWÂIN O’ ZUNDAYS

go (part of the way with one)

AH! John, how I da love to look
Upon the holler an’ the brook,
Among the withies that da hide
The water, growên at the zide;
An’ at the road abîrth the wide
An’ shaller vuord, wher we young buoys,
Did piart when we did goo hafe-woys
    To bring ye gwâin o’ Zundays.

Var ā’ter church, when we got huome
In evemen, you did always come
To spend a happy hour or two
Wi’ we, ar we did goo to you;
An’ never let the comers goo
    Back huome aluone, but always took
    A stroll down wi’ em to the brook
    To bring ’em gwâin o’ Zundays.

How we did scoat al down the groun’
A-pushên oon another down,
Ar challengen o’ zides in jumps
Down auver bars, an’ vuzz, an’ humps,
An piart at laste wi’ slaps an’ thumps,
    An’ run back up the hill to zee
    Who’d git huome quickest, you ar we
    That brote ye gwâin o’ Zundays.

O’ liater years, John, you’ve a-stood
My friend, an’ I’ve a-done you good,
brin'gen (w)un gwæin o zande:z

a: d'an hæn eo de 1av te luk
apad o hænor eo de bruk
apam o wi:dz oet do hæi
o wæeper æt o do hæi
ao o ro: ipæt o do wæn
æn jæor vuord (h):war wi: jæn hwæanz
did pjaart (h):wen wi: did gu: he:wæanz
to brin i: gwæin o zande:z

ær æ:ter tfærtʃ (h):wen wi: gæt huæm
ær i:vmæn ju: did ælæwez kam
tæ spen(d) o hæpi æwar ær tu:
wi wi: ar wi: did gu: to ju:
aæ nevør let o kamærz gu:
bæk huæm æluæn bæt ælæwez tuk
æ stroil dæun wi æm to o do bruk
to brin æm gwæin o zande:z

hæn wi: did skæut æl dæun o do gæun
æphæn (w)un æñææør dæun
ær tfæændæn æ zændz in dæmps
dæun æær bærz æn væz æn hæmps
ær pjaart æt læst wi slæps æn thæmps
æn ræn bæk æp o do hil to zi:
hæd gæt huæm kwikst ju: ar wi:
dæt broæt i: gwæin o zande:z

æ ljetær jærz d'an ju:v æstæd
mæi fæn(d) æn æv æðan ju: gæd
But tidden, John, var al that you
Be now that I da like ye zoo,
But what ya wer var years agoo:
  Zoo if you’d stir my heart-blood now,
  Tell how we used to plây, an’ how
    Ya brote us gwâin o’ Zundays.
böt tidnep džun vor a'l böt ju:
bi: nɛu böt c:i de laæk i: zu:
böt (h)wot je wør vor jierz ægt:
zu: if jud stær mɛr hærtblæd mɛn

tel haçu wi: just tæ plæi on haçu
jæ brot æs gwæim æ zændæiz
Ah! they vew summers broke us roun’
The happiest daes that we’ve a-voun’,
When, in the archet that did stretch
Along the west zide o’ the patch
Ov wood, a-lyèn var to catch
The western zun, we al did meet
Wi’ merry tongues an’ skippèn veet
At evemen in the twilight.

The evemen âir did fan in turn
The cheãks the middæ zun did burn,
An’ zet the ruslen leaves at plày,
An’ miake the red-stemm’d brembles swây
In bows below the snow-white mây;
An’ whirdlen roun’ the trees, did shiake
Jiane’s raven curdles roun’ her neck
Thëy evemens in the twilight.

An’ there the yoller light did rest
Upon the bank toward the west,
An’ twitt’ren birds did hop in droo
The hedge, an’ many a-skippèn shoe
Did beât the flowers wet wi’ dew;
As undernëath the trees wide limb
Our merry shiapes did jumpy dim,
Thëy evemens in the twilight.

How sweet’s the evemen var to rove
Along wi’ oon that we da love,
77
When light enough is in the sky
To shiade the smile an’ light the eye
Tis al but heaven to be by;
  An’ bid, in whispers soft an’ light
    ’S the ruslèn ov a leaf, “Good night,”
       At evemen in the twilight.

An’ happy be the young an’ strong
That can but work the whol dæ long
So merry as the birds in spring,
An’ have noo ho var any thing
Another dæ mid tiake ar bring;
  But meet, when al ther work’s a-done,
    In archet var ther bit o’ fun,
       At evemen in the twilight.
(h)wen laut inaf iz in dc skāi
to lājā dc smāül en laut dī c:i
tiz ad bêt hevōn to bi: bōi
on bid in (h)wisperz saft en laut
s do rsālcn ov c līf pug nōt
et i:n me:n in dc twō:lō:n

e hāpi bi: dc jāi en strān
dōt kan bêt wārk dc huel de: lān
sc mēri az dc bōrdz in sprīn
en hav nu: ho: vōr eni dīn
anādār de: mid tēk or brij
bēt mi:(t) (h)wen ad dār wārks c vān
in artstet vōr dār bit c vān
et i:n me:n in dc twō:lō:n
NOW the light o’ the west is a-turn’d to gloom,
An’ the men be at huome vrom ground;
An’ the bells be a-zendèn āl down the Coombe
A muoanèn an’ dyèn sound.
An’ the wind is still,
An’ the house-dogs da bark,
An’ the rooks be a-veled to the elems high an’ dark,
An’ the water da roar at mill.

An’ out droo yander cottage’s winder-pane
The light o’ the candle da shoot,
An’ young Jemmy the blacksmith is down the liane
A-plàyèn his jarman-flute.
An’ the miller’s man
Da zit down at his ēase
’Pon the girt wooden seat that is under the trees,
Wi’ his pipe an’ his cider can.

Tha’ da zā that tis zom’hat in towns to zee
Fresh fiazen vrom dáy to dáy:
Tha’ mid zee em var me, ef the two or dree
I da love should but smile an’ stây.
Zoo gi’e me the sky,
An’ the âir an’ the zun,
An’ a huome in the dell wher the water da run,
An’ there let me live an’ die.
1920s

now do last o do west i\z o\fend to g\m
\n do men bi: st hu\m v\m gr\un(d)
\n do belz bi: ozend\en e\: d\un do k\m
\n do m\m m\m \n 0 m\un\en d\en s\en\un(d)
\n do win(d) iz sti
\n do h\xus d\gz do b\r\k
\n do r\ks bi: ov\d to \i el\m\z h\i\ 0 n\r\k
\n do wo\ter do ru\r at m\l

\n 0 stu\ dr\: j\ndor k\diz\iz w\nderpjen
\n do l\i\t o do k\nol do sti
\n do j\n d\emi do bl\k\m\iz iz d\un do l\n
\n 0pl\en\n (h)iz d\arm\en flut
\n do m\l\r\z m\n
\n do zit d\un st (h)iz iz
\n pu\ do g\rt w\d\en s\i\t o\t iz and\r do tri:z
\n wi (h)iz p\u\en\n (h)iz s\r\d\r kan

\n o: do ze: o\t iz z\m\ct in t\unz to zi:
\n fre\ f\e\en \v\m d\ei to d\e
\n do: mid zi: om var mi: ef do tu: or dri:
\n 0i do l\v f\d b\t sm\m\l 0n st\e
\n zu: gi: mi: do sk\u
\n do di a\ir \n do z\n
\n an to hu\m\m in do del (h)\w do w\t\e\r do r\n
\n an do re\r le\ mi: l\v on do
COME out o’ door, ’tis Spring! ’tis Mây!
The trees be green; the viel’s be gây;
The weather’s fine; the winter blast,
Wi’ al his tràin o’ clouds, is past;
The zun da rise while vo’ke da sleep,
An’ tiake a longer higher zweep,
Wi’ cloudless fiace, a-flingèn down
His sparklèn light upon the groun’.

The âir is warm and soft; come drow
The winder oben; let it blow
In droo the house wher vire an’ door
A-shut kept out the cuold avore.
Come, let the vew dull embers die,
An’ come out to the oben sky,
An’ wear your best, var fear the groun’
In colors gây mid shiame your gown.
An’ goo an’ rig wi’ I a mile
Ar two up auver geät an’ stile,
Droo zunny parricks that da leäd
Wi’ crooked hedges to the meäd,
Wher elems high, in stiately ranks,
Da grow upon the cowslip banks,
An’ birds da twitter vrom the sprày
O’ bushes deck’d wi’ snow-white mây;
An’ gil’cups, wi’ the diasy bud,
Be under ev’ry step ya trud.

We’ll wine’ up roun’ the hill, an’ look
Al down into the woody nook,
mæi

dø triiz bi: grin do vilz bi: gæi
dø wedærz fein do winter blast
wi a: (h)iz træi in klæudz iz past
do zan do reiz (h)voik do slipp
en tjek e langær hæør zwi:p
wi klæudlis fjes æflæen dæn
hiz sparklën lœnt æve do græn

øi æør iz warm øn(d) soft kam dro:
dø windør ø:øen let it blo:
in dru: do hæøs (h)ær væør øn duør
øføt kept æøt do kuold øvør
kam let ø vju: døl embærz ðøi
en kam æøt ø øi:øen skæi
en væør jør best vær fiør ø græun
in kærøz gæi mid fjem jør goðun
en gu: en ðig wi æi ø mæil
ør tu: øp ævør gjet ø stæil
dru: zøni pariks øt ø liad
wi krukid hædziø øt ø mind
(h)øør elømz høe in stjetli raøks
ø do gro: øpøn ø kæwslip baøks
øn bøødz ø twiter vrom ø spræi
ø buøiz dekt ø snøø(h)øønt mæi
øn gilkaps wi ø djezi hød
bi: ænder ævri step jø trød

wil væøn øp ræøn ø høl øn luk
a:l dæøn intø ø wødi nuk
Out wher the squier's house da show
Hizzelf between the double row
O' shiady elems, where the rook
Da build her nest, an' where the brook
Da creep along the meäds, and lie
To catch the brightness o' the sky,
An' cows, in water to ther knees,
Da stan' a-whisken off the vlees.

Mother o' blossoms, an' ov al
That's green a-vield vrom spring til fal;
The gookoo vrom beyand the sea
Da come wi' jåy to zing to thee,
An' insects vust in giddy flight
Da show ther colors by thy light.
Oh! when at làste my fleshly eyes
Shall shut upon the viel's an' skies,
Mid zummer's zunny dâes be gone,
An' winter's clouds be comen on:
Nar mid I drâ', upon the eth,
O' thy sweet âir my liatest breath;
Alassen I mid want to stây
Behine' var thee, O! flow'ry Mây.
aunt (h)warz do skwærz hauz do fo:

hizelf bitwi:n do dabal ro:

e sjedi elomz (h)warz do ruk
do bidd (h)or nest an (h)warz do bruk
do krip eplaj do miedz an(d) lox
to katf do bro:tins e do skæ:

e kæuz in water e dar niž
do stan a(h)wiskæn af do vli:z

māðer o blasæmæz en av ał

døts grīn evi:ld) vrem sprig til fał
do goku: vrem bijand do si:
do kam wi dʒæi te zhj te òi:
en insek(t)s vast m gidi flajt
do fo: dør kalærz b(æ)i doci lærj:
o: (h)wen at leist mo: flæjli aiz
 fal jat apran do völz en skæuz
mid zamærz zani deiz bi: gøn
en wintærz klaudz bi: kæmæn un
nar mid en dre: apran òi eθ
ø dɔi swi(þ)t æir møu ljetizt breθ
plæszæn en mid want te stæi
bikæn var òi: o: flæuri mær

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BOB THE FIDDLER

OH! Bob the fiddler is the pride
O’ chaps an’ māidens vur an’ wide;
They cānt kip up a merry tide
   But Bob is in the middle.
If merry Bob da come avore ye,
He’ll zing a zong, ar tell a story;
But if you’d zee en in his glory
   Jist let en have a fiddle.

Ees, let en tuck a croud below
His chin, an’ gi’e his vist a bow,
’E’ll drēve his elbow to an’ fro,
   An’ plây what ya da plēase.
At màypolèn, ar feäst, ar fiair,
His yarm wull zet off twenty piair,
An’ miake ’em dānce the groun’ dirt biare,
   An’ hop about lik’ vleas.

Long life to Bob, the very soul
O’ meth at merry feäst an’ pole,
Var when the croud da leäve his jowl
   Tha’ll al be in the dumps.
Zoo at the dānce another year,
At Shilliston ar Hazelbur’,
Mid Bob be there to miake ’em stir,
   In merry jigs, ther stumps.
bab do fidlar

o: bab do fidlar iz do præid
e tâps on mæidanz vær on word
de: kænt kip áp ø meri tæd
    bot bab iz in ðo midol
if meri bab do kaw ønuø i:
hil zih ø sør or tæl on stuøri
    bot if júd zi: on in (h)iz gluøri
djist let on hav ø fidøl

izs let on tak ø kraøud biø:
(h)iz tũn on gi: (h)iz vist ø bo:
el drev (h)iz elbo: to on fro:
on plaer (h)woø jø do pliiz
at mæpøløn ø fiøst ø fjøør
(h)iz jørm wul zet øf twenti pjør
on mjek øm deøns ø de øøøøn deøt bjør
    on hjøp øøøøt liø vliøz

laø laøf tø bab do øeri soł
ø mæøt ø meri fiøst øn poø
vør (h)wen ø kraøud ø liøv (h)iz dʒøøl
    ðøøl øl bi: in ø damps
zu: at ø deøns øøøøør jøø
øt fiølistøn ø hazøøøør
mid bab bi: deøør tø mjek øm støø
    in meri dʒøøg øøø stamps
HOPE IN SPRING

IN happy times a while agoo
   My lively hope that’s now a-gone
Did stir my heart the whol year droo,
   But muoast when greenbough’d spring come on:
When I did rove, wi’ litty veet,
Droo daisy beds so white’s a sheet,
But still avore I us’d to meet
   The blushèn cheäks that bloom’d var me.

An’ än’terward, in lightsome youth,
   When zummer wer a-comen on,
An’ all the trees wer white wi’ blooth,
   An’ dippèn zwallers skimm’d the pon’;
Sweet hope did vill my heart wi’ jày
An’ tell me, though thik spring wer gay,
Ther still woo’d come a brighter Mây,
   Wi’ blushèn cheäks to bloom var me.

An’ when at lāste the time come roun’,
   An’ brote a lofty zun to sheen
Upon my smilèn Fanny down
   Droo nēsh young leaves o’ yoller green;
How charmen wer the het that glow’d,
How charmen wer the shiade a-drow’d,
How charmen wer the win’ that blow’d,
   Upon her cheäks that bloom’d var me!

But hardly did they times begin
   Avore I vou’ em al gone by;
het in sprijh

in hapi te:z o (h)wem; agu:
   napc anu tet ahk vilx:z
id st:z mcm hart do huel jier dru:
   het maest (h)wen grin:bo:udp sprij kam an
   (h)wen ez did ro:v wi liti vi:t
dru: djegi bedz se (h)wets:s o jif:
het stil awn:z ez just t: miit
   do bhla:sp;kks doit blumd var mi:

an e:ttorwad in lo:ts:em:juth
   (h)wen zavm:ar wr akam:n an
an ad do tri:z wer (h)wets:v wi blu:th
   an dipem zwr:lerz:skim: do p:an
swi(;)t hop did vil mci: hart wi dzai
an tel mi: do: dik sprij wer gai
dor stil wud kam o br:ctor mae
   wi blasp:ks to blum var mi:

an (h)wen at le:st do te:zim kam re:nun
   an bro:t e lo:fti zan te: jln
apor mci: smo:tor funi dorn
   dru: ne:j yan liivz e jaler grin
hau t:jarmen wer do het do: glod
hau t:jarmen wer do sjed epro
hau t:jarmen wer do wim do: blod
   apun (h)or tsp:ks do: blum:d var mi:

het hardli did do: te:zim bigin
   ieq nup iez me unr:n ic zonve
An’ year by year da now come in
   To wider piart my jây an I;
Var what’s to meet ar what’s to piart
Wi’ mâidens kind, ar mâidens smart,
When hope’s noo longer in the heart,
   An’ cheâks noo muore da bloom var we.

But ther’s a wordle var to bless
   The good, wher zickness never rose;
An’ ther’s a year tha’s winterless
   Wher glassy waters never vroze.
An’ there, if true but ethly love
Da sim noo sin to God above,
’S a-smilèn still my harmless dove,
   So fiair as when she bloom’d var me.
THE WHITE ROAD UP ATHIRT THE HILL

When high hot zuns da strik right down,
An’ burn our sweaty fiazen brown,
An’ zunny hangëns that be nigh
Be back’d by hills so blue ’s the sky;
Then while the bells da sweetly cheem
Upon the champèn high-neck’d team
How lively, wi’ a friend, da seem
The white road up athirt the hill.

The zwellèn downs, wi’ chāky tracks
A-climmèn up ther zunny backs,
Da hide green meāds, an’ zedgy brooks,
An’ clumps o’ trees wi’ glossy rooks,
An hearty vo’ke to lafe an’ zing,
An churches wi’ ther bells to ring,
In parishes all in a string
Wi’ white roads up athirt the hills.

At feäst, when uncle’s vo’ke da come
To spend the dā wi’ we at huome,
An’ we da put upon the buoard
The best of al we can avvuord,
The wolder oons da tā’ke an’ smoke,
An’ younger oons da plây an’ joke,
An’ in the evemen al our vo’ke
Da bring ’em gwāin athirt the hill.

Var then the green da swarm wi’ wold
An’ young so thick as sheep in vuold.
93

var den do grind da warm wi (would en jaŋ sa ñik az ŋip m p

at fiast (how do jkielz voik da kam 

e m ñi tawen ał avar voik 

de briñ am gweñ ałar o hil 

zweelen daunz wi (jeck tra 
aklman ap (dar) zami baks 
de hand grim miadz en zedzí broks 
en klamps e triz wi gliñi ruks 
en fiarz wi to let an zim 
en harri voik to let an zim 

en parlijz ał m a struj 

howal roç ap ałar o hil 

howal hot zanz da strik raut daun 

howal ałar zeni fjeñ braun 

en bari ałar zeni fjeñ braun 

en zami hijanž (et) bij 

bakt boi hilz ña bluz ña skar 

den (howal) ña belz ña swiñli (tim 

ap (jampen) bamek (tim 

howal lañwi wi e fren (d) da sijn 

howal roç ap ałar o hil 

howal rañt o ałar o hil 

howal roç ap ałar o hil
The billis in the blacksmith’s shop
An’ mēsh-green waterwheel da stop,
An’ luonesome in the wheelwright’s shed
’S a-left the wheelless waggon bed,
While zwarms o’ comen friends da tred
The white road down athirt the hill.

An’ when the windën road so white,
A-climmen up the hills in zight,
Da leād to pliazen, east ar west,
The vust a-know’d an’ lov’d the best,
How touchèn in the zunsheen’s glow
Ar in the shiades that clouds da drow
Upon the zunburn’d down below,
’S the white road up athirt the hill.

What pirty hollers now the long
White roads da windy roun’ among,
Wi’ diary cows in woody nooks,
An’ hâymiakers among ther pooks,
An’ housen that the trees da screen
Vrom zun an’ zight by boughs o’ green,
Young blushèn beauty’s huomes between
The white roads up athirt the hills.
do biliz in do blaksmif's fap
en mes:grin woter(h)wi:l do stop
en lu:onsom in do (h)wiler:its fed
z olef do (h)wi:lis wagon bed
(h)war:il zwarmz a kamen fren(d)z do tred
do (h)war:it roid do un edeirt do hil

en (h)wen do wem(d)en roid se (h)war:it
oklimen ap do hilz un zet:
do lied to pljezon ist or west
do vast eno:z en lavd do best
hen tat:son in do zan:j:inz glo:
ar in do sjedz oot kloudz do dro:
apen do zan:ber:en(d) do un hilo:
    z do (h)war:it roid ap edeirt do hil

(h)war:it por:ti halr:z nau do lâ
(h)war:it roidz de wem:di raun em:
wi dj:eri kauz in wodi niks
en haimjekarz emna do: puks
en hau:zen oet do triz de skrin
vram zan en zai: b(o)1 bauz o grin
jau blafon hjustiz hau:zn bitwi:n
    do (h)war:it roidz ap edeirt do hilz
THE WOODY HOLLER

If mem’ry, when our hope’s a-gone,
Cood bring us drēms to chēat us on,
Ov happiness our hearts vou’n’ true
In years we come too quickly droo;
What dass shood come to me but you
That burn’d my youthvul cheāks wi’ zuns
O’ zummer in my playsome runs
About the woody holler.

When evemen’s rīsèn moon did peep
evening’s, rising
Down droo the holler dark an’ deep,
Wher gigglen switheatrs miade ther vows
In whispers under waggèn boughs;
When whisslen buoys an’ rott’len ploughs
rattling wagons
Wer still, an’ mothers wi’ ther thīn
Shrill vāices cal’d ther dáters in,
Vrom wā’kèn in the holler.

What souls shood come avore my zight
But thēy that us’d your zummer light;
The litsome younger oons that smil’d
Wi’ comely fiazen now ā-spwīl’d;
Ar wolder vo’ke, so wise an’ mild,
That I da miss when I da goo
To zee the pliace, an’ wā’ke down droo
The luonesome woody holler.

When wrongs an’ auverbearèn words
Da prick my bleedèn heart lik’ swords,
Then I da try, var Christes siake,
To *think* o’ you, sweet daes, an’ miake
My soul as ’twrer when you did wiake
    My childhood’s eyes, an’ when, if spite
    Ar grief did come, did die at night
In sleep ’thin the holler.
den oc do traci vor krasiiz sjek
ta dijk e ju: swi(t) deiz en mjek
moe sol az twor (h)wen ju: did wjek
moe tsoil(d)husz uez en (h)wen if spaat
ar gri:f did kam did doz st noe:t
in slip idin do halor
JENNY’S RIBBONS

JIAN ax’d what ribbon she shood wear 'Ithin her bonnet to the fiair. 
She had oon white a-gi’ed her when 
She stood at Miairy’s chrissenën;
She had oon brown, she had oon red
A kipsiake vrom her brother dead,
That she did like to wear to goo
To zee his griave below the yew.

She had oon green among her stock
That I’d a-bo’te to match her frock;
She had oon blue to match her eyes
The colour o’ the zummer skies,
An’ he, tho’ I da like the rest,
Is thik that I da like the best,
Bekiaze she had en in her hiair
When vust I wā’k’d wi’ her at fiair.

The brown, I zaid, woo’d do to deck
Thy hiair; the white woo’d match thy neck;
The red woo’d miake thy red cheäk wan
A-thiknen o’ the gi’er gone.
The green woo’d show thee to be true;
But eet I’d sooner zee the blue,
Bekiaze ’twer thik that deck’d thy hiair
When vust I wā’k’d wi’ thee at fiair.

Zoo, when she had en on, I took
Her han’ ’ithin my elbow’s crook,
dženíz ribonž

džen akst (h)wat ribonž jì: sud wear
ìdin (h)or banit to ðo fjeør
jì: had (w)unj (h)wat u giid (h)ør (h)wen
jì: stud ðt mjøriz krisóon
jì: had (w)un braun jì: had (w)un red
ò kipsjek vram (h)ør bráðør dëd
òt jì: ðid loòk ðo wear ðo gu:
tò zi: (h)iz grjev bilo: ðo ju:

jì: had (w)un gin omnì (h)ør stók
òt ðùd ñbot ðo matì (h)ør frók
jì: had (w)un blu: ðo matì (h)ør øaz
do kalør ðo do zamar skøiz
òh hi: ðø: ðø ðo loøk ðo rest
ìz ðík ðòt ðø ðo loøk ðo best
bikjeːz jì: had øn in (h)ør hjør
(h)wen vást øn wekt wi (h)ør ðt fjeør

do braun øn zed wud du: ðo dek
doù hjør øø (h)wat wud matì ðøi nek
do red wud mjøk ðøi red tfìak wøn
døñkøn ðø ðø giìør søn
do gin wud ðø: ði: ðø bi: trø:
òt ðì ñad sunær zi: ðø blu:
bikjeːz twør ðík ðòt dekt ðøi hjør
(h)wen vást øn wekt wi ðì: ðt fjeør

zu: (h)wen jì: had øn øn øø tuk
(h)ør han ìdin mòn ëlbøːz krùk
An’ off we went athirt the weir
An’ up the meäd toward the fiair;
The while her mother, at the geäte,
Call’d out an’ bid her not stay liate;
An’ she, a-smilèn, wi’ her bow
O’ blue, look’d roun’, an’ nodded No.
ECLOGUE

THE 'LOTMENTS

JOHN AND RICHARD

JOHN
Zoo you be in your ground then I da zee, field
A-workèn, and a-zingèn lik’ a bee. working and singing
How do it answer? what d’ye think about it? calculating, seed
D’ye think ’tis better wi’ it than without it?
A-reck’nen rent, an’ time an’ zeed to stock it,
D’ye think that you be any thing in pocket?

RICHARD
O ’tis a goodish help to oon, I’m sure ô’t. of it
If I had not a-got it my poor buones
Would now a’yach’d a-cracken stuones have ached, cracking
Upon the road; I wish I had some muore ô t.

JOHN
I wish the girt oons had a-got the griace great
To let out land lik’ this in ouer pliace;
But I da fear there’ll never be nuone var us, for
An’ I cân’t tell whatever we shall do:
We be a-most a-starvèn, an’ we’d goo starving
To ’merica, if we’d enough to car us. America, carry

RICHARD
Why ’twer the squire ya know, a worthy man, first brought
That vust brote into ouer pliace the plan;
εκλαγ

δο λατμάντς

dzan on(d) ritsat

JOHN
zu: ju: bi: in jar grαun(d) den ec ia do zi:
ωωωκον on(d) ολινγεν lik ec bi:
hora du: it ενσα (h)ωτ dji: διήκ εβαυτ it
dji: διήκ τις bετόri it δεν (w)δεαυt it
ορεκνην rent on τοιμ on zιd to τok it
dji: διήκ διοt ja bi: ενι διή in pokit

RICHARD
ο: τις a γυδιφ help τo (w)ουn αιμ ιυ(;)οη to:
ιf αι (h)οδ νοt αγνt it metal et pu(;)αβ
wοd αυν αεικ tκρακeν tυευz
αριν δi ο κο Τιμ ια hαd ηαυ μυg oτ

JOHN
αι wi(j) δο γορt (w)ουn had αγνt δο grjes
to let αευt lan(d) lik δις η ανερ pljεs
bοt η: δο δο fiυρ δεαυl nευb: ηυον υαη as
ον αι keνt tel (h)ωτευωr wi: σηl du:
wi: bi: αmαsτ ωστανη on wιd qu:
tο μερικα if wιd inαf τo καr ες

RICHARD
(h)ωνα twοr δο skωρeιο jο no: e ωρδι man
dοt vαsτ bροt intu eυερ pljεs δο plan
'E zaid 'e’d let a vew odd yacres
O’ land to we poor liab’ren men;
An’, ’fâith, ’e had enough o’ tiakers
Var that an’ twice so much agen.
Zoo I took zome here, near my hovel,
To exercise my spiarde an’ shovel.
An’ what wi’ dungèn, diggèn up, an’ zeedèn,
A-thinèn, cleänèn, howèn up, an’ weedèn,
I an’ the biggest o’ the childern too
’Ave always got some useful jobs to do.

JOHN
Ees, wi’ a bit o’ ground if oon got any,
Oon’s buoys can soon get out an’ yarn a penny,
And then, by workèn, they da larn the vaster
The way to do things when they got a miaster;
Vor oon must know a deal about the land
Bevore oon’s fit to lend a useful hand
In giarden, or a-vield upon a farm.

RICHARD
An’ then the work da keep ’em out o’ harm,
Vor vo’kes that don’t do nothèn wull be vound
Soon doen worse than nothèn, I’ll be bound.
But as var I, d’ye zee, wi’ theös here bit
O’ land, why I have ev’ry thing a’muost.
I can fat ducks an’ turkeys var the spit;
Or zell a good fat goose ar two to ruoast.
I can have beäns an’ cabbage, greens ar grass,
Ar bit o’ wheat, ar, sich my happy fiate is
That I can keep a little cow, or ass,
An’ a vew pigs to eat the little tiaties.
JOHN

Is wi a bit a grún(d) if (w)un got eni
(w)unz hværiz kør sum get æut en jarn ø peni
en(d) den b(ø)1 velkøn de: de lærøn de værør
dø wøm te du: díuð (h)wøn de: got ø mja:ør
vør (w)un mest no: ø dil æbørut ø lan(d)
bivør (w)unz fit te len(d) ø jusful han(d)
in gjarðøn ø eivil(d) øpp ø fa:ør

RICHARD

En øn ø de værk de ki(ø)d øm æut ø harm
vør vo:k ødøt domt du nathøn wøl bi: væ:un(d)
sun du:nøn wøs ø de nathøn æil bi: bø:un(d)
bøt ø vø ør øi dji: zi: wi øiøs hior bit
ø lan(d) (h)wøn æ ø hav evri díu øma:øt
øi kør fat døks øn tørkiz vør ø spøt
ør zøl ø gud fat gøs ør tu: tø ruøt
øi kør hav biønz øn kø:ð dírøn ør grøs
ar bit ø (h)wil ar sitøs møø høpi fjet iz
øø øi kør kí(ø)d ø lítøl kørø ø a(ø)s
ø ø vøjø: píøg tu itt ø lítøl tjetíz
JOHN
And when your pig’s a-fatted pretty well
Wi’tiatives, ar wi’ barley an’ some bran,
Why you’ve a-got some flitches var to zell,
Or hang in chimney corner if you can.

RICHARD
Ees, that’s the thing; an’ when the pig da die
We got a lot ov offal var to fry,
An’ inwards var to buoil, or put the blood in,
And mlake a meal or two o’ good black pudden.

JOHN
I’d keep myzelf from parish I’d be bound
If I could get a little patch o’ ground.
JOHN

wn jor piz sfatd parti wel
wi tjetz ar wi barli wn som bran
(h)wn jor apot Zum vlitziz var te zel
ar han in tzhimi ka:nor if jo kon

RICHARD

is dats or nin wn (h)wn d or piz ot or:
w, got ot lat ov afel var te fre:
un mongz var te bwsel ar de blyt de blad in
wn(d) mjek or mi:l or tu: or god blak padd

JOHN

eid ki(d) p m(av)izelf vrem parif or bi: be:un(d)
if en kud get or lizel patif or gro:un(d)
ECLOGUE

A BIT O' SLY COORTÈN

JOHN AND FANNY

JOHN

Now Fanny, 'tis too bad, ya téazèn mâid; teasing
How liate ya be a-come. Wher have ye stây’d? weren’t going
How long ya have a-miade me wâît about!
I thought ya werden gwâin to come, agen,
I had a mind to goo back huome agen.
isn’t
This idden when ya promis’d to come out.

FANNY

Now ’tidden any use to mìake a row,
Var ’pon my word I cooden come till now.
I ben a-kept in al the dæ, by mother,
At work about oon little job an’ t’other.
If you da want to goo, though, don’t ye stây
Var I a minute longer I da práy.

JOHN

I thought ya mid be out wi’ Jemmy Bliake.

FANNY

Why should I be wi’ he var goodness’ siake?

JOHN

Ya wâ’k’d o’ Zunday evemen wi’n d’ye know. walked, evening, with him
Ya went vrom Church a-hitch’d up in his yarm. arm

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A bit of slackly kwaarten

dzan on(d) fanì

JOHN
nàù fanì tiz tu: bad ët ët:àù mëàd
hàù ljët ët bi: àkàm (h)wàr hov ët: stèìd
hàù làù ët hov ëmøjed mi: wàët ëbìut
à: ì ët ët wàù èìg to ëkì mìg ugen
à: ì hòd ët ëmàù(d) ët gu: bak hùëm agen
dis ìpë (h)wèn ët pròëmist ët ëkì ët

FANNY
nàù àtùnt ënì jùs ët mjàk ët nàù
vàr pàà mìò: wàëp ët ët kùùëm kùm tì nàù
à: ì ët àkëpt in à: l ët ët: b(ì)ì mùìàër
àt wàrk ëbìut (w)àù ëtë tì ëtàër
ìf jù: ët wànt ët gu: ët: dòët ët: stèì
vàr à: ì ët ë mëìit ëgëëg ët ët à: ì ëprëì

JOHN
à: ì ët ët ët mìë ët: ëut ët ëzëì ëbljëk

FANNY
(h)wàì sùd ë: ët ë: wì ëhì: wàë gùëàìs ëjëk

JOHN
jà wëëkt ë zàndë: ë:vmøën ët ë: ëdjà: ë: no:
jà wëënt vrom t'sërt' ëhìtst ëp ën (h)ìz jààrm
FANNY
Well, if I did, that weren any harm;  wasn't
Lauk! that is zome’hat to tiake nodice o’.  Lord!

JOHN
'E took ye roun’ the middle at the stile,
An’ kiss’d ye twice ’ithin the hafe a mile.  half

FANNY
'Ees, at the stile, bekiase I shooden val,
'E took me hold to help me down, that’s al;
An’ I can’t zee what very mighty harm
'E cood ha’ done a-lenden me his yarm.  arm
An’ var his kissèn o’ me, if ’e did
I didden ax en to, nar zæ ’e mid;  ask him to, nor say he might
An’ if ’e kiss’d me dree times ar a dozen,
What harm wer it? Why idden er my cousin?
An’ I cant zee, then, what ther is amiss
In cousin Jem’s jist gi’en I a kiss.  giving me

JOHN
Well, he shon’t kiss ye then; ya shon’t be kiss’d
By his girt ugly chops, a lanky houn’;  great
If I da zee’n I’ll jist wring up my vist  see him, clench my fist
An’ knock en down.
I’ll squot his girt pug nose, if I don’t miss en,
I’ll warnd I’ll spwile his pirty lips var kissen.  warrant, spoil, pretty

FANNY
Well, John, I’m sure I little thought to vind
That you had sich a nasty jealous mind.
wel if in did dat waryen eni harm
look dat iz zamot to tjek no quick o:

JOHN
tuk i: ranun dë midol et dë stë:l
en kist i: twës i dën de heat c fëm

FANNY
iz at dë stë:l bikjez re frë:en va:l

tuk mi: huold to help mi: dëun dats al
en a ke:nt zi: (h)wot veri mo:ti harm

c kud ho dan olend mi: (h)iz jar:n
an vor (h)iz kisen o mi: if c dix
ë: dëdon aks on tu nar ze: o mid
en if c kist mi: dix: toimz ar c dazen
(h)wot harm war it (h)wot id o dazen kazen
en a ke:nt zi: dun (h)wot dëre iz am
in kazen dzemz dixst giden o c kis

JOHN
wel hi: jënt kis i: ën jë jënt bi: kist
b(ëi) (h)iz gërt agli tèjëps c lañkhi hëun
if c ak dë zi: cë ëc ël dixst rìh ap mëw vist
en nok on dëun
li skënt (h)iz gërt dëg non z if cë dënt mus ën
dël warnnd cë ël spwëvik (h)iz pawt lips vor kisen

FANNY
wel dizan cim ju(i)ër cë li lael dëct to vorin(d)
dët ju: had sitf c na:stì dëzës më:in(d)
What, then! I s’pose that I must be a dummy,  
An’ mussen goo about, nar wag my tongue  
To any soul, if he’s a man, an young;  
Ar else you’ll put yerzelf up in a passion,  
An’ ta’k awoy o’ gi’èn vo’ke a drashèn,  
An’ breakèn buones, an’ beätèn heads to pummy.  
If you’ve a-got sich jealous woys about ye,  
I’m sure I shoo’d be better off ’ithout ye.

JOHN
Well, if girt Jemmy have a-winn’d your heart,  
We’d better break the coortship off, an’ piart.

FANNY
He winn’d my heart! there, John, don’t tā’k sich stuff,  
Don’t tā’k noo muore; var ya’ve a-zed enough.  
If I’d a-lik’d another muore than you  
I’m sure I shoodeen come to meet ye zoo,  
Var, I’ve a-tuold to fāther many a starry  
An’ took o’ mother many a scuoldèn var ye.  
[Weeping.]  
But ’t’wull be auver now, var you shon’t zee me  
Out wi’ ye noo muore to pick a quarrel wi’ me.

JOHN
Well, Fanny, I woon’t zae noo muore, my dear.  
Let’s miake it up. Come wipe off thik there tear,  
Let’s goo an’ zit o’ top o’ theos here stile,  
And rest, and look about a little while.

FANNY
Now goo awoy, ya nasty jealous chap,  
Ya shon’t kiss I: ya shon’t: I’ll gi’ ye a slap.
JOHN
wel if gær t dzem hav owind ïer hært
wïd betær brek ðo kuærtʃip af ðe pjàrt

FANNY
hi: wïnd mən hært ðær dzan doənt teək siæf
doənt teək nu: mʊær var jəv æzed inæf
if æːd elikt ænædær mʊær ðæn jʊ:
əː im ʃu(ː)ər æː jʊdʊn kæm tə mi(ː)t iː zuː
var æːv ætʊəld tə fæːdær mɛni ə stæri
ən tuk ə mæðər mɛni ə skʊældʊn vər iː
[Weeping]
bat twʊl biː ðævæ nəu vər jʊː ʃænt ziː miː
əːt wiː iː nuː mʊær tə pik ə kwæɾəl wiː miː

JOHN
wel funi æː wu(ː)nt zeː nuː mʊær mən dïər
lets mjek it æp kæm wɔhp æf dïk ðær tïər
lets guː æn zit ə tɔp æ ðiːs hïər stæɪl
æn(ː) rest æn(ː) luk æbæ biː lɪtəl (h)æːl

FANNY
nəu nuː æːwɛː jœ nəːsti dzeləs tfæp
jœ ʃænt kïs æː jœ ʃænt æːl giː iː æ slæp
JOHN
Then you look smilèn; don’t you pout an’ toss
Yer head at I, an’ look so very cross.

FANNY
Now John! don’t squeeze me roun’ the middle zoo.
I woon’t stop here noo longer if ya do.—
Why John! be quiet wull ye, fie upon it.
Now zee how you’ve a-rumpl’d up my bonnet,
Mother ’ill zee it ā’ter I’m at huome,
An’ gi’e a guess directly how it come.

JOHN
Then don’t ye zae that I be jealous, Fanny.

FANNY
I wull: var you be jealous, Mister Jahnny.

JOHN
If I be jealous you be rather fickle-ish.

FANNY
John! leäve aluone my neck. I be so tickle-ish!
There’s somebody a-comèn down the groun’
Towards theös stile. Who is it? Come git down.
I must rin huome, upon my word then, now;
If I da stây they’ll kick up sach a row.
Good night. I can’t stây now.

JOHN
Then good night, Fanny
Come out a-bit to-marrer evemen, can ye?
 JOHN

den jū: luk sma:ulon don't ju: po:ut on tus
jor hed at âe on luk so veri kras

FANNY

nu: o dʒən don't skwiz mi: rə:nə ə midəl zə:
ə: wu(ə)nt stop hər nu: læŋər əf jə du:
(h)əwənd dʒən bi: kwə:ət wə:l i: fə:əpən ət
nu: u zi: həu jə:n ərəmpəld âp mə: əpən
əniər æ zi: ət eə:əpən æt huən
ən gi: ðəs dərək(t)li həu æt kəm

 JOHN

den don't i: ze: ðət âi bi: dʒələs fənə

FANNY

ə: wəl var jə bi: dʒələs mɪstər dʒəni

 JOHN

if âi bi: dʒələs ju: bi: re:dər fɪklɪʃ

FANNY

dʒən liən əluəə mə:n ək âi bi: ət tıkliʃ
dəəɾ səmbədi okəmən də:ən ə ɡrə:n
ˈtəʊərdəz əʊsə stəul hə: ɪz ɪt kəm ɡit əkə:n
ə: məst rɪn həuən ᴡːə:əŋ ən ən dən ənə
if âi do stər ək kɪk əp sɪtʃ ə rə:n
ɡud nət ɪə ɪə kə:nt stər ənə

 JOHN

ðən ɡud nət fənə
kəm ə:ut ə bət təmərər ɪvəmən kən i:
SUMMER

—–

EVEMEN, AN’ MÂIDENS OUT AT DOOR

evening
stretch

The shiades o’ the trees da stretch out muore an muore,
Vrom the low goolden zun in the west o’ the sky;
An’ mãidens da stan out in clusters avore
The doors var to chatty, an’ zee vo’ke goo by.

An’ ther cuombs be a-zet in ther bunches o’ hiair,
An’ ther curdles da hang roun’ ther necks lily white,
An’ ther cheäks tha be ruozy, ther shoulders be biare,
Ther looks tha be merry, ther lims tha be light.

An’ times have a-bin—but tha cân’t be noo muore—
When evemens lik theös wer delightsome var I,
When Fanny did stan’ out wi’ others avore
Her door var to chatty, an’ zee vo’ke goo by.

An’ there, in the green, is her own honey-zuck,
That her brother trâin’d up roun’ her winder; and there
Is the ruose an’ the jessamy where she did pluck
A flow’r var her buzom, a bud var her hiair.

Zoo smile, happy mãidens; var every fiace,
As the zummers da come, an’ the years da roll by,
Wull sadden, ar goo vur awoy vrom the pliace,
Ar else lik’ my Fanny wull wether an’ die.

But when you be lost vrom the parish, some muore
Wull come in y’ur pliazen to bloom an’ to die.
i:vmonz on mæidonz æut at duer

dær sjedz æ dó triz dó stratf æut muør en muør
væm dó lo: guðdan zan in dó west æ dó skæi
on mæidonz dó stan æut in klæstærz ænuør
ðó ðuærz var to tsati æn zi: vørk gu: bæi

on ðær kuæmj bi: æzet in ðær bantsiz æ hjær
on ðær kórðelz do hæg ræun ðær neks liti (h)wæit
on ðær tʃiæks de: bi: ruæzi ðær fɔldærz bi: hjær
ðør luks de: bi: meri ðær lɪmz de: bi: læıt

on tɔːæzm hɔv æbin bɔt de: keṁt bi: nu: muør
(h)wen i:vmonz lɪk ðiæs wɔr dilæıtsɔm vær æi
(h)wen fæni dið stæn æt wɪl æðær ænuør
(h)ær ðuær var to tsatæ æn zi: vɔrk gu: bæi

on ðæræ æn ðaːr ɡriːn iz (h)ær æn hænizæk
ðør (h)ær bɾæðər tɾænd æp ræn (h)ær wɪndər æn(d) ðeər
iz ðo ruæz æn ðo dʒesæmi (h)wɔr jɪ: dið plɑk
c flææææær (h)ær ðæzæm æ bæd vər (h)ær hjeər

zʊ: smɔːil hæpi mæidænz var ævəri fʃes
az ðo zæmæz ðɒ km æn ðo jɪɛəz ðɔ rol bæi
wul sæðæn ær gu: vææ æwɔ æmæn ðo plʃæs
ær elæ ðɪk mæi fæni wul wɛdər æn ðæi

bot (h)wen jʊ: bi: læst væm æn pærʃ som muør
wul km æ nr plʃæzæn tɔ bluːm æn tɔ bæi

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Zoo summer wull always have mändens avore
Ther doors var to chatty an’ zee vo’ke goo by.

Var dâ’ters ha’ marnen when mothers ha’ night,
An’ beauty da live when the fiairest is dead.
The siame as when oon wiave da zink vrom the light,
Another da come up an’ catch it instead.

Zoo smile, happy mändens; but never noo muore
Shall I zee oon among ye a-smilên var I.
An’ my heart is a-touch’d to zee you out avore
The doors var to chatty, and zee vo’ke goo by.
THE SHEPHERD O’ THE FARM

I be the Shepherd o’ the farm:
    An’ be so proud a-roven round
Wi’ my long crook a-thirt my yarm,
    As ef I wer a king a-crown’d.

An’ I da bide al day among
    The bleatèn sheep, an’ pitch ther vuold;
An’ when the evemen shiades be long
    Da zee ’em al a-penn’d an’ tuold.

An’ I da zee the frisken lam’s,
    Wi’ swingen tâils and woolly lags,
A-plâyèn roun’ ther veedèn dams,
    An’ pullèn o’ ther milky bags.

An’ I, bezide a hawtharn tree,
    Da zit upon the zunny down,
While shiades o’ zummer clouds da vlee
    Wi’ silent flight along the groun’.

An’ there, among the many cries
    O’ sheep an’ lam’s, my dog da pass
A zultry hour wi’ blinken eyes,
    An’ nose a-stretch’d upon the grass.

But in a twinklen, at my word,
    The shaggy rogue is up an’ gone
Out roun’ the sheep lik’ any bird,
    To do what he’s a-zent upon.
do sepe rd o do farm

oz bi: do sepe rd o do farm
   en bi: so pre cep tur round
wi ma en la krok a o se t ma en jar m
   oz ez ef oz o w am e ki akre un d

en en oz do en do: name
   do bli a a da cip de d o vru vru
ez (h)wen de i: ven en f edz bi: la g
   do zi: em a al en d en teu led

en en oz do en: do frisk on lamz
   wi swi ma taelz en(d) wul i lagz
en se no en re u en d o vink on damz
   en pul en oz o do mil ki bagz

en en bio pe raz en h en da r en tri:
   do zit epp o do zan i s eun
(h)wen f edz o z am er klu puz do vli:
   wi se n c e do gale te en l e n

en dar en do na m e kru ez
   o f i: cip bo en lamz ma en bag de pa:s
en za l tri en wi bli jen en iz
   en en no en estr a ft s t de u de gras

bot in a twi jen en et ma en w e rd
   do fagi roy en a up
en tu ur en o de fip lik en i b a rd
to du: (h)wo t hi: z ezent ap de
An’ wi’ my zong, an’ wi’ my fife,
An’ wi’ my hut o’ turf an’ hurdles,
I wou’den channge my shepherd’s life
To be a-miaade a king o’ wordles.

An’ I da goo to washèn pool,
A-sousèn auver head an’ ears
The shaggy sheep, to cleän ther wool,
An’ miake ’em ready var the sheärs.

An’ when the shearèn time da come,
I be at barn vrom dawn till dark,
Wher zome da catch the sheep, and zome
Da mark ther zides wi’ miaster’s mark.

An’ when the shearèn’s al a-done,
Then we da eat, an’ drink, an’ zing
In miaster’s kitchen, till the tun
Wi’ merry sounds da shiake an’ ring.

I be the Shepherd o’ the farm:
An’ be so proud a-rovèn round
Wi’ my long crook a-thirt my yarm,
As ef I wer a king a-crown’d.
VIELDS IN THE LIGHT

Oon's heart mid leap wi' thoughts o' jay
In comen manhood light an' gay,
When worder vo'ke da goo an' gi'e
The smilen wordle up to we;
But dæs so fair in hope's bright eyes
Da of'en come wi' zunless skies;
Oon's fancy can but be out-done
Wher trees da sway an' brooks da run
By risen moon ar zettèn zun.

When in the evemen I da look
Al down the hill upon the brook
Wi' wiaves a-leapen clear an' bright,
While boughs da sway in yoller light;
Noo hills nar hollers, woods nar streams,
A-voun' by dæ ar zeed in dreams,
Can seem much fitter var to be
Good annge's huomes though they da gi'e
But pain an' twile to souls lik' we.

An' when, by moonlight, darksome shiades
Da lie in grass wi' dewy bliades,
An' wordle-hushen night da keep
The proud an angry vast asleep,
When we can think, as we da rove,
Ov only they that we da love;
Then who can dream a dream to show,
Ar who can zee a moon to drow
A sweeter light to wa'ke below?
vil(d)z in ño lëit

(w)unz harrt mid liëp wi ñofts ë dpëri
in kaman manhud lëit en gëri
(h)wen (w)ulder voq dë qu: en gi:
ðë smëorëd wërpëd ëp tø wi:
böt dëz ës fëer in hoips brëit ëziz
dë afën kam wi zanlës skëiz
(w)unz fansi kan böt bi: ñutdan
(h)war triz ës swëir en bruks dë rëv
b(ò)ì rësër mu nùn ër zëtën ëzaz

(h)wen in ñi ivman ño ño luk
al dëunñ ño hil çopun ño bruk
wi wjevz elioqen kliër en brënt
(h)wël bëuz ño swëir in jàlor lëit
nu: hilz nàr halærz wudz nàr stri:mz
ëvëun b(ò)ì ñe: ñr ëzìd in dri:mz
këñ si(ò)m mët fitar var tø bi:
gud andëlz hërmz ño: ñe: ño gi:
böt përin en twërël ët so:lz lëk wi:

en (h)wen b(ò)ì munloët da:rksëm ñjëdz
dë lëi in graüs wi djuï bljëdz
en wërdël hësë naut dë këp
dë prë:ud en angri vaëst ësë:ip
(h)wen wi: këñ dë:ñk ëz wi: dë ro:ëv
ev onli ñe: ñet wi: dë lav
ðën hu: këñ dë:im ë dë:im tø ño:
är hu: këñ zi: ñ mauë tø dro:
ë swi(ò)ñer lëit tø wek bilo:
Ees, laste Whitmonday, I an’ Miary
Got up betime to mind the diairy;
An’ gi’ed the milkèn pàils a scrub,
An’ dress’d, an’ went to zee the club.
Var up at public house by ten
O’clock the pliace wer vull o’ men,
A-dress’d to goo to Church, an’ dine,
An’ wa’ke about the pliace in line.

Zoo off tha started, two an’ two,
Wi’ pàinted poles an’ knots o’ blue;
An’ girt silk flags.—(I wish my box
’d a-got ’em al in kiapes an’ frocks.)—
The fifes did squeak, the drum did rumble,
An’ girt biazzoons did grunt an’ grumble,
An’ vo’ke that vollied in a crowd
Kick’d up the doust in sich a cloud!
An’ then at church ther wer sich lots
O’ hats a-hung up wi’ ther knots,
An’ poles a-stood so thick as iver
Ya zeed bullrushes by a river.
An’ Mr. Goodman gi’ed ’em warnen
To spend ther evemen lik’ ther marnen.
Clubs weren’t meän’d var empten barrels,
’E zaid, nar eet var pickèn quarrels.
But that oon man mid do another
In need, the duty ov a brother.

An’ a’ter church tha went to dine
’ithin the girt long room behine
(h)witsantœ:ip on klab weikøn

his le:st (h)witmande: or on mjœri
got ap bitœim te mo:n(d) do djœri
or gœd ðæ milkæn päelz œ skrab
or drest œn went to zi: ðæ klab
ær ap æt pæblık hous b(o):i ten
œklæk ðæ pljes war vul ðæ men
œdrest te gu: te tsœrtsf on do:n
œn weik œba:ut ðæ pljes un læ:n

zœ: or ðæ: startid tu: œn tu:
wi pæntid po:lz œn nots œ blu:
or gœrt slik flagz œ wif mø: mœ: boks
do gœrt œm æl æn kjæs œn fræks
ðæ fœ:fs ðid skwi:l ðæ dræm ðid ræmbæl
or gœrt bjæzœ:nz ðid grant œn græmbæl
œn vo:k ðæt vœlaid in œ kærœd
kikl æp ðæ dœust in sœ: œ klausd
œn ðen æt tsœrœfs ðær wær sœ: lœts
œ hats œhœn æp wi ðær nots
œn po:lz æstud œ aik æ æuær
jo æ:zd bœlraœsiz b(o):i œ ræver
œn mœstœr gœdmœn gœd æm wærœn
œ spœn(d) ðær ivœmœn lïk ðær marœn
klæbz wærœn mœnd œr æm(p)œn barœlz
œ æzœd nar æt ær piken kwœralz
bat ðœt (w)œn œn œn mid ðœ:œr
œn æid ðæ pœ:œt œv œ bœdœr

œn æær tsœrtsf ðæ: went to do:n
œn ðœ: ðæ gœrt lœŋ œu:m bïhœœn
The public house, wher you remember
We had our dānce back laste December.
An’ ther tha miade sich stunnen clatters
Wi’ knives an’ farks an’ pliates an’ platters!
The wāiters rinn’d, the beer did pass
Vrom tap to jug, vrom jug to glass;
An’ when tha took awoy the dishes
Tha drink’d good healths, an’ wish’d good wishes
To al the girt vo’kes o’ the land,
An’ al good things vo’ke took in hand.
An’ oon cried bip, bip, bip, an’ hollied,
An’ t’others al struck in, an’ vollied;
An’ grabb’d ther drink up in ther clutches,
An swigg’d it wi’ sich hearty glutsches.
An āter that tha went al out
In rank agien, an’ wa’k’d about,
An’ gi’ed zome parish vo’ke a cal,
An’ then went down to Narley Hal,
An’ had zome beer an’ dānc’d between
The elem trees upon the green.
An’ gwâin along the road tha done
Al sarts o’ mad-cap things, var fun;
An’ dānc’d, a-pokèn out ther poles,
An’ pushèn buoys down into holes;
An’ Sammy Stubbs come out o’ rank
An’ kiss’d I up agien the bank,
A saucy chap; I ha’nt vargi’ed en
Not eet; in shart I han’t a-zeed en.
Zoo in the dusk ov evemen zome
Went back to drink, an’ zome went huome.
do public house (h)war ju; remember
wi: had owar deus bare last disembaor
on dor de: mjed sitf stanon klaterz
wi nowiz en farks en pljets en platerz
do wanterz rind do bier did pas
vrem tap to dazag vrem dazag to glass
en (h)wen de: tuk owai de disiz
de: drinkt gud helbs en wist gud wiz
tu ail do gort voiks o do lan(d)
en ail gud diiz voik tuk in han(d)
en (w)en kradd rip rip rip en holid
en tadonz ail strak in en valid
en grabd dar drink ap in dor klatfsiz
en swigd it wi sitf hartl glatfsiz

en efos dat de: went ail out
in rank egjen en wext about
en gid zem paris voik o kal
en den went doun to nartli hail
en had zem bier en denst bitw:n
di elom tiriz opan de grins
en gwain elin de rod de: dan
ail sarts o madkap diiz vor fan
en denst oproken aout dor polz
en rujen bwazi doun into holz
en sami stabz kam ait o rank
en kist de: ap egjen de banj
o sasi tsap de: hant vorgid en
not it in sart de: hant aziid en
zu: in de dask en iwm en zam
went bak to drink en zam went huom
SWEET Woodley, oh! how fresh an’ gay
Thy lianes an’ veels be now in May,
The while the brode-leav’d clotes da zwim
In brooks wi’ gil’cups at the brim;
An’ yoller cowslip-beds da grow
By thorns in blooth so white as snow;
An’ win’ da come vrom copse wi’ smells
O’ grēgoles wi’ ther hangēn bells.

Though time da drēve me on, my mind
Da turn in love to thee behind,
The siame’s a bullrush that’s a-shook
By wind a-blowèn up the brook.
The curdlen strēam woo’d drēve en down,
But plâysome âir da turn en roun’,
An’ miaeke en seem to bend wi’ love
To zunny hollers up above.

Thy tower still da auverlook
The woody knaps, an’ wind’en brook,
An’ lianes wi’ here an’ there a hatch,
An’ house wi’ elem-shiaded thatch;
An’ veels wher chaps da vur outdo
The Zunday sky wi’ cuots o’ blue,
An’ māidens’ frocks da vur surpass
The whitest diasies in the grass.

What peals to-dā vrom thy wold tow’r
Da strik upon the zummer flow’r,
wudli

swi(t) wudli o:  hand fres en gæ i
dø: ljenz en vi:lz bi: nœu in mæ i
do (h)wø:ld de børdli:vd kloets de zwim
in bruks wi gilkaps at de brim
en jælør kæuslip bedz de gro:
b(a):i døæzn en blu:th so (h)wø:lt az sno:
en win de kam vrom kæps wi smelz
e gægælz wi dør hæøn belz

do: tæim de drev mi: an mœi mø:m(d)
do tærn in lør tø di: bihœør(d)
do sjæmz ø bulrøf øøts øøuk
b(a):i win(d) øbløørn ap de bruk
do kærdærn streim wud drev øø dœrn
bot plæisæm æir de tærn en rœun
en mjek øø si(ø)m to ben(d) wi løv
tø zæni hæløræ ap æøv

do: tæørø stil øø overluk
do wedi naps øø wœør(d)øøn bruk
en ljenz wi hiør øø deør ø hatf
en hœus wi elømŒje:Œid ðatf
en vi:lz (h)wø: tʃæps øø veæ øøutdu:
do zænde: skæø wi kœøts ø blu:
en mæærønz frøks øø veæ sørøaøs
do (h)wø:istik djeæiz nø øø grasøs

(h)wø: pøilø tøøø: veæm øø (w)øærød tæørø
øø strik øøøø de zæmør fæøør
As al the club, wi’ dousy lags
Da wā’k wi’ poles an’ flappèn flags,
An’ wind, to music, roun’ between
A zwarm o’ vo’ke upon the green!
Though time da drēve me on, my mind
Da turn wi’ love to thee behind.
az a'l dé kláb wi dé:usti lagz
dé wék wi polz en flapén flagz
en wé:in(d) té mju:zik ré:un bitwi:n
c zwa:rm c vé:k épp dé grí:n
dé: tó:im dé: dre:u mi: on mé: ré:in(d)
def tó:un wi lav té ó: bihé:in(d)
THE BROOK THAT RUNN'D BY GRAMFER'S

When snow-white clouds wer thin an' vew
Avore the zummer sky o' blue,
An' I'd noo ho but how to vind
tome play to entertain my mind;
Along the water, as did wind
Wi' zedgy shoal an' holler crook,
How I did ramble by the brook
That runn'd al down vrom gramfer's.

A-holdèn out my line beyond
The clothe-leaves wi' my withy wand,
How I did watch, wi' eager look,
My zwimmen cark a-zunk ar shook
By minnies nibblen at my hook,
A-thinken I shood catch a briace
O' perch, ar at the leäst some diace
A-zwimmen down from gramfer's.

Then ten good diaries wer a-fed
Along that water's windèn bed,
An' in the lewth o' hills an' wood
A hafe a score farmhousen stood:
But now,—count al ô'm how you woo'd,
So many less da hold the land,—
You'd vine but vive that still da stand,
A' comen down vrom gramfer's.

There, in the midst ov al his land,
The squier's ten-tunn'd house did stand,
Wher he did miake the water clim'
A bank, an sparkle under dim
Brudge arches, villèn to the brim
   His pon’, an’ leäpèn, white as snow,
Vrom rocks, a-glitt’rèn in a bow,
   An’ runnen down to gramfer’s.

An’ now oon wing is al you’d vind
O’ thik girt house a-left behind;
An’ only oon wold stuonen tun
   ’S a-stannen to the râin an’ zun;
An’ al’ s undone the squier done.
   The brook ha’ now noo cal to stây
   To vill his pon’ ar clim’ his bây
   A-runnen down to gramfer’s.

When oonce in heavy râin, the road
At Grenley brudge wer auverflow’d,
Poor Sophy White, the pliace’s pride,
A-gwâin vrom market went to ride
Her pony droo to t’other zide:
   But vound the strēam so deep an’ strong
   That took her off the road, along
   The holler, down to gramfer’s.

’Twer dark, an’ she went on too fast
To catch hold any thing she pass’d;
Noo bough hung auver to her hand,
An’ she coo’d réach no stuone nar land
Wer oonce her litty voot cou’d stand:
   Noo ears wer out to hear her cries,
   Nar wer she oonce a-zeed by eyes,
   Till took up dead at gramfer’s.
£ bank on sparkle ander dim
bradµ arriz vilen te ðo brim
(h)iz put on liedan (h)wè:t az sn: vøræ mæks æglitræn in c ðo: en rænæ ðønæ te gramfœrz

en nænæ (w)æn in hevi ræn ðo rød
æt greñli bradµ wær æværflø:d
pu(;)ør so-fi (h)wænt ðø pljæsiz præd
ægæææn vøræ markit went ðo ræd
(h)ær poñi dru: ðø tådør zaød
  ðæt væun(d) ðø streim ðø døp æn streñ
  ðæt tuk (h)ør af ðø rød ænæ
  ðø hælør ðæunæ ðø gramfœrz

twør dark æn jì: went æn tu: vø:sæ
tø katj huold æni ðu jì: past
nu: bæøu háø ò:øær tu (h)ør han(d)
en jì: kud restj nu: stuen nør lan(d)
(h)ær (w)æn (h)ør ðiti vøt kud stan(d)
  nu: iærz wør ðut ðø hiør (h)ør kræ:æ
  nar wør jì: (w)ænæ æzid b(ø)ì ææ
  til tuk ðp ded ðet gramfœrz

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SLEEP DID COME WT’ THE DEW

O when our zun’s a-zinkèn low,
How soft’s the light his face da drow
Upon the backward road our mind,
Da turn an’ zee a-left behind;
When we, in chilehood, us’d to vind
Delight among the gilcup flow’rs,
Al droo the zummer’s zunny hours;
    An’ sleep did come wi’ the dew.

An’ ā’terwards, when we did zweat
A-twilèn in the zummer het,
An’ when our daely work wer done
Did use to have our evemen fun;
Till up above the zettèn zun
The sky wer blushèn in the west,
An’ we laid down in peace to rest;
    An’ sleep did come wi’ the dew.

Ah! zome da turn,—but tidden right,—
The night to dae, an’ dae to night;
But we da zee the vust red strēak
O’ marnen, when the dae da brēak;
An’ zoo we ben’t so piale an’ wēak,
But we da work wi’ health an’ strangth
Vrom marnen droo the whuole dae’s langth,
    An’ sleep da come wi’ the dew.

An’ when, at laste, our ethly light
Is jist a-draèn in to night,
slip did kam wi ðæ dju:

ø: (h)wen ðævar zanz ðæzïkæn lø:
hræ:u soâts ðæ laût (h)iz fjes ðæ dro:
apn ðæ ðæbak(w)ærd rød ðævar mæ:wæn(d)
dø tø:n ðæ zi: øleft bìø:n(d)
(h)wen wi: ðæ tʃæilhud just ðæ vœm(d)
dïlæ:t ømŋ ðæ gïlkap fâ:æwæz
a: dru: ðæ zâmœæz zâni æœææz
øn slip did kam wi ðæ dju:
øn æ:trøwærdz (h)wen wi: did zweæ
øtwæ:ilæn ín ðæ zamœæ ðet
øn (h)wen æœææ de:li wœræk wœr ðæn
did juz ðæ hæv æœææ ðæmæn fæn
til ðø æbæn ðæ zetæn zæn
ðæ skææ wœr blæææn ín ðæ west
øn wi: led ðæ:un ín pi:s ðæ ðæst
øn slip did kam wi ðæ dju:

æ: zam ðæ tø:n bøt tdiræn rænt
ðæ nœt ðæ de: øn de: ðæ nœt
bøt wi: ðæ zi: ðæ vœst red streek
æ mæræn (h)wen ðø de: ðæ bre:k
øn zu: wi: bènt ðø pje: ðæ wæk
bøt wi: ðæ wœræk wi hælθ ðæ stræŋθ
vœm mæræn dru: ðø hœæl ðæz læŋθ
øn slip ðø kæm wi ðæ dju:

øn (h)wen æt le:st æœææ ðæli laût
iz dʒɪst ædæææn ín ðø nœt:
We mid be sure that GOD above,
If we be true when he da prove
Our steadfast fàith, an’ thankvul love,
Wull do var we what mid be best,
An’ tiake us into endless rest;
    As sleep da come wi’ the dew.
wi: mid bi: su(y)or dot gard edan
if wi: bi: tru: (h)wen hi: do prav
or stedfaist faish en theajkval lav
wul du: var wi: (h)wot mid bi: best
en tjeck os intu en(d)his rest
az sli:p do kam wi do dju:
SWEET MUSIC IN THE WIND

WHEN evemen is a-drâên in
evening, drawing
I’ll steal vrom others’ nâisy din;
swirling
An’ wher the whirlen brook da roll
Below the walnut tree, I’ll stroll,
An’ think o’ thee wi’ al my soul,
Dear Jenny; while the sound o’ bells
Da vlee along wi’ muoansome zwells.
Sweet music in the wind.
fly

I’ll think how in the rushy leâze
O’ zunny evemens jis’ lik’ theös,
In happy times I us’d to zee
Thy comely shiape about thik tree,
Wi’ pâil a-held avore thy knee;
An’ lissen’d to thy merry zong
That at a distance come along.
Sweet music in the wind.

An’ when wi’ I ya wâ’k’d about,
you walked
O’ Zundays, â’ter Church wer out,
after
Wi’ hangen yarm, an’ modest look;
hanging arm
Ar zittên in some woody nook
or
We lissen’d to the leaves that shook
Upon the poplars strâight an’ tal,
rattle
Ar rottle o’ the waterval:
Sweet music in the wind.

An’ when the plâyvul âir da vlee
fly
O’ moonlight nights, vrom tree to tree;
swi(;)t mjuzik in ðo win(d)

(h)wen i:vman iz ədre:ən in
əil stı:l vrem ədərz nəizi ɗın
ən (h)war ɗə (h)war:lan bruk ɗə rol:
bi:lo: ɗə wai:lət tri: əil strol:
ən ɗiŋk ə ɗi: wi ɬəl məi soi:
diər djən(ı) (h)war:ln ɗə so:un(ı) ə belz
də vli: əlnə wi mu:nəsm zwelz
swi(;)t mjuzik in ðo win(d)

ən ɗiŋk hou in ðo rəʃi liəz
ə zəni ivmanz djis ɬık dıəs
iŋ hapi tə:lmz ən jʊst tə zi:
ən kəmli sjep əbəut dık tri:
wi pæl sheld ənuə ɗən ni:
ən lıənd tə ɗən məri zəŋ
dət at ə diəns kəm əlnə
swi(;)t mjuzik in ðo win(d)

ən (h)wen wi ən jə wəkt əbəut
ə zəndəz ətər tʃərtʃ wər əut
wi hənən jərm ən modist lʊk
ər zitən in səm wudi nuk
wi: lıənd tə ɗə lɪuvz dət ʃʊk
əpən ɗə pplərz strənt ən təl:
ər rʊtəl ɬ ɗə wətərvəl:
swi(;)t mjuzik in ðo win(d)

ən (h)wen ɗə plæivul æər ɗə vli:
ə mu:nəlut nəıts vrem tri: tə tri:
Ar whirl upon the shiakèn grass,
Ar rottle at my winder glass;
'Da seem,—as I da hear it pass,—
As if thy vâice did come to tell
Me wher thy happy soul da dwell.
    Sweet music in the wind.
ar (h)wɔːr l ɔpɔn də sjɛkən ɡraːs
ar ʁatl ɔt mɛː wɪndər glaːs
də siːm az ɔː də hɪəɾ ɪt pəːs
əz ɪf ɔːr væs dɪd kæm tə tɛl
miː (h)wɔr ɔːr hapi sɔːl də dwel
swiːt mjuːzɪk ɪn də wɪn(d)
UNCLE AN’ ĀNT

How happy uncle us’d to be
O’ zummer time, when ānt an’ he
O’ Zunday evemens, yarm in yarm,
Did wa’ke about ther tiny farm,
While birds did zing, an’ gnats did zwarm,
Droo grass a’most above ther knees,
An’ roun’ by hedges an’ by trees
   Wi’ leafy boughs a-swàyèn.

