



Welcome to the electronic edition of *The Sound of William Barnes's Dialect Poems: 2. Poems of Rural Life in the Dorset Dialect, second collection (1859)*.

The book opens with the bookmark panel and you will see the contents page. Click on this anytime to return to the contents. You can also add your own bookmarks.

Each chapter heading in the contents table is clickable and will take you direct to the chapter. Return using the contents link in the bookmarks.

The whole document is fully searchable.

Enjoy.



THE UNIVERSITY
of ADELAIDE

UNIVERSITY OF
ADELAIDE PRESS

The Sound of William Barnes's Dialect Poems

2. Poems of Rural Life in the Dorset Dialect,
second collection (1859)



by T. L. Burton



THE UNIVERSITY
of ADELAIDE

UNIVERSITY OF
ADELAIDE PRESS

The Sound of William Barnes's Dialect Poems

2. Poems of Rural Life in the Dorset Dialect,
second collection (1859)

by T. L. Burton

From reviews of Volume 1 of The Sound of William Barnes's Dialect Poems:

This volume is the first of a series designed to supplement Burton's *William Barnes's Dialect Poems: A Pronunciation Guide* (2010) ... Together, these volumes constitute a monumental project which "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 driving force behind this project is Burton's enthusiasm for Barnes's work and his desire to bring these poems to life for the widest possible audience ... Recordings of Burton's lively, animated and accurate readings of each poem are provided on a free website hosted by Adelaide University Press, as is a free, searchable pdf version of the text ...

The Sound of William Barnes's Dialect Poems can ... be used by those without access to the *Pronunciation Guide*; so the pdf version effectively constitutes a free, comprehensive guide to Barnes's pronunciation, something for which both the author and the publisher are to be applauded.

—Joan C. Beal in *Anglia*.

ISBN 978-1-925261-49-3



OPEN
ACCESS



This book is available
as a free ebook from
adelaide.edu.au/press

Cover design by Emma Spoehr
Cover image by Helen Allingham
(1848–1926)

The Sound of William Barnes's Dialect Poems

2. Poems of Rural Life in the Dorset Dialect,
second collection

About this volume

This is the second volume in a series that 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*. Beginning with two poems that inspired Vaughan Williams to set them to music, and ending with a paean of praise for the poet's native county, this second collection contains 105 poems of immense range and power. There are poems of longing, of love and of loss; of pain and of protest; of tears and of laughter; of grief and consolation; of feasting and celebration; of music and birdsong; of falsehood and friendship and faith; of generosity and meanness; of bad temper and good; of stasis and travel; of flowers and trees; of storm and of calm. "Here," in short, (as Dryden famously said of the poetry of Geoffrey Chaucer) "is God's plenty".

T. L. Burton is an Emeritus Professor of English at the University of Adelaide.

Free audio files of T. L. Burton performing the poems in this
book are available from
www.adelaide.edu.au/press/titles/barnes-vol-2/recordings



This book is available as a free fully-searchable PDF from
www.adelaide.edu.au/press



The Sound of William Barnes's Dialect Poems

2. Poems of Rural Life in the Dorset Dialect,
second collection (1859)

as revised for the final collection (1879)

by

T. L. Burton

*Department of English and Creative Writing
School of Humanities
The University of Adelaide*





**This book is available
as a free ebook from
adelaide.edu.au/press**

Published in Adelaide by

University of Adelaide Press
Barr Smith Library
The University of Adelaide
South Australia 5005
press@adelaide.edu.au
www.adelaide.edu.au/press

The University of Adelaide Press publishes externally refereed scholarly books by staff of the University of Adelaide. It aims to maximise access to the University's best research by publishing works through the internet as free downloads and for sale as high quality printed volumes.

© 2017 T. L. Burton

This work is licenced under the Creative Commons Attribution 4.0 International (CC BY-NC-ND 4.0) License. To view a copy of this licence, visit <http://creativecommons.org/licenses/by/4.0/> or send a letter to Creative Commons, 444 Castro Street, Suite 900, Mountain View, California, 94041, USA. This licence allows for copying any part of the work for personal and commercial use, providing author attribution is clearly stated. Address all inquiries to the Director at the above address.



For the full Cataloguing-in-Publication data please contact the National Library of Australia:

cip@nla.gov.au

ISBN (paperback) 978-1-925261-49-3

ISBN (ebook) 978-1-925261-50-9

DOI: <http://dx.doi.org/10.20851/barnes-vol-2>

Cover illustration: A Hill Farm, Symondsbury, Dorset (w/c on paper), Allingham, Helen (1848–1926) / Private Collection / The Bridgeman Art Library

Cover design: Emma Spoehr

Paperback printed by Griffin Press, South Australia

CONTENTS

Preface	ix
Abbreviations	xi
Key to phonetic symbols	xv
Alternative pronunciations	xvi
Table of common alternatives	xvii
Introduction	
The spelling and pronunciation of the modified form of the dialect	1
Chief differences in spelling between the broad form of the dialect in <i>1844</i> and the modified form in <i>1879</i>	3
A note on the text	24
“Childhood”: a line-by-line phonemic analysis	24
Second-Collection Poems with phonemic transcripts	
Blackmwore mäidens	36
My orcha’d in Lindèn Lea	40
Bishop’s Caundle	42
Haÿ meäkèn—nunchen time	48
A father out, an’ mother hwome	54
Riddles	58
Day’s work a-done	66
Light or sheäde	70
The waggon a-stooded	72
Gwaïn down the steps vor water	80
Ellen Brine ov Allenburn	84
The motherless child	88
The leädy’s tower	90
Fatherhood	100
The Mäid o’ Newton	106
Childhood	110
Meäry’s smile	114
Meäry wedded	116
The stwonen bwoy upon the pillar	120

The young that died in beauty	124
Fair Emily of Yarrow Mill	128
The scud	132
Mindèn house	136
The lovely maïd ov Elwell Meäd	140
Our fathers' works	144
The wold vo'k dead	148
Culver Dell and the squire	152
Our be'thplace	156
The window freämed wi' stwone	160
The water-spring in the leäne	164
The poplars	168
The linden on the lawn	172
Our abode in Arby Wood	176
Slow to come, quick agone	178
The vier-zide	180
Knowlwood	184
Hallowed pleäces	188
The wold wall	194
Bleäke's house in Blackmwore	196
John Bleäke at hwome at night	202
Milkèn time	206
When birds be still	208
Ridèn hwome at night	212
Zun-zet	216
Spring	220
The zummer hedge	222
The water crowvoot	226
The lilac	230
The blackbird [II]	234
The slantèn light o' fall	238
Thissledown	242
The maÿ-tree	244
Lydlinch bells	246
The stage coach	250

Wayfeärèn	254
The leäne	258
The railroad [I]	264
The railroad [II]	266
Seats	268
Sound o' water	272
Trees be company	274
A pleäce in zight	278
Gwäin to Brookwell	282
Brookwell	288
The shy man	294
The winter's willow	298
I know who	302
Jessie Lee	304
True love	308
The beän vield	312
Wold friends a-met	316
Fifehead	320
Ivy Hall	324
False friends-like	328
The bachelor	330
Married peäir's love walk	334
A wife a-präis'd	338
The wife a-lost	342
The thorns in the geäte	346
Angels by the door	350
Vo'k a-comèn into church	354
Woone rule	358
Good Meäster Collins	360
Herrenston	364
Out at plough	368
The bwoat	372
The pleäce our own ageän	376
Eclogue: John an' Thomas	380
Pentridge by the river	386

Wheat	390
The meäd in June	396
Early risèn	400
Zellèn woone's honey to buy zome'hat sweet	402
Dobbin dead	406
Happiness	410
Gruffmoody Grim	414
The turn o' the days	420
The sparrow club	424
Gammony Gay	428
The heäre	434
Nanny Gill	438
Moonlight on the door	442
My love's guardian angel	446
Leeburn Mill	450
Praïse o' Do'set	454
Textual notes	459
Appendix: A summary of sections 7 and 8 of <i>WBPG</i>	467

PREFACE

This is the second volume in a series that sets out to provide a phonemic transcript and an audio recording of each 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 audio 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 thank John Emerson, Director of the University of Adelaide Press, and his staff, for their unshakeable patience and their staunch support.

ABBREVIATIONS

1844	The first edition of Barnes's first collection of dialect poems, <i>Poems of Rural Life, in the Dorset Dialect: With a Dissertation and Glossary</i> (1844)
1847	The second edition of Barnes's first collection of dialect poems (1847)
1863 <i>Grammar</i>	Barnes's <i>A Grammar and Glossary of the Dorset Dialect with the History, Outspreading, and Bearings of South-Western English</i> . Berlin: A. Asher for The Philological Society, 1863.
1879	Barnes's <i>Poems of Rural Life in the Dorset Dialect</i> . London: C. Kegan Paul, 1879 (containing the first, second, and third collections of <i>Poems of Rural Life</i> brought together in one volume.)
1886 <i>Glossary</i>	Barnes's <i>A Glossary of the Dorset Dialect with a Grammar of Its Word Shapening and Wording</i> . Dorchester: M. & E. Case, County Printers; London: Trübner, 1886.
<i>adv.</i>	adverb
<i>AED</i>	Upton, Clive, and J. D. A. Widdowson. <i>An Atlas of English Dialects</i> . 2nd ed. London: Routledge, 2006.
C	Consonant
cs	Comparative Specimen (in Part 5 of Ellis's <i>On Early English Pronunciation</i>)
cwl	Classified Word List (in Part 5 of Ellis's <i>On Early English Pronunciation</i>)
<i>DCC</i>	<i>Dorset County Chronicle</i>
Diss.	The "Dissertation on the Dorset Dialect of the English Language" prefaced to 1844
<i>DWS</i>	Elworthy, Frederic Thomas. "The Dialect of West Somerset." <i>Transactions of the Philological Society</i> (1875–76): 197–272. English Dialect Society, Series D, Miscellaneous, 7. London: Trübner, 1875.

EDD	<i>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 Publications of the English Dialect Society and on a Large Amount of Material Never Before Printed.</i> Ed. Joseph Wright. 6 vols. London: H. Frowde; New York: G. P. Putnam's, 1898–1905.
EEP	<i>On Early English Pronunciation</i> (see Ellis)
Ellis	Ellis, Alexander J. <i>On Early English Pronunciation, with Especial Reference to Shakespeare and Chaucer ...</i> 5 parts. Early English Text Society, Extra Series 2, 7, 14, 23, 56. London: Trübner, 1867, 1869, 1871, 1874, 1889.
eMnE	early Modern English (roughly 16th & 17th centuries)
GenAm	General American (pronunciation)
Jennings	Jennings, James. <i>Observations on Some of the Dialects in the West of England, Particularly Somersetshire: With a Glossary of Words Now in Use There; and Poems and Other Pieces Exemplifying the Dialect.</i> London: Printed for Baldwin, Cradock, and Joy, 1825.
Jones	Jones, Daniel. <i>An Outline of English Phonetics.</i> Leipzig: Teubner, 1918.
LAE	<i>The Linguistic Atlas of England.</i> Ed. Harold Orton, Stewart Sanderson, and John Widdowson. Atlantic Highlands, NJ: Humanities Press, 1977.
later editions	all editions of Barnes's dialect poems in the modified form of the dialect (i.e. from the mid 1850s onwards)
MacMahon	MacMahon, Michael K. C. "Phonology." Chapter 5 of <i>The Cambridge History of the English Language</i> , Vol. 4, 1776–1997. Ed. Suzanne Romaine. Cambridge: Cambridge Univ. Press, 1998.
ME	Middle English (roughly 1100 to 1500)
OE	Old English (up to about 1100)
OED	<i>The Oxford English Dictionary Online</i> < http://www.oed.com >
<i>ppl.</i>	past participle

proto-RP	The nineteenth-century forerunner of RP
RP	Received pronunciation
<i>SDD</i>	<i>Studies on the Dorset Dialect</i> (see Widén)
<i>SED</i>	Orton, Harold, and Eugen Dieth. <i>Survey of English Dialects</i> . Leeds: E. J. Arnold for the University of Leeds. (A) <i>Introduction</i> by Harold Orton, 1962. (B) <i>The Basic Material</i> . Vol. 4, <i>The Southern Counties</i> , ed. Harold Orton and Martyn F. Wakelin, 1967–68.
StE	Standard English
SW	Southwest(ern)
V	Vowel
<i>v.</i>	verb
Wakelin	Wakelin, Martyn F. <i>The Southwest of England</i> . Varieties of English around the World. Text Series 5. Gen. Ed. Manfred Görlach. Amsterdam: Benjamins, 1986.
<i>WBCP</i>	<i>The Complete Poems of William Barnes</i> . Ed. T. L. Burton and K. K. Ruthven. 3 vols. Oxford: Clarendon Press. 2013–.
<i>WBPG</i>	<i>William Barnes's Dialect Poems: A Pronunciation Guide</i> . By T. L. Burton. Adelaide and Provo, UT: The Chaucer Studio Press, 2010.
Wells	Wells, J. C. <i>Accents of English</i> . 3 vols. Cambridge: Cambridge Univ. Press, 1982
Widén	Widén, Bertil. <i>Studies on the Dorset Dialect</i> . Lund Studies in English 16. Lund: Gleerup, 1949. Nendeln: Kraus, 1968.

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

b	as in <i>bin</i>	p	as in <i>pat</i>
d	as in <i>din</i>	r	as in <i>rat</i>
dʒ	as in <i>judge, gin</i>	s	as in <i>sin</i>
f	as in <i>fin</i>	ʃ	as in <i>shin</i>
g	as in <i>get</i>	t	as in <i>tin</i>
h	as in <i>hot</i>	tʃ	as in <i>chin</i>
j	as in <i>yet</i>	θ	as in <i>thin</i> (voiceless <i>th</i> -)
k	as in <i>cat</i>	ð	as in <i>this</i> (voiced <i>th</i> -)
l	as in <i>let</i>	v	as in <i>vat</i>
m	as in <i>mat</i>	w	as in <i>win</i>
n	as in <i>net</i>	z	as in <i>zoo</i>
ŋ	as in <i>sing</i>	ʒ	as in <i>measure</i>
ŋg	as in <i>finger</i>		

SHORT VOWELS

a	as in French <i>madame</i>	ɪ	as in <i>pit</i>
ɑ	as in GenAm <i>hot</i>	ə	as in <i>about</i>
ɒ	as in <i>pot</i>	ʌ	as in <i>putt, cut</i>
ɛ	as in <i>pet</i>	ʊ	as in <i>put, foot</i>
i	as in French <i>si</i>	u	as in French <i>douce</i>

LONG VOWELS

a: as in German *Tag* or Australian
car park
 ɛ: as in German *fährt*
 e: as in German *Schnee*
 i: as in *bean*

ɔ: as in *burn*
 ɔ: as in *born, dawn*
 o: as in German *Sohn*
 u: as in *boon*

DIPHTHONGS AND GLIDES

æɪ as in Australian *g'day, mate*
 iə as in *fear*
 ɛə as in *fair*
 ja: as in German *ja, Jahr*
 jɛ as in *yet*
 jɛ: as in German *jährlich*

jɛə as in *yair*
 uə combines /u/ with /ə/
 əɪ between *buy* and *boy*, with a
 long first element
 əu as in *know*, with a long first
 element

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/.

Word	Stressed	Unstressed
as	az	əz
at	at	ət
but	bʌt	bət
do	du:	də
dost	dʌst	dəst
for (<i>var</i> , <i>vor</i>)	va:r	var, vər
from	vɾɒm	vɾəm
ha' ('have')	ha	hə
he, 'e	(h)i:	ə
must	mʌs(t)	məs(t)
nor (<i>nar</i> , <i>nor</i>)	nar	nar, nər
or (<i>ar</i> , <i>or</i>)	a:r	ar, ər
so ('to that extent')	so:	sə
some	sʌm	səm
than	ðan	ðən
that	ðat	ðət
the	ði (before a vowel)	ðə (before a consonant)
their	ðeər, ðer	ðər
there	ðeər, ðer	ðər
to	tu(:)	tə
wher	(h)weər	(h)wər
year	jə:r, jiər	jiər
you (<i>you</i> , <i>ya</i>)	ju:	jə
your	ju(:)ər	jər

INTRODUCTION

The spelling and pronunciation of the modified form of the dialect

When “The bit o’ ground at huome” appeared in the *Dorset County Chronicle* on 11 September 1856, it was the first poem Barnes had published in *DCC* since “Jeän o’ Grenley Mill” had appeared there on 14 September 1843—thirteen years previously almost to the day;¹ and it was twelve years since the publication in 1844 of *Poems of Rural Life, in the Dorset Dialect: With a Dissertation and Glossary* (containing almost all the dialect poems Barnes had published in *DCC* in the ten-year period from the beginning of 1834 to the end of 1843), which became, retrospectively, his first collection of poems in the Dorset dialect.

Readers with a long memory and an interest in language might have been surprised by some of the spellings they encountered in this new poem. Whereas some spellings would have been familiar from Barnes’s previous poems (*huome* in the title, *-èn* as the ending of the present participle in lines 2 and 3, *da* throughout for unemphatic auxiliary *do*, *z* for initial *s* in *zee* and *zummer* in lines 5 and 6, *rudges* for *ridges* in 32, etc.), others would not. Amongst the unfamiliar spellings in the first half of the poem readers would have found *peäce* (which might be mistaken for *peace* but is intended for *pace*) in line 3 and *pleäce* (i.e. *place*) in line 4 instead of the earlier spellings *piace* and *pliace*; *rain* (10), *weigh* (20), and *sträight* (28) for earlier *râin*, *wâigh*, and *sträight*; *eärbs* (28) for earlier *yarbs*; and so on.

Nothing was said about these new spellings at that time, but when Barnes’s second collection of poems in dialect came out in 1859, containing most of the poems he had published in *DCC* in the previous three years (including this one, retitled “John an’ Thomas”), he made some further changes in spelling (such as the abandonment of *da* for unemphatic auxiliary *do*) and included a preface saying, “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.” The claim about pronunciation is,

¹ The reasons for this break from publishing in *DCC* are discussed in the introduction to *WBCP* ii..

however, immediately undercut by the sentence that follows, “*Th* in thatch, thick, thief, thimble, thin, thing, think, thong, thorn, thumb, represent the soft clipping *th* in *thee*”; that is to say, in the ten the words listed the initial consonant sound, which is voiceless in StE (as in *thug* and *thanks*), is voiced in the dialect (as in *thee* or *they*). This dialectal voicing had earlier been shown in the broad form of the dialect by italicizing the *th* and later by replacing it with the runic character *ð*; but now, in the spelling of the modified form of the dialect, it is left entirely unmarked.

There were further changes in spelling in the second edition of the second collection (1863), and yet more (including the restoration of some broad forms that had earlier been abandoned) in the three-in-one collection of 1879, which became the standard edition of Barnes’s dialect poems thereafter and from which the text in this book is taken. These individual changes do not concern us here, though I give below, in tabular form, a summary of the chief spellings used in the final version of the modified form of the dialect in 1879, showing how they differ from the spellings of the broad form.

The question that *does* concern us here is the ways in which these differences in spelling affect the pronunciation of Barnes’s dialect poems, if indeed they affect it at all. The safest way to find an answer to this question is to consult the various descriptions of Dorset pronunciation that Barnes gives in the grammars of the dialect that he published at different times in his career (the 1844 *Dissertation*, the 1863 *Grammar*, and the 1886 *Glossary*). If his description of a particular sound changes significantly in one of the later grammars, it may reasonably be assumed that the different description reflects a change of mind about the sound’s pronunciation. We find, however, that although the wording of the description changes in the later grammars, its substance remains more or less the same throughout his life; thus *corn* is pronounced /kɑːrn/, whether it is spelled with *o* or with *a* (1844 *Diss.* §25; 1863 *Grammar*, p. 13; 1886 *Glossary*, p. 4; *WBPG* 7.22.1); and *father* will be /fɛːðər/, whether the spelling is *faether* or *fäther* or *father* (1844 *Diss.* §23; 1863 *Grammar*, p. 13; 1886 *Glossary*, p. 4; *WBPG* 7.7.4). Sometimes, however, rhyme or rhythm call for a pronunciation other than the usual one. The combinations *irl* and *url*, for instance, are normally pronounced /ərɪdəl/, with an intrusive /də/ separating the consonants and making the

monosyllabic combination /ə:rl/ disyllabic (1844 *Diss.* §33; 1863 *Grammar*, p. 13; 1886 *Glossary*, p. 15; *WBPG* 8.8.4); but in a line such as “In whirls along the woody gleādes” in the first stanza of “Comèn hwome” in the third collection, the poem’s consistently octosyllabic rhythm requires that *whirls* remain monosyllabic, hence /(h)wə:rlz/. In other cases again the rhythm demands elision of /də/ to /d/, as in “Waters, drough the meāds a-purlèn | . . . | An’ smoke, above the town a-curlèn” in the fourth stanza of “Zun-zet” in the second collection. In such cases readers have the choice as to whether to include the /d/ without /ə/ or to opt for the alternative pronunciation for *url*, /ə:rl/; the transcription is accordingly given as /ə:r(d)lən/.

Chief differences in spelling between the broad form of the dialect in 1844 and the modified form in 1879

The table below is arranged alphabetically according to the spellings found in column 2—the spellings used in the poems appearing in this book—with occasional alternative spellings in parentheses. These are the spellings of the modified form of the dialect preferred by Barnes in 1879, his last published book of poems, containing revised versions of all three of his collections of *Poems of Rural Life in the Dorset Dialect* brought together in one volume.² The spellings are followed by the intended pronunciation and selected examples. Column 1 gives the equivalent spellings used in the broad form of the dialect in 1844; column 3 shows the equivalent spelling in StE, with the pronunciation in RP; and column 4 gives references to those parts of *WBPG* (a summary of which may be found in the Appendix to this volume) where the suggested pronunciation in Barnes’s day is explained. Where no additional examples are given (as for *after* and *among*), the word in bold is itself the example. Words that are spelled and pronounced as in RP are omitted.

No attempt is made to record in the table the various changes Barnes made in his spelling in the years from 1856 (when he first began publishing poems written in the modified form of the dialect) to 1879 (when he

² For a more detailed discussion of the differences in spelling and grammar between 1844 and 1879 see T. L. Burton, “What William Barnes Done: Dilution of the Dialect in Later Versions of the *Poems Of Rural Life*,” *Review of English Studies* 58 (2007): 338–63.

published his last book of poems in dialect). For a detailed account of some of the major changes involved see *WBCP* ii, Appendix 3.

1844 spelling, pronunciation, & examples	1879 spelling, pronunciation, & examples	StE spelling, RP pronunciation, & examples	<i>WBPG</i> ref
a /a/ agg, bag, drashel, lag, length, stratch	a /a/ agg, bag, drashel, lag, length, stratch	e /ε/ egg, beg, threshold, leg, length, stretch	7.2.3
abrode /əbro:d/	abrode, abroad /əbro:d/	abroad /əbro:d/	7.13.7
ā'ter, āter /ε:tər/	after /ε:tər/	after /ɑ:ftər/	7.7.4
age /ε:dʒ/ cage, wages	age /ε:dʒ/ cage, wages	age /eidʒ/ cage, wages	7.11.13
agen, agiën, again /əgen/, /əqjen/	ageän /əqjen/	again /əgeɪn/, /əgen/	7.11.4
agoo /əgu:/	agoo /əgu:/	ago /əgəu/	7.14.6
âi /æɪ/ afraid, hâil, mâid, prâise, râin, strâight, tâil, trâin, wâit	aï /æɪ/ afraid, haïl, maïd, praïse, raïn, straight, taïl, traïn, waït	ai /eɪ/ afraid, hail, maid, praise, rain, straight, tail, train, wait	7.11.6
âi /æɪ/ nâighbour, âight, wâight, vâil	aï /æɪ/ naïghbour, aïght, waïght, vaïl	ei /eɪ/ neighbour, eight, weight, veil	7.11.6
âir /æɪr/	aïr /æɪr/	air /εə/	7.20.5 8.8.1

afe, āfe, āf /ɛ:f/ cafe, hafe, hāfe, lāf, lāfe, lafe	alf, augh /ɛ:f/ calf, half, laugh	alf, augh /ɑ:f/ calf, half, laugh	7.7.4
āk(e), ā’k(e) /ɛ:k/, /a:k/ chāk, stā’k, tā’k(e), ta’k(e), wā’k(e), wa’k(e)	alk /ɛ:k/ chalk, stalk, talk, walk	alk /ɔ:k/ chalk, stalk, talk, walk	7.13.2
al, al’, āl, āl, all, āll /a:l/, /ɛ:l/ al, al’, āl, cal, call, cāll, val, vall, vāl, hal, hall, smal, small, smāl, squal, sqāl, squāl	all /a:l/ all, call, fall, hall, small, squall	all /ɔ:l/ all, call, fall, hall, small, squall	7.13.1
always, ālwiz /a:lweɪz/, /ɛ:lwiz/	always /a:lweɪz/	always /ɔ:lweɪz/	7.11.8
among /əməŋ/	among /əməŋ/	among /əməŋ/	7.8.3
ānce, āns /ɛ:ns/ dānce, glānce, ānswer	ance, ans /ɛ:ns/ dance, glance, answer	ance, ans /ɑ:ns/ dance, glance, answer	7.7.4
annge /andʒ/ anngel, channge, dannger, strannge(r)	ange /andʒ/ angel, change, danger, strange(r)	ange /eɪndʒ/ angel, change, danger, strange(r)	7.11.12
ar /a:r/ warm, swarm, toward	ar /a:r/ warm, swarm, toward	ar /ɔ:/ warm, swarm, toward	7.22.2 8.8.1

ar /ɑ:r/ larn, sar, sarve, sarch	ar, ear /ɑ:r/ larn, learn, sar, sarve, sarch	er, ear /ə:/ learn, serve, search	7.9.2 8.8.1
ar, ear /ɑ:r/ cart, dark, farm, harm, heart	ar, ear /ɑ:r/ cart, dark, farm, harm, heart	ar, ear /ɑ:/ cart, dark, farm, harm, heart	7.21.1 8.8.1
are, ear /ɛər/ square, ware, bear, wear	are, ear /ɛər/ square, ware, bear, wear	are, ear /ɛə/ square, ware, bear, wear	7.20.1 8.8.1
ass /ɑ:s/ brass, glass, grass, pass	ass /ɑ:s/ brass, glass, grass, pass	ass /ɑ:s/ brass, glass, grass, pass	7.7.1
ass /ɑ(ː)s/ ass, lass, cassen	ass /ɑ(ː)s/ ass, lass, cassen	ass /æs/ ass, lass, canst not	7.7.2
āth, aeth /ɛ:ð/, /ɛ:θ/ fāther, faether, pāth	ath /ɛ:ð/, /ɛ:θ/ father, path	ath /ɑ:ð/, /ɑ:θ/ father, path	7.7.4
athirt /əðə:rt/ 	athirt /əðə:rt/ 	athwart /əθwɔ:t/ 	8.16.2 8.8.1
al, a'l, āl /ɑ:l/, /ɛ:l/ bal, crāl, hal, hāl, ma'l, spra'l, sprāl	aul, awl /ɔ:l/ bawl, crawl, haul (hawl), mawl, sprawl	aul, awl /ɔ:l/ bawl, crawl, haul, maul, sprawl	7.13.1
ān, āen /ɛ:n/ flānt, hānt(e), sānter, māen	aun, awn, an /ɛ:n/ flant, haunt, saunter, mawn	aun, awn /ɔ:n/ flaunt, haunt, saunter, mawn (‘basket’)	7.13.3