His hat wer brode, his cuoat wer brown,
Wi’ two long flaps a-hangèn down,
An’ vrom his knee went down a blue
Knit stockèn to his buckled shoe.
An’ ānt did pull her gown-tâil droo
Her pocket-hole to kip en neat
As she mid wa’ke, ar tiake a seat
   By leafy boughs a-swàyèn.

An’ vust tha’d goo to zee ther lots
O’ pot-yarbs in the ghiarden plots;
An’ he, i’maybe, gwàin droo hatch,
Wou’d zee ānt’s vowls upon a patch
O’ zeeds, an’ vow if he cou’d catch
Em wi’ his gun, tha shoudden vlee
Noo muore into ther roostèn tree
   Wi’ leafy boughs a-swàyèn.

An’ then vrom ghiarden tha did pass
Droo archet var to zee the grass,
hōu hapi ƞkəl just to bi:
ɔ zamør tø:mm (h)wen ënt ɔn hi:
ɔ zãnde: îtrences jərm in jərm
did we:k əbbut ər tø:mi fərm
(h)əzd bərdz di: zif ɔn nats di: zərm
dru: gras əməst əbb ər ni:z
ən rə:un b(ə)i hɛdziz ən b(ə)i triz
wi li:fi bənz əswəriən

(h)iz hat wər brɔ:d (h)iz kuət wər brəun
wi tu: bə: flaps əhən dəu:n
ən və:m (h)iz ni: wənt dəu:n ɔ blu:
ət stəkən tu (h)iz əlkəld ʃu:
ən ënt di: pol (h)ər əzən tæl dru:
(h)ər pəkt ho:tl tə kip ən ni:t
əz fi: mi:d we:k ɔr tə:k ə si:t
b(ə)i li:fi bənz əswəriən

ən vəst əd gu: tə zi: ər ləts
ə pot jərbz ən ə gə:rdən pləts
ən hi: 1 mæ: bi: gwə:m dru: hətʃ
wud zi: ɛnts ə:ulz ənən ə patʃ
ə zıdz ən əu: əf hi: kud katʃ
əm wi (h)iz ən əd: jʊdən vli:
nu: ˈmʊər intə ər rʊstən tri:
wi li:fi bənz əswəriən

ən ən və:m gə:rdən ə: diː pa:s
dru: ərtʃət vər tə zi: ər gras
An’ if the blooth so thick an’ white
Mid be at al a-touch’d wi’ blight.
An’ uncle, happy at the zight,
Did guess what cider ther mid be,
In al the archet, tree wi’ tree,
Wi’ tutties āl a-swâyèn.

An’ then tha stump’d along vrom there
A-vield, to zee the cows an’ miare,
An’ she, when uncle come in zight,
Look’d up, an’ prick’d her yers upright,
An’ whicker d out wi’ āl her might;
An’ he, a-chucklen, went to zee
The cows below the shiady tree
  Wi’ leafy boughs a-swâyèn.

An’ laste ov āl tha went to know
How vast the grass in meâd did grow;
An then ānt zed ’twer time to goo
In huome; a-holdèn up her shoe
To show how wet ’e wer wi’ dew.
An’ zoo tha toddled huome to rest
Lik’ culvers vlee-en to ther nest
  In leafy boughs a-swâyèn.
an if do blue the thik an (h)went
mid bi: at al count wi blank
an vêkêl hapi at do zaat
did ges (h)wot sound der mid bi:
in al di arrêt tri: wi tri:
wi tatiz el Oswærean

an den de: stampt alang vram deêar
ævi:d(d) to zi: do kœuz an mjear
an fi: (h)wen vêkêl kam in zœat
lukt ar an prikt (h)ar jœrz jœrat
an (h)wikerd œut wi eil (h)ar mat
an hi: arrêkloœ went to zi:
dœ kœuz bilo: do sœjedi tri:
    wi li:fi bœuz Oswærean

an leœt av eil de: went to no:
haœu vaœt do gras in miœd did gro:
an den ent zed twœr teœm to gu:
in huœm eœoœdœn ar (h)œr fu:
tœ œo: haœu wet œ war wi djœu:
an zu: de: tôœal huœm to rest
lik kalœrz vliœœn to ûœr nest
    in li:fi bœuz Oswærean
HAVÈN OON’S FORTUN A-TUOLD

In liane the gipsies, as we went
A-milkèn, had a-pitch’d ther tent
Between the gravel pit an’ clump
O’ trees, upon the little hump:
An’, while upon the grassy groun’
    Ther smokèn vire did crack an’ bliaze,
    Ther shaggy-cuoated hoss did griaze
Among the bushes vurder down.

An’ when we come back wi’ our pâils
The woman met us at the râils,
An’ zed she’d tell us, if we’d show
Our han’s, what we shoo’d like to know.
Zoo Poll zed she’d a mind to try
    Her skill a bit, if I woo’d vust;
    Though to be sure she didden trust
To gipsies any muore than I.

Well I agreed, an’ off all dree
Ô’s went behine an elem tree;
An’, â’ter she’d a-zeed ’ithin
My han’ the wrinkles o’ the skin,
She tuold me—an’ she must a-know’d,
    That Dicky met me in the liane—
    That I’d a-wâk’d, an’ shoo’d agiên,
Wi’ somebody along thik ruoad.

An’ then she tuold me to bewar
O’ what the letter M stood var.
havon (w)unz fa.rtjuunt category

in ljen de dpipsiz az wi: went
omilkan had opit't dar tent
bitwin de gravel pit en klamp
e triiz apan de litel hamp
en (h)wacil epan de grasir grunt
dar smokkan vorar did krak en bljez
dar fajkuowid has did grijez
am de busjiz vorer darun

en (h)wen wi: kam bak wi auro paelz
do wuman met es et de raelz
en zed jid tel es if wind so:
auro hanz (h)wot wi: juid leik te no:
zu: pol zed jid o moin(d) te trai
(h)or skil a bit if o wud vast
do: te bi: jui(;)or fi: diden trast
to dpipsiz eni muor o do o:

wel o e agrid en af al dri:
so went bihoin en elem tri:
en etor jid azid idom
ma: han de ringelz o do skin
ji: tuold mi: en fi: mast anod:
dot diki met mi: in do ljen
dot oid owekt en juid ayjen
wi zambadi elalj dik ruad

en den fi: tuold mi: te biwar
o (h)wot de letor em stud var
An’ as I wā’k’d, o’ Monday night,
Droo Meād wi’ Dicky auverright
The Mill, the Miller, at the stile,
Did stan’ an’ watch us tiake our stroll,
An’ then, a blabbèn dousty-poll,
Tuold Mother ō’t. Well wo’th his while!

An’ Poll too wer a-bid bewar
O’ what the letter F stood var;
An’ then, bekiase she took, at Fiair,
A buzzom-pin o’ Jimmy Hiare,
Young Franky beāt en black an’ blue.
’Tis F var Fiair; an’ ’twer about
A Fiaren Frank an’ Jimmy fought,
Zoo I da think she tuold us true.

In shart she tuold us al about
What had a-vell or woo’d val out;
An’ whether we shoo’d spend our lives
As måidens ar as wedded wives.
But when we went to bundle on
The gipsies’ dog wer at the rāils
A-lappèn milk vrom ouer pāils;
A pirty deāl o’ Poll’s wer gone.
and az ac wekt o mandle: nornit
dru: miad wi diki o:varc:t
do mi o milor ot do stail

did stan on wot s o tjek xvar strol

on den o blabon o:ustipo:
tueld waso o: tel wot wad (h)iz (h)wotil

on pol tu: war ebid biwar
o (h)wot do letor ef stud var
on den bikjeiz si: tuk ot fjeor
o bazempin o d=imi hj=er
jan franke biot on blak on blu:
tiz ef vor fjeor on twor ab=aut
o fjeor franke on d=imi f=aut
zu: o: i do dijk si: tueld os tru:

in fart si: tueld os a: al ab=aut
(h)wot had ovel ar wud val o:ut
on (h)wedor wi: jud spen(d) o:uar lo:vi
oz maedonz ar oz wedid wa:ivz
bot (h)wen wi: went to bandel on
do djipsiz dog war at do raitz
alapen milk vrem ac: varl pazlz
o parti diel o palz wot wag
JEÄN’S WEDDÈN DAE IN MARNEN

At laste Jeän come down stāirs a-drest,
Wi’ weddèn knots upon her breast,
A-blushèn, while a tear did lie
Upon her burnen cheāk hafe dry:
An’ then her Roberd, drā-ēn nigh
Wi’ t’others, took her han’ wi’ pride
To mīake her at the church his bride,
    Her weddèn dae in marnen.

Wi’ litty voot an’ beātèn heart
She stepp’d up in the new light cart,
An’ took her brīdemāid up to ride
Along wi’ Roberd at her zide;
An’ uncle’s miare look’d roun’ wi’ pride
To zee that, if the cart wer vull,
  ’Twer Jenny that ’e had to pull,
     Her weddèn dae in marnen.

An’ ānt an’ uncle stood stock still
An’ watch’d em trottèn down the hill;
An’ when tha turn’d off out o’ groun’
Down into liane, two tears rinn’d down
Ānt’s fiace, an’ uncle, turnen roun’,
Sigh’d oonce an’ stump’d off wi’ his stick,
Bekiaze did touch en to the quick
  ‘To piart wi’ Jeän thik marnen.

“No Jeän’s a-gone,” Tom mutter’d, “we
Shall muope lik’ owls ’ithin a tree;
Var she did zet us al agog
Var fun, avore the burnen log.”
An’ as ’e zot an’ tā’k’d, the dog
Put up his nose at birth his thighs,
But cooden miate en turn his eyes,
    Jeân’s weddën dæ in marnen.

An’ then the nâighbours roun’ us al
By oones an’ twos begun to cal,
To meet the young vo’ke when the miare
Mid bring em back a married piair:
An’ al ô’m zed, to Roberd’s shiare
Ther had a-vell the fiarest fiace
An’ kindest heart in al the pliace,
    Jeân’s weddën dæ in marnen.
vör fi: did zet as a:l ëag
vör fy hu ovor do bæræn hag
æ az e zat en tekkt ë og
pat up (h)iz noiz ædær (h)iz ðær
bæt kuden mjek an tærn (h)iz æiz
dʒiænz wedon de: in mæræn

æn ðæn ë ñæiæærz ræun ës a:l
b(æ)ð (w)unz ën tuiz bigan ë tø kæl
tø mi(æ)t ë ñ jæn vo:k (h)weñ ë ñ mjæør
mid bræ ëm bak ë marid pjeør
æn a:l om zed ë robaædz fjeør
dæ ëør hæl ë ë fjeøríst fiæ
æn kææindist hært ën a:l ë plæs
dʒiænz wedon de: in mæræn
RIVERS DON'T GI'E OUT

The brook I left below the rank
Ov alders that da shiade his bank,
A-runnen down to drēve the mill
Below the knap ’s a-runnen still.
The crēpēn daes an’ wiks da vill

Up years, an’ miage wold things o’ new,
An’ vo’ke da come, an’ live, an’ goo,
But rivers don’t gi’e out, John.

The leaves that in the spring da shoot
So green, in fal be under voot,
Mây flow’rs da grow var June to burn,
An’ milk-white blooth o’ trees da kern
An’ ripen on, an’ val, in turn.
The moss-green water-wheel mid rot;
The miller die an’ be vargot;
But rivers don’t gi’e out, John.

A vew shart years da bring an’ rear
A màid, as Jeän wer, young an fiair;
An’ vewer zummer-ribbons, tied
In Zunday knots, da fiade bezide
Her cheâk avore her bloom ha died:
Her youth won’t stây. Her ruosy look
’S a fiadên flow’r, but time’s a brook
That never da gi’e out John.

An’ eet, while things da come an’ goo,
God’s love is steadvast, John, an’ true.
If winter vrost da chill the groun’
’Tis but to bring the zummer roun’:
Al’s well a-lost wher He’s a-voun’;
Var, if ’tis right, var Christes siake,
He’ll gi’e us muore than He da tiake;
His goodness don’t gi’e out, John.
if wintar vrast də tʃɪl də graʊn
tiz bat tə bʁɪŋ də zamər ræːn
əːləz wel ələst (h)wɔr hiːz əwən
var if tiz rɔxt vər kраːstɪz sjɛk
hɪːl giː əs muər dən hiː do tʃɛk
(h)ɪz ɡʊdnis dɔːnt giː əut ɬæn
MIAKÈN UP A MIFF

VARGI’E me Jenny, do; an’ rise
Thy hangèn head, an’ teary eyes,
An’ speak, var I’ve a-took in lies
   An’ I’ve a-done thee wrong;
But I wer tuold,—an’ thought ’twer true,—
That Sammy down at Coom an’ you
Wer at the fiair a-wà’kèn droo
   The pliace the whol dà long.

An’ tender thoughts did melt my heart,
An’ zwells o’ viry pride did dart
Lik’ lightnen droo my blood; to piart
   Your love woont do var I;
An’ zoo I vow’d however sweet
Your looks mid be when we did meet,
I’d trample ye down under veet,
   Ar heedless pass ye by.

But still thy niame ’ood always be
The sweetest, an’ my eyes ’ood zee
Among al mâidens nuone lik’ thee
   Var ever any muore.
Zoo by the wà’ks that we’ve a-took
By flow’ry hedge an’ zedgy brook,
Dear Jenny dry your eyes an’ look
   As you’ve a-look’d avore.

Look up an’ let the evemen light
But sparkle in thy eyes so bright
mjekæn ær e mj

vargi: mi: ðænæ dæ: æn ræz
ðæ: hæːnæ hæː æn tæːri æiz
æn spæk væː væː ætæk iæn læiz
æn æn æn æk ðiː ræː
æt æː æː wæː tæːld æn ðæt twæː truː
ðæt sami dæːn æt kæm æn jæː
wæː æt ðæ fæːr ævæːkæn dæː
dæ plæːs æð hæːl dæː lær

æn tændør ðæːts ðid mælæ hæːrt
æn zwælæ æ væːæræ præːðÆ ðid dæːrt
læk læræn dæː: mæː blæː td pjaːrt
jer laː wuː(ː)nt duː vær æː
tæː æː væːæd hæːææær swiː(ː)t
er luːks mæː biː (h)wæn wiː ðid miː(ː)t
er træmpæl iː: dæːn ændær viː:
ar hæːdæs pæːs iː: bær

æt stæl ðæː næm ðæ æːlweːz biː:
dæ swiː(ː)tst æn mæː æiz ud zæː
dæmæ æl mærææɔz nœːn lær ðiː:
ær ævær ene mœːør
zæː b(ː)æː ðæ wæːks ðæt wæːv ætæk
b(ː)æː flæːæræ hæːdz æn zæːðæ bruk
dær ðænæ dræːæjer æːæ æː æn luk
æ æː æːÆ æːt ævær

læk æː æn læt ðiː ævæːn læːt
æt spærkæl mæː ðæː æiz ðæ bæːt
As thāe be oben to the light
   O’ zunzet in the west.
An’ le’s stroll here var hafe an hour
Wher hangēn boughs da miake a bow’r
Upon theōs bank wi’ eltrot flow’r
   An’ Robinhoods a-drest.

they, open
for half
this, cow parsley
red campion
az de: bi: o:be to de lo:it
 o: zanetz in go west
 en les stroi hio: von her:en en:en (h)war hafon baog o mjek o sao: go: sa ho: sahnd wi eltron flaxer:
 en robinthudz odrest
'Tis merry ov a zummer's day
Wher háymiakers be miakèn hây;
Wher men an’ women in a string,
Da ted ar turn the grass, an’ zing
Wi’ cheemen váices merry zongs,
A-tossèn o’ ther sheenen prongs
Wi’ yarms a-zwangèn left an’ right,
In color’d gowns an’ shirt-sleeves white;
Ar wher tha’ be a-riakèn roun’
The ruosy hedges o’ the groun’,
Wher Sam da zee the speckled sniake
An’ try to kill en wi’ his riake;
An’ Poll da jump about an’ squâl
To zee the twistèn sloowworm crâl.

'Tis merry wher tha’ be a-got
In under zome girt tree, a-squot
About upon the grass, to munch
Ther bit o’ dinner, ar ther nunch:
Ther clothes an’ riakes da lie al roun’
Wi’ picks a-stuck up into groun’:
An’ wi’ ther vittles in their laps,
An’ in ther tinnen cups ther draps
O’ cider sweet, ar frothy yale,
Ther tongues da rin wi’ joke an’ tiale.

An’ when the zun, so low an’ red,
Da sheen above the leafy head
O’ zome girt tree a-rizèn high
Avore the vi’ry western sky,
hæimjekən

tiz meri əv ə zamərz de:
(h)war hæimjekərz bi: mjekən hæi
(h)war men ən wumin in ə striŋ
do ted ər torn do gras ən ziŋ
wi tsımən væisiz meri zəŋz
ətəsən ə dər jî:ən prəŋz
wi jərməz əzwanən ləft ən rəikt
in kələrd gəunəz ən ʃərtšliːvəz (h)əət
ər (h)war ə: bi: æjekən rəun
ə də ruəzi hədʒiz ə ə do grəun
(h)war əm do zi: ə spekəld snjek
ən trəi: to kəl ən wi (h)iz rjek
ən pol ə dəʒəmp əbəːut ən skwəːl
tə zi: ə twiːtən sluːwərm kral

tiz meri (h)war ə: əqət
in ləndər zam ərət triː əskwət
əbəːut əpən ə do grəːs te məntʃ
dər bit ə dınər ər dər nəntʃ
(h)war klozən rjeks ə dəi əl rəun
wi piks əstək əp əntə grəːun
ən wi ə dər vətləz ən dər ləps
ən in ər tənən kəps ər dəpəs
ə səndər swiːtər frəði jəl
dər təŋz ə rin wi dəzək ən tjəl

ən (h)ənən ə de zən ə ɫoː ən red
də ʃiːn əbəv ə də ɫiːfi həd
ə zəm ərət triː ərəːznən hæi
ənən ə de vəːrəri wəstən skəːi
'Tis merry wher al han’s da goo
Athirt the groun’, by two an’ two,
Λ-riakèn auver humps an’ hollers
To riake the grass up into rollers.
An’ oone da riake it in, in line,
An’ oone da cluose it up behine;
An’ ā’ter they the little buoys
Da stride an’ fling ther yarms al woys
Wi’ busy picks an’ proud young looks
Λ-miakèn o’ ther tiny pooks.
An’ zoo ’tis merry out among
The vo’ke in hây-viel’ al dā long.

hands (workers)
across
over, hollows
ridges†
after
haycocks†
folk, day
'Tis merry ov a zummer’s day
When vo'ke be out a-carrèn hây
Wher boughs, a-spread upon the groun’,
Da miake the staddle big an’ roun’;
An’ grass da stan’ in pook, ar lie
In girt long wiales ar passesls, dry.
Ees, ’dhange, sō’s, da stir my heart
To hear the frothèn hosses snart,
An’ zee the red-wheel’d waggon blue
Come out when thā’ve a-hitch’d ’em to.
Ees—let me have oone cup o’ drink,
An’ hear the hosses’ harness clink,—
My blood da rin so brisk an’ warm,
An’ put sich strangth i’ th my yarm,
That I da long to toss a pick
A-pitchèn ar a-miakèn rick.

The buoy is at the hosse’s head
An’ up upon the waggon bed
The luoaders, strong o’ yarm, da stan’,
At head, an’ back at tâil, a man,
Wi’ skill to build the luoad upright
An’ bind the vuolded carners tight;
An’ at each zide ō’m, sprack an’ strong,
A pitcher wi’ his girt high prong:
Avore the best two women now
A-cal’d to riaky ā’ter plough.

When I da pitchy, ’tis my pride
Var Jenny Stubbs to riake my zide,
hæirkarən

tiz meri əv ə zamərəz de:
(h)wən vək bi: æut əkərən hæi
(h)wər bəːəz əsprəd əpən ə əkən
ə mjək ət stədəl bi ən əːɾən
ən əkən ət stan in pək ar ləi
in gəːrt ɫəw wjəlz ər pa(ə)oləz drəːk
iəs daŋi: soːz ət stər məi hæət
tə hiər ət fərəθən əkəsiz snərt
ən ziː ət red(h)wild wəgən blə:
kəm æут (h)wən əən əhıftət əəm tu:
iəs let miː həv (ə)ən kəp ə drıŋk
ən hiər ət əkəsiz hərnəs kəlnk
məi blad ət riŋ so əkrəsk ən wərm
ən ət sitʃ sıŋəθ ıən məi jərm
dət æː ə ət ləŋ ət təs ə pık
əpitʃən ar əmjəkən rɪk

do bəwəːiz iz ət do əkəsiz həd
ən əp əpəd ət wəgən həd
əl luədərz səŋə ə jərm do stan
ət həd ən bək ət təəl ə man
wi skil ət bəld ət ləqəl aprəːt
ən bən(ə) ət vuəldid kərnərz təːt
ən at iːs zəd əm sprək ən səŋə
ə əpitʃən wi (h)iz gəɾt həːi prəːŋ
ənənə ət bəst tuː wəmən nəːn
əkəːld ət rəki estər pləːu

(h)wən æː ə do əpitʃi tiz məi prəːŋ
ər dənə stəbz ət rəki məːi zəːp
An’ zee her fling her riake, an’ reach
So vur, an’ tiake in sich a streech. far, amount taken in one strike
An’ I don’t shatter hây, an’ miake drop (bits of) bay
Muore work than need’s var Jenny’s riake,
I’d sooner zee the wiales git rows ridges†
Lik’ hidges up above my nose, hedges
Than have light work myzuf, an’ vine find
My Jeän a-beät an’ left behine,
Var she wou’d sooner drap down dead beaten, behind
Than let the pitchers git a-head.

’Tis merry at the rick to zee move briskly, fly
How picks da wag, an’ hây da vlee: 
Ther oon’s unluoadèn, oon da tiake
The pitches in, an’ zome da miake
The lofty rick upright an’ roun’ it
An’ tread en hard, an’ riake en doun’,
An’ tip en when the zun da zet give it a pointed top†
To shoot a sudden vāl o’ wet: send down, fall
An’ zoo ’tis merry any day
Wher vo’ke be out a-carren hay.
on zi: (h)ar fiñ (h)ar rjek on ritš
se vär on t杰k in stif o striif
on on dont sator hæi on mjek
mwar wærk ðän ni:dz vør dgeniz rjek
ɔid suñær zi: ðo wjelz gør:t roiz
lik hidziiz ap oøø boi no:z
ðän hav loot wærk m(ɔ)iziiz fæ o no:i
mæ: pëqon ði:st ðe left bii:o:i
vør ʃi: wuð suñær drap ðæ:n ded
ðän let ðo pitʃiz ðit æhæd

tiz meri ɔt ðo rik tɔ zi:
ha:i piks ðo wag on hæi ðæ vli:
ðæ (w)unsz anluo:dan (w)un ðo t杰k
ðo pitʃiz m en zan ðæ mjek
ðæ lafò rik apræ:t ðæ ræ:un
en tred ðæ hærd ðæ r杰k ðæ ðæ:n
en tip ðæ (h)wen ðæ zan ðæ zet
tɔ jut ðæ sáp:a:n vei: ðæ wet
en zu: tiz meri eni de:
(h)war vo:k bi: ðu: ekær:n hæi

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THE BEST MAN IN THE YIELD

SAM AND BOB

SAM

THAT’s slowish work, Bob. What’s a-ben about?
Thy pookèn don’t goo on not auver sprack.
Why I’ve a-pook’d my wiale lo’k zee, clear out,
And here I got another, turnèn back.

BOB

I’ll work wi’ thee then, Sammy, any dae,
At any work bist minded to goo at,
Var any money thee dost like to lae.
Now, Mister Sammy: what dost think o’ that?
My girt wiale here is twice so big as thine;
Or else, I warnd, I shooden be behine.

SAM

Now ’dhang thee, Bob, don’t tell sich woppèn lies.
My wiale is biggest, if da come to size.
’Tis jist the siame whatever bist about;
Why when bist tedden grass, ya lazy sloth,
Zomebody is a-fuoss’d to tiake thy swath
An’ teed a hafe woy back to help thee out.
An’ when bist riakèn rollers, bist so slack,
That thee dost kip the buoys an’ women back.
An’ if dost think that thee canst challenge I,
At any thing then, Bob, we’ll tiake a pick apiece,
An’ oonce theös zummer, goo an’ try
To miake a rick apiece.
εκλαγ

οο best man in οο vi:l(d)

sam on(d) bab

SAM

dats slojʃ wʊrk bʊb (h)wats əbəh əbə:ut
οο i pʊkən dont gu: οο nat əːvə spərk
(h)wɔːr əvə spəkt məw wjel luk zi: klɪər əːt
on(d) hɪər iː təŋ tərən tərnən bak

BOB

əːl wʊrk wiː diː ən sami eni de:
ət eni wʊrk bist məːndiː tə guː at
vər eni məni diː dəst lʊːk tə leː
dən mɪstər sami (h)wɔt dəst dɪŋk ə ɖɑt
məɾ ɡɛːt wjel hɪər iː twɛːs əz bɪg əz dəːn
ər əls iː tə wərnən əː tə jʊdən biː biːhəːn

SAM

dən daŋ diː bʊb dənt təl sɪtʃ wʊpən lɑːiz
məːl wjel iː bɪɡɪst ɪf də kəm tə səːiz
tɪz dʒɪst ə ʃeːm (h)wətəvər bist əbə:ut
(h)wɔə (h)wɛn bist tɛdən ɡræs jə ljezi sləθ
zəmboːdi iː əfənt tə tjek əːʃi zwaːθ
ən tɛd ə hɛːf wəi bak tə hɛlp diː əːt
ən (h)wɛn bist rjekən rələrə bist sə slak
dət diː dəst kip də bweːiz ən wʊmən bak
ən ɪf dəst dɪŋk dət diː kənəst tʃələndʒ əː
ət eni əʧiŋ ən bʊb wiːl tjek ə rɪk əpiːs
ən (w)uːns ədəs zəmər guː ən tɾəːi
tə mjek ə rɪk əpiːs
A rick o’ thine wull look a little funny,
When thee’s a-done en, I’ll bet any money.

BOB
Ya noggerhead; laste year thee miade’st a rick,
An’ we wer fuoss’d to trig en wi’ a stick:
An’ what did John that tipp’d en zae? Why zed
’E stood a-top ő’en al the while in dread,
A-thinkèn that avore ’e shood a-done en
’E’d tumble auver slap wi’ he upon en.

SAM
Ya lyèn liazy thief. I warnd my rick
Wer better than thy luoad o’ hây laste wik.
Tha hadden got a hunderd yards to hal en,
An’ then tha wer a-fuoss’d to hab’n boun,
Var if tha hadden ’twood a-tumbl’d down:
An’ ä’ter that I zeed ’e wer a-valèn,
An’ push’d agen en wi’ my pitchèn pick
To kip en up jist till we got to rick;
An’when the humpty-dumpty wer unboun
’E vell to pieces down upon the groun.

BOB
Do shut thy lyèn chops. What dosten mind
Thy pitchèn to me out in Gully-plot?
A-miakèn o’ me wâit (wast zoo behind)
A hafe an hour var ev’ry pitch I got.
An’ then how thee didst groun’ thy pick, an’ blow,
An’ quirk to get en up on end, dost know;
To rise a pitch that wer about so big
’S a goodish crow’s nest, or a wold man’s wig.
BOB

jo ungørhed læst jiao di: mejdist o rik
en wi: wør f Arist to trig øn wi o stik
en (h)wot did dzan dot tipt øn ze: (h)we: zed
c stud atop øn al òo (h)wær im bred
øjókken did dot øve øve øve øve øve øve øve øve øve øve øve øve øve øve øve øve øve øve øve øve øve øve øve øve øve øve øve øve øve øve øve øve øve øve øve øve øve øve øve øve øve øve øve øve øve øve øve øve øve øve øve øve øve øve øve øve øve øve øve øve øve øve øve øve øve øve øve øve øve øve øve øve øve øve øve øve øve øve øve øve øve øve øve øve øve øve øve øve øve øve øve øve øve øve øve øve øve øve øve øve øve øve øve øve øve øve øve øve øve øve øve øve øve øve øve øve øve øve øve øve øve øve øve øve øve øve øve øve øve øve øve øve øve øve øve øve øve øve øve øve øve øve øve øve øve øve øve øve øve øve øve øve øve øve øve øve øve øve øve øve øve øve øve øve øve øve øve øve øve øve øve øve øve øve øve øve øve øve øve øve øve øve øve øve øve øve øve øve øve øve øve øve øve øve øve øve øve øve øve øve øve øve øve øve øve øve øv

SAM

jo lajæn ljezi di: f øn warnd mæn rik
wør betær døn dɔi lær ø hæi læst wik
de: hadøn got ø hæmdæ jardz øt hæl øn
de øn ðe: wør f Arist to hæl øn boen
var if ðe: hadøn twu ø tambold dæn
øn øtæ ø dat øi zið ø wør øvæøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøø
Why bist so weak, dost know, as any roller.  
Zome o’ the women vô’kes wull beät thee holler.

SAM
Ya snubnos’d flobberchops. I pitch’d so quick  
That thee dost know thee had’st a hardish job  
To tiake the pitches in vrom my slow pick,  
An’ dissèn zee I groun’ en, nother, Bob.  
An’ thee bist stronger, thee dost think, than I,  
Girt bandylags, I jist shood like to try.  
We’ll goo, if thee dost like, an’ jist zee which  
Can heave the muost, or car the biggest nitch.

BOB
Ther, Sam, da miake I zick to hear thy braggèn:  
Why bissen strong enough to car a flaggon.

SAM
Ya grinnèn fool! I warnd I’d zet thee blowèn,  
If thee wast wi’ me var a dae a-mowèn.  
I’d wear my cuoat, an’ thee sha’st pull thy rags off,  
An’ in ten minutes why I’d mow thy lags off.

BOB
Thee mow wi’ I! why coossen keep up wi’ me.  
Why bissèn fit to goo a-vield to skimmy,  
Or mow the docks an’ thistles: why I’ll bet  
A shillèn, Samel, that thee cassen whet.

SAM
Now don’t thee zae much muore than what’st a-zaid  
Or else I’ll knock thee down, heels auver head.
(h)ων bist se wi:k dast no; az eni rλλdr
zaim e do wum instead wul bist di: holdr

SAM
jo snabno:zd flabart:ps a:i pi:tšt se kwik
det di: dast no; di: hadst a hardis dżdł
to tjek do pi:tšiz in vram mov slo: pık
an disan zii: a:i gr:nun an nador bob
en di: bist stronger di: dast dímk dón e:i
gör:rt bandilagź a:i dżist fud lo:ik to truc
wil gu: if di: dast lo:ik an dżist zii: (h)wi:ʃ
kön hi:v do mu:est or kar: do bigist nitʃ

BOB
dør sam do mjek a:i zik to híor dóni bragon
(h)ων bison strong inaf to kar a flagon

SAM
jo grínun fu:l a:i warnd a:md zet di: blo:en
if di: wöst wi mi: var e de: emo:en
a:id wær ma:ci ku:t en di: just pul dóni ragn af
an in ten minits (h)ων: a:id mo: dóni la:gz af

BOB
di: mo: wi a:i (h)ων: kunŝn ki(š)p ar wi mi:
(h)ων: bison fit to gu: avil(d) to skimi
ar mo: do doks an diselz (h)ων: a:ił bet
c fylen samol džet di: kasón (h)wet

SAM
nu:u domt di: ze: mawʃ mu:ar dón (h)wöst azed
ar ęls a:il nok di: dą:un hı:lż o:ver hed
BOB
Thee knock I down, ya fool; why cassen hit
A blow hafe hard enough to kill a nit.

SAM
Well thee sha’t veel upon thy chops and snout.

BOB
Come on then, Samel, let’s jist have oone bout.
BOB
di: nok o: dëun jë fu:l (h)wë: kasëh hit
ë blo: he:fa hard inaf to kil o hit

SAM
wel di: sat vi:l opa dëi tsops on(d) snë:ut

BOB
kam on dën samël lets dëist hav (w)un bë:ut
WHEN we in marnen had a-drow’d
The grass ar ruslen hây abreode,
The lissom måidens an’ the chaps,
Wi’ bits o’ nunchèns in ther laps,
Did al zit down upon the knaps
  Up there in under hedge, below
  The highest elem o’ the row,
    Wher we did kip our flagon.

Ther we cood zee green veels at hand
Avore a hunderd on beyand,
An’ rows o’ trees in hedges roun’
Green meâds an’ zummerleâzes brown,
An’ ñhârns upon the zunny down,
  While âiër vrom the rockèn zedge
    In brook did come along the hedge
      Wher we did kip our flagon.

Ther lâfèn chaps did try in plây
To bury måidens in the hây,
An’ gigglen måidens var to roll
The sprâlèn chaps into a hole,
Ar sting wi’ nettles oon ô’ms poll;
  While John did hele out each his drap
    O’ yal ar cider in his lap,
      Wher he did kip the flagon.

Oon dae a whirlewind come by
Wher Jenny’s cloas wer out to dry:
(h)war wi: did kip æuør flagən

(h)wen wi: in marrən had ædro:d
  ðæ gras ær rasən hæi æbro:d
  ðæ lisəm mærpənɔ n æ ðə tʃəps
  wi bits æ nəntʃən in ðə ləps
  did æ l zit dænæ æpə ðə nəps
  ðə deəz ðæn ændər hədʒ bilo:
  ðə hænst eləm æ ðə ro:
  (h)war wi: did kip æuør flagən

ðər wi: kud zi: grin vi:lz æt hæn(d)
  ænwar æ hændərd æn bɨjən(d)
  æn rəz æ triz æn hædʒɪz rəzk
  grin miədz æn zəmrəliəziz brəzn
  æn dærznæ æpə ðə zæn i dæn
  (h)wəəl æər vərm ðə rəkən zædʒ
  in brək did kəm ælŋ ðə hədʒ
  (h)war wi: did kip æuør flagən

ðər ləʃən tʃəps did trəːi æn plæi
  ðə beri mærpənɔ æ ðə hæi
  æn ɡιgən mærpənɔ vər æt rəːl
  ðə spəɾən tʃəps intu æ hoi:
  ær stiŋ wi nətəlz (w)ən ərmz pəl
  (h)wəəl dʒən did hɪl æət iːtʃ (h)ɪz drəp
  æ ʃel ær sæpər æn (h)ɪz ləp
  (h)war hi: did kip ðə fləɡən

(w)ən de: æ (h)warədəlwin(d) kəm bɛː
(h)war dʒənɪz kloːz wəɾ æət ðə drəp
An’ off vled frocks amost a-catch’d
By smockfrocks wi’ ther sleeves outstretch’d,
An’ caps a-frill’d an’ yaperns patch’d;
   An’ she, a-stiarèn in a fright,
Wer glad enough to zee em light
   Wher we did kip our flagon.

An’ when white clover wer a-sprung
Among the eegrass green an’ young,
An’ elder flowers wer a-spread
Among the ruosen white an’ red,
An’ honeyzucks wi’ hangèn head;
   O’ Zundae evemens we did zit
To look al roun’ the grouns a-bit
   Wher we’d a-kept our flagon.
WIK’S END IN ZUMMER, IN THE WOLD VO’KE’S TIME

week’s, old folk’s

His änt an’ uncle! ah! the kind
Wold souls be of’en in my mind.
A better couple nivver stood
In shoes, an vew be voun’ so good.
She cheer’d the work-vo’ke in ther twiles
Wi’ timely bits an’ draps, an’ smiles,
An’ be did gi’e em at wik’s end
Ther money down to goo an’ spend.

In zummer, when wik’s end come roun’,
The häymiakers did come vrom groun’,
An’ al zit down, wi’ weary buones,
’Thbin the coort a-piaved wi’ stuones,
Along avore the piales between
The coort an’ little oben green.
Ther women got wi’ bare-neck d chaps,
An’ mäidens wi’ ther sleeves an’ flaps
To screen vrom het ther yarms an’ polls,
An’ men wi’ beards so black as coals:
Girt stocky Jim, an’ lanky John;
An’ poor wold Betty dead an’ gone;
An’ cleän-grow’d Tom so spry an’ strong,
An’ Liz the best to pitch a zong,
That now ha nearly hafe a score
O’ childern zwarmen at her door:
An’ whindlen Ann that cried wi’ fear
To hear the thunder when ’twer near;
A zickly mâid, so piale’s the moon,
That drapp’d off in decline so soon;
wiks en(d) in zamɔ̀r in do (w)uəld voiks tɔ:m
(h)iz ént en əŋkəl a: do əkɔm(d)
(w)uəld solz bi: sfən in mən əməm(d)
ə betər kəpəl nəvər stud
in juz en vju: bi: vəən sə gud
ʃi: tʃiərd ək wɔərkvək in dər twəəlz
wi təəmlı bıts en draps en sməəlz
ən hi: diː giː oə tə wiks en(d)
dər mənı dəːnən tə giː oə spən(d)

in zamɔ̀r (h)ən wiks en(d) kəm rəən
də həimjekərz diː kəm vəəm gʁəən
ən aːl zit dəən wi wəəɾi buəən
iðən ək kʊərt əpjevəd wi stuəənz
əlŋə argvə ək pjɛlz bɪtwən
ək kʊərt ən hɪtəl əbən grɪn
dər wʊmən gət wi bjeəɾnékt tsəps
ən məədənən wi ədə slɪvəz ən flaps
tə skrɪən vəəm hɛt dəɾ jəɾməz ən pələz
ən mən wi biərdəz so blak əz kədəz
gəət stəki dʒɪm in ləŋkə dʒən
ən puː(ʃ)ər (w)uəld bəti dəd ən ɡən
ən kliəŋɡroʊd təm əə spɾəəi ən strəŋ
ən lɪz ədə bɛst tə rɪf ə ʐaŋ
dət nəːn ho nəərli ʰəfə ə skʊəɾ
ə tʃiəlðərən zəwərmən ət (h)əɾ dəuər
ən (h)wɪndən an ədə kɾəəd wi fʃar
tə hɪəɾ ədə tʰəndər (h)ən təwər nɪər
ə zɪkli mæəd so pjɛlz əd mən
dət drəpt əf in dɪkləːn ə ʃun
An’ blushèn jeän so shy an’ meek
That seldom let us hear her speak,
That wer a-coorted an’ undone
By farmer Woodley’s woldest son,
An’ ā’ter she’d a-bin varzook
Wer voun’ a-drown’d in Longmeäd brook.

An’ zoo, when be’d a-bin al roun’,
An’ pāid em al ther wages down,
She us’d to gi’e em, girt an’ smal,
A cup o’ cider ar o’ yal,
An’ then a tutty miade o’ lots
O’ flowers vrom her flower-nots,
To wear in bands an’ button-holes
At church an’ in ther evemen strolls.
The pea that rangled to the oves,
An’ columbines, an’ pinks, an’ cloves,
Sweet ruosen vrom ther prickly tree,
An’ jilliflow’rs, an’ jessamy;
An’ short-liv’d pinies that da shed
Ther leaves upon a yerly bed.
She didden put in honeyzuck,
She’d nuone, she zed, that she cood pluck
Avore wild honeyzucks, a-voun’
In ev’ry hedge ov ev’ry groun’.

Zoo máid an’ woman, buoy an’ man,
Went off, while zunzet âir did fan
Ther merry zunburnt fiazen; some
Down liane, an’ zome droo veels strāight huome.
Ah! who can tell, that hasn’t a-voun’,
The sweets o’ wik’s-end commen roun’!
When Zadderdae da bring oon’s mind
Sweet thoughts o’ Zundae cluose behind;
The dae that’s al our own to spend
Wi’ God an’ wi’ a buzzom friend.
The wordle’s girt vo’ke have a-got
The wordle’s good things var ther lot,
But Zundae is the poor man’s piart,
To siave his soul an’ cheer his heart.
a: hu: kən tel ðæt heənt əvəxun
ðæ swi(ː)ts c wɪksen(d) kæmən rəxun
(h)wen zadərde: ðæ brɪŋ (w)unz məxən(d)
swi(ː)t ðæts c zənde: kluəs bihəxən(d)
ðæ də: ðæts ãl əuər om tə spən(d)
wi gəd ən wi ã əzəm fren(d)
ðæ wərdəlz ʃərt vək hæv əɡət
ðæ wərdəlz gud ðɪŋz vər ðər lot
bət zənde: iz ðə pu(ː)ər manz pjaət
tə sjev (h)iz soːl ən tʃjər (h)iz hərt
THE MEÄD A-MOW’D

WHEN shiades da val into ev’ry holler,
   An’ réach vrom trees hafe athbirth the groun’;
An’ banks an’ walls be a-lookèn yoller,
   That be a-turn’d to the zun gwàin down;
   Droo háy in cock, O;
   We al da vlock, O,
Along our road vrom the meäd a-mow’d.

An’ when the laste swâyèn luoad’s a-started
   Up hill so slow to the lofty rick,
Then we so weary but merry-hearted
   Da shoulder each ō’s a riake an’ pick,
   Wi empty flagon,
   Behine the wagon:
To riake our road vrom the meäd a-mow’d.

When church is out, an’ we al so slowly
   About the knap be a-spreadèn wide;
How gây the pâths be wher we da strolly
   Along the liane an’ the hedge’s zide:
      But nuone’s a-voun’, O,
      Up hill ar down, O,
So gây’s the road droo the meäd a-mow’d.

An’ when the visher da come a-drowèn
   His flutt’ren line auver bliady zedge;
Droo grouns wi’ red thìssle-heads a-blowèn,
   An’ watchèn ō’t by the water’s edge;
      Then he da love, O,
      The best to rove, O,
Along his road droo the meäd a-mow’d.
THE SKY A-CLEARÈN

The drèvèn scud that auvercast
The zummer sky is al a-past,
An’ softer âir, a-blowèn droo
The quiv’rèn boughs, da shiake the vew
Laste râin draps off the leaves lik’ dew;
An’ piaviours al a-gettèn dry,
Da steam below the zunny sky
That’s now so vast a-clearèn.

The shiades that wer a-lost below
The starmy cloud agen da show
Ther mockèn shiapes below the light;
An’ house-walls be a-lookèn white,
An’ vo’ke da stir oonce muore in zight;
An’ busy birds upon the wing
Da whiver roun’ the boughs an’ zing
To zee the sky a-clearèn.

Below the hill’s an ash; below
The ash white elder flow’rs da blow;
Below the elder is a bed
O’ Robin-Hoods o’ blushèn red;
An’ there, wi’ nunches al a-spread,
The hâymiakers, wi’ each a cup
O’ drink, da smile to zee hold up,
The râin, an’ sky a-clearèn.

Mid blushèn mâidens wi’ ther zong
Long drā ther white-stemm’d riakes among
do skæi æklæræn

do dre:ven skæp ðat ðæːrkæːst

do zamær skæi iz æl ðæːæst

eːn saktær æir æbloːæn dru:
dø kwivræn bæːz ðø ðjek ðø vju:
least ræn dræps nː ðø liːvz lik dju:
eːn pjevjarz æːl ægetæn dreːi:
dø stiːm biloː ðø zæni skæːi
ðøts nːnæn ðø vːst æklæræn

do sjedz ðøt wːr ælːst biloː
do stærmæ klæːud ægen ðø jøː
doːr makæn sjeps biloː ðø læːt
eːn hæuswæːlz biː æłukæn (h)wøːːt
eːn vɔːk ðø stɔːr (w)uns muːr mː ziːt
eːn bizi bɔːɾdz æːpːn ðø wːn
ðø (h)wːvːr rɔːːn ðø bæːz æn zin
to ziː ðø skæi æklæræn

biloː ðø hːlːz æn æʃ biloː
di æʃ (h)wøːːt ɛldɔːr fλœːwːrɔz ðo biloː
biloː ði ɛldɔːr iz ə bed
c rɔːbɪnɔːdæz ə blæʃən red
æn ðeːr wiː nɔntʃiz æiː æsprɛd
ðø hæːmːjekærz wiː ɪːʃ æ kæp
c drɪŋk ðø smɔːːliː tɔː ziː huːlːd æp
ðø ræn æn skæi æklæræn

mǐd blæʃən mæːdænɔz wiː ðɔːr zøːn
løːŋ dreː ðɔːr (h)wɔːːtʃtæmd rjɛks ɔmːŋ
The long-back’d wiales an’ new-miade pooks, ridges†, haycocks†
By brown-stemm’d trees, an’ cloty brooks; filled with yellow water-lilies
But have noo cal to spwile ther looks spoil
   By work that God cood never miake hands
   Ther weaker han’s to undertiake,
       Though skies mid be a-clearën.

'Tis wrong var women’s han’s to clips for, grasp
The zull an’ reap-hook, spiardes an’ whips; plough, spades
An’ men abrode shood leäve by right out and about
Oone fâithful heart at huom to light
Ther bit o’ vier up at night; fire
   An’ hang upon the hedge to dry
   Ther snow-white linen, when the sky
       In winter is a-clearën.
dö løpbakt wjelz ön njumjed puks
b(ɔ:1) bræunstemd triːz ön kloːti bruks
bøt hav nu: kai tø spøːul dør luks
  b(ɔ:1) værk døt gød kud nevør mjek
dør wǐkør hanz tu andɔːrtjek
dø: skɔːiz mɪd biː æklɪɔːren
tiz røŋ vør wuminz hanz tø klips
dø zɔl ön riːphuk spjaːrdz ön (h)wips
don men øbrøːd jød liːv b(ɔː1) rɔːt
(w)un fæːðvul haːrt øt hæm tø lɔːt
dør hɪt ø nɔːrør øp øt nɔːːt
don hæŋ æpən dø hɛdʒ tø dʁɔːːt
dør snoː(ɔ)wɔːnt lɪmən (ɔ)wɛn dø skɔːː
in wɪntər ðz æklɪɔːren
THE EVEMEN STAR O’ ZUMMER

When vust along theós road, vrom mill,
I zeed ye huome upon the hill,
The poplar tree, so strâight an’ tall,
Did russle by the waterfall,
An’ in the summerleâzes, all
The cows wer lyèn down at rest,
An’ slowly zunk toward the west,
The evemen star o’ zummer,

In parrick there the hây did lie
In wiale below the elems, dry;
An’ up in huome-groun’ Jim, that know’d
We al shood come along thik road,
'D a-tied the grass in knots that drow’d
Poor Poll, a-watchèn in the west
Oone brighter star than al the rest,
The evemen star o’ zummer.

The stars that still da zet an’ rise
Did sheen in our forefāther’s eyes;
Thēy glitter’d to the vust men’s zight,
The laste wull have em in ther night;
But who can vine em hafe so bright
As I thought thik piale star above
My smilèn Jeân, my sweet vust love,
The evemen star o’ zummer.

How sweet’s the marnen fresh an’ new
Wi’ sparklen brooks an’ glitt’rên dew;
di: ivmøn star c zamør

(h)wen vast øløŋ diøs roy: vrem mil
əi zìd i: huəm øpø do ãhĩl
do pøplør tri: sø stræt øn tøl
di ønøl b(ə):i do wətərfəi:l
ən in do do zamørliæziə a:l

do kæ:əz war læøn dønøn øt rest
ən səli zəŋk towərd øø west
di: ivmøn star c zamør

in parik ðeər do hæi ði lo:i
in wjel bilo: ði ølmz drai
ən øp in huəmgʁæ:un ðiøm øt no:d
wi: øl sud kam øløŋ ðik roy
p øtəid ðo gəras in nøts øt droy:
pu(ə):ø pøl ømøntən in øø west
(w)øn bætiər star øø øø ði ðo rest
di: ivmøn star c zamør

do starz øt stil øø zet øø ræiø
did jìn in øuer fuərfə:ðəørz øiz
ðe: glitərd to øø vast mønz zøøt
do le:st wul hav øm in øør nøiøt
bøt hu: køn vænøm øm he:ø so bøəzt
əz æø ðøt ðik pjeł star øa:v
moø smømønø zìøn moø øø swi(ə)t vast løy
di: ivmøn star c zamør

həu swi(ə)ts ðo mærøn fros øø nju:
wì sparkløn bruks øø glitøn dju:
How sweet’s the noon wi’ shiades a-drow’d
Upon the groun’ but liately mow’d,
An’ bloomen flowers al abrode;
   But sweeter still, as I da clim,
Theös woody hill in evemen dim
   ’S the evemen star o’ zummer.
do dp ə srə:n bo:t ljetli məo:p
ən blumən fle:wərz əl adro:p
bo:t suw[ts]tər stəl ə ə pə kləm
də:s wədə hil in i:vmən dɪm
z ə i:vmən stərə ə zəmər
THE CLOTE

O ZUMMER clote, when the brook’s a-slidèn
    So slow an’ smooth down his zedgy bed,
Upon thy brode leaves so siafe a-ridèn
    The water’s top wi’ thy yoller head,
    By black-rin’d allers,
    An’ weedy shallers,
Thee then dost float, goolden zummer clote.

The grey-bough’d withy’s a-leänèn lowly
    Above the water thy leaves da hide;
The bendèn bulrush, a-swâyèn slowly,
    Da skirt in zummer thy river’s zide;
    An’ perch in shoals, O,
    Da vill the holes, O;
Wher thee dost float, goolden zummer clote.

O when thy brook-drinkèn flow’r’s a-blown
    The burnèn zummer’s a-zettèn in;
The time o’ greenness, the time o’ mowèn,
    When in the hâyviel’, wi’ zunburnt skin,
    The vo’ke da drink, O,
Upon the brink, O,
Wher thee dost float, goolden zummer clote.

Wi’ yarms a-spreadèn, an’ cheäks a-blown,
    How proud wer I when I vust cood zwim
Atbirth the deep pliace wher thee bist growèn,
    Wi’ thy long more vrom the bottom dim;
do klo:t

o: zamar klo:t (h)wen do bruks æslænden
   so slo: en smu:n ð:jun (h)iz zedzi hed
apn do: a brod li:vz so sjef ærcènden
   do wæ:terz top wi do: julør hed
   b(ø) blakænd alørz
   en wi:di jalørz
di: ðen dast flo:t gu:lðen zamar klo:t

do gre:bcænd wiːiz eðJønæn lo:li
   øøvø do wæ:ter øø: li:vz do he:rpd
do bendæn buløfæ ðswæøn slo:li
do skærø in zamar øø: ri:værz æø:d
   øo pa:øfø in fo:lø: o:
   de vil do ho:ø: o:
(h)war di: dast flo:t gu:lðen zamar klo:t

o: (h)wen dø: i bru:kdrø:kæn flæ:o:ærø æblø:æn
   do børønæ zamar æzetæn in
   do tæ:m ø grø:nnis do tæ:m ø mo:æn
   (h)wen in do hærvi:ø wi zænbo:ønt skæøn
   do vø:k dø drø:k o:
   øøøn dø bø:ø:k o:
(h)war di: dast flo:t gu:lðen zamar klo:t

wi jør:mæ æspæ:dæn øn tʃiːks æblø:æn
   hæø præud wæ ø: (h)wen øø vøst kud zwæm
   øøæø:rø dø dip plø:es (h)war di: bøs gro:æn
   wi øø: in lay mu:ør vøem dø bø:ø:m døm
While cows, knee-high, O,
In brook, wer nigh, O,
Wher thee dost float, goolden zummer clote.

Ov al the brooks droo the meäds a-windên,
Ov al the meäds by a river’s brim,
Ther’s nuon so fiair o’ my own heart’s vindên,
As wher the mâidens da zee thee zwim,
An’ stan to tiake, O,
Wi’ long-stemm’d riake, O,
Thy flow’r afloat, goolden zummer clote.
(h)wær kærz ni:he:i o:
  in bruk wær ni: o:
(h)wær ði: dast flos: gu:lde:n zame: klot

øn øl ø bruks dru: ø miødz øwæ:in(d)øn
øn øl ø miødz b(a)øi ø rivørz brim
ðærz nuøn sø fjæøær c niøm øn ha:øts væ:in(d)øn
øn (h)wær ðø mændønæø ðø zi: ði: zwiøm
øn stan ðø tjek ø:
  wi loansemð rjek ø:
ðø flæ:øør æflos: gu:lde:n zame: klot
I GOT TWO VIEL’S

I GOT two viel’s, an’ I don’t kiare
What squire mid have a bigger shiare.

My little summer-leäse da stretch
Al down the hangèn, to a patch
O’ meäd between a hedge an’ rank
Ov elems, an’ a river bank,

Wher yoller clotes in spreadèn beds
O’ floatèn leaves da lift ther heads
By bendèn bullrushes an’ zedge
A-swâyèn at the water’s edge,

Below the withy that da spread
Atbirt the brook his wold grey head.
An’ eltrot flowers, milky white,
Da catch the slântèn evemen light;

An’ in the miaple boughs, along
The hedge, da ring the blackbird’s zong;
Ar in the dae, a-vlee-èn droo
The leafy trees, the huosse gookoo

Da zing to mowers that da zet
Ther zives on end, an’ stan’ to whet.
Vrom my wold house among the trees
A liane da goo along the leäse,

O’ yoller gravel down between
Two mēshy banks var ever green,
An’ trees, a-hangèn auverhead,
Da hide a trinklèn gully bed,

A-cover’d by a brudge var hoss
Ar man a-voot to come across.
Zoo wi’ my huomestead I don’t kiare
What squire mid have a bigger shiare.
got tu: vi:lz

got tu: vi:lz o o d:nt kj:or

(h)wot skw:or mid hav a bi:or s:j:or

mo: l:tl z:mr:liz d: str:fl


c mi:d bitwi:n e h:dz o n r:nh

av el:nz o o r:vr b:nhk

(h)w:or j:lor k:lt:ts i:n sp:rd:n bedz

c fl:tn: l:ivz d: lift d: hr:hd

b(a:i) b:nd:n bul:rgiz o n zedz

os:wr:e:n o t d: w:tr:rzh edz

bi: o: wi:di d: t: sp:rd

a:xt d: br:uk (h)iz (w)uld gre: hed

on el:rt fl:x:orzh ml:ki (h)wo:r

d: k:it d: sl:nt:n l:mn l:nt

on in d: mj:pd: l:nz ar:l


ar in d: dr: sv:ln:d dr:

d: l:i:fi tr:i:z d: h: ss g:ku:

d: z:j t: m:orzh d: t: d: zet

d: z:rv:z on en(d) o: stan t: (h)wet

v:rm m: (w)uld h:ns cm: d: tr:i:z

o l:en d: gu: s:n d: li:z

c j:lor gr:vl: d:x:n bitwi:n

tu: m:fi b:nhks v: r:ve gr:i:n

en tr:i:z sh:nn:n c:vr:hd

d: h:nd o tr:kn: q:li: b:nd

sk:rd b(a:i) c: br:dp: v: r: h:n

ar ma: v:ut t: k:mn sk:rs

zu: w: m: hu:m:st: o o d:nt kj:or

(h)wot skw:or mid hav a bi:or s:j:or
POLLY BE-ÈN UPZIDES WI’ TOM

getting even with
yesterday, found
polled tree†, field
so

AH, eesterdae, ya know, I voun’
Tom Dumpy’s cuoat an’ smockfrock down
Below the pollard out in groun’,
An’ zoo I slyly stole
An’ took the smock-frock up, an’ tack’d
The sleeves an’ collar up, an’ pack’d
Zome nice sharp stuones, al fresh a-crack’d,
’Ithin each pocket hole.

An’ in the evemen, when ’e shut
Off work, an’ come an’ donn’d his cuoat,
Ther edges gi’d en sich a cut!
How we did stan’ an’ läfe!
An’ when the smock-frock I’d a-zoe’d
Kept back his head an’ han’s, ’e drow’d
Hizzuf about, an’ tia’v’d, an’ blow’d,
Lik’ any tied up calf.

Then in a vēag awoy ’e flung
His frock, an’ ā’ter I ’e sprung,
An’ mutter’d out sich dreats! and wrung
His vist up sich a size!
But I, a-runnen, turn’d an’ drow’d
Some doust, a-pick’d up vrom the road,
Back at en wi’ the win’ that blow’d
It right into his eyes.

An’ he did blink, an’ vow he’d catch
Me zomehow eet, an’ be my match.
poli bieun apzeridz wi tom

a: iśtěrde: jo no: ə ə vəun
tom dąmpiz kuoć an smokfrak dą:n
bilo: de pola:rd zut in grə:n
  ən zu: ə ə sła:li sto:l
ən tuk de smokfrak dp an takt
də slivz ən kələr dp an pakt
zam nois jaarp stuęnz a:ł frej əkrakt
  idım ı:ʃ pəkit həd

ən in ə dį ivmən (h)wen ə jat
əf wərk ən kəm ən dənd (h)ız kuoć
dər edzi:z gi(ə)dp ən sıtʃ ə kat
  həu wi: diq stan ən lejf
ən (h)wen de smokfrak ədp əzo:d
kept baku (h)ız əd ən hənəz ə droid
(h)ızaf əbə:tət ən tjęvəə ən bloıd
  lık enı tə:ip dp kə:ʃ

dən in ə vəag ə rəwe ə fləŋ
(h)ız frək ən ətər ən ə sprəŋ
ən matərd əu:t sıtʃ dretəs ən(d) run
  (h)ız vist əp sıtʃ ə sıcz
bət ə ə ənəcənən tə:ı:nęə ən droid
som dəəst əpikət əp vəmə ə ən ro:d
bak at ən wi de wın dət bloıd
  it rə:t intu (h)ız əcz

ən hi: diq bλinək ən əəu (h)ı:d kətʃ
  mi: zammə:n ıt ən bi: mən matʃ
But I wer nearly down to hatch
Avore he got vur on.
An’ up in chammer, nearly dead
Wi’ runnen, lik’ a cat I vled,
An’ out o’ winder put my head
To zee if ’e wer gone.

An’ ther ’e wer, a-prowlèn roun’
Upon the green; an’ I look’d down
An’ tuold en that I hoped ’e voun’
’E mussen think to peck
Upon a body zoo, nar whip
The miare to drow me off, nor tip
Me out o’ cart agen, nar slip
Cut hoss hiare down my neck.
but 2:13 niørli jow ic to hatf
otherwise hi: got tourve
and jow in t'samør niørli ded
we ranon lik o kat ic vled
and winder p't jow at hed
to zi: if if or o

under nejusepe jow or sear
under lik(i) denp
under ic ic in tilde ped
under c hopf ic to ped
under nejusepe to ped
under o badi zu: nor (h)wip
do mjear to dro: mi: af nor tip
mi: o ut o kart agen nar slip
kat has hjear tep um ne o nek
SWEET Be’mi’ster that bist a-boun’
By green an’ woody hills al roun’,
Wi’ hedges reachèn up between
A thousan’ viel’s o’ zummer green,
Wher elems’ lofty heads da drow
Ther shiades var háymiakers below,
An’ wild hedge flow’rs da charm the souls
O’ maidens in ther evemen strolls.

When I o’ Zundae nights wi’ Jeān
Da sānter droo a viel ar liane
Wher elder blossoms be a-spread
Above the eltrot’s milkwhite head,
An’ flow’rs o’ blackberries da blow
Upon the brembles, white as snow,
To zet off better in my zight
Jeān’s Zunday frock o’ snowy white.

O then ther’s nothèn that’s ’ithout
Thy hills that I da kiare about;
Noo bigger pliace, noo gâyer town
Beyand thy sweet bells’ dyen soun’
As tha da ring, ar strick the hour,
At evemen vrom thy wold red tow’r.
No. Gi’e me still a huome an’ keep
My buones when I da val asleep.
bemister

swi(;)t bemister öet bist òbëxun
h(ö)i grin on wudi hilz a|l rö:un
wi hedziz rït:son ap bitwi:n
a ðë:uzen vilz o zëmôr grin
(h)war ylámz lõfti hedz ão ðro:
dér ëjedz var hæmjekærz bilo:
on wœuld hedz flëxœrz ão tfarman ão solz
c mæiðænz in dör ïvmœn strolz

(h)wen æ: in çande: nœnts wi dzjen
dø sentor dru: ã vil æ ljen
(h)war elëdr blæsamz bi: õspred
øbæv ãi elterts mïlk(h)wœ:t hed
cn flëxœrz ã blakbariz ão blo:
æpañ ão brembœlžz (h)wœ:t æz sno:
tœ zet æf betær in mø: æzœt
dzjenz çande: frœk æ snoi (h)wœ:t

o: ðen ðærz ñavën ñats ìðçët
ðøi hilz ðet æ: ão ðø kjeær æbæ:ñt
nu: ñiçar pljes nu: gæær tœ:n
bijand ðo: ñiw(i)t belz ñë:ñen sœn
az ðø: ão rïj ar strïk ãi ñœær
at ïvmœn vœm ðø: (w)œld red tœ:nær
no: gi: mi: stïl c huœm æn kîp
moæ buœnz (h)wen æ: ão ão val æslïp:
As I wer thatchén o’ the rick
In ouer bit o’ meád laste wik,
Ther green young ee-grass, ankle high,
Did sheen below the cloudless sky;
An’ auver hedge in t’other grous’n’
Among the bennits dry an’ brown,
My dun wold miare, wi’ neck a-freed
Vrom zummer work did snart an’ veed,
An’ in the shiaide o’ leafy bougs,
My vew wold ragged-cuoated cows
Did rub ther zides upon the râils
Ar switch em wi’ ther hiary tâils.

An’ as the marnen sun rose high
Above my mêshy ruf close by,
The blue smoke curdled up between
The lofty trees o’ fiadên green.
A zight that’s touchèn when da show
A busy wife is down below
A-workèn var to cheer oon’s twile
Wi’ her best fiare, an’ better smile.
Mid women still in wedlock’s yoke
Zend up wi’ love ther own blue smoke,
An’ husbands vine ther buoards a-spread
By faithful han’s when I be dead;
An’ noo good men in ouer land
Think lightly o’ the wedden band.
True happiness da bide aluone
Wi’ thēy that ha’ ther own heth-stuone,
To gather wi’ ther children roun’
A-smilèn at the worldle’s frown.

THATCHÉN O’ THE RICK

week
grass regrown after mowing
shine
over, field
grass-stalks
old
snort and feed
few old
or
morning
mossy roof
curled

216
đatšon e do rik

az ic wêr đatšon e do rik
in öuar bit e miod leist wîk
dôr grîn jya îgras ankel hây
id sîn bilo; òc klôulpîs skôi
êc :çêvê hêdz in têôr grîc
âmô de bënts drêc e bôzân
mçò i dàn (w)ûold mjêer wi nek sôfì:
vëm zâmôr wôrk did snàrt en viîd
êc in òc sjed e liïi bôz
mçò i vju: (w)ûold ragîdkuêtîd kô:uz
did raô dôr zôpûz ñûpa òc rêflz
ar sôwïf am wi òç hjeâri têflz

an az òç marînân zañ roîz hû
ôbav mçò i meïi raf klôs hêî
dô blû: smôc kôrêld ap bitwiîn
dô lôftî triz ê fjeûtô grîn
ê c zeàt dêts tatšòn (h)wen òc sô:
e bizi wàfî iz dëçun bilo:
ôwôrkàn vêr ta jîiër (w)ûnz tzwàl
wi (h)ôr best fjeær en bëtôr smôcîl
mîd wûmîn stil in wëdlôks jôk
zen(d) òp wi lâv dôr om blû: smôc
ôn hûzônz ñûpîn òçr buôrdz dôspêd
b(ê)î fêïôvul hânz (h)wen â: bi: dêd
ôn nu: gûd men in âçur lan(d)
ôîj kôltîi ê òç wedôn ban(d)
tru: hapînîs ùc bôre îluôn
wi òç: ôc hôt ha dôr òn hêztauôn
tô gûdôr wi òçr tziîlûn rûûn
ôsêmsî en òç wêrdeîz frûûn
My buoys that brote me _thatch_ an’ spars
Wer tâitèn down upon the bars,
Ar zot a-cuttèn, wi’ a knife,
Dry eltrot roots to make a fife;
Ar drēven oon another roun’
The rick upon the grassy groun’.
An’, as the âier vrom the west
Did fan my burnèn fiace an’ breast,
An’ hoppèn birds, wi’ twitt’ren beaks,
Did shew ther sheenèn spots an’ streaks,
Then, wi’ my heart a-vill’d wi’ love
An’ thankvulness to God above,
I didden _think_ ov anything
That I begrudg’d o’ lord or king.
Var I ha’ roun’ me vur ar near
The muoast to love an’ _nuone_ to fear;
An’ _zoo_ can wa’k in any pliace.
An’ look the best man in the fiace.
What good da come, to yachèn heads
O’ lièn down in silken beds,
Ar what’s a coach if oone da pine
To zee oons nâighbour’s twice so fine:
Contentment is a constant feäst
He’s richest that da want the leäst.
BEES A-ZWARMEN

AVORE we went a-milkèn, vive
Ar zix ō’s here wer al alive
A-tiakèn bees that zwarm’d vrom hive;
   An’ we’d sich work to catch
The hummen rogues, tha led us sich
A dânce al auver hedge an’ ditch;
An’ then at laste wher shood em pitch
   But up in uncle’s thatch?

Dick rung a sheep-bell in his han’,
Liz beät a cannister, an Nan
Did bang the little fryèn pan
   Wi’ thick an’ thumpen blows;
An’ Tom went â’ter carrèn roun’
A bee-pot up upon his crown,
Wi’ al the zide ō’n reachèn down
Avore his eyes an nose.

An’ oone girt bee wi’ spitevul hum,
Stung Dicky’s lip, an’ miade it come,
Al up amost so big’s a plum;
   An’ zome, a-vlee-en on,
Got al roun’ Liz, an’ miade her hop,
An’ scream, an’ twirdle lik’ a top,
An’ spring awoy right backward, flop
   Down into barken pon’.

An’ Nan gie’d Tom a roguish twitch
Upon a bank, an’ miade en pitch
Right down head-voremost into ditch;
Tom cooden zee a wink:
An’ when the swarm wer siafe an’ soun’
In mother’s bit o’ bee-pot groun’,
We coax’d her var a treat al roun’
      for
     O’ sillibub to drink.
tom kudën zi: e wijk
en (h)wen ðø zwaːrm wør sjef en seːn
in maːðərz bið e biːpot grøːn
wiː koːkst (h)ær vør e trist aːl røːn
e siliːbəb te drɪŋk
READÈN OV A HEADSTUONE

As I wer readèn ov a stuone
In Grenley churchyard al aluone,
A little mâid runn’d up, wi’ pride
To zee me there, an push’d a-zide
A bunch o’ bennits that did hide
A vess her faether, as she zed,
Put up above her mother’s head
To tell how much ’e lov’d her.

The vess wer very good, but shart,
I stood an’ larn’d en off by heart.—
“Mid God, dear Miary, gi’e me griace
To vine, lik’ thee, a better pliace,
Wher I oonce muore mid zee thy fiace:
An’ bring thy childern up to know
His word that thēy mid come an’ shew
Thy soul how much I lov’d thee.”

Wher’s faether then, I zed, my chile?
“Dead too,” she ānswer’d wi’ a smile,
“An’ I an’ brother Jim da bide
At Betty White’s o’ t’other zide
O’ road.” Mid He, my chile, I cried,
That’s faether to the faetherless,
Become thy faether now, an’ bless
An’ kip, an’ leād, an love thee.

Though she’ve a-lost, I thought, so much,
Still He don’t let the thoughts ō’t touch
Her litsome heart by day ar night;
ri:ðən av c hedstuən

az əc wər ri:ðən av c stuen
in grenli tsəːrtʃərd əl əluən
ə litəl mæid rand əp wi prəud
tə zi: mi: dəə ən puʃt æəzəd
ə bənts ət diə həid
ə vəs (h)ər fəːðər az jə: zed
pat əp əbəv (h)ər mədərz həd
tə tel həə nəm ʃəm c lavp həə

ðə vəs wəɾ veri gud bət fəːrt
əə stud ən laənd ən af b(ə)h hərt
mid gəd diər mjəəri gi: mi: gəjəs
tə və:n lik di: ə betər pləs
(h)əər əi (w)əns muər mid zi: əəi fəəs
ən bɾiŋ əəi tʃildərn əp tə no:
(h)iz wərəd ət ə: mid kəm ən ʃə:
əəi solə həə həəm ʃəm c lavp di:

(h)əəz fəːðər ən əi zed məə tʃəːl
dəd tu: jə: ənəərd wi ə sməːril
ən əə c ən brədər əpim əə bəənd
ət beti (h)əərəts ə tədər zəə:d
ə rod miə həi: məəi tʃəːl əi kəəpəd
ətəs fəːðər tə əə fəːðərləs
bikəm əəi fəːðər nəu ən bələs
ən kip ən liəd ən əəv di:

ðə: sir ələst əi ət sə: mətʃ
stil həi: dəmt let ðə ət tətʃ
(h)ə əltsəm hərət b(ə)h do: er əənt

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An’ zoo, if we cood tiake it right,
Da show he’ll miake his burdens light
  To weaker souls, an’ that his smile
  Is sweet upon a harmless chile
    When thēy be dead that lov’d it.
ZUMMER EVEMEN DĀNCE

COME out to the parrick, come out to the tree,
The mãidens an’ chaps be a-wàitèn var thee:
Ther’s Jim wi’ his fiddle to plày us some reels;
Come out along wi’ us, an’ fling up thy heels.

Come, al the long grass is a-mow’d an’ a-carr’d,
An’ the turf is so smooth as a buoard an’ so hard.
Ther’s a bank to zit down, when y’ave dānced a dānce droo,
An’ a tree auver head var to keep off the dew.

Ther be ruoses an’ honeyzucks hangen among
The bushes, to put in thy wiaste; an’ the zong
O’ the nightengiale’s heārd in the hedges al roun’;
An’ I’ll get thee a glow-worm to stick in thy gown.

Ther’s Miary so modest, an’ Jenny so smart,
An’ Mag that da love a good rompse to her heart:
Ther’s Joe at the mill that da zing funny zongs,
An’ shart-laggid Dick, too, a-waggen his prongs.

Zoo come to the parrick, come out to the tree,
The mãidens an’ chaps be a-wàitèn var thee:
Ther’s Jim wi’ his fiddle to plày us some reels;
Come out along wi’ us, and fling up thy heels.
zamor ivmôn deûs

kam aùt to ò ò parâk kam aùt to ò ò tri:
dò màedonz ne tsaps bi: owaût aon vor ñi:
dorzh dim wi (h)iz fidol ta ploë s omen ri:iz
kam aùt olaññ wi ye ò ò fliñ ap ò òi hîl:\n
kam a:l ò ò lâñ grañs iz a:mo:p a: o:karad
en ò ò tarf iz ò ò smur àz o buéd ò ò sà hard
dorzh a bânk to zit daùn (h)en jøv demst ò deûs dru:
en ò tri: axver hed vor to ki(?)p aù ò dju:

dor bi: ruoziz ò ò hanizaks hañan amañ
ò ò busiz ta pat in ò òi wjest ò ò de zan
e ò ò novañtængjelz hîerd in ò ò hedziz a:l rañun
en ò òil get ñi: o gloñwerm ta stik in ò òi goñun

dorzh mjœri so modist ò ò dzeni so smart
en mag òt ò ò lav ò gud romp tu (h)ar hart
dorzh dzo: ò ò miñ òt ò ò ziñ fâñi zoñz
en sa:artlagid dik tu: òwagoñ (h)iz prœñz

zu: kam to ò ò parâk kam aùt to ò ò tri:
kam aùt olaññ wi ye ò ò(d) fliñ ap ò òi hîl:\ndorzh dim wi (h)iz fidol ta ploë s omen ri:iz
kam aùt olaññ wi ye ò ò(d) fliñ ap ò òi hîl:\n
ECLOGUE

VIAIRIES

SIMON AN’ SAMEL

SIMON

There’s what the vo’kes da cal a viairy ring,
Out ther lo’k zee. Why ’tis an oddish thing.

SAMEL

Ees ’tis to I. I wunder how da come.
What is it that da make it, I da wunder.

SIMON

Be hang’d if I can tell, I’m sure; but zome
Da zae da come by lightnèn when da thunder.
An’ zome da zae sich rings as thik ring there is
Da grow in dāncèn tracks o’ little viaries,
That in the nights o’ zummer ar o’ spring
Da come by moonlight, when noo other veet
Da tread the dewy grass but their’s, an’ meet,
An’ dānce awoy togither in a ring.

SAMEL

An’ who d’ye thik da work the fiddlestick,
A little viairy too, ar else wold Nick?

SIMON

Why they da zae that at the viairies’ bal
Ther’s nar a fiddle that’s a-heär’d at al:
But tha da plây upon a little pipe
A-miade o’ kexes ar o’ strā’s, dead ripe,
of hemlock stalks† or of straws

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eklaq

vjediz

saimon en samol

SIMON

dearz (h)wot de voiks de kaal e vjeeriz riж
out dor luk zi: (h)wov tiz en upeя do

SAMEL

is tiz tu ac ic wander hoа do kam
(h)wot iz it dat do mjek it ac de wander

SIMON

bi: hand if ac kon tel acim jui(о)or bat zam
do ze: do kam b(о)i loudn (h)wem de wandor
en zam do ze: sitj riжz az dik riж dear iz
do gro: in de:son traks e litel vjeeriz
dot in do nonts e zamor ar e sprui
do kam b(о)i munlaixt (h)wom nu: adu vix
do tred do duju gras bat dearz en mit
en de:son e:me togi did de

SAMEL

en hu: dji: дпк de warк de fidolstik
e litel vjeeri tu: ar els (w)ueld nik

SIMON

(h)wov de: de ze: dat at de vjeeriz baз
дorz nar e fidol dote chiord et al
but de: de playe ac pad e litel doci
amjed e keksiz ar e stre:z ded ric
A-stuck in row, (zome shart an’ longer zome),
Wi’ slime o’ snâils, ar bits o’ plum-tree gum.
An’ miake sich music that to hear it sound
You’d stick so still’s a pollard to the ground.

SAMEL
What do ’em dânce? ’tis plâin by theös green whēels
Tha don’t frisk in an’ out in thee-hand reels;
Var else, instead o’ theös here girt roun’ O,
Tha’d cut us out a figure ’v 8 d’ye know.

SIMON
Oh! they ha jigs to fit ther little veet:
They woodden dânce, ya know, at ther fine bal,
The thee an’ vow’r han’ reels that we da spra’l
An’ kick about in, when we men da meet.

SAMEL
An’ have zome fellers, in ther midnight rambles,
A-catch’d the viairies then in theösem gambols.

SIMON
Why ees, but they be off lik’ any shot
So soon’s a man ’s a-comèn near the spot.

SAMEL
But, in the dae-time, wher da viairies hide?
Wher be ther huomes then, wher da viairies bide?

SIMON
O they da git awoy down under groun’
In holler pliazen, wher tha cān’t be voun’;
But still my gramfer, many years agoo,
SAMUEL

(h)wot du: am deins triz plæm b(æ)i diaz gri:n (h)wi:zlz
de: do:nt frisk in en æut m dri:han(d) ri:lz
var els in:sted o ði:as hiør gært ræun o:
do:ed kat os æut o ði:græv ært dji: no:

SIMON

o: de: ha dzïgz tø fit ðør lîtl vît
de: wuðo:n de:ns jo no: et ðør fæ:m ba:l
ðo dri: æn vu:ør ðan(d) ri:lz ðøt wi: do: sprañ
æn kik æbæt in (h)wen wi: men do mi(ð)t

SAMUEL

æn hav zam felærz in ðør midnæzt rambælæz
ækætst ðø vjeæriz ðen æ diazæm gambælæz

SIMON

(h)wær i:s bot de: bi: af li:k eni fæt
œ su:nz æ manz ækæmøn niør ðø spøt

SAMUEL

bot in ðø de:ta:im (h)wør ðø vjeæriz hæid
(h)wør bi: ðør huæmøn ðen (h)wør ðø vjeæriz hæid

SIMON

o: de: ðø gıt æwæ:i ðæun ændær græun
in hølør plæøn (h)wør ðø: keñt bi: væøn
bot stil æn gramfør meni jiørz ægu:
'E liv’d at Grenley farm, an’ milk’d a dairy,
If what the vo’kes da tell is true,
Oone marnen yerly voun’ a viairy.

SAMEL

An’ did er stop then wi’ the good wold buoy?
Ar did er soon contrive to slip awoy?

SIMON

Why, when the vo’kes were al asleep a-bed,
The viairies us’d to come, as ’tis a-zed,
Avore the vire wer cuold, an’ dānce an hour
Ar two at dead o’ night upon the vlour,
Var they, by only utterèn a word
Ar charm, can come down chimley, lik’ a bird;
Ar drā ther bodies out so long an’ narra,
That they can vlee droo keyholes lik’ an arra.
An’ zoo oone midnight, when the moon did drow
His light droo winder roun’ the vlour below,
An’ crickets roun’ the bricken heth did zing,
Tha come an’ dānced about the hal in ring;
An’ tapp’d, droo little holes noo eyes cood spy,
A kag o’ poor ānt’s meād a-stannèn by;
An’ oone ō’m drink’d so much ’e coodden mind
The word ’e wer to zae to make en smal,
’E got a-dather’d zoo that ā’ter al
Out t’others went an’ left en back behind.
An’ ā’ter he’d a-beāt about his head
Agen the keyhole, till ’e wer hafe dead,
’E laid down al along upon the vlour
Till gran’fer, comen down, unlocked the door:
And then, ’e zeed en (’twer enough to frighten èn)
Bolt out o’ door, an’ down the road lik lightènèn.
c livd at greenli farm an milkd a djeari
if (h)waft o voeks do tel iz tru:
(w)mun marren jörli von c vjeeari

SAMEL
on did or stop den wi o gup (w)uald bewa:
ar did or su mon kontro to slip dip to.

SIMON
(h)waft (h)wen do voeks wa r a l o slip etab
do vjeeariz just to kam az tiz azed
ovnve o dö voen wö kuelde on deus on siene
ar tu a t ded c nötel o do vluar
var de: b(ö) o nöli uterö o wërd
or tfarm kën kam döun tsimlik lik o börd
ar dë: dör botiz eut so last en nars
đot de: kën vli: dru: keholz lik en arc
an zu: (w)un midnöut (h)wen do mun did dro:
(h)iz lout dru: windre rauñ o do vluar bilo:
an krikts rauñ o dör brikën hët did zëj
de: kam on denst öbeyut o do hail in rëj
en tapt dru: lital hitz nü: öiz kud spöci
ë kag c o pu(ö)er ents miëd östaneo bök
en (w)un oim drëkt o c maen c kudöen maun(d)
oo wërd c war o ze: o mjek en smal
ë gott adapezt zu: dët eëter aë
eut t DIYerz went en left en bak biënn(d)
en eëter hizët obëcët (h)iz hëd
agen do kehol til c war hëf ded
c led döun aël c luæc hëla o dö vluar
til granfor kamöen döun unboik o do ujur
en(d) ën c zipt en twer inaft o fröint en
bon t eët uen e duer ën ëmp o döñ lik löxtöen.
FALL

CARN A-TURNÈN YOLLER

corn turning yellow
evening
summer pasture
hollow
field
peas
tapering oats
or
stooks
many gleaners

The copse ha’ got his shiady boughs,
Wi’ blackbirds’ evemen whistles;
The hills ha’ sheep upon ther brows,
The summerleäze ha’ thisses.
The meäds be gày in grassy Mây,
But O vrom hill to holler,
Let I look down upon a groun’
O’ carn a-turnèn yoller.

An’ pēase da grow in tangled beds,
An’ beäns be sweet to snuff, O;
The tiaper woats da bend ther heads,
The barley’s beard is rough, O;
The turnip green is fresh between
The carn in hill ar holler,
But I’d look down upon a groun’
O’ wheat a-turnèn yoller.

’Tis merry when the brawny men
Da come to reap it down, O,
Wher glossy red the poppy head
s among the stā’ks so brown, O;
’Tis merry while the wheat’s in hile
Ar when, by hill ar holler,
The leäzers thick da stoop to pick
The ears so ripe an’ yoller.
kärn etærnon jale

do kærps ha got (h)iz jédi bæuz
    wi blakbœrdz i:væn (h)wísælz
do hilz ha jíp øapn ðær bræ:uz
    do zëmërlæz ha ði:ælz
do miædz bi: gæi in græsi mæø
    bøt o: vreæ hil ðo hølær
let æ: lük døm:un øapn ø græ:un
    ø kärn etærnon jale

øn peçz do grø: in tangøld bedz
    øn bionz bi: swi(ø)t ðo snæf o:
do tjæør (w)uøts do bën(d) ðær hædz
    do baærliz biærd iz ræf o:
do tæ:næp grën iz frej bitwïn
    do kärn in hil ær hølær
bøt æ:æd lük døm:un øapn ø græ:un
    ø (h)wìs etærnon jale

tîz meri (h)wën do bræ:ni men
    do kam ðo riæ ðit døun o:
(h)war glæsi red ðo pøpi hæd
    z æmæø ðo steæks æ bræ:un o:
tîz meri (h)warl ðo (h)wìts ðæ høl
    ar (h)wën b(ø):i hil ær hølær
do lëizærz ðøk ðo stûp ðæ pik
    ði iesæ ðæ døp æn jale
A-HALÈN CARN

EES, eesterdae, ya know, we carr’d
The piece o’ carn in Zidelen Plot,
An’ work’d about it pirty hard,
An’ voun the weather pirty hot.
"Twer al a-tied an’ zet upright
In tidy hile o’ Monday night.
Zoo eesterdae in ā’ternoon
We zet, in yarest, ev’ry oone
A-halèn carn.

The hosses, wi’ the het an’ luoad,
Did froth, an’ zwang vrom zide to zide,
A-gwâin along the dousy road,
That I miade sure tha wou’d a-died.
An’ wi’ my collar al undone
An’ neck a-burnen wi’ the zun,
I got, wi’ work an’ doust, an’ het,
So dry at laste I cooden spet,
A-halèn carn.

At uncle’s archet gwâin along
I bagged some apples var to quench
My drîth, o’ Poll that wer among
The trees; but she, a saucy wench,
Toss’d auver hedge zome grabs var fun
I squâil’d her, though; an’ miade her run;
An’ zoo she gie’d me var a treat
A lot o’ stubberds var to eat,
A-halèn carn.
ohaló:n kárn

iis istórde: jë no: wi: kárd
   do pis e kárn in zë:íldlon plot
on wërkzt òbërzt it poërti hárd
   on on on on wepë poërti hat
twér ai: òstéd on zët apprôt
in têndi hér ila e mande: nëx:
zú: istórde: in àt:ërnun
wi: zët in jàrn øst evri (w)un
   ohaló:n kárn

do hâsiz wi do hët on luëd
   pip frâth on zwâñ vëm zoë òpë e wëz
egwë wël òpë dà òpëst i roë
   dët on mjed ën(ë) ër ëd: wëp ëpë
on wi mëm kårô a: ànd
en nek òëbëræ wi do zën
en got wi wërk on dâust on hët
so dëp ir ëst on kudøn spat
   ohaló:n kárn

o t âñkël z artjet gwæm álø
   o t bagd sëm âpëlz vër o kwënts
mëi òpë wët o pd âpës òpë
   dë triz bët ëi: e sàssi wënts
 twëst ëvër hëp às murrayvër fän
o t skwëíld hër ëo: en mjëd (h)ër rëm
en zu: ëi: gëd mi: vër o trëst
o lët o stâbërdz vër o ët
   ohaló:n kárn
An’ up at rick Jeän took the flaggon
    An’ gid us out zome yal, an’ then
I carr’d her out upon the waggon
    Wi’ bread an’ cheese to gi’e the men.
An’ ther, var fun, we dress’d her head
Wi’ noddèn poppies bright an’ red,
As we wer catchèn vrom our laps
Below a woak, our bits an’ draps
    A-halen carn.

gave, ale
carried
give

oak, bits of food and drink
on ep et rik dzion tuk ṣe flagon
en gi(ɔ)d as aṣut zam jel as ñen
a i kard (h)or aṣut ṣe ṣe wagon
wi bred en tʃi:z te gi: ṣe men
en ñer vər ñan wi: drest (h)or héd
wi nñon popez bɔ:r:it en reñ
en wi: wər katʃon vram ñeñor laps
bilo: e (w)uŋk ñeñor bits en draps
əha:loŋ kə:r:n
HARVEST HUOME

The vust Piart. The Supper.

Since we were striplens, neighbour John,
The good world merry times be gone:
But we da like to think upon

What we’ve a-zeed an’ done.
When I was up a hardish lad,

At harvest home the work vo’ke had

Sich suppers tha’ wer jumpen mad

Wi’ feästèn an’ wi’ fun.

At uncle’s, I da mind, oone year,

I zeed a vill o’ hearty cheer,

Fat beef an’ puddèn, yal an’ beer,

Var ev’ry workman’s crop.

An’ a’ter tha’d a-gid God thanks,

Tha al zot down in two long ranks,

Along a tiable miade o’ planks,

Wi’ uncle at the top.

An’ ther, in platters big an’ brown,

Wer red fat biacon, an’a roun’

O’ beef wi’ gravy that wou’d drown,

A pap ar little pig.

Wi’ beäns an’ tiaties vull a zack,

An’ cabbage that wou’d miake a stack,

An’ puddèns brown a-speckled black

Wi’ figs, so big’s my wig.
An’ uncle, wi’ his elbows out,
Did carve an’ miike the gravy spout,
An’ ānt did gi’e the mugs about
     A-frothēn to the brim.
Pliates weren’t ov ethen ware,
Tha eat off pewter that wou’d bear
A knock; ar wooden trenchers, square,
     Wi’ zalt holes at the rim.

An’ zoo tha munch’d ther hearty cheer,
An’ dipp’d ther beards in frothy beer,
An’ lāf’d, an’ joked, tha cou’den hear
     What oon another zaid.
An al ā’m drink’d, wi’ oone accuord,
The wold vo’kes health; an’ beāt the buord,
An’ swung ther yarms about, an’ roar’d,
     Enough to crack oone’s head.
en: zu; a das harri [jar];

1. I am going to

2. a das harri [jar].
HARVEST HUOME

Second Piart. What tha done after Supper.

Zoo āter supper wer a-done
Tha’ clear’d the tiables an’ begun
To have a little bit o’ fun,
   As long as tha mid stop.
The wold oones took ther pipes to smoke,
An’ tell ther tiales, an’ lafe an’ joke,
A-lookèn at the younger vōke
   That got up var a hop.
Oone scriap’d awoy, wi’ merry grin,
A fiddle stuck below his chin,
An’ oone ò’m took the rollèn pin
   An’ beät the fryèn pan.
An’ t’others, dāncèn to the soun’
Went in an’ out, an’ droo an’ roun,
An’ kick’d, an’ beät the tuèn down
   A-lafèn, mãid an’ man.
An’ then a mãid, al up tip-tooe,
Vell down; an’ oone ò’m wi’ his shoe
Slit down her pocket hole al droo
   Cleān down vrom top to bottom.
An’ when tha had a-dānced enough,
Tha got a-plàyèn blineman’s buff,
An’ sard the mãidens pirty rough,
   When oonce tha had a-got ’em.
harvist huwm

sekánd pja:rt (h)wot óe: dáw eitør sapór

zu: eitør sapór war adan
óe: kliírd òo tjebólz ón bigan
tó hån ó lítal bít ó fân
óz lón óz óe: mid stop
óó (w)uold (w)unz túk ódør pórëps tó smóik
ón tel dór tjelz ón leif ón dzöik
alukën ót óó jàndëör vökt
óó got óp óp ór e hoıp

(w)uun skrjept ówëi wi meri grin
ó fîdól stâk bîlo: (h)iz t*sin
óó (w)uun óm túk ódó rolçen pîn
óó biót ódô fràxen pán
óó tâdërëz ënsen tó óó sûnn
wönt in ón ënt ón drû: ón ràun
óó kîkt ón biót ódô tjuën dûn
óë:îsûn máipd ón mân

óó ðen ó máip ál up tiptu:
vél dûn ón (w)uun óm wî (h)iz jù:
slît dûn (h)or pûktt hûl ál drû:
kliën dûn vûm tûp tâ bôtêm
óó (h)wën óe: hád ëdëmst inëf
óe: göt oplëzion blûûmënz hàf
óó saèd òo màipënz pûrti ràf
(h)wën (w)uun óe: hád eòg tû më
An’ zome did drink, an’ lafe, an’ roar,
At lots o’ tiales tha had in store,
O things that happen’d years avore
To thēy ar vōkes tha knowed.
An’ zome did joke, an’ zome did zing,
An’ miake the girt wold kitchen ring,
Till uncle’s cock, wi’ flappēn wing,
Stratch’d out his neck an’ crow’d.
an zam did drink on lef an ruør
at lots o tgelz de: had in stuer
o diigz de: hapend jierz avør
to de: ar voiks de: knæud
an zam did dʒok an zam did zin
an mjek de gørt (w)øld kitsin rin
til ækælz kæk wi flapen win
stratʃt œut (h)iz nek an kæud
A ZONG OV HARVEST HUOME

THE groun’ is clear. Ther’s nar a ear
O’ stannen carn a-left out now
Var win’ to blow, ar râin to drow;
’Tis al up siafe in barn ar mow.
Here’s health to thae that plough’d an’ zow’d;
Here’s health to thae that reap’d an’ mow’d:
An’ thae that had to pitch an’ luoad,
Ar tip the rick at Harvest Huome.

The happy zight. The merry night.
The men’s delight. The Harvest Huome.

An’ mid noo harm o’ vire ar starm
Beval the farmer ar his carn;
An’ ev’ry zack o’ zeed gi’e back
A hunderdvuold so much in barn.
An’ mid his Miaker bless his store,
His wife an’ all that she’ve a-bore,
An’ kip al evil out o’ door,
Vrom Harvest Huome to Harvest Huome.

The happy zight. The merry night.
The men’s delight. The Harvest Huome.

Mid nothèn ill betide the mill
As dae by dae the miller’s wheel
Da drēve his clacks, an’ histe his zacks,
An’ vill his bens wi’ show-ren meal:
Mid ’s water niver auverflow
His dousy mill, nar zink too low,
Vrom now till wheat agen da grow,
An’ we’ve another Harvest Huome.

The happy zight. The merry night.
The men’s delight. The Harvest Huome.
c c z ar av harvist hüm

do greben iz kliör dærz nar c iø
   c stanøn karn cleft cøt nːn

vær win te blo: ær ræm te dro:
   tiz æl æp sjef in bærn ær mo:
   hiarz helθ te ðe: ðøt plæud æn zoːp
   hiarz helθ te ðe: ðøt riːpt æn moːd
   æn ðe: ðøt had tø pitʃ æn luːp
   ær tip æd rik æt harvist hüm

do hapi zœıt æd meri nːt

do menz diloːt æd harvist hüm

æn mid nu: hærm æ vœːæ ær starːm
   bival æd færmoær ær (h)iz kærn
æn ævri zak æ xːd giː bak
   æ hændœrdwœld æ mætp in bærn
æn mid (h)iz mjækær bles (h)iz stuːær
   (h)iz wæːif æn æl æd jir v æbuær
æn kip æl inːl æt æ duːær

vœːm harvist hüm tø harvist hüm
do hapi zœıt æd meri nːt

do menz diloːt æd harvist hüm

mid nʌːθen ði bitaːp æd miːl
   æz æd: b(ɔː)ːt æd: æd miːlɔːz (h)wiːl

do dreːv (h)iz klaks æn hœːist (h)iz zaks
   æn vil (h)iz bænz wiːuːøræn miːl
   mid ðæːtær niːær æːvæːfłːoː
   (h)iz dœːusti miːl nar ziŋk tuː loː
gœːm nːuː tøl (h)wiːt ægən æd groːt
æn wiːv ænãːær harvist hüm

do hapi zœıt æd meri nːt

do menz diloːt æd harvist hüm
Droo cisterns wet, an' malt kil's het
Mid barley pây the malter's pâins.
An' mid noo hurt beval the wort
A-bwilên vrom the brewer's grâins.
Mid al his beer kip out o' harm
Vrom busted hoop ar thunder starm,
That we mid have a mug to warm
Our merry hearts nex' Harvest Huome.

Mid luck an' jây, the biaker pây,
As he da hear his vier roar,
Ar nimbly catch his hot white batch
A-reekên vrom the ōben door.
An' mid it niver be too high
Var our vew zixpences to buy,
When we da hear our childern cry
Var bread, avore nex' Harvest Huome.

Wi' jây o' heart mid shooters start
The whirrên pâtridges in vlocks;
While shots da vlee droo bush an' tree
An' dogs da stan' so still as stocks.
An' let em ramble roun' the farms
Wi' guns 'ithin ther bended yarms.
In goolden zunsheen free o' starms
Rejâicèn var the Harvest Huome.

The happy zight. The merry night.
The men's delight. The Harvest Huome.
dru: sistærnz wet on molt külz het
mid baarl li pæi do molærz pæinz
en mid nu: hørt bival do wœart
æwel: vøør ðæl bøør ðæl
mæl (h)iz biør kip ðæut ø haarm
vøøm bøastid høøp ø øøndør størm
døt wi: mid hav ø mag to warm
øøøæ meri hørts neks hørvøst hœm
do høpi ðœøt ø meri nœøt
do menz dilœøt ø hørvøst hœm

mid lak øn dzær ø bjekøør pæi
øz hi: do hiør (h)iz vøœør ruør
ar nømbløi kæf (h)iz høøt (h)wœøøt bøøf
ørøkøn vøøm ði øøn duør
øn mid it nœøø bi: tu: høø
vø øøøæn vjuø: zikspænsiz ø øøø
(h)wen wi: do hiør øøøøøø bøøldøøn kræ
vø bøød øøøør neks hørvøst hœm
do høpi ðœøøt ø meri nœøøt
do menz dilœøøt ø hørvøst hœm

wi dzær ø høøt mid fœøærz støøøt
do (h)wœørøø petrídøøøiz in vliøks
(h)wœøl fœøøs do vli: dru: buø øø tri:
on døøgø do stan sø stø ø støks
øn let øm rambøøl røøøn ø faarmz
wi gøøøø gøøn øør bøndøø jøøøø
in guøldøø zøøøøøø fri: ø støøøø
ridzæøøøøøø vø ø hørvøst hœøøm
do høpi ðœøøt ø meri nœøøt
do menz dilœøøt ø hørvøst hœøøm
POLL’S JACK DĀ.

Ah, Jimmy vow’d e’d have the lá
Ov ouer cousin Poll’s jack dā,
That had by dæ his withy jáil
A-hangen up upon a nåil
Agen the elem tree, avore
The house, jist auver-right the door;
An’ ballerag’d the voke gwáin by
A-most so pláin as you ar I.
Var hardly any dæ did pass
’Ithout Tom’s tæchên ō’n zome sass,
Till by an’ by ’e cal’d ’em al
Satepolls an’ gâkeys, girt an’ smal.

An’ zoo as Jim went down along
The liane a-whislen ov a zong,
The sassy dā cried out by rote
“What girt satepoll,” lik’ to split his drote.
Jim stopp’d an’ grabbled up a clot
An’ zent en at en lik’ a shot;
An’ down went dā an’ cage avore
The clot, up thump agen the door.
Zoo out rinn’d Poll an’ Tom to zee
What al the meänèn ō’t mid be.
“Now who done that?” cried Poll, “who whurr’d
Theös clot?” “Girt satepoll,” cried the bird.

An’ when Tom catch’d a glimpse o’ Jim
A-lookên al so red an’ slim,
An’ slinkên on, ’e vled, red hot,
Down liane to catch en, lik’ a shot.
polz džak de:

a: džimi væud əd hav də le:
əv ə:uer kwən polz džak de:
dət had b(ə)1 de: (h)iz widi džael
əhənən əp əpo ə næl
agen ði eləm tri: ənuər
də həus dʒist ənxəɕt ðə duər
ən balərapd ðə vox gwəm bə:i
ənəst se pləin æ ju ə æi
vər härdli eni de: did pas
ɪðəut təmz tetʃən ən zəm sa:s
til bə:i ən bə:i ə kəld ən ał
setpəliz ən gəkiz gərt ən sma:l

ən zu: æ dʒim wɛnt dəun oləŋ
ə de ljen æ(h)wisən əv ə zəŋ
ə de səsi de: kərəd æut b(ə)1 ro:t
ɡərt setpəl lık to split (h)iz drot
dʒim stəpt ən qəbaəd əp ə kət
ən zənt ənæt ən lık ə fət
ən dəun wɛnt de: ən kə:ɡə ənuər
də kət əp əlmə agən ə duər
zu: æut rind pol ən təm to zi:
(h)wot ał ə də miənən oət mid bi:
sən hu: ən ət kərəd pol hu: (h)wər:
dəs kət gərt setpəl kərəd ə bə:sə

ən (h)wən təm kətʃ ə qəlims ə dʒim
əluŋən əl əə red ən slim
ən sliŋkən əŋ ə vələd red hət
də:un ljen əo kətʃ ən lık ə fət
But Jim, that thought e’d better trust
To lags than vistes, tried em vust;
An’ Poll, that zeed Tom wooden catch
En, stood a-smilèn at the hatch.
An’ zoo ’e volleed en var two
Ar dree stuones’ drows, an’ let en goo.
THE IVY

UPON theós knap I’d sooner be
The ivy that da clim the tree
Than bloom the gàyest ruose a-tied
An’ trimm’d upon the house’s zide.
The ruose mid be the mãidens’ pride,
But still the ivy’s wild an’ free:
An’ what is al that life can gi’e
‘Ithout a free light heart, John?

The crēpèn shiade mid steal too soon
Upon the ruose in á’ternoon.
But here the zun da drow his het
Vrom when da rise till when da zet,
To dry the leaves the râin da wet;
An’ evemen âir da bring along
The merry diairy-mâidens’ zong,
The zong of free light hearts, John.

O why da voke so of’en châin
Ther pinên minds var love o’ gàin,
An’ gi’e ther innocence to rise
A little in the wordle’s eyes?
If pride coo’d rise us to the skies,
What man da vallee, God da slight,
An’ al is nothèn in His zight,
‘Ithout a honest heart, John.

A ugly fiace cān’t bribe the brooks
To show it back young han’some looks,
di civi

oep diše nap e: sunev bì:

dì civi òt òt klim òt tri:

do-bei òt gænst ruaz òt sìe:

en trima epe òt hærisiz òt òt

do ruaz mid bi: òt marðæns præid

bøt stil òt civiz wæl òt fri:

eñ (h)wøt iz a: l òt loøf kin gi:

iðæt òt fri: lœt hærts ðzan

do krepøn sjed mid stil tu: sun

dør òt ruaz in òtænnun

bøt hiar òt zuñ òt dro: (h)iz het

vøm (h)wen òt reeiz til (h)wen òt zet

to dro òt liëv òt reiñ òt wet

en i:nmeæ æir òt brie æle

do meri djeæri marðænz zan

do zan æv fri: lœt hærts ðzan

ò: (h)wøen òt voøk so: æøn tfæin

dør poæiææ ñæi(d)z vør lëv òt gæin

en gi: òr masøns òt reeiz

e âlet in òt ñweærlæ zæiz

if præid kud reeiz æs òt òt skæiz

(h)wøt man òt vali god òt slæt

en a: l iz naðæn in (h)iz zæiz

iðæt òt nist hært ðzan

æ ægli ñjes kænt breæb òt bruks

tø jø: it bak jøø hæøm luks
Nar crooked vo’ke intice the light
To cast ther zummer shiades upright.
Noo goold can bline our Miaker’s zight.
   An’ what’s the odds what cloth da hide
   The buzzom that da hold inside
       A free an’ honest heart, John?

nor, folk
blind
what does it matter
bosom
nar krukić vo:k intešis dē lō:t
tō kast dēr zamōr sjedz aprō:t
nu: guld kōn blō:nā xeōr mjekārəz zō:t
ōn (h)wōts dī ndz (h)wōt kləθ dē hāri
ō ē bāzōm dēt dē huāld insē:d
ē fri: ēn anist hárt dzan
THE WELSHNUT TREE

WHEN in the evemen the zun’s a-zinkèn,
   A-drowèn shiades vrom the yoller west;
An’ mother wēary ’s a-zot a-thinkèn,
   Wi’ vuolded yrms by the vire at rest,
   Then we da zwarm, O,
   Wi’ sich a charm, O,
So vull o’ glee by the welshnut tree.

A-leävèn fāther indoors, a-leinèn
   In his girt chair, in his ēasy shoes,
Ar in the settle so high behine en,
   While down bezide en the dog da snooze,
   Our tongues da run, O,
   Enough to stun, O,
Your head, wi’ glee by the welshnut tree.

Ther we da drēd the wold woman’s niddle,
   thread the old woman’s needle†
   An’ slap the mâidens a-dartèn droo,
Ar try who’l ax em the hardest riddle,
   Ar soonest vind out oone put us, true;
   Ar zit an’ ring, O,
   The bells ding, ding, O,
Upon our knee, by the welshnut tree.

An’ zome da goo out an’ hide in archet,
   orchard
   An’ t’others, slily a-stealèn by,
Wher ther’s a dark cunnen pliace da sarch it,
   cunning, search
   Till they da zee em, an’ cry, “I spy.”
   the one found
   An’ thik a-vound, O,
   Da gi’e a bound, O,
To git off free to the welshnut tree.
do welshnat tri:

(h)wen in di iwmön do zanz aznkan
adrod:en jshed wram do jalar west
on maðor weaz ozat ednkan
wi vuoldid jarmz b(o)1 do weðor at rest
den wi: do zwairm o;
wi sitf o tsaarm o:
sa vun o gli: b(o)1 do welshnat tri:

olive fe:ðor induerzh olazən
in (h)iz gørt tsør in (h)iz ezi juz
ar in do setol so sa bihun azən en
(h)uwe:em bənem bəyzem bənem bənem
æm tanz do ran o;
inəf to stan o:
joer hed wi gli: b(o)1 do welshnat tri:

dør wi: do drefd o (w)ueld wuomanz niodl
on slap o mæirənəz edarən drə:
ar traci hul aks o m do hardist ridel
ar suñist vən(d) oət (w)un pət oə tru:
ar zit on rin o:
do belz diŋ diŋ o:
appənəcu ni: b(o)1 do welshnat tri:

en zəm do gu: oət on həxəd in aːrtʃət
en tədærz slə:li æstiːən hə:
(h)əər dərz o dark kanən pljəs do saːrtʃ it
til do: do zı: em en krə ic vədsp
en dək oəzən(d) o:
do gi: o bozən(d) o:
tə git af fri: te do welshnat tri:
Poll went oone night, that we midden vind her,  
     mightn’t find  
Inzide a woak wi’ a holler moot,  
oak, hollow stump  
An’ droo a hole near the groun’ behind her,  
     through  
     I pok’d a stick in an’ catch’d her voot.  
     An’ out she scream’d, O,  
     An’ jump’d; an’ seem’d, O,  
fly  
A-most to vlee to the welshnut tree.

An’ when at laste at the drashel, mother  
threshold  
    Did cal us, smilen, indoor to rest,  
Then we da cluster by oone another,  
    To zee huome they we da love the best.  
    An’ then da sound, O,  
    “Good night,” al round, O,  
To end our glee, by the welshnut tree.
pol went (w)un nəut dət wi: midən əcəun(d) hər
inəzə: (w)ənək wi c hələr mut
ən dru: c həl nər əgə grəun bihəun(d) hər
ə n po:kə s tık mən ən kətət (h)ər vət
ən ə:ut ʃi: skriməd o:
ən dzəmpət ən siəmd o:
aməst tə vii: tə də welənət tri:
ən (h)ən ət le:st ət də draʃəl maðər
did kəl əs smənən induər tə rest
ən wi: də kələnər bə(ə)1 (w)un ənədər
tə zi: həmə də: wi: də lav də best
ən ən də səun(d) o:
gud nəkt a:l rəxən(d) o:
tu en(d) ənər gli: b(ə)1 də welənət tri:
JENNY OUT VROM HUOME

O wild-riavèn west winds, as you da roar on,
The elems da rock, an’ the poplars da ply;
An’ wiave da dreve wiave in the dark-watered pon.
Oh! wher do ye rise vrom, an’ wher do ye die?

O wild-riavèn winds, I da wish I cou’d vlee
Wi’ you lik’ a bird o’ the clouds up above
The rudge o’ the hill, an’ the top o’ the tree,
To wher I da long var, an’ vo’kes I da love.

Ar else that in under theös rock I cou’d hear,
In the soft holler sounds ya da leäve in your road,
Zome words ya mid bring me, vrom tongues that be dear
Vrom friends that da love me, al scatter’d abrode.

O wild-riavèn winds, if ya ever da roar
By the house an’ the elems vrom wher I’m a-come,
Breathe up at the winder ar cal at the door,
An’ tell ya’ve a-voun’ me a-thinken o’ huome.
dženi e ut vrem huum

o: wæıld rjevən west wim(d)z az ju: də ruər ən
  ði ələmz də rʊk ən ə əplərz də plə:i
ən wjəv də drev wjəv mə ðə dərk wətəəd pən
  o: (h)wər du: i: rəiz vrem en (h)wər du: i: də:i

o: wæıld rjevən wim(d)z æn də wi əi kud vli:
  wi ju: lək c əhvəd c ə ə kləudz əp ənv
  ðə ədʒ c ə ə həl ən ə ə təp ə ə ə tri:
  tə (h)wər æn ək ən ən vəks æn ən vəm
  əv

ar əls ət ən ənder dıəs rʊk ən kud ɦiər
  in ə əft hələɾ sæn(d)z ə ə əlv in jər rəd
  zəm wərdz ə ə mid bɾiŋ mi: vrem tən ət bi: diə
  vrem fren(d)z ət ə ləv mi: əl skətərd əbrəd

o: wæıld rjevən wim(d)z ʃ ju: evoɾ ə ruər
  b(ə)l ə hə:nən æn ə ði ələmz vrem (h)wər əc əkəm
  bɾiŋ əp ət ə ə wiməər æn kəl ət ə ə duər
  æn əl jəv əvən mi: əbɨŋkən ə huum
GRENLEY WATER

The shadeless darkness o’ the night
Can niver blind my mem’ry’s zight;
An’ in the starm my fancy’s eyes
Can look upon ther own blue skies.
The laggèn moon mid fâil to rise,
But when the daelight’s blue an’ green
Be gone my fancy’s zun da sheen
At huome at Grenley Water.

As when the workvo’ke us’d to ride
In waggon, by the hedge’s zide,
Droo ev’men shiades that trees drow’d down
Vrom lofty stems athirt the groun’;
An’ in at house the mug went roun’
While ev’ry merry man prâis’d up
The pirty mâid that vill’d his cup,
The mâid o’ Grenley Water.

Ther I da seem agen to ride
The hosses to the water-zide,
An’ zee the visher fling his hook
Below the withies by the brook;
Ar Fanny, wi’ her modest look,
Car on her pâil, ar come to dip,
Wi’ kiarevul step, her pitcher’s lip
Down into Grenley Water.

If I’d a farm wi’ vower ploughs,
An’ var my diairy fifty cows;—

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do sjedlis daarknis e do nont
kon nivor bloyin(d) mori memriz oapt
en in do sta:rm mori fansiz aiz
kon luk opun der om blu: skoiz
do lagen mun mid feal to reaiz
bot (h)wen do de:loits blu: en grin
bi: gan mori fansiz an do fijin
at huaem at grenli woter

az (h)wen do warkwo:k just to roip
in wagon b(o)1 do hedziz zoid
dru: ivmen sjedz oet triz droid deun
vrem lofti stein odo:rt do gravun
en in ot haus do mag went roain
(h)wai el evri meri man preizd ap
do party maeid oet vild (h)iz kap
do maeid o grenli woter

dor en do si(1)im agen to roip
do hosiz te do woterzoid
en zi: do visor flip (h)iz huk
bilo: do widiz b(o)1 do bruk
ar fani wi (h)or modest luk
kar on (h)or pal ar kam to dip
wi kjeorvul step (h)or pitsorz lip
deun into grenli woter

if cip e farm wi ve:em plauz
en vor mori djefori fifti kauz
If *Grenley Water* winded down
Droo two good mile o’ my own groun’;—
If hafe ov *Ashknowle Hill* wer brown
   Wi’ my own carn,—noo growên pride
Shood ever miake me cast azide
   The màid o’ *Grenley Water*. 
if grenli wɔm jɛːɔm
jɛːɔmː dɔː ː tuː ː god m ɛː m ɬːɛm
jɛːɔmː g ɛː hɛːl ɬoʊs ɛː hɛːl wɛr bɔː ː
wi ː m ɛː m ɬːɛm ː kɑːɾn ː nʊ ː kɑːɾn ː prɛːŋ
ʃʊd ɛːvər mʃɛk mɪː kɑːʃt ɛːkɛː
dʊ ː mæp ɛː gnɛnli wɔm jɛːɔm
THE VIARY VEET THAT I DA MEET

fairy feet
fly
or, yellow, shaken
shallow-
or driven
evening

When dewy fall’s red leaves da vlee
Along the grass below the tree,
Ar lie in yoller beds a-shook
Upon the shaller-water’d brook,
Ar drove ’ithin a shiady nook,
Then softly in the evenen, down
The knap da stēal along the groun’
The viary veet that I da meet
Below the row o’ beech trees.

’Tis jist avore the candle-light
Da redden winders up at night.
An’ pialer stars da light the vogs
A-risèn vrom the brooks an’ bogs,
When in the bark’ns yoppèn dogs
Da bark at vo’ke a-comen near,
Ar growl a-lisenèn to hear
The viary veet that I da meet
Below the row o’ beech trees.

Dree times a year da bless the road
O’ womanhood a-gwâin abrode.
When vust her litty veet da tread
The yerly Mây’s white diasy bed:—
When leaves be al a-scatter’d dead:—
An’ when the winter’s vrozen grass
Da glissen in the zun lik’ glass,
Var viary veet that we mid meet
Below the row o’ beech trees.
do vjeeri vixt dot ac de mit

(h)wen dju:i fa:iz red li:;vz de vli:
elg do gras bilo: de tri:
ar laaz in ja:er bedz a:juk
open do salerwang:edr bruk
ar dro:v i dm c sjedi nuk
den saf(t)li in di i:vmen dan:n
do nap do stei: elg do gra:un
do vjeeri vixt dot ac de mit
bilo: do ro: e bitf tri:z

tiz dzist a:nur do kandel laot
do re:en wind:erz up at n:it
en pjeler starz de laot do vngz
ar saizan vrem de brus en bagz
(h)wen in do barksen jun:en dazg
do bark et vok ekam:n ni:er
ar gra:ul elis:en te hier

do vjeeri vixt dot ac de mit
bilo: do ro: e bitf tri:z

dri: tamz e jier do bles do rod
e wuman:had eg:waen abro:x
(h)wen va:st (h)or lin vixt do tred
do jierli maerz (h)wan:et djezi bed
(h)wen li:;vz bi: a:l eskat:er:er ded
en (h)wen do wintorz vro:zen gras:
do glis:en in do zan lik glas
    vor vjeeri vixt dot wi: mid mit
bilo: do ro: e bitf tri:z

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MARNEN

**WHEN** vust the brēakèn dae is red  
An’ grass is dewy wet;  
An’ roun’ ripe blackberries ’s a-spread  
The spider’s gliss’nén net;  
Then I da drēve the cows across  
The brook that’s in a vog,  
While they da trot, an’ bliare, an’ toss  
Ther heads to hook the dog.  
Var the cock da gi’e me warnen,  
An’ light ar dark,  
So brisk’s a lark,  
I’m up at break o’ marnen.

Avore the mâiden’s sleep ’s a-broke  
By winder-striken zun,  
Avore the busy wife’s vust smoke  
Da curlde vrom the tun,  
My dae’s begun; an’ when the zun  
’S a-zinken in the west,  
The work the marnen brote ’s a-done,  
An’ I da goo to rest  
”Till the cock da gi’e me warnen,  
An’ light ar dark,  
So brisk’s a lark,  
I’m up agen nex’ marnen.

We cân’t keep back the daely zun,  
The wind is never still,  
The water never have a-done  
A-runnen down at hill.
Zoo they that ha’ ther work to do
   Shood do’t so soon’s tha can,
Var time an’ tide wool come an’ goo,
   An’ never stây var man;
As the cock da gî’e me warnen,
   When, light ar dark,
So brisk’s a lark
I’m up so rathe in marnen.

We’ve leâzes wher the âir da blow,
   An’ meâds wi’ diary cows,
An’ copse wi’ lewth an’ shiade below
   The auverhangen boughs.
An’ when the zun noo time can tire
   ’S a-quench’d below the west,
Then we’ve avore the bliazen vire,
   A settle var to rest,
To be up agen nex’ marnen
   So brisk’s a lark,
When, light ar dark,
The cock da gî’e us warnen.
zu: de: ót ha dør wørk tø du:
  ñud du:t so sunz de: kæn
  vør tø:n møn tø:nd wøl kæm en gu:
  øn nevør stø:ø vør man
  az ðø kør ðø gi: mi: warrøn
(h)wen lø:nt ør dø:rk
  sø brisks ø lærk
  ø:m ø p ø rjød i mærøn

wi:v liæziz (h)wør ði æir ðø blo:
  øn miødæ wi djeærí kæuæ
  øn koøps wi lu:ø ðø fjød bilo:
    ði: øverhañøn bøuz
  øn (h)wen ðø zan nu: tø:im kæn tæøør
  z økwëntst bilo: ðø west
  ðen wi:v cuæør ðø bljezøn væøør
    ø sætøl vær tø røst
  tø bi: øp ægen neks mærøn
    sø brisks ø lærk
(h)wen lø:nt ør dø:rk
  ðø kør ðø gi: øs warrøn
OUT A-NUTTÈN

Laste wik, when we’d a-hal’d the crops,
We went a-nuttèn out in copse,
Wi’ nuttèn-bags to bring huome vull,
An’ beaky nuttèn-crooks to pull
The bushes down; an’ al ē’s wore
Wold cloaz that wer in rags avore,
An’ look’d, as we did skip an’ zing,
Lik’ merry gipsies in a string,
    A-gwāin a-nuttèn.

Zoo droo the stubble, auver rudge
An’ vurra we begun to trudge;
An’ Sal an’ Nan agreed to pick
Along wi’ I, an’ Poll wi’ Dick;
An’ they went wher the wold wood high
An’ thick did meet, an’ hide the sky;
But we thought we mid vine zome good
Ripe nuts in shart an’ zunny wood,
    The best var nuttèn.

We voun’ zome bushes that did fiace
The zun up in his highest pliace,
Wher clusters hung so thick an’ brown
That some slipp’d shell an’ vell to groun’;
But Sal wi’ I zoo hitch’d her leg
In brembles that she cooden wag;
While Poll kept cluose to Dick, an’ stole
Nuts vrom his hinder pocket-hole,
    While he did nutty.
least wak (h)wen wak edal do krops
wi: went anatən aːut in krops
wi natənbagz tə brik huam vul
ən biːki natənkraks tə pul
do busiz deːun ən at os wuər
(w)uəld kloːz dət wər in raːgə suər
ən luːkt əz wiː did skip ən zɨŋ
lik meri dʒipsiz in ə striŋ
egwaːnge

zuː druː do stabəl ovər rəpəz
ən varə wiː bigən tə trəpəz
ən sal ən nan əɡriːd tə pik
ən əl ən ən pil wiː dik
ən dəː went (h)war do (w)uəld wuːd həːi
ən thik did miːt ən həːp do skəːi
ət wiː dət wiː mid vəːn zəm gud
rəmp nats in jəːt ən zənə wuːd
do best ər natən

wiː vəːn zəm busiz dət díd fəs
do zən əp in (h)iz həːist pljəs
(h)war kləːstərəz həː ə thik ən bɾəːun
dət zəm slipt fəl ən vəl tə grəːn
ət sal wiː əz zuː hɪtʃt (h)ər lag
in brembələz dət ʃiː kudən wəɡ
(h)wəːl pol kəpt kluːs tə dik ən stoːl
nats vəːm (h)iz həːindər pəkit hoːl
(h)wəːl hɪː did nəti
An’ Nanny thought she zeed a sniake, saw
An’ jump’d awoy into a briake,
An’ tore her bag wher she’d a-put
Her nuts, an’ shatter’d ev’ry nut.
An’ out in viel’ we al zot roun’ scattered
A white-rin’d woak upon the groun’;
Wher yoller evemen light did strik
Droo yoller leaves that still wer thick
   In time o’ nuttên.

An’ tuold ov al the luck we had
Among the bushes, good an’ bad,
Till al the mâidens left the buoys
An’ skipp’d about the leäze al woys
Var musherooms to car back zome
   for, carry
A treat var faether in at huome.
Zoo off we trudg’d wi’ cloaz in slents
clothes in strips
An’ libbets jis’ lik’ Jack-o-lents,
rags, scarecrows
   Vrom copse a-nuttên.
on nani doxt ji: zid oc snjek
on djampt owo: intu oc brjek
on tuor (h)or bag (h)wor jixp opat
(h)or nats on jatord evri nat
on o:ut in vil wi: al zat ra:un
a (h)woritronind (w)uk edo do pr:[un
(h)wor jalor ivmon lont did strik
dru: jalor livz dot stil war thik
in tori oc nata

on tuorl oc al do lak wi: had
omah do busiz gud en bad
til al do maipaniz left do bw:iz
on skipt obo:ut do lioz al wozz
vor masorunmz to kar bak zam
c trrit vor fe:der in et huum
zu: of wi: trupd wi kloz in slents
en libets dzis lik dza:klents
vrom kops onata

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TIAKÈN IN APPLES

We took the apples in laste wik,
An’ got zome proper yachèn backs,
A-stoopèn down al day to pick
’Em al up into māens an’ zacks.
An’ ther wer Liz so proud an’ prim,
An’ dumpy Nan, an’ Poll so sly;
An’ dapper Tom, an’ loppèn Jim,
An’ little Dick, an’ Fan, an’ I.

An’ when the māidens come in roun’
The luoaded trees to vill ther laps,
We rottled al the apples down
Lik’ hâil, an’ gie’d ther backs sich raps.
An’ then we had a bout at squâils:
An’ Tom, a jumpèn in a bag,
Got pinch’d by al the māiden’s nâils,
An’ rolled right down into a quag.

An’ then tha’ carr’d our Fan al roun’
Up in a māen, till zome girt stump
Upset en, stickèn out o’ groun’
An’ drow’d ’er out alongstraight plump.
An’ in the cider-house we zot
Upon the wanliass Poll an’ Nan,
An’ spun’ ’em roun’ till tha wer got
So giddy that tha cooden stan.
tjekon in apelz

wi: tuk di apelz in le:st wík
ôngat zoem prípóre jekon baks
astu:poen dà:un a: de: tò pip
ôm al ap into me:nu zô en zaks
ôngô war híz só pípô en prim
ôngô Pampi nan âng pal so slaë
ôngô dapor tom un luó:doñ dëjim
ôngô lítel dik un fan un ic
ôngô (h)wen di maëpëonz kám un rà:un
dô lu:pid triz tó vil dær laps
wi: rôtôld a:l di apelz dà:un
lik hæl un gid dør baks sit:s raps
ôngô den wi: had o bô:ut ot skwærîz
ôngô tom o dëjim:don in o bág
ôngô pîntst b(ô)í a:l di maëpëonz nà:ilz
ôngô rôld rôut dà:un intu o kwag
ôngô den de: kard øuer fan a:l rà:un
ôlp in o me:ntil zàm gàrt stàmp
ôpsit ông stikón ñut o gajà:n
ông drom o ñut ñokstràit plàmp
ông in ño sà:en:o:whi:un wi: zut
ôngô ñapó di wanli:os pal un nan
ôngô span om rà:un til de: wàr got
ôso: gidi ñot de: kudà:n stàn
MIAPLE LEAVES BE YOLLER

COME le’s stroll down so vur’s the poun’
Avore the sparklen zun is down:
The zummer’s gone, an’ daes so fiair
As theös be now a-gittèn riare.
The night wi’ muore than daelight’s shiare
   O’wat’ry sky, da wet wi’ dew
   The ee-grass up above oon’s shoe,
   An’ miaple leaves be yoller.

   The lāste hot doust, above the road,
   An’ vust dead leaves ha’ bin a-blow’d
   By plâysome win’s wher spring did spread
   The blossoms that the zummer shed;
   An’ near blue sloos an’ conkers red,
   The evemen zun, a-zettèn soon,
   Da leäve, a-quiv’ren to the moon,
   The miaple leaves so yoller.

Zoo come along, an’ le’s injày
The lāste fine weather while da stày;
While thee can’st hang wi’ ribbons slack
Thy bonnet down upon thy back;
Avore the winter, cuold an’ black,
   Da kill thy flowers, an’ avore
   Thy bird-cage is a-took in-door,
   Though miaple leaves be yoller.
mjepol li: vz bi: jalar

dir le:st hat da:ust ob:av do ro:ad
en vast ded li: vz ho bi: ob:lod
b(ø):1 plaes:em winz (h)war sprin did spred
do blas:emz ort do zam:er sed
en niør blu: sluiz en konker:z red

di im:en za: azet:n sun
do liev ekwi:vren te do mun
do mjepol li: vz se jalar

zu: kom ela:ja en les ind:zæi

do le:st fa:m wedar (h):wa:il de sta:1
(h):wa:il di: ka:st ha:j wi ribon:z slak
do:i ba:ni:t de:n un:or do: ci bak
oven do: wi:nt er ku:el: en blak
do:i: bo:dker:z iz e:tk ind:vor
do: mjepol li: vz bi: jalar

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THE WEATHER-BÉÄTEN TREE

THE woaken tree, a-beät at night
By starmy win’s wi’ al ther spite,
Mid toss his lim’s, an’ ply, an’ muoan,
Wi’ unknown struggles al aluone;
An’ when the dæ da show his head
A-stripp’d by win’s that be a-laid,
How vew mid think, that didden zee,
How night-time had a-tried thik tree.

An’ in our tryèn hardships we
Be lik’ the weather-beätèn tree;
Var happy vo’ke da seldom know
How hard our unknown starms da blow:
But He that brote the starm ’ul bring
In His good time, the zunny spring,
An’ leaves, an’ young vo’ke vull o’ glee
A-dâncèn roun’ the woaken tree.

True love’s the ivy that da twine
Unweth’ren roun’ his mæshy rine,
When winter’s zickly zun da sheen
Upon its leaves o’ glossy green;
So pâitiently a-holdèn vast
Till starms an’ cuold be al a-past,
An’ only livèn var to be
A-miated to the woaken tree.
до weđerbiotetn tri:

do (w)unoken tri: əbiət ə t no:t
b(ə)1 stărmi winz wi al dər spə:t
mid təs (h)iz limz ən plə:t ən məun
wi unno:n strəgelz a:l əleuən
ən (h)wen də de: də ʃə: (h)iz həd
astript b(ə)1 winz dət bi: əleəd
hə:u vju: mid dənk dət plənən zi:
hə:u unən tə:təm əd strəpət dək tri:

ən in ə:ʊən trə:nən hərdʒəps wi:
bı: lik də weđerbiotən tri:
var hapi və:k də seləm no:
hə:u hərd ə:ʊənən stərmz də blo:
bət hi: dət brot də stərm əl brin
in (h)iz gud tə:xəm də zəni sprəŋ
ən li:νz ən jəŋ və:k vəl ə gli:
ədəpə:nən rə:nə də (w)unəken tri:

tru: lavz əi əvi dət də twə:n
ənweədrən rə:n 1(ə)iz me:ʃi rə:n
(h)wen wintərəz zikli zən də ʃi:n
əpən its li:νz ə gləsi grın
so: pəʃəntli əhədən vəst
til stərmz ən kuəld bi: a:l əpəst
ən o:nli 1ıvən vər tə bi:
amjətəd tə də (w)unəken tri:
SHODON FIAIR

The vust Piart.

An’ zoo’s the dae wer warm an’ bright,
An’ nar a cloud wer up in zight,
We wheedled faether var the miare
An’ cart, to goo to Shodon fiair.
Zoo Poll an’ Nan, from each her box,
Runn’d up to git ther newest frocks,
An’ put ther bonnets on, a-lined
Wi’ blue, an’ sashes tied behind;
An’ turn’d avore the glass ther fiace
An’ back, to zee ther things in pliace;
While Dick an’ I did brush our hats
An’ cuoats, an’ cleån ourzuvs lik’ cats.

At oon ar two o’clock we voun’
Ourzuvs upon the very groun’,
A-strutttèn in among the rows
O’ tilted stannens, an’ o’ shows;
An’ girt long booths wi’ little bars
Chock vull o’ barrels, mugs, an’ jars,
An’ meat a-cookèn out avore
The vier at the upper door.
There zellers buold to buyers shy
Did hally roun’ us “What d’ye buy?”
While scores o’ merry tongues did spēak,
At oonce, an childern’s pipes did squēak,
An’ harns did blow, an’ drums did rumble,
An’ balèn merrymen did tumble;
Go vast pjaart

An zuz do de: war warm an braunt
An nar a kloud war up in zeit
Wi: (h)woold fedor vor do mjear
An karrt to gur: to jpectral fhear
Zu: pal en nan vraim it: (h)ar books
Rand up to git der njuaht froks
An pat der bunts an elcind
Wi blu: en safiz taup bihowiend
An tornd avuar do glass der fjes
An bak to zi: der ditz in pljes
(h)wool dik en te id brat frans er hats
En kruots en klinen palearavz lik kats

At (w)un ar tu: ekloch wi: vanun
palearavz ope do veri groan
estraaten in amma do rooz
A tiltid stanenz en c foiz
En gest lang budez wi litel barz
Tsoik vol a barolz magz en djamz
En mit akukon cte ovaner
Go oder et dpo oder dua
Dear zelarz buold te bonarz fes:
Did halu rauan as (h)wot dji: boci
(h)wool skuorz a meri tanz did speck
At (w)uns en tseidernz paips did skweik
En harnz did blo: en dramz did rambol
En balon merimen did tambol
An’ oon did al but want an edge
To piart the crowd wi’ lik’ a wedge.

We zeed the dāncers in a show
Dānce up an’ down, an’ to an’ fro,
Upon a ruope, wi’ chāky zoles,
So light as magpies up ’pon poles;
An’ tumblers, wi’ ther strēaks an’ spots,
That al but tied therzuvs in knots;
An’ then a conjurer burn’d off
Poll’s hankershif so black’s a snoff,
An’ het en, wi’ a single blow,
Right back agen so white as snow;
An’ ā’ter that ’e fried a fat
Girt kiake inzide o’ my new hat,
An’ eet, var al ’e done en brown,
’E didden even zwēal the crown.
at the end of the text, it appears to be encrypted or encoded.
SHODON FIAIR

The rest ò’t.

AN’ ā’ter that we met wi’ zome
O’ Mans’on vo’ke but jist a-come,
An’ had a raffle var a trēat
Al roun’ o’ gingibread, to ēat,
An’ Tom drow’d leāst wi’ al his shiakes,
An’ pāid the money var the kiakes,
But wer so luoth to put it down
As if a penny wer a poun’.
Then up come zidelen Sammy Hiare,
That’s fond o’ Poll an’ she cân’t bear,
An’ holded out his girt scram vist,
An’ ax’d her, wi’ a grin an’ twist,
To have zome nuts; an’ she to hide
Her lafèn, turn’d her head azide,
An’ ānswer’d that she’d rather not,
But Nancy mid; an’ Nan so hot
As vier, zaid ’twer quite enough
Var she to ānswer var herzuf.
She had a tongue to speak, an’ wit
Enough to use en, when ’twer fit.
An’ in the dusk, a-ridèn roun’
Droo Okford, who d’ye think we voun’
But Sam agen, a-gwāin vrom fiair
Upon his broken-winded miare,
An’ hetten her a cut ’e tried
To kip up cluose by ouer zide;
But when we come to Hayward brudge
Our Poll gie’d Dick a meānen nudge,
едак fjør

do rest ot:

an etær dat wi: met wi zam
o mæsun vo:k bot dzist økam
an had øraf ø var ø trett
a:l ræun ø dzindzibred tu æt
an tom drod liœst wi æl (h)iz fjeks
an paœid ðø mani øø ø o kjeks
bot war so leuœ to pat øt ræun
az if ø peni war ø ræun
døn æp kam zæidloø sami fjør
ævts fond æ oœø æn øi: kevnt beør
æn hølpliance æut (h)iz gær skram vist
æn ækst hør wi æ gruø æn twist
to hav zæm nats æn øi: æt hæid
(h)ør leñøn tærønd (h)ør ðed æøæid
æn ænsørd ðøt øiø æøø ænt
bot nansi mid æn nan so høt
az vocæør zed twær kwæit inaf
æv øi: æœøø æør æ (h)æræf
øi: had ø tanø æpik æn æit
inaf æt juiz æn (h)wen twær æit
æn in æ disk æroønd ræun
dœ: økfœød hœ: dœi: ðøøk wi: æøøn
bot sam ægen ægwæœm æœøm fjør
æpøn (h)iz bro:ønwindid mjœør
æn høtøn (h)ør æ kat æ tœœid
to kip æp klœœø b(ø)œœæør æœøid
bot (h)wen wi: kam æ tœøæœør bragø
eœ: ped øiœ: dœik æ miœøøøøøøøø
An’ wi’ a little twitch our miare
Drow’d out her lags lik’ any hiare
An’ left poor Sammy’s skin an’ buones
Behine a-kickèn o’ the stuones.
on wi a ltel twit jerce mjcer
droid c:ut (h)or lagz lik eni hjcer
en left pu(s)or samiz skim en buenz
biihcer okikenc o stuenz
COME bring a log o’ clift wood, Jack,
An’ fling en on here at the back,
An’ zee the outside door is vast:
The win’ da blow a cuoldish blast.
Come sō’s; come, pull your chairs in roun’
Avore the vire; an’ let’s zit down,
An’ kip up Martinstide, var I
Shall kip it up till I da die.
’Twer Martinmas, an’ our fiair
When Jeän an’ I, a happy piair,
Vust wā’k’d hitch’d up in Zunday clothes
Among the stan’ens an’ the shows.
An’ thik day twel’month, never fālën,
She gi’ed me at the châncel rālën
A heart,—though I da sound her prāise,—
As true as ever beât in stāys.
How vast the time da goo, da seem
But eesterday. ’Tis lik’ a dream.

Ah, sō’s ’tis now zome years agoo
You vust know’d I, an’ I know’d you:
An’ we’ve a-had zome bits o’ fun,
By winter vire an’ zummer zun.
Ees, we’ve a-prowl’d an’ rigg’d about
Lik’ cats, in harm’s woy muore than out,
An’ scores o’ tricks have we a-plây’d
To outwit chaps, or plague a mâid.
An’ out avore the bliazèn heth
Our nāisy tongues, in winter meth,
’V a-shook the warmenpan a-hung
Beside us till his cover rung.
märtnz təid

d'zak ə log ə klift wud də kəm brin ə on hiət at də buk
də əzə di ə:sətəd duər iz vəst
do win də blo: ə kuəldiz ə:bləst
kəm səz kəm pəl jər tʃəər in rə:n
ən kip ap də mərtənțədəp ən vəə
jək kip it ap ti ə: də də
trə: mərtənəməs ən əxən tʃəər
(h):wən dʒiən ən ə: həpi pʃəər
vəst wekkt hɪtʃt ap in zəndə: kło:z
ən də: ə:twelminθ əvər fəələn
ʃi: gi:d mi: ət ə də tʃə:nət fəələn
ə: ə:ə:rt də: ə: ə də sə:n(d) (h):əp prəiz
əz trə: əz eəvər bıət in stəiz
hə:n vəst də tə:m də gu: də si:m
bət əstərədə: tiz lik ə dri:m

ə: səz tiz ə:nə zəm jʃəər əgə:
ʃu: vəst ə:nəd ən ə ə: nəd ʃu:
ən wɪv ə:had ənəm bıts ə fən
b(ə):i wintər nəsər ən zəmər zən
ɪs wɪv ə:prə:uləd ən rɪgp əbət
lɪk kəts ən hərmz wə:n muər də ənət
ən skəərə ə triks hən wi: əpəxə!
tu ə:ətwət tʃəps ər pləjəd ə məp
ən ə: uə təuvən də bləζən həθ
ənəzi tə:nj in wintər məθ
v əʃʊk ə də wərmənpən əhə
bɪzəkədə əs ti (h)iz kənər lən

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There, ’twer but t’other dae, thik chap
Our Roberd, wer a chile in lap,
An’ Poll’s two little lags hung down
Vrom thik wold chair a span vrom groun’,
An’ now the sassy wench da stride
About wi’ steps o’ dree veet wide.
How time da goo, a life da seem
As ’twer a year. ’Tis lik’ a dream.
GUY FAUX'S NIGHT

GUY Faux's night, dost know, we chaps,
A-puttèn on our woldest traps,
Went up the highest o’ the knaps
   An’ miade up sich a vier!
An’ thee an’ Tom wer al we miss’d;
Var if a serpent had a-hiss’d
Among the rest in thy sprack vist,
   Our fun ’d a-bin the higher.