ānt, an't /ɛ:nt/ ānt, cānt, can't, slānt	aunt, ant, an't /ɛ:nt/ aunt, can't, slant	aunt, ant, an't /ɑ:nt/ aunt, can't, slant	7.7.4
avore /əvuər/, /əvo:r/ 	avore /əvuər/, /əvo:r/ 	afore /əfɔ:/	7.23.4 8.8.1
away /əwəɪ/ 	away (away) /əwe:/, /əwəɪ/ 	away /əweɪ/ 	7.11.8
ax /a:ks/ 	ax /a:ks/ 	ask /ɑ:sk/ 	8.9.2
ây /æɪ/ bây, gâý, hây, mâý, pây, plây, prây(er), sprây, stây, swây	aÿ /æɪ/ baÿ, gaÿ, haÿ, maÿ, paÿ, plaÿ, praÿ(er), spraÿ, staÿ, swaÿ	ay /eɪ/ bay, gay, hay, may, pay, play, pray(er), spray, stay, sway	7.11.6
ā, a, āe, ae, æ, ē /e:/ clā, lāe, lae, zā, zae, grē (in grēgole 'bluebell'), whē	ay, ey /e:/ clay, lay, zay, grey (gray), whey	ay, ey /eɪ/ clay, lay, say, grey, whey	7.11.7
beāt /biət/, /bjet/ 	beāt /biət/, /bjet/ 	beat /bi:t/ 	7.11.3
bekiaze, bekiasē /bikjɛ:z/ 	because /bikjɛ:z/ 	because /bɪkɒz/ 	7.13.4
bin, ben /bm/, /bɛn/ 	been (ben) /bm/, /bɛn/ 	been /bi:n/ 	7.10.1
bewar /biwar:/	bewar /biwar:/	beware /biwɛə/ 	7.20.7 8.8.1
beyand, beyond /bijand/ 	beyond (beyand) /bijand/ 	beyond /bijɒnd/ 	7.4
blather /blaðər/ 	blather /blaðər/ 	bladder /blædər/ 	8.2.3 8.8.1
bote, bo'te /bo:t/ 	bought /bo:t/, /bɔ:t/ 	bought /bɔ:t/ 	7.13.8b

brēak, brē'k, break /bre:k/, /brjek/	break /bre:k/	break /breik/	7.11.11
brudge /brʌdʒ/	bridge (brudge) /brʌdʒ/	bridge /brɪdʒ/	7.1.4a
brode /bro:d/	broad, brode /bro:d/	broad /brɔ:d/	7.13.7
brote, brōte, brought /bro:t/, /brɔ:t/	brought (brote) /bro:t/, /brɔ:t/	brought /brɔ:t/	7.13.8b
buoy /bwəɪ/	bwoy /bwəɪ/	boy /bɔɪ/	7.17.4
cage /ke:dʒ/	cage /ke:dʒ/	cage /keɪdʒ/	7.11.13
car /kɑ:r/	car /kɑ:r/	carry /kæri/	7.3.4
kiard /kjɑ:rd/	ceärd /kjɑ:rd/	card /kɑ:d/	7.21.2 8.8.1
chammer /tʃamər/	chammer /tʃamər/	chamber /tʃeɪmbə/	7.11.12
cheäk /tʃiæk/	cheäk /tʃiæk/	cheek /tʃi:k/	7.10.13
cheem /tʃi:m/	cheem /tʃi:m/	chime /tʃaɪm/	7.10.2
chile, child /tʃəɪl/, /tʃəɪld/	child, chile /tʃəɪld/, /tʃəɪl/	child /tʃaɪld/	7.16.4
clavy /klavi/	clavy /klavi/	clavel /klævəl/	7.3.4
clim, clim' /klɪm/	clim' (climb) /klɪm/	climb /klaɪm/	7.16.4
clum (<i>ppl.</i>) /klʌm/	clom (<i>ppl.</i>) /klʌm/	climbed /klaɪmd/	7.16.10

clomb (<i>past tense</i>) /klʌm/	clomb (<i>past tense</i>) /klʌm/	climbed /klaɪmd/	7.16.10
cloas, cloaz /kloːz/	clothes /kloːz/	clothes /kləʊðz/	8.13.3
coose /kuːs/	coo'se /kuːs/	course /kɔːs/	7.23.6b
curdle /kɜːrdəl/	curl /kɜːrdəl/, /kɜːrl/	curl /kɜːl/	8.8.4 8.8.1
daeter, dāter, dā'ter /dɛːtər/	daughter (dā'ter) /dɛːtər/	daughter /dɔːtə/	7.13.5 8.8.1
dā, dae, dāe, da', dāy /deː/, /dæɪ/	day (daÿ) /deː/	day /deɪ/	7.11.7
da (<i>unstressed</i>) /də/	do (<i>unstressed</i>) /də/	do /duː/	7.15.5
dont, don't /doːnt/	don't (dont) /doːnt/	don't /dəʊnt/	7.14.14
door /duər/, ?/dɔːuər/	door /duər/, ?/dɔːuər/	door /dɔː/	7.23.2 8.8.1
dr (<i>initial</i>) /dr/ drash, drashel, dreat, dree, droat, drow, drow, drush	dr (<i>initial</i>) /dr/ drash, drashel, dreat, dree, droat, drow, drow, drush	thr (<i>initial</i>) /θr/ thrash, threshold, threat, three, throat, through, throw, thrush	8.14
drēve /dreːv/	dreve (drēve) /dreːv/	drive /draɪv/	7.10.6
e /ɛ/ peck, het, spet, ef	e /ɛ/ peck, het, spet	i /ɪ/ pick, hit, spit, if	7.1.4b

ēa, ē /e:/, /i:/ dēal, drēm, ēat, rēach, strēam	ea /i:/, /e:/ deal, dream, eat, reach, stream	ea /i:/ deal, dream, eat, reach, stream	7.10.4
ya (<i>initial</i>) /jɛ/ yable, yacre, yache, yal(e), yapern	eä (<i>initial</i>) /jɛ/ eäble, eäcre, eäche, eäle, eäpern, eäpron	a (<i>initial</i>) /ɛɪ/ able, acre, ache, ale, apron	7.11.5
eä (<i>medial</i>) /iə/ beän, feäst, leäd, leäve, meäd	eä (<i>medial</i>) /iə/ beän, feäst, leäd, leäve, meäd	ea (<i>medial</i>) /i:/ bean, feast, lead, leave, mead	7.10.8 7.11.2
ia+C+e, ia+C+y /jɛ/ biake, griace, griave, liady, miake, niame, shiade, shiape, siake, siame, riace	eä+C+e, eä+C+y /jɛ/ beäke, greäce, greäve, leädy, meäke, neäme, sheäde, sheäpe, seäke, seäme, reäce	a+C+e, a+C+y /ɛɪ/ bake, grace, grave, lady, make name, shade, shape, sake, same, race	7.11.1–2
iair, iare /jɛər/ fiair, hiair, piair, diairy, viairy, biare, bliare, miare, shiare	eäir, eäre /jɛər/ feäir, heäir, peäir, deäiry, veäiry, beäre, bleäre, meäre, sheäre	air, are /ɛə/ fair, hair, pair, dairy, fairy, bare, blare, mare, share	7.20.2 8.8.1
ear, yer (<i>final</i> or <i>medial</i>) /iər/, /jər/	ear (<i>final</i> or <i>medial</i>) /iər/	ear (<i>final</i> or <i>medial</i>) /iə/	7.19.3 8.5.5 8.8.1
yar (<i>initial</i>) /jər/ yarn, yarnest, yarbs	eär (<i>initial</i>) /jər/ eärn, eärnest, eärbs	ear, (h)er (<i>initial</i>) /ɛər/ earn, earnest, herbs	7.9.3
yer, ear (word) /jər/, /iər/	ear (word) /jər/, /iər/	ear (word) /iə/	7.19.3 8.5.5 8.8.1

ear, eer, ere /iər/ clear, dear, hear, near, beer, cheer, here	ear, eer, ere /iər/ clear, dear, hear, near, beer, cheer, here	ear, eer, ere /iə/ clear, dear, hear, near, beer, cheer, here	7.19.1 8.8.1
yarm /jɑ:rm/ 	eärm /jɑ:rm/ 	arm /ɑ:m/ 	7.21.6 8.8.1
i, ee /ɪ/, /i(:)/ kip, mit, sim, swit, wik keep, meet, seem, sweet, week	ee /ɪ/, /i(:)/ keep, meet, seem, sweet, week	ee /i:/ keep, meet, seem, sweet, week	7.10.11
elem /ɛləm/ 	elem /ɛləm/ 	elm /ɛlm/ 	8.6
èn, en (<i>final</i>) /ən/ buildèn, doèn, veedèn, zettèn, zingèn, marnen, woaken	èn, en (<i>final</i>) /ən/ buildèn, doèn, veedèn, zettèn, zingèn, mornèn, woaken	ing, en (<i>final</i>) /ɪŋ/, /ən/ building, doing, feeding, setting, singing, morning, oaken	7.1.5 8.4.3
er+C /ə:r/ herd, kern	er+C /ə:r/ herd, kern	er+C /ə:/ herd, kern	7.9.1 8.8.1
eth /ɛθ/ eth, beth, meth	e'th /ɛθ/ eth, beth, meth	earth, irth /ə:θ/ earth, birth, mirth	7.9.5d 8.8.5
evenen /i:vmən/ 	evenèn /i:vmən/ 	evening /i:vnɪŋ/ 	8.7.1
fakket /fakət/ 	faggot (fakket) /fagət/, /fakət/ 	faggot /fægət/ 	8.4.2
food /fud/ 	food /fud/ 	food /fud/ 	7.6.2

foüght, föwght /fə:ut/	foüght /fə:ut/	fought /fɔ:t/	7.13.8c
ghiame /gjem/	geäme /gjem/	game /geim/	8.4.1
giarden, ghiarden /gja:rdən/, /giərdən/	geärden /gja:rdən/	garden /gɑ:dən/	7.21.2–3 8.4.1 8.8.1
geät(e), ghiate /giət/, /gjet/	geäte (geät) /giət/, /gjet/	gate /geit/	7.11.3 8.4.1
gi'e /gi:/	gi'e /gi:/	give /gɪv/	7.1.8 8.15.1
gilcup, gil'cup /gɪlkʌp/	gil'cup (gilcup) /gɪlkʌp/	gilt-cup /gɪltkʌp/	8.4.4
girt /gə:rt/	girt /gə:rt/	great /greit/	7.9.4 7.11.11 8.8.3
gnot /nat/	gnot (gnat) /nat/	gnat /næt/	7.3.2
goo, go /gu:/	goo (go) /gu:/ (/go:/)	go /gəʊ/	7.14.6
gookoo /guku:/	goocoo, gookoo /guku:/	cuckoo /kuku:/	8.1
goold /gu:ld/	goold /gu:ld/	gold /gəʊld/	7.14.5
gramfer /gramfər/	gramfer /gramfər/	grandfather /græn(d)fɑ:ðə/	8.13.2
grammer /gramər/	grammer /gramər/	grandmother /græn(d)mʌðə/	8.13.2
Grange /gre:ndʒ/	Grange /gre:ndʒ/	Grange /greɪndʒ/	7.11.12
gwain /gwæɪn/	gwain /gwæɪn/	going /gəʊɪŋ/	7.14.7

ha' /ha/	ha' /ha/	has, have /hæz/, /hæv/	8.15.1
'e (<i>unstressed</i>) /ə/, /i(ː)/	he (<i>unstressed</i>) /ə/, /i(ː)/, /hi:/	he /hi:/	7.10.1
hear /hiər/	hear (heär) /hiər/	hear /hiə/	7.19.3 8.5.5 8.8.1
heärd /hiərd/	heärd /hiərd/, /hjə:rd/	heard /hə:rd/	7.9.6 7.19.4 8.5.5 8.8.1
here /hiər/	here /hiər/	here /hiə/	7.19.3 8.5.5 8.8.1
het /hɛt/	het /hɛt/	heat /hi:t/	7.10.10
heth /hɛθ/	he'th /hɛθ/	hearth /hɑ:θ/	7.21.4
hoss /hɒs/	ho'se hoss /hɒs/	horse /hɔ:s/	7.8.4 7.22.4 8.8.5
hovel /hʌvəl/	hovel /hʌvəl/	hovel /hɒvəl/, /hʌvəl/	7.4.2
i, i+C+e, igh (etc.: long <i>i</i>) /əɪ/ drīth, ice, eye, height, light, smile, try, vind	i+C+e, igh (etc.: long <i>i</i>) /əɪ/ drith, ice, eye, height, light, smile, try, vind	i+C+e, igh (etc.: long <i>i</i>) /aɪ/ dryness, ice, eye, height, light, smile, try, find	7.16 7.16.1
idden /ɪdən/	idden /ɪdən/	isn't /ɪzənt/	8.9.3

ir+C /əɾ/ bird, dirt, shirt, stir	ir+C /əɾ/ bird, dirt, shirt, stir	ir+C /ə:/ bird, dirt, shirt, stir	7.9.1 8.8.1
ire, ier /ə:ɪəɾ/ vire, vier, squire, tire	ire, ier /ə:ɪəɾ/ vire, vier, squire, tire	ire /aɪə/ fire, squire, tire	7.16.2 8.8.1
'ithin, within /(w)ɪðm/ 	'ithin, within /(w)ɪðm/ 	within /wɪðm/ 	8.16.1
'ithout, without /(w)ɪðə:ʉt/ 	'ithout, without /(w)ɪðə:ʉt/ 	without /wɪðəʉt/ 	8.16.1
jây /dʒæɪ/ 	jaÿ /dʒæɪ/ 	joy /dʒɔɪ/ 	7.17.3
jis', jist, just /dʒɪs/, /dʒɪst/, /dʒʌst/ 	jist, just (jis', jus') /dʒɪst/, /dʒʌst/, /dʒɪs/, /dʒʌs/ 	just /dʒʌst/ 	7.5.6
Jahn, John /dʒʌn/ 	John (Jahn) /dʒʌn/ 	John /dʒʉn/ 	7.4
laid /lɛd/ 	laid /lɛd/ 	laid /leɪd/ 	7.11.7
lāste, laste, lēste /lɛ:st/ 	laste /lɛ:st/ 	last /lɑ:st/ 	7.7.4
lather /laðəɾ/ 	lather /laðəɾ/ 	ladder /lædər/ 	8.2.3 8.8.1
lik' (<i>adv., past tense</i>) /lɪk/ 	lik', like (<i>adv., past tense</i>) /lɪk/ 	like /laɪk/ 	7.16.5
lo'k, look /lʉk/ 	look, (lo'k) /lʉk/ 	look /lʉk/ 	7.6.5
meäd /miəd/, /mi:d/, /mjəd/ 	meäd /miəd/, /mi:d/, /mjəd/ 	mead /mi:d/ 	7.11.3

miaster /mja:stər/	meäster /mja:stər/	master /mɑ:stə/	7.7.3 8.8.1
min (‘mate’) /mɪn/	min (‘mate’) /mɪn/		7.1.6
moot (‘tree-stump’) /mʊt/	moot (‘tree-stump’) /mʊt/	moot (‘tree-stump’) /mu:t/	7.6.2
moorn /mə:rn/, /muərn/	murn /mə:rn/	mourn /mɔ:n/	7.9.7 7.23.5
nâise /næɪz/	naïse /næɪz/	noise /nɔɪz/	7.17.2
noo (‘not any’) /nu:/	noo (‘not any’) /nu:/	no /nəʊ/	7.14.6
nuone /nuʌn/, /nʊən/	nwone /nuʌn/, /nʊən/	none /nʌn/	7.5.8
o’ /ə/	o’ /ə/	of /ɒv/, /əv/	8.3.2
a, o /ɑ/ drap, Jahn, John, beyand, beyond, yander	o, a /ɑ/, /ɒ/ drop (drap), John (Jahn), beyond (beyand), yonder (yander)	o /ɒ/ drop, John, beyond, yonder	7.4
o, oa, o+C+e /oɪ/ broke, coal, hole, poll, stole, voke, vo’ke	o, oa, o+C+e /oɪ/ broke, coal, hole, poll, stole, vo’ke	o, oa, o+C+e /əʊ/ broke, coal, hole, poll, stole, folk	7.14.1–2
ō’m, ō’n, ō’s, ō’t /o:m/, /o:n/, /o:s/, /o:t/	o’m, o’n, o’s, o’t (ō’m, ō’n, ō’s, ō’t) /o:m/, /o:n/, /o:s/, /o:t/	of ’em, of ’im, of us, of it /ɒv əm/, /ɒv ɪm/, /ɒv əs/, /ɒv ɪt/	8.3.3
oben /o:bən/	oben, open /o:bən/, /o:pən/	open /əʊpən/	8.7.3

ar (<i>final</i>) /aɪ/, /ɑr/, /ər/ ar, var, nar	or (<i>final</i>) /aɪ/, /ɑr/, /ər/ or, vor (for), nor	or (<i>final</i>) /ɔ:/, /ə/ or, for, nor	7.22.3 8.8.1
ar (<i>medial</i>) /aɪ/ carn, fark, lard, marnen, archet, shart, starm	or (<i>medial</i>) /aɪ/ corn, fork, lord, mornèn, orcha'd, short, storm	or (<i>medial</i>) /ɔ:/ corn, fork, lord, morning, orchard, short, storm	7.22.1 8.8.1
or+C /əɪ/ word, work, worthy	or+C /əɪ/ word, work, worthy	or+C /ə:/ word, work, worthy	7.9.1 8.8.1
archet /ɑɪtʃət/	orcha'd /ɑɪtʃət/	orchard /ɔ:tʃəd/	7.22.1 8.2.4 8.8.7
ore, uore, our /uər/ bevore, bore, m(u)ore, court	ore, uore, our /uər/ bevore, bore, mwore, fourth	or, ore, our /ɔ:/ before, bore, more, court, fourth	7.23.1 8.8.1
ou, ow /əu/ bough, cloud, groun', house, out, cow, how, now, down	ou, ow /əu/ bough, cloud, groun(d), house, out, cow, how, now, down	ou, ow /au/ bough, cloud, ground, house, out, cow, how, now, down	7.18.1
our, ower, ow'r /əuər/ our, hour, flower, flow'r, shower, show'r, tower	our, ower, ow'r /əuər/ our, hour, flower, flow'r, shower, show'r, tower, tow'r	our, ower /auə/ our, hour, flower, shower, tower	7.18.2 8.8.1
oust, ust /əust/, /ʌst/ crust, doust, dust	oust (ust) /əust/, /ʌst/ crust, doust, dust	ust /ʌst/ crust, dust	7.5.5
out /əut/ rout, strout, astrout	out /əut/ rout, strout, a-strout	ut /ʌt/ rut, strut, a-strut	7.5.4

ove, ðv ʔ/ʌv/, ʔ/u:ʌ/, ʔ/o:v/ move, mōve, prove, drove, grove, rove	ove, ðv ʔ/ʌv/, ʔ/u:ʌ/, ʔ/o:v/ move, prove, drove, grove, rove	ove /u:ʌ/, /əʊʌ/ move, prove, drove, grove, rove	7.5.3
auver /ɔ:vər/	over /ɔ:vər/	over /əʊvə/	7.14.10 8.8.1
er (<i>final, unstressed</i>) /ə(r)/ feller, holler, shaller, winder, yaller, yoller, zwaller	ow (<i>final, unstressed</i>) /ə(r)/ fellow, hollow, shallow, window, yellow, yollow, zwallow	ow (<i>final, unstressed</i>) /əʊ/ fellow, hollow, shallow, window, yellow, swallow	7.14.8 8.8.2
pank /paŋk/	pank (pant) /paŋk/	pant /pænt/	8.12.2
parrick /parɪk/	parrock (parrick) /parɪk/	paddock /pædək/	8.2.1
piart /pjart/	peärt /pjart/	part /pɑ:t/	7.21.2 8.8.1
poor /pu(:)ər/	poor /pu(:)ər/	poor /pɔ:/, /pʊə/	7.24.1 8.8.1
pirty /pə:rti/	pretty, perty (pirty) /pə:rti/	pretty /prɪti/	7.9.4 8.8.3
pwison /pwə:ɪzən/	pweison (pwoison) /pwə:ɪzən/	poison /pɔɪzən/	7.17.1 8.16.3
quâits /k(w)æɪts/	quaïts /k(w)æɪts/	quoits /k(w)ɔɪts/	7.17.2
quarrel /kwarəl/	quarrel /kwarəl/, /kwarəl/	quarrel /kwɒrəl/	7.22.5

r /r/ (always sounded)	r /r/ (always sounded)	r /r/ (mute before a consonant or at the end of a word)	8.8.1
rear /rɛər/	rear /rɛər/	rear /rɪə/	7.19.5 8.8.1
rejaïce /rɪdʒæɪs/	rejaïce /rɪdʒæɪs/	rejoice /rɪdʒɔɪs/	7.17.2
rudge /rʌdʒ/	ridge (rudge) /rʌdʒ/	ridge /rɪdʒ/	7.1.4a
rdle /[ə:]rdəl/ curdle, twiddle, whirdle	rl, rrel /[ə:]r[ə]l/, / [ə:]rdəl/ curl (currel), twirl, whirl	rl /[ə:]l/ curl, twirl, whirl	8.8.4
ruf /rʌf/	ruf (roof) /rʌf/	roof /ru:f/	7.5.2
sass /sa:s/	sa's, sauce /sa:s/	sauce /sɔ:s/	7.13.3
sar /sar/	sar /sar/	serve /sə:v/	7.9.2 8.15.1
sheen /ʃi:n/	sheen /ʃi:n/	shine /ʃam/	7.10.2
shoot /ʃut/, /ʃu:t/	shoot /ʃut/, /ʃu:t/	shoot /ʃu:t/	7.6.3
Shodon /ʃɒdən/	Shroton (Sho'ton) /ʃɒdən/	Shroton /ʃrɒtən/	8.11
sich, such /sɪtʃ/, /sʌtʃ/	sich, such /sɪtʃ/, /sʌtʃ/	such /sʌtʃ/	7.5.6
skia'ce /skjɛs/	skeä'ce /skjɛs/	scarce /skɛəs/	7.20.4 8.8.5

sloo /slu:/	sloo /slu:/	sloe /sləu/	7.14.6
sloth /slɒθ/	sloth /slɒθ/	sloth /sləʊθ/	7.14.13
sate, soft /sɛ:t/, /sɒft/	soft /sɛ:t/, /sɒft/	soft /sɒft/	7.8.5
sarra /sa(:)rə/, /sarə/	sorrow /sa(:)rə/, /sarə/	sorrow /sɒrəʊ/	7.22.5
spiarde /spjɑ:rd/	speāde /spjɛd/	spade /speɪd/	7.21.2 8.8.1
speer /spiər/	speer /spiər/	spire /spaɪə/	7.16.3 8.8.1
spwile /spwə:ɪl/	spweil /spwə:ɪl/	spoil /spɔɪl/	7.17.1 8.16.3
squerrel /skwə:rəl/	squirrel /skwə:rəl/	squirrel /skwɪrəl/	7.1.9
strik, strik' /stri:k/	strik, strik', strike /stri:k/	strike /straɪk/	7.16.5
sure /ʃu(:)ər/	sure /ʃu(:)ər/	sure /ʃɔ:/, /ʃʊə/	7.24.1 8.8.1
th (<i>voiced</i>) /ð/ <i>tharn, thatch, thin, thing, think, athirt, thissle, thought (v.)</i>	th (<i>voiced</i>) /ð/ <i>thorn, thatch, thin, thing, think, athwart, thistle, thought (v.)</i>	th (<i>voiceless</i>) /θ/ <i>thorn, thatch, thin, thing, think, athwart, thistle, thought</i>	8.13.1
theös /ðias/	theäse /ðias/	this /ðɪs/	7.10.9
ther, their /ðər/, /ðɛər/	their (ther) /ðər/, /ðɛər/	their /ðɛə/	7.20.3 8.8.1

ther, there /ðər/, /ðeər/	there /ðər/, /ðeər/	there /ðeə/	7.20.3 8.8.1
thā, thae, thāe, tha, tha', thæ, thē, they, thēy /ðe:/	they /ðe:/	they /ðei/	7.11.10
tidden /tɪdən/	tidden /tɪdən/	'tɪsn't /tɪzənt/	8.9.3
tooe /tu:/	tooe /tu:/	toe /təu/	7.14.6
tuèn /tju:ən/	tuèn /tju:ən/	tune /tju:n/	7.15.2
twile /twə:ɪl/	tweil /twə:ɪl/	toil /tɔɪl/	7.17.1 8.16.3
twirdle /twɜ:rdəl/	twirl /twɜ:ɪl/, /twɜ:rdəl/	twirl /twɜ:ɪl/	8.8.4
u /ʌ/ put, puddèn, ruf, buzzom	u /ʌ/ put, puddèn, ruf, bosom	u /ʊ/ put, pudding, roof, bosom	7.5.2
ur+C /ə:r/ burn, church, turn, vurdest	ur+C /ə:r/ burn, church, turn, vurdest	ur+C /ə:/ burn, church, turn, furthest	7.9.1 8.8.1
v (initial) /v/ val, var, veed, vetch, vind, vlee, vo'ke, voun', vull, vuzz	v (initial) /v/ vall, vor, veed, vetch, vind, vlee, vo'k, voun', vull, vuzz	f (initial) /f/ fall, for, feed, find, fly, folk, found, full, furze	8.3.1
vâice /væɪs/	vâice /væɪs/	voice /vɔɪs/	7.17.2

vlee, vlees /vli:/, /vli:z/	vlee, vlees /vli:/, /vli:z/	fly, flies /flai/, /flaiz/	7.16.6
vlour /vluər/, ?/vlə:uər/	floor /vluər/	floor /flɔ:/	7.23.3 8.8.1
vust /vʌst/	vu'st /vʌst/	first /fə:st/	7.9.5c 8.8.5
vuzz /vʌz/	vuzz /vʌz/	furze /fə:z/	7.9.5f 8.8.5
wages /wɛ:dʒɪz/	wages /wɛ:dʒɪz/	wages /weɪdʒɪz/	7.11.13
way, woy /we:/, /wɛɪ/, /wæɪ/	way, waÿ, woy /we:/, /wæɪ/, /wɛɪ/	way /weɪ/	7.11.8
wēak, weak /we:k/, /wɪk/	weak (weäk) /we:k/, /wɪək/	weak /wɪk/	7.10.14
weir /wɛər/	weir /wɛər/	weir /wɪə/	7.19.5 8.8.1
wher, where /(h)wər/, /(h)wɛər/	wher, where /(h)wər/, /(h)wɛər/	where /(h)wɛə/	7.20.3 8.8.1
whirdle /(h)wɛ:rdəl/	whirl /(h)wɛ:rl/, /(h)wɛ:rdəl/	whirl /(h)wɛ:l/	8.5.3 8.8.4
huosse /huəs/	whoa'se /huəs/	hoarse /hɔ:s/	7.23.6a
wi' /wi/	wi' /wi/	with /wɪð/	7.1.7 8.13.2
wo, woa (initial) /(w)uə/ wold, woak, woats, woath	wo, woa (initial) /(w)uə/ wold, woak, woats, woath	o, oa (initial) /əʊ/ old, oak, oats, oath	7.14.4

uo, uoa, uo+C+e /uə/ buold, cuomb, huome, luoad, luof, ruope, stuone	wo, woa, wo+C+e /uə/ bwold, cwomb, hwome, lwoad, lwoaf, rwope, stwone	o, oa, o+C+e /əu/ bold, comb, home, load, loaf, rope, stone	7.14.1–3
wust /wʌst/	wo'st (worst) /wʌst/	worst /wə:st/	7.9.5c 8.8.5
wo'th /wɒθ/, /wʌθ/	wo'th /wɒθ/, /wʌθ/	worth /wə:θ/	7.9.5e 8.8.5
women /wəmm/, /wʊmm/	women /wəmm/, /wʊmm/	women /wimm/	7.1.10
won't /wu(:)nt/	won't, wont /wu(:)nt/	won't /wəunt/	7.14.14
woose /wu:s/	woo'se (woose) /wu:s/	worse /wə:s/	7.9.5b 8.8.5
wool /wul/, /wʊl/	wool /wul/, /wʊl/	wool /wul/	7.6.4
oonce /(w)u:ns/	woonce /(w)u:ns/	once /wʌns/	7.5.7
oon, oone /(w)u:n/	woone (oone) /(w)u:n/	one /wʌn/	7.5.7
wordle /wə:rdəl/	worold /wə:rdəl/	world /wə:ld/	8.8.4
'ood, 'od, woud, would /(w)ʊd/	would (woud) /(w)ʊd/	would /wʊd/	8.16.1
'ool, 'ul, 'ull, wull, will /(w)ʊl/, /wɪl/	wull ('ull), will /(w)ʊl/, /wɪl/	will /wɪl/	8.16.1

ye (<i>attached to antecedent</i>) /i:/ can ye, tell ye, var ye	ye (<i>attached to antecedent</i>) /i:/ can ye, tell ye, vor ye	ye /ji(:)/	8.18
year /jiər/, /jær/	year /jiər/, /jær/	year /jɪə/	7.19.3 8.8.1
yaller, yoller /jələr/	yollow (yollor, yellow) /jələr/	yellow /jeləu/	7.4 7.14.8 8.8.2
yander /jəndər/	yonder /jəndər/	yonder /jɒndə/	7.4 8.8.1
ya (<i>unstressed</i>) /jə/	you (<i>unstressed</i>) /jə/	you /ju:/	7.15.5
your, yer, yar /ju(:)ər/, /jər/	your /ju(:)ər/, /jər/	your /jɔ:/, /juə/, /jə/	7.24.2 8.8.1
z (<i>initial</i>) /z/ zack, zaid, zee, zell, zing, zit, zong, zoo, zummer, zun	z (<i>initial</i>) /z/ zack, zaid, zee, zell, zing, zit, zong, zoo, zummer, zun	s (<i>initial</i>) /s/ sack, said, see, sell, sing, sit, song, so, summer, sun	8.9.1
zuf, zelf /zʌf/	zelf (zuf) /zʌf/	self /self/	7.5.2
zome'hat, zummat /zʌmət/	zome'hat (zome'at) /zʌmət/	somewhat /sʌm(h)wɒt/	8.16.2 8.17.2
zoo ('and so, therefore') /zu:/	zoo ('and so, therefore') /zu:/	so /səu/	7.14.6
zot /zat/	zot /zat/	sat /sæt/	7.3.2

A note on the text

The text of the poems follows that of 1879. 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.); more substantial emendations are recorded in the Textual Notes. 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. Double quotation marks are used 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 *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. xvii.

“Childhood”: 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 *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.