We chaps at huome an’ Will our cousin,
Took up a hafe a luoad o’ vuzzen,
An’ burn’d a barrel wi’ a dozen
   O’ fakkets, till above en
The flaines, arisèn up so high
’S the tun, did snap, an’ roar, an’ ply,
An’ drow a gliare agen the sky
   Lik’ vier in an oven.

An’ zome, wi’ hissèn squibs did run
To pây off zome what they’d a-done,
An’ let em off so loud’s a gun
   Agen ther smokèn polls;
An’ zome did stir ther nimble pags
Wi’ crackers in between ther lags,
While zome did burn ther cuoats to rags,
   Ar wes’cots out in holes.

An’ zome ō’m’s heads lost hafe ther locks,
An’ zome ō’m got ther white smock-frocks
Jist fit to vill the tender-box,
Wi’ hafe the backs ō’m off;
An’ Dick, that al ō’m vell upon,
Voun’ oone flap ov his cuoat-tāil gone.
An’ t’other jist a-hangen on,
    A-zwēal’d so black’s a snoff.
\begin{flushright}
    fell
\end{flushright}
\begin{flushright}
    found
\end{flushright}
\begin{flushright}
    scorched, (candle-)snuff
\end{flushright}
wi hef ðø baks ə:m uf
øn dik ðøt æl ə:m vel æpøn
væun (w)um flap øv (h)iz kuætæri lifnu
øn tæφør dzist æhæøn un
əzwelld sø blaks ø snøf
NIGHT A-ZETTÈN IN

WHEN leăzers wi’ ther laps o’ carn
gleaners, corn
Noo longer be a-stoopèn,
An’ in the stubble, al varlarn,
forlorn
Noo poppies be a-droopèn;
When theöös young harvest-moon da wiane
this
That now ’v his harns so thin, O,
We’ll leäve off’ wa’kèn in the liane
while night’s a zettèn in O.

While night’s a zettèn in O.

When zummer doust is al a-laid
light
Below our litty shoes, O,
When al the rài-chill’d flow’rs be dead
That now da drink the dews, O;
When beauty’s neck that’s now a-show’d,
‘S a-muffled to the chin, O,
We’ll leäve off wa’kèn in the road
walking
When night’s a zettèn in, O.

But now while barley by the road
grain-store
Da hang upon the bough, O;
A-pull’d by branches off the luoad
-stalks
A-ridèn huome to mow, O;
yet
While spiders, roun’ the flower-stā’ks,
ourselves, walks
Ha’ cobwebs eet to spin, O,
We’ll cool ourzuvs in outdoor wā’ks
When night’s a-zettèn in, O.

While down at vuord the brook so smal,
ford
That liately wer so high, O,
Wi’ little tinklèn sounds da val
fall
In roun’ the stuones hafe dry, O;
null
While twilight ha’ sich âir in store,
   To cool our zunburnt skin, O,
We’ll have a ramble out o’ door
   When night’s a-zettèn in, O.
THE COMMON A-TOOK IN

THOMAS AN’ JOHN

THOMAS

Good marn t’ye John. How b’ ye? how b’ ye?
Zoo you be gwâin to market, I da zee.
Why you be quite a-looded wi’ your geese.

JOHN

Ees, Thomas, ees.
I fear I must get rid ov ev’ry goose
An’ goslin I’ve a-got; an’ what is woose,
I fear that I must zell my little cow.

THOMAS

How zoo, then, John? Why, what’s the matter now?
What cān’t ye get along? B’ ye run a-groun’?
An’ cān’t páy twenty shillens var a poun’?
What cān’t ye put a luoaf on shelf?

JOHN

Ees, now;
But I da fear I shan’t ’ithout my cow.
No, they be gwâin to ’cloose the Common, I da hear
An’ ’twull be soon begun upon;
Zoo I must zell my bit o’ stock to year,
Bekiase tha woon’t have any groun’ to run upon.

THOMAS

Why what d’ye tell o’? I be very zarry
To hear what they be gwâin about;


THOMAS

god mara nji: ḍzan həu hji: həu hji:
zu: jo bi: gwəin tə markit eːo do zːi:
(h)wəː juː biː kwunt eluep wi jər giis

JOHN

is toməs ːiːs
əː fər əː məst get ɾiː av əvri gus:
ən bənəznin əː əŋət ən (h)wət iz wus:
əː fər əːt əː məst zəl məː liːləl kəːn

THOMAS

həː u zuː dəːn ḍzan (h)wəː (h)wəts ðəː matəɾ nəːn
(h)wət kəːnt iː get ələŋ hjiː rəːŋ əŋəːn
ən kəːnt pəː ənten tiːlənəz vəːr oːnən
(h)wət kəːnt iː pət oː luːfən ən jəfəl

JOHN

is nəːn
bət əː do ʃər əː jənt ɪdəːnət məː kəːn
noː ːəː biː gwəin tə kluːəz ðəː kəmən əː əː həːr
ən twul əːː suːn bɪɡən əpən
zuː əːː məst zəl məː ət ə ʃək tə jəə
bikjeːz əːː wuː(ː)nt hav əni ɡrəːn tə rəːŋ əpən

THOMAS

(h)wəː (h)wət dʒːiː təl ə əː biː veri zari
tə həːr (h)wət ːəː biː gwəin əbəːət
But eet I s’pose there’ll be a ‘lotment var ye yet, an allotment for you
When they da come to mark it out.

JOHN
No, not var I, I fear; an’ if ther shood, few
Why ’twooden be so handy as ’tis now;
Var ’tis the Common that da do I good;
The run var my vew geese, or var my cow.

THOMAS
Ees, that’s the job; why ’tis a handy thing
To have a bit o’ common, I da know,
To put a little cow upon in spring,
The while oon’s bit ov archet grass da grow. orchard

JOHN
Ees, that’s the thing ya zee: now I da mow
My bit o’ grass, an’ miake a little rick,
An’ in the zummer, while da grow,
My cow da run in common var to pick
A bliade ar two o’ grass, if she can vind ’em, or
Var t’other cattle don’t leäve much behind ’em.
Zoo, in the evemen, we da put a lock evening
O’ nice fresh grass avore the wicket;
An’ she da come at vive ar zix o’clock, five or six
As constant as the zun, to pick it.
An’ then besides the cow, why we da let ant-hills
Our geese run out among the emmet hills;
An’ then when we da pluck em, we da get
Zome veathers var to zell, an’ quills;
An’ in the winter we da fat ’em well
An’ car ’em to the market var to zell carry
JOHN
no: nat var ac: ac: fiar ac: if dor juf
(h)wov twudac bi: se handi az tiz nuc
var tiz do koman do du: ac: gud
do ac var mer tel yj: gi: ar var mer tel kac

THOMAS
iis dato do jz: (h)wov tiz ac handi dih
tov bu: kac: koman ac: ac no:
to pat ac lital kac: inc: in sprin
do (h)wov (w)unz bu: ev airtset gras: do gro:

JOHN
iis dato do dih jo zi: nuc: do: do mo:
mov bu: gras: en mjek ac lital rik
ac in do zamor (h)wov do gro:
mov kac: do ran in koman var to pik
ac bljed or tu: ac gras: if jii: kac: voci: ac: ac:
var tador katel dorn: lib: mats: biho: ac: ac:
zu: in di: i:mac: wi: do pat: ac lok
ac: fres: gras: anv:er: do wikit
c: jii: do kac: et voci: ar ziks oklok
az konstant ac: ac: zan: to: pik: it
ac: den bizac: ac: kac: (h)wov: wi: do let
ac: gus ran: et: amac: di: emat: hilz
ac: den (h)wen: wi: do plak: om: wi: do get
zam: vedac: vs: to: zel: en: kwilz
en: kar: om: to: do: markit: var: to: zel
To gentlevo'ks, var we do'nt oft avvuord
To put a goose a-top ov ouer buoard;
But we da get ouer feäst; var we be yable
To clap the giblets up a-top o’ tiable.

THOMAS
An’ I don’t know o’ many better things
Than geese’s heads an’ gizzards, lags an’ wings.

JOHN
An’ then, when I got nothen else to do,
Why I can tiake my hook an’ gloves, an’ goo
To cut a lot o’ vuzz an’ briars
Vor hetèn ovens, or var lightèn viers.
An’ when the childern be too young to yarn
A penny, they can goo out in dry weather,
An run about an’ get together
A bag o’ cow dung var to burn.

THOMAS
’Tis handy to live near a common;
But I’ve a-zeed, an’ I’ve a-zaid,
That if a poor man got a bit o’ bread
They’ll try to tiake it vrom en.
But I wer tuold back t’other day
That they be got into a way
O’ lettèn bits o’ groun’ out to the poor.

JOHN
Well I da hope ’tis true, I’m zure,
An’ I da hope that they wull do it here,
Ar I must goo to workhouse I da fear.
to dzentelvoiks var wi: don't oft awerd
to pät e gups und e un bawerd
bot wi: do get awér fiest var wi: bi: jebol
to klap do dziplits up e dapt e jebol

THOMAS
an de: dont no: e meni betar diyz
da n:sg:isiz hedy e ngizardz lagz e wimz

JOHN
an de: (h)wen an gpt nâthen els to du:
(h)wen an kon tjek maw huk an glavz an gu:
to kät a lat a vâz an brâzârz
var hetan awânz ar var lañten veçârz
an (h)wen do tâldern bi: tu: jay to jörn
c peni de: kon gu: âut in drüs wëod
an uñv un get tâged
a bag e kær uñ vär vär lüp e

THOMAS
tiz handi to liv niar a komcan
bät av a vix e nuc fâzâd
dat if a pu(u)or man gpt e biit e bred
del trâxi to tjek it vram en
bät an war tuöld bak tâder de:
dat de: bi: gpt intu e we:
a letan bits e grêç an uçe to e pu(u)or

JOHN
wel an de: hop tiz tru: em: fu(u)or
an an do hop dät de: wul du: it hijer
ar an most gu: e warñkêhwar
sofi de in e: sawan
ECLOGUE

TWO FARMS IN OONE

ROBERT AN’ THOMAS

ROBERT

You’ll lose your master soon then, I da vind;
’E’s gwàin to leäve his farm, as I da larn,
At Miëlmas; an’ I be zarry var ’n.
What, is er got a little bit behind?

THOMAS

O no, at Miëlmas his time is up,
An’ thik there sly wold feller, farmer Tup,
A-fearèn that ’e’d git a bit o’ bread,
’V a-ben an’ took his farm here auver ’s head.

ROBERT

How come the squire to use yer master zoo?

THOMAS

Why he an’ master had a word or two.

ROBERT

Is farmer Tup a-gwàin to leäve his farm?
’E han’t a-got noo young oones var to zwarm.
Poor auverrēachên man, why to be sure
’E don’t want al the farms in parish, do er?

THOMAS

Why ees, al ever he can come across.
ελκυ

τυ: farmz in (w)un

robert an tamos

ROBERT

jul luz jor mja:jter su:n den òc co ov in(d)
ziz gwæin to liov (h)iz far:m òc co larn
òt mielmes òc òc bi: zuri varn
(h)wot iz iz jeg òt hit hit bihæin(d)

THOMAS

ò: no: òt mielmes (h)iz too:m iz òp
òn dík òsor slor (w)ueld felor far:mør tår
afieron òt òt òi bit ò bit ò bred
ò òn òn òk (h)iz far:m híor ovæz héd

ROBERT

høn kam òo skwa:nor te juz jor mja:jter zu:

THOMAS

(h)wæi hi: òn mja:jter had ò wæm or tu:

ROBERT

iz far:mør tår egwæin to liov (h)iz far:m
ò hant egpst nu: jan (w)u.nz xor to zwarm
pu(ò)or òvér ret:én man (h)wæi to bi: ju(ò)or
ò do:nt wønt al òo far:mez in paris du: òe

THOMAS

(h)wæi is æl òver hi: køn kem ækros

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Laste year, ya know, ’e got awoy the acre
Ar two o’ goun’ a-rented by the biaker,
An’ what the butcher had to keep his hoss;
An’ vo’ke da beānhan’ now that miaster’s lot
Wull be a-drow’d along wi’ what ’e got.

ROBERT
That’s it. In theōs here plице ther used to be
Âight farms avore tha wer a-drow’d togither;
An’ āight farm-housen. Now how many be ther?
Why a’ter this, ya know, ther’ll be but dree.

THOMAS
An’ now tha don’t imply so many men
Upon the land as work’d upon it then;
Var al tha midden crop it woose, nor stock it. even though they mightn’t, worse
The lan’lord, to be sure, is into pocket;
Var hafe the housen be-ēn down, ’tis clear,
Don’t cost so much to keep ’em up a-near.
But then the jobs o’ work in wood an’ marter,
Da come, I ’spose ya know, a little shorter;
An’ many that wer little farmers then
Be now a-come al down to liab’ren men;
An’ many liab’ren men wi’ empty han’s,
Da live lik’ drones upon the workers’ lan’s.

ROBERT
Aye, if a young chap oonce had any wit
To try an’ scrape togither zome vew poun’
To buy some cows, an’ tiake a bit o’ goun’
’E mid become a farmer, bit by bit.
ROBERT

that it in dons herepljes dar just to be:
affect farmz every dar: war adroid tagidør
on affect farmhouszan nay han meni bi: dar
(h)want enter dis je no: dørl bi: bøt drī:

THOMAS

on nay dar: dont implæi so meni men
don dar land(d) az wørkt don it den
for al de: midon krop it wus nar stok it
don lanlaard to be: ju(t)ar iz into pokit
var hef dar haæuzan bi:en døun tiz klæør
dont kaøt sa matʃ to ki(t)p em øp anioar
bøt den do āøbøz ø wørk in wud øn mártør
ø kum ø spøz je no: ø litol færtør
ø meni øt wør litol farørøz den
bi: nay skæm øl døun to ljebrøn men
øn meni ljebrøn men wi em(p)ti hænz
ø liv lik drønz øppl øø wærkerøz länz

ROBERT

æø if ø jøø tʃap (w)uns had eni wit
tø tæøø øn skørøp tagidør øm yju: ðøøn
tø beøø som kæøø æn tjek ø bit ø gæøøn
ø mid bikæø æ faøørø bit b(ø)t bit
But, hang it, now the farms be al so big,
An’ bits o’ groun’ so skia’ce oone got no scope;
If oone cood siave a poun’ oon cooden hope
To keep noo live stock but a little pig.

THOMAS
Why here wer voorteen men zome years agoo
A-kept a-drashèn hafe the winter droo.
An’ now, oon’s drashels be’n’t a bit o’ good.
Tha got machines to drashy wi’, plague tiake ’em:
An’ he that vust vound out the woy to miake ’em:
I’d drash his busy zides var’n, if I cood.

ROBERT
Tha hadden need miake poor men’s liabour less,
Var work a’ready is uncommon skia’ce;

THOMAS
Ah! Robert; times be badish var the poor
An’ woose wull come, I be a-fear’d, if Moore,
In theös year’s almanick, do tell us right.

ROBERT
Why then we sartanly must starve. Good night.
bôt haŋ it ŋn: ñ ñ: fa'ræmz bi: a: l: ŋ big
æn ŋn: skæs (w)un got ŋu: skæp
if (w)un kud sjön ær ŋn (w)un kud ŋn hop
tò ki(;) ŋu: lær: stök bôt æ lítól: píg

THOMAS
(h)wə:n hɪər wər ʋuətən men ʂəm jjuər æpu:
əŋt ədraelən he:ʃ də ʋιntər dru:
æn ŋn: (w)un:z dra̱zəlz ʃent æ bit æ guð
ðe: got maʃiŋz tə draʃi wi ɡlɛŋ tjɛk æm
æn hɪ: ðe tə vʌst və:n(ə) ʃu: tə ðə wə:n tə mjek æm
ə:id draʃ (h)iz ˈbɪzɪ ˈzəʊdz ˈværn ɪf æ kʊd

ROBERT
ðe: hədən niːd mjek pu(ː)ər mɛn置于 ljebəɾ les
vər wə:k aːrɛdɪ iz əŋkəmən skæs

THOMAS
əː ʁəʔəd tɔːmz biː bədiʃ vəɾ ə ɡu(ː)ər
æn wuːs wʊl kəm æ biː ɛʃərd if mu(ː)ər
in ˈdiːs jjuər aːlməniːk ə tɛl æ sə ɾɛt

ROBERT
(h)wəːn ðən wəː səːɾənli məst ˈstæːɾv guð nəːt
WINTER

THE VROST

COME, run up huome wi’ we to night,
A’thirt the veel a-vroze so white,
Wher vrosty shiade da lie below
The winter ricks a-tipp’d wi’ snow,
An’ lively birds, wi’ waggèn tâils
Da hop upon the icy râils,
An’ rime da whiten al the tops
O’ bush an’ tree in hedge an’ copse,
   An’ win’s be cuttèn keen.

Come máidens, come: the groun’s a-vroze
Too hard to-night to spwile your cloaz.
Ya got noo pools to waddle droo
Nar clâ a-pullèn off your shoe;
An’ we can trig ye at the zide
To kip ye up if ya da slide:
Zoo while ther’s neither wet nar mud
’S the time to run an’ warm your blood,
   Though win’s be cuttèn keen.

Var young men’s hearts an’ máidens eyes
Don’t vreeze below the cuoldest skies,
While the in twice so keen a blast
Can wag ther brisk lims twice so vast,
Though vier-light, a-flick’ren red
Droo vrosty winder-pianes, da spread
Kam ran ap hucem wi wi: tō nēat
Adēxt ḥa vi:λ evro:z ṣq (h)wːnt
(h)wːr vrɔsti ʃjet ḥa lɔ: bilo:
Dō wintə riks ətipt wi sno:
En laːvli bærḍz wic wawən tæːlz
dō hdp əpnd ɔi ēisī ræːlz
En ræːm dō (h)wːntən aːl dō tups
C bʊʃ en triː m hɛdʒ en kɔps
En winz biː katən kip

Kam mæɾdən̩z k’am də grænːz evroːz
tuː hærd tænːət tə spwːəl jər kloːz
jə gnt nuː puːlz tə wədəl druː
nər kləː spulən of jər ʃuː:
en wiː kən trɪŋ iː tə də zəːp
tə kip iː ap ʃf jə də sloop
zuː (h)wːnt ərəz nəɾdər wet nəɾ məd
z də tæːm tə rəŋ en wərm jər blad
dō: winz biː katən kip

Vər jəɾ menz hɔːrts en mæɾdən̩z əːz
dɔnt vɾɪːz biloː də kəuldист skəːz
(h)wːnt dəː in twəːs əɾ kιn ə blæːst
kən wag dəɾ brisk limz twəːs əɾ vəːst
dōː vəɾːləːnt əflɪkɾən red
druː vrɔsti windərpjenz də spred
Vrom wall to wall, vrom heth to door
Var we to goo an’ zit avore,
    Now win’s be cutten keen.
vrem wai: to wai: vrem heθ to puər
var wi: to gu: en zit ōəuve
neu wiz bi: kətən kiə
A BIT O’ FUN

WE thought ya wooden leäve us quite
So soon as what ya did läste night;
Our fun jist got up to a height
As you about got huome.
The chaps did skip an’ jump about,
An’ coose the mãidens in an’ out,
A-miakèn sich a nâise an’ rout
Ya cooden hear a drum.

An’ Tom, a-springen â’ter Bet,
Blinevuolded, whizz’d along an’ het
Poor Grammer’s chair, an’ auvezet
Her, playèn bline-man’s buff;
An’ she, poor soul, as she did val,
Did show her snags o’ teeth, an’ squal,
An’, what she zaid wer woose than al,
She shatter’d al her snuff.

An’ Bet, a-hoppèn back var fear
O’ Tom, struck Uncle zittèn near,
An’ miade his han’ spill al his beer,
Right down her poll an’ back;
An’ Joe, in middle o’ the din,
Slipt out a bit, an’ soon come in
Wi’ al below his dapper chin
A-jumpèn in a zack.

An’ in a twinklen t’other chaps
Jist hang’d en to a crook wi’ straps,
An’ miade en bear the mâidens’ slaps,
An’ prickëns wi’ a pin.
an toam asprinon eːtor bet
blæinvueldid (h)wizd əloŋ on het
pu(ː)or gramorz tʃeər on əːvəzet
hər plætən blæinmanz baf
ən ʃiː pu(ː)ər soːl əz ʃiː did vəl
did soː (h)ər snagz ə tʃiːθ ən skwəd
ən (h)wɔt ʃiː zed wər wuːs ðən əl
ʃiː ʃatərd əl (h)ər snəf
ən bet əhəpən bak vər fiər
ə təm strək əŋkəl zitən niər
ən mjed (h)iz hæn spil əz (h)iz biər
ræt dəun (h)ər pɔl on bak
ən dʒoː in midəl ə ðə dɪn
sl ipt ræt ə bɪt ən ʃun kæm ɪn
wi əl bɪlɔː (h)iz dæpər tʃiːn
ædzəmpən in ə zæk

an in ə twɪŋklən tədər tʃaps
dʒiːst hænd ən tu ə ˈkrʊk wi stræps
ən mjed ən ˈbiər ðə mɛədənz slæps
ən prikənz wi ə ɻin
An’ Jim, a-catchèn Poll, poor chap,
In backhouse in the dark, vell slap
Into a tub o’ barm, a trap
    She zet to catch en in.

    back-room (or separate building), fell
     yeast
       him

An’ then we zot down out o’ breath,
Al in a circle, roun’ the heth,
A-kippèn up our harmless meth
    Till supper wer a-come.
An’ ā’ter we’d a-had zome prog,
Al’ t’other chaps begun to jog,
Wi’ sticks to lick a thief ar dog,
    To zee the màidens huome.

    sat
   hearth
     keeping, mirth
    after, food
      move off
         beat, or
on dzim akat'io pôl pu(something)er tšap in bakhos in do dark veI slap intu e tab e barm e trap
jì: zet te kat'io en in
en den wi: zat döun eute e breth aI ine a särkel rëni do heI akipônd opei harmish maeth
til sapar won akam en etor wiI ëhad zam proq aI tåder tšaps bigan te dpog wi stiks te lik e diIfeI or dpog
to zì: òq mæipenen huIen
FANNY’S BETHDAE

How merry wi’ the cider cup
We kept poor Fanny’s bethdae up,
An’ how our busy tongues did run
An’ han’s did wag, a-miakèn fun!
What plâysome anticks zome ò’s done!
   An’ how, a-reelen roun’ an’ roun’,
   We beåt the merry tuen down,
   While music wer a-soundèn.

The mâidens’ eyes o’ black an’ blue
Did glissen lik’ the marnen dew,
An’ while the cider mug did stan’
A-hissèn by the bliazèn bran’,
An’ uncle’s pipe wer in his han’,
   How little he or we did think
   How piale the zettèn stars did blink
   While music wer a-soundèn.

An’ Fanny’s laste young teen begun,
Poor mâid, wi’ òhik da’s risèn zun,
An’ we al wish’d her many muore
Long years wi’ happiness in store;
An’ as she went an’ stood avore
   The vier, by her faether’s zide,
   Her mother drapp’d a tear o’ pride
   While music wer a-soundèn.

An then we done al kinds o’ tricks
Wi’ hankerchifs, an’ strings, an’ sticks;
An’ oone did try to auvermatch
Another wi’ zome cunnen catch,
faniz béthde:

hou meri wi do saipdor kap
wi: kept pu(;)or faniz béthde: up
ou hou ou jéor biizi tajz did ran
ou hanz did wag omjekon fan
(h)wot plaisøm antiks zam os døn
ou hou ou arilæn ou ræn
wi: biot do meri tjunøn døn
(h)wøn mjuzik wør ønøsø(d)øn

ou maøipønøn oiz o blak ou blu:
did glisøn lik ou marønøn dju:
on (h)wøiøl ou saipøer mag did stan
øhiøn b(ø)ñ ou bljezøn bran
ou upøkølæz pøetø wør in (h)iz han
hou litøl hi: or wi: did ònøk
hou pjeøl ou zøtøn starz did bløjk
(h)wøn im mjuzik wør ønøsø(d)øn

ou faniz leøt jaø tiøn biøøn
pu(;)or maøp wi dik deøj ræizøn zan
ou wi: a:ø wiøt (h)ør meni muør
loø jøørøz wi hapønis in støør
ou az fì: went ou stud ønør
dø oø nøørøn b(ø)ñ i (h)ør ferøørøz baøp
(h)ør maøør drøpt ø tiøør ø prøøp
(h)wøn im mjuzik wør ønøsø(d)øn

ou òn wi: døn a:ø køñ(d)z ø triks
wi hanjkørøsøs øn stønøz øn stiks
ou (w)øn did traøi tu ørvørømatj
ouøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøøø
While t’others slyly tried to hatch

Zome ghiame; but eet, by chap an’ mâid,

The dâncën wer the muost injâÿ’d,

While music wer a-soundèn.

game, yet

enjoyed

The briskest chap ov al the lot

Wer Tom that dânc’d hizzuf so hot,

He doff’d his cuot an’ jump’d about

Wi’ girt new shirt-sleeves al a-strout,

Among the mâidens screamèn out,

A-thinkèn, wi’ his strides an’ stamps,

E’d squot ther veet wi’ his girt clamps,

While music wer a-soundèn.

great, sticking out

While music wer a-soundèn.

The dâncèn wer the muost injâÿ’d,

While music wer a-soundèn.

himself

Then up jump’d Uncle vrom his chair,

An’ pull’d out Ānt to miake a piair,

An’ off ’e zet upon his tooe

So light’s the best that beåt a shoe,

Wi’ Ānt a-crièn “Let me goo:"

While al o’ we did lafe so loud

We drown’d the music o’ the croud

So merrily a-soundèn.

laugh

fiddle

An’ comen out ov entry, Nan,

Wi’ pipes an’ cider in her han’,

An’ watchèn uncle up so sprack,

Vargot her veet an’ vell down smack

Atbirt the wold dog’s shaggy back,

That wer in entry var a snooze

Beyand the reach o’ dâncer’s shoes,

While music wer a-soundèn.

lively

forgot, fell

across, old

for
(h)woi1 fadonz sl3zli treqid to hat[j
zam gjem hgt it b(3)1 t5ap en m3jnd
3o d3msoen w3r 3o mu3st ind3z3id
(h)woi1 mju3zik w3r 3en3c3(d)en

3o briskist t5ap en al 3o loot
w3r t3m hgt d3mst (h)izaf so: hat
hi: dof3t (h)iz kuet en 3aw3mt abz3ut
wi g3rt nju: 3er3ts1i:vz en ostr3aut
am3e 3o m3rijen 3z skrimen 3ut
3mk3n wi (h)iz str3iz en stamps
3d skw3t 3or vi:t wi (h)iz g3rt klamps
(h)woi1 mju3zik w3r 3en3c3(d)en

3en al 3aw3mt 3n1k3l v3r3m (h)iz ts3er
en p3ld 3ut e3nt te mjek e pje3er
en af a zet ej3n (h)iz tu:
se l3uts 3o b3st hgt b3t e fu:
w3 3ent ej3r3en let mii: gu:
(h)woi1 al e wi: did le:f so 3ad3n
wi: d3r3und 3o mju3zik e 3o k3r3und
se merili 3en3c3(d)en

en k3rn3n e3nt en entri nan
wi p33ps en sk3r3er in (h)or han
en waf3en 3n1k3l al 3e 3sprak
v3r3ot (h)or vi:t en vel d33n smak
ed3z3t 3o (w)uald d3g3 jagi bak
hgt w3r in entri var e snuz
bij3nd 3o r3f3 f3 d3m3r3z f3ui:
(h)woi1 mju3zik w3r 3en3c3(d)en
LASTE wik the Browns ax’d nearly al
   The nāi’bours to a randy,
An’ left we out ō’t, girt an’ smal,
   Var al we liv’d so handy;
An’ zoo I zed to Dick, “we’ll trudge,
   When tha be in ther fun, min;
An’ car up zummat to the rudge
   An jis stop up the tun, min.”

Zoo, wi’ the lather vrom the rick,
   We stole towards the house,
An’ crēp’d in roun’ behine en lik’
   A cat upon a mouse.
Then, lookēn roun’, Dick whisper’d “how
   Is theōs job to be done, min:
Why we da want a fakket now
   Var stoppēn up the tun, min.”

“Stan still,” I ānswer’d, “I’ll tiake kiare
   O’ that: why dussen zee
The little grīnèn stuone out there
   Below the apple-tree?
Put up the lather; in a crack
   Shat zee that I ’ool run, min.
An’ car en up upon my back
   An soon stop up the tun, min.”

Zoo up I clomb upon the thatch,
   An’ clapp’d en on, an’ slided
Right down agen, an’ runn’d droo hatch,
   Behine the hedge, an’ hided.
The vier, that wer clear avore,  
Begun to spwile ther fun, min:

The smoke al roll’d toward the door,  
Var I’d a-stopp’d the tun, min.

The màidens cough’d ar stopp’d ther breath,  
The men did hauk an’ spet;

The wold vo’ke bundled out from heth  
Wi’ eyes a-runnen wet.

“T’ool chok us al,” the wold man cried,  
“Whatever ’s to be done, min?
Why zummat is a-vell inside  
O’ chimley, droo the tun, min.”

Then out thā scamper’d al, vull run,  
An’ out cried Tom “I think

The grînèn stuone is up ’pon tun  
Var I can zee the wink.

This is some kindness that the vo’ke  
At Woodley have a-done min.

I wish I had em here, I’d poke  
Ther numskuls down the tun, min.”

Then off ’e zet, an’ come so quick  
’S a lamplighter, an’ brote

The little lather in vrom rick,  
To clear the chimley’s droat.

An’ when, at läste, wi’ much adoo,  
’E thought the job a-done, min,

His girt sharp knees broke right in droo  
The thatch, below the tun, min.
do smok a:1 ro:ld toward do du:er
var  öld estopt do tan min

do mæ:idonz koft or stopt dor breth
do men did hø:k en spet
do (w)u:ld vo:k bandel: dø: ut vrem heø
wi ø:iz ø:ralen wet
tul tsø:k a:1 do (w)u:ld man kæ:id
(h)wø:tevø:rz tø: bi: dan min
(h)wø:øi zø:mat iz øvel insøiø
e t:jimli dru: do tan min

den o:ut ø: skømpørd a:1 vul ran
øn o:ut kæ:id trom ø: i dø:øk
do græ:ønøn stuøn iz øp pøøn tan
var ø: ø: køn zi: do wiøjk
dis iz søm kæ:øndniø doø do vo:k
øt wødli høø ødan min
ø:ø wiø ø:ø had øm hiøø æøø po:k
dør namskøløz dø:øn do tan min

den af ø zøt øøn køm sø kwøk
s ø lø:ømøøtø øøn bøøt
do lø:øl lødøør in vrem rik
tø kliøø øø t:jimliøz døøt
øn (h)wøøn øt læø:øt wi maøf ødu:
ø døøt øø døøøø ødan min
(h)iz gøøt fæøøp niøø bro:øk røøøt øn dru:
do datøø finø: do tan min

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GRAMMER’S SHOES

I da seem to zee Grammer as she did use
Var to shew us, at Chris’mas, her weddên shoes,
An’ her flat spreadên bonnet so big an roun’
As a girt pewter dish, a-turn’d upseedown.
   When we al did dra near
   In a cluster to hear
O’ the merry wold soul how she did use
To wâ’ke an’ dânce wi’ her high-heel shoes.

She’d a gown wi’ girt flowers lik’ hollyhocks,
An’ zome stockèns o’ grandpa’s a-knit wi’ clocks,
An’ a token she kept under lock an’ key,
A smal lock ov his hair off avore ’twer grey.
   An’ her eyes wer red,
   An’ she shook her head,
When we’d al a-look’d at it, an’ she did use
To lock it awoy wi’ her weddên shoes.

She cood tell us sich tiales about heavy snows,
An’ o’ rains an’ floods when the waters rose
Al up into the housen, an carr’d awoy
Al the brudge wi’ a man an’ his little buoy,
   An’ o’ vog an’ vrost
   An’ o’ vo’ke a-lost,
An o’ piarties at Chris’mas when she did use
Var to wâ’ke huome wi’ gramfer in high-heel shoes.

Ev’ry Chris’mas she lik’d var the bells to ring,
An’ to have in the zingers to hear em zing
The wold carols she heär’d many years a-gone,
While she warm’d ’em zome cider avore the bron;
evri krisnas fi: lit var o belz ta mp
en ta hav in do zip rz to hiar am zig
ke ad kalf karelz fi: hiar meni jiez emz
en a friariz at krisnas (h)wen li: did juz
va wek huam vi granfiz m haheil juz
i: ked te: sulk bjelz abzut bevri snoz
en a raunzi en e friariz a vide karelz
ad o brav wi man en (h)iz liab buaw
(h)wen wid ad alukat at it an: jif did juz
ta lok it awen wi (h)ar wedan juz
ji: geamz milt flaeuriz lik holinks
en zam shokz e granfarz anu kiiks
ta kloan jif: kepp andar lok en ke:
(h)ar jirz war red
(h)wen wid ad alukat at it an: jif did juz
ta wek en dens wi (h)ar hadil juz
(de meri) (would sol hou: li: did juz
ta kloan jif: kepp andar lok en ke:
(h)ar jirz war red
(h)wen wid ad alukat at it an: jif did juz
ta wek en dens wi (h)ar hadil juz
(h)ar jirz war red
(h)wen wid ad alukat at it an: jif did juz
ta wek en dens wi (h)ar hadil juz
(h)ar jirz war red
(h)wen wid ad alukat at it an: jif did juz
ta wek en dens wi (h)ar hadil juz

An’ she’d look an’ smile
At our dāncèn, while
She did tell how her friends that wer gone did use
To reely wi’ she in ther high-heel shoes.

Ah! an’ how she did like var to deck wi’ red
Holly-berries the winder an’ wold clock’s head,
An’ the clavy wi’ boughs o’ some bright green leaves.
An’ to mika tuoast an’ yale upon Chris’mas eves,
  But she’s now droo griace,
  In a better pliae.
Though we’ll never vargit her, poor soul, nor loose
Gramfer’s token ov hiair nar her weddèn shoes.
en fijd luk en smowel
et euer densen (h)wowl
fi: did tel hau (h)ør fren(d)z ðet war gør did juiz
to ri:li wi fi: in ðør hønhil juiz

a: en hau fi: did løik war ðø dek wi red
høliberiz ðø winder an (w)øld kloks hed
en ðø klavi wi hønu hør som brot grøn livz
en to mjek tuøst an jøl øøn krismøs livz
bøt juiz ñaur dru: grjes
in ð øetør pljes
ðø: wi:l nevør varøt hør pr(ø)ør sol nor luiz
gramførz tokøn øv hjoør nar (h)ør wøden juiz
ZUNSHEEN IN THE WINTER

The winter clouds that long did hide
The zun, be al a-blow’d azide,
An’ in the light, noo longer dim,
Da sheen the ivy that da clim
The tower’s zide an’ elem’s stim;
An’ holmen bushes, in between
The leafless tharns, be bright an’ green,
To zunsheen o’ the winter.

The trees that eesterdae did twist
In win’s a-drēvèn rān an’ mist,
Da now drow shiades out, long an’ still;
But roarèn watervals da vil
Ther whirdlen pools below the hill,
Wher, wi’ her pāil upon the stile,
A-gwâin a-milken Jeân da smile
To zunsheen o’ the winter.

The birds da shiake, wi’ plâysome skips,
The rān draps off the bushes’ tips,
A-cherripèn wi’ merry sound;
While down below, upon the ground,
The wind da whirdle round an’ round
So sofly; that the dae da seem
Muore lik’ a zummer in a dream
Than zunsheen in the winter.

The wold vo’ke now da meet abrode
An’ tell o’ winters tha’ve a-know’d;
zwanzig in der winter

di winter kloudz det lang did hea:
di wun bi: al ablo: aze:
die in di loxit nu: langtar dim
die uin di: aivi det do klum
di tournz zei en elmz stum
en homman busiz in bitwirn
di lirlis darrz bi: broit en grin
to zwanzig c di winter

di triz det isturde: did twist
in winz adre:von rei en mist
di nau dro: sjedz aum lang en stirl
beit rue ren w:tervalz de vil
dier (h):wurdlon pulz bilo: di hil
(h):wer wi (h):or pæril evar de stül
egwærin c milkan dzier de sme:ril
to zwanzig c di winter

di härndz de sjek wi plæisem skips
di rei draps of di busiz tips
etseripon wi meri saun:di
(h):würl deun bilo: eron de græ:un:di
di wün:di de (h):wurddl saun:di en saun:di
so safli det de: de sim
muar lik c zamar in c drim
dien zwanzig in di winter

di (w):uald vo:k nau de mi(t):t øbrod
en tel c wintarz de:vo:one:

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When snow wer long upon the groun’,
Ar floods broke al the brudges down,
Ar wind unheal’d a hafe the town:
    The tiales o’ wold times long agone,
    But ever dear to think upon,
        The zunsheen o’ ther winter.

Var now to thēy noo brook can run,
Noo hill can fiace the winter zun,
Noo leaves can val, noo flow’rs can fiade,
Noo snow can hide the grasses bliade,
Noo vrost can whiten in the shiade,
    Noo dae can come, but what da bring
        To mind agen ther yerly spring,
        That’s now a-turn’d to winter.
(h)wen sno: wər ləŋ aprn də ɡrə:ɡn
ar fədəz bro:k a:d də brədʒiz də:ɡn
ar wən(d) anhi:ld ə ɡə:ɡ də tə:ɡn
də tə:ləz ə (w)ələd tə:ɡməz ləŋ əɡə
bət əvər diər tə dιŋk aprn
də zənʃi:n ə dər wintər

var nəu tə də: nu: brok kən rən
nu: hɨ kən fjes də wintər zən
nu: liːvz kən vəd nu: fləuərz kən ʃjəd
nu: sno: kən hərd də grəsiz bljəd
nu: vrəst kən (h)əwətən in də ʃjəd
nu: de: kən kəm bət (h)əwət də breq
ə tə məzin(d) aɡən dər jærli sprəŋ
dəts nəu aːtəɾnd tə wintər
THE WEEPÈN LIADY

When liate o’ nights, upon the green
By thik wold house, the moon da sheen,
A liady there, a-hangen low
Her head ’s a-wakèn to an’ fro
In robes so white ’s the driven snow;
   Wi’ oon yarm down, while oon da rest
Al lily-white upon the breast
   O’ thik poor weepên liady.

The curdlen win’ an’ whislen squall
da shiake the ivy by the wall,
An’ miake the plyèn tree-tops rock,
But never ruffle her white frock,
An’ slammen door an’ rottlen lock
   That in thik empty house da sound
Da never seem to miake look round
   Thik downcast weepên liady.

A liady, as the tiale da goo,
That oonce liv’d there, an’ lov’d too true,
Wer by a young man cast azide
A mother sad, but not a bride;
An’ then her father in his pride
   An’ anger offer’d oon o’ two
Vull bitter things to undergoo
   To thik poor weepên liady.

That she herzuf shood leäve his door
To darken it agen noo muore;
ō wi:pon ljedi

(h)wen ljet ò nœnts ñyn ò grùn
b(æ)į ðïk (w)œld ñaus ò mûn ò jïn
ā ljedi ñēr ñhœn lo:
(h)ør hedz øwe:køn tu ñn fro:
in rø:bz so (h)wœnts ò drïvøn sno:

wi (w)un jærm ñxun (h)wœːl (w)un ò rest
al lili (h)wœːt ñpøn ò brest
ā ðik pu(;)ør wi:pon ljedi

ō kœrdlœn wiː ñn (h)wi:lon skwæl
ō sjeːk ðì ñuːvi b(æ)į ò wæl
ān mjek ò plœːn trœːps røk
bøt nevør ræːl (h)ør (h)wœːt frøk
ān slæːn duør ñn røtλøn løk

ōt ìn ðik e(m)(p)ti hœːns ñø sœxun(d)
ō nevør si(ː)m ò mjek løk ræxun(d)
ðik ñænkuːst wi:pon ljedi

ā ljedi ñz ðø tjel ò gu:
ðøt (w)uns lîvð ñeːr ñn lîvð tuː tru:
war b(æ)į ñ jæː ñæn kæːst ænzœd
ø mæːð ø sad bøt nɔt ò bræːd
ān ðæn (h)œr feːræ in (h)iz præːd
ān æŋɡær æːfærd (w)un ñ tuː
vøl biːr ðæːz tuː ændæɡu:
ā ðik pu(;)ør wi:pon ljedi

ðat æː (h)ærzœf jœd liːv (h)iz duːr
tø dærkøn ðt æɡen nuː muːr
Ar that her little playsome chile,
A-zent awoy a thousand mile
Shood never meet her eyes to smile,
   An’ play agen, till she in shiame
   Shood die an’ leave a tarnish’d niame,
      A sad forsaken lady.

“Let me be lost,” she cried, “the while”
“I do but know var my poor chile;”
An’ left the home ov al her pride
To wander droo the world wide,
Wi’ grief that vew but she ha’ tried:
   An’ lik’ a flow’r a blow ha’ broke
   She wither’d wi’ thik deadly stroke,
      An’ died a weepèn lady.

An’ she da keep a-comen on
To zee thik fathar dead an’ gone,
As if her soul could have noo rest
Avore her teary cheek ’s a-prest
By his forgivèn kiss: zoo blest
   Be they that can but live in love,
   An’ vine a place o’ rest above
      Unlik’ the weepèn lady.
zet euer a (heur) nevar

let mi: best fi: Jrand o (h) wendi

a dur bot nor vor meu pu (or) fi: o leve

en left o heam av al (or) parcel

ar (h) her lirol plasem (h)
THE HAPPY DAES WHEN I WER YOUNG

The happy daes when I wer young!
The maid wer merry by her cow,
The man wer merry wi’ his plough.
Tha tāk’d ‘ithin door an’ ‘ithout,
But not o’ what’s a-tā’k’d about
By many now; that to despise
The lā’s o’ GOD an’ man is wise.
Wi’ daely health an’ daely bread,
An’ that above ther shelter’d head,
Tha had noo spiteful hearts to yache
An’ kip the’r viry eyes awiack.
O grassy meäd, an’ woody nook,
An’ waters o’ the windèn brook,
A-runnen on vrom when the sky
Begin to rāin till seas be dry;—
An’ hills a-stanned on while al
The works o’ man da rise an’ val;—
An’ trees the toddlen chile da vind
An’ live, an’ die, an’ leave behind.
Oh! speak to mortals an’ unvuold
The peace an’ jāy o’ times o’ wold:
Ar tell if you can vine a tongue.
O’ happy daes when I wer young.

Vrom where wer al this venom brought,
To put out hope an’ pwison thought?
Clear brook, thy water cooden bring
Sich pwison vrom thy rocky spring:
An’ did it come in zummer blights
Ar riavèn starms o’ winter nights?

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do hapi de:z (h)wen aci wør jah

do hapi de:z (h)wen aci wør jah
d: had nu: ho: d: le:ft en zaŋ
do mæid wør meri b(ɔː)j (h)ær kæːj
do man wør meri wi (h)iz plæːn
d: teikt iðin duør en iðoːut
bøt nɔt c (h)ɔvts æt:kt æðoːut
b(ɔː)j meni nəːu dæt tɔ dispæːriz
do leːz c gød en man iz wær iz
wi deːli helð en deːli bred
æn dæts æōːv ær fæːlɔrd hæd
de: had nu: spæːtvl hørt tɔ jek
æn kip dær væːnæi æiz æwjet
o: gæɾsi miːd æn wudi nuk
æn wæːtræ c ðø væːn(d)øn bruk
ærænæn æn væːm (h)wen ðø skæːn
bigan tɔ ræin tɪl siz bi: dræːi
æn hɪlz æstænæn æn (h)ɔwæːl æːl
ðø væːks æ man dæ væːiz æn væːl
æn triz ðø tædːlæn tʃæːl dø væːn(d)
æn lɪv æn dæːk æn lɪvæ biːhæːn(d)
o: spɪk tɔ mæːɾtælæz æn ænːuːld
ðø pɪːs æn dæːpæːz æ tæːmæːz æ (w)uːld
ær tɛːl tɪf jʊ: kæn væːn æ tæːŋ
æ hapi deːz (h)wen æc æ wør jah

væːm (h)weg wør æl ðɪs væːm bræːt
to pæt æːt hɔp æn pwaːɾæแซn ðɔːt
klɪɔːr brʊk ðɔːt wæːtər kudən hɾɪŋ
sɪtʃ pwaːɾæแซn væːm ðɔːt rʊki sɾɪŋ
æn did tɪ kæm æn zæmər bɔːzts
ær rjeːvən stærəmæːz æ wɪntər nɔːts
Ar in the cloud, an’ viry stroke
O’ thunder that da split the woak?

O valley dear, I wish that I
’D a-liv’d in farmer times to die
Wi’ al the happy souls that trod
Thy turf in peace, an’ died to GOD.
Ar gone wi’ tha that läf’d an’ zung
In happy daes, when I wer young.
vali dior an wip dott do

d'olv'd in farmor tanz to do:z
wi a: do hapi so:z dott toad
dott t:jf in pis en p:nd te pad
ar gun wi de: dott le:ft an zaz
in hapi de:z (h)wen do war jaz
IN THE STILLNESS O’ THE NIGHT

Ov al the housen o’ the pliace  
Ther’s oone wher I da like to cal  
By dae ar night the best ov al,  
To zee my Fanny’s smilèn fiace;  
An’ tber thestiately trees da grow,  
A-rockèn as the win’ da blow,  
While she da sweetly sleep below,  
In the stillness o’ the night.

An’ tber, at evemen, I da goo  
A-hoppèn auver ghiates an’ bars,  
By twinklen light o’ winter stars,  
When snow da clumper to my shoe;  
An’ zometimes we da slily catch  
A chat an ouer upon stratch,  
An’ piart wi’ whispers at the hatch  
In the stillness o’ the night.

An’ zometimes she da goo to zome  
Young nâighbours’ housen down about  
The pliace, an’ I da vine it out  
An’ goo ther too to zee her huome.  
An’ I da wish a vield a mile,  
As she da sweetly chat an’ smile,  
Along the drove, or at the stile,  
In the stillness o’ the night.
THE SETTLE AN’ THE GIRT WOOD VIRE

AH! nàighbour Jahn, zince I an’ you
Wer youngsters, ev’ry thîng is new.
My fâther’s vires wer miade o’ logs
O’ clift-wood down upon the dogs,
In our girt vier-pliace, so wide
That ya mid drève a cart inside;
An’ big an’ little mid zit down
At buoth zides, an’ bevor, al roun’.
An’ up in chimley tha did hitch
The zalt-box an’ the biacon-vlitch.
An’ when I wer a-zitten, I
Cou’d zee al up into the sky,
An’ watch the smoke goo vrom the vier
Al up an’ out o’ tun an’ higher.
An’ ther wer biacon up ’pon rack,
An’ pliates to eat it up ’pon tack:
An’ roun’ the wals were yarbs a-stowed
In piapern bags, an’ blathers blowed;
An’ jist above the clavy buoard
Wer fâther’s spurs, an’ gun, an’ sword;
An’ ther wer then our girtest pride
The settle, by the vier zide.
    Ah! Gi’e me, ef I wer a squier,
    The settle an’ the girt wood vier.

But now tha’ve wall’d al up with bricks
The vier pliace var dogs an’ sticks,
An’ only left a little hole
Jist var a little griate o’ coal,
So smâl that only twoos or drees
Can jist push in an’ warm ther knees.
Od setol on do geart wu pum nevuc

a: næber dザン zinc on en ju:
wer jaŋstærz evri diŋ iz nju:
mә: feːdәrz vonәrәz wer mjed ә laŋz
ә kliftwud әәnәd en ade do әәpәz
in onәr gәrt vonәrplәs so: wәә
әt jo en mid dreә e kәәrt mәәnd
әn big on en litәl mid zit dәәn
әt buәә lәәnәz en bivuәәn aːl rәәn
әn әp in ʃәәmli әd: diŋ hәtʃ
әә zәltbәks on do bjәкәn vәtʃ
әn (h)wәn on әә wәә әәtәnәn ә ːi
kud zi: aːl әp intә do skәә
әn wәә fәʃә әә do smәk gu: vәәmә do vәәrә nәәrә
әl әp әn en әtәn ә tәә әә hәәnәn
әә dәә әәrә wәәr bjәkәn әp әәn rak
әn plәәts tu iːt it әp әәn tak
әn rәәnәә do wәәlәz wәәr jәәrәz әәtәd
in pjәәrәn bagz әn blәәdәrz blәәd
әn dzәist әәvәn do klәvi әәәd
wәәr feːdәrz spәәrәz әn gәn әn suәәrd
әn dәә wәәr әn әәnәr әәtәist prәәә:
do setәl b(әː)әә do vәәәrә zәә әәnә
aː giː miː ef әː wәәr ә skәәәә
әә do setәl en do geәrt wuә pum nevәn

bәt nәːә doә wәːld aːl әp wи(ә) briks
әә vәәәr plәәs әәr dәɡz әn stikәs
әn әәnli left ә litәl hәәl
dzәist vәәr ә litәl gәtәt ә koːl
soː smәal әtә onәli tuәz әә drәːz
kәn dzәist puʃ in әn wәәrm әәr niːz
An’ then the carpets tha da use
Bën’t fit to tread wi’ ouer shoes;
An’ chairs an’ sophers be so neat
Ya mossen use em var a seat:
Tha be so fine that tha mus’ pliace
Al auver ’em an’ outside kiase,
An’ then the cover when ’tis on
Is still too fine to loll upon.

   Ah! Gi’e me, ef I wer a squier,
   The settle an’ the girt wood vier.

Carpets indeed! Ya cou’den hurt
The stuone vlou’r wi’ a little dirt,
Var what wer bröte in by the men,
The women soon mopped out agen.
Zoo we did come out o’ the muire
An’ wā’ke in straight avore the vier.
But now, when oone da come to door,
Why ’e mus’ work an hour avore
’E’s scriaped an’ rubb’d, an’ cleän, an’ fit
To goo in where ’is wife da zit.
An’ then ef ’e shou’d have a whiff
O’ bakky there, ther’d be a miff:
’E cānt smoke there, var smoke woont go
Into the little nasty flue.

   Ah! Gi’e me, ef I wer a squier,
   The settle an’ the girt wood vier.
THE CARTER

I be the carter o’ the farm:
     I be so happy ev’ry where,
Wi’ my long whip at’thirt my yarm,
     As ef I carr’d a sceptre there.

An’ I da hal in al the crops,
     An’ I da bring in vuzz vrom down,
An’ I da goo var wood to copse,
     An’ I da car the strâe to town.

When I da goo var lime, ar bring
     Huome coal ar cider wi’ my team,
Then I da smack my whip an’ zing
     While al ther bells da sweetly cheeme.

An’ I da zee the wordle too:
     Var zometimes I mid be upon
A hill, an’ in an hour ar zoo,
     Why I be two miles vurder on.

An’ I da always know the pliace
     To gi’e the hosses breath, ar drug;
An’ ev’ry hoss da know my fiace,
     An’ mind my ’mherer ho an’ whug.

An’ when the hâymiakers da ride
     Vrom veel in zummer wi’ ther prongs,
I got a score ò’m zide by zide
     Upon the riaves a-zingên zongs.
An’ when the vrost da vreeze the streams,  
       *frost, freeze*
   An’ oves wi’ icicles be hung,  
       *eaves*
My pantèn hosses’ breath da steam  
       *field, carrying*
   Out in the goun’ a-carrèn dung.

An’ mine’s the waggon var a luoad,  
       *rut*
   An’ mine be luoads to cut a rout;  
       *find*
But I don’t vind a routy ruoad  
       *couldn’t*
   Wher my team cooden pull ’em out.

A zull is nothèn when da come  
       *plough*
   Behine ther lags, an’ thā da tiake  
       *legs, they*
A roller as thā wou’d a drum,  
       *harrows*
   An’ harras as thā wou’d a riake.

I be the carter o’ the farm:  
       *barrows*
   I be so happy ev’ry where,
Wi’ my long whip atbirth my yarm,  
   As ef I carr’d a sceptre there.
(h)wen ðə vrəst ðə vriːz ðə strɪmz
en oːvə wʊ ðəːsɪkəlz biː hʌŋ
mət pantən hʌsіz bret ðə stiːm
æt ûn ðə ðæt ðə kərkən ðəkəp

æt mənt ðə wəŋən vən ə luə
æt mənt biː luːdz tə kæt ã ræut
bət ãt ã ðənt vəm(ð) ã ræutɪ ruən
(h)wər mət tím kudən pəd ëm æt

zə lə iz nəðən (h)wən ðə kæm
bəhəːn ðər lɔgz æn ðəː ðə tjek
æ rələr æz ðəː wʊd ë drəm
æn hərəz æz ðəː wʊd ë nək

æ biː ðə kərtəɾ ðə fərm
æ biː sə hæpi evri (h)wər
wi mət ləŋ (h)wɪp ðə zət ñəz jærm
æz æf ën kərd ën səptər ðəər

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COME down to marra night, an’ mind
Don’ leave thy fiddle-bag behind.
We’ll shiake a lag an’ drink a cup
O’ yal to kip wold Chris’mas up.

An’ let thy sister tiake thy yarm,
The wâ’k woont do ’er any harm:
Ther’s noo dirt now to spwile her flock,
Var ’tis a-vroze so hard’s a rock.

Ther bên’t noo stranngers that ’ull come,
But only a vew nâighbourzs: zome
Vrom Stowe, an’ Combe, an’ two ar dree
Vrom uncles up at Rookery.

We got a back bran’, dree girt logs
So much as dree ov us can car:
We’ll put ’em up atbirt the dogs,
An’ miate a vier to the bar,

An’ ev’ry oone wull tell his tiale,
An’ ev’ry oone wull zing his zong,
An’ ev’ry oone wull drink his yal,
To love an’ frien’ship al night long.
krismos invitawjon

kam donun to maro noyt en mom(d)
dont liow doni fidobag bihomin(d)
wi: sfek o lag en drank o kap
o jel to kip (w)ould krismos ap

en let doni sister tjek dona jairm
do wek wu(i)nt du: or eni harm
dorz nu: doart now to spwesil (h)er frak
var tiz evroz s o hardz o rok

do bent nu: strandzorz dat ul kam
bot onli o vju: nertorz zam
vrem sto: en kum en tu: or dri:
vrem ankelz ap et rokari

en di: wut vaizin o ruazi sjes
en peor av oiz so blak az sluz:
do partist (w)unz in aol do pljes
em ju(?)er ac ni:don tel di: huz

wi: got o bak bran dri: gort lang
so mats az dri: ov os kon kar:
wi: pat om ap onerd do dang
en mjek o vaizor te do bar:

en evri (w)un wul tel (h)iz tjel
en evri (w)un wul zin (h)iz zap
en evri (w)un wul drank (h)iz jel
to lav en frensip ail naht luj
We'll snap the tongs, we'll have a bal,
We'll shiake the house, we'll rise the ruf,
We'll romp an’ miake the māidens squal,
A catchèn ō’m at bline-man’s buff.

Zoo come to marra night, an’ mind
Don’t leäve thy fiddle-bag behind:
Well shiake a lag, and drink a cup
O’ yal to kip wold Chris’mas up.
wil snap do t̩̂ŋ ɔ: hav o baːl
wil sjek do ĥ̩ːus wiːl r̩̂ːt̩̂ː do r̩̂ːf
wil r̩̂ːmp oː mjek do m̩̂ːd̩̂ːn̩̂ːz skwaːl
ɔ k̩̂ːːʃoː m oːt b̩̂ːːŋm̩̂ːnз b̩̂ːf
zuː k̩̂ːm ɔː marœ nɔːt oː m̩̂ːn(d)
d̩̂ːnt liːv oː t̩̂ː f̩̂ːdəlbaːg biːŋm̩̂ːn(d)
wil sjek oː ləɡ ən(d) ḏr̩̂ːŋk oː k̩̂ːp
ɔ ʃel t̩̂ː k̩̂ːp (w)uːld k̩̂ːːrm̩̂ːs əp
KEEPÈN UP O’ CHRIS’MAS

An’ zoo ya didden come athirt
to have some fun laste night. How wer’t?
Var we’d a-work’d wi’ al our might,
to scour the iron things up bright;
An brush’d an’ scrubb’d the house al droo,
An’ brote in var a brand, a plock
O’ wood so big’s an uppenstock,
An’ hung a bough o’ misseltoo,
An’ ax’d a merry friend ar too,
    to keepèn up o’ Chris’mas.

An’ ther wer wold an’ young; an’ Bill old
Soon a’ter dark stā’k’d up vrom mill,
An’ when ’e wer a-comen near
’E whissled loud var I to hear;
An’ roun’ my head my flock I roll’d,
An’ stood in archet like a post,
To make en think I wer a ghost;
But he wer up to’t, an’ did scould,
To vine me stannen in the cuold,
    A keepèn up o’ Chris’mas.

We plây’d at farfeits, an’ we spun
The trencher roun’ an’ miade sich fun!
An’ had a giame o’ dree-kiard loo,
An’ then begun to hunt the shoe.
An’ al the wold vo’ke zittèn near,
A-chattèn roun’ the vier pliace,
Did smile in oone another’s fiace,
An’ shiake right han’s wi’ hearty cheer,
An’ let ther left han’s spill ther beer,
    A keepèn up o’ Chris’mas
ZITTÈN OUT THE WOLD YEAR

WHY râin ar sheen, ar blow ar snow,
I zaid if I coo’d stan’, Sô’s,
I’d come var al a frind ar foe
To shiake ye by the han’, Sô’s;
An’ spend, wi’ kinsvo’ke near an’ dear,
A happy evemen oonce a year,
A-zot wi’ meth
Avore the heth
To zee the new year in, Sô’s.

Ther’s Jim an’ Tom a-grow’d the size
O’ men, girt lusty chaps, Sô’s,
An’ Fanny, wi’ her sloo-black eyes,
Her mother’s very daps, Sô’s;
An’ little Bill so brown’s a nut,
An’ Poll, a gigglen little slut,
I hope wull shoot
Another voot
The year that’s comen in, Sô’s.

An’ ther, upon his mother’s knee
So peert, da look about, Sô’s,
The little oone ov al, to zee
His vust wold year goo out, Sô’s.
An’ zoo mid God bless al ô’s still,
Gwâin up ar down along the hill,
To mit in glee
Agen, to zee,
A happy new year in, Sô’s.
ziten a:ut do (w)ueld jier

(h)woni ræm ur sín ar blo: or sno:
   ai zed if or kud stan soz
vind kam vor al e frind or fo:
   to sjek i: b(ø) i do han soz
en sapa(ø) wi kinzvo:k niør en diør
e hapi i:vmen (w)uars e jier
   ozat wi meθ
   anvør de heθ
   to zi: do nju: jier in soz

dørz dzim on tum ægrod do soz
   e men geṭt lasti tʃaps soz
en fani wi (h)ør slu:blak ø:z
   (h)ør madærz veri daps soz
en litel hit so bræ:nz e nát
en pæl e gilgæn litel slat
   zi hop wul sut
   anadær vut
   de jier dets kamen in soz

en dør æpn (h)iz madærz ni:
   so piør tø luk æbæ:ut soz
de litel (w)um øv al tø zi:
   (h)iz vast (w)ueld jier gu: æut soz
en zu: mid gød bles øl øs stil
gwæm æp ar dæ:un eglø de hil
tø mut in gli:
agen tø zi:
   e hapi nju: jier in soz
The wold clock’s han’ da softly stēal
Up roun’ the year’s laste hour, Sō’s
Zoo let the han’-bells ring a pēal
Lik’ they a-hung in tow’r, Sō’s.
Here, here be two var Tom; an’ two
Var Fanny; an’ a pair var you.
We’ll miake em swing,
An’ miake em ring
   The merry new year in, Sō’s.

for

*Tom*, mind your time ther; you be wrong.
   Come, let your bells al sound, Sō’s:
A little cluoser *Poll*: ding, dong:
   Ther, now ’tis right al round, Sō’s.
The clock’s a-strikkèn twelve, d’ye hear?
Ting, ting; ding, dong: Farwell wold year;
’Tis gone, tis gone;
Goo on, goo on;
   An’ ring the new oone in, Sō’s.
do (w)ould kløks han do sof(t)li stell

ap ræn do jierz lest æueur soz
zu: let do hanbelz rinth o pel
lik de: æhø in tæuer soz
hier hier bi: tu: vør tom æn tu:
vør funi æn æ peer vør ju:
wiil mjek æm swinh
øn mjek æm rinth
 Doyle meri nju: jier in soz

tom mæn(d) jør tæm dør ju: bi: røn

kam let jør belz æl ræn(d) soz
æ litel klæser pal din døg

dør næu tiz rært æl ræn(d) soz
do kløks æstriken twelv dji: hier
tijn din døg døg fearwel (w)ould jier
tiz gøn tiz gøn
gu: æn gu: æn
øn rinth Æ æ nju: (w)un in soz
WOAK WER GOOD ENOUGH OONCE

Ees: now meogany’s the goo,
An’ good wold English woak woon’t do.
I wish vo’ke always mid avuord
Hot meals upon a woaken buoard.
A woaken buoard did tiake my cup
An’ trencher al my growèn up,
Ah! I da mind en in the hall,
A-reachèn al along the wall,
Wi’ we at faether’s end, while ’tother
Did tiake the māidens wi’ ther mother,
An’ while the risèn steam did spread
In curdlen clouds up auver head,
Our mou’s did wag, an’ tongues did run,
To miake the māidens lāfe o’ fun.

Meogany! ya mussen brag
O’ that: var mother wi’ a rag
An’ drap o’ bullick’s blood did stāin
Our clavy till ’e had a grāin
So fine, meogany by thik
Wold buord wou’d look so dull’s a brick.
A woaken bedstead black an’ bright
Did tiake my weary buones at night,
Wher I cood stratch an’ roll about
’Ithout much fear o’ vallèn out;
An’ up above my head a piar
Ov ugly heads a-carv’d did stare
An’ grin avore a bright vull moon
A’most enough to frighten oone.
An’ then we had var cuots an’ frocks
Woak cuoffers wi’ ther rusty locks,
An’ niames in nåils, a-left behind
By kinsvo’ke dead an’ out o’ mind,
Zoo we did git on well enough
Wi’ things a-miade ov English stuff.
But then, ya know, a woaken stick
Wer cheap; var woaken trees wer thick.
When poor wold Gramfer Green wer young,
’E zed a squirrel mid a sprung
Along the dell vrom tree to tree,
Vrom Woodcomb al the way to Lea,
An’ woak wer al vo’ke did avourd
Avore his time at bed ar buoard.
MIARY-ANN'S CHILE

MIARY-ANN wer auone wi' her biaby in yarms,
   In her house wi' the trees auver head,
Var her husban’ wer out in the night an’ the starm
   In his bizness a-twilën var bread.
An’ she, as the wind in the elems did roar,
Did grievy var Roberd al night out o’ door.

An’ her kinsvo’ke an’ naïghbours did zae ov her chile
   (Under the high elem tree,)
That a pirtier never did babble ar smile
   prettier, or
Up o’ top ov a proud mother’s knee,
An’ his mother did toss en, an’ kiss en, and cal
En her darlèn, an’ life, an’ her hope, an’ her al.

But she voun’ in the evemen the chile weren well
   (Under the dark elem tree,)
An’ she thought she cood gi’e al the world to tell
   Var a truth what his ailën mid be;
An’ she thought o’ en laste in her prayers at night,
An’ she look’d at en laste as she put out the light.

An’ she voun’ en grow woos in the dead o’ the night,
   (Under the dark elem tree,)
An she press’d en agen her warm buzzom so tight,
   bosom
   sorrowfully
An’ she rock’d en so zarrafully;
An’ there laid a-nes’len the poor little buoy
Till his struggles grow’d weak, an’ his cries died awoy.

An’ the moon wer a-sheenened down into the pliace,
   (Under the dark elem tree,)
   shining
An’ his mother cood zee that his lips an’ his fiace
Wer so white as cleän axen cood be,
An’ her tongue wer a-tied an’ her still heart did zwell
Till her senses come back wi’ the vust tear that vell.