Title Childhood
 tʃə:ɪl(d)hʊd

Child-. (i) The usual pronunciation of the diphthong in *child* (/aɪ/ or /ɪɪ/ in current RP) is /ə:ɪ/ in Barnes’s dialect, as in *time* and *times* (lines 1 and 5), *life* (4), *binden* (7), *high* (9), *wide* (10), *buyen* (18), etc. [7.16.1]. (ii) Final /d/ in the consonant cluster /ld/ is optional [8.2.2], allowing rhymes such as *chile*/ *smile* as well as *child*/ *spweil’d*, both of which occur in “Fatherhood”.

1 AYE, at that time our days wer but vew,
 æɪ ət ðat təɪm ə:uər deɪz wər bət vju:

Aye. For the transcription /æɪ/ for both *aye* ‘yes’ (as here) and *aye* ‘ever’ see WBPG 7.11.6.

that. (i) Short *a* in Barnes’s dialect, as in stressed *that* here, *narrow* and *barrow* (10 and 14), *lands* and *hands* (17 and 19), etc. is /a/ as opposed to old-fashioned RP /æ/ [7.3.1]. (ii) When *that* is unstressed (as in lines 9, 10, and 11), however, the vowel (as in StE) is reduced to schwa, /ə/.

our. (i) The diphthong pronounced /au/ in RP, as in *our* here, *sproutèn* (5), *housen* (9), *’ithout* (18), etc. is in Barnes’s dialect /əu/, similar to that in RP *go*, *blow*, *boe*, etc. [7.18.1]. In words such as *our* and *flour*, however, the following *r* turns the diphthong into a triphthong, as in RP, allowing the word to be treated as monosyllabic or disyllabic as required by the rhythm. (ii) 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 at the end of a word, as in *our* here, *feäir* (3), *or* (14), etc., or before a consonant, as in *burnèn* (6), *rivers* (17), *childern* (25), etc., or when followed only by mute *e*, as in *avore* (20) and *bore* (24). In such cases the *e* is often omitted from the spelling, as in *wer* (1, 2, 3, etc.). When the *r* is not sounded in the dialect (as in *birth*, *hearth*, *horse*, etc.), Barnes omits it from the spelling [8.8.5].

days. The sound in most words spelled with *ay* or *ey* in StE (usually *aj* in the modified form of the dialect) is /æɪ/ in Barnes’s dialect; but *day*, *clay*, *gay* (*v.* ‘succeed, prosper’), *lay*, *say*, *way*, *grey*, *key*, and *whay*, normally have the vowel /eɪ/ [7.11.7; for *may* and *away* see further 7.11.8].

vew. Initial /f/ is voiced in the dialect in most native English words [8.3.1]. Barnes uses *v* to show this voicing, as in *vew* for *few* here, *vlee* (11), *veelèns* (12), and the second element of *hopevul* (4). His spelling shows, on the other hand, that the initial /f/ is not normally voiced in words adopted from French, such as *feeble* (12). But there are exceptions on both sides, such as *feäir* (3), a native English word that is always spelled with *f*,

showing a voiceless initial consonant, and *veäiry* ('fairy'), a borrowing from French always shown with voiced initial consonant.

- 2 An' our lim's wer but small, an' a-growèn;
 ən ə'uər lɪmz wər bət sma:l ən əgro:ən

An'. Final /d/ is frequently lost from the consonant cluster /nd/ [8.2.2], as shown by its omission from *and* throughout this poem. This allows words ending in *-nd* in StE to rhyme with words ending in either *n* or *nd*; hence *ground* rhymes with *-drown'd* (with obligatory final *d* in the past participle) in the final stanza of "The blackbird [II]" but with *crown* and *down* in the second stanza of "Bleäke's house in Blackmwore". Cf. *Child*- (ii) above.

small. Words containing the sound /ɔ:l/ in RP, such as *all* (4, 8, etc.), *haul*, and *crawl*, are spelled as in StE in later editions but variously spelled in 1844. The usual pronunciation in Barnes's dialect is /a:l/ [7.13.1].

-growèn. (i) The vowel that has become the diphthong /əʊ/ in RP was in some words in Barnes's dialect the pure vowel /o:/, as in *grow* here, *hopevul* (4), *movèn* (6), etc., and in others the diphthong /uə/, spelled *wo* in the modified form of the dialect, as in *wold* (22) and *cwold* (31) [7.14, 7.14.1–3, 7.14.14]. (ii) In both the broad and the modified forms of the dialect Barnes uses the spelling *-èn* for the unstressed *-ing* ending on present participles and verbal nouns, though the accent on the *e* is sometimes omitted. 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].

- 3 An' then the feäir worold wer new,
 ən ðen ðə fjeər wə:rdəl wər nju:

feäir. (i) The word belongs with *hair*, *pair*, *mare*, *share*, etc., always spelled with *-äir* (for StE *-air*) or *-äire* (for StE *-are*) in the modified form of the dialect. The diphthong is pronounced as in RP /eə/ with an introductory *i*-glide, creating the triphthong /jeə/, followed by /r/ (see *our* above), hence /jeər/ [7.20.2]. (ii) For the voiceless initial /f/ see *new* above.

worold. (i) In 1844 *world* is always spelled *wordle*, in accordance with Barnes’s comment in §33 of the prefatory Dissertation: “The liquids *r/* of English words, such as *purl*, *twirl*, *world*, have frequently *d* inserted between them, making *purdle*, *twirdle*, *wordle*”. The respelling *worold* in the modified form of the dialect (modelled on OE *weorold*) shows that *world* is disyllabic while remaining close to the StE spelling; I take it, however, that the pronunciation remains /wæ:rdəl/, as in the broad form of the dialect.

4 An’ life wer all hopevul an’ gay;
ən læ:ɪf wər a:l ho:pʋl ən gæɪ

gay. Words spelled with *ai* or *ay* in StE and pronounced /eɪ/ in RP are normally spelled *aɪ* or *aj* in the modified form of the dialect (sometimes *äi* or *äj*). The pronunciation in Barnes’s dialect is /æɪ/ as in Australian *G’day*. (For *day*, *say*, and other words spelled with *ay* as opposed to *aj* see *days* in line 1 above.)

5 An’ the times o’ the sproutèn o’ leaves,
ən ðə tə:ɪmz ə ðə sprə:ʊtən ə li:vz

o’. /v/ in *of* is commonly lost before a consonant, yielding the pronunciation /ə/ [8.3.2].

sproutèn. (i) For the diphthong in the stem see *our* (line 1 above); (ii) for the *-èn* ending see *-growèn* (line 2 above).

6 An’ the cheäk-burnèn seasons o’ mowèn,
ən ðə tʃiək bə:ɪnən si:zənz ə mo:ən

cheäk-. The vowel in words spelled with *ee* in StE is not normally diphthongized in Barnes’s dialect. *Cheek* is an exception (as shown by the *eä* spelling) suggesting that the dialect form, with the diphthong /iə/ in place of RP /i:/, is derived from the West Saxon *cēace* (as might be expected in the SW), whereas the StE form is from Anglian *cēce* [7.10.8, 7.10.13].

burnèn. (i) The vowel of the stem is /ə:/, as in RP [7.9.1]; for retention of /r/ after the vowel see *our* (line 1 above) [8.8.1].

7 An' bindèn o' red-headed sheaves,
ən bə:ɪn(d)ən ə rɛdhɛdɪd ʃi:vz

8 Wer all welcome seasons o' jaÿ.
wɛr a:l wɛlkəm si:zənz ə dʒæɪ

jaÿ. The diphthong in *joy* in Barnes's dialect is usually /æɪ/, as shown here by the rhyme with *gay* and the spelling *aj*; occasional rhymes with *boy* show that it can also be /əɪ/ [7.17.3]. The diphthong in words spelled with *oi* in StE and *ai* in the modified form of the dialect (*noise*, *rejoice*, *voice*, etc.) is likewise /æɪ/ [7.17.2].

9 Then the housen seem'd high, that be low,
ðɛn ðə həʊzən si(:)md həɪ ðət bi: lo:

housen. (i) "Many nouns have in the Dorset dialect the old plural termination *en* instead of *s*: as *cheesen*, cheeses; *housen*, houses; *vuɹɹɛn*, (*furɹɛn*.) furzes ..." (1844 Dissertation, §44); for the pronunciation /ən/ see *-growèn* (line 2 above). (ii) For the vowel of the stem see *our* (line 1 above).

seem'd. The vowel in most words spelled with *ee* in StE is pronounced /i:/ in Barnes's dialect, as in RP; like *keep*, *meet*, and *week*, however, *seem* is sometimes spelled with *i* for *ee* in 1844, indicating an alternative pronunciation with short *i*. The transcription /i(:)/ permits both possibilities [7.10.11].

10 An' the brook did seem wide that is narrow,
ən ðə brʊk dɪd si(:)m wə:ɪd ðət ɪz narə(r)

narrow. "*ow* at the end of a word as fellow, hollow, mellow, pillow, yellow, mostly become *er*, making those words *feller*, *holler*, *meller*, *pillor*, *yoller*" (1844 Dissertation, §27). For the transcription of the unstressed final syllable as /ə(r)/ here and in *Bulbarrow* (line 14) see WBPG 7.14.8.

11 An' time, that do vlee, did goo slow,
 ən tə:ɪm ðæt də vli: dɪd gu: slo:

do. The use of *do* and *did* in this line perfectly illustrates Barnes's comment on verb tenses in the Dorset dialect in §53 of the 1844 Dissertation: "A verb is commonly conjugated in the present tense with the auxiliary verb *do*, *da* ... and in the imperfect tense with *did*" (though *seem'd* in line 9 beside *did seem* in 10 shows that StE tense-formation was also acceptable). When used as an auxiliary, as here, *do* is normally the unstressed /də/ [7.15.5]; when stressed, on the other hand, it is /du:/. In 1844 Barnes consistently uses the spelling *da* for the unstressed auxiliary and *do* elsewhere, but in the modified form of the dialect the *da* spellings are gradually phased out until they are entirely replaced by *do* (see *WBCP* ii, Appendix 3).

goo. *Go* and *ago*, *no* (in the sense 'not any'), *so* (in the sense 'and so, therefore'), *sloe*, and *toe* are almost invariably spelled with *oo* or *ooe* in both the broad and the modified forms of the dialect, and are rhymed with words ending in the sound /u:/, such as *blue*, *shoe*, *two*, etc. [7.14.6]. The pronunciation of *goo* is evidently /gu:/, though rare exceptions, such as the rhyme *rwose/ nose/ goes* in "The shy man" (41–3), show /go:/ as a possible variant.

12 An' veelèns now feeble wer strong,
 ən vi:lənz nəu fi:bəl wər strɒŋ

13 An' our worold did end wi' the neämes
 ən əuər wə:ɹdəl dɪd ɛn(d) wi ðə njəmz

wi'. This is Barnes's normal spelling of *with* in both the broad and the modified forms of the dialect, showing the loss of final /ð/, with raising and possibly lengthening of the preceding vowel from /ɪ/ to /i/ or /i:/ [7.1.7 and 8.13.2].

neämes. The spelling used in the modified form of the dialect for the diphthong in the sequence spelled C+a+C+e and pronounced /eɪ/ in StE is *eä*, as in *geämes* (15) and *teäke* (27), replacing the broad form's *ia*. The pronunciation in Barnes's dialect is /jɛ/ [7.11.1]. The disadvantage of the decision to replace *ia* with *eä* is the potential confusion of this diphthong with the /iə/ of words such as *feast* and *leave*, spelled with *eä* in both the broad and the modified forms of the dialect and pronounced /i:/ in RP (see *leäve* in line 23 below).

- 14 Ov the Sha'sbury Hill or Bulbarrow;
 əv ðə ʃa:sbəri hɪl ar bulbarə(r)

Sha'sbury. (i) The loss of /fts/ in *Shaftesbury* is similar to that of /f/ in *after*, but it is not possible to say whether or not the vowel of the first syllable should be /ɛ:/ as in *a'ter* (see [7.7.4]). For want of further evidence I take the vowel to be /a:/ [7.7.1]. (ii) The vowel of the unstressed -y ending, here and in *zilvery* (18), *happy* (25), etc., is not /ɪ/ as in old-fashioned RP, but /i/.

or. Words spelled with *or* in StE representing /ɔ:/ or /ɔ:r/ in RP, such as *or* here, *storm* (31), etc. are consistently spelled with *ar* in 1844, indicating the pronunciation /a:r/. When the syllable is unstressed, however (as frequently with *for*, *or*, *nor*), the pronunciation is reduced (as here) to /ar/ or /ər/ [7.22.1–3].

- 15 An' life did seem only the geämes
 ən lə:ɪf dɪd si(:)m o:nli ðə gjeɪmz

- 16 That we play'd as the days rolled along.
 ðæt wi: plæɪd əz ðə de:z rə:ld ələŋ

- 17 Then the rivers, an' high-timber'd lands,
 ðen ðə rɪvərz ən hæ:ɪtɪmbərd lændz

18 An' the zilvery hills, 'ithout buyèn,
ən ðə zɪlvəri hɪlz ɪðəʊt bæɪən

zilvery. “*S* before a vowel often but not universally becomes in Dorset its smooth kinsletter *z*, making sand, *zand*; sap, *zəp*; send, *zənd*; set, *zət*; ...” (1844 Dissertation, §36; [8.9.1]). Barnes consistently spells words with *z*- when the initial sound is voiced, as in *zilvery* here, *zickness* (21), *zome* (28), etc., in contrast to those in which the /s/ remains voiceless, as in *small* (2), *seasons* (8), *seem’d* (10), etc.

'ithout. Loss of initial /w/ is common in SW dialects. Where Barnes’s spelling indicates this loss, as here, I omit /w/ in the transcript; in words in which the *w* is never omitted from the spelling (e.g. *wood*), /w/ is retained in the transcript; in words spelled sometimes with and sometimes without *w* (e.g. *within* and *without*) the transcript records /(w)/ in those instances where Barnes’s spelling retains the *w* [8.16.1].

19 Did seem to come into our hands
dɪd si(:)m tə kʌm ɪntu əʊər han(d)z

20 Vrom others that own’d em avore;
vrəm ʌðərz ðæt oʊnd əm əvʊər

em. Loss of initial /ð/ in *them* and reduction of the vowel to /ə/ as here is common in colloquial English in all dialects as well as StE.

avore. (i) The pronunciation in Barnes’s dialect of the combination *ore* as in *-vore* here, *vorefathers* and *bore* (24), etc., as of most words spelled with *or*+*C*, *oar*, *oor*, or *our* representing the sound /ɔ:/ in RP (/ɔ:r/ when followed by a vowel), is generally /uər/ [7.23, 7.23.1]. (ii) Barnes’s usage shows a marked preference for *avore* over *bevore*, the former outnumbering the latter in his poems in a ratio of nearly five to one. (iii) For the voicing of the StE *f* (in both words) see *ven* (line 1 above).

21 An' all zickness, an' sorrow, an' need,
ən ʌl zɪknɪs ən sərə(r) ən ni:d

sorrow. (i) For the vowel in the first syllable (between /ɒ/ and /a/) see 7.22.5. (ii) For the unstressed second syllable see *narrow* (ii) and (iii) in line 10 above.

22 Seem'd to die wi' the wold vo'k a-dyèn,
 si(:)md tə də:ɪ wi ðə (w)uəld vɔ:k ədə:ɪən

wold. (i) The *wo* spelling for the vowel that has become the diphthong /əʊ/ in RP represents /uə/ in Barnes's dialect (see under *growèn* in line 2 above). (ii) For optional pronunciation of /w/ in words beginning with *o* in StE (*old*, *oak*, etc.) see *WBPG* [7.14.4].

23 An' leäve us vor ever a-freed
 ən liəv əs vər evər əfri:d

leäve. Words spelled with *ea* in StE and pronounced /i:/ in RP may in Barnes's dialect have either the same spelling and pronunciation, as in *leaves* (noun) in line 5, *seasons* (6 and 8), *sheaves* (7), etc., or the diphthong /iə/ spelled *eä* in both the broad and the modified forms of the dialect, as in *leäve* (verb) here, *cleän*, *feäst*, etc. [7.10.8]. But the distinction is not absolute: *leaves* (noun) rhymes with *eäves* in “The Leädy's Tower” (35–6) and is itself occasionally spelled *leäves*, as in “Wayfeärèn” (38) and “Beauty undecked” (10).

24 Vrom evils our vorefathers bore.
 vrəm i:vəlz ə:uər vuərfe:ðərz buər

vorefathers. (i) The vowel in the stressed syllable of *fathers* is not /ɑ:/ as in RP but /ɛ:/ [7.7.1, 7.7.4]. (ii) For *vore-* and *bore* see *avore* (20 above).

25 But happy be childern the while
 bət hapi bi: tʃɪldərn ðə (h)wə:ɪl

childern. This is the standard form in both the broad and the modified forms of the dialect, though there are occasional occurrences of StE *children* in

poems not included in 1879, e.g. “Shop o’ meatweäre (*Wi’ children an’ other vo’k in house*)”. On the widespread metathesis of *r* + vowel in SW dialects see *WBPG* 8.8.3.

while. The initial consonant sound in words with initial *wh* may be either aspirated /hw/, as in careful RP, or unaspirated /w/ [8.5.3].

26 They have elders a-livèn to love em,
ðe: hav eldərz əlɪvən tə lʌv əm

They. The vowel sound is /e:/ as in *day*, *clay*, etc. (see *days* in line 1 above) rather than the StE diphthong /eɪ/ [7.11.10].

27 An’ teäke all the wearisome tweil
ən tʃæk a:l ðə wiərisəm twə:ɪl

tweil. (i) The rhyme with *while* (25) shows that *toil* has the same vowel in Barnes’s dialect, i.e. the diphthong /əɪ/ as opposed to RP /aɪ/ (see *Child-* in the title of this poem). This is true of many words spelled with *oi* or *oy* pronounced /əɪ/ in StE [7.17.1], but excludes others such as *voice* and *joy* (see *jay* in line 8 above). (ii) For the insertion of /w/ before /əɪ/ in Barnes’s dialect and in the SW generally see *WBPG* 8.16.3.

28 That zome hands or others mus’ do;
ðət zʌm han(d)z ər ʌðərz məs du:

mus’. (i) As in RP the vowel in *must* may be either /ʌ/ when stressed or /ə/ when unstressed [7.5.10]. (ii) The final /t/ is particularly likely to be lost when the word is unstressed, as here.

29 Like the low-headed shrubs that be warm,
lɪk ðə ləʃhedɪd ʃrʌbz ðət bi: wɜ:m

Like. Both spelling and rhyme in 1844 show that *climb*, *strike*, and *like* (as an adverb or in the past tense) have a short *i*, /ɪ/. As an infinitive, however, *like* appears to have the usual diphthong /əɪ/ [7.16.5].

warm. Like words spelled with *or* in StE representing /ɔ:(r)/ in RP (see *or* in line 14 above), words with *ar* representing the same sound (e.g. *warm*, *swarm*, *toward*) have the sound /a:ɾ/ in Barnes's dialect; hence the rhyme sound in *warm*/ *storm* (29/31) is not /ɔ:m/ as in RP but /a:ɾm/ [7.22.2].

30 In the lewth o' the trees up above em,
m ðə lu:θ ə ðə tri:z ʌp əbʌv əm

31 A-screen'd vrom the cwold blowèn storm
əskri:nd vrəm ðə kuəld blo:ən sta:ɾm

32 That the timber avore em must rue.
ðæt ðə tɪmbər əvuər əm məs(t) ru:

SECOND-COLLECTION POEMS

WITH

PHONEMIC TRANSCRIPTS

BLACKMWORE MAÏDENS



THE primrrose in the sheäde do blow,
The cowslip in the zun,
The thyme upon the down do grow,
The clote where streams do run;
An' where do pretty maïdens grow
An' blow, but where the tow'r
Do rise among the bricken tuns,
In Blackmwore by the Stour.

bloom

yellow water-lily

bloom
brick chimneys

If you could zee their comely gäit,
An' pretty feäces' smiles,
A-trippèn on so light o' waight,
An' steppèn off the stiles;
A-gwaïn to church, as bells do swing
A ring 'ithin the tow'r,
You'd own the pretty maïdens' pleäce
Is Blackmwore by the Stour.

going

If you vrom Wimborne took your road,
To Stower or Paladore,
An' all the farmers' housen show'd
Their daughters at the door;
You'd cry to bachelors at hwome—
“Here, come: 'ithin an hour
You'll vind ten maïdens to your mind,
In Blackmwore by the Stour.”

An' if you look'd 'ithin their door,
To zee em in their pleäce,
A-doèn housework up avore
Their smilèn mother's feäce;

blakmuər mæidənz

ðə prɪmruəz ɪn ðə ʃjɛd də blo:
ðə kə:ʊslɪp ɪn ðə zʌn
ðə tə:ɪm əpən ðə də:ʊn də gro:
ðə klo:t (h)wər strɪ:mz də rʌn
ən (h)wər də pɑ:rtɪ mæidənz gro:
ən blo: bət (h)wər ðə tə:uər
də rə:ɪz əmɒŋ ðə brɪkən tʌnz
ɪn blakmuər b(ə):ɪ ðə stə:uər

ɪf ju: kud zɪ: ðər kʌmli gæɪt
ən pɑ:rtɪ fjesɪz smə:ɪlz
ətrɪpən ɒn sə lə:ɪt ə wæɪt
ən stɛpən ɒf ðə stə:ɪlz
əgwæm tə tʃə:rtʃ əz belz də swɪŋ
ən rɪŋ ɪðm ðə tə:uər
jəd ɔ:n ðə pɑ:rtɪ mæidənz pljes
ɪz blakmuər b(ə):ɪ ðə stə:uər

ɪf ju: vrəm wɪmbəɪn tuk jər ro:d
tə stə:uər ər pələduər
ən aɪ ðə fɑ:rmərz hə:uzən ʃo:d
ðər deɪtərz ət ðə duər
ju:d krə:ɪ tə bətʃələrz ət huəm
hɪər kʌm ɪðm ən ə:uər
jəl və:m(d) tən mæidənz tə jər mə:m(d)
ɪn blakmuər b(ə):ɪ ðə stə:uər

ən ɪf jə lʊkt ɪðm ðər duər
tə zɪ: əm ɪn ðər pljes
ədu:ən hə:ʊswɜ:rk ʌp əvuər
ðər smə:ɪlən mʌðərz fjes

You'd cry—"Why, if a man would wive
An' thrive, 'ithout a dow'r,
Then let en look en out a wife
In Blackmwore by the Stour."

let him find himself

As I upon my road did pass
A school-house back in Maÿ,
There out upon the beäten grass
Wer maïdens at their play;
An' as the pretty souls did tveil
An' smile, I cried, "The flow'r
O' beauty, then, is still in bud
In Blackmwore by the Stour."

toil

jæd kræ:ɪ (h)wə:ɪ ɪf ə man wʊd wə:ɪv
ən θrə:ɪv ɪðə:ʊt ə də:ʊər
ðen let ən lʊk ən ə:ʊt ə wə:ɪf
ɪn blakmuər b(ə:ɪ)ɪ ðə stə:ʊər

əz ə:ɪ əpən mə:ɪ rɔ:d dɪd pa:s
ə sku:lhə:ʊs bak ɪn mæɪ
ðeər ə:ʊt əpən ðə biətən gra:s
wər mæɪdənz ət ðər plæɪ
ən əz ðə pɑ:rti so:lz dɪd twə:ɪl
ən smə:ɪl ə:ɪ kræ:ɪd ðə flə:ʊər
ə bjʊ:ti ðen ɪz stɪl ɪn bʌd
ɪn blakmuər b(ə:ɪ)ɪ ðə stə:ʊər

MY ORCHA'D IN LINDEN LEA



'ITHIN the woodlands, flow'ry gleäded,
By the woak tree's mossy moot,
The sheenèn grass-bleädes, timber-sheäded,
Now do quiver under voot;
An' birds do whissle over head,
An' water's bubblèn in its bed,
An' there vor me the apple tree
Do leän down low in Linden Lea.

*oak, stump
shining*

When leaves that leätely wer a-springèn
Now do feäde 'ithin the copse,
An' päinted birds do hush their zingèn
Up upon the timber's tops;
An' brown-leav'd fruit's a-turnèn red,
In cloudless zunsheen, over head,
Wi' fruit vor me, the apple tree
Do leän down low in Linden Lea.

sunshine

Let other vo'k meäke money vaster
In the äir o' dark-room'd towns,
I don't dread a peevish meäster;
Though noo man do heed my frowns,
I be free to goo abroad,
Or teäke ageän my hwomeward road
To where, vor me, the apple tree
Do leän down low in Linden Lea.

folk, faster

out and about

mæ:ɪ a:ɪtʃət ɪn lɪndən li:

ɪðm ðə (w)ʊdlən(d)z flə:ʊri gljɛdɪd
b(ə:ɪ)ɪ ðə (w)uək tri:z mɒsi mʊt
ðə ʃɪnən gra:sbljɛdz tɪmbəɪʃjɛdɪd
nə:ʊ də kwɪvər ʌndər vʊt
ən bæ:ɪdz də (h)wɪsəl ɔ:vər hɛd
ən wɔ:təɪz bʌblən ɪn ɪts bɛd
ən ðeər vər mi: ði apəl tri:
də liən də:ʊn lə: ɪn lɪndən li:

(h)wen lɪ:vz ðət ljetli wər əsprɪŋən
nə:ʊ də ʃjɛd ɪðm ðə kɒps
ən pæmtɪd bæ:ɪdz də hʌʃ ðər zɪŋən
ʌp əpən ðə tɪmbəɪz tɒps
ən brə:ʊnlɪ:vɪd fru:ts ətə:ɪnən rɛd
ɪn klə:ʊdlɪs zʌŋʃi:n ɔ:vər hɛd
wi fru:t vər mi: ði apəl tri:
də liən də:ʊn lə: ɪn lɪndən li:

lɛt ʌðər vɔ:k mjɛk mʌni vɑ:stər
ɪn ði æɪr ə dɑ:ɪkru:md tə:ʊnz
ə:ɪ dɒ:nt dɪd ə pi:vɪʃ mja:stər
ðo: nu: mʌn də hi:d mæ:ɪ frə:ʊnz
ə:ɪ bi: fri: tə gu: əbro:d
ɑ: tʃɛk əgjen mæ:ɪ huəmwɔ:ɪd rɔ:d
tə (h)weər vər mi: ði apəl tri:
də liən də:ʊn lə: ɪn lɪndən li:

BISHOP'S CAUNDLE



AT peace day, who but we should goo *(In 1856 after the Crimean War)*
To Caundle vor an' hour or two:
As gaÿ a day as ever broke
Above the heads o' Caundle vo'k, *folk*
Vor peace, a-come vor all, did come
To them wi' two new friends at hwome.
Zoo while we kept, wi' nimble peäce, *pace*
The wold dun tow'r avore our feäce, *old*
The äir, at last, begun to come
Wi' drubbèns ov a beäten drum;
An' then we heärd the horns' loud droats *throats*
Plaÿ off a tuen's upper notes; *tune's*
An' then ageän a-risèn cheärm *noise*
Vrom tongues o' people in a zwarm:
An' zoo, at last, we stood among *so*
The merry feäces o' the drong. *lane*
An' there, wi' garlands all a-tied
In wreaths and bows on every zide,
An' color'd flags, a fluttrèn high
An' bright avore the sheenèn sky, *shining*
The very guide-post wer a-drest *signpost*
Wi' posies on his eärms an' breast. *arms*
At last, the vo'k zwarm'd in by scores *folk*
An' hundreds droo the high barn-doors, *through*
To dine on English feäre, in ranks, *fare (food)*
A-zot on chairs, or stools, or planks,
By bwards a-reachèn, row an' row, *tables*
Wi' cloths so white as driven snow.
An' while they took, wi' merry cheer,
Their pleäces at the meat an' beer,
The band did blow an' beät aloud
Their merry tuèns to the crowd; *tunes*

bīfəps kɛ:ndəl

ət pi:s de: hu: bət wi: ʃʊd gu:
tə kɛ:ndəl vər ən ə:uər ər tu:
əz gæi ə de: əz evər brɔ:k
əbʌv ðə hɛdz ə kɛ:ndəl vo:k
vər pi:s əkʌm vər a:l dɪd kʌm
tə ðem wi tu: nju: frɛn(d)z ət huəm
zu: (h)wə:ɪl wi: kept wi nɪmbəl pjɛs
ðə (w)uəld dʌn tə:uər əvuər ə:uər fjɛs
ði æɪr ət lɛ:st bɪgʌn tə kʌm
wi drʌbənʒ əv ə biətən drʌm
ən ðen wi: hiərd ðə ha:rnz lə:ud dro:ts
plæi ɒf ə tju:ənʒ ʌpər nɔ:ts
ən ðen əgʃɛn ə rə:ɪzən tʃjɑ:rm
vrəm tʌŋz ə pi:pəl ɪn ə zwɑ:rm
ən zu: ət lɛ:st wi: stʊd əmɒŋ
ðə mɛri fjɛsɪz ə ðə drɒŋ
ən ðeər wi gɑ:rlən(d)z a:l ətə:ɪd
ɪn ri:ðz ən(d) bɔ:z ɒn evri zə:ɪd
ən kʌlərd flægʒ əflʌtrən hə:ɪ
ən brə:ɪt əvuər ðə ʃi:nən skə:ɪ
ðə vɛri gə:ɪdpɔ:st wɛr ədrest
wi pɔ:zɪz ɒn (h)ɪz jɑ:rmz ən brɛst
ət lɛ:st ðə vo:k zwɑ:rmɪd ɪn b(ə:ɪ)ɪ skuərz
ən hʌndərdz dru: ðə hə:ɪ bɑ:rnɪduərz
tə də:ɪn ɒn ɪŋɡlɪʃ fjɛər ɪn rʌŋks
əzʌt ɒn tʃɛərz ər stu:lz ər plʌŋks
b(ə:ɪ)ɪ buərdz əri:tʃən ro: ən ro:
wi klɒθs sə (h)wə:ɪt əz drɪvən sno:
ən (h)wə:ɪl ðe: tʊk wi mɛri tʃiər
ðər pljɛsɪz ət ðə mi:t ən biər
ðə bʌn(d) dɪd blɔ: ən biət ələ:ud
ðər mɛri tju:ənʒ tə ðə krə:ud

An' slowly-zwingèn flags did spread	
Their hangèn colors over head.	
An' then the vo'k, wi' jaÿ an' pride,	<i>folk, joy</i>
Stood up in stillness, zide by zide,	
Wi' downcast heads, the while their friend	
Rose up avore the teäble's end,	
An' zaid a timely greäce, an' blest	
The welcome meat to every guest.	
An' then arose a mingled naïse	<i>noise</i>
O' knives an' pleätes, an' cups an' traÿs,	
An' tongues wi' merry tongues a-drown'd	
Below a deaf'nèn storm o' sound.	
An' zoo, at last, their worthy host	<i>so</i>
Stood up to gi'e em all a twoast,	<i>give</i>
That they did drink, wi' shouts o' glee,	
An' whirlèn cärms to dree times dree.	<i>arms, three</i>
An' when the bboards at last wer beäre	<i>tables, bare</i>
Ov all the cloths an' goodly feäre,	<i>fare (food)</i>
An' froth noo longer rose to zwim	
Within the beer-mugs sheenèn rim,	<i>shining</i>
The vo'k, a-streamèn drough the door,	<i>folk, through</i>
Went out to geämes they had in store.	
An' on the blue-reäv'd waggon's bed,	<i>with blue side-extensions</i>
Above his vower wheels o' red,	<i>four</i>
Musicians zot in rows, an' play'd	<i>sat</i>
Their tuèns up to chap an' mäid,	<i>tunes</i>
That beät, wi' play'some tooes an' heels,	<i>toes</i>
The level ground in nimble reels.	
An' zome ageän, a-zet in line,	
An' startèn at a given sign,	
Wi' outreach'd breast, a-breathèn quick	
Droo op'nèn lips, did nearly kick	<i>through</i>
Their polls, a-runnen sich a peäce,	<i>heads, pace</i>
Wi' streamèn heäir, to win the reäce.	