Never muore can she veel his warm fiace in her breast,
(Under the green elem tree,)
Var his eyes be a-shut, an’ his han’s be at rest,
An’ she cānt zee en smile up at she;
But his soul, we da know, is to he’ven a-vled
Wher noo pâin is a-know’d an’ noo tears be a-shed.
en (h)iz madår kud zi: døt (h)iz lips en (h)iz fjes
wør so (h)wønt øz kliøn aksøn kud bi:
en (h)ør tøg wør øtørd øn (h)ør støl haøt did zwel
til (h)ør sensiz kam bak wi do vast tiør døt vel

never muør kør fi: vil (h)iz wørm fjes in (h)ør brest
andør do grøn øløm tri:
var (h)iz øiz bi: øføt øn (h)iz hanz bi: øt rest
en fi: keøøt zi: øn smøøøt øp øt fi:
bøt (h)iz søøl wi: do no: iz øø heøøø øvøled
(h)øør nu: pæøn iz øøøøm øn nu: tøøøz bi: øøøø
ECLOGUE

FAETHER COME HUOME

JOHN, WIFE, AN’ CHILE

CHILE

O MOTHER, mother, be the tiaties done?
Here’s faether now a-comèn down the track.
’E got his nitch o’ wood upon his back,
An’ sich a spyeker in en! I’ll be boun’
E’s long enough to reach vrom groun’
Up to the top ov ouer tun!
Tis jist the very thing var Jack an’ I
To goo a colepecksen wi’ by an’ by.

potatoes

bundle†

long pole†, it

chimney-top†

for

beating down unpicked apples†

WIFE

The tiaties must be ready pirty nigh;
Do tiake oone up upon the fark, an’ try.
The kiake upon the vier too ’s a-burnen
I be afeärd: do run an’ zee; an’ turn en.

fork

cake, fire

JOHN

Well, mother, here I be a-come oonce muore.

WIFE

Ah! I be very glad ya be, I’m sure;
Ya be a-tired, an’ cuold enough, I s’pose.
Zit down, an’ ease yer buones, an’ warm yer nose.

JOHN

Why I be peckish: what is ther to eat?
CHILE
o: madar madar bi: do tjetiz dan
hierz feidar neu eu ekamnon do: trak
e got (h)iz nju: (h)iz bak
en si: e spjekeur in eu e bi: beu
az lau inaf te rit: engrav
ap te do daf men ter tu

tiz djist do veri dyu ven djak eu:
e bi: e ko:leksen wi b(ei) e be

WIFE
do tjetiz mast bi: redi part eu:

du: tjek (w)un ap uad do fark en tre:
de kjek apad do enver tkz enver

JOHN
wel madar hier e bi: ekam (w)un sun mu

WIFE
a: e bi: veri glad jo e: am juf( e)er
jo bi: e:te:erd en ku:ald inaf ze: spo:z
zit danun en i:z jo: buenz en warm je: no:z

JOHN
(h)we: e: bi: pekif (h)wot iz der tu: it

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WIFE
Yer supper’s nearly ready; I’ve a-got
Some tiaties here a-doèn in the pot;
I wish wi’ al my heart I had some meat.
I got a little kiake too here, a-biakèn ó’n
Upon the vier. ’Tis done by this time though.
’E’s nice an’ moist; var when I wer a-miakèn ó’n,
I stuck some bits ov apple in the dough.

CHILE
Well, faether, what d’ye think? The pig got out
This marnen; an’ avore we zeed ar heärd en,
’Tis runned about an’ got out into giarden,
An’ routed up the groun’ zoo wi’ his snout!

JOHN
Now what d’ye think o’ that! You must contrive
To keep en in, ar else ’e’ll never thrive.

CHILE
An’ faether, what d’ye think? I voun’ to-day
The nest wher thik wold hen ov our’s da lay:
’Twer out in archet hedge, an’ had vive aggs.

WIFE
Lok there! how wet ya got yer veet an’ lags!
How did ye git in sich a pickle, Jahn?

JOHN
I broke my hoss, an’ ben a-fuossed to stan’
Right in the mud an’ water var to dig,
An’ miade myself so watshod as a pig.
CHILE
Faether, take off yer shoes, an’ gi’e ’em to I:  
Here be yer wold oones var ye, nice an’ dry.
give

WIFE
An’ have ye got much hedgèn muore to do?

JOHN
Enough to lëste var dree weeks muore ar zoo.  
three, or

WIFE
An’ when y’ave done the job ya be about,  
D’ye think ya’ll have another vound ye out?

JOHN
O ees, there’ll be some muore: when I done that  
I got a job o’ trenchèn to goo at:  
yes
An’ then some trees to shroud, an’ wood to vell;  
prune, fell
Zoo I da hope to rub on pirty well  
Till Zummer time; an’ then I be to cut  
The wood an’ do the trenchèn by the tut.  
as piece-work†

CHILE
An’ nex’ week, faether, I be gwâin to goo  
A-pickèn stuones, ya know, var Farmer True.
going

WIFE
An’ little Jack, ya know, is gwâin to yarn  
A penny keepèn birds off vrom his carn.
earn

JOHN
O brave! What wages do er meän to gi’e?  
be
CHILE
fe:ðor tjek af jor fuz o gi: om tu ac
hir bi: jor (w)ueld (w)uz var i: nen en shen en rør

WIFE
en haw i: got matj's hedzen muør te du:

JOHN
inaf te le:st vær dri: wi(;)ks muør er zu:

WIFE
en (h)wen jow dun do džab jo bi: oboutz
dji: dûjk jol hav enç evid en:und i: eut

JOHN
o: is dørl bi: søm muør (h)wen ci dp dan dat
æ: gøt e džab e tretføn tø gu: at
en dën zem tri:z tø fræud en wud tø vel
zu: æ: i: de høp tø røb un poti wel
til zamer tøm æn dën æ: bi: tø kæt
de wud æn du: de tretføn b(æ):i de tat

CHILE
en neks wi(;)k fe:ðor æ: bi: gwæm tø gu:
apikøn støeøn jo no: vær farøm trø:

WIFE
en liøel džak jo no: iz gwæm tø jær
æ peni ki(;)pen bærdø af vøm (h)iz kørn

JOHN
o: brøev (h)ønt wæ:dɔiz du: or mion tø gi:
WIFE
She dreppence var a day, an’ twopence he. 

JOHN
Well, Polly, thee must work a little spracker
When thee bist out, ar else thee wu’ten pick
A dungpot luoad o’ stuones not very quick.

CHILE
O ees I sholl: but Jack da want a clacker.
An’ faether, wull ye tiake an’ cut
A stick ar two to miake his hut.

JOHN
Ya little wench, why thee bist always baggèn!
I be too tired now to-night, I’m sure,
To zet a-doèn any muore;
Zoo I shall goo up out o’ the woy o’ the waggon.
WIFE

\[ \text{ji: drépåns vør o de: en tarpåns hi:} \]

JOHN

\[ \text{wel poli ði: mæst wørk o lîtøl sprakør} \]
\[ \text{(h)wèn ði: bíst æut ar els ði: wùtøn pík} \]
\[ \text{o ðyppøt luød o stuønz nòt veri kwík} \]

CHILE

\[ \text{o: is o jul bøt dʒakter o wønt o klakør} \]
\[ \text{an fəˈðər wøl i: tʃek æn kæt} \]
\[ \text{o stìk æɾ tu: tə mjek (h)iž hæt} \]

JOHN

\[ \text{jo lîtøl wøntʃ (h)wən ði: bíst æ:lweːz bæɡən} \]
\[ \text{əɾ biː tuː tɔːɹd nɔu tɔːɾit əɪm jʊ(_ː)æɾ} \]
\[ \text{tə zet ædpuːen ænɪ muər} \]
\[ \text{zuː æɾ æʃ iː aŋ æɾ æː wøŋ æɾ æː wøŋ} \]
\[ \text{æːn} \]
ECLOGUE

A GHOST

JEM AN’ DICK

JEM

THIS is a darkish evemen, b’ye a-feārd
O’ ghosts? Theös liane’s a-hānted I’ve a-heārd.

evening, afraid
this, haunted

DICK

No I bē’nt much a-feārd, var I can boast
I never wer a-frighten’d by a ghost,
An’ I’ve a-bin about al night, ya know,
Vrom candle-lightèn till the cock did crow,
But never met wi’ nothèn bad enough
To be much woos than what I be myzuf,
Though I, lik’ others, have a-heārd vokes zae
The girt house is a-hānted night an’ dae.
or
worse, myself
folks say
great

JEM

Ees, I da mind oone winter ’twer a-zed
The farmer’s vokes cood hardly sleep a-bed
Tha heārd at night sich scuffèns, an’ sich jumpèns,
Sich ugly groanen näises an’ sich thumpèns.

yes, said
great

DICK

Aye I did use to hear his son, young Sammy,
Tell how the chairs did dānce, an’ doors did slammy;
’E used to zwear—though zome vo’ke didden heed en—
’E didden only hear the ghost, but zeed en:
An’ I’ll be hang’d if didden miake I shiake
To hear en tell what ugly shiapes did tiake.

folk, him
saw it
it didn’t
a gost

d3em on dik

JEM

dis iz ez dar Keynes: ane hji: ef er
c gosts ois ijenz ehep tird oic ehep er

DICK

no: ez be:nt mafo ef er vor ez kdn boist
ci ez nevor war ef raent h(u) i e gost
ci ez an ez ad neaut iz no:
vrem lankol leiten til de kik did kro:
het nevor met wi nanen bad inaf
to bi: mafo uss denne (h)wot ez bi: m(oc)izaf
do: ez lik adorz hav ehi erd volks ze:
do gost hau iz ehep tird nan t in de:

JEM

is ez da ma:in(d) (w)un wintor twar azed
do farmerz volks kud hardli slipp eded
dehi erd et naut sitf skafenz en sitf dzampenz
sitf agli gromen naeiziz en sitf thampenz

DICK

æi ez did juz to hiær (h)iz san jaŋ sami
tel hau do tseorz did dems en duerz did slami
e just to zweær do: zam volk diden hi:u ez
e diden onli hiær do gost bat ziid ez
e ez æi bi: hand if diden mjek æi sjek
to hiær en tel (h)wot agli sjeps did tjek
Zometimes did come vull siz veet high, ar higher,\nA-dressed in white, wi’ eyes lik’ coals o’ vier,\nAn’ zometimes lik’ a lady in a bussel\nA-trippèn on in silk; ’E heärd it rustle;\nHis haiar, ’e zed, did use to stan’ upright\nJist lik’ a bunch o’ rushes wi’ his fright.

JEM

An’ then ya know that zummat is a-zeed\nDown in the liane, an’ auver in the meäd.\nZometimes da come a-runned lik’ a houn’\nAr rollèn lik’ a vleece along the groun’.\nOone time when gran’fer wi’ his wold grey miare\nWer ridèn down the liane vrom Shoden fiar,\nIt roll’d so big’s a pack ov wool across\nThe road jist under en, an’ liam’d his hoss.

DICk

Aye, did ye ever hear—vo’ke zed ’twer true—\nWhat happened to Jack Hine zome years agoo.\nOone vrosty night, ya know, at Chris’mas tide,\nJack an’ another chap ar two bezide\n’D a-bin out zomewher up at r’other end\nO’ parish, to a naïghbour’s var to spend\A merry hour, an’ had a-took a cup\Ar two o’ cider, to kip Chris’mas up.\An’ zoo I spuose ’twer liate avore the piarty\Broke up. I spuose tha burn’d the bron avore\Tha thought o’ turnen out o’ door\Into the cuold, var friendship then wer hearty.\Zoo cluos agen the voott-pāth that did leād\Vrom higher parish auver the girt meäd,
Dear JEM,

I am writing to ask about the address in (h) which is located in silk (h) which is located.

I would like to ask if you could be of assistance in finding a location for the event which is scheduled for next week.

Thank you,

Dick
Ther’s a girt holler, ya da know. Tha tried ther hollow
In farmer times to miake a cattle pit, former
But gi’d it up, bekiaze tha cooden git gave, couldn’t get
The water any time to bide ther.

Zoo when the merry fellers got fellows
Jist auverright theös very spot, opposite this
Jack zeed a girt black bull dog wi’ a collar saw
A-stannen down in thik there holler.

Lo’k ther, ’e zed, ther’s a girt dog a-prowlên, that
I’ll jist gi’e he a goodish lick give, said
Ar two, wi’ theös here groun’-ash stick, or, this, ground-ash (young ash)

An’ Zend the shaggy rascal huome a-howlên.

An’ zoo ’e rinnen, an’ gi’d en a good whack ran
Wi’ his girt ashen stick a-thirt his back:

An’, al at oonce, his stick split right al down across
In vower pieces, an’ the pieces vled four, flew
Out ov vower pieces, an’ the pieces vled

An’ pitch’d in the vow’r carners o’ the groun’. four corners, field
An’ then his han’ an’ yarm got al so num’ arm, numb
’E cooden veel a vinger ar a thum’, couldn’t feel a finger
An’ âter that his yarm begun to zwell, after
An’ in the night a-bed ’e voun’ found

The skin ō’t peel al off al roun’, of it
’Twer near a month avore ’e got it well.

That wer var hettèn ō’n, ’e shood a let en for hitting (of) him, him
Aluone, ya zee, ’twer wicked var to het en. bit
JEM

dat war vor heten on o jud o let on
olonen ja zi: twor wikid var ta het on
MISCELLANEOUS PIECES

A ZONG

O JENNY, dont sobby, var I shall be true,
Noo might under Heaven shall piart me vrom you.
My heart wull be cuold, Jenny, when I don’t prize
The zwell o’ thy buzzom, the light o’ thy eyes.

’Tis true that my kinsvo’ke da try to persuâide
Me to marry var money a humpbackid mâid;
But I’d sooner liabour wi’ thee var my bride
Than live lik’ a squier wi’ any bezide.

Var al busy kinsvo’ke my love wull be still
A-zet upon thee lik’ the vir in the hill;
Zoo vo’kes mid persuâide; tha mid dreaten, an’ mock;
My head’s in the starm, but my root’s in the rock.

Zoo Jenny, don’t sobby, var I shall be true,
Noo might under Heaven shall piart me vrom you.
My heart will be cuold, Jenny, when I don’t prize
The zwell o’ thy buzzom, the light o’ thy eyes.
o: dżeni domt səbi var ə: jəł bi: tru:
u: mə:t andər əvən jəł pjaːrt mi: vəm əju:
məi hart wul bi: kuəld dżeni (h)wen ə: domt prəiz
do zəwəl ə ədə əvəwəyəm ə ələt ə ədə əvəz

tiz truː dət məi kɪnzoːk do trəːj to pəɾswəːid
miː to məri əvər məni n həmpbaːkid məːd
bət æːd sənər ljeːbar wi diː vər məi bɾəːp
dən hiv lik ə əkwəːnər wi eni bɪzəːp

var æːl bɪzı kɪnzoːk məi lɑv wul biː stil
əzet əpən diː lik ə vəɾ in ðə hil
zuː vəks mɪd pəɾswəːid dəː mɪd dɾətən æn mək
məi hɛdz in ðə stɑːrm bət məi ruts in ðə rək

zuː dżeni domt səbi var ə: jəł bi: tru:
u: məːt andər əvən jəł pjaːrt miː vəm əju:
məi hart wul bi: kuəld dżeni (h)wen ə: domt prəiz
do zəwəl ə ədə əvəwəyəm ə ələt ə ədə əvəz
\begin{verbatim}
THE MÂID VAR MY BRIDE

Ah! don’t tell o’ mäidens; the oone var my bride
Is but little lik’ too many mâidens bezide;
Not brântèn, nar spitevul, nar wild;—she’v’ a mind
Var to think what is right, an’ a heart to be kind.

She’s strâight an’ she’s slender, but not auver tal;
Her lims da move lightly, her veet be so smal:
A spirit o’ heaven da breathe in her fiace,
An,’ a queen, to be stiately, must wā’ke wi’ her piace.

Her frocks be so tidy, an’ pirty, an’ plâin:
She don’t put on things that be fiarèn an’ vâin:
Her bonnet a-got but two ribbons, a-tied
Up under her chin, ar let down at the zide.

When she da speak to oone, she don’t stiare an’ grin;
There’s sense in her looks vrom her eyes to her chin;
An’ her vâice is so kind, var she’s modest an’ meek,
An’ da look down to groun’ a-beginnen to speak.

Her skin is so white as a lily, an’ each
Ov her cheäks is so downy an’ red as a peach:
She’s pirty enough zittèn still; but my love
Da watch her to madness when oonce she da move.

An’ when she da wā’ke huome vrom church, droo the groun’ through, field
Wi’ oone yarm in mine, an’ wi’ oone hangèn down,
I’m a-shiam’d o’ myzuf; var I’m sure I must be
Oncommonly ugly along zide o’ she.
\end{verbatim}
a: do:nt tel e mæriden:z do (w)un vər mæir brænd
iz bət litol lik tu; meni mæriden:z bizæn:
not bren:ton nar spæntvul nar wæ:ld sən ə mæ:n(d)
var te dিঃ:к (h)ən iz rənt ən ə hært tə bi: kə:n(d)

fiəz stræt ən fiəs slendər bət not a:var tə:l
(h)ər ləmz do mən lə:ti (h)ər vi:t bi: sə smə:l
ə spə:rit ə hevən do brəd in (h)ər fjes
ən ə kwə:n te bi: stjetli məst wə:k wi (h)ər pjes

(h)ər frəks bi: sə tə:di ən pə:rti ən plə:n
fi: do:nt pə:t ən dιঃ:k ət bi: flərə:nən ən væ:n
(h)ər bən:it əgət bət tu: rɪbə:nəz ə:tiə
əd ən dəndər (h)ər tʃi:n ər let də:nən ət do ə zə:ni

(h)wən fi: də spik tə (w)ən fi: do:nt stjeər ən grə:n
dərz sens ən (h)ər lʊks vɾəm (h)ər ət ən (h)ər tʃi:n
ən (h)ər væːn əz sə kə:n(d) var fiəz mədəst ən mɪ:k
ən doː luːk də:nən tə grə:mənən tə spik

(h)ər skə:n iz sə (h)wərət tə zə lə:n iːtʃ
ən (h)ər tʃiəks iz sə də:nən iːn əɛ ə ɾəd əz sə pəːtʃ
fiəz pə:rti inəf zə:tnəl ət bət mə:n ləv
də wətʃ (h)ər tə madəs (h)wən (w)ən fi: də məv
ən (h)wən fi: də wə:k hwa:m vɾəm tʃəər tʃ drə: də grə:mən
wi (w)ən jə:rm in mə:n in wi (w)ən hæ:nəp nən
əsə:jənd ə m(ə):zəf vər mər fə:(ə) əst ən məst bi:
dəkəmənlə wəli ə prə:z həːpə giə fi:
Zoo don’t tā’ke o’ māidens; the oone var my bride
Is but little lik’ too many māidens bezide;
Not brāntèn, nar spitevul, nar wild; she’v’ a mind
Var to think what is right, an’ a heart to be kind.
THE HUOMESTEAD

If I had al the land my zight
    Can auverlook vrom Chalwell hill
Vrom Sherbo’n left, to Blan’vord right,
    Why I cood be but happy still.
An’ I be happy wi’ my spot
O’ freehold groun’ an’ mossy cot,
An’ shou’den git a better lot
    If I had al my will.

My archet’s wide, my trees be young,
    orchard’s
    An’ tha da bear sich heavy crops
Their bouughs, lik’ īnon ruopes a-hung,
    onion ropes
    Be hāfe trigg’d up to year wi’ props:
I got a giarden var to dig,
A parrick, an’ a cow, an’ pig:
I got some cider var to swig;
    An’ yale o’ malt an’ hops.

I’m lan’lard o’ my little farm,
    landlord
    I ’m king ’ithin my little pliace;
I broke noo lá’s, I done noo harm,
    laws
    An’ I da dread noo mortal’s fiace.
When I be cover’d wi’ my tbatch,
Noo man da diare to lift my latch,
Where honest han’s da shut the hatch,
    mortal’s
    Fear’s shut out wi’ the biase.

Wher lofty elem trees da screen
    old, roof
    My wold brown cottage ruf below,
do homsted

if oc had a: oc lan(d) m: oc zent
koc ov:oluk vrom tsai:wel hil
vrom jok:en left ta blanvord rat:it
(h)w: oc ko: kud bi: hobi stil
oc bi: hobi wi moci spat
c fri:hol(d) graciun oc masi kot
c oc jordan git o betor lot
if oc had ad m: oc liv

moci airt:ots w:oc m: oc tri:z bi: jai
oc de: oc beor sit: hevi krods
dor be:uz lik oc:onu raeps oha
bi: hef trig up to jier wi praps
oc got c gjordon var to dig
oc parik oc c koci oc rig
oc got som ses resp var to swig
oc jel c moli oc haps

ocim lanlard oc moci litel farm
ocim kij idin moc litel piljes
oc brok nu: lez oc b: an nu: harm
oc oc do dred nu: maritlj fjes
(h)wen oc bi: kavord wi moc jot:
nu: man do deor to lift moc lat:
(h)wor anist hanz do jat oc hat:
fois jat ault wi do bjes

(h)wor lofi elem tri:z do skrin
moci (w)ueld broenun katip3 raf bilo:
My geese da strut upon the green
    An’ hiss, an’ flap ther wings o’ snow;
An’ I da wā’k along a rank
Ov apple trees, ar by a bank,
Ar zit upon a bar ar plank,
To see how things da grow.
THE FARMER’S WOLDEST DAETER

NO. NO. I bēn’t arinnen down
The pirty mâidens o’ the town;
   Nar wishèn ď’m noo harm.
But she that I ’od marry vust
To shiare my good luck ar my crust
   S a-bred up at a farm.
In town, a mâid da zee more life,
   An’ I dont underriate her,
But ten to oone, the sprackest wife
   ’S a farmer’s woldest daeter.

Var she da veed wi’ tender kiare
The little oones, an’ piart the’r hiair,
   An’ kip ’em neat an’ pirty:
An’ kip the sassy little chaps
O’ buoys in trim, wi’ dreats an slaps
   When tha be wild an’ dirty.
Zoo if ya’d have a bus’len wife
   An’ childern well look’d ā’ter,
The mâid to help ye al droo life
   ’S a farmer’s woldest daeter.

An’ she can iern up an’ vuold
A book o’ clothes wi’ young ar wold
   An’ zalt an roll the butter;
An’ miake brown bread, an’ elder wine,
An’ zalt down meat in pans o’ brine,
   An’ do what ya can put her.
Zoo if ya ’ve wherewi’ an’ ’od vind
   A wife wo’th lookèn ā’ter,
Goo an’ git a farmer in the mind
To g’ye his woldest daeter.

Her heart’s so innocent an’ kind,
She idden thoughtless, but da mind
   Her mother an’ her duty.
The livèn blushes that da spread
Upon her healthy fiace o’ red,
   Da heighten al her beauty.
So quick’s a bird, so neat’s a cat,
   So cheerful in her niater.
The best o’ màidens to come at
   ’S a farmer’s woldest daeter.
gu: on git o farmar in do moin(d)
to gi: i: (h)iz (w)ouldist detor

(h)or harrts so: mason on koin(d)
fi: idon thelis bit do moin(d)
(h)or mador en (h)or djuti
do livan blastiz det do spred
open (h)or helthi fjes e red
do honton ail (h)or bjuti
so kwiks e bargs so nits e kat
so tjierful in (h)or njetor
do best e mairanz to kam at
s o farmarz (w)ouldist detor
Ees, Uncle had *thik* smal homestead,
The leazes an’ the bits o’ mead,
Besides the archet, in his prime,
An’ copse-wood var the winter time.
His wold black maire, that drad his cart,
An’ he, wer seldom long apiart.
Var he work’d hard, an’ paid his way,
An’ zung so litsom as a buoy,
As ’e toss’d an’ work’d,
An’ blow’d an’ quirk’d,
   I’m out o’ debt an’ out o’ dannger,
   An’ I can face a friend ar strannger;
   I’ve a vist var friends, an’ I’ll vine a pair
Var the vust that da meddle wi’ I ar my maire.

His maire’s long vlexy vetlocks grow’d
Down roun’ her hufs so black an’ brode,
Her head hung low’, her tail reach’d down
A-bobbèn nearly to the groun’.
The cuoat that uncle muostly wore
Wer long behine an’ stràight avore;
An’ in his shoes ’e had girt buckles,
An’ breeches button’d roun’ his huckles;
An’ ’e zung wi’ pride
By ’s wold maire’s zide
   I’m out o’ debt an’ out o’ dannger,
   An’ I can face a friend ar strannger;
   I’ve a vist var friends, an’ I’ll vine a pair
Var the vust that da meddle wi’ I ar my maire.
ληκόλ κατά ε τε η πάντα καλά ο dandžer

is ληκόλ had dik smel hu̢msted
do lioziz na do bits e miød
biɔxɔdz di arı̨qat in (h)iz pro:ım
en kbpswud var da wintor təım
(h)iz (w)uold blak mjær dət dreep (h)iz kaıt
en hi: wər seлedm laŋ apjaart
var hi: wərkt hard en pæid (h)iz wəm
en bəwət e lı̨scı̨m az e tɑst en wərkt
en blo:d en kwərkt
    əım asət e det en asət e dandžer
    en ə: kən fjes e fren(d) e strandʒer
    əinv e vist vər fren(d)z en ə:iə ənən e pjaər
    vər qa vəst dət də.medəl wi in əm mjær
(h)iz mjærz laŋ vlekis vetlóks grod
dənən ra:n (h)ər həfs ə blak en brod
(h)ər hed haŋ lo: (h)ər tæəl rı:tʃd dənən
əbəbəpən nıərlı te ə ɡrənən
əq kəut dət lı̨pəl muətli wuər
wər laŋ bihəʃən en straıt ənən
ən in (h)iz suvəz ə had gərt bəkəlz
ən brientʃətən ənən (h)iz bəkəlz
ən en ə puə:əd
b(ə)iz (w)uold mjærz za:ip
    əım əut e det en a:ut e dandžer
    en ə: kən fjes e fren(d) e strandʒer
    əinv e vist vər fren(d)z en ə:iə ənən e pjaər
    vər qa vəst dət də.medəl wi in əm mjær
An’ he ’od work, an’ luoad, an’ shoot  
An’ spur his heaps o’ dung ar zoot,  
Ar car out hay to sar his vew  
Milch cows in carners dry an’ lew;  
Ar drēve a zyve, ar work a pick,  
To pitch, ar miate his little rick;  
Ar thatch en up wi’ strā ar zedge,  
Ar stop a shard up in a hedge.

An’ ’e work’d an’ flung  
His yarms, an’ zung  
I’m out o’ debt an’ out o’ danger,  
An’ I can face a friend ar strangger,  
I’ve a vist var friends, an’ I’ll vine a piair  
Var the vust that da meddle wi’ I ar my miare.

An’ when his miare an’ he’d a-done  
Ther work an’ tired ev’ry buone,  
’E zot down by the vire to spend  
His evemen wi’ his wife ar friend;  
An’ wi’ his lags stretch’d out var rest,  
An’ oone han’ in his wais’coat breast,  
While burnen sticks did hiss an’ crack,  
An’ fiames did bliazy up the back,  
Ther ’e zung so proud  
In a bakky cloud  
I’m out o’ debt an’ out o’ dannger,  
An’ I can face a friend ar strangger,  
I’ve a vist var friends, an’ I’ll vine a piair  
Var the vust that da meddle wi’ I ar my miare.

Vrom market how ’e used to ride  
Wi’ pots a-bumpèn by his zide,
Wi’ things a-bote, but not var trust,
Var what ’e had ’e pâid var vust.
An’ when ’e trotted up the yard
The ca’ves did bliary to be sar’d,
An’ pigs did scout al droo the muck,
An’ geese did hiss, an’ hens did cluck;
An’ ’e zung aloud,
So pleased an’ proud,
I’m out o’ debt an’ out o’ dannger,
An’ I can fiace a friend ar strannger;
I’ve a vist var friends, an’ I’ll vine a piair
Var the vust that da meddle wi’ I ar my miare.

When he wer joggèn huome oone night,
Vrom market, ā’ter candle light,
—’E mid a-took a drap o’ beer
Ar midden, var ’e had noo fear,—
Zome ugly, long-lagg’d, herren-ribs
Jump’d out an’ ax’d en var his dibs;
But he soon gie’d en sich a ma’len
That ther ’e left en down a-spra’len,
While ’e jogg’d along
Wi’ his own wold zong,
I’m out o’ debt an’ out o’ dannger,
An’ I can fiace a friend ar strannger,
I’ve a vist var friends, an’ I’ll vine a piair
Var the vust that da meddle wi’ I ar my miare.
wi ðịnʒ əbət bət nət vər trəst
vər (h)wət ə həd ə pæd vər vəst
ən (h)wənə trətɪp əp əd ə jərd
ə kə:vz əd bə:ljeərə tə bi: sə:bərd
ən pɨɡz əd sə:kə:t əd drə: əd mək
ən gɪ:s əd hɪz ən hə:mz əd klək
ən pləizd ən prə:nd
əm mət ət ə ˈdɛt ən ə:ut ə dændʒər
ən ə nə kən fədəzə fən(d) ər strandʒər
ən vən ə vəst vər fən(d)z ən ən ə: nəxən pjeəər
vər əd vəst ət əp ə medəl ən ək ən ən mə:jəər

(h)wən həi: wər dʒəpən hə:m (w)ən nə:t
vrm mərkət eːtər kəndəl ləːt
ə miːd stəkə dərpə bī:lər
ər miːdən vərə həd nuː fəər
zəm vəl ə ləŋləґd hərənəɾbəz
dʒəmpt əutən əkəstən vər (h)iz dɪbz
bət həiː sən gipən sɪtʃə ə mələn
dət dərə ə ləftən əkənən əspəːlən
(h)wəkə ə dʒəpəd əlfəŋ
wi (h)iz ən (w)ələd zəŋ
əm mət ət ə ˈdɛt ən ə:ut ə dændʒər
ən ə nə kən fədəzə fən(d) ər strandʒər
ən vən ə vəst vər fən(d)z ən ən ə: nəxən pjeəər
vər əd vəst ət əp ə medəl ən ək ən ən mə:jəər
THE CHURCH AN’ HAPPY ZUNDAY

Ah! ev’ry dae mid bring a while
O’ yease vrom al oone’s kiare an’ twile,
The welcome evemen, when ’tis sweet
Var tired friends wi’ weary veet
But litsome hearts o’ love to meet.
But while the weekly times da roll,
The best var body an’ var soul
’S the Church an’ happy Zunday.

Var then our loosen’d souls da rise
Wi’ holy thoughts beyand the skies;
As we da think o’ HE that shed
His blood var we, an’ still da spread
His love upon the live an’ dead.
An’ how ’e gi’e’d a time an’ pliace
To gather us, an’ gi’e us griace:—
’Tis the Church an’ happy Zunday.

There, under leänen mëshy stuones,
Da lie vargot our fãthers’ buones,
That trod this groun’ var years agoo,
An’ us’d to know our wold things, new
An’ comely mãidens mild an’ true
That miade ther sweet-hearts happy brides,
An’ come to kneel down at ther zides
At Church o’ happy Zundays.

’Tis good to zee oone’s nâighbours come
Out droo the Churchyard, vlockèn huome.
As oone da nod, an’ oone da smile,
An’ oone da toss another’s chile.
An’ zome be shiakèn han’s, the while shaking hands
Poll’s uncle, chuckèn her below
Her chin, da tell her she da grow,
    At Church o’ happy Zundays.

Zoo while our blood da rin in vâins
O livèn souls in theósüm plâins,
Mid happy housen smoky roun’
The Church an’ holy bit o’ groun’.
An’ while ther wedden bells da soun’
O mid ’em have the meāns o’ griace,
The holy dāe, an’ holy pliace,
The Church, an’ happy Zunday.
an zam bi: šjekon hanz do (h)owil
polz angol tfakon (h)or bilo:
(h)or tfin do tel (h)or fi: do gro:
et tfetrj or hapi zande:z

zu: (h)owii or: jorv blyp do rim in vaeinz
e livon solz in diezem plaeinz
mid hapi hæuzen smoki ræ:nun
ðo tffetrj en ho:li bit o græ:nun
en (h)owii oð wæ:en belz do sæ:nun
o: mid em hav ðe miænz o grjæs
ðo ho:li de: œn ho:li pljæs
ðo tffetrj en hapi zande:
THE WOLD WAGGON

The girt wold waggon uncle had
When I wer up a hardish lad,
Did stan’ a-screen’d vrom het an’ wet
In zumer, at the barken geāt,
Below the eles’ spreadèn boughs,
A-rubb’d by al the pigs an’ cows.
An’ I ’ve a-clum his head an’ zides
A-riggèn up ar jumpèn down,
A-plâyèn, ar in happy rides
Along the liane, ar droo the groun’.
An’ many souls be in ther griaves
That us’d to ride upon his riaves,
An’ he an’ al the hosses too,
’V’ a-ben a-done var years agoo.

Upon his head an’ tāil wer pinks
A-pâinted al in tangled links;
His two long zides were blue; his bed
Wer bended upward at the head;
His riaves rose gently in a bow
Above his slow hind-wheels below.
Vour hosses wer a-kept to pull
The girt wold waggon when ’twer vull,
The black miare Smiler, strong enough
To pull a house down by herzuf,
So big as took my biggest strides
To stroddle hafewoy down her zides;
An’ champèn Vilot, sprack an’ light,
That foam’d an’ pull’d wi’ al her might;
An' Whitevoot, liazy in the triace
Wi' cunnen looks, an' snowwhite fiace,
Besides a bây oone, shart-tâil Jack,  
That wer a triace-hoss ar a hack.

How many looads o' vuzz to scald
The milk, thik waggon 'ave a-hal'd!
An’ wood vrom copse, an’ poles var râils,
An’ bavins wi’ ther bushy táils,
An’ loose-ear’d barley hangèn down
Outzide the wheels, a’most to groun’,
An’ looads o’ hây so sweet an’ dry,
A-builted strâight an’ long an’ high,
An’ hâymiakers, a-zittèn roun’
The riaves a-ridèn huome vrom groun’,
When Jim gi’e’d Jenny’s lips a smack
An’ jealous Dicky whipp’d his back,
An’ màidens scream’d to veel the thumps
A-gi’e’d by trenches an’ by humps.
But he an’ al his hosses too,
’V’ a-ben a-done var years agoo.
Can (h)wantvut ljæzi in ðo trjes
wi kæan luks en sno:(h)want fjes
bisaiz o bæi (w)un fært tærl džak
dæt war o trjes hæs ær o hak

hæu meni luædz o vaz tæ ska:id
do milk oik wagen ov ehai:ld
en wud vrom kbps en po:dz ær ræilz
en havinz wi ðær bu:zi tærlz
en lusi:rd ba:rlí hææn dæ:n
æ:utæ:m ðæ (h)wælz æmøst te græ:n
en luædz o hæi so swi:(t) en dæ:n
æbildæd strææt æn hææ æn hæi
en hæÆmje:kærz æzææn ræ:n
ðæ rjevz ææÆnæn hæøm vrom græ:n
(h)wæn dæm gi:d dæni:z li:ps æ smak
æn dælas diki (h)wæpt (h)iz bak
æn mæÆdæ:næ skrimd te vi:æ ðæ thæmps
ægi:d b(æ):tæntfææn b(æ):tæ hæmps
bæÆæ æÆæ æ æÆ æÆæ æÆæ æÆæ æÆæ
v æÆæ æÆæ æÆæ æÆæ æÆæ æÆæ æÆæ æÆæ: 
THE COMMON A-TOOK IN

O no, Poll, no; since tha’ve a-took
The common in, our lew wold nook
Don’t seem a bit as used to look
When we had rinnen room.
Girt banks da shut up ev’ry drong,
An’ stretch wi’ tharny backs along
Wher we did use to rin among
The vuzzen an’ the broom.

Ees, while the ragged colts did crop
The nibbled grass, I used to hop
The emmet buts vrom top to top
So proud o’ my spry jumps;
An’ thee behine ar at my zide,
Di’st skip so litty an’ so wide
’S thy little frock wo’d let thee stride
Among the vuzzy humps.

An’ while the lark up auver head
Did twitter, I did sarch the red
Thick bunch o’ broom, ar yoller bed
O’ vuzzen var a nest,
An’ thee dist hunt about to meet
Wi’ strā’berries so red an’ sweet,
Ar clogs ar shoes off hosses’ veet,
Ar wild thyme var thy breast.

Ar when the cows did rin about,
An’ kick an’ hold ther tāiels out,
A-stung by vlees, ar when tha’ föwght,
Di’st stan’ a-lookèn on.
An’ wher white geese wi’ long red bills
Did veed among the emmet hills,
Ther we did goo to vind ther quills
   Alongzide o’ the pon’.

What fun ther wer among us when
The hayward come in wi’ his men,
To drēve the common an’ to pen
   Strange cattle in the poun’,
The cows did bliare, the men did shout,
An’ toss ther yarms an’ sticks about,
An’ vo’kes to own ther stock come out
   Vrom al the housen roun’.
an (h)war (h)wænt giis wi loŋŋ red hílz
did viːd əməŋ ði əmət hílz
ðær wiː ðid guː to vəːn(d) ðær kwílz
ud ðə prə٪zaŋə

(h)wɒt fən ðær wɔr əməŋ ðə (h)wən
ðə hæːrəwəd kæm in wi (h)iz mən
tə dɾəːv ðə kæmən ən ðə pen
strændʒ kætəl in ðə pəun(d)
ðə kæŋz ðid bljæːr ðə mən ðid ʃəːt
ən tɔs ðær jærəmz ãn stɪks əbəːt
ən vɔɪks tu ən ðør stɔk kwəm ət
vɹəm əl ðə kærən ɜʊzən hæːjən rənə
A WOLD FRIEND

O WHEN the friends we us’d to know
’V’ a-ben a-lost var years, an’ when
Zome happy dae da come to show
Their fiazen to our eyes agen,
Da mlake us look behind, John,
Da bring wold times to mind, John,
Da mlake hearts veel, if tha be steel,
Al warm an’ soft an’ kind, John.

When we da lose, still gây an young,
A váice that us’d to cal oone’s niame,
An’ a’ter years agen his tongue
Da sound upon our ears the siame,
Da kindle love anew, John;
Da wet oone’s eyes wi’ dew, John;
As we da shiake, var friendship’s siake,
His vist an’ vind en true, John.

What tender thoughts da touch oone’s soul
When we da zee a meäd ar hill,
Wher we did work, ar plây, ar stroll,
An’ tâ’ke wi’ váices that be still;
’Tis touchèn var to triace, John,
Wold times droo ev’ry pliace, John;
But that cân’t touch oone’s heart so much
As zome wold long lost fiace, John.
(w)ould fren(d)

o: (h)en w(o) fren(d)z wi: just to no:
  v abin elst vor jiez en (h)en
zam hapi de: do kam to jo:
  dor fjezon to ower oiz aen
d o mjek es lok bhine(d) djan
do brie (w)ould taimz to maim(d) djan
  do mjek ha:ts vi:1 if de: bi: stil
a'il warm en soft en kaie(d) djan

(h)en wi: do luiz stil gaei en ja:
  o vaiis dot just to ka:l (w)unz njem
en etar jierz aen (h)iz ta:
  do saie(d) ope aow iierz do sjem
do kindol lav enju: djan

do wet (w)unz aiz wi dju: djan
  az wi: do fiek vor fren(d)sips sjek
(h)iz vist en vaiie(d) en tru: djan

(h)wet tender dotz do tatz (w)unz so:l
(h)en wi: do zi: ce miad or hil
(h)wor wi: did war:k or plaer or stro:l
  en tek wi vaiiz dot bi: stil
tiz tatzan var to trije djan
(w)ould taimz dru: evri pljes djan
  bot dot kent tatz (w)unz hart so matz
az zam (w)ould lap last fjes djan
POOR Jenny wer her Roberd’s bride
Two happy years, an’ then ’e died;
An’ zoo the wold vo’ke miade her come
Varsiaken, to her màiden huome.
But Jenny’s merry tongue wer dum’;
An’ roun’ her comely neck she wore
A moornen kerchif, wher avore
The ruose did deck her breast.

She wā’k’d aluone wi’ eye-balls wet
To zee the flow’rs that she’d a-zet;
The lilies white’s her màiden frocks,
The spik to put ’ithin her box,
Wi’ columbines an’ bollibocks.
The jillflow’r; an’ noddèn pink,
An’ ruose that touch’d her soul to think
O’ thik that deck’d her breast.

Var at her weddèn, jist avore
Her màiden han’ had yeet a-wore
A wife’s goold ring, wi’ hangèn head,
She wā’k’d along thik flower-bed,
Wher bloodywâ’yors stā’in’d wi’ red,
An’ miarygools did skirt the wā’k;
An’ gather’d vrom the ruose’s stā’k
A bud to deck her breast.

An’ then her cheāk wi’ youthvul blood
Wer bloomen as the ruose’s bud;
do ruaz dot dekt (h)or brest

pu(;)or dzeni war (h)or robordz braip
tu: hapi jiiroz an den o doid
an zu: do (w)uold voik mied (h)or kam
varsiekon tu (h)or maeidon huomin
bod dzeniz meri taj war dam
an raun (h)or kamli nek fi: wuer
o maeiron kortjif (h)or avuer
do ruaz did dek (h)or brest

fi: wekt eluan wi sabalz wet
to zi: do flausorz dot jiid ozet
do liz (h)owits (h)or maeidon froks
do spik to pat idin (h)or boks
wi kolomboniz an holihoks
do d3iliflausor an nodon mijk
an ruaz dot tatj (h)or soi to mijk
o dik dot dekt (h)or brest

var at (h)or weodon d3ist dnyor
(h)or maeidon han had (j)it dwyor
o wals global mi wi hanen hed
fi: wekt elan dik flauserbed
(h)or bladiwaniz staed wi red
an mjeariguiz did skoert do wek
an gadoed vrem do ruaziz stek
e hadd to dek (h)or brest

an den (h)or tsiok wi jurdvul blad
war blumen oq do ruaziz hyd
But now, as she wi’ grief da pine,
’Tis piale’s the milky jessamine.
But Robert ’ave a-left behine
A little biaby wi’ his fiace
To smile an’ nessle in the pliace
Wher the ruose did deck her breast.
bot naxu az jī: wi gīf dō pō:n tiz p jelz dō mīlki dżesmē:n
bot rōbərd av oleft bihō:n
ə līlōl bjebi wi (h)iz fjes
tō smē:əl ən nesəl in dō pljes
(h)wər dō ruəz dīd dek (h)ər brest
NANNY’S COW

OV al the cows among the rest
Wer oone that Nanny lik’d the best;
An’ ā’ter milkèn us’d to stan’
A-veedèn o’ ’er, wi’ ’er han’,
Wi’ grass ar hay; an’ she know’d Nan,
   An’ in the evemen us’d to come
The vust a-biatèn up roun’ huome
   Var she to come an’ milk ’er.

Her back wer holler as a bow,
Her lags wer shart, her body low;
Her head wer smal, her harns turn’d in
Avore her fiace so sharp’s a pin.
Her eyes wer vull, her ears wer thìn,
   An’ she wer red vrom head to tâil,
   An’ didden start nar kick the páil,
When Nan did zit to milk her.

But losses zoo begun to val
Upon her faether, that wi’ al
His twile, ’e voun’ wi’ brē’kèn heart,
That he mus’ leäve his groun’, an’ piart
Wi’ al his beäs, an’ hoss an’ cart;
   An, what did touch en muost, to zell
   The red cow Nanny lik’d so well,
   An’ lik’d var she to milk ’er.

Zalt tears did run vrom Nanny’s eyes
To hear her res’less faether’s sighs.
naniz kəu

 trov al də kəruz əmpa də rest
 wər (w)un dət nani likt də best
dən ever mətən just tə stan
əvi:pon o ər wi ər han
wi gras ər hæi ən fə: nəd nan
dən in əi i:vən just tə kwəm
də vast objətən əp rəun həum
vər fə: tə kəm ən milk ər

(h)ər bak wər hələr əz o bo;
(h)ər ləgz wər fərt (h)ər bədi lo;
(h)ər həd wər sməd (h)ər hərənəz tərən dən
ənuər (h)ər fəsə sə fərpsə o pən
(h)ər əiz wər vəl (h)ər əəz wər dən
ən fə: wər red vəm həd tə təəl
ən pədən stərt nər kik də pəəl
(h)əven nən dəz zət tə milk hər

bət losiz zuː bigən tə vaːl
əpon (h)ər fəːdər dət wi əl
(h)iz twəːl ə vænən wi breqən hərt
dət hiː məs liən (h)iz gəːun ən pjərt
wi əl (h)iz bəsən ən həsən kərt
ən (h)əwət dət taːʃən məust tə zəl
də red kəːu nani likt sə wəl
ən likt vər fəː tə milk ər

zəlt tiərz dəd rən vəm naniz əiz
tə hiər (h)ər resliː fəːdərz əːiz
But, as var I, she mid be sure
I oon varziake 'er now she’s poor;
Var I da love 'er muore an’ muore:
   An’ if I can but rise a cow
   An’ parrick I'll vulvil my vow,
   An’ she shall come an’ milk 'er.
THE SHEP'ERD BUOY

WHEN the warm summer brēze da blow auver the hill
   An’ the vlock’s a-spread auver the groun’;
When the vâice o’ the busy wold sheep-dog is still,
   An’ the sheep-bells da tinckle al roun’;
Wher noo tree var a shiade but the tharn is a-voun’
   Ther a-zingèn a zong,
   Ar a-whislèn among
The sheep, the young shep’erd da bide al dae long.

WHEN the starm da come up wi’ a thundery cloud,
   That da shut out the zunlight; an’ high
Auver head the wild thunder da rumble so loud,
   An’ the lightnen da flash vrom the sky,
   Ther noo shelter’s a-voun’ but his hut, that is nigh,
   Ther out ov al harm
   In the dry an’ the warm
The poor little shep’erd da smile at the starm.

WHEN the cuold winter win’ da blow auver the hill,
   An’ the huor-vrost da whiten the grass;
An’ the breath o’ the no’th is so cuold that da chill
   The warm blood ov oone’s heart as da pass;
   When the ice o’ the pon’ is so slipp’ry as glass,
   Ther a-zingèn a zong,
   Ar a-whislèn among
The sheep, the young shep’erd da bide al dae long.

WHEN the shearèns a-come, an’ the shearers da pull
   In the sheep hangèn back a-gwâin in,
Wi’ ther roun’ zides a-heavèn in under ther wool
   To come out al a-clipp’d to the skin,
do seprend bwa:

(h)wen do warm zamor breiz do blo: oxer do hil
en do viaks espred oxer do graun
(h)wen do vaeis e do bizi (w)uald si;paol iz stil
en do sipbelz do tiikhel al raun
(h)war nu: tri: var e sjed bot do darun iz evoc
der eunac e ujize
ar e(h)wislen ema
do sjip do jah seprend do boud al de: lan

(h)wen do starm do kam ap wi o thandri klud
bat do jat eut do zantwist en hau:
:var hed do wambil thandi do rambool e: laud
en do leitnnon do flas vrem do skai
(h)war nu: feltorz oxu:un bot (h)iz hat eot iz eon
der eut e v al harr
in do drau euc en do warm
do pu(;)or lital seprend do sma:il et de starm

(h)wen do kuald wintar win do blo: oxer do hil
en do hoorvrest de (h)waizon do gra:s
en do breth e do nan iz so kuald dot do tif
do warm blad ov (w)unz haart az do pas:
(h)wen oj ois e do pan iz so slipri az glass
der eziaze e ujize
ar e(h)wislen ema
do sjip do jah seprend do boud al de: lan

(h)wen do sjieranz akam en de sjieretz do pul
in do sjip hanon bak egwaem in
wi doar raun zeriadz ehi:un in under der wul
to kam eut al eklip te de skin
When the feästên, an’ zingên, an’ fun da begin,
   Var to help ’em an’ shiare
   Al ther meth an’ good fiare,  

The poor little shep’erd is sure to be there.
(h)wen ðæ fæsten on zinu on fæn ðæ bigh
  var to help on ōn ðjœr
  al ðær með on gud ðjœr
  ðæ pu(ː)ær ðæl ðjœrd iz ōn(ː)ær tə bi; ðær
HOPE A-LEFT BEHINE

DON’t try to win a maiden’s heart
   To leave ’er in ’er love, ’tis wrong.
’Tis bitter to her soul to part
   Wi’ one that is her sweetheart long.
A maiden’s youth is always strong,
   An’ if fail, she’ll linger on,
Wi’ all her best o’ pleasure gone,
   An’ hope a-left behind ’er.

Thy poor lost Jenny wer a-grow’d
   So kind an’ thoughtfu’ var her years.
When she did meet wi’ her she know’d
   The best, her love did speak in tears.
She walked wi’ thee, an’ had noo fears
   O’ thy unkindness, till she saw
Herzuf a-cast off lik’ a weed,
   An’ hope a-left behind ’er.

Thy slight turn’d piale her cherry lip,
   Her sarra, not a-seed by eyes,
Wer lik’ the mildew that da nip
   A bud by darksome midnight skies;
The day mid come, the sun mid rise;
   But there’s noo hope o’ dae nar zun,
The wind ha blow’d, the harm’s a-done,
   An’ hope’s a-left behind ’er.

The time will come when thee wust gi’e
   The world var to have ’er smile;
hoip oleft bihexin

don't traw to win o maarizh hart
t'o lin ac ir in ar lav tiz run
tiz bitar tu (h)or sol to pajart
wi (w)un dat iz (h)or swi(as)hat rat lan
o maariz vast lav iz ailwez stran
o if da fael ji: liargar un
wi a: (h)or best o plezor gap
on hoip oleft bihexin(d) or

do: pu(as)or lost dzeni war agrord
sa kaxin(d) an thotvul vor (h)or jiars
(h)wen ji: did mi(as)t wi voik ji: noed
do best (h)or lav did spik in tiors
ji: wekt wi di: an had nu: fiars
o do: ankaxin(d)nis til ji: zid
(h)orzaf aka:st af lik o wi:d
on hoip oleft bihexin(d) or

do: sloat tornd pjel (h)or tjeri lip
(h)or saras not azid b(as)1 az
war lik do mildju: dat do nip
o bad b(as)1 darksom midnexit skaxiz
do de: mid kam do zan mid raxiz
bot daiz nu: hoip e de: nar zan
do win(d) ha blo:x do harmz epan
on hoips oleft bihexin(d) or

do taim wul kam (h)wen di: wast gi:
do wardel var to hav ac smal
Ar meet her by the parrick tree,
     Ar catch her jumpèn off the stile;
Thy life’s avore thee var a while,
But thee wu’t turn thy mind in time;
An’ zee the deed as ’tis, a crime,
     An’ hope a-left behine thee.

Zoo never win a maiden’s heart,
     But her’s that is to be thy bride,
An’ play droo life a manly part,
     An’ if she’s true when time ha’ tried
Her mind, then take ’er by thy zide.
True love wull make thy hardships light,
True love wull make the wordle bright,
     When hope’s a-left behine thee.
ar mi(;)t (h)or b(ω)1 dö parik tri:
ar katʃ (h)or dʒɔmpən af dö stəːl
dəʊ i ləɪfs ənvʊər də: vər o (h)wɜːl
bət də: wut tərn dəi ːməɪn(d) in təːm
ən zi: də dəd az tiz o kɾəːm
ən hɔp əlɛft bihəːm dɪ:

zu: nevər wɪn ə ˈmæɪdəntz hɑːrt
bət hərz dət ɪz tə biː dəi bɾəːp
ən plæi druː lɔːf ə mænli ˈpʃɑrt
ən ɪf ʃɪz truː (h)wɛn təːm hə tɾəːp
(h)ər ːməɪn(d) dən tʃək ər b(ω)1 dəi zəːp
truː lɑːv wʊl mjɛk dəi hɑrdsɪps ləʊt
truː lɑːv wʊl mjɛk əwərdəʊl bɾəːt
(h)wɛn hɔːps əlɛft bihəːm dɪ:
A GOOD FAETHER

NO, mind thy faether: when his tongue
   Is keen, he’s still thy friend, John,
Var wolder vo’ke shood warn the young
   How wickedness wull end, John.
An’ he da know a wicked youth
   Wood be thy manhood’s biane,
An’ zoo wood bring thee back agien
’tthin the ways o’ truth.

An’ mind en still when in the end
   His liabor is a-done, John.
An’ let en vind a steadvast friend
   In thee his thoughtvul son, John.
Var he did twile an’ ho var thee
   Avore coodst work ar stan’,
An’ zoo, when time da num’ his han’,
Then thee shoodst ho var he.

An’ when his buones be in the dust,
   Then honor still his niame, John.
An’ as his godly soul wer just,
   Let thine be vou’ the siame, John.
Be true,—as he wer true,—to men
   An’ love the lās o’ God,
Still trud the road that he’ve a-trod,
An’ live wi’ he agien.
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THE BEAM IN GREMLEY CHURCH

In Church at Grenley oone mid zee
A beam vrom wall to wall; a tree
That’s longer than the Church is wide,
An’ zoo oone end ö’n ’s droo outside
Not cut off shart, but kias’d al roun’
Wi’ lead, to kip en siafe an, soun’.

Back when the builders vust begun
The Church,—as still the tiale da run,—
Oon jīn’d em; noobody know’d who
’E wer, nar whither ’e did goo.
’E wer as harmless as a chile,
An’ work’d ’ithout a frown ar smile
Till any woaths ar strife did rise
To auvercast his dark bright eyes,
An’ then ’e’d cal ther minds vrom strife
To think upon another life.
’E wer so strong that al aluone
’E lifted beams an’ blocks o’ stuone
That t’others, wi’ the girtest pâins,
Cood hardly wag wi’ bars an’ châins,
An’ eet ’e never used to stây
O Zadderdaes to tiak his pây.

Oone dae the men wer out o’ heart
To have a beam a-cut too shart,
An in the evemen, when thā shut
Off work thā left en wher ’twer put,
An’ while dum night wer stealèn by
Towards the vi’ry western sky,
ðo bim in grenli tʃɔːrtʃ

in tʃɔːrtʃ øt greml (w)un mid zi:
è bim vrem waiI to waiI ø tri:
ðøts longør ðøn øø tʃɔːrtʃ iz wɔːp
øn zu: (w)un øn(d) oøz dru: øutøsøp
tøt kat øf jørt bøt kjest øl røun
wi led to kip øn sjøf øn røun

bak (h)øn øø bìldørø vøst bìgan
ðø tʃɔːrtʃ az stil øø tøIø dø røøn
(w)øn dɔːrød øm nønɔbi nø:d hu:
è wør nar (h)wIøør ø død gu:
è wør øø hørmIø øø ø tʃøːI
øø wøøkøt ðøøøt ø føøun ar smøøl
til eni (w)ønɔøz ø ø støːIf død røːIz
tø øøørkøast (h)iz dɔːrk bɾɔːt øːIz
øø ðøn øø kAI dør møn(d)ø vrem støːIf
tø døŋk øpnø nɔøIø ləIf
ø wøø øø støːIf døt øl øluøn
ø lIfItI bɪmz øn bIøks ø stʊøn
ðøt tøøøøz wi øø gærIøøt pænIøz
kud hɑIrIøI wɑɡ wi bɑIr øn tʃæInz
øn iI ø nɪøør juːst tø stæI
ø zɑdørdeIz tø tJøk (h)iz pæI

(w)øn dø: øø mɛn wɔʁ øut ø hɑIrI
tø hɑv ø bIøm økøt tu: øJørI
tøn øø dI ønønøn (h)ønø øø: øJøI
øf wɔIrk øø: lɛft øø øøø twɔør pøt
øø øøøøIl đøm nøIøt wɔr stɪIøn høø
tøøwArdøz øø nøøIøI wɛstørn skøø
A-lullèn birds, an’ shuttèn up
The diaisy an’ the gilty-cup,
Thā went to lae ther heavy heads
An’ weary buones upon ther beds.

An’ when the dewy marnen broke
An’ show’d the wordle fresh awoke
Ther godly work agen, thā voun’
The beam thā left upon the groun’
A-put in pliace, wher still da bide,
An’ long enough to reach outzide.
But he unknown to t’other men
Wer never there at work agen.
Zoo whether he mid be a man,
Ar anngel wi’ a helpèn han’,
Ar whether al ō’t wer a dream;
Thā didden dare to cut the beam.
de: went to le: dor hevi hedz
en wi o ruiz o pue dor bedz

en (h)wen do djwi marqon bro:k
en jod do wapdol fre' ao:wok
dor padli wark aqen de: va'un
do bi:m de: left caun do gru'un
apd in pljes (h)wr stil do bari:
en lung inaf to ri:fa cautzeg:
bet hi: annon to tadgr men
war never dear ot wark aqen
zu: (h)wedo'h hi: mid bi: o man
ar andzel wi o helpen han
or (h)wedo'al ot war o dri:m
de: didon djeor to kat do bi:m
THE VÂICES THAT BE GONE

WHEN evemen shiades o’ trees da hide
A body by the hedge’s zide,
An’ twitt’ren birds, wi’ plâysome flight,
Da vlee to roost at comen night,
Then I da sānter, out o’ zight,
   In archet, wher the pliace oonce rung
Wi’ láfes a-rised, an’ zongs a-zung
   By váices that be gone.

Ther’s still the tree that bore our swing,
An’ t’others wher the birds did zing;
But long-leav’d docks da auvergrow
The groun’ we trampled biare below,
Wi’ merry skippèns to an’ fro,
   Bezide the banks wher Jim did zit
A-plâyen o’ the claranit
   To váices that be gone.

How mother, when we us’d to stun
Her head wi’ al our nâisy fun,
Did wish us al a-gone vrom huome;
An’ now that zome be dead, an’ zome
Be gone, an’ al the pliace is dum,
   How she da wish, wi’ useless tears,
   To have agen about her ears
   The váices that be gone.

Var al the mândens an’ the buoys
But I, be marri’d off al woys,
Ar dead an’ gone; but I da bide
At huome aluone at mother’s zide,
An’ of’en at the evemen-tide
   I still da sânter out wi’ tears
   Down droo the archet wher my ears
      Da miss the váices gone.
WHEN out below the trees that drow’d
Ther scraggy lim’s atbirth the road,
While evemen zuns, a’most a-zet,
Gie’d goolden light, but little het,
The merry chaps an’ mādēns met,
An’ look’d to zomebody to niame
Ther bit o’ fun, a dānce ar ghiame,
‘Twer Poll tha cluster’d roun’.

An a’ter tha’d a-had enough
O’ snappèn tongs ar bline-man’s buff
O’ winter nights, an ’went an’ stood
Avore the vier o’ bliazèn wood,
Tho’ ther wer mādēns kind an’ good,
Tho’ ther wer mādēns fiair an’ tal;
‘Twer Poll that wer the queen ō’m al,
An’ Poll tha cluster’d roun’.

An’ when the childern us’d to catch
A glimpse o’ Poll avore the hatch,
The little things did run to meet
Ther friend wi’ skippèn tott’ren veet,
An’ tbought noo other kiss so sweet
As her’s, an’ nuone cood vine em out
Sich ghiames to miake em jump an’ shout,
As Poll tha cluster’d roun’.

An’ now, since she’ve a-left ’em, al
The pliace da miss her, girt an’ smal.
pol

(h)wen ə:ut bilo: ðə triz ðət dro:d
ðɔɾ skrægi lımz ədɔɾt ðə rɔ:d
(h)war:i əvnən zanz əməst æzet
gid gu:lðən ləut böt lıtəl hət
ðə meri ʧaps ðən mæədənz met
ən lukt tə zəmbədi tə njem
ðɔɾ bɪt ə fən ə ʤəns ør ɡjəm
 twər pəl ðə: kləstərd ɾə:n

ən eːtəɾ ðə:d əhəd ɪnəf
ə snapən tuŋz ør ələzənənz hɑf
ə wıntər ɲəts ønwent øn stud
əvʊəɾ ðə vəːrər ø bləzən wud
ðə: ðɔɾ wər mæədənz kə:m(ð) øn ɡud
ðə: ðɔɾ wər mæədənz ʃəəɾ øn tæl
 twər pəl ðət wər ðə kwə:n əm ə:l
ən pəl ðə: kləstərd ɾə:n

ən (h)wen ðə tʃɪlərn jʊst tə kətʃ
ə ɡlɪmps ø pəl əvʊəɾ ðə hətʃ
ðə lıtəl ʤɪŋz ðið ræn tə mɪt
ðɔɾ fren(ð) wi skɪpən tətɾən vɪt
ən ʤət nʊ: ædər kɪs sə swɪt
 əz hərz ø nu:n kʊd və:m əm ə:t
sitʃ ɡəməz tə mʃək əm dʒəmp øn ʃə:t
 əz pəl ðə: kləstərd ɾə:n

ən nu:nən sins ʃi:v əlɛf təm ə:l
ðə pljəs ðə mis hər ɡərt øn sma:l
In vain var thae the zun da sheen
Upon the luonesome ruoad an’ green:
Ther swing da hang vargot between
   The leānen trees, var tha’ve a-lost
   The best o’ màidens to ther cost,
       The màid tha cluster’d roun’.  

for them, shine
forgotten
leaning
i væn vør de; de zan de jin
ør ane de luensem ruen en gri:n
dør swih de hæn vorgot bitwin
dø ijonen triiz var de:v ælast
dø best ø mæidonz to dør kast
dø mæid de: klæstærd ræ:n
WHILE zome a-gwâin from pliace to pliace
Da daely tâ’k wi’ zome new fiace,
When my dae’s work is at an end
Let I zit down at huome, an’ spend
A happy ouer wi’ a friend;
   An’ wi’ my bit o’ weed rejâice
In zome wold nâighbour’s welcome vàice,
   An’ looks I know’d avore, John.

Why is it friends that we’ve a-met
By zuns that now ha long a-zet,
Ar winter vires that bliazed var wold
An’ young voke now var ever cuo
de met wi’ jåy that cân’t be tuold?
   Why, ’tis bekiaze thæ friends ’ave al
   Our youthvul spring ha’ left our fal,
   The looks we know’d avore, John.

’Tis lively at a fiair, among
The chattèn, láfèn, mōvèn drong,
When wold an’ young, an’ high an’ low
Da streamy roun’ an’ to an’ fro.
But what new fiace that we don’t know
   Can ever miake oon’s warm heart dânce
   Among ten thousan’ lik’ a glânce
   O’ looks we know’d avore, John.

How of’en have the wind a-shook
The leaves off into yander brook
Since vust we two in youthvul strolls
Did ramble roun’ thae bubblèn shoals!
luk's one pow avw

(h)wəvəλ zam əgwæin vrom pljəs to pljəs
də de-li te:k wi zam nju: fjəs
(h)wen mo:i dəz wərk iz at on en(d)
let ə in zit də:nun ət huəm on spen(d)
c həpi əuər wi ə fən(d)
ən wi mən bit ə wi:d ridʒəis
in Zam (w)əuəld nəuərərz welkəm vəer
ən luk's əi ni noə pow avwər dəzən

(h)wəvə iz it fren(d)z dət wi:v omət
b(ə) i zənəz dət nəu ho laŋ azət
ər ənətər əuərərz dət bləzəd vər (w)əuəld
ən jən vək nəu vər ənər kuəld
bi: met wi dəzəi dət kənt bi: tuəld
(h)wəvə tiz bikje:z də: fren(d)z əv əl
əuər jıuəvəl sprıŋ ha left əuər fa:лом
əd luk's wi: noxər avuər dəzən

tiz loəvli at ə fjər jəmə
də tʃətən le:ʃən mənən drəŋ
(h)wen (w)əuəld ən jəŋ ən ho:ə ən lo:
də stərimi rə:nun ən tu: ən fro:
bət (h)wət nju: fjəs dət wi: dəmt no:
ko:n əvər mjək (w)ənəz wərm hə:t də:nəs
əməŋə ən əuənən lɪk ə gə:nəs
ə luks wi: noxər avuər dəzən

həu:nən həv ə ə wən(d) əʃuk
də li:z af into jəndər bru:k
sins vəst wi: tu: in jıuəvəl strıolz
dɪd rəmbəl rə:nun ə: bəblən fəolz
An’ oh! that some o’ thae young souls
That we in Jay did play wi’ then
Cood come back now, an’ bring agen
The looks we know’d afore, John.

So soon ’s the barley ’s dead an’ down
The clover leaf da rise vrom groun’;
An’ wolder fiazen do but goo
To be a-volleed still by new.
But souls that be a-tried an’ true
Shall meet agen beyand the skies
An’ bring to oone another’s eyes
The looks tha know’d afore, John.
an o: ðæt zwm c ðe: jañ sodz
ðæt wi: in ðææi diæ plæi wi ðæn
kød kam bak nɔːu en brin aɡen
ðæ lʊks wi: nox aʊnər ðzan

sɔ sunz ðe bærliz ded en ðæːn
ðɔ klɔːvər liːf dɔ ræiz vɒm græːn
en (w)əʊldər fjuːzən duː bɔt gu:
tɔ biː əʊvəld stɪl b(ɔ)ɪ ənju:
bɔt sodz dæt biː stræp ən tru:
ʃɔ mi(ː)t aɡen biːænd ðæ skæiz
en brin tɔ (w)ən əʊlaʊərz iz
ðæ lʊks ðeː nox aʊnər ðzan
THE MUSIC O’ THE DEAD

When music, in a heart that’s true,
Da kindle up wold loves anew,
An’ dim wet eyes, in fiairest lights,
Da zee but inward fancy’s sights;
When crēpen years, wi’ weth’ren blights,
’V’ a-took off thā that wer so dear,
How touchèn ’tis if we da hear
   The tuens o’ the dead, John.

When I, a-stannen in the lew
O’ trees a storm’s a-beātên droo,
Da zee the slāntên mist a-drove
By spitevul win’s along the grove,
An’ hear ther holler sounds above
   My shelter’d head, da seem, as I
Da think o’ zunny daes gone by,
   Lik’ music var the dead, John.

Lāste night, as I wer gwâin along
The brook, I heārd the milkmāid’s zong
A-ringèn out so clear an’ shill
Along the meāds, an’ roun’ the hill,
I catch’d the tuen, an’ stood still
   To hear ’t; ’twer oon that Jeân did zing
A-vield a-milkèn in the spring;
   Sweet music o’ the dead, John.

Don’t tell o’ zongs that be a-zung
By young chaps now, wi’ shiameless tongue.
dō mjuzik c dō ded

(h)wen mjuzik in c hārt dōts tru:
dō kindōl ap (w)ueld lāv ēnjū:
ān dim wet ēlz in fjērīst lēūt s
dō zi: bōt inwārd fansiz zēûts

(h)wen krepān jōrz wēdān blēûts
v atūk nū ḍē: ḍōt wär sē dīōr
hōu tātśōn tīz if wī: dō hīōr
dō tjiūānz c dō dō ded dźān

(h)wen sī ēstānōn in dō lu:
c tīrīz s sērmz c bītōn dru:
dō sī: dō sēlētōn mīst ēdroń
b(ɔ) sērātuvl wīnz ēlāpō dō grōv
ōc hīōr dōr hōlār sōn(d)z ēlāv
mōw fēltōrd hēd dō sī(i)m az sē
dō dīŋk c zānī dēz gōn bōcī
  līk mjuzik vēr dō dō dźān

lēst nōx t az sē wēr wēaēm ēlōh
dō bruk sī hiōrd dō mlēkārdz zōn
ēt kēir sō kliēr en jīl
ālōpō dō mīēdvz sē rēnēn dō hīl
sī kāft dō tjuēcēn en stud sīl
tō hīēr tōr (w)un dōt dźōn dīd zīn
ōvīl(d) omlēkōn in dō sprīh
swi(ɔ)t mjuzik c dō dō dźān

dōn t tēl c zānī dōt bi: ēłān
b(ɔ)i jān tēps sūn wī fēmlīs tān

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Zing I wold ditties, that ood start
The mãoïdens’ tears, or stir my heart
To tiake in life a manly piart,
  The wold vo’ke’s zongs that tuold a tiale,
  An’ vollied roun’ ther mugs o’ yale.
  The music o’ the dead, John.

old, would
old folks’
followed, ale
zię có (w)uold dritż dat ud stàrt
do mæдержанz tòrz ar stàr mën haàrt
tö tjek in loıf o manli pjàrt
do (w)uold voıks zanż døt tuøld o tjeł
ön vølìd rëzen dør magz o jel
do mju:zik o dø ded dʒan
THE PLIACE A TIALE’S A-TUOLD O’.

WHY tidden viels an’ runnen brooks, 'tisn’t fields
  Nar trees in spring ar fal; nor, or fall (autumn)
An’ tidden woody slopes an’ nooks
  Da touch us muost ov al;
An’ tidden ivy that da cling
  By housen big an’ wold O,
But this is a’ter al, the thing;
  The pliace a tiale’s a-tuold o’.

At Burn, wher mother’s frien’s oonce know’d
  Her in her mâiden niame,
The zunny knaps, the narrer road narrow
  An’ green be still the siame;
The squier’s house, an’ ev’ry groun’
  That now his son ha’ zuold O,
An’ ev’ry wood ’e hunted roun’
  'S a pliace a tiale’s a-tuold o’.

The mâid a-lov’d to our heart’s core,
  The dearest of our kin,
Da miake us like the very door,
  Wher thā did g’ out an’ g’ in.
"Tis zummat touchèn that bevel
  Poor flesh an’ blood o’ wold O
Da miake us like to zee so well
  The pliace a tiale’s a-tuold o’.

When blushèn Jenny vust did come first
  To zee our Poll o’ nights,
An’ had to goo back liatish huome,
  Wher voke did see the zights,

flesh

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(b) war vok, did ži o žažis;

žen blušan dešni vast dad kim
ta ži: eutar pod a nažis
en had tu guj–bak lietif huem
(b) war vok, did ži o žažis.
A-chattèn loud below the sky
   So dark, an’ win’s so cuold O,
How proud I wer to zee her by
   The pliace the tiale’s a-tuold o’.  

Zoo whether ’tis the humpy groun’
   That wer a battle viel,
Ar mēshy house, al ivy boun’
   An’ vallèn down piece-meal;
Ar if ’tis but a scraggy tree
   Wher beauty smil’d o’ wold O,
How dearly I da like to zee
   The pliace a tiale’s a-tuold o’
zu: (h)weddər tiz də hampi grə:nən
ət wər ə batəl vi:l
ar mesfi heus a:l e:vi bə:nən
ən va:lon də:n pismi:l
ar if tiz bot ə skra:gi tri:
(h)wər bjutəi smə:ld ə (w)umləd o:
he:nu diərli əo də lo:ik tə zi:
ə ə pljes ə tjelz ətuləd o:
ĀNT’S TANTRUMS

WHY eas, ānt Anne’s a little stāid,
But kind an’ merry, poor wold màid.
If we don’t cut her heart wi’ slights,
She’ll zit an’ put our things to rights,
Upon a hard dæ’s work, o’ nights:
        But zet her up, she’s jis’ lik’ vier,
        An’ woe betide the oone that’s nigh ’er
        When she is in her tantrums.

She’ll toss her head a-steppèn out
Sich strides, an’ fling the pāils about,
An’ slam the doors as she da goo,
An kick the cat out’ wi’ her shoe
Enough to het ’er off in two.
        The buoys da bundle out o’ house
        A-lass’n thē shoo’d git a towse
        When ānt is in her tantrums.

She whurr’d oon dæ, the wooden bowl
In such a pāishon at my poll!
It brush’d the hiair upon my crown
An’ whizz’d on down upon the groun’
An’ knock’d the bantum cock right down:
        But up ’e scrabbled, tiakèn flight,
        Wi’ t’others, cluckèn in a fright
        Vrom ānt in such a tantrum!

But Dick stole in an’ reach’d en down
The biggest blather to be voun’
ents tantrōmz

(h)wərd i:s ɛnt anz ə litel stæid
bøt kɔ:m(d) ən meri pu(ɔ)r (w)uold mæid
if wi: doət kɔ:t (h)ɔə hært wi slænts
ʃiːl zit ən pæt ənər ʤiŋz tə rænts
əpɒd ə hærd dɛz wɜːk ə nɔnts
bøt zet (h)ɔə əp ʃiːz dʒis lɪk væːər
ən wo: bitɔɾ əd (w)un ətst nɔːn ər
(h)wɛn ʃiː iz ən (h)ɔ尔 tæntərmz

ʃiːl tɔs (h)ɔə hɛd əstəpən əʕut
ʃɪʃ strɔːŋdʒ ən flɪŋ əd ɐetlz əbəːlut
ən slæm əd dʊərz əʃ ʃiː əd ɡu:
ən kɪk əd ɡat əːt wi (h)ɔə ʃu:
inəf tə hɛt ər ɑf ɪn tu:
ðə ˈbæwɜːz də hændəl æt ə hɔːs
əlæsən dəː jʊd git ə tæsəs
(h)wɛn ɛnt iz ən (h)ɔ尔 tæntərmz

ʃiː (h)wɛrd (w)un dəː də wʊdən əʊl
ɪn stʃɛf ə præʃən et mæi əʊl
ɪt bræʃt də hjuəər æpəd mæi kɾæn
ən (h)wɪzəd ən dæːn æpəd əd əd kɾæn
ən nɔkt də bæntəm kɒk ræt dəuŋ
bøt æp ə skræbəld tʃɪkən fɫɛːt
wɪ tædərz kləkn in ə fræːt
vɬɛm ɛnt in stʃɛf ə tæntərm

bøt ɖɪk stɔːl ɪn ən riːtʃd ən dæːn
də bɪgɪst blædər tə bɪː vən

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An’ crëp’d an’ put en out o’ zight,
Avore the vire, an plimm’d en tight,
An’ crack’d en wi’ the slice, thereright.
    She scream’d an’ bundled out o’ house,
    An’ got so quiet as a mouse.
    It frighten’d off her tantrum.
THE STUONEN PUORCH

A NEW house! ees indeed! a smal
Strâight upstert thing that à’ter al
Da tiake in only hafe the groun’
The wold oon did avore ’twer down;
Wi’ little winders, strâight an’ flat,
Not big enough to zun a cat,
An’ wi’ a déalèn door so thin
A good high wind wou’d brēak en in;
An’ var a knocker var to knock
A little hammer ov a clock!
That ool but miake a little click
About so loud ’s a clock da tick!
Gi’e I the wold house, wi’ the wide
High niaked-lo’ted rooms inside;
An’ wi’ the stuonen puorch avore
The thick nâil-studded woaken door,
That had a knocker, not a little
Bird-clacker, but so big’s a bittle,
That het a blow that vled so loud
Droo house as thunder droo a cloud,
An’ miade the house-dog growl so vull
An’ deep’s the roarèn ov a bull.
In al the house, o’ young an’ wold,
Ther werden oone but cood a-tuold
When he’d noo wish to seek abrode
Muore jây than thik wold porch bestow’d.

When gnots did whiver in the zun,
An’ uncle’s work wer al a-done,
do stuenen puertʃf

c nju: həus i:s indid o smal
stræt apstət dɪŋ dət eːtər aːl
do tjek in omlı he:f do grəːun
do (w)uəld (w)um dɪd əuvər twər dəp un:
wi lıtəl windərz stræt en flat
not bɪŋ inəf tə zan ə kat
en wi ə dələn dʒuər sə dɪn
e ɡud hə:i wɪn(d) wud bɾɛk en in
en vər ə nəkər vər tə nək
ə lıtəl həmoɾ əv ə kloːk
dət ul bət mjək ə lıtəl kliːk
əbəːut sə ə loudz ə kloːk də tɪk
gi: ə ə (w)uəld hə:s uə ə wəɾəd
hə:n njkɪdlothid rʊmz insəʊd
en wi ə do stʊnən puərtʃf awər
ə ə tɪk nəɪstædɪd (w)uəkən duər
dət həd ə nəkər nət ə lıtəl
bə:dəkləkəɾ bət sə ə bɪgz ə bɪtəl
dət hət ə bloː dət vəld sə læːp
druː həus az ðændər druː ə kloʊd
en mjəd ə do həusəʊŋ grəːul sə vʊl
en dɪpəz ə do rʊəɾən en ə bʊl
in əl do həus ə jən ən (w)uəld
ðər wərdən (w)um bət kʊd stʊəld
(h)wən hɪd nuː wɪʃ tə sɪk əbros:d
muər dʒæɾ dən dɪk (w)uəld puərtʃf hɪstəd

(h)wən nəts dɪd (h)wɪvər in ə do zən
ən ʌŋkəlz wɜːk wər əl əpə

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His whiffs o’ meltèn smoke did roll
Above his chā’k-white bakky bowl,
While he did chat, ar zittèn dumb,
Injây’d his thoughts as tha did come.

_Ther Jimmy_, wi’ his croud below
His chin, did drêve his nimble bow,
In tuens var to mîake us spring
A-reelèn, ar in zongs to zing.
An’ ther between the dark an’ light
_Zot Poll_ by _Willy’s_ zide at night
A-whisp’ren while her eyes did zwim
In jây avore the twilight dim,
An’ when (to know if she wer near),
Ānt call’d did cry, “Ees mother, here.”

No, no; I wooden gi’e thee thanks
Var fine white walls an’ vlours o’ planks;
Nar doors a-pâinted up so fine,
If I’d a wold grey house o’ mine.
Gi’e I, var al it shood be smal,
_A stuonen puorch_ instead ō’t al.

_chalk-white, tobacco_ or sitting
_fiddle_
_drive_
_tunes_
_reeling_

give
floors
nor

instead of it
FARMERS’ SONS

Ov al the chaps a-burn’d so brown
   By zunny hills an’ hollers,
Ov al the whindlen chaps in town
   Wi’ backs so weak as rollers,
Ther’s narn that’s hafe so light o’ heart,
(I’ll bet if thee’t zae “done,” min,)
An’ narn that’s hafe so strong an’ smart,
’S a merry farmer’s son, min.

He’ll fling a stuone so true’s a shot,
   He’ll jump so light’s a cat,
He’ll hēave a wāight up that ood squot
   A wēakly feller flat;
He ’oont gi’e up when things don’t fây,
   But turn em into fun, min;
An’ what’s hard work to zome, is pây
   Avore a farmer’s son, min.

His buony yarm an’ knuckly vist
   (’Tis best to miake a frind ō’t,)’
’Ool het a feller that’s a-miss’d
   Hafe backward wi’ the wind ō’t,
Wi’ zich a chap at hand, a mâid
   ’Ood nivver goo a nun, min.
She’d have no cal to be afrâid
   Bezide a farmer’s son, min.

He’ll turn a vurra droo its lângth
   So strâight as eyes can look,
farmørz sanz

øv æl do tʃəps æbə:nd so brænɔ
 b(ɔ)ɪ ɻɑnɪ hɪlz æn hɔlɔrz
øv æl do (h)wɪndlən tʃəps m tɔːn
 wi baks sə wɪk æz rɔlɔrz
dɔrz nɔrn ðəts hɛːf sə lɔːt ə hɔːrt
 æl bɛt ɪf ðiːt zeː dən mɪn
øn nɔrn ðəts hɛːf sə strɔŋ ən smɔːrt
 z ð emi farmørz san mɪn

hil fliː æ stuːn sə truːz ə fɔt
 hil ˈdʒæmp sə lɔːts ə kat
hil hɛːv æ wɛət æp ðət ud skwɔt
 æ wɛikli felɔr flat
hiː unt giː æp (h)wɛn ˈdɪŋz dɔɪnt feɪ
 bɛt tɔːrn æm ɪntə fʌn mɪn
øn (h)wʌts hɑːrd wɜːk tə zæm ìz plæi
ønou ə farmørz san mɪn

(h)iz buːnɪ jɑːrm ænvəkli vɪst
 triz bɛst tə mjɛk ə frɪnd ɔt
ul hɛt ə felɔr ðəts oˈmɪst
 hɛːf bækwərd wi ðə wɪn(d) ɔt
 wi zɪtʃ ə tʃæp æt hæn(d) ə mæɪd
 uð nɪvər ɡuː æ nɑn mɪn
ʃɪd hæv noː kæl tə biː əfɹɛɪd
 bɪzəɪd ə farmørz san mɪn

hil tɔːn æ vərə druː its lɛŋθ
 sə stræɪt æz əːz kæn lʊk
Ar pitch al dae wi’ hafe his strenght
   or, strength  
  At ev’ry pitch a pook;
  haycock†  
An’ then goo vower mile, or vive,
   four, five
  To vine his frinds in fun, min.
find his friends  
Var mâidens be but dead-alive
   for  
 ’Ithout a farmer’s son, min.

Zoo jây be in his heart so light,
   bim
  An’ manly fiace so brown;
An’ health goo wi’ en huome at night
  Vrom meäd, ar wood, ar down;
O’ rich an’ poor, o’ high an’ low,
  When al’s a-zed an’ done, min,
The smartest chap that I da know
   ’S a workên farmer’s son, min.
ar pitʃ a:l de; wi he:f (h)iz stranθ
  ot evri pitʃ o puk
  de bu: vəŋəm jə:nəv
  ən ən (h)iz fʃm(d)z in fən mi:n
  var mæipənəz bi: bət ded ə:əv
  idəkut ə fərmərz sən mi:n

zu: dʒæi bi: in (h)iz hæ:rt ə ə:st
  ən manli fʃes ə bɾə:nən
  ən həlθ gu: ən həu ət hə:nən
  vɾəm mi:n ar wəd ər də:kən
  ə rətʃ ən pu(ː)ər ə hə ə lo: (h)ən aːdʒ oːdən dən mi:n
  ə sбрətəst tʃəp ðət ət ən əp ə nə: ən wə:kən fərmərz sən mi:n
JEÄN

WE now mid hope var better cheer
My smilèn wife o’ twice vive year:
Let others frown if thee bist near
    Wi’ hope upon thy brow, Jeän.
Var I vust lov’d thee when thy light
Young shiape vust grow’d to woman’s height,
I lov’d thee near, an out o’ zight,
    An’ I da love thee now, Jeän.

An’ we’ve a-trod the sheenen bliade
Ov eeggrass in the zummer shiade,
An’ when the leaves begun to fiade
    Wi’ zummer in the wiane, Jeän;
An’ we’ve a-wander’d droo the groun’
O’ swâyèn wheat a-turnen brown;
An’ we’ve a-stroll’d together roun’
    The brook, an’ droo the liane, Jeän.

An’ nuone but I can ever tell
Ov al thy tears that have a-vell
When trials miade thy buzzom zwell,
    An’ nuone but thee o’ mine, Jeän;
An’ now my heart, that heav’d wi’ pride
Back then to have thee at my zide;
Da love thee muore as years da slide,
    An’ leäve thāe times behine, Jeän.
null
THE DREE WOAKS

By the brow o' thik hangen I spent al my youth,
    In the house that did peep out between
The dree woaks that in winter avuorded ther lewth,
    An' in zummer ther shiade to the green.
An' there as in zummer we plây'd at our ghiames,
    We ēach own'd a tree;
Var we wer but dree,
An' zoo the dree woaks wer a-cal'd by our niames.

An’ two did grow scraggy out auver the road,
    An’ they wer cal’d Jimmy’s an’ mine;
An’ t’other wer Jiannet’s, much kindlier grow’d,
    Wi’ a knotless an’ white ribbèd rine.
An’ there, o’ fine nights, avore gwâin in to rest,
    W’e did dânce vull o’ life,
To the sound o’ the fife,
Ar plây at some ghiam that poor Jiannet lik’d best.

Zoo happy wer we by the woaks o’ the green,
    Till we lost sister Jiannet, our pride;
Var when she wer come to her laste blushèn teen,
    She suddenly zicken’d an’ died.
An’ avore the green leaves in the fall wer gone by,
    The lightnen struck dead
Her woaken tree’s head
An’ left en a-stripp’d to the wintery sky.

But oone ov his yakkers a-zet in the fall,
    Come up the spring à’ter below
The trees at her head-stone ’ithin the church-wall,
    An’ mother, to zee how did grow,
do dri: (w)uoks

b(a)i do bræu e dík hañgon to i spent all mon i just in do haus det did pip cut bitwin

do dri: (w)uoks dat in winter avuorpid dor lu:th
en in zamor dor sjed to do grin
en dear az in zamor wi: plæid at æuor gjemz
wi: etʃ omd e tri:
var wi: war bøt dri:
en zu: do dri: (w)uoks war eka:ld b(a)i æuor njemz

en tu: did gro: skragi æut ævor do rox
en de: war kæld dzimiz æn mæn
en tæør war dzjanets maʃ kæim(d)lær groːd
wi e natlis æn (h)wen ræbæd ræim
en dear æ fæør æuorsæ æuor gwæin in to rest
wi: did deːns vɔːl e læːf
to do sæun(d) æ de sæːf
ar plæi æt sam gjem det pu(ː)ær dzjanet likt best

zu: hapi war wi: b(a)i do (w)uoks æ do grin

til wi: lost sister dzjanet æuor præid
var (h)wen fi: war kam to (h)ær læ:t blæʃon tǐn
fi: səːdæli zikænd æn dœːid
en æuør æ do grin li:vz in do fæl war gwæ bæːi
do lærtnæn strak ded
(h)ær (w)uken triːz hæd
en left æn æstript to do wintøri skæːi

bat (w)un æn (h)iz jakærz æzet in do fæl
kam æp æ spræ ni ctær bilo:
do triːz æt (h)ær hedstuan idm æ do ʃærts wall
en mædær te zi: hæu did gro:
Shed a tear; an’ when father an’ she were both dead,
Ther they were laid deep
Wi’ their Jianne to sleep,
Wi’ she at her zide, an’ her tree at her head.

An’ vo’ke da still cal the wold house the dree woaks,
Var thik is a reckon’d that’s down; for that one is counted
As mother, a-niamen her children to vo’kes,
Miade dree when but two were a-voun’; found
An’ said that hereafter she know’d she should see
Why God that’s above
Voun fit in his love
To strik’ wi’ his han’ the poor maid an’ her tree.
sed a tior an (h)wen fældær an jí: wær buæd ded
 dor de: wær led dip
 wi dor dzjanet to slip
 wi jí: at (h)ar zard an (h)ar tri: at (h)ar hed

an voik do stil kal dó (w)auld hæsus dó dri: (w)uëks
 var dík iz ïrekænd ðøts þæn
az madær enjemon (h)ar tefdeñ to voiks
 mjed dri: (h)wen bót tu: wær øvæn
an zed ðøt hiøætor jí: nord jí: study zi:
(h)wæm god ðøts æ³va
øvæn fit in (h)iz ñav
 to strik wi (h)iz han dó pu(ö)ar mæid an (h)ar tri:
THE HUOMESTEAD A-VELL INTO HAN’

fallen into hand (repossessed)

THE house wher I wer born an’ bred
  Did own his woaken door, John,
When vust ’e shelter’d fāther’s head,
  An’ gramfer’s long avore, John.
An’ many a ramblin happy chile,
  An’ chap so strong an’ buold,
An’ bloomen māid wi’ plāysome smile
  Did cal ther huome o’ wold
Thik ruf so warm
A-kep vrom harm
By elem trees that broke the starm.

An’ in the archet out behine,
  The apple-trees in row, John,
Did swāy wi’ upright stems, ar leine
  Wi’ heads a-noddēn low, John.
An’ there, bezide some groun’ var carn,
  Two strips did skirt the road:
In oone the cow did toss her harn,
  While t’other wer a’-mow’d
In June, below
The lofty row
Ov trees that in the hedge did grow.

A-workèn in our little patch
  O’ parrick, rathe ar liate, John,
We little ho’d how vur mid stratch
  The squier’s girt estiate, John.
Our hearts, so honest an’ so true,
  Had little var to fear,
A page of a document with text that appears to be in a mixed or jumbled format, making it difficult to interpret the content accurately. The text seems to be a combination of random characters and chunks of words, possibly due to a formatting error or a mistake in scanning.
Var we cou’d pây up al ither due,
   An’ gi’e a friend good cheer
   At huome, below
   The lofty row
   O’ trees a-swę́yên to an’ fro.

An’ there in het, an’ there in wet,
   We twile’d wi’ busy han’s, John,
Var ev’ry stroke o’ work we het
   Did better ouer lan’s, John.
But ā’ter I, ov al my kin
   Not oone can hold em on.
Var we cân’t git a life put in
   Var mine when I be gone
Vrom thik wold brown
   Thatch ruf, a-boun’
   By elem trees a-growèn roun’.

Ov áight good huomes wher I can mind
   Vo’ke liv’d upon ther land, John,
But dree be now a-left behind:
   The rest ha’ vell in hand, John,
An’ al the happy souls tha fed
   Be scatter’d vur an’ wide.
An’ zome ō’m be a-wántèn bread,
   Zome, better off, ha’ died,
   Noo muore to ho
   Var huomes below
   The trees a-swę́yên to an’ fro.

An’ I coo’d leăd ye now al roun’
   The parish, if I woo’d, John,
...
An’ show ye still the very goun’
Where vive good housen stood, John.
In broken archets near the spot
A vew wold trees da stan’,
But dew da val wher voke oonce zot
   About the burnen bran’,
   In housen warm
A-kep vrom harm
By elems that did break the starm.
en so: i: stil ðə veri groyun
(h)war və:n gud həu:zen stud dʒən
iə bro:kən a:tʃəts niə r ðə spət
ə vju: (w)uəld triz ðə stan
bət dju: ðə væl (h)war və:k (w)uəns zat
əbə:ut ðə bə:ə:nən bran
iə həu:zen wərm
əkəp vərm hərm
b(ə)ləməz ðət id brə:k ðə stərm
THE D'RECTION POST

WHY thik wold post so long kept out,
Upon the knap, his yarms astrout,
A-zendèn on the weary veet
By where the dree cross roads da meet;
An’ I’ve a-come so much thik woy
Wi’ happy heart a man ar buoy,
That I’d a-miade at laste amost
A friend o’ thik wold d’rection post.

An’ there, wi’ oone white yarm, ’e show’d,
Down auver brudge, the Leyton road;
Wi oone, the liane a-leäddf roun’
By Bradlinch hill, an’ on to town;
An’ wi’ the laste the woy to turn
Droo common down to Rushiburn;
The road I lik’d to goo the muost
Ov al upon the d’rection post.

The Leyton road ha lofty ranks
Ov elm trees upon his banks;
The oone athirt the hill da show
Us miles o’ hedgy meäds below;
An’ he to Rushiburn is wide
Wi’ strips o’ green along his zide,
An ouer brown-ruff’d house amost
In zight o’ thik wold d’rection post.

An’ when the hâymiakers did zwarm
O’ zummer evemens out vrom farm,
dé drekʃən po:st

(h)wəz ə dik (w)uəld po:st ə ləŋ kepənut əpən ðə nap (h)iz jərməz əstrəut azəndən un ðə wier viət b(ə)j (h)wor ðə dri: kros rodz ðə miət æn æn ekəm so: maʃə dək wən wi həpi hært ðə man ar hwa: ə ðət ænəməd æt læst amoist æ fən(d) æ dək (w)uəld drekʃən po:st

æn dəər wi (w)uən (h)wənt jərm ə sək ðəu:un æənov brədz ðə lætən rəd wi (w)uən ðə lənə səliəpən rəun b(ə)j brədliŋʃʃ həl ən ðə təən æn wi ðə læst ðə wən ə to tærn drə: kəmoŋ ðəu:un tə rəʃəbərn ðə roək æ ə likt tə gu: ðə muəst æn a:l oρən ðæ drekʃən po:st

do lætən rəd ə həfti rəŋks æn ələm triz øpən (h)iz ðəŋks ðə (w)uən oəəxt ðə həl ðə ʃo: æs məulz æ hədzi miədəz bəlo: æn hi: tə rəʃəbərn iz wəp wi ɾəpəps æ griən ələŋ (h)iz ərəd æn æʔər bɾəkənəft həus a:məst ən zəət ə dək (w)uəld drekʃən po:st

ən (h)wən ðə hæimjekərz əd zəərm ə zəmər ɪvəmənz æt vəəm fərm

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The merry maidens an’ the chaps,
A-piartèn there wi’ jokes an’ slaps,
Did goo, some oone woy off, an’ some
Another al a-zingèn huome;
Var vew ò’m had to goo at muost
A mile beyond the d’rection post.

Poor Nanny Brown, oone darkish night,
When he’d a-b’in a-pâinted white,
Wer frighten’d near the gravel pits,
So dead’s a hammer, into fits,
A-thinkèn ’twere the ghost she know’d
Did come an’ hânte the Leyton road,
Though ñ’ter al poor Nanny’s ghost
Turn’d out to be the d’rection post.
dé meri mærloonz én dé tsabs
apjaarsn òer wi d3oǐks én slaps
did gu: zvam (w)irn òom òenv
miz òen òum òenw én
mæhnu və̀rə̀n
vər vju: oim had to gu: òt muəst
e məuəl bijand òo drekʃən poıst
puo(ə)ér nani brə̆un (w)un dærkis nə:t
(h)əen hiːd òëb nəəntid (h)əən
war fəəntɛnd nier òo gravel pits
ə Dedz ə haməər into fits
ədənkən twər òo goıst ʃi: nə:p
did kom en heːnt òo læntən rop
ño: ətəər aːl pu(ə)ər nəniz goıst
təənd əʊt to bi: òo drekʃən poıst
JEÄN O’ GRENLEY MILL

WHEN in happy times we met,
    Then by look an’ deed I show’d
How my love wer al a-zet
    In the smiles that she bestow’d;
She mid have o’ left an’ right
    Mâidens fiairest to the zight,
Måidens fiairest to the zight,
I’d a-choos’d among em still
Pirty Jeän o’ Grenley mill.

She wer fiaier by her cows
    In her week-dae frock a-drest,
Than the rest wi’ scarnvul brows
    Al a-flântèn in ther best.
Gây did seem, at feäst ar fiair,
    Zights that I had she to share;
Gây would be my own heart still
But var Jeän o’ Grenley mill.

Jeän—a-checkèn ov her love,—
    Leän’d to oone that, as she guess’d,
Stood in wordly wealth above
    Me she know’d she lik’d the best.
He wer wild an’ soon run droo
    Al that he’d a-come into;
Heartlessly a-usèn ill
Pirty Jeän o’ Grenley mill.

O poor Jenny! thee’st a-tore
    Hopèn love vrom my poor heart,
dp3i:n o gleni mil

(h)wen in hapi tæimz wi: met
den b(ɔː)1 luk en d:d æ: so:d
hmæ mæi ʌv wɔ: æ: æzet
in o smæ:lz dæt fi: bistorp
fi: mid hav æ left æ ret
mætænæ fjæərist tu ðæ æ:nt
æd ætʃæ:næm om sti:l
pɔ:ri dp3i:n o gleni mil

fi: wɔ: fjæərər b(ɔː)1 (h)ɔ: kæ:uz
in (h)ɔ: wi(ɔː)kde: fræk ædrest
dæn ðæ rest wi skærnvol bɔ:uz
æl æflæntæn in ðær best
gæi ðid si(ɔː)m æt fi:st ær fjæə
zænts dæt æ æ: had fi: tu fjæə
gæi wud bi: mæi om hari:t sti:l
bæt vɔ:r dp3i:n o gleni mil

dp3i:n ætʃækæn æv (h)ɔ: ʌv
læsand tu (w)æn dæt æz fi: gest
stʌd in wærðli ʌvælæv
mi: fi: nɔ:d fi: likt æ best
hi: wɔ: would æn su:n ræn dræ:
dæt hæd əkæm ʌntu
hæ:tli:li əju:zæn æl
pɔ:ri dp3i:n o gleni mil

ɔ: pu(ɔː)ər dp3eni ði:st ætʃær
hɔ:ðæn ʌv vram mæi pu(ɔː)ər hari:t
Losèn vrom thy own small store,  
    Al the better sweeter piart.  
Hearts a-slighted must varsiake
Slighters, though a-doom’d to break;
I must scarn but love thee still
Pirty Jeän o’ Grenley mill.

Oh! if ever thy soft eyes,  
Not a-catch’d by outward show,  
Cood a-zeed that I shood rise
When a higher oone wer low;
If thy love, when zoo a-tried,  
Cood ha stood agen thy pride,  
How shood I ha lov’d thee still
Pirty Jeän o’ Grenley mill.
luizan vrem do on small stuar
a'l do beter swi(?)ter pja:rt
harts esl:titid mast varsjek
sl:torz do: odum: to brjek
a: mast ska:n bet lav di: stil
parti dz:en o grenli mil

o: if ever do saft ec
not okatst b(?)i autwored so:
kud azid do: i jud reiz
(h)wen o he:c:er (w)nen w:er lo:
if do: lav (h)wen zu: estr:ip
kud ho stud agen do: pra:ip
ho:u jud ec he la:vd di: stil
parti dz:en o grenli mil

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THE BELLs OF ALDERBURNHAM

While now upon the wind da zwell
The church-bells’ evem’ peal O,
Along the bottom, who can tell
How touch’d my heart da veel O!
To hear again, as oonce tha’ rung
In holidays when I wer young,
Wi’ merry sound,
A-ringèn round,
The bells of Alderburnham.

Var when tha rung ther gâyest peals
O’ zome sweet dæ o’ rest, O,
We al did ramble droo the viel’s
A -dress’d in al our best, O;
An’ at the brudge ar roarèn weir;
Ar in the wood, ar in the gliare
Ov oben ground,
Did hear ring round
The bells of Alderburnham.

Thëy bells that now da ring above
The young bride at church-door, O,
Oonce rung to bless ther mother’s love
When thëy wer brides avore, O;
An’ sons in tow’r da still ring on
The merry peals o’ fâthers gone,
Noo muore to sound,
Ar hear ring round
The bells of Alderburnham.
De belz av a:ld:er:bar:ønæm

(h)wø:xl na:u u:pa du: o zwel
dø ts:ær:ts:belz iv:mon pil o:

dø bat:em hu: kon tel
høu tat:st mør: har:t du: vii o:
tø hiør æg(j):en az (w)øns de: røj
in hal:de:z (h)wen æi wør jøj
wi meri søun(d)
ørøne røun(d)
dø belz av a:ld:er:bar:ønæm

var (h)wen de: røj dør gæ:ist pilz
ø zøm swi():t de: ø rest o:
wi: a:ø død rømbøl dru: du: vi:z
ø dørest in a:ø øørø best o:
øn at dø brødø ær røørøn wøør
ar in dø wød ær in du: gljeør
øv ø:øørø gøøøn(d)
død hiør røj røun(d)
dø belz av a:ld:er:bar:ønæm

de: belz døt na:u du røj ævøv

dø jøj brøøøt at ts:ær:ts:duør o:
(w)øns røj tø bløs dør ma:derz la:v
(h)wen de: wør brøøøz øvørø o:
øn sønø æi tøørø de støl røj æv
dø meri pilz ø fe:øørø gøø
nu: mùør tø søøøn(d)
oø hiør røj røøøn(d)
dø belz av a:ld:er:bar:ønæm
Ov happy piairs how soon be zome
   A-wedded and a piarted!
Var oone ov jáy what peals mid come
   To zome ō’s brokenhearted!
To bloomèn youth noo soul can trust,
   An’ gâyest hearts mid brēak the vust;
   An’ who da know
      What grief ’s below
   The bells of Alderburnham!

But still ’tis happiness to know
   That there’s a God above us,
An’ He by dæ an’ night da ho
   Var al ov us, an’ love us,
   An’ cal us to His house to hēal
      Our hearts, by His own Zunday pēal
         Ov bells a-rung
   Var wold an’ young,
   The bells of Alderburnham.
av hapi pjeørz høu sun bi: zam
awedid әn(d) әpjәrtid
var (w)un әv dʒæt (h)wɒt pilz mɪd kams
t ә zam әs brəkənhaːrtid
to blumən juːθ nu: soːl kən trast
әn ɡæɪst hәrts mɪd breik әv vɑst
әn hυː әd�:no:
(h)wɒt griːfs bɪlːo:
әd әlɛz әv әlrdәɾbәɾnəm

bɑt stɪl tiz hәpinis tә nɔː:
әt әdɛɾz ә ɡɒd əbəv әs
әn hιː b(ɔː)iː dɛː әn nɔːt dɔ hɔː
vəɾ aɫ әv әs әn lɑv әs
әn kɑːl әs tɔ (h)ɪz həɾs tɔ hɛil
ɑʊəɾ hәrts b(ɔː)iː (h)ɪz ɑm zɑndeː pɛːl
әv әlɛz әɭɡən
var (w)uɛld әn jɑːŋ
әd әlɛz әv әlrdәɾbәɾnəm
THE GIRT WOLD HOUSE O’ MOSSY STUONE

The girt wold house o’ mossy stuone,
Up there upon the knap aluone,
Had oonce a bliazen kitchén vier
That cook’d var poor-vo’ke an’ a squier.
The very läste ov al the riace,
That wer the squier o’ the pliace,
Died when my fāther wer a buoy,
An’ al his kin be gone awoy
Var ever: var ’e left noo son
To tiake the house o’ mossy stuone;
An’ zoo ’e got in other han’s
An’ gramfa’r took en wi’ the lan’s:
An’ there, when he, poor man, were dead
My fāther liv’d, an’ I wer bred.
An’ ef I wer a squier I
Should like to pass my life, an’ die
In thik wold house o’ mossy stuone
Up there upon the knap aluone.

Don’t tell o’ housen miade o’ brick
Wi’ rockèn walls nine inches thick,
A-trigg’d together zide by zide
In streets, wi’ fronts a stroddle wide;
Wi’ giardens sprinkled wi’ a mop,
Too little var a vrog to hop.
But let I live an’ die, wher I
Can zee the groun’ an’ trees an sky.
The girt wold house o’ mossy stuone
Had wings var either shiade ar zun,
d'o gërt (w)uon plou hë: c masi stuen
d'o gërt (w)uon c masi stuen
ly deu nap nuna yeer
had (w)uons o bljezëñ kitjëñ seer
det kukt vor pu(ô)er yo:k en o skewer
do veri lêst on ail do rjes
det war do skewer en o pljes
dô:p (h)wen man fê:ôr war òr ñew o:
dô:p (h)iz kin bi: gnw uwow
vô eva var a left nu: san
ta tjk do hëus c masi stuen
und zu: c get in wëar hanz
en gramñor tuk on wi do länz
en dear (h)wen hi: pu(ô)er man war dead
man fê:ôr livd en ic war bred
en jeer ñew o ñew e
fûd lu:u to pas: âz mañ e
en òik (w)uold urug c urug c masi stuen
br dô deu nade yeer
don't tel o hëuzen mjed o brik
wi rokñ wald no:n intjiz ûik
ôtrigd tegeôr ûz b(ô)er priz
in stritts wi frants o stredal wàñi
wi gjàrdëñz sprmkêld wi e mup
tu: litel vor e vrug to hup
bôt le tû in zôp (h)wyrm son
kâñ zë: do ëc gëp en triz en skêc
ô do gërt (w)uon plou hë: c masi stuen
had wim zë jëp zë jëp zë jëp zë jëp zë
Oone var the zun to peep into
When vust ’e struck the marnen dew.
Oone fiaced the evemen sky; and oone
Push’d out a puorch to zweaty noon.
Zoo oone stood out to break the starm
An’ miade another lew an’ warm.
There wer the copse wi’ timber high
Wher birds did build an’ hiares did lie;
An’ beds o’ grēgoles, thick an’ gay,
Did dick the groun’ in yerly Mây.
An’ there wer hills an’ slopèn groun’s
That tha did ride down, wi’ the houn’s,
An’ droo the meäd did creep the brook
Wi’ bushy bank, an’ rushy nook,
Wher perch did lie in girt deep holes
About wold aller trees, an’ shoals
O’ gudgeon darted by to hide
Therzelves in hollers by the zide.
An’ there wer windên lianes, so deep
Wi’ mossy banks so high an’ steep;
An’ stuonen steps so smooth an’ wide
To stiles an’ vootpāthes at the zide.
There wer the giarden wall’d al roun’
A’most so big’s a little groun’,
An’ up upon the wall wer bars
A-shiaped al into wheels an’ stars,
Var vo’kes to wā’ke an’ look out droo
Vrom trees o’ green to hills o’ blue.
An’ there wer wā’kes o’ piavement, brode
Enough to miae a carridge-road,
Where liadies formerly did use
To trudge wi’ hoops an’ high-heel shoes;
When yander holler woak were sound,
Avore the walls were ivy-bound,
Avore the elems met above
The road between ’em where tha drove
Ther coach al up ar down the road
A-comen huome ar gwâin abrode.—
The zummer áir o’ theös here hill
’V a-heav’d in buzzoms now al still,
An’ al ther hopes an al ther tears
Be unknown things o’ farmer years.
But ef in Heaben, souls be free
To come back here: ar there can be
An ethly pliace to mäke ’em come
To zee it vrom a better huome;
Then what ’s a-tuold us mid be right,
That at the dead o’ tongueless night
Ther gauzy shiapes da come an’ trud
The vootways o’ ther flesh an’ blood.
An while the trees da stan’, that grow’d
Var tha, ar walls ar steps tha know’d
Da bide in pliace, tha’ll always come
To look upon ther ethly huome;
Zo I wou’d always let aluone
The girt wold house o’ mossy stuone.
I wouden pull a wing ō’n down
To mäke ther speechless sperets frown.
Var when our souls zome other dae
Be bodiless an’ dumb lik’ thae,
How good to think that we mid vine
Zome thought vrom tha we left behine,
An’ that zome love mid still unite,
The hearts o’ blood wi’ souls o’ light.
Zoo ef ’twer mine I’d let aluone
The girt wold house o’ mossy stuone.
ECLOGUE

THE TIMES

JOHN AN’ TOM

JOHN

WELL. Tom, how be’st? Zoo thee’st a-got thy name
Among the leaguers then as I’ve a-heard.

TOM

Ees John, I have John; an’ I be’nt afeard
To own it. Why who woo’den do the siame?
We ben’t gwain on lik’ this long, I can tell ye.
Bread is so high an’ wages be so low,
That a’ter work’en lik’ a hoss, ya know,
A man cân’t yarn enough to vill his belly.

JOHN

Ah! well: now there, ya know. Ef I wer sure
That theosum men woo’d gi’e me work to do
Al droo the year; an’ always pây me muore
Than I be yarnèn now, I’d jine em’ too.
Ef I wer sure tha’d bring down things so cheap
That what ’ell buy a poun’ o’ mutton now
Woo’d buy the hinder quarters, or the sheep:
Ar what ’ell buy a pig woo’d buy a cow.
In shart, ef tha’ cou’d miane a shillèn goo
In market jist so ver as two,
Why then, ya know, I’d be the’r man;
But D’hang it, I don’t think tha’ can.

God hang
dʒan ən təm

JOHN
wel təm həu bɪst zu: dɪːst əɡət əs nju m
əməm ə də ˈliːɡərz ən əz əs ən əʃiərd

TOM
ɪss dʒan ən həv dʒan ə ə bɪnt əʃiərd
tu ən it (h)wər həu: wʊdən du: ðə səm
wi: bɪnt ɡwəin ən lik əs ləŋ ə ə kən təl i:
bred iz sə ho:i ən we:ədʒiə bɪ: sə lo:
ðət ətər wərkən ək ə həs jə no:
ə mən kənt jərni ɪnəf tə vɪl (h)zə beli

JOHN
ə: wel nəu ədər jə no: ef ə ə wər ʃu(ə)ə
ðət ədʒəm ən wʊd gə: mi: wərk tə du:
ə:l drə: ðə jər ən əlweəz pər mi: muə
dən ə ə bə: jərnən nəu ən əp ə ʃu(ə)məm əm tu:
ef ə ə wər ʃu(ə)ə əd əd brən ənən əŋət ə ʃuə
ðət (h)wʊt ə l bə: ə nən ə ətən ə nəu
wʊd bəi ə ə hə:ndər kwa:tərz ər ə ə ʃuə
ər (h)wʊt ə l bə: ə pɪg wʊd bəi ə kən
in jərt ef ə ə: kʊd mjək ə ʃiən qu:
in mərkət ʃuɪst ə vər əz tu:
(h)wər ən jə no: ərd əi: ðər mən
bət dən ət ə ə ə:ʃənt əŋət ə ə: kən
TOM

Why ees tha’ wull, but you don’t know’t.
Why theösum men can make it clear.
Why vust tha’d zend up members ev’ry year
To Parli’ment, an’ ev’ry man ’o’d vote.
Var if a feller midden be a squier
E mid be jis so fit to vote, an’ goo
To make the la’s at Lunnen too
As many that da hold ther noses higher.
Why shoo’den fellers make good la’s an’ speeches
A-dressed in fusti’n cuots an’ cardräy breeches?
Ar why shoo’d hooks an’ shovels, zives an’ axes
Keep any man vrom votën o’ the taxes?
An’ when the poor ’v a-got a shaire
In miakèn la’s, tha’ll take good care
To make some good oones vár the poor.
Do stan’ by reason, John, bekiaze
The men that be to make the la’s
’Ell make ’em var therzelves, ya mid be sure.

JOHN

Eees, that tha’ wull. The men that you mid trust
To help you, Tom, woo’d help ther own zelves vust.

TOM

Aye, aye. But we woo’d have a better plan
O’ votën than the oone we got. A man
As things be now, ya know, cân’t goo an’ vote
Agen another man, but he must know’t.
We’ll have a box an’ bals var votën men
To pop ther han’s into, ya know, an’ then
If oone don’t happen var to like a man,
’E’ll drap a little black bal vrom his han’,
TOM
(h)war i's de: wul hêt ju: do:nt no:
(h)war di:ozem men kén mjek it klior
(h)war vast de:d zen(d) ap membroz evri jior
to parliment on evri man od vo:t
var if a felor miden bi: e skw:iør
c mid bi: dzis so fit to vo:t on gu:
to mjek òø le:z òt lanøn tu:
øz meni òøt òø huold òør no:ziz høiør
(h)war jùdan felørz mjek gcd le:z an spit:jiz
ôdrest in fast:ën kuets on kæd:zræi brit:jiz
ar (h)war i'ud hùks on sàvélz zà:ivz on aksiz
ki:ø p eni man vrem vo:taø òø òø tak:sz
øn (h)wen òø pu(ø):ør v òøgt ø sjøøør
in mjekøn le:z øl tøk gcd kjøør
to mjek so:md gcd (w)ú:nz var òø pu(ø):ør
do stan b(ø):i rí:øn dzan bjkje:z
do men òøt bi: to mjek òø le:z
ol mjek øm vør òør:zelvz jo mid bi: ju(ø):ør

JOHN
i's òøt de: wul òø men òøt ju: mid trast
to help jo tøm wud help òø røn zelvz vast

TOM
æi æi hêt wi: wud hav ø betør plan
ø vo:taø òøn òø (w)un wi: gøøt ø man
az di:øz bi: ñøu jø no: këønt gu: øn vo:t
agen anyør man hêt hi: møst no:t
wil hav ø bøks øn bælz vør vo:taøn men
to ppø òør hønz intu jø no: øn ðen
if (w)un do:nt hapaøn var to lærk ø man
øl dro:ø ø litøl blak bæl vøm (h)iz han
An’ zend en huome agen. ’E woon’t be led
To choose a man to tiake awoy his bread.

JOHN
But ef a man ya woo’den like to ’front
Shoo’d chânce to cal upon ye, Tom, zome dae,
An’ ax ye var yer vote, what coo’d ye zae?
Why ef ya woo’den ânswer, or shou’d grunt
Or bark, he’d know ya meân’d “ I won’t."
To promise oone a vote an’ not to gi’e’t
Is but to be a liar an’ a cheat.
An’ then besides, when he did count the bals
An’ vine white promises wer hafe turn’d black,
’Dhangye, ’e’d think the voters al a pack
O’ rogues togither—’e’d think al’ o’m false.
An’ if ’e had the power, pirty soon,
Perhaps, ’e’d vâl upon ’em, ev’ry oone.
The times be pinchên I, so well as you,
But I cân’t tell what ever tha’ can do.

TOM
Why miake the farmers gi’e ther liabourên men
Muore wages, hafe ar twice so much agen
As what tha’ got.

JOHN
But Thomas you cânt miake
A man pây muore awoy than ’e can tiake.
Ef you da miake en gi’e to till a yield
So much agen as what the groun’ da yield
’E’ll shut out farmên—ar ’e’ll be a goose—
An’ goo’ an’ put his money out to use.
on zen(d) on huam agen c wu(;nt bi: led
to tʃuːz c man to tʃek əwəː (h)iz bred

JOHN
bat eʃ a man jɔ wudən lɔik tɔ frant
ʃud tʃeːns tɔ kæl əpən i: tɔm zam de:
ən aks i: vər jɔr vɔt (h)wɔt kud i: zə:
(h)wəː ef jɔ wudən əmsər ər tʃud grənt
ər bærk hɪd nɔ: jɔ miənd əː wʊnt
tɔ prəmɪs (w)um a vɔt ən nɔt tɔ gɪt
iz bɔt tə ɔː: ə lɔxər ən ə tʃɪt
ən ðiŋ bɪˈzərdz (h)wɛn hɪ: dɪd kəʊənt ɔ da ɔːləz
ən ˈvoʊn (h)wɔt prəmɪsɪz wɔr hɛː tɔːrnd blæk
dənɪ: əd dɪŋk əd vɔrtərz əl ə pæk
ə ˈroʊgts tɛɡɪdər əd dɪŋk əl əm fæls
ən ɪf ɔ hæd əd ɔər tɔrnt ə ˈjoʊnt su:n
pərəps əd vəl əpən əm əvri (w)um
də tɔrəzn bɪ: pɪntʃən əː ə s ə ˈwel az juː
bɔt əː kiːnt tɛl (h)wɔt eʊər əː ˌkoʊ ˈdjuː

TOM
(h)wəː mjek ə da færɨrəz gi: ɬər ɬebrən ən
muəɾ wɛdʒɪz hɛː ər tʃwoɪs əʊ mætʃ aɡen
əz (h)wɔt ə: ɡɒt

JOHN
bot tɔməs jɔ kɛnt mjek
ə man pəi muəɾ əməw dəŋ ə kən tʃek
əf juː da mjek əŋ qj: tə tɪl ə ˈvɪl(d)
sə: mætʃ aɡen az (h)wɔt ə da gɾəʊn ə ʃiːl(d)
əl ʃət əut færɨmən ər ə ˈbiː ə ɡuːs
ən guː ən ʃat (h)ɪz ˈmæni kət tɔ ʃuːs
Wages be low bekiaze the hands be plenty;  
Tha woo’d be higher if the hands wer skenty.  
Liabour, the siame’s the produce o’ the yield,  
Da zell at market prize, jist what ’t’ell yield.  
Thee wou’dsten gie a zixpence, I da guess,  
Var zix fresh aggs, ef tha wer zwold var less.  
Ef theosum vo’ke coo’d come an’ miake muore lan’s  
Ef tha coo’d tiake wold Englan’ in ther han’s,  
An’ stretch it out jist twice so big agen,  
Tha mid be doen zome’hat var us then.

TOM

But ef tha wer a-zent to Parli’ment  
To miake the la’s ya know, as I’ve a-zaíd,  
Tha’d knock the carn-la’s in the head,  
An’ then the lan’lards must let down ther rent,  
An’ we shoo’d very soon have cheaper bread.  
Farmer’s woo’d gi’e less money var ther lands.

JOHN

Aye zoo tha woo’d, an’ prizes wood be low’r  
Var what ther land woo’d yield, an’ zoo ther hands  
Wou’d be jist wher tha wer avore.  
An’ ef theos men wer al to hold together  
Dhangye! tha cân’t miake la’s to channge the weather!  
Tha ben’t so mighty as to think o’ frightenen  
The vrost, an’ rân, the thunder, an’ the lightenen!  
An’ as var I, I don’ know what to think  
O’ thæ there fine, big-ta’kèn, cunnен  
Strannge men a-comen down vrom Lunnen:  
Tha da live well therzelves, an’ eat an’ drink  
The best at public house wher tha da stây:  
Tha don’t work gratis, tha da git ther pây;

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TOM

bot ef de: war azent to parliment
to mjek do lez jo no: az aiv azed
de:nok do kärnlæz in do hed
on den do lanlaardz most let daun dar rent
on wi: jud veri sun hav tsipor bred
farmærz wud gi: les mani var dar lan(d)z

JOHN

æi zu: de: wud en præiniz wud bi: lor
vær (h)wot dar lan(d) wud jil(d) on zu: dar han(d)z
wud bi: dʒıst (h)war de: war avør
on ef diaz men war al to huold tagedør
dani: de: keint mjek lez to tʃændʒ do wedør
de: beng so måiti az to díŋk o fæntænæn
do vrost on ræin do thænder on do laːntænæn
on az var æi ei daun no: (h)wot to díŋk
æ de: dær fæm bigteːkan kanæn
strandʒ men ekæmæn daun vrom lanæn
de: dæ liv wel dærzɛlv æn it æn díŋk
ðø best æt pæbul hæːs (h)war de: dø stæi
de: døːnt wærk gratis de: dø git dør pæi
Tha woo’den pinch therzelves to do we good,
Nar gi’e ther money var to buy us food.
D’ye think ef we shoo’d meet em in the street
Zome dae in Lunnen, that tha’d stan’ a treat?

TOM
Ees, tha be pâid bekiaze tha be a-zent
Here by the carn-la’ men, the poor man’s frien’s,
To tell us al how we mid gâin our en’s,
A-zendèn piapers up to Parli’ment.

JOHN
Ah! tiake ’kiare how do’st trust em. Do’st thee know
The fiable o’ the pig an’ crow.
Oone time a crow begun to strut an’ hop
About a carn groun’, wher’ tha’d ben a-drillèn
Some barley ar some wheat, in hopes o’ villèn,
Wi’ good fresh carn, his empty crop.
But lik’ a thief, ’e didèn like the pâins
O’ workèn hard to get en a vew grâins;
Zoo while the sleeky rogue wer there a-huntèn,
Wi’ little luck, var carn’s that mid be vound
By peckèn var, ’e heārd a pig a-gruntèn,
Jist t’other zide o’ hedge, in t’other ground.
“Ees,” thougt the cunnen rogue, an’ gi’ed a hop,
“Ees, that’s the way var I to vill my crop;
“Ees, that’s the plan, ef nothèn don’t defeat it;
“Ef I can git thik pig to bring his snout
“In here a bit, an’ turn the barley out,
“Why dhangye, I shall only have to eat it.”
Wi’ that ’e vled up strâight upon a woak,
An’ bowèn lik’ a man at hustèns, spoke,
TOM

is de: bi: pænd bikje:z de: bi: æzent

hior b(ɔː)ːi do kaːrnle: men do pu(ɔː)ør manz frenz
to tel əs aːl həʊtuː wiː mid gæin æːnor enz
æzendæn pjæpərz əp tu pæarləmont

JOHN

aː tʃeɡ kʃeər həʊtuː dæst trəst æm dæst diː noː
do fʃebəl ə do miː æn kɾəʊ:
(w)æn tɔːm ə kɾəʊ: bɪgən tə strat æn həp
əbəut ə kərn grəʊn (h)əør ədː biː ædələn
some bærlɪ ær som (h)wɪt tə həps æ viːnən
wi ɡud frəʃ kərn (h)ɪz æm(ɔ)ti kɾəp
bət lɪk ə dɪʃ ə dɪdən ləʊk ə pæinz
ə wərkən hɑrd tə gɛt æn ə vjuː: ɡreɪnz
zuː (h)wəʊl ə sliːki rəʊg wər əʊər æhəntən
wi lɪtəl læk wər kærnz ət əd miː biː ʋəʊn(ə)
b(ɔː)ːi pəkən vær a hɪərd ə pɪŋ æɡrəntən
ʤɪst tədər əʊiːd ə hɛdʒ ɪn tədər grəʊn(d)
iːz ət ə kənən rəʊg ən ɡiːd ə həp
iːz ətəs ə bæ wən vər æ ɹiː və miː kɾəp
iːz ətəs ə ɡlæn æf nəðən dəmt diʃɪt æt
ef æː kən ɡɪt dɪk pɪŋ tə bɾɪŋ (h)ɪz snəːt
ɪn hɪər ə bit æn təɜn əd bærlɪ æt
(h)wəʊt dənjuː: æː fəl əmli hæv tu it ət
wi ət ə vəld æp stɹɛit əpən æ (w)əʊk
ən bəʊnən lɪk ə mæn æt hæstənz spək
“My friend,” says he “that’s poorish livèn var ye’
“In thik there læze. Why I be very zarry
“To zee how they hardhearted voke da sarve ye.
“Ya can’t live there. Why be ther guâin da starve ye?”
“Ees” zaid the pig, a gruntèn “ees,
“What wi’ the hosses an’ the geese
“There’s only docks an’ thissles left var I;
“Insteed o’ livèn in a good warm sty.
“I got to grub out here wher I cân’t pick
“Enough to git me hâfe an’ ounce o’ flick.”
“Well,” zaid the crow, “ya know, ef you’ll stan’ that
“You mossen think, my friend, o’ gittèn fat.
“D’ye want some better keep? var ef ya do,
“Why, as a friend, I be a-come to tell ye,
“That ef you’ll come an’ jist git droo
“Theös gap jist here, why you mid vill your belly.
“Tha’ve bin a-drillèn carn ya know,
“In theös here piece o’ groun’ below,
“An’ ef ya’ll jist put in your snout
“An’ run en up along a drill,
“’Dhangye, why ya mid grub it out,
“An’ eat, an’ eat yar vill,
“Ther idden any fear that vo’kes wull come.
“Var al the men be jist gone huome.”
The pig, believèn ev’ry single word
That wer a-utter’d by the cunnen bird
Wer tuold en var his good, an’ that ’twer true,
Jist gi’ed a grunt an’ bundled droo;
An’ het his nose wi al his might an’ mâin
Into a drill a-routèn up the grâin
An’ as the cunnen crow did gi’e a caw
A-praisèn ô’n, ’e velt uncommon proud,
An’ worked, an’ blowed, an’ tossed, an’ plouged
The while the crow wer villèn ov his maw:
mɔː fрен(d) зе hи: ðæt ɔːriʃ livən vər i:
in ði ɪk ðeə ðiəz (h)wəː ɔː biː vɛr i zər i
tə zı: həən ðe: hɑrdhɑrtɪd voʊk əʊ sɑrʋ i:
jə kənt ˈlɪv ðeə (h)wəː ɔː biː ɡwəɪn əʊ sɑrʋ i:
iːs ˈzɛd ðə pɪɡ ə ɡrɑntən iːs
(h)wɔt wi ðə hʌsɪz ən ðə ɡiːs
dər z ɔːnli dəks ən ɡɪsəlz lɜft vər əi
ɪnstɪd ə livən ɪn ə ɡʊd wɜrm stɔːi
æi ɡət tə ɡræb əʊt hɪər (h)wəː ɔː kənt ˈpɪk
ɪnəf tə ɡɪt miː hɛf ən əʊns ə fliːk
wel ˈzɛd ðə kɾoː jə nə: ɛf jʊəl stæn ðət
jə mæsən dɪŋk mɔː fрен(d) ə ɡɪtən fɑt
dʒiː wʌnt səm ˈbɛtər kɪ(ː)p vər ɛf jə ˈduː:
(h)wəː az ə fрен(d) ɔː biː əkəm tə tɛl iː
dət ɛf jʊəl kam ən ˈdʒɪst ɡɪt ˈdrʊː:
diəz ɡæp ˈdʒɪst hɪər (h)wəː jə mɪd vɪl jər bɛlì
dɛv bɪn ədˈrɪlən kɑːm jə nə:
iː diəs hɪər pɪː ə ɡreɪn bɪloː
cə ɛf jəl ˈdʒɪst ˈpɑt ɪn jər ˈsnoʊt
cə ˈræn ən ə pə ˈdrɪl
dənɪː (h)wəː jə mɪd ɡræb ɪt əʊt
ən ɪt ən ɪt jər vɪl
ðər ɪdən ən fɪəɾ ət ˈvʊks wʊl kɑːm
vər əl ə ðe mən biː ˈdʒɪst ɡʊn hʊəm
də pɪɡ ˈbɪlivən əvri sɪŋɡl wɜːrd
dət ˈwɜːr əˈtɜːrd b(ə) ɪə kənən ˈbɑːrd
wər ˈtuːld ən vər (h)ɪz ɡʊd ən ˈdæt twər truː
dʒɪst ɡɪd ə ɡrɑnt ən ˈbændəld ˈdrʊː:
ən hɛt (h)ɪz ˈnoʊz wɪ əl (h)ɪz mənt ən mən
ɪntu ə ˈdɾɪl ɛrˈkʌtən əp ə ðə ɡreɪm
ən əz ə ðə kənən kɾoː ðɪd ɡiː ə keː
crəˈɛɪzən ɔn ə vɛlt əŋkəmən ˈpɾeːud
ən ˈwɜːrtk ən ˈbloʊd ən tɑːst ən plɔːd
də (h)wəːɪl ðə kɾoː wər vɪlən əv (h)ɪz mɛː
An’ ā’ter workèn tell his buones
Did yache, ’e soon begun to larn
That he shou’d never git a carn
Without his eatèn dirt an’ stuones.

“Well” zaid the crow “why don’t ye eat?”
“Eat what, I woonder” zaid the haiiry plougher,
A brislèn up an’ lookèn rather zour,
“I don’t think dirt an’ flints be any treat.”

“Well” zaid the crow, “why you be bline,
“What! don’t ye zee how thick the carn da lie
“Among the dirt? an’ don’t ye zee how I
“Be pickèn up what you da leäve behine;
“I’m zarry that your bill should be so snubby.”

“No” zaid the pig “methinks that I da zee
“My bill wull do uncommon well var thee,
“Var thine wull peck, an’ mine wull grubby.”
An’ jist while this wer zaid by Mr. Flick
To mister Crow, wold John the farmer’s man
Come up, a-swingèn in his han’
A girt long knotty stick,
An’ laid it on wi’ al his might
The poor pig’s vlitches left an’ right,
While Mister Crow that tā’ked so fine
talked
O’ friendship left the pig behine,
An’ vled awoy upon a distant tree,
fly
Var pig’s can grub but crows can vlee.

TOM

Aye, thik ther tiale mid do var childern’s books
But you wull vind it hardish var ye
To frightèn I, John, wi’ a starry
story
O silly pigs, an’ cunnen rooks.
Ef we be grubbèn pigs, why then, I spose,
The farmers an’ the girt oones be the crows.
an eiter warken tel (h)iz buenz
did jek a suw bigan to larn
dot hi: jud nevor git o karn
(w)dorut (h)iz iten doert en stuenz
wel zed do kro: (h)oen doirt i: i:
it (h)wot a (w)under zed do hjejri plenzer
abrislon ap en lukon reidos zuenor
ko: doont diink doert en flints bi: eni tri:
wel zed do kro: (h)oenju: bi: bloen
(h)wot doirt i: zii: hou thik de karn do lo:i
amel doo deoert en doirt i: zii: hou e:
bi: pikon ap (h)wot ju: do liouv bihoin
am zari dot jor bi: so snabi
no: zed do pig midinks dot ai do zii:
mai bi wul du: ankamon wel von di:
var dooin wul pek en moin wul grabi
en disst (h)owiz dis war zed b(oi) mistor flit
to mistor kro: (w)ueld dzan do farmerz man
kam ap osweak in (h)iz han
o gert lais noti stik
en led it un wi ail (h)iz moin
do pu(oi)or pigz viltsiz left en roat
(h)owiz mistor kro: dot tekt so foin
o fren(oi)ip left do pig bihoin
en vled owiz opad o diston(t) tri:
var pigz kon grab bot kroz kon vli:

TOM
ai dik der tjel mid du: var tfiordanz buks
bot ju: wul voin(d) it hardif var i:
to friordan ai dzan wi o stirri
o sili pigz en kanen ruks
ef wi: bi: graben pigz (h)oen: den ai spoz
do farmerz en de gert (w)onz bi: do kroz
JOHN
'Tis very odd ther idden any friend isn't
To poor vo’ke hereabout, but men mus’ come folk
To do us good, awoy vrom t’other end
O’ Englan’. Hânt us got noo frien’s near huome? haven’t we
I mus’ zay Thomas that ’tis rather odd
That stranngers shood become so very civil:
That ouer vo’kes be childern o’ the Divil,
An’ other vo’kes be al th’ vo’kes o’ God;
Ef we got any friend at al
Why who can tell—I’m sure thee cassen— can’t
But that the squier ar the pa’son or, parson
Mid be our frend, Tom, â’ter al?
The times be hard, God knows, an’ tha that got
His blessens shooden let therzelves vargit forget
How ’tis var he that never got a bit
O’ meat a-builin in his rusty pot. boiling
He that can zit down in his easy chair
To flesh, an’ vowl, an’ vish, shood try to spiare meat, fowl, fish
The poor, theös times, a little vrom his store;
An’ if ’e don’t, why sin is at his door.

TOM
Ah! we woont look to that, we’ll have our right,
Ef not by fiair meäns, than we wull by might;
We’ll miake times better var us, we’ll be free
Ov other vokes an’ others’ charity.