ən slo:lizwɪən flagz dɪd sprɛd
 ðər haŋən kʌlɔrz ɔ:vər hɛd
 ən ðen ðə vo:k wi dʒæɪ ən prə:ɪd
 stʊd ʌp ɪn stɪlnɪs zə:ɪd b(ə:ɪ)ɪ zə:ɪd
 wi də:ʊnkə:st hɛdz ðə (h)wə:ɪl ðər frɛn(d)
 rɔ:z ʌp əvʊər ðə tʃɛbəlz ɛn(d)
 ən zɛd ə tə:ɪmli grjɛs ən blɛst
 ðə wɛlkəm mɪ:t tu ɛvri gɛst
 ən ðen ərə:z ə mɪŋgəld næɪz
 ə nə:ɪvz ən pljɛts ən kʌps ən trærɪz
 ən tʌŋz wi mɛrɪ tʌŋz ɛdrə:ʊnd
 bɪlɔ: ə dɛfnən stɑ:ɪm ə sə:ʊnd
 ən zu: ət lɛ:st ðər wə:rði huəst
 stʊd ʌp tə gi: əm aɪ ə tuəst
 ðət ðe: dɪd drɪŋk wi ʃə:ʊts ə gli:
 ən (h)wə:r(d)lən jɑ:ɪmz tə dri: tə:ɪmz dri:
 ən (h)wɛn ðə buərdz ət lɛ:st wər bjɛər
 əv aɪ ðə klɒθs ən gʊdli fjɛər
 ən frɒθ nu: lɒŋgər rɔ:z tə zwɪm
 (w)ɪðɪn ðə biərmʌgʒ ʃɪ:nən rɪm
 ðə vo:k əstri:mən dru: ðə duər
 wɛnt ɔ:t tə gjɛmz ðe: hʌd ɪn stuər
 ən ɒn ðə blʊ:rjɛvd wʌgənz bɛd
 əbʌv (h)ɪz və:ʊər (h)wi:lz ə rɛd
 mju:zɪʃənz zɒt ɪn rɔ:z ən plæɪd
 ðər tju:ənz ʌp tə tʃʌp ən mæɪd
 ðət biət wi plæɪsəm tu:z ən hi:lz
 ðə levəl grə:ʊn(d) ɪn nɪmbəl ri:lz
 ən zʌm əgjen əzɛt ɪn lə:ɪn
 ən stɑ:tɪn ət ə grɪvən sə:ɪn
 wi ɔ:tɪrɪ:tʃt brɛst əbrɪ:ðən kwɪk
 dru: ɔ:bənən lɪps dɪd nɪərli kɪk
 ðər pɔ:lz ərənən sɪtʃ ə pjɛs
 wi strɪ:mən hjɛər tə wɪn ðə rjɛs

An' in the house, an' on the green,
An' in the shrubb'ry's leafy screen,
On ev'ry zide we met sich lots
O' smilèn friends in happy knots,
That I do think, that drough the feäst
In Caundle, vor a day at leäst,
You woudden vind a scowlèn feäce
Or dumpy heart in all the pleäce.

through

ən in ðə həʊs ən ɒn ðə gri:n
ən in ðə ʃrʌbrɪz li:fɪ skri:n
ɒn evri zə:ɪd wi: meɪt sɪtʃ lɒts
ə smə:ɪlən freɪn(d)z in hapi nɒts
ðæt ə:ɪ də ðɪŋk ðæt dru: ðə fiəst
in keɪndəl vər ə de: ət liəst
jə wʊdən və:ɪn(d) ə skə:ɪlən fjes
ər dʌmpi ha:t in a:l ðə pljes



HAÿ MEÄKÈN—NUNCHEN TIME

lunch

Anne an' John a-ta'kèn o't.

talking about it

A. BACK here, but now, the jobber John
Come by, an' cried, "Well done, zing on,
I thought as I come down the hill,
An' heärd your zongs a-ringèn sh'ill,
Who woudden like to come, an' fling
A peäir o' prongs where you did zing?"

odd-job man

tunefully

J. Aye, aye, he woudden vind it play,
To work all day a-meäkèn haÿ,
Or pitchèn o't, to eärms a-spread
By lwoaders, yards above his head,
'T'ud meäke en wipe his drippèn brow.

it, arms

it would make him

A. Or else a-reäken after plow.

the wagon

J. Or workèn, wi' his nimble pick,
A-stiffled wi' the haÿ, at rick.

stifled

A. Our Company would suit en best,

him

When we do teäke our bit o' rest,

At nunch, a-gather'd here below

lunch

The sheäde theäse wide-bough'd woak do drow,

this, oak, throw

Where hissèn froth mid rise, an' float

might

In horns o' eäle, to wet his droat.

ale, throat

J. Aye, if his zwellèn han' could drag
A meat-slice vrom his dinner bag.

'T'ud meäke the busy little chap

it would

Look rather glum, to zee his lap

Wi' all his meal ov woone dry croust,

one, crust

An' vinny cheese so dry as doust. *blue vinny (made from skimmed milk), dust*

hæi mjekən nantʃən tə:m
an ən dʒən ətɛ:kən o:t

A. bak hiər bət nə:u ðə dʒɒbər dʒən
kʌm bæi ən kræ:ɪd wɛl dʌn zɪŋ ɒn
əi ðɔ:t əz əi kʌm də:ʊn ðə hɪl
ən hiərd jər zɒŋz ərɪŋən ʃɪl
hu: wudən lə:ɪk tə kʌm ən flɪŋ
ə pjɛər ə prɒŋz (h)wər ju: dɪd zɪŋ

J. æi æi hi: wudən və:m(d) ɪt plæi
tə wɜ:rk aɪl de: əmjekən hæi
ar pɪtʃən o:t tə jɑ:ɪnz əsprɛd
b(ə):ɪ luədərz jɑ:ɪdz əbʌv (h)ɪz hɛd
tʊd mjek ən wə:ɪp (h)ɪz drɪpən brə:u

A. ar ɛls ərjekən ɛ:tər plə:u

J. ar wɜ:rkən wi (h)ɪz nɪmbəl pɪk
əstɪfɛld wi ðə hæi ət rɪk

A. ə:uər kʌmpəni wud su:t ən bɛst
(h)wɛn wi: də tʃɛk ə:uər bɪt ə rɛst
ət nʌntʃ əgəðərd hiər bɪlɔ:
ðə ʃjɛd ðiəs wə:ɪdbə:ud (w)uək də dro:
(h)wər hɪsən frʊθ mɪd rə:ɪz ən flɔ:t
ɪn hɑ:ɪnz ə jɛl tə wɛt (h)ɪz dro:t

J. æi ɪf (h)ɪz zwɛlən hən kʊd dræg
ə mɪtʃslə:ɪs vrəm (h)ɪz dɪnər bæg
tʊd mjek ðə bɪzi lɪtəl tʃap
lʊk rɛ:ðər glʌm tə zi: (h)ɪz lap
wi aɪl (h)ɪz mɪ:l əv (w)u:n drə:ɪ krə:ʊst
ən vɪni tʃɪ:z sə drə:ɪ əz də:ʊst

A. Well, I don't grumble at my food,
'Tis wholesome, John, an' zoo 'tis good. *so*

J. Whose reäke is that a-lyèn there?
Do look a bit the woo'se vor wear. *worse*

A. Oh! I mus' get the man to meäke
A tooth or two vor thik wold reäke, *that old*
'Tis leäbour lost to strik a stroke *strike*
Wi' him, wi' half his teeth a-broke. *it, its*

J. I should ha' thought your han' too fine
To break your reäke, if I broke mine.

A. The ramsclaws thin'd his wooden gum *creeping crowfoot, its*
O' two teeth here, an' here were zome
That broke when I did reäke a patch
O' groun' wi' Jimmy, vor a match:
An' here's a gap ov woone or two *one*
A-broke by Simon's clumsy shoe,
An' when I gi'ed his poll a poke, *gave, head*
Vor better luck, another broke.
In what a veag have you a-swung *rage*
Your pick, though, John? His stem's a-sprung. *its handle's broken*

J. When I an' Simon had a het *match*
O' pookèn, yonder, vor a bet, *at stacking hay in cones*
The prongs o'n gi'ed a tump a poke, *its prongs gave a molehill*
An' then I vound the stem a-broke,
But they do meäke the stems o' picks
O' stuff so brittle as a kicks. *stem of cow parsley*

A. wɛl əɪ doʊnt grʌmbəl ət məɪ fʊd
tɪz huəlsəm dʒʌn ən zu: tɪz gʊd

J. hu:z rʃɛk ɪz ðat ələɪən ðeər
də lʊk ə bɪt ðə wu:s vər weər

A. o: əɪ mʌs get ðə man tə mjɛk
ə tu:θ ər tu: vər ðɪk (w)uəld rʃɛk
tɪz lʃɛbər lɒst tə strɪk ə stro:k
wi hɪm wi he:f (h)ɪz ti:θ əbro:k

J. əɪ fʊd hə ðɔ:t ju(:)ər han tu: fəɪn
tə bre:k ju(:)ər rʃɛk ɪf əɪ bro:k məɪn

A. ðə rʌmzkle:z ðɪnd (h)ɪz wʊdən ɡʌm
ə tu: ti:θ hiər ən hiər wər zʌm
ðət bro:k (h)wen əɪ dɪd rʃɛk ə pʌtʃ
ə ɡrə:ʊn wi dʒɪmi vər ə mʌtʃ
ən hiərz ə ɡʌp əv (w)u:n ər tu:
əbro:k b(ə:ɪ) səɪmənz klʌmzi ju:
ən (h)wen əɪ ɡi:d (h)ɪz po:l ə po:k
vər betər lʌk ənʌðər bro:k
ɪn (h)wɒt ə ve:g həv ju: əswʌŋ
ju(:)ər pɪk ðo: dʒʌn (h)ɪz stɛmz əsprʌŋ

J. (h)wen əɪ ən səɪmən həd ə het
ə pʊkən ʃʌndər vər ə bet
ðə prɒŋz o:n ɡi:d ə tʌmp ə po:k
ən ðen əɪ və:ʊn(d) ðə stɛm əbro:k
bət ðe: də mjɛk ðə stɛmz ə pɪks
ə stʌf sə brɪtəl əz ə kɪks

A. There's poor wold Jeäne, wi' wrinkled skin, *old*
A-tellèn, wi' her peakèd chin,
Zome teäle ov her young days, poor soul.
Do meäke the young-woones smile. 'Tis droll. *-ones*
What is it? Stop, an' let's goo near.
I do like theäse wold teäles. Let's hear. *these old*

A. ðærz pu(:)ər (w)uəld dʒjən wi rɪŋkəld skɪn
ætələn wi (h)ər pi:kɪd tʃɪn
zʌm tjəl əv (h)ər jʌŋ de:z pu(:)ər so:l
də mjæk ðə jʌŋ (w)u:nz smə:ɪl tɪz drɔ:l
(h)wɒt ɪz ɪt stɒp ən lets gu: niər
ə:ɪ du: lə:ɪk ðiəz (w)uəld tjəlz lets hiər

A FATHER OUT, AN' MOTHER HWOME



THE snow-white clouds did float on high
In shoals avore the sheenèn sky,
An' runnèn weäves in pon' did cheäse
Each other on the water's feäce,
As hufflèn win' did blow between
The new-leav'd boughs o' sheenèn green.
An' there, the while I walked along
The path, drough leäze, above the drong,
A little maïd, wi' bloomèn feäce,
Went on up hill wi' nimble peäce,
A-leänèn to the right-han' zide,
To car a basket that did ride,
A-hangèn down, wi' all his heft,
Upon her elbow at her left.
An' yet she hardly seem'd to bruise
The grass-bleädes wi' her tiny shoes,
That pass'd each other, left an' right,
In steps a'most too quick vor zight.
But she'd a-left her mother's door
A-bearèn vrom her little store
Her father's welcome bit o' food,
Where he wer out at work in wood;
An' she wer bless'd wi' mwore than zwome—
A father out, an' mother hwome.

*shining
pond, chase*

gusty

through the meadow, lane

pace

*carry
weight*

An' there, a-vell'd 'ithin the copse,
Below the timber's new-leav'd tops,
Wer ashen poles, a-castèn straïght,
On primrrose beds, their langthy waïght;
Below the yollow light, a-shed
Drough boughs upon the vi'let's head,
By climèn ivy, that did reach,
A sheenèn roun' the dead-leav'd beech.

ash-wood

through

shining

ə fɛ:ðər ə:ʊt ən mʌðər huəm
 ðə sno:(h)wə:ɪt klə:ʊdz dɪd flɔ:t ɒn hə:ɪ
 ɪn ʃo:lz əvʊər ðə ʃi:nən skə:ɪ
 ən rʌnən wjɛvz ɪn pɒn dɪd tʃɛs
 i:tʃ ʌðər ɒn ðə wɔ:tərz fjɛs
 əz hʌflən wɪn(d) dɪd blɔ: bɪtwɪn
 ðə nju:li:vd bə:ʊz ə ʃi:nən grɪn
 ən ðeər ðə (h)wə:ɪl ə:ɪ wɛ:kt əlɒŋ
 ðə pɛ:θ dru: liəz əbʌv ðə drɒŋ
 ə lɪtəl məɪd wi blu:mən fjɛs
 wɛnt ɒn ʌp hɪl wi nɪmbəl pjɛs
 əliənən tə ðə rə:ɪthan zə:ɪd
 tə kær ə bɑ:skɪt ðət dɪd rə:ɪd
 əhʌŋən də:ʊn wi aɪl (h)ɪz heft
 əpɒn (h)ər ɛlbo: ət (h)ər left
 ən ɪt ʃi: hɑ:rdli si:(:)md tə bru:z
 ðə grɑ:sbljɛdz wi (h)ər tə:mi ʃu:z
 ðət pa:st i:tʃ ʌðər left ən rə:ɪt
 ɪn steɪps a:məst tu: kwɪk vər zə:ɪt
 bət ʃi:d əleɪft (h)ər mʌðərz duər
 əbeərən vrəm (h)ər lɪtəl stuər
 (h)ər fɛ:ðərz welkəm bɪt ə fʊd
 (h)wər hi: wər ə:ʊt ət wɜ:rk ɪn wʊd
 ən ʃi: wər blɛst wi muər ðən zʌm
 ə fɛ:ðər ə:ʊt ən mʌðər huəm
 ən ðeər əvɛld ɪðm ðə kɒps
 bɪlo: ðə tɪmbərz nju:li:vd tɒps
 wər əʃən pɔ:lz əkɑ:stən stræɪt
 ɒn prɪmrʊəz bedz ðər lʌŋθi wæɪt
 bɪlo: ðə ʤʌlər lə:ɪt əʃɛd
 dru: bə:ʊz əpɒn ðə vɛ:ɪləts hɛd
 b(ə):ɪ klɪmən ə:ɪvi ðət dɪd rɪ:tʃ
 əʃi:nən rə:ʊn ðə dɛdli:vd bɪ:tʃ

An' there her father zot, an' meäde	<i>sat</i>
His hwomely meal bezide a gleäde;	
While she, a-croopèn down to ground,	<i>stooping</i>
Did pull the flowers, where she vound	
The droopèn vi'let out in blooth,	<i>bloom</i>
Or yollow primrwose in the lewth,	<i>shelter</i>
That she mid car em proudly back,	<i>might carry</i>
An' zet em on her mother's tack;	<i>shelf</i>
Vor she wer bless'd wi' mwore than zwome—	
A father out, an' mother hwome.	
A father out, an' mother hwome,	
Be blessèns soon a-lost by zome;	
A-lost by me, an' zoo I pray'd	<i>so</i>
They mid be speär'd the little maïd.	<i>might, spared</i>

ən ðeər (h)ər fe:ðər zɑt ən mɪəd
 (h)ɪz huəmlɪ mɪ:l bɪzə:ɪd ə ɡljəd
 (h)wə:ɪl ʃi: əkru:pən də:un tə ɡrə:un(d)
 dɪd pul ðə flə:uərz (h)wər ʃi: və:un(d)
 ðə dru:pən və:ɪlət ə:ut ɪn blu:θ
 ər ʃalər prɪmruəz ɪn ðə lu:θ
 ðət ʃi: mɪd kær əm prə:udli bak
 ən zet əm ɒn (h)ər mʌðərz tak
 vər ʃi: wər blɛst wi muər ðən zʌm
 ə fe:ðər ə:ut ən mʌðər huəm
 ə fe:ðər ə:ut ən mʌðər huəm
 bi: blɛsənz su:n əlɒst b(ə:ɪ) zʌm
 əlɒst b(ə:ɪ) mɪ: ən zu: ə:ɪ præɪd
 ðe: mɪd bi: spɛərd ðə lɪtəl mæɪd

RIDDLES



Anne an' Joey a-ta'ken.

talking

A. A plague! theäse cow wont stand a bit,
Noo sooner do she zee me zit
Ageän her, than she's in a trot,
A-runnèn to zome other spot.

this

J. Why 'tis the dog do sceäre the cow,
He worried her a-vield benow.

just now

A. Goo in, Ah! *Liplap*, where's your tail!

J. He's off; then up athirt the rail.
Your cow there, Anne's a-come to hand
A goodish milcher. A. If she'd stand,
But then she'll steäre an' start wi' fright
To zee a dumbledore in flight.
Last week she het the pail a flought,
An' flung my meal o' milk half out.

across

milking cow

bumble-bee

blow

J. Ha! Ha! But Anny, here, what lout
Broke half your small pail's bottom out?

A. What lout indeed! What, do ye own
The neäme? What dropp'd en on a stwone?

it

J. Hee! Hee! Well now he's out o' trim
Wi' only half a bottom to en;
Could you still vill en' to the brim
An' yit not let the milk run drough en?

it

through

rɪdəlz

an ən dʒo:i ətɛ:kən

A. ə pljɛg ðiəs kə:u wu(:)nt stan(d) ə brɪ
nu: su:nər də ʃi: zi: mi: zɪt
əɟjən hær ðæn ʃi:z ɪn ə trɒt
ərʌnən tə zʌm ʌðər spɒt

J. (h)wə:ɪ tɪz ðə dɒg də skjɛər ðə kə:u
hi: wʌrɪd (h)ər əvi:l(d) bi:nə:u

A. gu: ɪn a: lɪplap (h)wɛrz jər tæɪl

J. hi:z ɒf ðen ʌp əðə:rt ðə ræɪl
ju(:)ər kə:u ðeər ʌnz əkʌm tə han(d)
ə ɡʊdɪʃ mɪltʃər A. ɪf ʃi:d stan(d)
bət ðen ʃi:l stjɛər ən stɑ:rt wi frə:rt
tə zi: ə dʌmbəlduər ɪn flə:rt
le:st wi(:)k ʃi: hæt ðə pæɪl ə flə:ut
ən flʌŋ mə:ɪ mi:l ə mɪlk he:f ə:ut

J. ha: ha: bət ʌni hiər (h)wɒt lə:ut
brɒ:k he:f jər smɑ:l pæɪlz bɒtəm ə:ut

A. (h)wɒt lə:ut ɪndi:d (h)wɒt du: i: ɔ:n
ðə njem (h)wɒt drʌpt ən ɒn ə stuən

J. hi: hi: wɛl nə:u hi:z ə:ut ə trɪm
wi ɔ:nli he:f ə bɒtəm tu: ən
kʊd jə stɪl vɪl ən tə ðə brɪm
ən i:t nɒt let ðə mɪlk rʌn dru: ən

A. Aye, as for nonsense, Joe, your head
Do hold it all so tight's a blather,
But if 'tis any good, do shed
It all so leaky as a lather.
Could you vill pails 'ithout a bottom,
Yourself that be so deeply skill'd?

bladder

ladder

J. Well, ees, I could, if I'd a-got em
Inside o' bigger woones a-vill'd.

yes

ones

A. La! that *is* zome'hat vor to hatch!
Here answer me theäse little catch.
Down under water an' o' top o't
I went, an' didden touch a drop o't.

think up

this, riddle

of it

J. Not when at mowèn time I took
An' pull'd ye out o' Longmeäd brook,
Where you'd a-slidder'd down the edge
An' zunk knee-deep beside the zedge,
A-tryèn to reäke out a clote.

yellow water-lily

A. Aye I do hear your chucklèn droat.
When I athirt the brudge did bring
Zome water on my head vrom spring,
Then under water an' o' top o't
Wer I an' didden touch a drop o't.

throat

across

J. O Lauk! What thik wold riddle still,
Why that's as wold as Dunccliffe Hill;
"A two-lagg'd thing do run avore
An' run behind a man,
An' never run upon his lags
Though on his lags do stan'."

Lord, that old

old

A. æi az vər nɒnsəns dʒo: ju(:)ər hɛd
də huəld ɪt a:l sə tə:ɪts ə blaðər
bət ɪf tɪz ɛni gud də ʃɛd
ɪt a:l sə li:ki əz ə laðər
kud ju: vɪl pæɪlz ɪðə:ut ə bɒtəm
jəʀzʌf ðət bi: sə di:pli skɪld

J. wɛl i:s əɪ kud ɪf əɪd əɡɒt əm
ɪnsə:ɪd ə biɡər (w)u:nz əvɪld

A. la ðat ɪz zʌmət vər tə hʌtʃ
hiər ɛ:nsər mi: ðiəs lɪtəl kʌtʃ
də:un ʌndər wɔ:tər an ə tɒp o:t
əɪ went ən dɪdən tʌtʃ ə drʌp o:t

J. nɒt (h)wɛn ət mo:ən tə:ɪm əɪ tuk
ən puлд i: ə:ut ə lɒŋmiəd brʉk
(h)wər ju:d əslɪdərɪd də:un ði ɛdʒ
ən zʌŋk ni:di:p bɪzə:ɪd ðə zɛdʒ
ətrə:ɪən tə rjek ə:ut ə klɔ:t

A. æi əɪ də hiər jər tʃʌklən dro:t
(h)wɛn əɪ əðə:ɪt ðə brʌdʒ dɪd brɪŋ
zʌm wɔ:tər ɒn məɪ hɛd vrəm sprɪŋ
ðɛn ʌndər wɔ:tər an ə tɒp o:t
wər əɪ ən dɪdən tʌtʃ ə drʌp o:t

J. o: lɔ:k (h)wɒt ðɪk (w)uəld rɪdəl stɪl
(h)wəɪ ðʌts əz (w)uəld əz dʌŋklɪf hɪl
ə tu:lʌɡd ðɪŋ də rʌn əvuər
ən rʌn bihə:m(d) ə mʌn
ən nəvər rʌn əpɒn (h)ɪz lʌɡz
ðo: ɒn (h)ɪz lʌɡz də stʌn

What's that?

I don't think you do know.

There idden sich a thing to show.

isn't

Not know? Why yonder by the stall

'S a wheel-barrow beside the wall,

Don't he stand on his lags so trim,

An' run on nothèn but his wheels wold rim.

old

A. There's *born* vor Goodman's eye-zight seäke;

There's *born* vor Goodman's mouth to teäke;

There's *born* vor Goodman's ears, as well

As *born* vor Goodman's nose to smell—

What *borns* be they, then? Do your hat

Hold wit enough to tell us that?

J. Oh! *borns!* but no, I'll tell ye what,

My cow is hornless, an' she's *kenot*.

bornless

A. *Horn* vor the *mouth's* a hornen cup.

J. An' eäle 's good stuff to vill en up.

ale, it

A. An' *born* vor *eyes* is horn vor light,

Vrom Goodman's lantern after night;

Horn vor the *ears* is woone to sound

one

Vor hunters out wi' ho'se an' hound;

horse

But *born* that vo'k do buy to smell o'

folk

Is *hart's-born*. J. Is it? What d'ye tell o'

How proud we be, vor ben't we smart?

Aye, *born* is *born*, an' hart is hart.

Well here then, Anne, while we be at it,

'S a ball vor you if you can bat it.