JOHN
Ah, I da think ya mid as well be quiet
You’ll miake things woose, i’ ma’be, by a riot: worse, it may be
You’ll git into a mess Tom, I ’m afeärd:
You’ll goo var wool, ya know, an’ come huome shear’d.
JOHN
tiz veri nd dr iden eni fren(d)
to pu(;)or voik hiorebo:ut bot men mos kam
to du: as gud awa von tado er en(d)
c inglo hen: as gnt nu: frenz nior huom
ao mas ze: tomm dot tiz re:dr ap
dot strandzer: jud bikam so veri sivcl
dot adaer voiks bi: tildern c de divcl
do adaer voiks bi: al do voiks o gpd
ef wi: gnt eni fren(d) et al
(h)wan: hu: ken tel amu fu(;)or di: ka(;)se
bat dot do skwamor er do pasen
mid bi: anaer fren(d) tom etor al
do tarnz bi: hard gpd noz en de: dot gnt
(h)iz blensz suden let dorzelvz vargit
hoo niz vor hi: dot never gnt a bit
a mit abwamlon in (h)iz rasti pot
hi: dot ken zit doun in (h)iz izi tseer
to flef en vou:ul en vi: jud tron to spjear
do pu(;)or dies tarnz o ltol vrom (h)iz stuar
en if a dont (h)aw: sin iz at (h)iz duer

TOM
a: wi: wu(;)nt luk to dot wi: hav euer raiit
ef nnt b(;)i fseer miemz don wi: wul b(;)i meit
wi: mijek tarnz betor var es wi: bi: fri:
au ader voiks en aderz tsariti

JOHN
a: a: de din joc mid ez wel bi: kwat
jul mijek dinz wus i maibi: b(;)i c reir
jul gnt intu c mes tom i:ime toerd
jul gu: vor wul joc no: en kam huem sierd
A WITCH

THER’S thik wold hag, Moll Brown, look zee, jist past.
I wish the ugly sly wold witch
’Ood tumble auver into ditch;
I ’ooden pull her out not very vast;
I don’t think she’s a bit belied; I’ll warn
That she’s a witch if ever ther wer arn.
Ees I da know jist here about o’ dree
Ar vower vo’ke that be the woos var she;
She did oone time a pirty deäl o’ harm
To farmer Gruff’s vo’ke down at Lower Farm.
Oone dae, ya know, tha happened var to ’fend her,
As I’ve a-heärd em tell the starry,
Bekiase tha ’ooden gi’e ar lend her
Zome’hat she come to bag ar barry;
An’ zoo ya know tha soon begun to vind
That she’d a-left her evil wish behind.
She soon bewitch’d em, an’ she had sich power,
That she did miake ther milk an’ yal turn zour,
An’ addle al the aggs ther vowls did làe;
Tha cooden vetch the butter in the churn,
An’ al the cheese begun to turn
Al back agen to cruds an’ whē,
The little pigs a-runnen wi’ the zow
Did zicken somehow, noobody know’d how,
An’ val, an’ turn ther snouts towards the sky,
An’ only gi’e oone little grunt an’ die.
An’ al the little ducks an’ chickèn
Wer death-struck while they wer a-pickèn
Ther food, an’ vell upon ther head
An’ flapped ther wings an’ drapp’d down dead.
Tha cooden fat the cā’ves, tha ’ooden thrive; calves, wouldn’t
Tha cooden siave ther lam’s alive; lambs
Ther sheep wer al a-coath’d, ar gie’d noo wool; afflicted with liver fluke, gave
The hosses vell awoy to skin an’ buones
An’ got so weak tha cooden pull
A hafe a peck o’ stuones. half a tiny load
The dog got al so dull an’ drowsy,
The cat got zick an’ ’ooden mousy. wouldn’t hunt mice
An’ every time the vo’ke went up to bed
Tha wer a-hagrod till tha wer hafe dead. were bag-ridden (bad nightmares)
Tha us’d to keep her out o’ house, ’tis true,
A-nâilèn up at door a hosses shoe;
An’ I’ve a-heārd the farmer’s wife did try
To dake a niddle ar a pin stick a needle
Into her wold hard wither’d skin,
An’ drāe her blood a-comen by. draw
But she cood never vetch a drap, fetch
For pins did ply an’ niddles us’d to snap bend
Right off, ya know, an’ that in cose of course
Did miake the hag bewitch ’em worse woose.
de: kudon fat de ke:vz de: udon thar:v
de: kudon sjev dar lamz el:a:n
de: sip wør a:l sko:d ar gi:d nu: wul
dø høsiz vel øe:n to skin øn buønž
øn got so wi:k de: kudon pul
ø hø:f ø pek ø stø:ønž
dø dou got a:l so lø de: dræ:uzi
dø kat got zik øn udon ma:uzi
øn evri tø:øm de: vo:k went ap to bed
dø: wør øhagrad til de: wør hø:f ded
dø: just to ki:(h)ør ø aut ø høsø tiz tru:
ønæıløn ap øt duør ø høsiz ſu:
øn ø:n øhørd de: færma:røz wøø:f did trø:
øt dek ø nidøl ar ø pin
intu (h)ør (w)uøld hærød wøøød skin
øn dre: (h)ør blød økømøn bøi
bøt ši: kud nevø vøtø ø drøp
ør plønøz did plø:n øn nidøløz just to snap
røt af jø no: øn øøt in ku:s
død mjøk øø høg bi:wøʃ øm wøø
APPENDIX: A SUMMARY OF SECTIONS 7 AND 8 OF *WBPG*

This summary gives only the conclusions reached, usually omitting the arguments leading to those conclusions and the comparisons with neighbouring districts. Addenda to the original guide are enclosed in curly brackets. Vowels are arranged according to Wells’s classification in his *Accents of English* (1.xviii–xix), reproduced below.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>RP</th>
<th>Gen</th>
<th>No</th>
<th>KEYWORD</th>
<th>Examples</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>i</td>
<td>i</td>
<td>1.</td>
<td>KIT</td>
<td>ship, sick, bridge, milk, myth, busy ...</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>e</td>
<td>e</td>
<td>2.</td>
<td>DRESS</td>
<td>step, neck, edge, shelf, friend, ready ...</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>æ</td>
<td>æ</td>
<td>3.</td>
<td>TRAP</td>
<td>tap, back, badge, scalp, hand, cancel ...</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>o</td>
<td>o</td>
<td>4.</td>
<td>LOT</td>
<td>stop, sock, dodge, romp, quality ...</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>θ</td>
<td>θ</td>
<td>5.</td>
<td>STRUT</td>
<td>cup, suck, budge, pulse, trunk, blood ...</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>u</td>
<td>u</td>
<td>6.</td>
<td>FOOT</td>
<td>put, bush, full, good, look, wolf ...</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>a:</td>
<td>æ</td>
<td>7.</td>
<td>BATH</td>
<td>staff, brass, ask, dance, sample, calf ...</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>o:</td>
<td>ər</td>
<td>8.</td>
<td>CLOTH</td>
<td>cough, broth, cross, long, Boston ...</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>e:</td>
<td>i</td>
<td>9.</td>
<td>NURSE</td>
<td>hurt, lurk, burst, jerk, term ...</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ei</td>
<td>ei</td>
<td>10.</td>
<td>FLEECE</td>
<td>creep, speak, leave, feel, key, people ...</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>a:</td>
<td>a</td>
<td>11.</td>
<td>FACE</td>
<td>tape, cake, raid, veil, steak, day ...</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>øu</td>
<td>o</td>
<td>12.</td>
<td>PALM</td>
<td>psalm, father, bra, spa, lager ...</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>øu</td>
<td>o</td>
<td>13.</td>
<td>THOUGHT</td>
<td>taught, sauce, hawk, jaw, broad ...</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ai</td>
<td>ai</td>
<td>14.</td>
<td>GOAT</td>
<td>soap, joke, home, know, so, roll ...</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ai</td>
<td>ai</td>
<td>15.</td>
<td>GOOSE</td>
<td>loop, shoot, tomb, mute, huge, view ...</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>au</td>
<td>au</td>
<td>16.</td>
<td>PRICE</td>
<td>ripe, write, arrive, high, try, buy ...</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>eo</td>
<td>e(r)</td>
<td>17.</td>
<td>CHOICE</td>
<td>adroit, noise, join, toy, royal ...</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>aw</td>
<td>aw</td>
<td>18.</td>
<td>MOUTH</td>
<td>out, house, loud, count, crowd, cow ...</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>iə</td>
<td>ɪ(r)</td>
<td>19.</td>
<td>NEAR</td>
<td>beer, sincere, fear, beard, serum ...</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>eo</td>
<td>e(r)</td>
<td>20.</td>
<td>SQUARE</td>
<td>care, fair, pear, where, scarce, vary ...</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ø:</td>
<td>ɑ(r)</td>
<td>21.</td>
<td>START</td>
<td>far, sharp, bark, carve, farm, heart ...</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ø:</td>
<td>ɔ(r)</td>
<td>22.</td>
<td>NORTH</td>
<td>for, war, short, scorch, born, warm ...</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ø:</td>
<td>ɑ(r)</td>
<td>23.</td>
<td>FORCE</td>
<td>four, wore, sport, porch, story ...</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>uə</td>
<td>u(r)</td>
<td>24.</td>
<td>CURE</td>
<td>poor, tourist, pure, plural, jury ...</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

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3 Wells’s symbols for this set are in fact /ə/ and /ɜ/. In order to use as few symbols as possible I have substituted /ə/ for /a/, as originally used by Daniel Jones and as re-adopted by *AED* and by *OED* in its latest online revision.
7 VOWELS

7.1 The KIT set

The KIT set (Wells, 2.2.1) contains words with a stressed syllable that has the sound /ɪ/ (generally called “short i”) in both RP and GenAm.

7.1.1 In §16 of the Diss. Barnes draws a distinction between the vowel sounds in *wit* and *dip* in proto-RP, the former being higher than the latter. This may help to explain why words with short *i* (presumably of the *dip* type) are sometimes spelled with *e* and rhymed with words with a stressed syllable that has the sound /ɛ/.

7.1.2 Final *-y* or *-ey* (“the happy vowel”, as Wells engagingly calls it) is always /ɪ/ rather than /ɪ/.

7.1.3 I have not found any way of predicting which of the two subsets words with short *i* will belong with, WIT or DIP, and Barnes appears not to distinguish between them in rhyme. Accordingly, though I transcribe final *y* and *ey* as /ɪ/ in accordance with 7.1.2, I use /ɪ/ for all instances of short *i* that are spelled with *i*, except where other factors (such as the loss of *-v* in *give* or *-th* in *with*) suggest heightening and/or lengthening of the vowel.

7.1.4 Where spelling and/or rhyme point to an entirely different phoneme in place of short *i*, I transcribe accordingly. For example:

a) *bridge* and *ridge* always have the vowel /ʌ/;

b) *pick*, *rick*, *hit*, *spit*, *if*, and a few other words are sometimes spelled with *e* for *i*, in which case I transcribe the vowel as /ɛ/;

c) for *grist* (rhyming with *hoist*) see 7.16.11.

7.1.5 In both the broad and the modified forms of the dialect Barnes uses the spelling *-ën* for the unstressed *-ing* ending on present participles and verbal nouns. There is no apparent difference in pronunciation between this and the unstressed *-en* ending of amalgamated negatives (e.g. *didden*), past participles of strong verbs (e.g. *given*), or other words ending in *-en* (e.g. *maiden*, *often*). Rhymes suggest that the normal pronunciation is /ɔn/, with /ɪn/ and possibly /ɛn/ as an occasional variant.
7.1.6 I take the word *min* to mean ‘man’ or ‘mate’ or ‘friend’ and the pronunciation to be /min/.

7.1.7 Loss of final /ð/ in *with* (shown by the frequent spelling *wi*) leads to raising of /i/ to /ɪ/ and possibly lengthening to /iː/ (see 8.13.2).

7.1.8 Loss of /v/ in *give* (shown by the spelling *gi’e*) leads to raising and lengthening of /i/ to /ɪ/ (see 8.15.1).

7.1.9 I take the pronunciation of the stressed syllable in the word *spirit* to be /spær/ irrespective of the spelling (*spurrit, spirit, or speret*), {and of that in *squirrel* (spelled thus or *squerre*) to be /skwar/}.

7.1.10 The pronunciation of *women* may be /wəmən/ or /wumən/.

7.2 The DRESS set

The DRESS set (Wells, 2.2.2) contains words with a stressed syllable that has the vowel generally called “short e,” /ɛ/ in RP and /ɛ/ in GenAm. Words with this vowel may have one of three pronunciations in Barnes’s poems: /ɛ/, /ɪ/, or /a/.

7.2.1 The usual pronunciation is /ɛ/, as in StE.

7.2.2 /ɪ/ for /ɛ/. Some words sometimes have /ɪ/ for /ɛ/, but the evidence suggests that /ɪ/ is only an occasional variant. I therefore transcribe the vowel as /ɛ/ except where spelling or rhyme show that Barnes intended the pronunciation with /ɪ/.

7.2.3 /a/ (see 7.3, TRAP) for /ɛ/. Barnes comments that in Dorset “a is frequently substituted for e: as in *bag, beg*[;] *bagger, begger; kag, keg; agg, egg; lag, leg*” (Diss., §18). The substitution is also found in words that do not have the combination -eg: *drash* (thresh), *drashel* (threshold), *langth* (length), *alassen* (unless), *strangth* (strength), *stratch* (stretch), *watshod* (wetshod), and *yaller* (yellow: 3 instances only, all in 1844, the more usual spelling being *yoller*; see further 7.4 below). I transcribe the vowel as /ɛ/ except where spelling or rhyme show that Barnes intended the pronunciation with /a/.
7.3 The TRAP set

The TRAP set (Wells, 2.2.3) contains words with a stressed syllable that has the vowel generally called “short a.” It contains all words with /æ/ in RP and those words with /æ/ in GenAm that do not belong in the BATH set (7.7 below).

7.3.1 “In most rural western speech the TRAP vowel is qualitatively [a] rather than [æ]” (Wells, 4.3.7, p. 345). I have assumed that this is true for Barnes’s poems.

7.3.2 There is a small group of words spelled with a in StE showing variation in spelling between a and o in Barnes’s poems (gnat, sat, and a few words spelled with o in StE discussed under 7.4), presumably reflecting variation in pronunciation between /a/ and /o/. I have assumed an intermediate pronunciation between the two, i.e. /a/.

{Rottle (always so spelled) may appear to be a form of rattle, like zot for sat. OED notes, however, that rattle and rottle have different origins, the first “related to Dutch ratelen to chatter, babble, to make a rattling or clacking sound,” the second “to Middle Dutch röelen to rattle, to clatter, to breathe laboriously, to wheeze.” We may take it, accordingly, that the vowel in rottle is /o/, not /a/. Similarly with yoppèn (‘yapping’): EDD records spellings with o and pronunciations with /o/ in several SW counties, including Dorset.}

7.3.3 Spelling and rhyme evidence show that in Barnes’s poems the verb carry becomes /kæri/, with loss of final /i/ and lengthening of the vowel to /æ:/.

7.3.4 On the evidence of the short a in OED (s.v. clavel) I have assumed that clavy has a short a in Barnes’s poems, i.e. /a/.

7.3.5 I have assumed that the vowel in unstressed and, as, at, than, that, etc. is reduced to /ə/, as in RP.

7.3.6 For plait, a member of the TRAP set in RP, see 7.11.6 below.
7.4 The LOT set

The LOT set (Wells, 2.2.4) contains words with a stressed syllable that has the vowel generally called “short o.” This includes words with /o/ in RP (excluding those that belong in the CLOTH set, 7.8 below) and /a/ in GenAm, whether spelled with o (top, pot, dog, clock, copse, etc.) or with a (what, watch, want, wasp, etc.).

In Barnes’s poems the vowel is normally /o/, in spite of the general unrounding in the SW to /a/. There is a handful of words that show variation in spelling between a and o: drop, John and Johnny, yond (in beyond and yonder), and yellow (yaller or yoller in 1844, always yellow in the modified form of the dialect). As with gnat and sat in 7.3.2 I assume that the vowel is /a/, intermediate between /a/ and /o/.

7.4.1 I assume that the vowel in unstressed from and in of when spelled o’ (for which see 8.3.2) is reduced to /ə/, as in RP.

{7.4.2 The hovel / shovel rhyme in “Eclogue: The 'lotments” may strike RP speakers as a half-rhyme, but, since OED gives /əv/ as an alternative to /əv/ for the stressed syllable, we may take it as a full rhyme on the sound /əvəl/.}

7.5 The STRUT set

The STRUT set (Wells, 2.2.5) contains words with a stressed syllable that has the vowel /ʌ/, generally called “short u,” in both RP and GenAm.

7.5.1 There was no distinction in ME between the vowel sound in cut and that in put: both had the sound /u/, as they still do in the north of England. In Barnes’s poems, as in RP and the south of England generally, the sound is normally /ʌ/.

7.5.2 A few words in Barnes’s poems have /ʌ/ where they do not have it in RP: put, pudding, roof (usually spelled ruf), bosom (frequently buzzom in 1844), self (frequently spelled yarf, especially in myzuf, etc.). {I have assumed that the stressed syllables in butcher and hovel (for which see 7.4.2) likewise have /ʌ/}. Occasional rhymes between words with /ʌ/ and words from Wells’s
GOAT set suggest that the second element of that diphthong would have been /ʌ/ or /ɔ/ (see further 7.14.3).

7.5.3 Love and the stressed syllable of above have /ʌ/, as in RP; but it is not clear whether rhymes between one of these and other words ending in -ove (move, prove, grove, drove,rove) are true rhymes or simply eye-rhymes. Jennings’s rhymes and spellings——appruv, appruv’d (rh. lov’d), pruv (outside rhyme as well as rh. love), pruf (proof), ruf (roof), rum (room), shut (shoot, rh. put)—suggest that in the early 19th century some words with /ʌ/ in RP (prove, approve, proof,roof,room,shoot) had /ʌ/ in East Somerset, thus supporting Barnes’s rhyming not only of move/prove/love/above but also of roof/buff/stuff/ enough. It seems reasonable therefore to transcribe move, prove, and roof with /ʌ/ in Barnes’s poems {although the two occurrences in 1844 of the spelling mōv—(in “The milk-māid o’ the farm” and “Looks a-know’d avore”) may suggest /mɔv/ as an alternative for move}; but drove, grove androve remain problematic.

7.5.4 The words rut,strut, and a-strut are always spelled with -out in Barnes’s poems and are rhymed only with the word out. It is clear that their vowel is the /ɔu/ diphthong of the MOUTH set (see 7.18.1, 7.18.4).

7.5.5 That crust and dust sometimes have /ʌ/ as in RP is shown by rhyme, but Barnes’s preferred spelling for both words outside rhyme is with -oust, suggesting that his preferred pronunciation for these words, too, is with the diphthong /ɔu/ (see again 7.18.1, 7.18.4).

7.5.6 In its sole occurrence in rhyme (with dust) just is spelled (and evidently pronounced) as in StE, /dʒast/. But Barnes’s normal spellings in 1844 are jis’ and jist, suggesting that his preferred pronunciations are /dʒis/ and /dʒist/. {Similarly such is always spelled sich in 1844 (apart from two occurrences of such in “Ānt’s tantrums”); and in “Bees a-zwarmen” it is rhymed with ditch and pitch, showing that the preferred pronunciation was /sɪtʃ/. In later editions, however, such is also frequently used, suggesting that /sætʃ/ was an acceptable alternative.}

7.5.7 Spelling and rhyme suggest three possible pronunciations for one (and for the pre-final element of once) in Barnes’s poems: /uən/, /wən/, and (as
in RP) /wan/. The word _arn_, which occurs only in “The witch” in 1844 and 1847, is not another form of _one_, but a contraction of the phrase _ever a one_.

7.5.8 Although _none_ is descended from the same OE root as _one_, its spelling (_nuone_ in 1844, _nwone_ in the modified form of the dialect) and its use in rhyme suggest different development in the dialect, the likely pronunciation being /nuan/ or /nuon/. As with _arn_ (see 7.5.7) so with _narn_: it is a contraction of _never a one_ (not entered in the 1844 Glossary), pronounced /nərn/.

7.5.9 For _among_ (RP /əmən/) see 7.8.3.

7.5.10 I have assumed that words such as _but_, _must_, _up_, _us_, etc. have unstressed forms with /ə/ for /ʌ/, as in RP.

### 7.6 The FOOT set

The FOOT set (Wells, 2.2.6) contains words with a stressed syllable that has the vowel /u/ in both RP and GenAm. Most words belonging to this set can be expected to have /u/ in Barnes’s poems, just as in RP. The following additional points should be noted:

7.6.1 Some words that have /u/ in RP have /ʌ/ in Barnes’s poems, e.g. _put_ and _bosom_ (see 7.5.2); there is, however, no evidence to suggest that _push_ and _bush_ do not have /u/ as in RP.

7.6.2 Some words with /u:/ in RP have /u/ in Barnes’s poems, e.g. _food_, _mood_, and _moot_ (‘tree-stump’).

7.6.3 Some words with /u:/ in RP may have either /u/ or /u:/ in Barnes’s poems, e.g. _shoo_, rhyming with _foot_ and _soot_ as well as with _flute_.

7.6.4 Some words with /u/ in RP may have either /u/ or /u:/ in Barnes’s poems, e.g. _wool_, which rhymes not only with _pull_ but also with _pool_.

7.6.5 _Look_ is frequently spelled _lo’k_ in 1844, but it is rhymed only with _brook_, _nook_, and other words having the vowel /u/, as in RP. In the absence of any firm evidence to the contrary, I transcribe all forms of _look_ as /lʊk/, irrespective of their spelling. _Lauk_ has no connection with _look_: it is an
exclamation corrupted from Lord (of the same type as gosh from God), and has, I assume, its normal pronunciation, /lɔːk/.

7.7 The BATH set

The BATH set (Wells, 2.2.7) contains words with a stressed syllable that has the vowel /ɑː/ in RP and /æ/ in GenAm: staff, brass, ask, aunt, master, dance, sample, calf, etc. Strictly speaking, father belongs with the PALM set (see 7.12 below), but it is dealt with here since it behaves in the same way as after, call, laugh, last, etc. The pronunciation of words in the BATH set in Barnes’s poems is strikingly varied, from /ɑː/ to /jaː/ to /ɛː/.

7.7.1 The pronunciation of the vowel in the BATH set in Barnes’s poems is likely to be /ɑː/, further forward than RP /ɑː/.

7.7.2 The rhymes grass/ass, grass/lass, and pa’son/cassen, which would in RP be false rhymes between a long and a short vowel, may well have been true rhymes for Barnes. As Wells points out, “vowel length is not as important phonologically in the west as it is in other parts of England. Traditionally short vowels are lengthened in many environments…. This applies particularly when … monosyllables are phrase-final and intonationally prominent”—as they would be at the end of a line (4.3.7, p. 345). It seems probable that the short vowel in ass, lass, and cassen (‘canst not’) was lengthened to /aː/, making these true rhymes.

7.7.3 Barnes’s spelling of master in 1844 (always miaster, replaced by meäster in the modified form of the dialect) is a clear indication of an introductory i-glide, creating the sound /jaː/ (with the stress on the second element) for the stressed vowel. (A similar glide is found in garden and part; see the START set, 7.21.2–3 below.)

7.7.4 On some of the words in this and the palm set Barnes himself comments, “The third [front] sound of a in mate is often substituted for the first [back] one of a in rather; as fäther, father; lafe, laugh; a’ter, after; hafe, half. The author has in this case marked it ă” (Diss., §23). To these examples may be added others from the BATH set with non-StE spelling in 1844, e.g. aunt, answer, can’t, dance, glance, last, path, etc. Barnes uses several different
spellings to indicate the dialect pronunciation: addition of final -e (as frequently with laste); addition of a length mark over a (as declared in the Diss.); substitution of ae or ē for a (as sometimes with faether for father and léste for last), etc. Though the spellings vary, however, and though all these words are re-spelled conventionally in the modified form of the dialect, Barnes is remarkably consistent in showing in 1844 that he did not wish these words to be pronounced as in “book English”. To the best of my knowledge, indeed, every instance of one of these words in 1844 is spelled in one of the ways indicating dialect rather than StE pronunciation. In accordance with Barnes’s description I transcribe all such words with the sound /ɛː/ (see Section 4 above).

7.8 The CLOTH set

The CLOTH set (Wells, 2.2.8) contains those words with short o in their stressed syllable that do not belong in the LOT set (7.4 above): in RP they have the vowel /ɒ/ (like those in the LOT set); in GenAm they have the vowel /ə/. Words in this set have short o followed by /f/ or /ft/ (off, cough, soft, often, etc.), /s/ or /st/ (cross, toss, frost, lost, etc.), /θ/ (cloth, froth, etc.), /ŋ/ (long, wrong, etc.), or /r/ (quarrel, sorrow, etc.). The pronunciation of words in this set has varied greatly in the SW since the mid 19th century.

7.8.1 Most words in the CLOTH set behave in Barnes’s poems in the same way as those in the LOT set (7.4 above), retaining /ɒ/ in spite of the tendency in the SW to unround the vowel to /ɑː/.

7.8.2 For quarrel, sorry, and other words with -arr- and -orr- see 7.22.5.

7.8.3 As consistently shown by rhyme, among belongs in this set for Barnes, rhyming always with words in /ɒŋ/, never (as in RP) with those in /ʌŋ/.

7.8.4 As shown by both spelling (boss or bo’se) and rhyme (always with words in -oss), horse belongs in this set for Barnes, pronounced /hɔs/. 

7.8.5 The word soft belongs in this set, with (presumably) the normal pronunciation /ɒf/. The dialect form sate (occurring only in the 1844 and
1847 versions of “Poll’s jack dā” and in Barnes’s various Glossaries) has the vowel /ɛ/.

### 7.9 The NURSE set

The NURSE set (Wells, 2.2.9) contains words with a stressed syllable that has the sound /ɔ:/ in RP and /ər/ in GenAm, spelled with any of several different vowels or vowel combinations followed by -r: -er- (term, herd, etc.), -ear- (earn, heard, etc.), -ir- (fir, bird, etc.), -or- (worth, word, etc.), -our- ( scourge, journey, etc.), or -ur- (fur, urn, etc.).

7.9.1 The vowel is pronounced /ɔ:/, as in RP, but the following /r/ is also sounded (see 8.8.1), yielding /ər/.

7.9.2 The survival of the /ər/ pronunciation from eMnE is shown in Barnes’s poems by the -ar- spellings in 1844 in words spelled with -er- or -ear- in StE (certain, earn, earnest, German, herb, learn, serve, search, serpent, and their compounds, spelled sarten, sarta(i)nly, yarnest, jarman, yarb, larn, sar or sarve, sarcb, sarpent in 1844, sometimes respelled as in StE in the modified form of the dialect), and by rhymes in which some of these words appear. The rhyme earn/burn in “Eclogue:—The common a-took in” suggests, however, that in his own day Barnes regarded /ər/ in earn as an acceptable alternative to /ər/, in spite of the 1844 spelling yarn.

7.9.3 Words from 7.9.2 with initial er- or ear- are consistently spelled with initial yar- in 1844, clearly indicating a pronunciation with initial /j/, thus yarn, yarnèn, yarnest, yarbs (‘earn, earning, earnest, herbs’); the initial combination is less helpfully respelled in later editions as eär.

7.9.4 Metathesis of r + vowel brings some words into this set in Barnes’s dialect that would not otherwise belong here; thus girt and pirty or perty (often standardized to pretty in later editions), both with /ər/, for great and pretty (Diss., §34; see 8.8.3).

7.9.5 Loss of /r/ before “a hissing palate letter” (/s/, /z/, /θ/) takes some words out of this set in Barnes’s poems that would otherwise be in it (see Diss., §35, and 8.8.5 below):
7.9.6 The vowel in *beard* may be */ɔ:rd/ as in StE (or */jɔ:r/, with the stress on the second element, when *beard* is spelled *beârd*), or */iɔr/ (with the stress on the first element), as shown by rhymes with *beard, feared*, and *sheared*.

7.9.7 As shown by spelling (*murn* and confirmed by rhyme, *mourn* is a member of the *NURSE* set for Barnes (with the pronunciation */mɔ:rn*/), though it belongs with the *FORCE* set in StE (see 7.23.5).

7.10 The *FLEECE* set

The *FLEECE* set (Wells, 2.2.10) contains words with a stressed syllable that has the vowel “long e,” pronounced */i:/ in RP and */i/ in GenAm. The native English words are generally spelled with *ee* like *fleece* itself (*feet, seed, keen*, etc.), with *ea* (*beat, bead, mean*, etc.), with *e+C+e* (*even, etc.*), with *ie* (*field*, etc.), with *ey* (*key*), or with *e* alone (*be, me*, etc.); the words adopted from other languages (only the commonest of which are used in Barnes’s dialect poems) may be spelled in any of these ways, or with *ei* (*concept, receive*, etc.), with *i+C+e* (*machine, police*, etc.), or with various other combinations, such as *eo* (*people*), *oe* (*phoenix*), *ay* (*quay*), *ae* (*Caesar*), etc. Words with this sound in current English that occur in Barnes’s poems may have any of the several possible pronunciations discussed below.

7.10.1 The majority of words spelled with *ee*, *e+C+e*, *ie*, or *e* alone and pronounced */i:/ in RP (descended from */e:/ in ME)—*deep, see, evening, field, me*, etc.—have */i:/ in Barnes’s poems as in RP. But *been* is always spelled *bin* or *ben* in 1844, though frequently StE *been* is substituted in later editions. I
take it that the possible pronunciations are /bi:n/, /bin/, or /bi:n/. The pronoun _he_ will normally be /hi:/, but the unstressed form, 'e, is /ə/ (Diss. §19). One may reasonably posit also a semi-stressed form in /iː/ or /i/.  

7.10.2 Barnes consistently spells _chime_ and _shine_ with _ee_ (see Diss., §23), and the pronunciation with /iː/ is confirmed by rhyme.

7.10.3 Most words that had /eː/ in ME (generally now spelled with _ea_) have developed /iː/ in RP, so that _meat, see, and bean_ have become homophones of _meet, see, and been_. Where Barnes gives no indication to the contrary, whether in spelling, rhyme, or grammatical commentary, it is reasonable to assume that the pronunciation is /iː/; but some words spelled with _ea_ and pronounced with /iː/ in RP are pronounced in other ways in Barnes’s poems; a number of them appear to fluctuate between /iː/ and an alternative pronunciation, as discussed below.

7.10.4 As Barnes himself remarks in §19 of the Diss., “For the first long close sound of _ea_ as in _beaver, dream_, the second is often substituted, as _bœver, drœm_...” That is to say, in Barnes’s dialect the highest long front vowel, /iː/, is often replaced by the vowel immediately below it, which he describes in §16 of the Diss. as “e long in the western dialects” and which he calls elsewhere “the Dorset ē” (1863 Grammar, p. 11) or “the Dorset ê” (1886 Glossary, p. 1). The sound intended appears to be /eː/ (often indicated by the spelling ēa or ē), but Barnes’s practice in both spelling and rhyme suggests that pronunciations with /iː/ and /eː/ were both acceptable in his dialect. Accordingly I transcribe the vowel in words spelled with _ea_ in StE as /eː/ when Barnes spells it with ēa or ē, but otherwise as /iː/. {Where, however, words with ēa are rhymed with words having _ea_ or _ee_, as in pleæse / vleæs_ in “Bob the fiddler” and _ēase_ / _trees_ in “Evemèn in the village” (both in 1844), I transcribe both words with /iː/. But _ease_ is also spelled yeæse_ in “The Church an’ happy Zunday” (1844), indicating initial /j/; and several times in 1879 it’s spelled eæse, and rhymed with words that have the sound /iə/. There appear to be several possible pronunciations for _ease_: /iːz/, /eːz/, and /iəz/, with or without initial /j/ in each case.}
7.10.5 The spelling ë appears in 1844 not only in words spelled with ea in StE but also in a small number of other words with /iː/ or /eː/: bën’t (be not, i.e. ‘are not’); crêp (creep); mësh(y), m ass y (moss, mossy, from OE meos, see OED †mese, n.’); nësh (nesh, i.e. ‘soft, tender’). In all these instances the vowel is presumably /eː/.

7.10.6 The verb drive is almost always spelled drēve in 1844 and 1847 (thereafter usually dreve), indicating that it has /eː/.

7.10.7 Other commentators also note the preference for /eː/ over /iː/ in SW dialects in many words that have /iː/ in StE.

7.10.8 A handful of words in 1844 are spelled with eä: afeärd, beäns, beänban’ (bear in hand, i.e. ‘think, believe’), beäs (beasts), beäit, bleäit, cheäk(s), cleän, deäl, feäst, geätt(e) (gate), beärd, Jeän, leäd, leän, leäp, leäse or leäze (a stocked pasture “in distinction from a mead which is mowed,” 1844 Glossary), leäst, leäve, leäzer (gleaner), meäd(s), meän(èn), and sheärs. I transcribe this sound throughout as /iə/. (On the similarity between this diphthong and that in words belonging to the FACE set see 7.11.2; on the instability of the diphthong in beat and mead see 7.11.3.)

7.10.9 The rhyme with leäze in the second stanza of “Sweet music in the wind” (“I’ll think how in the rushy leäze / O’ zunny evemens jis’ lik’ theös, / In happy times I us’d to zee / Thy comely shiape about thik tree” shows that the vowel of the demonstratives theös (1844) and theäse (later editions), both meaning this or these, has the same sound as that discussed in the preceding paragraph, /iə/.

7.10.10 Barnes invariably spells heat in his dialect poems as het and rhymes it with words ending in /iː/; the vowel is thus clearly not the /iː/ of StE but /eː/.

7.10.11 Keep, meet, and week may be spelled with either ee or i in 1844. Although keep is rhymed only on the sound /iːp/ and meet on /iːt/, week is rhymed on both /iːk/ and /iː/. The rhymes on /iːk/ are kept in later editions, even when week is respelled as in StE. The logical conclusion is that in these words pronunciations with /iː/ and /iː/ were both acceptable in
Barnes’s dialect. In transcribing these words, accordingly, I use /i(ː)/ when the spelling is with ee, and /i/ when it is with i.

{Seem is usually so spelled, and rhymes with team, cheem, scream, dream, etc.; but it is also occasionally spelled sim. I transcribe it accordingly as /sim/ when it rhymes on the sound /iːm/, /si(ː)m/ when the spelling is seem outside rhyme, and /sim/ when the spelling is sim. Similarly sweet, spelled with i in swithearts in the second stanza of “The woody holler” (1844), but elsewhere always with ee, and rhymed with meet, veet, and sheet.}

7.10.12 The current pronunciation of key, sea, and tea in StE makes them members of the FLEECE set; historically, however, they belong with the FACE set. They are discussed in 7.11.7 and 7.11.9 below.

7.10.13 In Barnes’s dialect poems cheek is never spelled with ee as in StE but almost always with eä, suggesting that the dialect form is derived from the West Saxon céæce, in contrast to the StE form, which is from Anglian céce. Barnes’s consistent avoidance of the spelling cheek confirms that vowel is never /iː/; his favoured spelling, with eä, implies that the pronunciation will always be /iɔ/ (see 7.10.8 above).

7.10.14 The usual spelling of weak and its derivatives in Barnes’s poems is with ea, as in StE; occasionally with ēa or eã. Nowhere, in spite of its usual StE spelling, does weak rhyme with a word that has, indisputably, the vowel /iː/ as in RP. Since /iː/ cannot be conclusively ruled out, however, the possible pronunciations appear to be /wek/, with the Dorset ē (see 7.10.4), /wïsk/, as in the rhymes with cheäk, and /wiːk/, as in RP.

7.10.15 The word peony appears rarely in Barnes’s dialect poems: once, spelled pi’ny, once, in the plural, spelled pinies in both early and late editions. In present-day recordings it is rendered variously as /pami/, /pïni/, and /piːni/, all of which would appear possible from the 18th-century spellings piney, piny, pinny, and peeny recorded in OED for the south of England. Barnes’s spelling perhaps (but not certainly) implies /pɔmì/ (see 7.16.1).
7.11 The FACE set

The FACE set (Wells, 2.2.11) contains words with a stressed syllable that has the vowel “long a,” the diphthong /æt/, in both RP and GenAm. This may be spelled in a number of different ways (a+C+e, ai, ay, ei, ey, eigh, etc.), representing several different origins; these different origins tend to have different pronunciations in Barnes’s dialect, as shown below.

7.11.1 The commonest spelling for this set in StE is C+a+C+e, as in bake, case, shape, etc. Barnes’s normal spelling for the a in this combination in 1844 and 1847 is ia (biak, ciase, shiape, etc.); in later editions the ia is replaced throughout by eä (beäke, ceäse, sheäpe, etc.). As explained in 7.11.2, I transcribe this sound as /je/. 7.11.2 The similarity between the diphthongs in words spelled with ia and eä in 1844 calls for further comment. Not only is Barnes’s initial description of the diphthongs (in §§19 and 21 of the Diss.) the same, but his decision to spell them in the same way (with eä) in later editions suggests perhaps that the difference in pronunciation is too slight to be worth bothering about. If this is indeed the case, it makes homophones or very near homophones of such pairs as bane (1844 biane, later editions beän) and bean (always beän), lane (1844 liane, later editions leän) and lean (always leän). Nevertheless, with the exception of beat, gate, and mead, which appear to be special cases (see 7.11.3), Barnes avoids rhymes between words of the bane type and those of the bean type. It is clear, then, that the distinction between the two diphthongs was important to Barnes.

This distinction involves not only the quality of the second element of the diphthong (/æ/ in the one case, /ə/ in the other) but also the placement of stress. In words of the bean type, where the second element is /ə/, the stress will be on the first element, since the second element, schwa, is by its very nature unstressed. Thus beän, with a falling diphthong, will sound similar to StE bean, but with a slight off-glise following the initial /i(ə)/; in ordinary script its sound might be represented as “BEEun.” In bane and other words from the face set, in contrast, there is evidently a rising diphthong (with the stress on the second element), as shown by the rhymes with words such as let, wet, neck, etc.; in ordinary script the sound of bane might be represented as “biEN” or “byEN.” (To distinguish between these
falling and rising diphthongs in this guide I use /i/ as the first element of a falling diphthong and /j/ for the first element of a rising diphthong, hence the transcriptions /biən/ for bean and /bjen/ for bane.

7.11.3 The words beat, gate, and mead appear to be special cases where the diphthong is sufficiently unstable to allow rhymes with words from different sets. Beat, always spelled beät, will normally be expected to have the diphthong /iə/ (see 7.10.8); it is rhymed, however, only with gate (several times) and wet, the second rhyme clearly suggesting that the diphthong is /je/. Gate (spelled gate, ghate, geät, or geäte) rhymes not only with let and wet, but also with beat and treat. The rhymes with let and wet are to be expected, assuming that the diphthong in gate is normally /je/; that with treat, however, suggests that the diphthong is /iə/. As for the rhymes between gate and beat themselves, it would appear that the diphthong in both words may be either /iə/ or /je/. Mead, always spelled meäd, shows more flexibility than beät: it rhymes not only with lead, snead, and bead (all with the diphthong /iə/) but also with zeed and reed (/iː/), homestead (/e/), and shade (/je/), suggesting three possible pronunciations for mead: /miəd/, /miːd/, and /mjeːd/.

7.11.4 The rhyming of again (spelled aģen, aģēin, aģiën, or aģaen) with words ending in both -en and -ane may suggest that again has the same two pronunciations in the dialect as in StE, /aģen/ and /aģen/. But the rhymes with words in -ane are on /jen/ (see 7.11.1–2); again is not rhymed with words ending in -ain, which would have the sound /æin/. The possible pronunciations of again in Barnes’s dialect are /aģen/ and /aģiën/ (the same rhyme sound, with or without an introductory i-glise).

7.11.5 When the vowel is in initial position, as in able, ache, acorn, acre, ale, ape, apron, the spelling of 1844 is invariably ya- (yable, yache, etc.), suggesting that in initial position the introductory /j/ has some prominence; the spelling is changed in later editions to ea (eabilité, eāche, etc.). Barnes’s two spellings of acorns in 1844 (yacors and yakkers, both replaced by eācorns in later editions), suggest two possible pronunciations, /jeːkərз/ and /jəkərз/.
One group belonging to the FACE set contains words spelled with ai, ay, ei, ey, or eigh (excluding those words with ay or ey discussed in 7.11.7, 8, and 10). Barnes’s own comment on this group in §22 of the Diss. is as follows: “The diphthongs ai or ay and ei or ey, the third long [front] sound as in May, bay, maid, paid, vein, neighbour, prey, are sounded,—like the Greek [i.e. Classical Greek] ai,—the a or e the first [back] sound as a in father and the i or y as ee the first [front] sound. The author has marked the a of diphthongs so sounded with a circumflex; as Mây, hây, máid, pâid, vâin, nâighbour, prin.” In later editions aï and aÿ are substituted for âi and ây (Maï, hây, maïd, pâid, vâin, naïghbour, etc.). Barnes’s description of the diphthong as a combination of /aː/+/iː/ (or, with short vowels, /a/+/i/ = /ai/) makes it sound very similar to the /ai/ diphthong of RP high, pride, ery, etc. In current recordings of Barnes’s poems read by conservative dialect speakers, however, the diphthong sounds closer to the /æi/ of Cockney mate or Australian G’day. I transcribe the diphthong in this group, accordingly, as /æi/.

The inclusion of plait in this subset, as implied by the spelling plaïted (/plaɪt/ in the third stanza of “Pentridge by the river,” may be surprising to RP speakers, for whom the word belongs in the TRAP set; but Barnes’s listing of the word in the 1854 Philological Grammar as an example of the “third long sound” in proto-RP, along with main, rain, strait, etc. is supported by the detailed etymological note in OED, showing that the current pronunciation is recent.

A second group containing words spelled in StE with ay or ey (and their derivatives) forms a subset of its own. Its members are clay, day, fay (v. ‘succeed, prosper’), lay, say, way (but see further 7.11.8), grey, key, and whey, in all of which the ay or ey is descended from OE æg or eg, with the vowel long or short. (The final g in these words in OE was pronounced not /ɡ/ as in dog but /j/ or /i/ as in present English day.) Barnes’s spellings for these words, in addition to the StE spelling, include a, á, æ, ā, æ, and ê (clá; da, dā, dæ, dāe; lāe, lae; zā, zae; grê (in grêgole ‘bluebell’, later respelled grege); and wê; for way see 7.11.8); except in vary rare instances they are not spelled with ãy (1844) or ây (later editions) and do not rhyme with words so spelled, discussed in 7.11.6. Barnes notes that day and whey have the Dorset ê (1886 Glossary, p. 3), and I normally therefore transcribe the vowel in this group of
words as /ɛ:/ (see 7.10.4 above); *day* and *fay*, however, are exceptional in that they are rhymed both with words in this group and with words in 7.11.6, suggesting the co-existence in the dialect of the pronunciations /deː/, /feː/ and /deɪ/, /fæɪ/.

Whereas *laid* and *said* (OE lægde and sægde), the past tenses of *lay* and *say*, are the same in form (apart from the initial consonant), their pronunciation in RP has diverged, *laid* retaining the vowel of the infinitive and *said* normally being shortened to /sed/. Rhymes show that in Barnes’s dialect this divergence has not happened: *said* (spelled *zed*, *zaid*, or *zaɪd*) is pronounced as in RP and *laid* (though spelled as in StE) has evidently undergone the same shortening, since it rhymes only with words ending in /əd/.

The current pronunciation of *key* in StE, with /iː/, makes its presence in this group seem odd, but this pronunciation is, as *OED* points out, “abnormal”; and “that *key* had the same vowel [as *clay*, *grey*, etc.] in ME. is proved not only by the frequent spelling *kay*, but by its constantly riming with *day*, *way*, *say*, *play*, etc. This was evidently the standard pronunciation down to the close of the 17th c.; Dryden has the rime with *way* more than once in one of his latest works (1700)” (*OED, key, n.1*). See further 7.11.9.

7.11.8 The pronunciation of *way* and *away* is very unstable. Historically these words belong with the subset in 7.11.7, and where they are spelled with *ay* without diacritics (as is usually the case) and/or where they are rhymed with a word from the *clay* subset, my assumption is that that their vowel is the Dorset ə, /ɛ/. But they are occasionally spelled with *aɪ* in later editions and frequently rhymed with words from the *May*, *hay* subset in 7.11.6, showing that, like *day* and *fay*, they have an alternative pronunciation with /æɪ/. They are also sometimes spelled with *oy*, both outside rhyme (particularly in 1844) and in rhymes with *boy*, showing the coexistence of a third pronunciation with /œɪ/ (see further 7.17.1, 7.17.4). We thus have three pronunciations for the vowel of *way* and *away* in Barnes’s poems: /ɛ/, /æɪ/, and /œɪ/.

*Always*, though derived directly from *way*, appears to behave differently, doubtless because the major stress is normally on the first syllable. To the best of my knowledge it is never spelled with *aɪ*, *aɪ*, or *oy*, and does not occur in rhyme. In the absence of deviation from the StE
spelling always and of rhymes suggesting otherwise, I take it that the vowel in the second syllable is normally /e/. But heavy stress on the first syllable may lead to some reduction of the vowel in the second syllable, as suggested by the spelling alwiz in line 8 of the 1844 version of “The milk-mâid o’ the farm”. Here the vowel in the second syllable may be /i/, as implied by the spelling; alternatively it may be further reduced to /ə/.

7.11.9 Sea and tea (though their vowels are not from the same source) might be considered honorary members of the group in 7.11.7. Barnes’s rhymes indicate clearly enough that the usual Blackmore Vale pronunciation of tea was /te:/ (it is reasonable to assume that the rhyme tea / key would have been on the sound /e:/, since key rhymes elsewhere only with day and grey, and tea only with lay); they show also that pronunciations of sea as /se:/ and as /si:/ were both current in his dialect (as they were in StE for Cowper, Dryden and others), allowing rhymes on either vowel.

7.11.10 The word they has many different spellings in 1844: tha, tha’, they, thêy, thā, thae, thāe (rare), thæ (rare), and thē (rare); in later editions the only spelling is they. The spellings other than tha and tha’, and the sole instance in which they appears as a rhyme word, rhyming with day in “The girt wold house o’ mossy stuonge” (in 1844 and 1847 only), point towards the Dorset ē (see 7.10.4 and 7.11.7 above). It is possible that tha and tha’ represent an unstressed form, /ðə/ (cf. ya and da for you and do, 7.15.5); but the occasional occurrence of tha as a demonstrative pronoun in positions where it would be expected to carry some stress makes this unlikely. I therefore transcribe all forms of they as /ðeː/.

7.11.11 Three words with ea spellings that belong in the FACE set in StE are break, steak, and great. Barnes’s rhymes suggest that break (occasionally spelled brēak or brē’k in 1844) has two possible pronunciations in the dialect, one with /e:/, the Dorset ē (see 7.10.4 above), the other with /je/, like words with -ake (see 7.11.1 above). The spelling steäk in the 1847 version of “Liady-day..” implies /stiæk/ (see 7.10.8), but the 1879 re-spelling, steäke, implies /stjek/ (see 7.11.1–2). Great becomes by metathesis grit (/gərt/, see 7.9.4 above).
7.11.12 Words derived from French containing the sequence $a +$ nasal consonant ($\text{angl}$, chamber, change, danger, strange, and stranger) form a separate subset. In 1844 Barnes spells these words consistently with $a +$ double consonant: annelg, chammer, channge, dannger, strannge(r); these spellings are replaced by the StE spellings in 1879 with the exception of chammer, which is retained in the word’s sole occurrence, in the penultimate stanza of “Polly be-ën upzides wi’ Tom”. I transcribe all words in this subset (except Grange) with /a/, thus /ændʒəl/, /tʃæmər/, etc.

Grange, which appears once only, in “Easter time [b]” (1844) (= “Easter Monday,” 1879), is spelled as in StE even in 1844, both spelling and pronunciation being perhaps influenced by its status as a proper name. Its pronunciation is therefore presumably /ɡræŋdʒ/ (see next paragraph).

7.11.13 Words derived from French containing age pronounced /eɪdʒ/ in RP (age, cage, rage, stage) form another subset. Since these words always have their StE spelling in Barnes’s poems (never the ia or eə forms discussed in 7.11.1), I take it that the vowel is the undiphthongized third long front vowel in Barnes’s table of the pure vowel sounds in “national English”, as set out in §16 of the Diss. I transcribe the vowel in these words, accordingly, as /ɛ:/.

7.11.14 In the surrounding districts, as in the Blackmore Vale, there is much variation in the pronunciation of long $a$.

7.12 The PALM set

The PALM set (Wells, 2.2.12) contains words with a stressed syllable that has the vowel /ɔ:/ in RP and /ə/ in GenAm, excluding those where /r/ follows the vowel (for which see the START set, 7.21 below). PALM words “belong phonetically with START (and BATH) in RP, but with LOT in GenAm” (Wells, 2.2.12, p. 143). Most words in this set are recent borrowings from foreign languages, and do not occur in Barnes’s poems; of the native English words (and exclamations) listed by Wells, the only ones that occur in Barnes’s poems are palm itself, calm, father, bah, and hurrah.
7.12.1 There is no reason to suppose that the stressed vowel in *palm*, *calm*, *hah*, and *hurrah* does not have the same pronunciation in Barnes’s poems as that of the majority of words in the *BATH* set, i.e. /a:/ (see 7.7.1).

7.12.2 For a discussion of the stressed vowel in *father* see 7.7.4.

### 7.13 The THOUGHT set

The THOUGHT set (Wells, 2.2.13) contains words with a stressed syllable that has the vowel /ɔː/ in RP and /ɔ/ or /ɑ/ in GenAm, excluding those that belong with *NORTH* (7.22), or *FORCE* (7.23), or *CLOTH* (7.8). The StE spellings of words in this set include *ought* (*ought*, *caught*, *daughter*, etc.), *au+C* (*cause*, *haul*, *haunt*, *sauce*, etc.), *aw* alone and *aw+C* (*draw*, *law*, *saw*, *crawl*, etc.), *all* and *al* (*all*, *fall*, *appal*, etc.), *alk* (*chalk*, *talk*, *walk*, etc.), *al+C* and *aul+C* (*salt*, *false*, *fault*, etc., also pronounced /ə/ in RP, and *bald*), *ought* (*ought*, *bought*, *fought*, etc.), and assorted other words (*broad*, *abroad*, *water*).

Of this set of words Barnes says, “The second long [back] sound, as of *a* in *fall* and of *aw* in *jaw*, is sometimes turned into the third [front] one *â*, as *vâl*, in some parts *val*, *fall*; *jâ*, *jaw*; *strâ*, straw: though *brought* becomes *brote*, and *fought* becomes diphthongal, *fouâght*, of the third and fourth [back] sounds” (Diss., §24; see also 1863 *Grammar*, p. 13; 1886 *Glossary*, p. 4). Where there are no indications to the contrary, we may assume that the vowel in this set is /ɔː/ as in RP. The several possible variations are discussed below, in subsets according to the StE spelling of the words in each subset.

7.13.1 Words with the sound /ɔːl/ in RP (*all*, *fall*, *small*, *haul*, *crawl*, etc.). Whereas these words all have their current spelling in later editions, Barnes rarely uses it for them in 1844. There his usual practice is to reduce final -ll to -l (*al*, *val*, *smal*, etc.) and to omit *u* and *w* (*bal*, *spra’l*, etc.); occasionally he uses the spelling *âl* (as in *squel*/*crâl* in the 1844 version of “Hây-miakên”); sometimes he indicates the alternative pronunciation with *â* noted in 7.13 above. I take the *â* spelling to denote /ɛː/ as in *fâther*, etc. (see 7.7.4); but what is meant by the reduction of -ll to -l, the omission of *u* or *w*, and the occasional use of the spelling *âl*, on which Barnes makes no comment other than that *fall* is “in some parts *val*”? Assuming that the pronunciation in
proto-RP was /ɔːl/, the likelihood must be that Barnes’s spellings with al, a’l, and âl indicate the unrounded pronunciation /ɑːl/. Accordingly I transcribe the sound in this group as /ɔːl/ where Barnes uses the StE spelling in 1844, as /aːl/ where the spelling is al or a’l (as normally in 1844), and as /ɛːl/ where this pronunciation is suggested by the spelling with ā or by rhyme. Almost is normally spelled a’most in both early and late editions; I take the a’ to represent a reduction from /ɑːl/ to /ɑː/, the whole word being pronounced /ɑːməst/ when there is some stress on the second syllable, /ɑːməst/ when there is none.

7.13.2 The subset containing words with alk behaves in much the same way as the previous subset, showing the same three possible pronunciations for the vowel. In 1844 words in this subset are almost always spelled with ā’k, ā’ke, or a’ke, implying /ɛːk/, but occasionally with a’k, implying /aːk/, or ank, implying /ɑːk/. Words in this subset rhyme only with other words from the same subset.

7.13.3 The subset containing words with au(+) or aw(+) shows similar variability. The preferred spellings of haunt, saunter, mawn (‘basket’), -daw, draw, jaw, law, saw(-pit), and straw in 1844 (ā, āe, ae) imply the pronunciation /ɛː/, with the variants dra and la’ in draw and law suggesting the alternative /ɑː/. Barnes’s contribution to EEP has proto-RP /ɔː/ in law but /ɛː/ in straw and jaw; on the other hand his spelling of sauce as sass in 1844 (alone and in the derivatives saucepan and saucy) implies /ɑː/, as does the rhyme sass / pass. {I take dake (in “The witch,” 1844) to be variant of dawk (see EDD dake, v. and dawk, v’.) and accordingly transcribe it as /dæk/.}

7.13.4 Barnes’s spelling of because in 1844 (always bekiaze or bekiaze, never the StE because that is used invariably in later editions) shows both that there is an i- or y-glide following the velar /k/ (see 7.21.2), and that the vowel in -cause is the /ɛː/ sound of a+C+e (see 7.11.1). My transcription is thus always /bikjeːz/.

7.13.5 The spelling aught does not occur in the poems of 1844, though in later editions it is found in daughter, caught (cf. 1844 catch’d), taught, and naught (besides laughter and draught, which belong in the BATH set, 7.7). The sole
occurrence of -aught in rhyme that I know of (a-taught / thought in “Daniel Dwithen, the wise chap”) shows Barnes making use in his third dialect collection of StE /œt/. In daughter, however, Barnes’s spellings in 1844, daeter, däter, and da’ter (the last retained in most instances in later editions of the first collection, but elsewhere replaced by daughter), together with the rhymes in “The farmer’s wondest daeter”, show that his normal pronunciation in the dialect of the Blackmore Vale was /deːːtər/, with /ɛː/ as the vowel of the stressed syllable (see 7.7.4).

7.13.6 Present-day readers may assume that water will follow daughter in having /ɛː/ in Barnes’s poems, since the stressed vowel in both words is the same in StE. But their vowels have different origins in OE; they have reached RP /ɔː/ by different routes; and Barnes’s practice shows that the vowels were pronounced differently in the Blackmore Vale. He invariably uses the StE spelling, water, in both 1844 and later editions, and on the sole occasion I know of when water is used in rhyme (as opposed to a non-rhyming refrain) it rhymes with thought her (in “Zummer an’ Winter”), showing that the stressed vowel in water is /ɔː/.

7.13.7 Rhymes with words such as grow’d, know’d, and road, together with the 1844 spellings with -ode (often retained in later editions) show that the vowel in broad and abroad, like that in brought (see next paragraph), is /ɔː/ as opposed to RP /ɔː/.

7.13.8 Barnes’s comments on brought and fought in §24 of the Diss. (quoted at the head of this section) draw attention to anomalies in the subset containing words with ought. An examination of his spellings and rhymes leads to the following observations:

a) ought, nought, sought, thought, and wrought are invariably spelled with ought and rhyme only with words spelled with ought or aught: they are pronounced with /ɔːt/.

b) brought may be spelled brought (in which form it rhymes frequently with thought): its pronunciation in this case is /brɔt/. But it may also be spelled brote (the preferred spelling in 1844), or brôte, or bro’t (in one of which forms it rhymes with throt and smo’t): in these instances the pronunciation is /brɔt/, in line with Barnes’s comment
in the Diss. Similarly *bought* rhymes only with *ought* and *thought*, but outside rhyme (in 1844) it is also spelled *bote* or *bo’te*: like *brought*, therefore, it may be pronounced with either /ɔt/ or /ɔt/.  

c) *fought* is spelled *foüght* or *föwght*; it rhymes only with words in -*out*, bearing out Barnes’s comment that it becomes diphthongal. The diphthong is not, however, RP /ɑu/ but Blackmore Vale /ɔu/ (see 7.18.1, 7.18.3).  
d) *flought* is found only in “Riddles”. It does not appear with this spelling in the 1863, 1879, or 1886 Glossaries, or in *OED* or *EDD*. It is perhaps to be identified with “*Flout*, a flinging, or a blow of one” (1879 Glossary), which would make sense in the context, in which Anne’s cow “het the pail a flought, / An’ flung [her] meal o’ milk half out”; alternatively a *flought* may perhaps be a late survival of the predicative adjective *aflocht* “in a flutter, agitated,” which would make equally good sense in the context (although the three occurrences in *OED* are all Scottish and all date from the 16th century). Whatever the meaning of the word, however, the rhyme with *out* shows that it is pronounced with the diphthong /ɔu/ (see 7.18.1, and cf. *fought*, above and 7.18.3).  

7.14 The GOAT set  
The GOAT set (Wells, 2.2.14) contains words with a stressed syllable that has the vowel /ɔu/ in RP and /o/ or /ou/ in GenAm, traditionally called “long o.” The StE spellings of words in this set include final o (go, so), oa (oak, road), oe (toe, slave), o+C+e (rope, home), ol (old, roll), oul (soul, moint), ow (know, own), ough (though), etc.  

This sound was not a diphthong in proto-RP, but remained a pure vowel, /ɔ/. Of words in this set Barnes remarks, “The third long sound of o and *oa* of English words such as bold, cold, more, oak, rope, boat, coat, becomes the diphthong *uo* of the fourth and third short [back] sounds in the Dorset dialect, in which those words are *buold, cuold, vuold, muore, woak, ruope, buiot, ciiot*” (Diss., §27). Several questions, discussed in turn below, arise from this statement: Does this diphthongization affect all words with long o all the time? If not, what are the rules (if any) governing which words
will or will not have diphthongization? What is the sound of the diphthong described? Does it have the same sound initially as internally?

7.14.1 The wording of Barnes’s statement above may imply either that long o is always diphthongized in the Blackmore Vale in the way described and that the words listed are merely offered as examples, or, on the contrary, that there are certain words in the Blackmore Vale—words such as those listed—in which long o is diphthongized, whereas in other words it remains the monophthong /ɔ/. An examination of Barnes’s spelling practice in 1844 shows that long o is not diphthongized in all words, and that the same word may sometimes have a monophthong, sometimes a diphthong—assuming, that is, that Barnes consistently indicates the diphthongal pronunciation by inserting u or w before the o. Barnes’s later comments in the 1863 Grammar show beyond doubt that long o is not diphthongized in all words: “Dorset is, in many cases, more distinctive than our book-speech, inasmuch as it has many pairs of words, against single ones of our books, and gives sundry sounds to other pairs, that, in English, are of the same sound; so that it withholds from the punster most of his chances of word-play. ‘The people told the sexton and the sexton toll’d the bell’ is in Dorset ‘The people twold the sex’on, an’ the sex’on toll’d the bell’” (p. 31, repeated more or less verbatim in the 1886 Glossary, p. 29).

7.14.2 But is it possible to predict when long o will be diphthongized and when it will not? The current spelling in StE appears to be irrelevant: many words with oa are diphthongized but others are not; many with o alone are not diphthongized, but some are. The only fixed rule governing diphthongization that I have been able to detect is that, except in gold (see 7.14.5 below), the vowel in -old is always a diphthong (buold, cuold, wold, etc.). Elsewhere the phonetic environment evidently has some effect: after syllable-initial m- or l- the sound is normally a diphthong (but not necessarily so after cl-). Etymology appears to have little or no influence. In these circumstances the only safe course is to trust Barnes’s spelling; accordingly I show a diphthong when the o is preceded by u or w and a monophthong when it is not.

7.14.3 As for the sound of the diphthong, when it occurs, Barnes’s description (quoted above) suggests that it is a combination of /ʊ/ as in
crook and /ʌ/ as in lull, i.e. /ʊʌ/. Rhymes such as those of coat with cut, shut, and strut and of bone, stone, and alone with words ending in /ʌn/ suggest that this is an accurate description. But other rhymes, such as those of bold and rolled with old, cold, mould and other words spelled with wo or wo suggest rather that the second element of the diphthong is /o(ː)/, and that of stone with shone suggests that it is /ʊ/. In his other grammars, moreover, Barnes gives different descriptions of the sound. In the 1863 Grammar (p. 14) it is a combination of /ʊ/ as in food and /a/ as in rope (if both elements are long), or /uʊ/ (if both elements are short). In the 1886 Glossary (p. 14), on the other hand, it is a combination of /ʊ/ as in food and /a/ as in earth, or /uʊ/ (if both elements are short). These apparent inconsistencies on Barnes’s part doubtless reflect a genuine instability in the pronunciation of the diphthong. On balance it seems best to transcribe the diphthong as /uʊ/, since the weight of evidence favours this interpretation rather than others, and since a second element with schwa is flexible enough to allow some latitude in rhyming {including occasional rhymes between diphthongized and non-diphthongized long o, as in the third stanza of “Keepèn up o’ Chris’mas,” where cuold and scuold (1844) are rhymed with roll’d}.  

7.14.4 Barnes’s use of different spellings for the diphthong in 1844 according to whether it is internal or initial (wo internally, wo initially, as in woak, woats, woaths, wold, i.e. ‘oak, oats, oaths, old’) suggests that there is a clear difference between the sounds; his decision to abandon the wo spellings in later editions and to use wo in all positions may suggest, on the other hand, that any difference is minimal. Uncertainty about the pronunciation of the diphthong when it occurs in initial position is apparent from audio recordings made by current dialect speakers: some give the initial w- full value, pronouncing old as in Stow-on-the-Wold and oak as in woke up; others ignore the w- entirely, giving these words their RP pronunciations /ɔuld/ and /ɔuk/. Accordingly I transcribe all internal occurrences of the diphthong in Barnes’s poems as /uʊ/; in initial position, however, I use /(w)ʊʊ/ to reflect the possibility of realizations with full initial /w/.  

7.14.5 Gold and golden are invariably spelled with oold in Barnes’s dialect poems, both early and late. (No other word is spelled with oold.) Gold
appears in rhyme only twice (neither occurrence in 1844): on both occasions it rhymes with a word containing the diphthongal /ue/ (vworld and twold). Barnes’s spelling implies the pronunciation /guld/; his rhymes, on the other hand, imply /guald/. There is evidently some latitude. I transcribe both words with /u:/ except for the two instances of /o:/ in rhyme.

7.14.6 Ago, go, no (‘not any’), so (‘and so, therefore’), sloe, and toe are almost invariably spelled with oo or ooe in both early and late editions. I know of only four instances in 1844 in which words in this subset are spelled with a single o: go (rhyming with flue) in “The settle an’ the girt wood vire”; “no stuone” in “The brook that runn’d by gramfer’s”; “no cal” in “Farmer’s sons”; and “no scope” in “Eclogue:—Two farms in oone.” In every case except the last (which looks like an oversight) the spelling is changed in later editions to oo. Rhyme evidence confirms that the vowel in these words is always /u:/.

Barnes consistently maintains a distinction between no (the opposite of yes) and noo (‘not any’). The former, /no:/, is always spelled no, and rhymes with words ending in /o:/; the latter, /nu:/, is invariably noo (e.g. seven times in the final stanza of “Zunsheen in the winter”). The distinction is nicely brought out in the first and third lines of “The farmer’s woldest daeter”: “No. No. I bēn’t arinnen down / The pirty mâidens o’ the town; / Nar wishèn ō’m noo harm” (1844, my italics). Similarly Barnes distinguishes between so (/sɔ/ or /sɔː/, according to emphasis, ‘to this extent’) and zoo (/zuː/ ‘and so, therefore’).

7.14.7 Forms derived from go do not necessarily keep the /u:/ of the infinitive. For going Barnes’s normal practice leads us to expect the form gooën; in his poems, however, the spelling is always gwain (1844 and 1847) or gwain (later editions), i.e. /gwain/ (see 7.11.6). To the best of my knowledge goes occurs only twice, in two successive lines of “The shy man”: “The bride wer a-smilên as fresh as a rwose,/ An’ when he come wi’ her, an’ show’d his poor nose,/ All the little bwoys shouted, an’ cried ‘There he goes,’ / ‘There he goes.’” Here the rhyme with nose indicates standard proto-RP pronunciation, /goːz/.

7.14.8 There is nothing to indicate that words ending in -ow pronounced /ɔʊ/ in RP do not normally have the expected proto-RP monophthong,
/ɔ:/ . In the unstressed second syllable of a disyllable, however, this is generally weakened to /ər/, as Barnes points out in the last sentence of §27 in the Diss.: "ow at the end of a word as fellow, hollow, mellow, pillow, yellow, mostly become er, making those words feller, holler, meller, piller, yoller."

7.14.9 The words ending in o or oe listed in 7.14.6 appear to be the only ones with the vowel /əː/. There is no reason to suppose that other words with this spelling (echo, foe, woe, etc.) do not have proto-RP /ɔ:/, and rhymes with stressed -ow confirm that their vowel is /ɔː/.

7.14.10 In 1844 over is always spelled auver, a form that occurs only once elsewhere, in the auverzeer in the early eclogue “Rusticus res politicas animadvertens. The new poor laws.” Elsewhere the StE spelling is used, apart from three occurrences of auver in “The feair market maid.” In the word’s only occurrence in rhyme, in the eclogue “Come and zee us in the Zummer” (“Well, aye, when the mowen is over, / An’ ee-grass do whiten wi’ clover, / A man’s a-tired out,”), the rhyme with clover suggests that proto-RP /ɔː/ was acceptable in the Blackmore Vale; but the complete consistency of the spelling auver in 1844 shows that the preferred pronunciation was /ɔː/.

7.14.11 For drove, grove, and move see the discussion in 7.5.3 above.

7.14.12 For more, which is amongst the words listed in §27 of the Diss. quoted at the head of this section, see 7.23.1.

7.14.13 Although sloth has diphthongal /əʊ/ in RP, the rhyme with swath in “Eclogue:—The best man in the vield” (“Why when bist teddèn grass, ya lazy sloth, / Zomebody is a-fuoss’d to tiake thy zwath / An’ ted a hafe way back to help thee out”) shows that the pronunciation for Barnes was with short o, /sləθ/.

{7.14.14 Since don’t is always thus spelled (with or without the apostrophe, but with no sign of diphthongization), I transcribe it throughout as /dəʊnt/. Won’t, in contrast, is frequently spelled woon’t; I take it that the pronunciation is /wu(ɔ)nt/.

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7.15 The GOOSE set

The GOOSE set (Wells, 2.2.15) contains words with a stressed syllable that has the vowel /u:/ in RP and /u/ in GenAm. The StE spellings of words in this set include oo (hoop, tooth), final o (who), final oe (shoe), u+C+e (rude, tune), u+C+V (duty), eau+C+V (beaut), ne (due, blue), en (feud), ew (few, new), iew (view), ui (fruit), ou (you, group), ough (through), etc.

This set offers few problems. There is no reason to suppose that most words with /u:/ in RP did not have it also in the Blackmore Vale.

7.15.1 There are many rhymes in Barnes’s poems between words with /u:/ and words such as dew, few, new, etc. that have /ju:/ in RP. This might perhaps be taken to imply that “yod dropping,” as Wells calls it (pp. 147–48) was a feature in the Blackmore Vale (i.e. loss of /j/, so that new is pronounced /nu:/, as in GenAm, as opposed to /nju:/, as in RP). But rhymes between /u:/ and /ju:/ are common in StE, as in moon / tune in Wordsworth’s “The world is too much with us” (5–8), gloom / perfume in Tennyson’s “In memoriam” (95.53–56), or fool / mule in Robert Browning’s “My last duchess” (27–28). In the absence of concrete evidence of yod dropping, therefore, I have assumed that words with /ju:/ in RP have it also in Barnes’s poems.

7.15.2 Tune is always spelled tuën, in both 1844 and later editions. It occurs in rhyme once only, rhyming not with the sound /un/ but with a-doën (/ədʊn/) in “Gammony Gaţi.” The only other occurrence of the combination uè that I am aware of in Barnes’s poems is in the internal rhyme “Though a-ruèn time’s undoèn” in “Tweil” (where a-ruèn = ‘rueing’). The rhymes confirm what the spelling suggests, i.e. that tuën is disyllabic. Assuming that the yod is retained, the pronunciation will be /tjuːn/.

7.15.3 In a few words that have /u:/ in RP there are other vowels in Barnes’s poems: /ʌ/ in roof (see 7.5.2), prove and move (see 7.5.3); /u/ in moot ‘tree-stump’, food and mood (see 7.6.2); /u/ or /u:/ in shoot (see 7.6.3).

7.15.4 A few words with /ɔu/ in RP have /u:/ in Barnes’s poems: gold and golden (see 7.14.5); ago, go, no (‘not any’), so (‘and so, therefore’), sloe, and toe (see 7.14.6).
7.15.5 The spellings *ya* and *da* are found frequently in 1844 for *you* and *do* (replaced by the StE spelling in later editions). I take it that *ya* and *da* represent the unstressed forms */jə/ and */də/.

7.15.6 I have assumed that *to* may be */tu:/, */tu/, or */tə/, depending on stress, as in RP.

### 7.16 The PRICE set

The PRICE set (Wells, 2.2.16) contains words with a stressed syllable that has “long *i*,” the diphthong */ai/", in both RP and GenAm. The StE spellings of words in this set include *I* (the pronoun), *i+C+e* (*bide, ripe*), *i+C+C* (*find, child*), *ie* (*die*), *uy, y, ye*, and *eye* (*buy, try, dye, eye*), *igh* and *eigh* (*high, height*), etc.

7.16.1 Barnes’s lack of comment on this diphthong suggests that the Blackmore Vale pronunciation would have been the same as that in proto-RP, namely */ʌi/, with a more central starting point than the */ai/ of present-day RP (see MacMahon, 5.8.15). In the SW the starting point tends to be more central still, though hard to pin down; the weight of evidence suggests, however, that in Dorset at least the starting point is and was the thoroughly central */ə/, producing a diphthong */ai/ (as in eMnE) that makes *bye* and *buy* sound very similar to *boy* (see 7.17.1). In accordance with observations on the likely length of the first element by the commentators closest to Barnes’s own time, I transcribe the PRICE diphthong as */ʌi/.