(h)wɒts ðæt
 ə:ɪ do:nt ðɪŋk ju: də no:
 ðeər ɪdən sɪʃ ə ðɪŋ tə ʃo:
 nɒt no: (h)wə:ɪ ʃændər b(ə:ɪ) ðə stɑ:l
 z ə (h)wi:lbarə bɪzə:ɪd ðə wa:l
 do:nt hi: stan(d) ɒn (h)ɪz lagz sə trɪm
 ən rʌn ɒn nʌθən bət (h)ɪz (h)wi:lz (w)uəld rɪm

A. ðərz ha:rn vər guðmənz ə:ɪzə:ɪt sjæk
 ðərz ha:rn vər guðmənz mə:uθ tə tʃæk
 ðərz ha:rn vər guðmənz iərz əz wɛl
 əz ha:rn vər guðmənz no:z tə smɛl
 (h)wɒt ha:rnz bi: ðe: ðen də jər hat
 huəld wɪt ɪnʌf tə tel əs ðæt

J. o: ha:rnz bət no: ə:ɪl tel i: (h)wɒt
 mə:ɪ kə:u ɪz ha:rnɪs ən ʃi:z nɒt

A. ha:rn vər ðə mə:uθs ə ha:rnən kʌp

J. ən jɛlz guð stʌf tə vɪl ən ʌp

A. ən ha:rn vər ə:ɪz ɪz ha:rn vər lə:ɪt
 vrəm guðmənz lantərn ɛ:tər nə:ɪt
 ha:rn vər ði iərz ɪz (w)u:n tə sə:un(d)
 vər hʌntərz ə:ut wi hɒs ən hə:un(d)
 bət ha:rn ðæt vo:k də bæ:ɪ tə smɛl o
 ɪz hɑ:rtsha:rn J. ɪz ɪt (h)wɒt dʒi: tel o
 hə:u prə:ud wi: bi: vər be:nt wi: smɑ:t
 æɪ ha:rn ɪz ha:rn ən hɑ:rt ɪz hɑ:rt
 wɛl hiər ðen ən (h)wə:ɪl wi: bi: at ɪt
 s ə ba:l vər ju: ɪf jə kən bʌt ɪt

On dree-lags, two-lags, by the zide
 O' vower-lags, woonce did zit wi' pride,
 When vower-lags, that velt a prick,
 Vrom zix-lags, het two lags a kick.
 An' two an' dree-lags vell, all vive,
 Slap down, zome dead an' zome alive.

three-legs
four-legs once

hit (i.e. gave)

A. Teeh! heeh! what have ye now then, Joe,
 At last, to meäke a riddle o'?

J. Your dree-lagg'd stool woone night did bear
 Up you a milkèn wi' a peäir;
 An' there a zix-lagg'd stout did prick
 Your vow'r-lagg'd cow, an meäke her kick,
 A-hettèn, wi' a pretty pat,
 Your stool an' you so flat 's a mat.
 You scrambled up a little dirty,
 But I do hope it didden hurt ye.

one

confly
four-legged
hitting

didn't

A. You hope, indeed! a likely ceäse,
 Wi' thik broad grin athirt your feäce.
 You saucy good-vor-nothèn chap,
 I'll gi'e your grinnèn feäce a slap,
 Your drawlèn tongue can only run
 To turn a body into fun.

that, across

give

J. Oh! I woont do 't ageän. Oh dear!
 Till next time, Anny. Oh my ear!
 Oh! Anne, why you've a-het my hat
 'Thin the milk, now look at that.

hit
into

A. Do sar ye right, then, I don't ceäre.
 I'll thump your noddle,—there—there—there.

ɒn dri:lɑgz tu:lɑgz b(ə)ɪ ðə zə:ɪd
 ə və:uərlɑgz (w)u:nz dɪd zɪt wi prə:ɪd
 (h)wen və:uərlɑgz ðət velt ə prɪk
 vrəm zɪkslɑgz het tu: lɑgz ə kɪk
 ən tu: ən dri:lɑgz vel aɪ və:ɪv
 slɑp də:ʊn zʌm dɛd ən zʌm ələ:ɪv

A. tɪ: hɪ: (h)wɒt həv ɪ: nə:ʊ ðen dʒo:
 ət leɪst tə mjek ə rɪdəl o

J. jər dri:lɑgd stu:l (w)u:n nə:ɪt dɪd beər
 ʌp ju: ə mɪlkən wi ə pjɛər
 ən ðeər ə zɪkslɑgd stə:ʊt dɪd prɪk
 jər və:uərlɑgd kə:ʊ ən mjek (h)ər kɪk
 əhetən wi ə pɛ:rti pat
 jər stu:l ən ju: sə flats ə mat
 jə skrambɔld ʌp ə lɪtəl də:rti
 bət ɛ:ɪ də ho:p ɪt dɪdən hə:rt ɪ:

A. ju: ho:p ɪndɪ:d ə lə:ɪkli kjes
 wi ðɪk bro:d grɪn əðə:rt jər fjɛs
 jə sa:si guðvərnʌθən tʃap
 ə:ɪl gi: jər grɪmən fjɛs ə slɑp
 jər dreɪlən tʌŋ kən o:nli rʌn
 tə tə:rn ə bɒdi ɪntə fʌn

J. o: ɛ:ɪ wu:(j)nt du: t əgjen o: diər
 tɪl neks(t) tə:ɪm ani o: mə:ɪ iər
 o: an (h)wə:ɪ jəv əhet mə:ɪ hat
 ɪðm ðə mɪlk nə:ʊ lʊk ət ðat

A. də saɪ ɪ: rə:ɪt ðen ɛ:ɪ do:nt kjɛər
 ə:ɪl θʌmp jər nɒdəl ðeər ðeər ðeər

DAY'S WORK A-DONE



AND oh! the jaÿ our rest did yield,
At evenèn by the mossy wall,
When we'd a-work'd all day a-yield,
While zummer zuns did rise an' vall,
As there a-lettèn
Goo all frettèn,
An' vorgettèn all our tweils,
We zot among our childern's smiles.

joy

toils

sat

An' under skies that glitter'd white,
The while our smoke, arisèn blue,
Did melt in aiër, out o' zight,
Above the trees that kept us lew,
Wer birds a-zingèn,
Tongues a-ringèn,
Childern springèn, vull o' jaÿ,
A-finishèn the day in playÿ.

sheltered

An' back behind, a-stannèn tall,
The cliff did sheen to western light;
An' while avore the water-vall,
A-rottlen loud, an' foamèn white,
The leaves did quiver,
Gnots did whiver,
By the river, where the pool,
In evenèn air did glissen cool.

standing

shine

gnats, hover

An' childern there, a-runnèn wide,
Did playÿ their geämes along the grove,
Vor though to us 'twèr jaÿ to bide
At rest, to them 'twèr jaÿ to move.

joy

de:z wærk æðan

æn(d) o: ðə dzæi ə:uər rɛst dɪd ʤi:l(d)
æt i:vmen b(ə)ɪ ðə mɒsi waɪl
(h)wen wi:d əwærkt aɪl de: əvi:l(d)
(h)wə:ɪl zʌmər zʌnz dɪd rə:ɪz ən vaɪl
əz ðeər əletən
gu: aɪl frɛtən
ən vərgetən aɪl ə:uər twə:ɪlz
wi: zʌt əmbɒj ə:uər tʃɪldərnz smə:ɪlz

ən ʌndər skə:ɪz ðæt glɪtərd (h)wə:ɪt
ðə (h)wə:ɪl ə:uər smo:k ərə:ɪzən blu:
dɪd mɛlt ɪn ærər ə:ut ə zə:ɪt
əbʌv ðə tri:z ðæt keɪpt əs lu:
wər bə:rdz əzɪŋən
tʌŋz ərəɪŋən
tʃɪldərn sprɪŋən vʊl ə dzæi
əfɪnɪʃən ðə de: ɪn plæi

ən bak bihə:m(d) əstænən taɪl
ðə klɪf dɪd ʃɪn tə wɛstərn læ:ɪt
ən (h)wə:ɪl əvuər ðə wɔ:tərvɑ:l
ərətlən læ:ud ən fə:mən (h)wə:ɪt
ðə li:vz dɪd kwɪvər
nɑts dɪd (h)wɪvər
b(ə)ɪ ðə rɪvər (h)wər ðə pu:l
ɪn i:vmen æɪr dɪd glɪsən ku:l

ən tʃɪldərn ðeər ərəʌnən wə:ɪd
dɪd plæi ðər ɡjɛmz əlbɒj ðə grə:v
vər ðo: tu ʌs twər dzæi tə bə:ɪd
æt rest tə ðem twər dzæi tə mo:v

The while my smilèn
Jeäne, beguilèn,
All my tweißlèn, wi' her ceäre,
Did call me to my evenèn feäre.

toiling
fare (meal)

ðə (h)wə:ɪl mə:ɪ smə:ɪlən
dʒjən biɡə:ɪlən
a:ɪ mə:ɪ twə:ɪlən wi (h)ər kjɛər
dɪd ka:ɪ mi: tə mə:ɪ i:vmən fjɛər

LIGHT OR SHEÄDE



A Maÿtide's evenèn wer a-dyèn,
Under moonsheen, into night,
Wi' a streamèn wind a-sighèn
By the thorns a-bloomèn white.
Where in sheäde, a-zinkèn deeply,
Wer a nook, all dark but lew,
By a bank, arisèn steeply,
Not to let the win' come drough.

moonsbine

sheltered

through

Should my love goo out, a-showèn
All her smiles, in open light;
Or, in lewth, wi' wind a-blowèn,
Staÿ in darkness, dim to zight?
Staÿ in sheäde o' bank or wallèn,
In the warmth, if not in light;
Words alwone vrom her a-vallèn,
Would be jaÿ vor all the night.

shelter

walls

*falling
joy*

læ:ɪt ar ʃjəd

ə məɪtə:ɪdz i:vmen wər ədə:ɪən
ʌndər mu:nʃi:n ɪntə nə:ɪt
wi ə stri:mən wɪn(d) əsə:ɪən
b(ə:ɪ) ðə ða:rnz əblu:mən (h)wə:ɪt
(h)wər ɪn ʃjəd əziŋkən di:pli
wər ə nuk a:l da:rk bət lu:
b(ə:ɪ) ə baŋk ərə:ɪzən sti:pli
nɒt tə let ðə wɪn(d) kʌm dru:

ʃʊd mə:ɪ lʌv gu: ə:ut əʃo:ən
a:l (h)ər smə:ɪlz ɪn o:bən læ:ɪt
ar ɪn lu:θ wi wɪn(d) əblo:ən
stæɪ ɪn da:rkni:s dɪm tə zə:ɪt
stæɪ ɪn ʃjəd ə baŋk ər wa:lən
ɪn ðə wa:rmθ ɪf nɒt ɪn læ:ɪt
wə:rdz əluən vrəm hə:r əva:lən
wʊd bi: dʒæɪ vər a:l ðə nə:ɪt



THE WAGGON A-STOODÈD

brought to a standstill

Dree o'm a-ta'kèn o't.

three of them talking about it

(1) WELL, here we be, then, wi' the vu'st poor lwoad
O' vuzz we brought, a-stoodèd in the road.

*first
furze (gorse)*

(2) The road, George, no. There's na'r a road. That's wrong.
If we'd a road, we mid ha' got along.

*never a
might*

(1) Noo road! Ees 'tis, the road that we do goo.

yes

(2) Do goo, George, no. The pleâce we can't get drough.

through

(1) Well, there, the vu'st lwoad we 've a-haul'd to day
Is here a-stoodèd in theäse bed o' clay.
Here's rotten groun'! an' how the wheels do cut!
The little woone's a-zunk up to the nut.

this

one's

(3) An' yeet this rotten groun' don't reach a lug.

*yet, is no bigger than
a pole (5½ yards)*

(1) Well, come, then, gi'e the plow another tug.

give the wagon

(2) They meäres wull never pull the waggon out,
A-lwoaded, an' a-stoodèd in thik rout.

*horses
that rut*

(3) We'll try. Come, *Smiler*, come! C' up, *Whitevoot*, gee!

(2) White-voot wi' lags all over mud! Hee! Hee!

(3) 'Twoon't wag. We shall but snap our gear,
An' overstrain the meäres. 'Twoon't wag, 'tis clear.

move

ðə wagən əstʊdɪd

dri: ɔ:m ətɛ:kən ɔ:t

(1) wɛl hiər wi: bi: ðɛn wi ðə vʌst pu(:)ər luəd
ə vʌz wi: brɔ:t əstʊdɪd ɪn ðə rɔ:d

(2) ðə rɔ:d dʒɑ:rdʒ nɔ: ðərz nar ə rɔ:d ðats rɒŋ
ɪf wi:d ə rɔ:d wi: mɪd hæ ɡɒt əlɒŋ

(1) nu: rɔ:d i:s tɪz ðə rɔ:d ðæt wi: də gu:

(2) də gu: dʒɑ:rdʒ nɔ: ðə plʒɛs wi: kɛ:nt get dru:

(1) wɛl ðeər ðə vʌst luəd wi:v əhaɪld tə de:
ɪz hiər əstʊdɪd ɪn ðiəs bɛd ə kle:
hiərz rɒtən ɡrə:un ən hə:u ðə (h)wi:lz də kʌt
ðə lɪtəl (w)u:nz əzʌŋk ʌp tə ðə nʌt

(3) ən (j)i:t ðɪs rɒtən ɡrə:un doʊnt ri:tʃ ə lʌɡ

(1) wɛl kʌm ðɛn gi: ðə plə:u ənʌðər tʌɡ

(2) ðe: mjeərz wʊl nəvər pʊl ðə wagən ə:ʊt
əluədɪd ən əstʊdɪd ɪn ðɪk rə:ʊt

(3) wi:l trə:ɪ kʌm smə:ɪləz kʌm kʌp (h)wə:ɪtvʊt dʒi:

(2) (h)wə:ɪtvʊt wi lʌɡz a:l ɔ:vər mʌd hi: hi:

(3) twu(:)nt wʌɡ wi: ʃəl bət snʌp ə:uər ɡiər
ən ɔ:vərstræm ðə mjeərz twu(:)nt wʌɡ tɪz kliər

(1) That's your work, William. No, in coo'se, 'tween't wag. *of course*
 Why did ye drêve en into theäse here quag? *drive it, this, bog*
 The vore-wheels be a-zunk above the nuts.

(3) What then? I couldnen læve the beäten track,
 To turn the waggon over on the back
 Ov woone o' theäsem wheel-high emmet-butts. *one, these, ant-hills*
 If you be sich a drêver, an' do know't, *driver*
 You drêve the plow, then; but you'll overdraw 't. *wagon, turn it over*

(1) I drêve the plow, indeed! Oh! ees, what, now *yes*
 The wheels woont wag, then, I mid drêve the plow! *move, may*
 We'd better dig away the groun' below
 The wheels. (2) There's na'r a speäde to dig wi'. *never a*

(1) An' teäke an' cut a lock o' frith, an' drow *brushwood, throw it*
 Upon the clay. (2) Nor hook to cut a twig wi'.

(1) Oh! here's a bwoy a-comèn. Here, my lad,
 Dost know vor a'r a speäde, that can be had? *ever a*

(B) At father's. (1) Well, where's that? (B) At Sam'el Riddick's.

(1) Well run, an' ax vor woone. Fling up your heels, *ask, one*
 An' mind: a speäde to dig out theäsem wheels, *these*
 An' hook to cut a little lock o' widdicks. *brushwood*

(3) Why, we shall want zix ho'ses, or a dozen, *horses*
 To pull the waggon out, wi' all theäse vuzzen. *this furze (gorse)*

(1) Well, we mus' lighten en; come, Jeämes, then, hop *it*
 Upon the lwoad, an' jus' fling off the top.

(1) ðats ju(:)ər wærk wiləm no: in ku:s twu(:)nt wag
(h)wæ:ɪ dɪd i: dre:v ən intə ðiəs hiər kwag
ðə vuər(h)wi:lz bi: əzʌŋk əbʌv ðə nʌts

(3) (h)wɒt ðen ə:ɪ kudən liəv ðə biətən trak
tə tæ:ɪn ðə wagən ɔ:vər ɒn ðə bak
əv (w)u:n ə ðiəzəm (h)wi:lhə:ɪ ɛmətbʌts
ɪf ju: bi: sɪtʃ ə dre:vər ən də no:t
ju: dre:v ðə plə:u ðen bət ju:l ɔ:vərdro:t

(1) ə:ɪ dre:v ðə plə:u ɪndi:d o: i:s (h)wɒt nə:u
ðə (h)wi:lz wu(:)nt wag ðen ə:ɪ mɪd dre:v ðə plə:u
wi:d betər dɪg əwə:ɪ ðə grə:un bɪlo:
ðə (h)wi:lz (2) ðərz nar ə spjəd tə dɪg wi

(1) ən tʃæk ən kʌt ə lɒk ə frɪθ ən dro:
əpɒn ðə kle: (2) nar hʊk tə kʌt ə twɪg wi

(1) o: hiərz ə bwə:ɪ əkʌmən hiər mə:ɪ lʌd
dəst no: vər ar ə spjəd ðæt kən bi: həd

(B) ət fe:ðərz (1) wɛl (h)wərz ðæt (B) ət saməl rɪdɪks

(1) wɛl rʌn ən a:ks vər (w)u:n flɪŋ ʌp jər hi:lz
ən mə:m(d) ə spjəd tə dɪg ə:ut ðiəzəm (h)wi:lz
ən hʊk tə kʌt ə lɪtəl lɒk ə wɪdɪks

(3) (h)wə:ɪ wi: ʃəl wɒnt zɪks hɒsɪz ar ə dʌzən
tə pul ðə wagən ə:ut wi a:l ðiəz vʌzən

(1) wɛl wi: mʌs lə:ɪtən ən kʌm dʒjɛmz ðen hɒp
əpɒn ðə luəd ən dʒʌs flɪŋ ɒf ðə tɒp

(2) If I can clim' en; but 'tis my consaït,
That I shall overzet en wi' my waight.

(1) You overzet en! No, Jeämes, he won't vall, *it*
The lwoad's a-built so firm as any wall.

(2) Here! lend a hand or shoulder vor my knee
Or voot. I'll scramble to the top an' zee
What I can do. Well, here I be, among
The fakkets, vor a bit, but not vor long. *faggots*
Heigh, George! Ha! ha! Why this wull never stand.
Your firm 's a wall, is all so loose as zand;
'Tis all a-come to pieces. Oh! Teäke ceäre!
Ho! I'm a-vallèn, vuzz an' all! Haë! There! *falling, furze*

(1) Lo'k there, thik fellor is a-vell lik' lead, *look, that, fallen*
An' half the fuzzen wi 'n, heels over head! *furze with him*
There's all the vuzz a-lyèn lik' a staddle, *haystack-base*
An' he a-deäb'd wi' mud. Oh! Here's a caddle! *covered, muddle*

(3) An' zoo you soon got down zome vuzzen, Jimmy. *so*

(2) Ees, I do know 'tis down, I brought it wi' me. *yes*

(3) Your lwoad, George, wer a rather slick-built thing, *easily-*
But there, 'twer prickly vor the hands! Did sting?

(1) Oh! ees, d'ye teäke me vor a nincompoop,
No, no. The lwoad wer up so firm 's a rock,
But two o' theäsem emmet-butts would knock *these ant-bills*
The tightest barrel nearly out o' hoop.

(2) if əɪ kən klɪm ən bət tɪz məɪ kənsæɪt
ðæt əɪ ʃəl ɔ:vərzet ən wi məɪ wæɪt

(1) ju: ɔ:vərzet ən no: dʒjemz hi: wu(:)nt vaɪl
ðə luədʒ əbɪlt sə fəɪrm əz ɛni waɪl

(2) hiər lɛn(d) ə han(d) ər ʃo:ldər vər məɪ ni:
ər vʊt əɪl skɪrəmbəl tə ðə tɒp ən zi:
(h)wɒt əɪ kən du: wɛl hiər əɪ bi: əmɒŋ
ðə fakəts vər ə bɪt bət nɒt vər lɒŋ
hæɪ dʒɑ:rdʒ a: a: (h)wəɪ ðɪs wʊl nəvər stan(d)
ju(:)ər fəɪrmz ə waɪl ɪz aɪl sə lu:s əz zan(d)
tɪz aɪl əkʌm tə pi:sɪz o: tjæk kjæər
o: əɪm əva:lən vʌz ən aɪl hæɪ ðeər

(1) lʊk ðeər ðɪk fɛlər ɪz əvəl lɪk lɛd
ən hɛɪf ðə vʌzən wi (ə)n hi:lz ɔ:vər hɛd
ðərz aɪl ðə vʌz ələɪən lɪk ə stadəl
ən hi: ədʒɛbd wi mʌd o: hiərz ə kadəl

(3) ən zu: jə su:n ɡɒt də:ʊn zʌm vʌzən dʒɪmi

(2) i:s əɪ də no: tɪz də:ʊn əɪ brɒ:t ɪt wi mi:

(3) ju(:)ər luəd dʒɑ:rdʒ wər ə rɛ:ðər slɪkbɪlt ðɪŋ
bət ðeər twər prɪkli vər ðə han(d)z dɪd stɪŋ

(1) o: i:s dʒi: tjæk mi: vər ə nɪŋkəmpu:p
no: no: ðə luəd wər ʌp sə fəɪrmz ə rɒk
bət tu: ə ðiəzəm ɛmətɒts wʊd nɒk
ðə tɛɪtɪst bərəl niərli əʊt ə hu:p

(3) Oh! now then, here 's the bwoy a-bringèn back
The speäde. Well done, my man. That idder slack. *isn't*

(2) Well done, my lad, sha't have a ho'se to ride
When thou'st a meäre. (B) Next never's-tide. *never ever*

(3) Now let's dig out a spit or two *spade's depth*
O' clay, a-vore the little wheels;
Oh! so's, I can't pull up my heels, *souls (friends)*
I be a-stogg'd up over shoe. *bogged*

(1) Come, William, dig away! Why you do spuddle *work feebly*
A'most so weak's a child. How you do muddle!
Gi'e me the speäde a-bit. A pig would rout *give*
It out a'most so nimbly wi' his snout.

(3) Oh! so's, d'ye hear it, then. How we can thunder!
How big we be, then George! what next I wonder?

(1) Now, William, gi'e the waggon woone mwore twitch, *one*
The wheels be free, an' 'tis a lighter nitch. *load*

(3) Come, *Smiler*, gee! C'up, *White-voot*. (1) That wull do.

(2) Do wag. (1) Do goo at last. (3) Well done. 'Tis drough. *move, through*
(1) Now, William, till you have mwore ho'ses' lags,
Don't drêve the waggon into theäsem quags. *drive, these bogs*

(3) You build your lwoads up tight enough to ride.

(1) I can't do less, d'ye know, wi' you vor guide.

(3) o: nə:u ðen hiərz ðə bwə:ɪ əbrɪŋən bak
ðə spjəd wɛl dʌn mə:ɪ mən ðat ɪdər slak

(2) wɛl dʌn mə:ɪ lad ʃat hav ə hɒs tə rə:ɪd
(h)wɛn ðə:ʊst ə mjeər (B) nəks(t) nəvərztə:ɪd

(3) nə:u lɛts dɪg ə:ʊt ə spɪt ər tu:
ə kle: əvuər ðə lɪtəl (h)wi:lz
o: so:z ə:ɪ kɛ:nt pʊl ʌp mə:ɪ hi:lz
ə:ɪ bi: əstɒgd ʌp ɔ:vər ʃu:

(1) kʌm wɪləm dɪg əwə:ɪ (h)wə:ɪ ju: də spʌdəl
a:məst sə wi:ks ə tʃə:ɪl(d) hə:u jə də mʌdəl
gi: mi: ðə spjəd əbɪt ə piɡ wʊd rə:ʊt
ɪt ə:ʊt a:məst sə nɪmbli wi (h)ɪz snə:ʊt

(3) o: so:z dʒi: hiər ɪt ðen hə:u wi: kən θʌndər
hə:u biɡ wi: bi: ðen dʒa:ɪdʒ (h)wɒt nəks(t) ə:ɪ wʌndər

(1) nə:u wɪləm gi: ðə wagən (w)u:n muər twɪtʃ
ðə (h)wi:lz bi: fri: ən tɪz ə lə:ɪtər nɪtʃ

(3) kʌm smə:ɪlər dʒi: kʌp (h)wə:ɪtvʊt (1) ðat wʊl du:

(2) də wag (1) də gu: ət lɛ:st (3) wɛl dʌn tɪz dru:
(1) nə:u wɪləm tɪl ju: hav muər hɒsɪz lagz
do:nt dre:v ðə wagən ɪntə ðiəzəm kwagz

(3) ju: bɪld jər luədʒ ʌp tə:ɪt ɪnʌf tə rə:ɪd

(1) ə:ɪ kɛ:nt du: lɛs dʒi: no: wi ju: vər gə:ɪd



GWAÏN DOWN THE STEPS VOR WATER

going

WHILE zuns do roll vrom east to west
 To bring us work, or leäve us rest,
 There down below the steep hill-zide,
 Drough time an' tide, the spring do flow;
 An' mothers there, vor years a-gone,
 Lik' daughters now a-comèn on,
 To bloom when they be weak an' wan,
 Went down the steps vor water.

through

An' what do yonder ringers tell
 A-ringèn changes, bell by bell;
 Or what's a-show'd by yonder zight
 O' vo'k in white, upon the road,
 But that by John o' Woodleys zide,
 There 's now a-blushèn vor his bride,
 A pretty maïd that vu'st he spied,
 Gwaïn down the steps vor water.

folk

*first
going*

Though she, 'tis true, is feäir an' kind,
 There still be mwore a-left behind;
 So cleän 's the light the zun do gi'e,
 So sprack 's a bee when zummer's bright;
 An' if I've luck, I woont be slow
 To teäke off woone that I do know,
 A-trippèn gaily to an' fro,
 Upon the steps vor water.

*give
lively*

one

Her father idden poor—but vew
 In parish be so well to do;
 Vor his own cows do swing their tails
 Behind his pails, below his boughs:

isn't, few

gwæm dæ:un ðə steps vər wɔ:tər

(h)wæ:ɪl zʌnz də ro:l vrəm i:st tə west
tə brɪŋ əs wɜ:rk ər liəv əs rɛst
ðeər dæ:un bɪlo: ðə sti:p hɪlzə:ɪd
dru: tə:m ən tə:ɪd ðə sprɪŋ də flo:
ən mʌðərz ðeər vər jiərz əɡən
lɪk de:tərz nə:u əkʌmən ɒn
tə blu:m (h)wen ðe: bi: wi:k ən wɒn
went dæ:un ðə steps vər wɔ:tər

ən (h)wɒt də jʌndər rɪŋərz tel
əriŋən tʃʌndʒɪz bɛl b(ə):ɪ bɛl
ar (h)wɒts əʃo:d b(ə):ɪ jʌndər zə:ɪt
ə vɔ:k ɪn (h)wə:ɪt əpɒn ðə ro:d
bʌt ðət b(ə):ɪ dʒʌn ə wʊdlɪz zə:ɪd
ðərz nə:u əblʌʃən vər (h)ɪz brɛ:ɪd
ə pɜ:ti məɪd ðət vʌst hi: spɛ:ɪd
gwæm dæ:un ðə steps vər wɔ:tər

ðo: ʃi: tɪz tru: ɪz fjeər ən kə:m(d)
ðər stɪl bi: muər əleft bihə:m(d)
sə kliənz ðə lə:ɪt ðə zʌn də gi:
sə spraks ə bi: (h)wen zʌmərz brɛ:ɪt
ən ɪf ə:ɪv lʌk ə:ɪ wu(:)nt bi: slo:
tə tʃek ɒf (w)u:n ðət ə:ɪ də no:
ətrɪpən ɡæɪli tu: ən fro:
əpɒn ðə steps vər wɔ:tər

(h)ər fe:ðər ɪdən pu(:)ər bət vju:
ɪn paɪf bi: sə wel tə du:
vər (h)ɪz o:n kə:uz də swɪŋ ðər tæɪlz
bihə:m(d) (h)ɪz pæɪlz bɪlo: (h)ɪz bə:uz

An' then ageän to win my love,
Why, she's as hwomely as a dove,
An' don't hold up herzelf above
Gwaïn down the steps vor water.

Gwaïn down the steps vor water! No!
How handsome it do meäke her grow.
If she'd be straïght, or walk abrode,
To tread her road wi' comely gaït,
She couldn do a better thing
To zet herzelf upright, than bring
Her pitcher on her head, vrom spring
Upon the steps, wi' water.

out of doors

No! don't ye neäme in woone seäme breath
Wi' bachelors, the husband's he'th;
The happy pleäce, where vingers thin
Do pull woone's chin, or pat woone's feäce.
But still the bleäme is their's, to slight
Their happiness, wi' such a zight
O' maïdens, mornèn, noon, an' night,
A-gwaïn down steps vor water.