7.16.2 In words ending in *-ire* (*fire, tire, squire*, etc.) the diphthong becomes a triphthong by the addition of schwa as an off-glide, and the *r* is audible (see 8.8.1), giving the combination the sound */ɔɪər/. Thus *fire*, with voiced initial *f* (see 8.3.1) and audible *r* is in Barnes’s poems */vɔɪər/. As in StE, words in this subset may be treated as either one syllable or two (see the note in OED s.v. *fire, n*), a freedom that Barnes uses in accordance with the demands of his metre: “The vier at the upper door” in “Shodon Fiair: The vust piart” (1844) is plainly a disyllabic fire, whereas that in the refrain of “The settle and the girt wood vire” must be monosyllabic unless the line is hypermetric. It does not follow, however, that Barnes uses the form *vire* for a monosyllable and *vier* for a disyllable, helpful though such a convention would be: in both 1844 and later editions he uses *vire* in the title of “The
settle and the girt wood vire” but vier in the refrain that repeats the wording of the title.

7.16.3 From both its spelling and its pronunciation in StE, spire belongs with the subset in the preceding paragraph. But Barnes’s spelling is always speer (in both 1844 and later editions) and his rhymes show that for him it is a member of the NEAR set (see 7.19.2), retaining (or reverting to) the diphthong /iə/+/r/, which is closer to the monophthongal /i:/+/r/ from which its vowel descends.

7.16.4 Barnes spells child both child and chile and rhymes it with both -ild and -ile (for the rhyme with spoiled see 7.17.1). Both rhymes and spelling show that for him the vowel was /ɔː/, as in 7.16.1.

7.16.5 In a number of words with /ə/ in RP Barnes’s spelling and rhymes show that the diphthong is replaced by /i/. Notable amongst these words are climb, usually spelled clim or clim’ and always rhymed with words in -im; also like (almost always spelled lik’e in 1844 when it occurs as an adverb or in the past tense of the verb) and strike (usually strik or strick), both rhymed with words in -ick. Barnes appears to make a clear distinction between lik’e (adverb and past tense) and like (infinitive, always spelled like in 1844, implying the usual diphthong, /ɔː/). In view of Barnes’s clear preference in his poems I transcribe all these words (except like, infinitive) with /i/. (For the past tense and past participle of climb see 7.16.10 below.)

7.16.6 Fly and flies (n. and v.) are in Barnes’s dialect poems always vlee and vlees, i.e. /vliː/ and /vliːz/. The vowel probably results from the long-standing confusion in English between the verbs fly and flee and the nouns fly and flea (see the comments in OED, svv. flee and flea). For the voiced initial consonant see 8.3.1.

7.16.7 For /i:/ in chime and shine see 7.10.2.

7.16.8 For /ɛ:/ in drive see 7.10.6.

7.16.9 I have assumed that by (normally /bɔː/) has also an unstressed form (/bɪ/), as in StE. Where readers might opt for either a stressed or an unstressed form, I transcribe by as /b(ɔː)i/.
7.16.10 All tenses of the verb *climb* belong in the *PRICE* set in StE, including the past tense and past participle, *climbed*. In OE, however, *climb* was a strong verb, belonging to the same class as *ring* and *sing*, with the vowel sequence *i* (present), *a* (past singular), *u* (past participle), these vowels all being short, as is still the case with *sing*, *sang*, *sung*. We have already seen that the *i* in *clim(b)* remained short for Barnes (7.16.5), and this applies equally to weak forms of the past tense and past participle, whether the *b* is dropped (as in the 1844 version of “The girt woak tree that’s in the dell”—“Var in *thik* tree, when I wer young / I have a-clim’d, an’ I’ve a-zwung”) or whether it is retained (as in the later versions’ “a-climb’d”). But Barnes’s usual preference is for the strong forms that survived in the Blackmore Vale: past tense *clomb* and past participle *a-clum* (“The wold waggon,” 1844), *a-clom* (“The wold waggon,” later editions), or *a-clomb* (“When we wer young together”). The rhyme with *a-come* in “When we wer young together” and the 1844 spelling, *clum*, show that the vowel in the past participle must have been /ʌ/. The rhymes with *come*, *home* (see 7.5.2, 7.14.3) and *swum* suggest the same for the past tense (given as *clumb* in the 1844 Glossary), even though it is spelled *clomb* in the poems, both in rhyme and outside it. I transcribe the strong forms of both the past tense and past participle of *climb*, accordingly, as /klʌm/.

7.16.11 Since the vowel in *grist* is short in RP, the apparent rhyme between *hoist* and *grist* in the opening lines of the last stanza of “Naïghbour plaỹmeätes” looks odd at first sight: “An’ still the pulley rwope do heist / The wheat vrom red-wheeled waggon beds. / An’ ho’ses there wi’ lwoads of grist, / Do stand an’ toss their heavy heads”. *OED* notes that the vowel in *grist* was long in OE, but was shortened in ME (as in *fist* from OE *fyist*). But some of the 16th- and 17th-century spellings of *grist* recorded there (*greest*, *greist*, and *griest*) suggest the survival of ME *i* into the MnE period. Since there is no pattern of half-rhyme in “Naïghbour plaỹmeätes,” it is reasonable to assume a full rhyme between *heist* (‘hoist’) and *grist*, with the *i* of the latter first diphthongized and having then undergone the CHOICE–PRICE merger (see 7.16.1 above and 7.17.1 below). I take it, therefore, that *grist* is to be pronounced /ˈɡrest/ rather than /ˈɡrist/.

7.16.12 The verb to *leine* appears twice in Barnes’s poems, on both occasions rhyming with *behine* (‘behind’): in the second stanza of “The
welshnut tree” (“A-leävin fâther indoors, a-leinèn / In his girt chair, in his ēasy shoes, / Ar in the settle so high behine en”) and the second stanza of “The huomestead a-vell into han’” (“‘An’ in the archet out behine, / The apple-trees in row, John, / Did swây wi’ upright stems, ar leine / Wi’ heads a-noddèn low, John,” 1844 and 1847). The sense is evidently “to lean,” but the rhyme with behine requires the vowel of line rather than that of lean. Barnes’s 1886 Glossary records “LINE. To lean” with no etymology; the Glossary in 1847 is more helpful, both showing the length of the vowel (“‘Lîne”) and offering an etymology (“‘A-S. hlynian,” a variant, I take it, of bleonian, from which StE lean is derived). As with most other words in the PRICE set the vowel will be /əi/, hence /ɔːn/.

7.17 The CHOICE set

The CHOICE set contains words with a stressed syllable that has the diphthong /əi/ in both RP and GenAm, almost all “ultimately loan words, mainly from Old French” (Wells, 2.2.17). The StE spellings of words in this set are oi (noise, voice, coin, etc.) and oy (boy, joy, etc.).

7.17.1 As Wells points out, “The CHOICE vowel seems to have merged with PRICE in the popular speech of parts of the south of England.... The same merger can be found in Newfoundland, the West Indies and Ireland” (3.1.11); or, again, “Some conservative rural accents reflect a merger or partial merger of the two diphthongs”(2.2.17). Such was evidently the case for Barnes, who draws attention to this feature in §26 of the Diss., who frequently rhymes words from one set with words from the other, and whose early spellings (e.g. spwile, twile, pwison) point up the similarity. It follows that the pronunciation of the CHOICE diphthong in Barnes’s dialect will normally be the same as that of the PRICE diphthong, i.e. /əi/ (see 7.16.1). (For the w-glide introducing the diphthong see 8.16.3.)

7.17.2 Noise, quoits, rejoice, and voice are always spelled with aɪ (1844) or ai (later editions); evidently they have the same diphthong as the subset maid, paid, vein, etc., that is, /æi/ (see 7.11.6).

7.17.3 The spelling of joy and its derivatives varies between oy, as in StE, and ây or aɨ in Barnes’s poems, and it is rhymed both with boy (see 7.17.4) and
with words from the *May*, *bay* subset (see 7.11.6), showing that the diphthong varies between /ɔː/ and /æː/.

7.17.4 Unlike Jennings, who spells *boys* with *ay* (in *bways*, rh. *ways*), Barnes always uses *ay* for the diphthong in *boy* and its derivatives. When *boy* rhymes in Barnes’s poems with words that are spelled with *ay* in StE, the spelling of the latter is always changed to conform with the *ay* in *boy*, not vice versa. The logical conclusion is that the diphthong in *boy* is stable (pronounced /ɔː/, as described in 7.17.1), whereas that of the rhyme words in *ay*, ây or ây varies. (For the intrusive /w/ in *bwoy* see 8.16.3.)

### 7.18 The MOUTH set

The MOUTH set (Wells, 2.2.18) contains words with a stressed syllable that has the diphthong /au/ in both RP and GenAm. The StE spellings of words in this set are *ou* (house, out, bough, hour, etc.) and *ow* (now, down, flower, etc.).

7.18.1 The current pronunciation of this diphthong, /au/, “appears to have been a twentieth-century development” (MacMahon, 5.8.18, p. 467). There is abundant evidence that in Dorset in the 19th century the diphthong was /ɔːu/, very similar to that in current RP *know*.

7.18.2 In the sequences *our* and *ower* (as in *bhour* and *flower*) the diphthong becomes a triphthong, as in StE. The pronunciation in Barnes’s poems will accordingly be /ɔːuər/, which, like *fire* etc. (see 7.16.2), may be treated as one syllable or two as the metre demands.

7.18.3 As pointed out in 7.13.8c, Barnes’s comments on *fought* (Diss., §24) and his rhyming of it with *about*, *out*, and *stout* (see Key-Rhymes 111) show that in his poems it has the diphthong /ɔː/.

7.18.4 A few words with the vowel /ʌ/ in StE have instead the /ɔː/ diphthong of words in the MOUTH set in Barnes’s poems, either always, as in the case of *rut* (n.), and *strut* (v., and in the *adv. a-strut* ‘sticking out’) (see 7.5.4), or usually, as in the case of *dust* and *crust* (see 7.5.5).
7.19 The NEAR set

The NEAR set (Wells, 2.2.19) contains words with a stressed syllable that has the diphthong /ɪə/ in RP (with or without a following /r/) and /iər/ in GenAm. The StE spellings of words in this set include eer (beer, peer, etc.), ere (here, mere, etc.), ier (bier, pier, etc.), eir (weir, weird, etc.), and ear (fear, year, etc.), but spellings are not a reliable guide: here belongs with NEAR, but there and where with SQUARE; and the tears in one’s eyes are with NEAR, but the tears in one’s clothes are with SQUARE.

It is not entirely clear at what point the vowels in the NEAR and SQUARE sets developed into diphthongs under the influence of the following /r/, either in proto-RP or in the SW. In the absence of conclusive evidence to the contrary, I treat all words in these sets in Barnes’s Blackmore Vale poems as diphthongs (except where noted below), but (in contrast to RP) without loss of the following /r/ (see 8.8.1).

7.19.1 There is no evidence to suggest that the majority of words in the NEAR set do not have a diphthong very similar to RP /ɪə/ in Barnes’s poems. In Barnes’s contribution to EEP Ellis’s transcription shows the same diphthong, with a slightly higher starting point (/iər/), in here, bear, and near (cwl 365). I follow Barnes’s contribution to EEP in using /iər/, except where noted below.

7.19.2 As noted earlier, rhyme evidence shows that spire has /iər/ in Barnes’s poems, as opposed to RP /aɪər/ (see 7.16.3).

7.19.3 In popular caricatures of west-country accents ear, bear, here, and year are homophones, all with the vowel sequence of the NURSE set (7.9 above), and all with initial /j/ (for which see 8.5.5 below), thus /jər/. The spelling yers for ears in the 1844 version of “Uncle an’ ānt” and the rhyming of year with stir and Hazelbur (/hæzəlˈbɔːr/, still the local name for Hazelbury Bryan) in “Bob the fiddler” show Barnes’s familiarity with pronunciations of this type; but other evidence from rhyme suggests the coexistence in his dialect of pronunciations with /iər/.

7.19.4 Whereas bear belongs in the NEAR set in StE, its past participle, beard, belongs in the NURSE set. Rhyme evidence shows that in Barnes’s poems (in
which it is usually, but not always, spelled *heärd* it may have /ɔːr/ /jər/ or /iər/ (see 7.9.6).

7.19.5 There is some crossing over between the NEAR and SQUARE sets in the SW, as in other regional dialects of English (see Wells, 2.2.20, p. 157). In Barnes’s case rhyme evidence shows that *rear* and *weir* have crossed over to the SQUARE set, with /ɛər/ in place of /iər/; and although *queer* does not appear in rhyme in his dialect poems, Ellis’s transcription in clause 5 of Barnes’s cs suggests that it, too, has /ɛər/. All three of Barnes’s crossovers from NEAR to SQUARE are supported by other witnesses for the SW.

7.20 The SQUARE set

The SQUARE set (Wells, 2.2.20) contains words with a stressed syllable that has the diphthong /ɛə/ in RP (with or without a following /r/) and /ɛr/ or /ær/ in GenAm. The StE spellings of words in this set include *air* (fair, hair, etc.), *are* (bare, care, etc.), *ear* (bear, wear, etc.), *eir* (heir, their, etc.), *ere* (there, where, etc.), and *ar+V* (May, various, etc.); some words with these spellings belong, however, with the NEAR set (see 7.19). On the question of diphthongs versus pure vowels see the introductory paragraphs to the NEAR set.

7.20.1 Most words with /ɔː/ in RP have /ɛər/ or /ɛər/ in both Elworthy’s records for West Somerset (DWŚ, §9) and Widén’s for Hilton (SDD, §29.3), i.e. the same diphthong as in RP (with optional lengthening of the first element) but without loss of the following /r/ (see 8.8.1). I assume that the same holds for Barnes’s poems; where there is no conflicting evidence, accordingly, I transcribe the sound in SQUARE words as /ɛər/.

7.20.2 Barnes’s habitual spelling of words in -air and -are (*fair*, *pair*, *mare*, *share*, etc., the FAIR and MARE subsets, as they might be called) is with -iair and -iare (1844) or -eair and -eäre (later editions), thus *fiair* or *fiare*, *piair*, *miare*, *shiare* (1844), *feäir*, *peäir*, *meäre*, *sheäre* (later editions). These spellings suggest the introduction of an *i*-glide, with possible reduction of the following diphthong to /ə/, resulting in the crossover of words in these subsets to the NEAR set, with the diphthong /iə/+/r/. But in Barnes’s poems words from these subsets are consistently rhymed with SQUARE words, never with NEAR
words, showing that the introductory i-glide in the FAIR and MARE subsets does not result in weakening of the following diphthong to /ə/, but leads instead to the creation of a triphthong + /r/, i.e. /jeər/.

7.20.3 Barnes’s habitual spelling of where in 1844 is wber, with only occasional instances of StE where; that of there (more often than not) and their (almost always) is ther. (In almost every instance these spellings are replaced by the StE spellings in 1879.) The spellings in -er suggest pronunciation with /ər/ rather than /eər/, and there is some support for this in the rhyme together/ ther (in “Eclogue:—Two farms in oone”). On the other hand, Barnes’s normal rhymes for where and there are orthodox rhymes with other words from the SQUARE set. It would appear that for their, where, and there pronunciations with /ər/ and with /eər/ were both acceptable in his dialect.

7.20.4 Whereas scarce belongs in the SQUARE set in RP, the /r/ is lost in Barnes’s poems through the influence of the following /s/ (see 8.8.5, and cf. 7.9.5). Introduction of the i-glide discussed in 7.20.2 and loss of /r/ before /s/ give rise to Barnes’s spellings skia’ce (1844) and skeä’ce (later editions); and it is clear both from these spellings and from the rhyme with less in “Eclogue:—Two farms in oone” (“Tha hadden need miake poor men’s liabour less, / Var work a’ready is uncommon skia’ce”) that in Barnes’s dialect scarce is a member of the FACE set, with the diphthong /je/ (see 7.11.1).

7.20.5 Barnes’s normal spellings of the word air itself are âir (1844) and âir (later editions), suggesting a distinction in sound from words in the FAIR subset. Though the word occurs frequently in Barnes’s poems, to the best of my knowledge it occurs only twice in rhyme, both times rhyming with prayer (spelled pra’y’r, in “The leädy’s tower” and “The echo”). It is reasonable to deduce from this evidence that the vowel in air is /æə/ (see 7.11.6) with following /r/, giving the complete word the sound /æər/. Occasional instances of the spelling aier suggest, however, that pronunciation with a triphthong, /æəər/, is also possible (cf. fire, 7.16.2).

7.20.6 The spelling -âir and/or -aïr also occurs occasionally in fair, chair and stair. Since, however, the forms chair (in “The vierzide chairs”) and feâir (in “The surprise”) both rhyme with there, we may reasonably take it that the
spellings with -âir and -aïr are oversights, and that these words are all pronounced with final /ear/.

7.20.7 The rhyme beware / var in “Havèn oon’s fortun a-tuold” (“An’ then she tuold me to bewar / O’ what the letter M stood var.... An’ Poll too wer a-bid bewar / O’ what the letter F stood var”) suggests that the stressed syllable of beware is not /weər/ but /war/, as in the START set. (For var see further 7.22.3.)

7.21 The START set

The START set (Wells, 2.2.21) contains words with a stressed syllable spelled with ar (or occasionally er or ear) that has the sound /a:/ in RP in final position or followed by a consonant (/ar/ when final -r is followed by a vowel) and /ar/ in GenAm: far, farm, cart, heart, hearth, sergeant, etc.

7.21.1 There is no evidence in Barnes’s poems to suggest that the vowel in the majority of the words in the START set differs from that in the BATH set (with a following /r/). Accordingly my normal transcription for the ar sequence in this set is /ɑːr/ (see 7.7.1 and 8.8.1).

7.21.2 Barnes’s spelling of the words card (but not cart), garden, and part (iar in 1844, eär in later editions, thus g(b)arden, kiard, piart, and geärden, ceärd, peär), shows that they form a subset in which an introductory i-glide gives rise to the sequence /jɑːr/. The dialect word spiarde (‘spade’, replaced by speäde in later editions) appears to belong to the same set. Rhyme confirms that the stress is on the second element. It may seem odd that Barnes distinguishes the opening sequence in card (/kjɑːrd/ with an introductory i-glide) from that in cart (/kɑːrt/ with no glide), but Elworthy notes the same distinction in West Somerset (DWS, §2). The records in SED suggest, however, that the introductory i-glide has died out in all words in the SW by the mid 20th century.

7.21.3 Garden has (apparently) an alternative pronunciation, /giərdən/, with the /iər/ sequence of the NEAR set, beside /gjaːrdən/ (as in 7.21.2). This assumes that beärd en / giarden in “Faether come huome” (1844; later editions geärden) is a true rhyme (“The pig got out /This marnen; an’ avore we zeed
ar heärd en, /’E runned about an’ got out into giarden, / An’ routed up the groun’ zo wi’ his snout”), and that heärd has here its NEAR-set pronunciation (see 7.9.6).

7.21.4 Hearth belongs with the START set in StE (and indeed in Barnes’s contribution to EEP for Winterborne Came, cwl 405), but both spelling (beth) and rhyme show that in Barnes’s poems it is /heθ/, not /harθ/, making it a member of the EARTH-BIRTH-MIRTH subset (see 7.9.5).

7.21.5 Several subsets that do not belong with the START set in StE have the sequence /ar/ in Barnes’s poems. These sets include the following:

a) words spelled with or or ar pronounced /ɔ:/ in RP (corn, storm, warm, etc.; see 7.22.1–2);

b) some words spelled with er or ear pronounced /ɔ:/ in RP (serve, learn, herb, etc.; see 7.9.2);

c) the verb carry and its derived forms (see 7.3.3).

7.21.6 Barnes’s spelling of arm in 1844 (yarm, replaced by eärn in later editions) shows that it is preceded by an introductory i-glide, resulting in the sequence /jaːr/ (cf. words beginning with earn in StE; see 7.9.3).

7.22 The NORTH set

The NORTH set (Wells, 2.2.22) contains words with a stressed syllable spelled with or or ar that has the sound /ɔ:/ in RP in final position or followed by a consonant (/ɔr/ when final -r is followed by a vowel) and /ɔr/ in GenAm, “or rather in that variety of GenAm that retains the opposition between /ɔr/ and /ɔr/” (p. 159): or, for, corn, horse, storm, war, warn, warp, etc.

7.22.1 As Barnes himself points out, “The second long [back] sound of o in such words as corn, for, horn, morning, storm, becomes the first long [back] one, a, making carn, var, harn, maren, starm” (Diss., §25). The persistence of this feature up to the present time is shown by Wells’s comment, “There is a large patch of Wessex where (in old-fashioned rural dialect, at least) we find the vowels of NORTH and START merged” (4.3.7, p. 347). We may accordingly expect that all words in the NORTH set (apart from those noted

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in 7.22.4) will have the START sequence, /ær/, in Barnes’s poems. This expectation is confirmed both by his rhymes and by the spelling of 1844, in which the following words (and their derivatives) are all spelled with ar for StE or: corduroy, cork, corn, corner, for, forfeit, forget, forgive, fork, forlorn, former, forsake, born, lord, morning, mortal, mortar, nor, northern, or, orchard, scorn, shore, sort, storm, story, thorn (1844: cardray, carn, carner, var, forfeit, vargit, vargie, fark, varlarn, farmer, varsiake, barn, lard, marn(ing), martal, martar, nor, northern, ar, archet, scorn, shart, snart, sart, stem, starr, tharn). Accordingly I transcribe the or sequence in all such words as /ær/.

{The rhyming of story (from the list above) with var ye (“A bit o’ sly coortèn,” “The times”) and barry (‘borrow,’ “The witch”) confirm its pronunciation in those poems with /æ(r)/, but Wells classifies it as a FORCE word (see 7.23.1); and this is confirmed in “Bob the fiddler” both by the spelling story (even in 1844) and the rhyme with avore ye / glory. Assuming that this is a true rhyme, story can have either NORTH or FORCE pronunciation in the dialect; glory has the latter (/ʊr/).}

7.22.2 Though they are not specifically mentioned in Barnes’s comment in §25 of the Diss., words with ar pronounced /ɔ(r)/ in RP likewise have the sequence /ær/ in his poems, as shown by rhymes such as warm / harn and swarm / farm.

7.22.3 When particles such as for, or, and nor are stressed, they will have the expected sequence, /ær/, as implied by the rhyme bewar / var in “Havèn oon’s fortun a-tuold”. When, however, they are only partly stressed or unstressed (as is frequently the case), it seems probable that the sequence /ær/ is reduced to /ær/ or /ər/, as in Barnes’s cs for EEP, clauses 10 and 12 (for), 7, 10, and 14 (or), and 1 (nor). The degree of stress in any particular case is, of course, a matter for the reader to decide. Barnes’s own varied practice confirms the variability in pronunciation; but his complete abandonment of the ar spellings from the 1859 collection onwards, in order to give “the lettered Dialect more of the book-form of the national speech” (Preface, p. [iii]), can have no bearing on the pronunciation.

7.22.4 Words with the sequence or or orth in StE pronounced /ɔs/, /ɔθ/ in RP and /ɔrs/, /ɔrθ/ in GenAm are an exception to the general rule set out
in 7.22.1. Loss of /r/ before /s/ and /θ/ (see Diss., §35) has led to retention of short ə in the sequences /ns/ and /nθ/. This is evident from Barnes’s spellings: *boss* or *bo’se* for *horse* (*passim*), and *no’th* for *north* (in “The shep’erd bwoy,” though *North* is retained in proper names; and contrast *nartnern* or *northern* with voiced /ð/ preceded by /ær/ in “The blackbird” and other poems). The pronunciation with /ns/ is confirmed by rhymes for *horse*, always with words ending in -oss. As with *horse* so with *Dorse*: in spite of the popular perception that to its inhabitants the county is /dæɾzæt/, Barnes in his poems always uses the spelling *Dors*et. The inescapable conclusion is that for Barnes the county was /dəɾzæt/.

7.22.5 Whereas *quarrel*, *sorry*, and other words with -arr- or -orr- belong in the CLOTH set in RP and GenAm, rhymes show that in Barnes’s poems they behave like words in the NORTH set, possibly with /ər/ or /ər/ rather than /ær/ for /ə(r)/. SED shows that in four of its five Dorset locations in the 1960s the pronunciation with short /a/ was still the norm in *quarry* (IV.4.6).

### 7.23 The FORCE set

The FORCE set (Wells, 2.2.23) contains words with a stressed syllable spelled with or+C, ore, oar, oor, or our that has the sound /ɔː/ in RP (/ɔːr/ when followed by a vowel) and /ɔr/ in GenAm, “or rather in that variety of GenAm that retains the opposition between /ɔːr/ and /ør/” (p. 160): *ford, porch; before, bore, more; boar, boarse; door, floor; four, mourn, course, source, etc.*

7.23.1 Present-day RP speakers who read Barnes’s Diss. are likely to be puzzled by finding *more* listed (in §27) as having the same vowel as *bold, oak, rope, coat*, etc., since those words belong in the present-day GOAT set whereas *more* belongs in the FORCE set. Evidently *more* and other words in the current FORCE set preserved earlier close ə (/ɔː/) in proto-RP (see 7.14 above), and this is reflected in Ellis’s transcriptions of some of these words in Barnes’s contribution to *EEP*, e.g. *avore, bored*, and *board*. Nevertheless (as discussed in 7.14.1–3) the more usual transcription is /uər/ (/uər/ when the vowel is followed by r, as in the present instance), and this is shown in Ellis’s transcriptions of *afford, more, sore, door*, and *swore*, all of which have /uər/.
Since, moreover, the distinction Barnes makes between the sound in *avore* and that in *door* in his report on Winterborne Came for *EEP* is not reflected in his poems, where words in -*ore* are rhymed frequently with words in -*oor*, I transcribe all words in the FORCE set with /uər/, except where indicated below.

7.23.2 The rhyme *door* / *four* in “Come an’ meet me, wi’ the childern, on the road” (“Zoo when clock-bells do ring vour, / Let em warn ye out o’ door”) is unsurprising to present-day readers, since these words rhyme in StE). But Barnes’s preferred spelling of *four* is *vower* or *vow’r* rather than *vour* (which it has only rarely), and the spellings with *ow* suggest that *four* normally belongs in the MOUTH set in his dialect, with the pronunciation /ɔuər/, like *flower*, *hour*, etc. (see 7.18.2). This accords with Barnes’s report for Winterborne Came in *EEP*, where *four* is transcribed as /ɔuər/ (cwl 420). It is not clear whether *four* has an alternative pronunciation, /vʊər/, or *door* an alternative, /dəʊər/, either of which would allow an exact rhyme, or whether the rhyme is in this instance only approximate.

7.23.3 The rhyming of *hou*r with *floor* (in “Eclogue:—Viairies”) and with *core* (in “The geäte a-vallen to”) looks more unusual to present-day readers, but in Barnes’s dialect it is similar to that of *door* with *four*: a FORCE word (/vluər/, /kʊər/) is rhymed with a MOUTH word (/ɔuər/), and it is not clear whether alternative pronunciations allow an exact rhyme or whether the rhyme is approximate. {Since *floor* is invariably spelled with *ou* in 1844 (whether as *vluor* or *vluor’*), its pronunciation with /ɔuər/ seems probable.}

7.23.4 In the rhyme *avore* / *lower* in “Eclogue:—The times” (if the Corn Laws were abolished, farmers would pay less rent, and prices “wood be low’r / Var what ther land woo’d yield, an’ zoo ther hands / Wou’d be jist wher tha wer avore”) it is reasonable to assume that the stressed vowel in *lower* has its expected pronunciation, /ɔr/ (see 7.14.8). In normal circumstances the addition of the comparative suffix /ər/ would make *lower* disyllabic; but both metre and the spelling *low’r* (in both 1844 and later editions) suggest that the word is here treated as monosyllabic, hence /loər/ rather than /loʊər/. This would permit an exact rhyme with /əʊər/, as in Barnes’s report on Winterborne Came for *EEP* (see 7.23.1 above).
7.23.5 Whereas *morning* and *mourning* have become homophones in RP, they remain distinct in Barnes’s poems, the former (/mərˈnæn/) belonging to the NORTH set (see 7.22.1), as in the “marnen zun” of “The Spring” (1844), the latter (/mʊərˈnæn/) belonging to the FORCE set, as in the “moornen” (1844) or “murnèn” (later editions) kerchief worn by Jenny in “The ruose that deck’d her breast” when her Robert died. But rhymes with *burn*, *kern*, and *turn* (supported by the spelling, usually *murn*) show clearly that Barnes’s preferred pronunciation for *mourn* is /mərn/, making it in his dialect a member of the NURSE set.

7.23.6 Loss of /r/ before /s/ affects words with the sequence *oars* or *ours* just as it does words with *ors* (see 7.22.4), but with differing results.

   a) In *hoarse*, which occurs to the best of my knowledge only in the “huosse” (1844) or “whoa’se” (later editions) cuckoo of “I got twoields,” the 1844 spelling suggests diphthongization of long o, which I transcribe as /uə/ (see 7.14.3), giving /huəs/.

   b) In *course*, both in *of course* (“in coose” or “in coo’se” in Barnes’s poems) and in the verb *to course* (“to chase”), both spelling and rhyme (e.g. with *woose* ‘worse’ in “A witch”) point to the sound /kəs/.

7.24 The CURE set

The CURE set (Wells, 2.2.24) contains words with “the stressed vowel /uə/ in conservative RP” (“now increasingly being replaced by /œ/”) “and the sequence /ʊr/ in GenAm” (p. 162). This includes some words with the spelling *oor* (e.g. *moor, poor*), some with *our* (e.g. *tour, your*), some with *ure, ur+V*, or *ury* (e.g. *pure, sure, curious, rural, fury*), and some with *eur* (e.g. *Europe*).

7.24.1 It is evident from rhyme that Barnes does not distinguish in his poems between the vowel of the FORCE set and that of the CURE set: *more* (from the former) rhymes frequently with *poor* and *sure* (both from the latter); *sure* rhymes with *more* (from the former), *poor* (from the latter), and *doer* (a near homophone of *dour*, from the latter). The length of the first element of the sequence /uər/ appears to be variable, tending towards long in CURE words and short in FORCE words. The long first element would
accord with the transcription /\textipa{'}ju:ər/ for 	extit{sure} in Barnes’s contribution to \textit{EEP} (cs clause 4), and would make an exact rhyme with \textit{do er} (/\textipa{'}du: ər/); but since the difference is insufficient to prevent the rhyme with \textit{more} (/\textipa{'}muər/), it makes sense to use for \textit{CURE} words the transcription /\textipa{'}u(ə)ər/.

7.24.2 The pronoun \textit{your} is frequently unstressed, and this is sometimes shown in 1844 in the spellings \textit{yer} and \textit{yar} (all replaced by StE \textit{your} in later editions). Whenever the word is unstressed, irrespective of its spelling, I take it that the pronunciation is /\textipa{'}jər/, as still frequently heard today.

8. CONSONANTS

Consonant sounds are generally less troublesome than vowel sounds; the comments Barnes makes on them in his grammars are for the most part clear and precise; and his spelling (in both early and late editions of his poems) is usually a helpful guide to their pronunciation. Consonant sounds that are not discussed in this section may be assumed to have the same pronunciation as in RP; differences from RP in single consonants and consonant clusters in Barnes’s poems are listed below in alphabetical order of the key consonant(s) concerned.

8.1 \textit{C}
As shown by Barnes’s spelling of \textit{cuckoo} (invariably \textit{gookoo}, in both early and late editions) /\textipa{'}k/ is occasionally voiced to /\textipa{'}g/. For the reverse process see 8.4.2 below.

8.2 \textit{D}

8.2.1 “An open palate letter is sometimes substituted for a close one, \textit{r} for \textit{d} ... as \textit{parrick}, a paddock” (Diss., §39); in phonemic terms /\textipa{'}r/ replaces /\textipa{'}d/ in some words, as shown by Barnes’s spelling, \textit{parrick} (early) or \textit{parrock} (later editions).

8.2.2 “\textit{d}, after \textit{n}, as in \textit{an’}, and; \textit{boun’}, bound; \textit{groun’}, ground; \textit{roun’}, round; \textit{soun’}, sound; is commonly thrown out, as it is after \textit{l}: as in \textit{veel, for field}”
This loss of final /d/ in the consonant clusters /nd/ and /ld/ is reflected in frequent rhymes between words ending in -ound in StE and words ending in -own, and between field and words ending with the sound /il/. But “commonly” does not mean “always”; Barnes’s more usual spellings are with -nd or -ld; and the rhymes round / crown’d (“The shepherd o’ the farm”) and field / wheel’d (“Hallowed pleâces”) show that retention of final /d/ is sometimes obligatory. My policy, accordingly, is to transcribe these two clusters outside rhyme as /n/ and /l/ when Barnes omits the final consonant, and as /n(d)/ and /l(d)/ when he retains it, showing that the final /d/ is optional; in rhyme I use /n/, /n(d)/, /l/, or /l(d)/ as the rhyme requires.

8.2.3 In a note added to §29 in the 1847 Diss. (repeated in the 1863 Grammar, p. 16) Barnes points out the substitution of /ð/ for /d/ in ladder and bladder. This substitution is consistently shown in 1844 (e.g. in the “lather” that plays such an important part in “What Dick an’ I done” and the “blathers” hanging round the walls in “The settle an’ the girt wood vire”); but StE spelling is usually restored in later editions.

8.2.4 In 1844 both spelling (always archet) and rhyme (archet / sarch it, “The welshnut tree”) show that the final consonant of orchard is not /d/ as in RP but voiceless /t/. (For the pronunciation of the first syllable in orchard see 7.22.1.) In later editions the spelling is usually orcha’d (which is likely to mislead present-day readers into thinking the pronunciation is /ɔtʃəd/, as in RP); since, however, Barnes retains the rhyme with sarch it (in spite of respelling orchard as orcha’r), we may reasonably assume that the pronunciation is still /ɔrtʃət/.

8.3 F

8.3.1 The voicing of initial fricatives, in particular /f/ to /v/ and /s/ to /z/ (for which latter see 8.9.1), is one of the best-known features of SW dialects (see Wells, 4.3.6, p. 343); Wakelin, indeed, calls it (as far as the written record is concerned) “the SW feature par excellence” (I.4.2, p. 29). In Barnes’s words, “f of English words is commonly rejected for its smooth kinsletter v before a vowel or liquid in the Dorset dialect, in which fast, fetch, feed, find,
fire, for, foot, from, become vast, vetch, weed, vind, vire, var, voot, vrom”; but “some English words beginning with f before a consonant, as fling, friend, retain f” (Diss., §31; see §17 for Barnes’s explanation of the terms rough and smooth). Not all eligible words always have voiced f (fan, not van; fall = ‘autumn’, as against vall, verb; farmer (1844) / former (later editions) = ‘former’); but this will not cause difficulty since Barnes retains the spelling v- for voiced f- in all editions of the poems. Other commentators have noted instances of loan words that are affected by voicing: Widén, for example, recorded /v/ in several loan words from French in the mid 20th century, including face, farm, feast, fine, and finish (SDD, §74.1b); but Barnes spells all these words with f- and is remarkably consistent in showing that for him it is only in Germanic words that initial /f/ is voiced. He spells this out plainly in both the 1863 Grammar (p. 16) and the 1886 Glossary (p. 8): “... the Dorset does not hold V for F in words that are brought in from other and not Teutonic languages. We must say Factory, false, family, famine, figure, in Dorset, as well as in English.”

8.3.2 “The preposition of loses its f and becomes o’ before a consonant” (Diss., §31). This self-explanatory comment is borne out many times in Barnes’s poems, e.g. in the titles “A bit o’ fun,” “Keepèn up o’ Chris’mas,” “The music o’ the dead,” etc. I take it that the reduced (and unstressed) o’ is merely a schwa in pronunciation and transcribe it as /ə/.

8.3.3 The possessive combinations of en, of it, of us, of them are normally abbreviated to o + the final consonant (o’n, o’l, o’s, o’m). Barnes’s preferred spelling of these combinations in 1844 is with o’(o’n, o’l, o’s, o’m), showing that the o is lengthened. I accordingly transcribe it as /ɔː/ in such combinations, even when (as usually in later editions) the length mark is omitted.

8.4 G

8.4.1 The occasional spelling ghi, as in ghiame, ghiarden, and ghirt, may appear at first sight to suggest aspiration after initial /g/; more probably, however, the b is inserted between g and i (as in Italian) to show that the initial consonant is the stop /g/ as opposed to the fricative /dʒ/.
8.4.2 Devoicing of /g/ occurs in some environments, as suggested by the spelling *fakket* for *faggot* in the 1844 and 1847 versions of “Guy Faux’s night” and “What Dick an’ I done” (respelled as in StE in later editions). For the reverse process see 8.1 above.

8.4.3 “The termination *ing* of verbal nouns such as *singing* and *washing*, as well as imperfect participles, is in Dorset *en*; as in *a beäten*, a beating; *writen*, writing” (Diss., §42). In the poems Barnes usually spells this -en ending -ën. For a discussion of the pronunciation see 7.1.5.

8.4.4 Present-day audio recordings show uncertainty amongst readers as to whether the initial *g* in *gilcup* is hard (/g/) or soft (/dʒ/). The etymological comment Barnes supplies in the 1886 *Glossary* shows that /g/ is correct: “GIL’CUP or Giltycup. Giltcup; the buttercup, (*ranunculus bulbosus*); so called from the gold-like gloss of its petals.”

8.5 *H*

8.5.1 “In the working-class accents of most of England, H Dropping prevails. That is to say, the [h] of standard accents is absent: words such as *hit, happy, hammer, hedge*, begin with a vowel” (Wells, 3.4.1, p. 253). But Somerset and parts of Wiltshire and Dorset “are traditionally ‘/h/-areas’, i.e. areas where strong aspiration is retained, as distinct from most other dialect areas, where it is lost” (Wakelin I.4.2, p. 31). Since there is no mention of H Dropping in Barnes’s grammars, and no sign of it in either his earlier or his later spelling system (except in the unstressed personal pronouns ’e, ’er, etc., where loss of initial /h/ is as common in StE as in any class or regional dialect), we may reasonably deduce that the Dorset represented in Barnes’s poems is a traditional /h/-area, where the /h/ is retained in *hit, happy*, etc.

8.5.2 In contrast to the H Dropping that is common elsewhere, Barnes points out that initial /h/ from OE is often retained in his dialect in words that have lost it in StE, and introduced in others that did not have it in OE. In the 1886 *Glossary* he gives a list of some two dozen words beginning with *r*– in which the initial consonant is “hard breathed” in Dorset, i.e. words which begin with the combination /hr/ rather than simply /r/ (pp. 9–10). After the list Barnes supplies a specimen sentence containing a whole series
of aspirated \( rs \): “He hrode by hroughest hroads, and hrugged hrocks where hrobbers hroamed.” But there is no mention of aspirated initial \( r \) in the Diss., and Barnes does not use the spelling \( hr- \) for initial \( r- \) in any edition of his poems. Since it appears that aspirated initial \( r- \) was a feature of the dialect that Barnes chose not to portray in his poems, I do not use the combination /\( hr/\) in my phonemic transcripts of the poems.

8.5.3 If there is aspiration in the dialect Barnes describes in sounds that are not aspirated in StE, it is reasonable to suppose that initial \( wb- \) (from OE \( hw- \)) is aspirated in the dialect in words such as \( what, when, where, which, why, \) etc. that were formerly pronounced with /\( hw/\) in RP, and are still so pronounced in Scotland, Ireland, and parts of the north of England. Barnes consistently spells such words with \( wb- \) in his poems; but it is not clear whether the spelling is merely conventional, or whether it confirms the pronunciation with /\( hw/\). Barnes does not comment on \( wb- \) in the Diss., but in the 1886 Glossary, immediately after his list of words with aspirated initial \( r- \), he writes: “So Dorset has kept the hard breathed \( W, \) in some words from which it is often dropped, as \( bwey, whey. bwarf, wharf. bwing, wing\)” (p. 10, my italics). Two things are of note here: the phrase “in some words,” which makes it clear that aspiration is not present in \textit{all} words with \( wb- \); and the inclusion of \( wing, \) always spelled with \( w- \) in the poems (as in “The blackbird,” “The sky a-clearèn,” etc.), never with \( hw- \) or \( wb- \), which suggests that (as with initial \( r- \)) Barnes did not wish to show this aspiration in his poems. The only safe transcription appears to be /\( (h)w/\), showing that aspiration is possible but not obligatory.

8.5.4 \( Who \) and \( whole \) are of course excluded from the preceding discussion, since their pronunciation in StE is with /\( h/\) as opposed to /\( hw/\) or /\( w/\). I transcribe both words with /\( h/\) as in StE.

8.5.5 A well-known feature of west-country dialects to this day is the substitution of /\( j/\) for /\( h/\) in \( bear \) (and its derivatives) and \( here, \) (as well as the introduction of initial /\( j/\) in \( ear \)), making these words homophones of \( year \). But Barnes makes no mention of this feature in his grammars; his cs for Winterborne Came in EEP has /\( h/\) in \( here \) (clause 1) as well as in \( bear \) and \( heard \) (clauses 4 and 13); and in his poems he normally spells these words with \( h-, \) and \( ear \) as in StE. I transcribe \( here, bear, \) and \( heard, \) accordingly,
with /h/, and ear with no initial /j/ (except in instances where Barnes’s spelling indicates clearly that /j/ is required, as in “yers” for “ears” in the 1844 version of “Uncle an’ ānt”).

8.6 LM
Barnes notes the intrusion of an epenthetic vowel (which I take to be schwa) into the consonant cluster -lm (as in some pronunciations of film in current English): “The liquids lm at the end of a word are sometimes parted by a vowel, as in elem, elm; auverwhelm, overwhelm; helm” (Diss., §32; similarly in the 1863 Grammar, p. 18, and 1886 Glossary, p. 15). This observation is borne out in his poems by both scansion and spelling: elm on its own or in final position is always disyllabic /elam/ (as in line 4 of “The Spring,” the first poem in the first collection), and its normal spelling is elem. The one occurrence of the form elm that I am aware of in 1844, in the third stanza of “The d’rection post” (“The Leyton road ha lofty ranks / Ov elm trees upon his banks”), is evidently a printing error: elm must be disyllabic for the metre, and the spelling is elem both in the version in DCC and in later editions.

The first line of the second stanza of “Faïr Emily ov Yarrow Mill” (“But thy wold house an’ elmy nook”) shows the accuracy of Barnes’s observation that it is only “at the end of a word” that a vowel intrudes: the octosyllabic metre requires that elmy be disyllabic, making elm itself in this instance monosyllabic /elm/. Similarly, the spelling calm and the metrical need for a monosyllable at the beginning of the penultimate line of the first stanza of “Lindenore” (“Calm āïr do vind the rwose-bound door”) confirm that it is only “sometimes” that the consonant cluster lm in final position is “parted by a vowel”.

8.7 N
8.7.1 After v. In the 1886 Glossary Barnes explains how, in the dialect he is describing, the sequence /v(ɔ)n/ may develop into the consonant cluster /bm/ via the intermediate stage /v(ɔ)m/: “When V and N (either in en as a wordending, or the pronoun en) come together, the v often overwields the n which in its new form overwields the v that becomes b” (p. 14). In modern terminology (more Latinate and perhaps also more opaque than Barnes’s
resolute Anglo-Saxon) (alveolar) /n/ becomes (bilabial) /m/ through the influence of an adjacent (labiodental) /v/, which in its turn is converted by (the bilabial) /m/ into (the bilabial) /b/. The examples Barnes gives to demonstrate this phenomenon are *ebm* (/i:ɔm/) from *even* via *ev(e)m* (/i:vəm/), together with *elebm, habm, beahm, obm, sebm* (from, respectively, *eleven, have-en ‘have him’, Heaven, oven, seven*). Since, however, Barnes never uses the spellings *bm* or *bem* for *ven* in his poems, it seems that this is one feature of the dialect that he chose not to portray. The halfway stage shown in 1844 in his spelling of *evening*, on the other hand (always *even’en* in 1844, replaced by *even’en* in later editions) suggests that his preferred pronunciation of this word (in his poems, at least) is /i:vəm/.  

8.7.2 After b or p. In a similar way, and for similar reasons, Barnes explains that the object pronoun *en* becomes (bilabial) /m/ under the influence of a preceding (bilabial) /b/ or /p/; thus *robm* (/rɔbəm/) is developed from *rob en* (‘rob him’), and *drubm, mobm, rubm, scrubm, dropm* and *stopm* from *drub en* (‘drub him’), etc. (1886 *Glossary*, p. 14). None of this, however, is shown in his poems.  

8.7.3 As a final twist Barnes points out that (voiced) /m/ or /n/ can have the effect of converting a preceding (voiceless) /p/ into (voiced) /b/; thus *open* (/ɔpən/) is likely to become /ɔbən/ or /ɔbəm/ (1886 *Glossary*, p. 14). This feature is shown frequently in Barnes’s poems: in 1844 *open* is always spelled *oben*; in later editions it may be either *oben* or *open*. There are, however, no spellings suggesting the pronunciation with /əm/ for /ən/. In accordance with Barnes’s 1844 spelling I transcribe *open* always as /ɔbən/.  

8.8 R  

8.8.1 Whereas RP is a non-rhotic accent (that is to say, the /r/ sound originally heard in all words with r in their spelling has now been lost when the r appears at the end of a word or precedes a consonant), the SW is fully rhotic (i.e. r is always sounded); indeed, as Wells says, “The preservation of historical /r/ in all environments is the best-known phonetic characteristic of the west of England” (4.3.5, p. 341). Thus the *r* is audible (as it would be in GenAm) where it would be silent in RP in *weather’s, sparkle, toward, bear,*
and birds (to take some examples only from the first stanza of the first poem in Barnes’s first dialect collection, “The Spring”); conversely, rhymes such as arm / calm and four / flaw, which have become normal in RP, are impossible for Barnes. Commentators have had a field day with the precise quality of this /r/ sound; for the purposes of this guide, however, I note merely that the /r/ in Barnes’s dialect poems will always be distinctly heard.

8.8.2 Full rhoticity has a tendency to spill over into hyper-rhoticity, i.e. the insertion of an /r/ sound where there is no etymological justification for it. This is especially likely to happen in words ending in unstressed -ow (yellow, hollow, window, etc., which become yeller, holler, winder, etc.: see 7.14.8).

8.8.3 “r in great, pretty, undergoes metathesis, making ghirt and pirty” (Diss., §34; see 7.9.4). The spelling ghirt (for which see 8.4.1) is not used in Barnes’s poems; but the metathesis of r + vowel is consistently shown in the spellings gilt or gert in almost all editions, as in the titles of two of his best-loved poems, “The girt woak tree that’s in the dell” and “The settle an’ the girt wood vire.” (The misleading spelling gre’t that is sometimes used in the third and fourth editions of the first collection is abandoned thereafter.) Pretty is always pirty in 1844, and thereafter either pert or pretty; I take it, however, that the pronunciation is always /pərti/, and that of great always /gært/. 

8.8.4 “The liquids rl of English words, such as purl, twirl, world, have frequently d inserted between them, making purdle, twirdle, wordle ...” (Diss., §33). Barnes’s spelling in 1844 accords with his comment in the Dissertation, curl, twirl, whirl and world all being spelled with -rdle (and pronounced, I take it, with -/ɔːrdəl/), and worlds (“wordles”) rhyming with hurdles in stanza 7 of “The Shepherd o’ the farm”: “An’ wi’ my zong, an’ wi’ my fife, / An’ wi’ my hut o’ turf an’ hurdles, / I wou’den changne my shepherd’s life /To be a-miade a king o’ wordles.” But this stanza is omitted from later editions; world is respelled worold (thus keeping it disyllabic); and the other words are respelled as in StE (with compensatory adjustments to the wording where the loss of a syllable would disturb the rhythm) or with -rrel for -rdle (as in the maidens’ “currels” in the second stanza of “Evenèn, an’ maidens out at door”). It seems clear, then, that Barnes decided not to portray the characteristic SW -/ɔːrdəl/ for -/ɔːrl/ in later editions of his
poems. We are left, then, with several possible pronunciations for words in this subset: \(/\text{ærdəl}/\) (as in 1844), \(/\text{ærl}/\) (as in StE), and \(/\text{ærəl}/\) or \(/\text{ærəl}/\) (as implied by the spelling *currel* for *curl*). The first three of these are all offered as possible pronunciations for *curl* and *purl* in Barnes’s contribution to *EEP* for Winterborne Came (cw1 805a–b).

8.8.5 “r before a hissing palate letter, s, c, or z, or *th*, as in *burst*, first, verse, force, furze, nurs’d, mirth, earth, birth, worth, is thrown out, making *bust*, *vust*, *vess*, *fuoss*, *vuzz*, *nuss’d*, *meth*, *beth*, *wot*” (Diss., §35). This observation is consistently borne out by Barnes’s spelling: see 7.8.4, 7.22.4, and 7.9.5.

8.8.6 For possible aspiration of initial *r*, resulting in the pronunciation \(/\text{hr}/\), see 8.5.2.

\{8.8.7 Loss of \(/\text{r}/\) before final \(/\text{d}/\) in an unstressed syllable is shown in the spellings *archet* and *orca’d* for *orchard* and *Richat* for *Richard* (this latter in “Eclogue: Emigration”); conversely the forms *shepherd* and *Roberd* (the usual 1844 spelling of *Robert*) show its retention in some words.\}

8.9 5

8.9.1 “*s* before a vowel often but not universally becomes in Dorset its smooth kinsletter \(\varsigma\), making sand, \(\varsigma\text{and}\); sap, \(\varsigma\text{ap}\); send, \(\varsigma\text{end}\); set, \(\varsigma\text{et}\); sick, \(\varsigma\text{ick}\); some, \(\varsigma\text{ome}\); sop, \(\varsigma\text{op}\); and sun, \(\varsigma\text{un}\)” (Diss., §36; see §17 for Barnes’s explanation of the terms *rugh* and *smooth*). To this may be added *s* before *w* (since there are many occurrences of *zw*—spellings—*zwath*, *zweet*, *zwell*, *zwing*, etc.), together with the plurals of *face* and *place* (*-zen* as opposed to *-ce*). Since, however, there is no certain way of predicting when the *s*- will be voiced and when not, Barnes’s “often but not universally” seems as precise a formulation as one could hope for, and his decision to retain the *s*- spellings of affected words in later editions is much to be welcomed.

8.9.2 “In many English words ending with *s* and a mute consonant, those letters have undergone metathesis, since in Anglo-Saxon the *s* followed the consonant, as it does in the Dorset dialect; in which clasp is *elap*; crisp, *crip*; hasp, *haps*; wasp, *waps*; and to ask, to *aks* (*ax*), the Anglo-Saxon *axian*” (Diss., §37). To the best of my knowledge the only word in this list that occurs in Barnes’s poems is *ask*: in accordance with his comment here it is
always spelled *ax* (/æks/). There is also the word *clips*, which occurs, always in the infinitive, in five of Barnes’s poems (“The sky a-clearèn,” “The wold vo’k dead,” “Brookwell,” “Shop o’ meat-weäre, and “The little hwomestead”), and which is defined and exemplified in the 1844 Glossary (with a cross reference to §37 of the Diss.) as “To clasp between the thumb and fingers, or between the two arms. I can clips *thik* tree.”

8.9.3

The voiced *s* (/z/) in *isn’t* and *’isn’t* is replaced by /d/, as shown by Barnes’s consistent spellings *idden* and *tidden* in both early and late collections.

8.10 *SH* and *S* representing /ʃ/

Voicing of initial /ʃ/ to /ʒ/ is a characteristic of SW dialects generally considered to be as firmly established as voicing of initial /s/ to /z/ (Wells, 4.3.6, p. 343; Wakelin, I.4.2, p. 29), but it is a feature not normally shown by Barnes. There is one isolated example of *zure* for *sure* in John’s final speech in the 1844 version of “The common a-took in” amongst many examples of *sure* elsewhere in the collection; in later editions, however, it has been altered to *sure*. I transcribe *sure*, accordingly, always with initial /ʃ/.

8.11 *SHR*

The spelling of 1844 indicates simplification of the consonant cluster /ʃr/ to /ʃ/ by loss of /r/, as in *shodon* and *sh’oud* for *Shroton* and *shroud*. The -r- is often (but not always) restored in later editions, suggesting that pronunciations with /ʃr/ and /ʃ/ were both acceptable. *Shrill* is perhaps a special case: Barnes’s preferred spelling in 1844 is *shill* (three occurrences, in “The woodlands,” “The blackbird,” and “The music o’ the dead,” as against one occurrence of *shrii*, in “The woody holler”). The spelling *shill* (as against *sh’ill*, which does not occur in 1844) may suggest that the word in question is not in fact *shrii* with loss of -r- but the more or less synonymous *shill* (from OE *scill* ‘sonorous, sounding’; *EDD, shill, adj.*). But this is not certain: the form *shill* is abandoned in later editions; its three occurrences in the First Collection are all replaced by *shrii*, and elsewhere the spellings *sh’ill* and *shrii* are both frequently used.
8.12 T

8.12.1 Intervocalic /t/ is generally said to be voiced throughout the SW (as in GenAm): “LAE shows butter with [d] everywhere south-west of a line from Weston-super-mare to Portsmouth” (Wells, 4.3.6, p. 344). But the situation is not quite so clear-cut. Barnes seems always to have /t/: he gives no indication of /d/ either in his grammars or in the spelling of his poems {except very rarely, as in nodice for notice in the 1844 and 1847 versions of “Eclogue:—A bit o’ sly coortèn”}, and his contribution to EEP has /t/ in little and kettle (cs, clauses 10 and 12), the only eligible words for which his responses are recorded.

8.12.2 “An open palate letter is sometimes substituted for a close one” (cf. 8.2.1 above), in this instance “k for t; as ... pank, to pant” (Diss., §39). To the best of my knowledge pant is the only word in which /k/ replaces /t/ in this way; it is always shown by Barnes’s rhyme and spelling, in both early and late editions, as in the rhyming of pank with bank (“Dock leaves”, “John Bloom in Lon’on”) and spank (“John Bloom in Lon’on”).

8.13 TH (excluding THR)

8.13.1 “Where the English rough articulation th, as in thin, the Anglo-Saxon þ, becomes in Dorsetshire its soft kinsletter th as in thee, the Anglo-Saxon ð, as it does very frequently, the author has printed it in Italics th, as think” (Diss., §38). That is to say, when voiceless th is voiced (as it frequently is in Dorset) Barnes prints the th in italics in 1844 (replaced by ð in 1847); if the th is voiceless in RP and is not printed in italics in 1844, we may assume that it remains voiceless in Barnes’s dialect. This statement does not propose any rule by which we can predict when th will be voiced and when not; as with voiced and voiceless s, we are in the territory of “often but not universally” (see 8.9.1 above). This would be of little concern to readers if Barnes had stuck to his policy of indicating typographically when voiceless th becomes voiced; the problem is that he abandoned this policy in later editions, in which he gives no indication as to when a th that is voiceless in StE is to be voiced. It may therefore be helpful to list here all words in which voiceless th in RP is shown to be voiced in the poems and/or glossaries of 1844 and 1847, the 1879 Glossary, and the 1886 Glossary (p. 9): athirt and thirtauver,
both and loth, thatch, thaw, thief, thiller and thillbarness, thik, thimble, thin (adj.), thin (v.), thing, think and thought (v.), thistle, thorn, thumb. (Words with voiced th in RP in which the th is superfluously italicized in 1844 are omitted from this list.) The only words in which initial th is not shown to be voiced in 1844 are thick, thigh, thought (noun, and in the compounds thoughtful and thoughtless), thousand, thump, and thunder. {It is not clear whether the single instance of italicized th- in thought, noun, in 1844 (in “The happy daes when I wer young”) is an oversight, or whether it shows that both voiced and voiceless pronunciations were acceptable.} In the transcription of his poems I have relied on Barnes’s typographical conventions in 1844 and 1847 and on his lists of the words in which th is voiced.

8.13.2 In a sentence added to §38 in the expanded Dissertation of 1847 Barnes notes the loss of medial or final th in some words: “th go out in wi’, for with; gramfa’r, grandfather; grammo’r, grandmother; le’s, let’s.” (The placement of let’s in this list of words with omitted th is evidently a slip.) In the poems (both early and late editions) grandfather and grandmother are always spelled gramfer and grammer, evidently with /m/ for /nd/ and a final syllable reduced to /ɔr/. Withth is occasionally spelled out in full, but usually it is wi’, “pronounced wee” according to the 1844 Glossary. This implies lengthening as well as raising of the vowel (cf. gi’e for give, 8.15.1); since, however, wi’ is rarely stressed, the likelihood must be that the sound is usually that of the “the happy vowel” (see 7.1.2), namely /i/ rather than /iː/.

8.13.3 Though not included in Barnes’s list in the preceding paragraph, clothes is evidently another word in which medial /ð/ is lost, as shown both by the spellings cloas or cloaz in 1844 and by rhymes on the sound /ɔːz/ (e.g. a-vroze “The vrost”, shows “Martin’s tide”). That these rhymes are retained in later editions even when clothes has its StE spelling suggests that the pronunciation for Barnes is always /klɔːz/, irrespective of the spelling.

8.14 THR

“d is substituted for initial th; as drow for throw; droo, through; drash, thrash; drong, throng; droat, throat; drashel, threshold” (Diss., §29). In the 1863 Grammar Barnes points out that this substitution takes place “mostly before r” (p. 16); his examples suggest that it happens only before r. In phonemic
terms initial /θr/ becomes /dr/, a feature widely noted by commentators on SW dialects. (Except in a few stray instances the dr- spellings are reinstated in Barnes’s 1879 edition, though some had been abandoned in intermediate editions after 1844.) The sole exceptions to the substitution of /dr/ for /θr/ in Barnes’s poems are thrive and thrill; it may be that /θr/ is retained in thrill to prevent confusion with drill, but possible confusion between thrive and drive can hardly be urged as a cause for its retention in thrive, since drive has a different vowel in Barnes’s dialect (see 7.10.6).

8.15 V

8.15.1 “v is sometimes omitted, as gi’e, give; ba’, have; sar, serve” (Diss., §40). Barnes’s spelling in his poems suggests that in have the /v/ may be included or omitted indifferently; in serve it is usually omitted, but may be retained in rhyme where needed (as in sarve ye/starve ye, “Eclogue: The times”); in give it is normally omitted, but sometimes retained in derived forms such as givèn. Rhymes show that when /v/ is omitted from give, the vowel is raised and lengthened, producing the form /gir/ (as in gi’e/be, “Eclogue: Father come huome”).

8.15.2 For the sequence /v(ɔ)n/ see 8.7.1.

8.16 W

8.16.1 Loss of initial /w/ is a common feature in SW dialects, but since it is a feature on which Barnes makes no comment, the only safe policy is to be guided by the spelling of 1844: his usual spelling of within and without is with no initial w, but there are occasional occurrences of without spelled as in StE, suggesting that forms with and without initial /w/ are both acceptable; will is usually wull but occasionally will, ’ool, or ’ul(l), so that /wul/, /wil/, and /ul/ are all possible; would is variously would, wond, wou’d, wood, wo’d, ’ood, or ’od, so that /wud/ and /ud/ are evidently both possible, even though the spellings without initial w- are abandoned in later editions. Where, on the other hand, Barnes never uses spellings without w- in his poems (as with woman, women, wood, and wool), I assume that he wished initial /w/ to be retained. For one and once, both of which have initial /w/ in RP, see 7.5.7.
8.16.2 Loss of medial /w/ in words such as upward is common in regional dialects throughout England and sometimes reflected in Barnes’s spelling. Athwart is always athirt (the italicized th in the spelling of 1844, “athirt,” showing that loss of /w/ is accompanied by voicing of the preceding /θ/ to /ð/, hence /əðaːrt/, see 8.13.1); somewhat is variously zome’hat, zome’at, or zummat, all of which I take to be /zʌmat/.

8.16.3 As Wakelin points out, in SW dialects /w/ may be added initially or after a preceding consonant before long back vowels, “but its interpretation is open to question” (I.4.4, p. 33). In Barnes’s case insertion of /w/ before /ɔːi/ appears to be normal in boil, spoil, point, poison, toil, and boy (see 7.17.1 and 7.17.4). On the interpretation of the w-glide before the sound traditionally called “long o” see 7.14.1–4.

8.17 WH

8.17.1 On the question of aspiration in words containing wb- see 8.5.3.

8.17.2 Loss of medial wb is shown in spellings such as zummat for somewhat (see 8.16.2).

8.18 Y

When ye is grammatically dependent on the preceding word, its initial /j/ is frequently lost and the /i:/ assimilated to the preceding word. Thus can ye sounds like canny and rhymes with Fanny (“Eclogue:—A bit o’ sly coortën”); tell ye sounds like telly and rhymes with belly (“Eclogue:—The times”), and so on.
GLOSSARY

Definitions are quoted from the 1844 Glossary unless otherwise stated; those marked DCC are from the notes accompanying a poem on its first publication.

Bran(d), Bron(d). ‘Bron, or Bran, or Backbron, or Backbran. A brand, a large log of wood put on at the back of the fire, particularly at merrymakings in winter.’

Cassen whet. ‘Canst not whet a scythe. There is a false notion among many who do not understand rural matters, that in the field of work of the labourer there is no skill. Let them try to make a rick, build a load of hay, or strike a stroke in mowing; or let them whet a scythe, and see how long they will rub before they bring up the test of good whetting, the thread on the edge. A London apprentice should not laugh at a rustic because he cannot dance a quadrille, and knows nothing of the drama; since he of the town knows nothing of crops, cattle, and correctives of soil; and would be as awkward in a field as the other in a ball-room. “Non omnia possumus omnes.” We cannot all do everything: city folks are superior to rustics in many things, and rustics to them in others.’ (DCC)

Clacker or Bird-clacker. ‘A kind of rattle to frighten away birds from a cornfield.’

Cock. See Haymaking.

Colepexy. ‘In Somerset Pixybording from pixy or colepixy, a fairy? To beat down the few apples that may be left on the trees after the crop has been taken in; to take as it were the fairies’ horde.’

Dibs. ‘coins; but truly, the small knee bones of a sheep used in the game of Dibs’ (1879 Glossary). Dibs: ‘A children’s game of toss and catch, played mostly by two with five dibs or knuckle-bones of a leg of mutton or round pieces of tile or slate.’ (1886 Glossary)

Drīd the wold woman’s niddle. ‘Thread the old woman’s needle. A game in which children join hands, and the last leads the train under the lifted arms of the first two.’
Drive the common. ‘To drēve a common is to drive together all the stock on it, and pound such as are not owned by those who have a right of common.’

Drug. ‘An iron-shod piece of timber hung at the back of carts to prevent them from running back.’ (EDD, drug, sb.¹, 6)

Dungpot. ‘A kind of broad-wheeled dung cart that tips to shoot the dung.’

Ground the pick. ‘To put the end of the pitchfork on the ground, as a fulcrum to raise the pitch. Young men, proud of their strength, would scorn such a mechanical aid.’ (DCC)

Haymaking. ‘Haymaking consists of several operations which, with fine weather, commonly follow each other, in Dorsetshire, thus: The mown grass—in zwath—is thrown abroad—tedded—and afterwards turned once or twice and in the evening raked up into little ridges,—rollers,—single or double as they may be formed by one raker or by two raking against each other; and sometimes put up into small cones or heaps, called cocks. On the following morning the rollers or cocks are thrown abroad into—passels—parcels; which, after being turned, are in the evening put up into large ridges,—wiales,—and the wales are sometimes pooked, put up into larger cones,—pooks,—in which the hay is loaded. In raking grass into double rollers, or pushing hay up into wiales, the fore raker or pickman is said to riake in or push in, and the other to cluose.’

Herren-ribs, Herring-ribs. ‘A lanky, bony person.’ (EDD, herring, sb., 1.(14))

Hile. ‘A. S. Hilan, to cover. Ten sheaves of corn set up in the field, four on each side and one at each end, and forming a kind of roof.’

Hoss. ‘... A horse. Also a plank or faggot to stand upon in digging in wet ditches, moved forwards by a knobbed stick inserted through it.’

Humpty-dumpty ‘... A humpy and dumpy or shapeless mass.’

Kecks or Kex. ‘A dead stalk of hemlock or cow parsley.’

‘Mbetter bo. ‘Come hither, ho! Said to horses to tell them to come towards the driver.’

Niddle. See Drēd the wild woman’s niddle.

Nitch. ‘A burthen, as much as one can carry of wood, hay, or straw, and sometimes of drink. Hedgers are sometimes allowed to carry home every night a nitch of wood which they put on the end of a pole called a “Speäker”’ (or spyeker).
Passel. See Haymaking.

Pollard ‘(poll, to shear). A tree having its head polled or shorn off.’

Pook. See Haymaking.

Pummy, Pummice. ‘F. Pomme, an apple. The dry substance of apples after the
cider is expressed from it.’

Quirk. ‘To emit the breath forcibly after retaining it in violent exertion.’

Riaves. See Haymaking.

Roller. See Haymaking.

Skimmy. ‘To skim. To mow the tufts and patches of long grass in a summer
leaze.’ (DCC.)

Snappen tongs. ‘A game of forfeits. Those playing it stand up in a room in
which are seats for all but one of them, and when the tongues are
snapped all run to sit down, and the one that fails to get a seat pays a
forfeit.’ (The spelling tongues is recorded in OED from the 16th and 17th
centuries.)

Spur. ‘“To spur dung,” is to throw it abroad from the heaps left by the dung
putt.’

Spyeker. See Nitch.

Ted. See Haymaking.

Tip. ‘“To tip a rick,” to make its top conical and sharp so as to shoot the
wet, by raking and pulling loose hay from its side and undercutting it and
putting the hay gotten from these operations on the top.’

Tun. ‘A. S. Tun, a tower. The chimney top from the ridge of the house.’

Tut. ‘To do work by the tut is by the piece or lump, not by the day.’

Waggon. ‘“Where the waggon can’t goo auver me.” Upstairs; in bed.’ (1847
Glossary)

Whug. ‘A command to a horse to go to the right or off-side of the driver.’

(WDD, wngg, int. and v., 1. int.)

Wiale. See Haymaking.

Zwath. See Haymaking.
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