*one
hearth*

æn ðæn ægjen tə win mə:n lʌv
(h)wə:n ʃi:z əz huəmli əz ə dʌv
æn do:nt huəld ʌp hɜ:zʌf əbʌv
gwæm də:un ðə steps vɜ: wɔ:tər

gwæm də:un ðə steps vɜ: wɔ:tər no:
hə:u han(d)səm ɪt də mjæk (h)ɜ: gro:
ɪf ʃi:d bi: stræɪt ər we:k əbro:d
tə tɾəd (h)ɜ: ro:d wi kʌmli gæɪt
ʃi: kʊdən du: ə betər ðɪŋ
tə zet hɜ:zʌf ʌprɛ:ɪt ðæn brɪŋ
(h)ɜ: pɪtʃər ɒn (h)ɜ: hed vrəm sprɪŋ
əpɒn ðə steps wi wɔ:tər

no: do:nt i: njem ɪn (w)u:n sjem brɛθ
wi bʌtʃəlɜ:z ðə hʌzbən(d)z hɛθ
ðə hapi pljes (h)wɜ: vɪŋgɜ:z ðɪn
də pul (w)u:nz tʃɪn ər pat (w)u:nz fjes
bət stɪl ðə bljem ɪz ðɜ:z tə slə:ɪt
ðɜ: hapɪnɪs wi sɪtʃ ə zɛ:ɪt
ə mæɪdɛnz mæ:ɪnən nu:n ən nə:ɪt
ægwæm də:un steps vɜ: wɔ:tər

ELLEN BRINE OV ALLENBURN



NOO soul did hear her lips compläin,
An' she's a-gone vrom all her päin,
An' others' loss to her is gäin
For she do live in heaven's love;
Vull many a longsome day an' week
She bore her ailèn, still, an' meek;
A-workèn while her strangth held on,
An' guidèn housework, when 'twèr gone.
Vor Ellen Brine ov Allenburn,
Oh! there be souls to mourn.

illness (ailing), quiet

mourn

The last time I'd a-cast my zight
Upon her feäce, a-feäded white,
Wer in a zummer's mornèn light
In hall avore the smwold'rèn vier,
The while the childern beät the vloor,
In play, wi' tiny shoes they wore,
An' call'd their mother's eyes to view
The feät's their little limbs could do.
Oh! Ellen Brine ov Allenburn,
They childern now mus' mourn.

fire

Then woone, a-stoppèn vrom his reäce,
Went up, an' on her knee did pleäce
His hand, a-lookèn in her feäce,
An' wi' a smilèn mouth so small,
He zaid, "You promised us to goo
To Shroton feäir, an' teäke us two!"
She heärd it wi' her two white ears,
An' in her eyes there sprung two tears,
Vor Ellen Brine ov Allenburn
Did veel that they mus' mourn.

one

elən brə:m əv alənbə:rn

nu: so:l dɪd hiər (h)ər lɪps kəmplæm
ən ʃi:z əɡʊn vrəm aɪl (h)ər pæm
ən ʌðərz lɒs tə (h)ər ɪz ɡæm
vər ʃi: də lɪv ɪn he:vənz lʌv
vʊl meni ə lɒŋsəm de: ən wi:k
ʃi: buər (h)ər ælən stɪl ən mi:k
əwə:rkən (h)wə:ɪl (h)ər strɑŋθ held ɒn
ən ɡə:ɪdən hə:uswə:rk (h)wen twər ɡʊn
vər elən brə:m əv alənbə:rn
o: ðər bi: so:lz tə mə:rn

ðə le:st tə:m əɪd əka:st mə:ɪ zə:ɪt
əpʊn (h)ər fjes əfjɛdɪd (h)wə:ɪt
wər ɪn ə zʌmərz mɑ:rnən lə:ɪt
ɪn haɪl əvuər ðə smuəldrən və:ɪər
ðə (h)wə:ɪl ðə tʃɪldərn biət ðə vluər
ɪn plæɪ wi tə:mi ʃu:z ðe: wuər
ən ka:ld ðər mʌðərz ə:ɪz tə vju:
ðə fiəts ðər lɪtəl lɪmz kud du:
o: elən brə:m əv alənbə:rn
ðe: tʃɪldərn nə:u məs mə:rn

ðen (w)u:n əstəpən vrəm (h)ɪz rjes
went ʌp ən ɒn (h)ər ni: dɪd pljes
(h)ɪz han(d) əlʊkən ɪn (h)ər fjes
ən wi ə smə:ɪlən mə:uθ sə sma:l
hi: zed ju: prəmɪst əs tə gu:
tə ʃʊdən fjeər ən tje:k ʌs tu:
ʃi: hiərd ɪt wi (h)ər tu: (h)wə:ɪt iərz
ən ɪn (h)ər ə:ɪz ðər sprʌŋ tu: tiərz
vər elən brə:m əv alənbə:rn
dɪd vi:l ðæt ðe: məs mə:rn

September come, wi' Shroton feäir,
But Ellen Brine wer never there!
A heavy heart wer on the meäre
Their father rod his hwomeward road.
'Tis true he brought zome feärèns back,
Vor them two childern all in black;
But they had now, wi' playthings new,
Noo mother vor to shew em to,
Vor Ellen Brine ov Allenburn
Would never mwore return.

horse
rode
gifts bought at a fair

septembær kʌm wi ʃʊdæn fʃeər
bæt elən bræ:m wær nevər ðeər
ə hevi ha:rt wær ʊn ðə mjeər
ðær fe:ðær rʊd (h)ɪz huəmweərd rɔ:d
tɪz tru: hi: bro:t zəm fʃeərənz bak
vær ðem tu: tʃɪldərn a:l ɪn blak
bæt ðe: had nə:u wi plæɪðɪŋz nju:
nu: mʌðər vær tə ʃo: əm tu
vær elən bræ:m əv alənbæ:rn
wʊd nevər muər rɪtə:rn

THE MOTHERLESS CHILD



THE zun'd a-zet back tother night,

But in the zettèn pleäce

The clouds, a-redden'd by his light,

Still glow'd avore my feäce.

An' I've a-lost my Meäry's smile,

I thought; but still I have her chile,

Zoo like her, that my eyes can treäce

The mother's in her daughter's feäce.

O little feäce so near to me,

An' like thy mother's gone; why need I zay

Sweet night cloud, wi' the glow o' my lost day,

Thy looks be always dear to me.

its

so

The zun'd a-zet another night;

But, by the moon on high,

He still did zend us back his light

Below a cwolder sky.

My Meäry's in a better land

I thought, but still her chile's at hand,

An' in her chile she'll zend me on

Her love, though she herzelf's a-gone.

O little chile so near to me,

An' like thy mother gone; why need I zay,

Sweet moon, the messenger vrom my lost day,

Thy looks be always dear to me.

ðə mʌðərɫɪs tʃəɪl(d)

ðə zʌnd əzət bak tʌðər nəɪt
bət ɪn ðə zətən plʃəs
ðə kləʊdz əredənd b(ə)ɪ (h)ɪz ləɪt
stɪl glɔ:d əvuər məɪ fʃəs
ən əɪv əlɒst məɪ mʃeərɪz sməɪl
əɪ ðɔ:t bət stɪl əɪ hav (h)ər tʃəɪl
zu: lɪk hər ðət məɪ əɪz kən trʃəs
ðə mʌðərz ɪn (h)ər de:tərz fʃəs
o: lɪtəl fʃəs so: niər tə mi:
ən lɪk ðəɪ mʌðərz ɡʊn (h)wəɪ nɪ:d əɪ ze:
swi(:)t nəɪt kləʊd wi ðə glɔ: ə məɪ lɒst de:
ðəɪ lʊks bi: a:lweɪz diər tə mi:

ðə zʌnd əzət ənʌðər nəɪt
bət b(ə)ɪ ðə mu:n ɒn həɪ
hi: stɪl dɪd zən(d) əs bak (h)ɪz ləɪt
bɪlo: ə kuəldər skəɪ
məɪ mʃeərɪz ɪn ə betər lan(d)
əɪ ðɔ:t bət stɪl (h)ər tʃəɪlz ət han(d)
ən ɪn (h)ər tʃəɪl ʃi:l zən(d) mi: ɒn
(h)ər lʌv ðo: ʃi: hərəʌfs əɡʊn
o: lɪtəl tʃəɪl so: niər tə mi:
ən lɪk ðəɪ mʌðər ɡʊn (h)wəɪ nɪ:d əɪ ze:
swi(:)t mu:n ðə məsɪndʒər vrəm məɪ lɒst de:
ðəɪ lʊks bi: a:lweɪz diər tə mi:

THE LEÄDY'S TOWER



AN' then we went along the gleädes
O' zunny turf, in quiv'rèn sheädes,
A-windèn off, vrom hand to hand,
Along a path o' yollow zand,
An' clomb a stickle slope, an' vound
An open patch o' lofty ground,
Up where a steätely tow'r did spring,
So high as highest larks do zing.

shadows

climbed, steep

“Oh! Meäster Collins,” then I zaid,
A-lookèn up wi' back-flung head;
Vor who but he, so mild o' feäce,
Should teäke me there to zee the pleäce.
“What is it then theäse tower do meän,
A-built so feäir, an' kept so cleän?”
“Ah! me,” he zaid, wi' thoughtvul feäce,
“’Twer grief that zet theäse tower in pleäce.
The squier's e'thly life's a-blest
Wi' gifts that mmost do teäke vor best;
The lofty-pinion'd rufs do rise
To screen his head vrom stormy skies;
His land's a-spreadèn roun' his hall,
An' hands do leäbor at his call;
The while the ho'se do fling, wi' pride,
His lofty head where he do guide;
But still his e'thly jaÿ's a-vled,
His woone true friend, his wife, is dead.
Zoo now her happy soul's a-gone,
An' he in grief's a-ling'rèn on,
Do do his heart zome good to show
His love to flesh an' blood below.

this

earthly

roofs

horse

flown by

one

so

it does

ðə lʝediz təuər

ən ðen wi: went əlɒŋ ðə glʝedz
ə zʌni tə:rf in kwɪvrən ʃʝedz
əwə:m(d)ən ɒf vrəm han(d) tə han(d)
əlɒŋ ə pɛ:θ ə ʝælər zan(d)
ən klʌm ə stɪkəl slo:p ən və:un(d)
ən ɔ:bən patʃ ə lɒfti grə:un(d)
ʌp (h)wər ə stʝetli təuər dɪd sprɪŋ
sə hə:ɪ əz hə:ɪst lɑ:ks də zɪŋ

o: mʝɑ:stər kɒlɪnz ðen ə:ɪ zed
əlʊkən ʌp wi bʌkflʌŋ hed
vər hu: bət hi: sə mə:ɪld ə ʃʝes
ʃʊd tʝek mi: ðər tə zi: ðə plʝes
(h)wɒt ɪz ɪt ðen ðɪəs təuər də mɪən
əbɪlt sə ʃʝeər ən kept sə klɪən
a: mi: hi: zed wi θɔ:tvʊl ʃʝes
twər grɪ:f ðət zet ðɪəs təuər ɪn plʝes
ðə skwə:ərz ɛθli lə:ɪfs əblɛst
wi ɡɪfts ðət muəst də tʝek vər best
ðə lɒftɪpmjənd rʌfs də rə:ɪz
tə skrɪ:n (h)ɪz hed vrəm stɑ:ɪmi skə:ɪz
(h)ɪz lʌn(d)z əsprɛdən rə:un (h)ɪz ha:l
ən han(d)z də lʝebər ət (h)ɪz kɑ:l
ðə (h)wə:ɪl ðə hʊs də flɪŋ wi prə:ɪd
(h)ɪz lɒfti hed (h)wər hi: də ɡə:ɪd
bət stɪl (h)ɪz ɛθli dʝæ:ɪz əvlɛd
(h)ɪz (w)u:n tru: frɛn(d) (h)ɪz wə:ɪf ɪz dɛd
zu: nə:u (h)ər hʌpi sɔ:lz əɡɒn
ən hi: ɪn grɪ:fs əlɪŋɡrən ɒn
də du: (h)ɪz hɑ:rt zʌm ɡʊd tə ʃɔ:
(h)ɪz lʌv tə flɛʃ ən blʌd bɪlɔ:

An' zoo he rear'd, wi' smitten soul,
 Theäse Leädy's Tower upon the knowl.
 An' there you'll zee the tow'r do spring
 Twice ten veet up, as roun's a ring,
 Wi' pillars under mwolded eäves,
 Above their heads a-carv'd wi' leaves;
 An' have to peäce, a-walkèn round
 His voot, a hunderd veet o' ground.
 An' there, above his upper wall,
 A roundèd tow'r do spring so tall
 'S a springèn arrow shot upright,
 A hunderd giddy veet in height.
 An' if you'd like to sträin your knees
 A-climèn up above the trees,
 To zee, wi' slowly wheelèn feäce,
 The vur-sky'd land about the pleäce,
 You'll have a flight o' steps to wear
 Vor forty veet, up steäir by steäir,
 That roun' the risèn tow'r do wind,
 Like withwind roun' the saplèn's rind,
 An' reach a landèn, wi' a seat,
 To rest at last your weary veet,
 'Ithin a breast be-screenèn wall,
 To keep ye vrom a longsöme vall.
 An' roun' the windèn steäirs do spring
 Aight stwonèn pillars in a ring,
 A-reachèn up their heavy strangth
 Drough forty veet o' slender langth,
 To end wi' carvèd heads below
 The broad-vloor'd landèn's äiry bow.
 Aight zides, as you do zee, do bound
 The lower buildèn on the ground,
 An' there in woone, a two-leav'd door
 Do zwing above the marble vloor:

built (raised)
this

pace

far-

bindweed

stone

through

arc

one

ən zu: hi: rærd wi smitən so:l
 ðiəs lʝediz tə:uər əpən ðə no:l
 ən ðər jəl zi: ðə tə:uər də sprɪŋ
 twə:ɪs tən vi:t ʌp əz rə:ʊnz ə rɪŋ
 wi pɪlərz ʌndər muəldɪd iəvz
 əbʌv ðər hɛdz əkɑ:rvd wi li:vz
 ən hav tə pjəs əwɛ:kən rə:ʊn(d)
 (h)ɪz vʊt ə hʌndərd vi:t ə grə:ʊn(d)
 ən ðər əbʌv (h)ɪz ʌpər wɑ:l
 ə rə:ʊndɪd tə:uər də sprɪŋ sə tɑ:l
 z ə sprɪŋən arə(r) ʃɒt ʌprə:ɪt
 ə hʌndərd gɪdi vi:t ɪn hɛ:ɪt
 ən ɪf jəd lə:ɪk tə stræm jər ni:z
 əklɪmən ʌp əbʌv ðə tri:z
 tə zi: wi slə:li (h)wi:lən fjes
 ðə vɔ:ɪskə:ɪd lɑn(d) əbə:ʊt ðə pljes
 jəl hav ə flə:ɪt ə steps tə wɛər
 vɔ: fʊərti vi:t ʌp stjɛər b(ə:ɪ) stjɛər
 ðət rə:ʊn ðə rə:ɪzən tə:uər də wə:m(d)
 lɪk wɪðwə:m(d) rə:ʊn ðə sɑplənz rə:m(d)
 ən rɪ:tʃ ə lɑn(d)ən wi ə sɪt
 tə rest ət lɛ:st jər wɪəri vi:t
 ɪðm ə brest bɪskrɪ:nən wɑ:l
 tə ki(:)p ɪ: vrəm ə lɒŋsəm vɑ:l
 ən rə:ʊn ðə wə:m(d)ən stjɛərz də sprɪŋ
 æɪt stuənən pɪlərz ɪn ə rɪŋ
 ɔ:ɪ:tʃən ʌp ðər hevi strɑŋθ
 drʊ: fʊərti vi:t ə slendər lɑŋθ
 tu ɛn(d) wi kɑ:rvəd hɛdz bɪlɔ:
 ðə brɔ:dvlʊərd lɑn(d)ənz æɪri bɔ:
 æɪt zə:ɪdz əz ju: də zi: də bə:ʊn(d)
 ðə lɔ:ər bɪldən ɒn ðə grə:ʊn(d)
 ən ðər ɪn (w)ʊ:n ə tu:lɪ:vd duər
 də zwɪŋ əbʌv ðə mɑ:rbəl vlʊər

An' aÿe, as luck do zoo betide
 Our comèn, we can goo inside.
 'The door is oben now." An' zoo
 'The keeper kindly let us drough.
 'There as we softly trod the vloor
 O' marble stwone, 'ithin the door,
 'The echoes ov our vootsteps vled
 Out roun' the wall, and over head;
 An' there a-païnted, zide by zide,
 In memory o' the squier's bride,
 In zeven païntèns, true to life,
 Wer zeven zights o' wedded life.

so

through

flew

Then Meäster Collins twold me all
 'The teäles a-païntèd roun' the wall;
 An' vu'st the bride did stan' to plight
 Her weddèn vow, below the light
 A-shootèn down, so bright's a fleäme,
 In drough a churches window freäme.
 An' near the bride, on either hand,
 You'd zee her comely bridemaïds stand,
 Wi' eyelashes a-bent in streäks
 O' brown above their bloomèn cheäks:
 An' sheenèn feäir, in mellow light,
 Wi' flowèn heäir, an' frocks o' white.

first

through

shining

"An' here," good Meäster Collins cried,
 "You'll zee a creädle at her zide,
 An' there's her child, a-lyèn deep
 'Ithin it, an' a-gone to sleep,
 Wi' little eyelashes a-met
 In fellow streäks, as black as jet;
 The while her needle, over head,
 Do nimbly leäd the snow-white thread,

ən æɪ əz lʌk də zuː bɪtəɪd
 əːuər kʌmən wi kən guː ɪnsəɪd
 ðə duər ɪz oːbən nəːu ən zuː
 ðə ki(ː)pər kəːɪn(d)li lət əs druː
 ðər əz wiː sɒf(t)li trɒd ðə vluər
 ə mæɪbəl stuən ɪðm ðə duər
 ði ɛkoːz əv əːuər vʊtstɛps vlɛd
 əːʊt rəːʊn ðə waɪl ən(d) ɔːvər hɛd
 ən ðər əpæɪntɪd zəːɪd b(ə)ɪ zəːɪd
 ɪn mɛməri ə ðə skwəːɪəz brəːɪd
 ɪn zɛvən pæɪntənz truː tə ləɪf
 wər zɛvən zəːɪts ə wɛdɪd ləɪf

ðən mjaːstər kɒlmz tuəld miː aɪl
 ðə tʃɛlz əpæɪntɪd rəːʊn ðə waɪl
 ən vʌst ðə brəːɪd dɪd stæn tə pləɪt
 (h)ər wɛdən vəːu bɪlɔː ðə ləɪt
 əʃʊtən dəːʊn sə brəːɪts ə fljɛm
 ɪn druː ə tʃəːrtʃɪz wɪndər frjɛm
 ən nɪər ðə brəːɪd ɒn əːɪðər han(d)
 jɛd ziː (h)ər kʌmli brəːɪdmæɪdz stæn(d)
 wi əːɪlʌfɪz əbɛnt ɪn strɪəks
 ə brəːʊn əbʌv ðər blʊːmən tʃɪəks
 ən ʃɪːnən fjɛər ɪn mɛlər ləɪt
 wi flɔːən hjɛər ən frɒks ə (h)wəːɪt

ən hɪər guð mjaːstər kɒlmz krəːɪd
 jɛl ziː ə krjɛdəl ət (h)ər zəːɪd
 ən ðərz (h)ər tʃəːɪl(d) əlɔːrən dɪːp
 ɪðm ɪt ən əɡɒn tə slɪːp
 wi lɪtəl əːɪlʌfɪz əmɛt
 ɪn fɛlər strɪəks əz blak əz dʒɛt
 ðə (h)wəːɪl (h)ər nɪdəl ɔːvər hɛd
 də nɪmbli lɪəd ðə snoː(h)wəːɪt drɛd

To zew a robe her love do meäke
Wi' happy leäbor vor his seäke.

“An’ here a-geän’s another pleäce,
Where she do zit wi’ smilèn feäce,
An’ while her bwoy do leän, wi’ pride,
Ageän her lap, below her zide,
Her vinger tip do leäd his look
To zome good words o’ God’s own book.

“An’ next you’ll zee her in her pleäce,
Avore her happy husband’s feäce,
As he do zit, at evenèn-tide,
A-restèn by the vier-zide.
An’ there the childern’s heads do rise,
Wi’ laughèn lips, an’ beamèn eyes,
Above the bwoard, where she do lay
Her sheenèn tacklèn, wi’ the tea.

fireside

*table
shining cutlery and crockery*

“An’ here another zide do show
Her vinger in her scizzars’ bow
Avore two daughters, that do stand,
Wi’ leärnsome minds, to watch her hand
A-sheäpèn out, wi’ skill an’ ceäre,
A frock vor them to zew an’ wear.

“Then next you’ll zee her bend her head
Above her ailèn husband’s bed,
A-fannèn, wi’ an inward pray’r,
His burnèn brow wi’ beäten air;
The while the clock, by candle light,
Do show that ’tis the dead o’ night.

sick (ailing)

wafted

tə zo: ə ro:b (h)ər lʌv də mjek
wi hapi lʃebər vər (h)ɪz sjek

ən hiər əgʒenz ənʌðər plʃes
(h)wər ʃi: də zɪt wi smə:ɪlən fʃes
ən (h)wə:ɪl (h)ər bwə:ɪ də liən wi prə:ɪd
əgʒen (h)ər lap bɪlo: (h)ər zə:ɪd
(h)ər vɪŋgər tɪp də liəd (h)ɪz lʊk
tə zʌm guð wə:rdz ə gʊdz o:n buk

ən nəks(t) jəl zi: (h)ər ɪn (h)ər plʃes
əvuər (h)ər hapi hʌzbən(d)z fʃes
əz hi: də zɪt ət i:vmentə:ɪd
ərəstən b(ə:ɪ)ɪ ðə və:ɪəzə:ɪd
ən ðər ðə tʃɪldərnz hɛdz də rə:ɪz
wi lɛ:fən lɪps ən bi:mən ə:ɪz
əbʌv ðə buəd (h)wər ʃi: də le:
(h)ər ʃi:nən taklən wi ðə te:

ən hiər ənʌðər zə:ɪd də ʃo:
(h)ər vɪŋgər ɪn (h)ər sɪzərz bo:
əvuər tu: de:tərz ðət də stan(d)
wi lɑ:nsəm mə:ɪn(d)z tə wɒtʃ (h)ər han(d)
əʃʃepən ə:ut wi skɪl ən kʃeər
ə frʊk vər ðem tə zo: ən weər

ðen nəks(t) jəl zi: (h)ər bɛn(d) (h)ər hɛd
əbʌv (h)ər æɪlən hʌzbən(d)z bɛd
əfanən wi ən ɪnwərd præɪr
(h)ɪz bə:rnən brə:u wi biətən æɪr
ðə (h)wə:ɪl ðə klɒk b(ə:ɪ)ɪ kændəl læ:ɪt
də ʃo: ðət tɪz ðə dɛd ə nə:ɪt

“An’ here ageân upon the wall,
Where we do zee her last ov all,
Her husband’s head’s a-hangèn low,
’Tthin his hands in deepest woe.
An’ she, an angel ov his God,
Do cheer his soul below the rod,
A-liftèn up her han’ to call
His eyes to writèn on the wall,
As white as is her spotless robe,
‘Hast thou remembered my servant Job?’

“An’ zoo the squier, in grief o’ soul,
Built up the Tower upon the knowl.”

so

ən hiər əgʝən əpən ðə wa:l
(h)wər wi: də zi: (h)ər lɛ:st əv a:l
(h)ər hʌzbən(d)z hɛdz əhaŋən lo:
iðm (h)ɪz han(d)z ɪn di:pɪst wo:
ən ʃi: ən andʒəl əv (h)ɪz ɡʊd
də tʃiər (h)ɪz so:l bɪlo: ðə rɒd
əlɪftən ʌp (h)ər han tə ka:l
(h)ɪz ə:ɪz tə re:ɪtən ɒn ðə wa:l
əz (h)wə:ɪt əz ɪz (h)ər spɒtɪs ro:b
hast ðə:u rɪmɛmbərəd mən sa:rvənt dʒo:b

ən zu: ðə skwə:ɪər ɪn gri:f ə so:l
bɪlt ʌp ðə tə:uər əpən ðə no:l

FATHERHOOD



LET en zit, wi' his dog an' his cat,
 Wi' their noses a-turn'd to the vier,
 An' have all that a man should desire;
But there idden much reädship in that.
Whether vo'k mid have childern or no,
 Wou'dden meäke mighty odds in the mäin;
They do bring us mwore jaÿ wi' mwore ho,
 An' wi' nwone we've less jaÿ wi' less päin.
We be all lik' a zull's idle sheäre out,
An' shall rust out, unless we do wear out,
 Lik' do-nothèn, rue-nothèn,
 Dead alive dumps.

him

fire

isn't, sense

folk may

joy, care

plough's, share

As vor me, why my life idden bound
 To my own heart alwone, among men;
 I do live in myzelf, an' ageän
In the lives o' my childern all round:
I do live wi' my bwoy in his plaÿ,
 An' ageän wi' my maïd in her zongs;
An' my heart is a-stirr'd wi' their jaÿ,
 An' would burn at the zight o' their wrongs.
I ha' nine lives, an' zoo if a half
O'm do cry, why the rest o'm mid laugh
 All so plaÿvully, jaÿvully,
 Happy wi' hope.

isn't

daughter

*so
of them, may*

Tother night I come hwome a long road,
 When the weather did sting an' did vreeze;
An' the snow—vor the day had a-snow'd—
 Wer avroze on the boughs o' the trees;

fē:ðerhud

lēt ən zɪt wi (h)ɪz dɒg ən (h)ɪz kat
wi ðær no:zɪz ətə:rnd tə ðə və:ɪər
ən hav a:l ðət ə man ʃud dizə:ɪər
bət ðær ɪdən mʌtʃ riədʃɪp ɪn ðat
(h)wēðər vɔ:k mɪd hav tʃɪldərn ər no:
wudən mjek mə:ɪti ɒdz ɪn ðə məɪn
ðe: də brɪŋ əs muər dʒæɪ wi muər ho:
ən wi nuən wi:v les dʒæɪ wi les pæm
wi: bi: a:l lɪk ə zʌlz ə:ɪdəl ʃjæər əʊt
ən ʃəl rʌst əʊt ʌnles wi: də wēər əʊt
lɪk du:nʌθən ru:nʌθən
dæd ələ:ɪv dʌmps

az vər mi: (h)wə:ɪ mə:ɪ lə:ɪf ɪdən bə:ʊn(d)
tə mə:ɪ o:n ha:rt əluən əmɒŋ mən
ə:ɪ də lɪv ɪn m(ə):ɪzʌf ən əgjen
ɪn ðə lə:ɪvz ə mə:ɪ tʃɪldərn a:l rə:ʊn(d)
ə:ɪ də lɪv wi mə:ɪ bwə:ɪ ɪn (h)ɪz plæɪ
ən əgjen wi mə:ɪ məɪd ɪn (h)ər zɒŋz
ən mə:ɪ ha:rt ɪz əstə:rd wi ðær dʒæɪ
ən wud bə:ɪn ət ðə zə:ɪt ə ðær rɒŋz
ə:ɪ hə nə:ɪn lə:ɪvz ən zu: ɪf ə heɪf
o:m də krə:ɪ (h)wə:ɪ ðə rest o:m mɪd leɪf
a:l sə plæɪvʊli dʒæɪvʊli
hapi wi ho:p

tʌðər nə:ɪt ə:ɪ kʌm huəm ə lɒŋ ro:d
(h)wen ðə wēðər dɪd stɪŋ ən dɪd vrɪz
ən ðə sno: vər ðə de: həd əsno:d
wər əvro:z ɒn ðə bə:ʊz ə ðə trɪz

An' my tooes an' my vingers wer num', *toes*
 An' my veet wer so lumpy as logs,
 An' my ears wer so red's a cock's cwom'; *comb*
 An my nose wer so cwold as a dog's;
 But so soon's I got hwome I vorgot
 Where my limbs wer a-cwold or wer hot,
 When wi' loud cries an' proud cries
 They coll'd me so cwold. *bugged*

Vor the vu'st that I happen'd to meet *first*
 Come to pull my girtcwoat vrom my eärm, *greatcoat, arm*
 An' another did rub my feâce warm,
 An' another hot-slipper'd my veet;
 While their mother did cast on a stick,
 Vor to keep the red vier alive; *fire*
 An' they all come so busy an' thick
 As the bees vlee-èn into their hive, *flying*
 An' they meäde me so happy an' proud,
 That my heart could ha' crow'd out a-loud;
 They did tweil zoo, an' smile zoo, *toil so*
 An' coll me so cwold.

As I zot wi' my teacup, at rest, *sat*
 There I pull'd out the taÿs I did bring; *toys*
 Men a-kickèn, a-wagg'd wi' a string, *moved*
 An' goggle-ey'd dolls to be drest;
 An' oh! vrom the childern there sprung
 Such a charm when they handled their taÿs, *noise*
 That vor pleasure the bigger woones wrung *ones*
 Their two hands at the zight o' their jaÿs;

ən mə:i tu:z ən mə:i vɪŋgərz wər nɑm
 ən mə:i vi:t wər sə lɑmpi əz lɔgz
 ən mə:i iərz wər sə rɛdz ə kɔks kuəm
 ən mə:i nɔ:z wər sə kuəld əz ə dɔgz
 bət sə su:nz ə:i ɡɒt huəm ə:i vɛrgɒt
 (h)wər mə:i lɪmz wər əkuəld ər wər hɒt
 (h)wɛn wi lə:ud krə:ɪz ən prə:ud krə:ɪz
 ðe: kɒld mi: sə kuəld

vər ðə vʌst ðət ə:i hɑpənd tə mi:t
 kɑm tə pul mə:i ɡɛ:rtkuət vrəm mə:i jɑ:rm
 ən ənʌðər dɪd rʌb mə:i fjes wɑ:rm
 ən ənʌðər hɒtslɪpərd mə:i vi:t
 (h)wə:ɪl ðər mʌðər dɪd kɑ:st ɒn ə stɪk
 vər tə ki(:)p ðə rɛd və:ɪər ələ:ɪv
 ən ðe: ɑ:l kɑm sə bɪzi ən θɪk
 əz ðə bi:z vli:ən ɪntə ðər hə:ɪv
 ən ðe: mɪd mi: sə hɑpi ən prə:ud
 ðət mə:i hɑ:t kud hə kro:d ə:ʊt ələ:ud
 ðe: dɪd twə:ɪl zu: ən smə:ɪl zu:
 ən kɒl mi: sə kuəld

əz ə:i zɒt wi mə:i te:kʌp ət rɛst
 ðər ə:i puld ə:ʊt ðə tæɪz ə:i dɪd brɪŋ
 mɛn əkɪkən əwɑɡd wi ə strɪŋ
 ən ɡʊɡələ:ɪd dɒlz tə bi: drɛst
 ən ɔ: vrəm ðə tʃɪldərn ðər sprʌŋ
 sɪtʃ ə tʃɑ:rm (h)wɛn ðe: hɑn(d)lɛd ðər tæɪz
 ðət vər plɛzər ðə bɪɡər (w)u:nz ruŋ
 ðər tu: hɑn(d)z ət ðə zə:ɪt ə ðər dʒæɪz

As the bwoys' bigger vaïces vell in
Wi' the maïdens a-titterèn thin,
 An' their dancèn an' prancèn,
 An' little mouth's laughs.

Though 'tis hard stripes to breed em all up,
 If I'm only a-blest vrom above,
 They'll meäke me amends wi' their love,
Vor their pillow, their pleäte, an' their cup;
Though I shall be never a-spweil'd
 Wi' the sarvice that money can buy;
Still the hands ov a wife an' a child
 Be the blessèns ov low or ov high;
An' if there be mouths to be ved,
He that zent em can zend me their bread,
 An' will smile on the chile
 That's a-new on the knee.

spoiled

æz ðə bwæ:ɪz bɪgər væɪsɪz vɛl ɪn
wi ðə məɪdɛnz ətɪtərən ðɪn
ən ðər dɛ:nsən ən prɛ:nsən
ən lɪtəl mə:u(ð)z lɛ:fs

ðo: tɪz ha:rd strɛ:ɪps tə brɪ:d əm aɪl ʌp
ɪf ə:ɪm o:nli əblest vrəm əbʌv
ðe:ɪl mjek mi: əmɛn(d)z wi ðər lʌv
vər ðər pɪlər ðər pljɛt ən ðər klʌp
ðo: ə:ɪ ʃəl bi: nəvər əspwɛ:ɪld
wi ðə sa:rvɪs ðət mʌni kən bə:ɪ
stɪl ðə han(d)z əv ə wə:ɪf ən ə tʃə:ɪl(d)
bi: ðə blɛsənz əv lo: ar əv hɛ:ɪ
ən ɪf ðər bi: mə:u(ð)z tə bi: vɛd
hi: ðət zɛnt əm kən zɛn(d) mi: ðər brɛd
ən wɪl smə:ɪl ɒn ðə tʃə:ɪl
ðəts ənju: ɒn ðə ni:

THE MAÏD O' NEWTON



IN zummer, when the knaps wer bright
In cool-äir'd evenèn's western light,
An' haÿ that had a-dried all day,
Did now lie grey, to dewy night;
I went, by happy chance, or doom,
Vrom Broadwoak Hill, athirt to Coomb,
An' met a maïd in all her bloom:
 The feärest maïd o' Newton.

hillocks

across

She bore a basket that did ride
So light, she didden leän azide;
Her feäce wer oval, an' she smil'd
So sweet's a child, but walk'd wi' pride.
I spoke to her, but what I zaid
I didden know; wi' thoughts a-vled,
I spoke by heart, an' not by head,
 Avore the maïd o' Newton.

didn't

flown

I call'd her, oh! I don't know who,
'Twer by a neäme she never knew;
An' to the heel she stood upon,
She then brought on her hinder shoe,
An' stopp'd avore me, where we met,
An' wi' a smile woone can't vorget,
She zaid, wi' eyes a-zwimmèn wet,
 'No, I be woone o' Newton.'

one

Then on I rambled to the west,
Below the zunny hangèn's breast,
Where, down athirt the little stream,
The brudge's beam did lie at rest:

slope's

across

ðə məɪd ə nju:tən

ɪn zʌmə (h)wen ðə naps wər brɛɪt
ɪn ku:læɪrd i:vmenz westərn lɛɪt
ən hæɪ ðət had ɛdrɛɪd a:l deɪ
dɪd nəu lɛɪ greɪ tə dju:ɪ nəɪt
əɪ went b(ə)ɪ hapi tʃeɪns ər du:m
vrəm bro:d(w)uək hɪl əðɛɪt tə ku:m
ən mət ə məɪd ɪn a:l (h)ər blu:m
ðə fʃeərəst məɪd ə nju:tən

ʃi: buər ə ba:skɪt ðət dɪd rɛɪd
sə lɛɪt ʃi: dɪdən liən əzɛɪd
(h)ər fʃes wər ɔ:vəl ən ʃi: smɛɪld
sə swi(:)ts ə tʃɛɪld bət weɪkt wi prɛɪd
əɪ spɔ:k tu hɛr bət (h)wɒt əɪ zed
əɪ dɪdən no: wi ðɔ:ts əvləd
əɪ spɔ:k b(ə)ɪ haɪt ən nɒt b(ə)ɪ hɛd
əvuər ðə məɪd ə nju:tən

əɪ kaɪld hɛr ɔ: əɪ doɪnt no: hu:
twər b(ə)ɪ ə njem ʃi: nəvər nju:
an tə ðə hi:l ʃi: stʊd əpən
ʃi: ðen bro:t ɒn (h)ər hə:mdər ʃu:
ən stɒpt əvuər mi: (h)wər wi: mət
ən wi ə smɛɪl (w)u:n keɪnt vɜrget
ʃi: zed wi əɪz əzwimən wɛt
no: əɪ bi: (w)u:n ə nju:tən

ðen ɒn əɪ rambəld tə ðə west
bɪlo: ðə zʌni haŋənz brɛst
(h)wər də:un əðɛɪt ðə lɪtəl stri:m
ðə brʌdʒɪz bi:m dɪd lɛɪ ət rest

But all the birds, wi' lively glee,
Did chirp an' hop vrom tree to tree,
As if it wer vrom pride, to zee
 Goo by the maïd o' Newton.

By fancy led, at evenèn's glow,
I woonce did goo, a-rovèn slow,
Down where the elèms, stem by stem,
Do stan' to hem the grove below;
But after that, my veet vorzook
The grove, to seek the little brook
At Coomb, where I mid zometimes look,
 To meet the maïd o' Newton.

once
trunk by trunk

might

bæt a:l ðə bærdz wi læ:vlɪ gli:
dɪd tʃə:rp ən hɒp vrəm tri: tə tri:
əz ɪf ɪt wər vrəm prə:ɪd tə zi:
gu: bæ:ɪ ðə mæɪd ə nju:tən

b(ə:ɪ)ɪ fənsɪ lɛd ət i:vmenz glo:
ə:ɪ (w)u:ns dɪd gu: ərə:vən slo:
dæ:un (h)wər ði eləmz stɛm b(ə:ɪ)ɪ stɛm
də stæn tə hɛm ðə grə:v bɪlo:
bæt ɛ:tər ðat mæ:ɪ vi:t vɛrzuk
ðə grə:v tə si:k ðə litəl bruk
ət ku:m (h)wər ə:ɪ mɪd zʌmtə:ɪmz lʊk
tə mi(:)t ðə mæɪd ə nju:tən

CHILDHOOD



AYE, at that time our days wer but vew,
An' our lim's wer but small, an' a-growèn;
An' then the feäir worold wer new,
An' life wer all hopevul an' gaÿ;
An' the times o' the sproutèn o' leaves,
An' the cheäk-burnèn seasons o' mowèn,
An' bindèn o' red-headed sheaves,
Wer all welcome seasons o' jaÿ.

few

Then the housen seem'd high, that be low,
An' the brook did seem wide that is narrow,
An' time, that do vlee, did goo slow,
An' veelèns now feeble wer strong,
An' our worold did end wi' the neämes
Ov the Sha'sbury Hill or Bulbarrow;
An' life did seem only the geämes
That we play'd as the days rolled along.

*fly
feelings*

Then the rivers, an' high-timber'd lands,
An' the zilvery hills, 'ithout buyèn,
Did seem to come into our hands
Vrom others that own'd em avore;
An' all zickness, an' sorrow, an' need,
Seem'd to die wi' the wold vo'k a-dyèn,
An' leäve us vor ever a-freed
Vrom evils our vorefathers bore.

old folk

But happy be childern the while
They have elders a-livèn to love em,
An' teäke all the wearisome tweil
That zome hands or others mus' do;

toil

tʃə:ɪl(d)hʊd

æɪ ət ðæt tə:ɪm ə:uər de:z wər bət vju:
ən ə:uər ɪmz wər bət sma:l ən əgro:ən
ən ðen ðə fjeər wə:ɾdəl wər nju:
ən læɪf wər a:l ho:pʊl ən gæɪ
ən ðə tə:ɪmz ə ðə sprə:ʊtən ə li:vz
ən ðə tʃiəkbə:ɾnən si:zənz ə mo:ən
ən bə:m(d)ən ə rɛdɦedɪd ʃi:vz
wər a:l wɛlkəm si:zənz ə dʒæɪ

ðen ðə hæ:uzən si(:)md hæɪ ðæt bi: lo:
ən ðə brʊk dɪd si(:)m wə:ɪd ðæt ɪz narə(r)
ən tə:ɪm ðæt də vli: dɪd gu: slo:
ən vi:lənz nə:u fi:bəl wər strɒŋ
ən ə:uər wə:ɾdəl dɪd ɛn(d) wi ðə njeɪmz
əv ðə ʃa:sbəri hɪl ər bʊlbərə(r)
ən læɪf dɪd si(:)m ɔ:nli ðə gjeɪmz
ðæt wi: plæɪd əz ðə de:z ro:ld əlɒŋ

ðen ðə rɪvərz ən hæ:ɪtɪmbəɾd lan(d)z
ən ðə zɪlvəri hɪlz ɪðə:ʊt bə:ɪən
dɪd si(:)m tə kʌm ɪntu ə:uər han(d)z
vrəm ʌðərz ðæt ɔ:nd əm əvuər
ən a:l zɪkɪs ən sərə(r) ən ni:d
si(:)md tə dəɪ wi ðə (w)uəld vɔ:k ədə:ɪən
ən liəv əs vər evər əfri:d
vrəm i:vəlz ə:uər vuərfe:ðərz buər

bət hapi bi: tʃɪldəɾn ðə (h)wə:ɪl
ðe: hav ɛldərz əlɪvən tə lʌv əm
ən tjeɪk a:l ðə wiəɪsəm twə:ɪl
ðæt zʌm han(d)z ər ʌðərz məs du:

Like the low-headed shrubs that be warm,
In the lewth o' the trees up above em,
A-screen'd vrom the cwold blowèn storm
That the timber avore em must rue.

shelter

lik ðə lo:hədɪd ʃrʌbz ðət bi: wɑ:rm
ɪn ðə lu:θ ə ðə tri:z ʌp əbʌv əm
əskri:nd vrəm ðə kuəld blə:ən stɑ:rm
ðət ðə tɪmbər əvuər əm məs(t) ru:

MEÄRY'S SMILE



WHEN mornèn winds, a-blowèn high,
Do zweep the clouds vrom all the sky,
An' laurel-leaves do glitter bright,
The while the newly broken light
Do brighten up, avore our view,
The vields wi' green, an' hills wi' blue;
What then can highten to my eyes
The cheerful feäce ov e'th an' skies,
But Meäry's smile, o' Morey's Mill,
My rrose o' Mowy Lea.

earth

An' when, at last, the evenèn dewes
Do now begin to wet our shoes;
An' night's a-ridèn to the west,
To stop our work, an' gi'e us rest,
Oh! let the candle's ruddy gleäre
But brighten up her sheenèn heäir;
Or else, as she do walk abroad,
Let moonlight show, upon the road,
My Meäry's smile, o' Morey's Mill,
My rrose o' Mowy Lea.

give

*shining
outside*

An' O! mid never tears come on,
To wash her feäce's blushes wan,
Nor kill her smiles that now do play
Like sparklèn weäves in zunny Maÿ;
But mid she still, vor all she's gone
Vrom souls she now do smile upon,
Show others they can vind woone jaÿ
To turn the hardest work to play:
My Meäry's smile, o' Morey's Mill,
My rrose o' Mowy Lea.

may

one

mjeəriz smə:ɪl

(h)wen mɑ:nən wɪn(d)z əblo:ən hə:ɪ
də zwi:p ðə klə:udz vrəm a:l ðə skə:ɪ
ən lɒrəl li:vz də glɪtər brə:ɪt
ðə (h)wə:ɪl ðə nju:li brɔ:kən lə:ɪt
də brə:ɪtən ʌp əvuər ə:uər vju:
ðə vi:l(d)z wi grɪ:n ən hɪlz wi blu:
(h)wɒt ðen kən hə:ɪtən tə mə:ɪ ə:ɪz
ðə tʃɪərful fjes əv eθ ən skə:ɪz
bət mjeəriz smə:ɪl ə muəriz mɪl
mə:ɪ ruəz ə mo:ɪ li:

ən (h)wen ət le:st ði i:vmən dju:z
də nə:u bɪɡɪn tə wɛt ə:uər fu:z
ən nə:ɪts ərə:ɪdən tə ðə west
tə stɒp ə:uər wɜ:k ən gi: əs rest
o: let ðə kændəlz rʌdi gljeər
bət brə:ɪtən ʌp (h)ər ʃɪ:nən hjeər
ar els əz ʃi: də we:k əbro:d
let mu:nlə:ɪt ʃo: əpən ðə ro:d
mə:ɪ mjeəriz smə:ɪl ə muəriz mɪl
mə:ɪ ruəz ə mo:ɪ li:

ən o: mɪd nəvər tiərz kʌm ɒn
tə wɒʃ (h)ər fjesɪz blʌʃɪz wɒn
nɑr kɪl (h)ər smə:ɪlz ðət nə:u də plæɪ
lɪk spɑ:rkɪn wjevz ɪn zʌni məɪ
bət mɪd ʃi: stɪl vər a:l ʃi:z gɒn
vrəm so:lz ʃi: nə:u də smə:ɪl əpən
ʃo: ʌðərz ðe: kən və:m(d) (w)u:n dʒæɪ
tə təɪn ðə ha:rdɪst wɜ:k tə plæɪ
mə:ɪ mjeəriz smə:ɪl ə muəriz mɪl
mə:ɪ ruəz ə mo:ɪ li:

MEÄRY WEDDED



THE zun can zink, the stars mid rise,
An' woods be green to sheenèn skies;
The cock mid crow to mornèn light,
An' workvo'k zing to vallèn night;
The birds mid whistle on the spraÿ,
An' childern leäp in merry playÿ,
But our's is now a lifeless pleäce,
Vor we've a-lost a smilèn feäce—
 Young Meäry Meäd o' merry mood,
 Vor she's a-woo'd an' wedded.

*may
shining*

workfolk, falling

The dog that woonce wer glad to bear
Her fondlèn vingers down his heäir,
Do leän his head ageän the vloer,
To watch, wi' heavy eyes, the door;
An' men she zent so happy hwome
O' Zadurdays, do seem to come
To door, wi' downcast hearts, to miss
Wi' smiles below the clematis,
 Young Meäry Meäd o' merry mood,
 Vor she's a-woo'd an' wedded.

once

When they do draw the evenèn blind,
An' when the evenèn light's a-tin'd,
The cheerless vier do drow a gleäre
O' light ageän her empty chair;
An' wordless gaps do now meäke thin
Their talk where woonce her vaice come in.
Zoo lwonesome is her empty pleäce,
An' blest the house that ha' the feäce
 O' Meäry Meäd, o' merry mood,
 Now she's a-woo'd and wedded.

*lost
fire, throw*

so

mjeəri wədɪd

ðə zʌn kən zɪŋk ðə stɑːrɪz mɪd rəɪz
ən wʊdʒ biː grɪn tə ʃɪːnən skəɪz
ðə kɒk mɪd kroː tə mɑːnən ləɪt
ən wəːrkvoːk zɪŋ tə vɑːlən nəɪt
ðə bæɪrdz mɪd (h)wɪsəl ɒn ðə spræɪ
ən tʃɪldərn liəp ɪn məri plæɪ
bət əːuərz ɪz nəːu ə ləɪflɪs pljes
vɑːr wɪːv əlɒst ə sməɪlən fjes
jʌŋ mjeəri miəd ə məri muːd
vər ʃiːz əwʊːd ən wədɪd

ðə dɒg ðæt (w)uːns wər glɑːd tə beər
(h)ər fɒn(d)lən vɪŋgərz dəːʊn (h)ɪz hjeər
də liən (h)ɪz hɛd əgjen ðə vluər
tə wɒtʃ wi hevi əɪz ðə duər
ən mən ʃiː zɛnt sə hapi huəm
ə zadərdeɪz də si(ː)m tə kʌm
tə duər wi dəːʊnkaːst hɑːrts tə mɪs
wi sməɪlz bɪlɒː ðə klɛmətɪs
jʌŋ mjeəri miəd ə məri muːd
vər ʃiːz əwʊːd ən wədɪd

(h)wɛn ðeː də drɛː ði iːvmən bləɪm(d)
ən (h)wɛn ði iːvmən ləɪts ətəɪm(d)
ðə tʃɪərlɪs vɔːɪər də droː ə gljeər
ə ləɪt əgjen (h)ər ɛm(p)ti tʃɛər
ən wəːrdlɪs gʌps də nəːu mjek ðɪn
ðər tɛːk (h)wər (w)uːns (h)ər væɪs kʌm ɪn
zuː luənsəm ɪz (h)ər ɛm(p)ti pljes
ən blɛst ðə hɔːrʊs ðæt ha ðə fjes
ə mjeəri miəd ə məri muːd
nəːu ʃiːz əwʊːd ən(d) wədɪd

The day she left her father's he'th,
Though sad, wer kept a day o' me'th,
An' dry-wheel'd waggons' empty beds
Wer left 'ithin the tree-screen'd sheds;
An' all the hosses, at their cäse,
Went snortèn up the flow'ry læse,
But woone, the smartest for the roäd,
That pull'd away the dearest lwoad—
 Young Meäry Meäd o' merry mood,
 That wer a-woo'd an' wedded.

hearth
mirth

meadow
one

ðə de: ʃi: leɪt (h)ər fe:ðərz hæθ
ðo: sad wər keɪpt ə de: ə meθ
ən drəɪ(h)wi:ld wəgənz ɛm(p)ti bedz
wər leɪt ɪðm ðə tri:skri:nd ʃedz
ən a:l ðə hɒsɪz ət ðər iəz
went snɑ:rtən ʌp ðə flə:uri liəz
bət (w)u:n ðə smɑ:rtɪst vər ðə ruəd
ðæt pʊld əwəɪ ðə diərɪst luəd
 jʌŋ mjeəri miəd ə məri mu:d
 ðæt wər əwu:d ən wədɪd



THE STWONEN BWOY UPON THE PILLAR

made of stone

Wl' smokeless tuns an' empty halls,
 An' moss a-clangèn to the walls,
 In ev'ry wind the lofty tow'rs
 Do teäke the zun, an' bear the show'rs;
 An' there, 'ithin a geät a-hung,
 But vasten'd up, an' never swung,
 Upon the pillar, all alwone,
 Do stan' the little bwoy o' stwone;
 'S a poppy bud mid linger on,
 Vorseäken, when the wheat's a-gone.
 An' there, then, wi' his bow let slack,
 An' little quiver at his back,
 Drough het an' wet, the little chile
 Vrom day to day do stan' an' smile.
 When vu'st the light, a-risèn weak,
 At break o' day, do smite his cheäk,
 Or while, at noon, the leafy bough
 Do cast a sheäde a-thirt his brow,
 Or when at night the warm-breath'd cows
 Do sleep by moon-belighted boughs;
 An' there the while the rooks do bring
 Their scroff to build their nest in Spring,
 Or zwallows in the zummer day
 Do cling their little huts o' clay,
 'Ithin the rainless sheädes, below
 The steadvast arches' mossy bow.
 Or when, in Fall, the woak do shed
 The leaves, a-wither'd, vrom his head,
 An' western win's, a-blowèn cool,
 Do dreve em out athirt the pool,
 Or Winter's clouds do gather dark
 An' wet, wi' rain, the elem's bark,

chimneys

behind a gate

may

through heat

first

shadow across

twigs

attach

span

oak

drive, across

ðə stuənən bwə:ɪ əpən ðə pɪlər

wi smə:klɪs tʌnz ən ɛm(p)ti hɑ:lz
ən mɒs əkliŋən tə ðə wa:lz
ɪn evri wɪn(d) ðə lɒfti tə:uərz
də tʃɛk ðə zʌn ən beər ðə ʃə:uərz
ən ðər iðm ə gjət əhʌŋ
bət vɑ:sənd ʌp ən nevər swʌŋ
əpən ðə pɪlər a:l əluən
də stan ðə litəl bwə:ɪ ə stuən
z ə pɒpi bʌd mɪd liŋgər ɒn
vɑ:sjekən (h)wen ðə (h)wɪts əpən
ən ðər ðen wi (h)ɪz bə: let slak
ən litəl kwɪvər ət (h)ɪz bak
dru: het ən wɛt ðə litəl tʃə:ɪl
vrəm de: tə de: də stan ən smə:ɪl
(h)wen vʌst ðə lə:ɪt ərə:ɪzən wɪk
ət bre:k ə de: də smə:ɪt (h)ɪz tʃiæk
ar (h)wə:ɪl ət nu:n ðə li:fi bə:u
də kɑ:st ə ʃjed əðə:rt (h)ɪz brə:u
ar (h)wen ət nə:ɪt ðə wɑ:ɪmbreθt kə:uz
də sli:p b(ə):ɪ mu:nbilə:ɪtɪd bə:uz
ən ðər ðə (h)wə:ɪl ðə ruks də brɪŋ
ðər skrɒf tə bɪld ðər nəst ɪn sprɪŋ
ar zwɒlərz ɪn ðə zʌmər de:
də kliŋ ðər litəl hʌts ə kle:
iðm ðə ræmlɪs ʃjedz bɪlə:
ðə stədva:st ɑ:rtʃɪz mɒsi bə:
ar (h)wen ɪn faɪl ðə (w)uək də ʃed
ðə li:vz əwɪðərd vrəm (h)ɪz hed
ən wɛstərn wɪn(d)z əblo:ən ku:l
də drev əm əʊt əðə:rt ðə pu:l
ar wɪntərz klə:udz də gəðər dɑ:rk
ən wɛt wi ræm ði eləməz bɑ:rk

You'll zee his pretty smile betwixt	
His little sheäde-mark'd lips a-fix'd;	
As there his little sheäpe do bide	
Drough day an' night, an' time an' tide,	<i>through</i>
An' never change his size or dress,	
Nor overgrow his prettiness.	
But, oh! thik child, that we do vind	<i>that</i>
In childhood still, do call to mind	
A little bwoy a-call'd by death,	
Long years agoo, vrom our sad he'th;	<i>hearth</i>
An' I, in thought, can zee en dim	<i>him</i>
The seäme in feäce, the seäme in lim'.	
My heäir mid whiten as the snow,	<i>may</i>
My limbs grow weak, my step wear slow,	
My droopèn head mid slowly vall	
Above the han'-staff's glossy ball,	<i>walking-stick's</i>
An' yeet, vor all a wid'nèn span	<i>yet</i>
Ov years, mid change a livèn man,	
My little child do still appear	
To me wi' all his childhood's gear,	
'Thout a beard upon his chin,	
'Thout a wrinkle in his skin,	
A-livèn on, a child the seäme	
In look, an' sheäpe, an' size, an neäme.	

jəl zi: (h)IZ pər:ti smə:ɪl bitwɪkst
 (h)IZ lɪtəl ʃjədma:ɪkt lɪps əfɪkst
 əz ðeər (h)IZ lɪtəl ʃjɛp də bə:ɪd
 dru: de: ən nə:ɪt ən tə:ɪm ən tə:ɪd
 ən nəvər tʃandʒ (h)IZ sə:ɪz ər dres
 nɑ: ɔ:vərgro: (h)IZ pər:tɪnɛs
 bət ɔ: ðɪk tʃə:ɪl(d) ðæt wi: də və:ɪn(d)
 ɪn tʃə:ɪl(d)hʊd stɪl də ka:l tə mə:ɪn(d)
 ə lɪtəl bwə:ɪ əka:ɪld b(ə:ɪ)ɪ dɛθ
 lɒŋ jɪəz əgu: vrəm ə:uər sad hɛθ
 ən ə:ɪ ɪn ðɔ:t kən zi: ən dɪm
 ðə sjɛm ɪn ʃjɛs ðə sjɛm ɪn lɪm
 mə:ɪ hʃeər mɪd (h)wə:ɪtən əz ðə sno:
 mə:ɪ lɪmz gro: wɪ:k mə:ɪ stɛp wɛər slo:
 mə:ɪ dru:pən hɛd mɪd slo:li vɑ:l
 əbʌv ðə hanstɛ:fs glɒsi ba:l
 ən (j)ɪ:t vər a:l ə wə:ɪdnən span
 əv jɪəz mɪd tʃandʒ ə lɪvən man
 mə:ɪ lɪtəl tʃə:ɪl(d) də stɪl əpiər
 tə mi: wi a:l (h)IZ tʃə:ɪl(d)hʊdz giər
 ɪðə:ut ə biəd əpɒn (h)IZ tʃɪm
 ɪðə:ut ə rɪŋkəl ɪn (h)IZ skɪm
 əlɪvən ɒn ə tʃə:ɪl(d) ðə sjɛm
 ɪn lʊk ən ʃjɛp ən sə:ɪz ən njɛm

THE YOUNG THAT DIED IN BEAUTY



If souls should only sheen so bright
In heaven as in e'thly light,
An' nothèn better wer the ceäse,
How comely still, in sheäpe an' feäce,
Would many reach thik happy pleäce,—
The hopeful souls that in their prime
Ha' seem'd a-took avore their time—
The young that died in beauty.

shine
earthly

that

But when woone's lim's ha' lost their strangth
A-tweilèn drough a lifetime's langth,
An' over cheäks a-growèn wold
The slowly-weästen years ha' rolled
The deep'nèn wrinkle's hollow vwold;
When life is ripe, then death do call
Vor less ov thought, than when do vall
On young vo'ks in their beauty.

one's
toiling through
old

fold

folk

But pinèn souls, wi' heads a-hung
In heavy sorrow vor the young,
The sister ov the brother dead,
The father wi' a child a-vled,
The husband when his bride ha' laid
Her head at rest, noo mwore to turn,
Have all a-vound the time to mourn
Vor youth that died in beauty.

flown

mourn

An' yeet the church, where praÿer do rise
Vrom thoughtvul souls, wi' downcast eyes,
An' village greens, a-beät half beäre
By dancers that do meet, an' weär
Such merry looks at feäst an' feäir,

yet

bare

ðə ʤʌŋ ðæt də:ɪd ɪn bju:ti

ɪf so:lz ʃʊd ɔ:nli ʃɪn sə bræ:ɪt
ɪn hevən əz ɪn ɛθli læ:ɪt
ən nʌθən betər wər ðə kjes
hə:u kʌmli stɪl ɪn ʃjɛp ən fjes
wʊd meni ri:tʃ ðɪk hapi pljes
ðə ho:pful so:lz ðæt ɪn ðər præ:ɪm
hə si(:)md ətʊk əvuər ðər tə:ɪm
ðə ʤʌŋ ðæt də:ɪd ɪn bju:ti

bət (h)wen (w)u:nz lɪmz hə lɒst ðər stræŋθ
ətwe:ɪlən dru: ə læ:ɪftə:ɪmz læŋθ
ən ɔ:vər tʃiəks əgro:ən (w)uəld
ðə slo:liwjestən ʤiərz hə ro:ld
ðə di:pnən rɪŋkəlz hɒlər vuəld
(h)wen læ:ɪf ɪz rə:ɪp ðen deθ də ka:ɪl
vər les əv ðɔ:t ðən (h)wen də va:ɪl
ɒn ʤʌŋ vo:ks ɪn ðər bju:ti

bət pə:ɪnən so:lz wi hɛdz əhʌŋ
ɪn hevi sərə vər ðə ʤʌŋ
ðə sistər əv ðə brʌðər dɛd
ðə fe:ðər wi ə tʃə:ɪl(d) əvlɛd
ðə hʌzbən(d) (h)wen (h)ɪz brɛ:ɪd hə lɛd
(h)ər hɛd ət rɛst nu: muər tə tə:ɪn
hʌv a:ɪ əvə:un(d) ðə tə:ɪm tə mə:ɪn
vər ju:θ ðæt də:ɪd ɪn bju:ti

ən (j)ɪt ðə tʃə:ɪtʃ (h)wər præ:ɪər də rə:ɪz
vrəm θɔ:tʊl so:lz wi də:unka:st ə:ɪz
ən vɪlədʒ grɪ:nz əbiət he:f bjɛər
b(ə)ɪ de:nsərz ðæt də mi(:)t ən weər
sɪtʃ mə:ɪ lʊks ət fiəst ən fjɛər

Do gather under leätest skies,
Their bloomèn cheäks an' sparklèn eyes,
Though young ha' died in beauty.

But still the dead shall mwore than keep
The beauty ov their eärly sleep;
Where comely looks shall never weär
Uncomely, under tweil an' ceäre.
The feäir at death be always feäir,
Still feäir to livers' thought an' love,
An' feäirer still to God above,
Than when they died in beauty.

toil

də gaðər ʌndər ljetɪst skə:ɪz
ðər blu:mən tʃiəks ən spaɪklən ə:ɪz
ðo: jʌŋ hə də:ɪd ɪn bju:ti

bət stɪl ðə dɛd ʃəl muər ðən ki:p
ðə bju:ti əv ðər jɛ:rli sli:p
(h)wər kʌmli lʊks ʃəl nəvər wɛər
ʌnkʌmli ʌndər twə:ɪl ən kjɛər
ðə fjeər ət dɛθ bi: a:lweɪz fjeər
stɪl fjeər tə lɪvəɪz ðɔ:t ən lʌv
ən fjeərər stɪl tə ɡɒd əbʌv
ðən (h)wɛn ðe: də:ɪd ɪn bju:ti

FAIR EMILY OV YARROW MILL



DEAR Yarrowham, 'twere many miles
Vrom thy green meäds that, in my walk,
I met a maïd wi' winnèn smiles,
That talk'd as vo'k at hwome do talk;
An' who at last should she be vound,
Ov all the souls the sky do bound,
But woone that trod at vu'st thy groun'
Fair Emily ov Yarrow Mill.

folk

one, first

But thy wold house an' elmy nook,
An' wall-screen'd geärden's mossy zides,
Thy grassy meäds an' zedgy brook,
An' high-bank'd leänes, wi' sheädy rides,
Wer all a-known to me by light
Ov eärly days, a-quench'd by night,
Avore they met the younger zight
Ov Emily ov Yarrow Mill.

old

An' now my heart do leäp to think
O' times that I've a-spent in playä,
Bezide thy river's rushy brink,
Upon a deäzybed o' Maÿ;
I lov'd the friends thy land ha' bore,
An' I do love the paths they wore,
An' I do love thee all the mwore,
Vor Emily ov Yarrow Mill.

When bright above the e'th below
The moon do spread abroad his light,
An' äir o' zummer nights do blow
Athirt the vields in playsome flight,

earth

around

across

fjæ̃ər ɛmɪli əv jarə(r) mɪl

dɪər jarəhəm twər mənɪ mə:ɪlz
vrəm ðə:ɪ grɪ:n miədʒ ðət ɪn mə:ɪ weɪk
ə:ɪ mət ə məɪd wi wɪnən smə:ɪlz
ðət tɛ:kt əz vo:k ət huəm də tɛ:k
ən hu: ət lɛ:st ʃʊd ʃi: bi: və:un(d)
əv aɪl ðə so:ɪlz ðə skə:ɪ də bə:un(d)
bət (w)u:n ðət trəd ət vʌst ðə:ɪ grə:un
fjæ̃ər ɛmɪli əv jarə(r) mɪl

bət ðə:ɪ (w)uəld hə:us ən ɛlmi nuk
ən wɑ:lskri:nd ɡjɑ:dənz mɒsi zə:ɪdz
ðə:ɪ grɑ:si miədʒ ən zedʒɪ brʊk
ən hə:ɪbæŋkt lʒenz wi ʃjedi rə:ɪdz
wər aɪl əno:n tə mi: b(ə:ɪ)ɪ lə:ɪt
əv jə:ɪli de:z əkwentʃt b(ə:ɪ)ɪ nə:ɪt
əvuər ðe: mət ðə ʒʌŋɡər zə:ɪt
əv ɛmɪli əv jarə(r) mɪl

ən nə:u mə:ɪ ha:ɪt də liəp tə ðɪŋk
ə tə:ɪmz ðət ə:ɪv əspɛnt ɪn plæɪ
bɪzə:ɪd ðə:ɪ rɪvərz rʌʃɪ brɪŋk
əpən ə dʒɛzɪbəd ə məɪ
ə:ɪ lʌvd ðə frɛn(d)z ðə:ɪ lʌn(d) hə buər
ən ə:ɪ də lʌv ðə pɛ:ðz ðe: wuər
ən ə:ɪ də lʌv ði: aɪl ðə muər
vər ɛmɪli əv jarə(r) mɪl

(h)wɛn brə:ɪt əbʌv ði ɛθ bɪlo:
ðə mu:n də sprɛd əbro:d (h)ɪz lə:ɪt
ən æɪr ə zʌmər nə:ɪts də blo:
ədðə:ɪt ðə vi:l(d)z ɪn plæɪsəm flə:ɪt

'Tis then delightsome under all
The sheädes o' boughs by path or wall,
But mwestly thine when they do vall
On Emily ov Yarrow Mill.

shadows

tɪz ðen dɪləʔtsəm ʌndər a:l
ðə ʃjɛdz ə bəʔuz b(ə)ɪ pɛ:θ ər wa:l
bət muəstli ðə:ɪn (h)wen ðe: də va:l
ɒn ɛmɪli əv jərə(r) mɪl



THE SCUD

sudden shower

AYE, aye, the leäne wi' flow'ry zides
 A-kept so lew, by hazzle-wrides,
 Wi' beds o' grægles out in bloom,
 Below the timber's windless gloom,
 An' geäte that I've a-swung,
 An' rod as he's a-hung,
 When I wer young, in Woakley Coomb.

*sheltered by hazel-clumps
 bluebells*

ridden on

'Twer there at feäst we all did pass
 The evenèn on the leänezide grass,
 Out where the geäte do let us drough,
 Below the woak-trees in the lew,
 In merry geämes an' fun
 That meäde us skip an' run,
 Wi' burnèn zun, an' sky o' blue.

*through
 oak-trees, shelter*

But still there come a scud that drove
 The titt'rèn maïdens vrom the grove;
 An' there a-left wer flow'ry mound,
 'Ithout a vaïce, 'ithout a sound,
 Unless the äir did blow
 Drough ruslèn leaves, an' drow
 The räin drops low, upon the ground.

through, throw

I linger'd there an' miss'd the näise;
 I linger'd there an' miss'd our jaÿs;
 I miss'd woone soul beyond the rest;
 The maïd that I do like the best.
 Vor where her vaïce is gaÿ
 An' where her smiles do plaÿ,
 There's always jaÿ vor ev'ry breast.

noise

one

joy

ðə skʌd

æɪ æɪ ðə lʃen wi fləʊəri zə:ɪdz
əkɛpt sə lu: b(ə):ɪ hazəlɹə:ɪdz
wi bɛdz ə gre:gəlz ə:ut ɪn blu:m
bɪlo: ðə tɪmbərz wɪn(d)ləs glu:m
ən ɡjɛt ðət ə:ɪv əswʌŋ
ən rɒd əz hi:z əhʌŋ
(h)wɛn ə:ɪ wər jʌŋ ɪn (w)uəkli ku:m

twɜr ðər ət fiəst wi: a:l dɪd pa:s
ði i:vmen ɒn ðə lʃenzə:ɪd gra:s
ə:ut (h)wər ðə ɡjɛt də lɛt əs dru:
bɪlo: ðə (w)uəktri:z ɪn ðə lu:
ɪn mɛri ɡjɛmz ən fʌn
ðət mʃɛd əs skɪp ən rʌn
wi bə:ɪnən zʌn ən skə:ɪ ə blu:

bət stɪl ðər kʌm ə skʌd ðət dro:v
ðə tɪtrən məɪdɛnz vrəm ðə gro:v
ən ðɛər əlɛft wər fləʊəri mə:un(d)
ɪðə:ut ə vɛɪs ɪðə:ut ə sə:un(d)
ʌnlɛs ði æɪr dɪd blo:
dru: rʌslən lɪ:vz ən dro:
ðə ræɪn drɒps lo: əpɒn ðə grə:un(d)

ə:ɪ lɪŋɡərd ðɛər ən mɪst ðə næɪz
ə:ɪ lɪŋɡərd ðɛər ən mɪst ə:uər dʒæɪz
ə:ɪ mɪst (w)u:n so:l bɪjʌnd ðə rɛst
ðə məɪd ðət ə:ɪ də lə:ɪk ðə bɛst
vər (h)wər (h)ər vɛɪs ɪz ɡæɪ
ən (h)wər (h)ər smə:ɪlz də plæɪ
ðərz a:lwe:z dʒæɪ vər ɛvri brɛst

Vor zome vo'k out abroad ha' me'th,
But nwone at hwome beside the he'th;
An' zome ha' smiles vor strangers' view,
An' frowns vor kith an' kin to rue;
But her sweet vaïce do vall,
Wi' kindly words to all,
Both big an' small, the whole day drough.

folk, outside, mirth
hearth

through

An' when the evenèn sky wer peäle,
We heärd the warblèn nightèngeäle,
A-drawèn out his lwonesome zong,
In windèn music down the drong;
An' Jenny vrom her he'th,
Come out, though not in me'th,
But held her breath, to hear his zong.

lane
hearth
mirth

Then, while the bird wi' oben bill
Did warble on, her vaïce wer still;
An' as she stood avore me, bound
In stillness to the flow'ry mound,
“The bird's a jaÿ to zome,”
I thought, “but when he's dum,
Her vaïce will come, wi' sweeter sound.”

joy
silent

vər zʌm vo:k əʔut əbro:d ha mɛθ
 bət nuən ət huəm bɪzə:ɪd ðə hɛθ
 ən zʌm ha smə:ɪlz vər strandʒərz vju:
 ən frə:unz vər kɪθ ən kɪn tə ru:
 bət (h)ər swi(:)t væɪs də va:l
 wi kə:ɪn(d)li wə:rdz tu a:l
 buəd bɪg ən sma:l ðə huəl de: dru:

ən (h)wɛn ði i:vmən skə:ɪ wər pjɛl
 wi: hiərd ðə wa:ɪblən nə:ɪtəŋgɪl
 ədrɛ:ən əʔut (h)ɪz luənsəm zɒŋ
 ɪn wə:ɪn(d)ən mju:zɪk də:un ðə drɒŋ
 ən dʒɛni vrəm (h)ər hɛθ
 kʌm əʔut ðo: nɒt ɪn mɛθ
 bət hɛld (h)ər brɛθ tə hiər (h)ɪz zɒŋ

ðɛn (h)wə:ɪl ðə bə:rd wi o:bən bɪl
 dɪd wa:ɪbəl ɒn (h)ər væɪs wər stɪl
 ən az ʃi: stʊd əvuər mi: bə:un(d)
 ɪn stɪlnɪs tə ðə flə:uri mə:un(d)
 ðə bə:rdz ə dʒæɪ tə zʌm
 ə:ɪ ðo:t bət (h)wɛn hi:z dʌm
 (h)ər væɪs wɪl kʌm wi swi(:)tər sə:un(d)

MINDÈN HOUSE



'TWER when the vo'k wer out to hawl
A vield o' haÿ a day in June,
An' when the zun begun to vall
Toward the west in afternoon,
Woone only wer a-left behind
To bide indoors, at hwome, an' mind
The house, an' answer vo'k avore
The geäte or door,—young Fanny Deäne.

folk

one

The äir 'ithin the geärden wall
Wer deadly still, unless the bee
Did hummy by, or in the hall
The clock did ring a-hettèn dree,
An' there, wi' busy hands, inside
The iron ceäsement, oben'd wide,
Did zit an' pull wi' nimble twitch
Her tiny stitch, young Fanny Deäne.

striking three

As there she zot she heärd two blows
A-knock'd upon the rumblèn door,
An' laid azide her work, an' rose,
An' walk'd out feäir, athirt the vloor;
An' there, a-holdèn in his hand
His bridled meäre, a youth did stand,
An' mildly twold his neäme and pleäce
Avore the feäce o' Fanny Deäne.

sat

across

horse

He twold her that he had on hand
Zome business on his father's zide,
But what she didden understand;
An' zoo she ax'd en if he'd ride
Out where her father mid be vound,
Beside the plow, in Cowslip Ground;

didn't
so, asked him
might
wagon

mə:m(d)ən həʊs

twær (h)wɛn ðə vɔ:k wær əʊt tə ha:l
ə vi:l(d) ə hæɪ ə de: ɪn dʒu:n
ən (h)wɛn ðə zʌn bɪgʌn tə va:l
təwɑ:rd ðə wɛst ɪn ɛ:tənu:n
(w)u:n ɔ:nli wær əleɪt bihə:m(d)
tə bə:ɪd ɪndʊərz ət huəm ən mə:m(d)
ðə həʊs ən ɛ:nsər vɔ:k əvʊər
ðə gjet ər duər jʌŋ fəni dʒɛn

ði æɪr ɪðm ðə gja:rdən wa:l
wær dædli stɪl ʌnles ðə bi:
dɪd hʌmi bæ:ɪ ər ɪn ðə ha:l
ðə klɒk dɪd rɪŋ əhetən dri:
ən ðər wi bɪzi hən(d)z ɪnsə:ɪd
ði ə:ɪərn kjesmənt ɔ:bənd wə:ɪd
dɪd zɪt ən pul wi nɪmbəl twɪtʃ
(h)ər tə:mi stɪtʃ jʌŋ fəni dʒɛn

az ðər ʃi: zət ʃi: hiərd tu: blɔ:z
ənɒkt əpɒn ðə rʌmblən duər
ən lɛd əzə:ɪd (h)ər wə:rk ən rɔ:z
ən wɛ:kt əʊt fjeər əðə:ɪt ðə vluər
ən ðər əho:ldən ɪn (h)ɪz hən(d)
(h)ɪz brə:ɪdɔld mjeər ə ju:θ dɪd stən(d)
ən mə:ɪldli tuəld (h)ɪz njɛm ən(d) pljes
əvʊər ðə fjes ə fəni dʒɛn

hi: tuəld (h)ər ðət hi: həd ɒn hən(d)
zəm bɪznɪs ɒn (h)ɪz fɛ:ðərz zə:ɪd
bət (h)wɒt ʃi: dɪdən ʌndərstən(d)
ən zu: ʃi: ʌ:kst ən ɪf hi:d rə:ɪd
əʊt (h)wær (h)ər fɛ:ðər mɪd bi: və:ʊn(d)
bɪzə:ɪd ðə plə:u ɪn kə:ʊslɪp grə:ʊn(d)

An' there he went, but left his mind
Back there behind, wi' Fanny Deäne.

An' oh! his hwomeward road wer gay
In air a-blowèn, whiff by whiff,
While sheenèn water-weäves did play
An' boughs did swaÿ above the cliff;
Vor Time had now a-show'd en dim
The jaÿ it had in store vor him;
An' when he went thik road ageän
His errand then wer Fanny Deäne.

shining

him

joy

that

How strangely things be brought about
By Providence, noo tongue can tell,
She minded house, when vo'k wer out,
An' zoo mus' bid the house farewell;
The bees mid hum, the clock mid call
The lwonesome hours 'ithin the hall,
But in behind the woaken door,
There's now noo mwore a Fanny Deäne.

folk

so

may

oak

ən ðær hi: wɛnt bət lɛft (h)ɪz mə:m(d)
bak ðær bihə:m(d) wi fəni dʒɛn

ən ɔ: (h)ɪz huəmwərd rɔ:d wər gæɪ
ɪn æɪr əblo:ən (h)wɪf b(ə:ɪ) (h)wɪf
(h)wɛ:l ʃi:nən wɔ:tərweɪvz dɪd plæɪ
ən bə:uz dɪd swæɪ əbʌv ðə klɪf
vər tɛ:m had nə:u əʃo:d ən dɪm
ðə dʒæɪ ɪt had ɪn stuər vər hɪm
ən (h)wɛn ə wɛnt ðɪk rɔ:d əgʒɛn
(h)ɪz ɛrən(d) ðɛn wər fəni dʒɛn

hə:u strændʒli ðɪŋz bi: brɔ:t əbə:ut
b(ə:ɪ) prɒvɪdəns nu: tʌŋ kən tɛl
ʃi: mə:ɪndɪd hə:us (h)wɛn vɔ:k wər ə:ut
ən zu: mʌs bɪd ðə hə:us fɛərwɛl
ðə bi:z mɪd hʌm ðə klɒk mɪd ka:l
ðə luənsəm ə:uərz ɪðm ðə ha:l
bət ɪn bihə:m(d) ðə (w)uəkən duər
ðərz nə:u nu: muər ə fəni dʒɛn

THE LOVELY MAÏD OV ELWELL MEÄD



A MAÏD wi' many gifts o' greäce,
A maïd wi' ever-smilèn feäce,
A child o' yours my chilhood's pleäce,
 O leänèn lawns ov Allen;
'S a-walkèn where your stream do flow,
A-blushèn where your flowers do blow,
A-smilèn where your zun do glow,
 O leänèn lawns ov Allen.
 An' good, however good's a-waïgh'd,
 'S the lovely maïd ov Elwell Meäd.

bloom

judged (weighed)

An' oh! if I could teäme an' guide
The winds above the e'th, an' ride
As light as shootèn stars do glide,
 O leänèn lawns ov Allen,
To you I'd teäke my daily flight,
Drough dark'nèn äir in evenèn's light,
An' bid her every night "Good night,"
 O leänèn lawns ov Allen.
 Vor good, however good's a-waïgh'd,
 'S the lovely maïd ov Elwell Meäd.

tame

earth

through

An' when your hedges' slooes be blue,
By blackberries o' dark'nèn hue,
An' spiders' webs behung wi' dew,
 O leänèn lawns ov Allen,
Avore the winter äir's a-chill'd,
Avore your winter brook's a-vill'd,
Avore your zummer flow'rs be kill'd,
 O leänèn lawns ov Allen;
 I there would meet, in white array'd,
 The lovely maïd ov Elwell Meäd.

sloes

ðə lʌvli məɪd əv ɛlweɪ miəd

ə məɪd wi meni ɡɪfts ə ɡrʲes
ə məɪd wi ɛvərsmə:lən fʲes
ə tʃə:ɪl(d) ə ju(:)ərz mə:ɪ tʃə:ɪl(d)hʊdz plʲes
o: liənən lɛ:nz əv alən
z əwe:kən (h)wər jər stri:m də flo:
əblʌʃən (h)wər jər flə:uərz də blo:
əsmə:lən (h)wər jər zʌn də glo:
o: liənən lɛ:nz əv alən
ən ɡʊd hə:uevər ɡʊdz əwæɪd
z ðə lʌvli məɪd əv ɛlweɪ miəd

ən o: ɪf ə:ɪ kʊd tʃɛm ən ɡə:ɪd
ðə wɪn(d)z əbʌv ði ɛθ ən rə:ɪd
əz lə:ɪt əz ʃʊtən stɑ:rz də ɡlɔ:ɪd
o: liənən lɛ:nz əv alən
tə ju: ə:ɪd tʃɛk mə:ɪ de:li flə:ɪt
dru: dɑ:rkənən æɪr ɪn i:vmenz lə:ɪt
ən bɪd (h)ər ɛvri nə:ɪt ɡʊd nə:ɪt
o: liənən lɛ:nz əv alən
vər ɡʊd hə:uevər ɡʊdz əwæɪd
z ðə lʌvli məɪd əv ɛlweɪ miəd

ən (h)wen jər hɛdʒɪz slʊ:z bi: blu:
bi blakbərɪz ə dɑ:rkənən hju:
ən spɔ:ɪdərz webz bihʌŋ wi dju:
o: liənən lɛ:nz əv alən
əvuər ðə wɪntər æɪrz ətʃɪld
əvuər jər wɪntər brʊks əvɪld
əvuər jər zʌməɪ flə:uərz bi: kɪld
o: liənən lɛ:nz əv alən
ə:ɪ ðər wʊd mi(:)t ɪn (h)wɔ:ɪt ərəɪd
ðə lʌvli məɪd əv ɛlweɪ miəd

For when the zun, as birds do rise,
Do cast their sheādes vrom autum' skies,
A-sparklèn in her dewy eyes,

shadows

O leänèn lawns ov Allen;
Then all your mossy paths below
The trees, wi' leaves a-vallèn slow,
Like zinkèn fleäkes o' yollow snow,

falling

O leänèn lawns ov Allen,
Would be mwore teäkèn where there sträy'd
The lovely maïd ov Elwell Meäd.

var (h)wɛn ðə zʌn az bærdz də rəɪz
də kaɪst ðər ʃjɛdz vrəm ɔ:təm skəɪz
əspɑ:rkʌn m (h)ər dju:ɪ əɪz
o: liənən lɛɪnz əv alən
ðɛn aɪl jər mɒsi pɛ:ðz bɪlo:
ðə tri:z wi li:vz əva:lən slo:
lɪk zɪŋkən fljɛks ə jʌlər sno:
o: liənən lɛɪnz əv alən
wʊd bi: muər tʃɛkən (h)wər ðər stræɪd
ðə lʌvli mæɪd əv ɛlwɛl miəd

OUR FATHERS' WORKS



AH! I do think, as I do tread
Theäse path, wi' elms overhead,
A-climèn slowly up vrom Bridge,
By easy steps, to Broadwoak Ridge,
That all theäse roads that we do bruise
Wi' hosses' shoes, or heavy lwoods;
An' hedges' bands, where trees in row
Do rise an' grow aroun' the lands,
Be works that we've a-vound a-wrought
By our vorefathers' ceäre an' thought.

this

these

They clear'd the groun' vor grass to teäke
The pleäce that bore the bremble breäke,
An' drain'd the fen, where water spread,
A-lyèn dead, a beäne to men;
An' built the mill, where still the wheel
Do grind our meal, below the hill;
An' turn'd the bridge, wi' arch a-spread,
Below a road, vor us to tread.

bane

They vound a pleäce, where we mid seek
The gifts o' greäce vrom week to week;
An' built wi' stwone, upon the hill,
A tow'r we still do call our own;
With bells to use, an' meäke rejaïce,
Wi' giant vaïce, at our good news:
An' lifted stwones an' beams to keep
The räin an' cwold vrom us asleep.

might

Zoo now mid nwone ov us vorget
The pattern our vorefathers zet;

so, may

ə:uər fɛ:ðərz wɔ:ks

a: ə:ɪ də ðɪŋk əz ə:ɪ də trɛd
ðɪəs pɛ:θ wi ɛləmz ə:vərhed
əklɪmən slo:li ʌp vrəm brʌdʒ
b(ə:ɪ)ɪ i:zi stɛps tə bro:d(w)uək rʌdʒ
ðət a:l ðiəz rɔ:dʒ ðət wi: də bru:z
wi hɒsɪz ʃu:z ar hevi luədʒ
ən hedʒɪz bʌn(d)z (h)wər tri:z ɪn rɔ:
də rə:ɪz ən gro: ərə:un də lʌn(d)z
bi: wɔ:ks ðət wi:v əvə:un(d) ərə:t
b(ə:ɪ) ə:uər vuərfe:ðərz kjeər ən ðɔ:t

ðe: kliərd ðə grə:un vər gra:s tə tjɛk
ðə pljɛs ðət buər ðə brɛmbəl brjɛk
ən dræɪnd ðə fɛn (h)wər wɔ:tər spred
ələ:ən dɛd ə bjɛn tə mɛn
ən bɪlt ðə mɪl (h)wər stɪl ðə (h)wi:l
də grə:m(d) ə:uər mi:l bɪlo: ðə hɪl
ən tɔ:rnd ðə brʌdʒ wi a:rtʃ əspred
bɪlo: ə rɔ:d vər ʌs tə trɛd

ðe: və:un(d) ə pljɛs (h)wər wi: mɪd sɪk
ðə gɪfts ə grjɛs vrəm wi:k tə wi:k
ən bɪlt wi stuən əpɒn ðə hɪl
ə tə:uər wi: stɪl də ka:l ə:uər ɔ:n
wi(ð) bɛlz tə ju:z ən mjɛk rɪdʒæɪs
wi dʒə:ɪənt væɪs ət ə:uər gʊd nju:z
ən lɪftɪd stuənz ən bi:mz tə ki:p
ðə ræm ən kuəld vrəm ʌs əsli:p

zu: nə:u mɪd nuən əv ʌs varget
ðə patərn ə:uər vuərfe:ðərz zɛt

But each be fäin to underteäke
Some work to meäke vor others' gäin,
'That we mid läve mwore good to sheäre,
Less ills to bear, less souls to grieve,
An' when our hands do vall to rest,
It mid be vrom a work a-blest.

may

bæt i:tʃ bi: fæm tu ʌndərtjek
səm wɜ:k tə mjek vɜr ʌðərz gæm
ðæt wi: mɪd liəv muər gud tə ʃjɛər
les ɪlz tə beər les so:lz tə gri:v
ən (h)wen ə:uər han(d)z də va:l tə rest
ɪt mɪd bi: vrəm ə wɜ:k əblest



THE WOLD VO'K DEAD

old folk

MY days, wi' wold vo'k all but gone,
 An' childern now a-comèn on,
 Do bring me still my mother's smiles
 In light that now do show my chile's;
 An' I've a-sheär'd the wold vo'ks' me'th,
 Avore the burnèn Chris'mas he'th,
 At friendly bboards, where feäce by feäce,
 Did, year by year, gi'e up its pleäce,
 An' leäve me here, behind, to tread
 The ground a-trod by wold vo'k dead.

*shared, mirth
 hearth
 tables
 give*

But wold things be a-lost vor new,
 An' zome do come, while zome do goo:
 As wither'd beech-tree leaves do cling
 Among the nesh young buds o' Spring;
 An' frettèn worms ha' slowly wound,
 Droo beams the wold vo'k lifted sound,
 An' trees they planted little slips
 Ha' stems that noo two eärms can clips;
 An' grey an' yollow moss do spread
 On buildèns new to wold vo'k dead.

*soft
 gnawing
 through
 trunks, arms, encircle*

The backs of all our zilv'ry hills,
 The brook that still do dreve our mills,
 The roads a-climèn up the brows
 O' knaps, a-screen'd by meäple boughs,
 Wer all a-mark'd in sheäde an' light
 Avore our wolder fathers' zight,
 In zunny days, a-gied their hands
 For happy work, a-tillèn lands,
 That now do yield their childern bread
 Till they do rest wi' wold vo'k dead.

*drive
 billocks
 gave*

ðə (w)uəld vo:k dɛd

mə:ɪ de:z wi (w)uəld vo:k a:l bət ɡʊn
ən tʃɪldərn nə:u əkʌmən ɒn
də brɪŋ mi: stɪl mə:ɪ mʌðərz smə:ɪlz
ɪn læ:ɪt ðæt nə:u də ʃo: mə:ɪ tʃə:ɪlz
ən ə:ɪv əʃjeərd ðə (w)uəld vo:ks mɛθ
əvuər ðə bæ:rnən krɪsməs heθ
ət frɛn(d)li buərdz (h)wər fjes b(ə:ɪ) fjes
dɪd jɪər b(ə:ɪ) jɪər gi: ʌp ɪts pljes
ən liəv mi: hiər bihə:m(d) tə tɹɛd
ðə ɡrə:ʊn(d) ətrɒd b(ə:ɪ) (w)uəld vo:k dɛd

bət (w)uəld ðɪŋz bi: əlɒst vər nju:
ən zʌm də kʌm (h)wə:ɪl zʌm də gu:
az wɪðərd bi:tʃtri: li:vz də klɪŋ
əmɒŋ ðə ne:ʃ jʌŋ bʌdz ə sprɪŋ
ən frɛtən wə:rmz hə slə:li wə:ʊnd
dru: bi:mz ðə (w)uəld vo:k lɪftɪd sə:ʊnd
ən tri:z ðe: plɛ:ntɪd lɪtəl slɪps
hə stɛmz ðæt nu: tu: jə:rmz kən klɪps
ən ɡre: ən jʌlər mɒs də sprɛd
ɒn bɪldənz nju: tə (w)uəld vo:k dɛd

ðə baks əv a:l ə:uər zɪlvri hɪlz
ðə brʊk ðæt stɪl də dre:v ə:uər mɪlz
ðə ro:dz əklɪmən ʌp ðə brə:ʊz
ə naps əskri:nd b(ə:ɪ) mje:pəl bæ:ʊz
wər a:l əmɑ:kt ɪn fjed ən læ:ɪt
əvuər ə:uər (w)uəldər fe:ðərz zə:ɪt
ɪn zʌni de:z əgi:d ðər han(d)z
vər hapi wə:rk ətɪlən lən(d)z
ðæt nə:u də ji:l(d) ðər tʃɪldərn brɛd
tɪl ðe: də rɛst wi (w)uəld vo:k dɛd

But livèn vo'k, a-grievèn on,
 Wi' lwonesome love, vor souls a-gone,
 Do zee their goodness, but do vind
 All else a-stealèn out o' mind;
 As àir do meäke the vurthest land
 Look feäirer than the vield at hand,
 An' zoo, as time do slowly pass,
 So still's a sheäde upon the grass,
 Its wid'nèn speäce do slowly shed
 A glory roun' the wold vo'k dead.

*so
 quietly, shadow*

An' what if good vo'ks' life o' breath
 Is zoo a-hallow'd after death,
 That they mid only know above,
 Their times o' faïth, an' jaÿ, an' love,
 While all the evil time ha' brought
 'S a-lost vor ever out o' thought;
 As all the moon that idden bright,
 'S a-lost in darkness out o' zight;
 And all the godly life they led
 Is glory to the wold vo'k dead.

may

isn't

If things be zoo, an' souls above
 Can only mind our e'thly love,
 Why then they'll veel our kindness drown
 The thoughts ov all that meäde em frown.
 An' jaÿ o' jaÿs will dry the tear
 O' sadness that do trickle here,
 An' nothèn mwore o' life than love,
 An' peace, will then be know'd above.
 Do good, vor that, when life's a-vled,
 Is still a pleasure to the dead.

earthly

joy of joys

flown by

bæt livæn vo:k ægrivæn ɒn
wi luənsəm lʌv vər so:lz əɡɒn
də zi: ðər ɡʊdnɪs bæt də və:mnd
a:l els æstɪ:lən əʊt ə mə:mnd
az ær də mjæk ðə vərɹɪst lʌn(d)
lʊk fʃeərər ðən ðə vi:l(d) ət han(d)
ən zu: əz tə:m də slo:li pa:s
sə stɪlz ə ʃʃed əpɒn ðə gra:s
ɪts wə:ɪdnən spjes də slo:li ʃed
ə ɡluəri rə:un ðə (w)uəld vo:k dɛd

ən (h)wɒt ɪf ɡʊd vo:ks lə:ɪf ə brɛθ
ɪz zu: əhalərd ɛ:tər dɛθ
ðæt ðe: mɪd ɔ:nli no: əbʌv
ðər tə:mz ə fæɪθ ən dʒæɪ ən lʌv
(h)wə:ɪl a:l ði i:vəl tə:m hæ brɔ:t
s əlbɒst vər evər əʊt ə ðɔ:t
az a:l ðə mu:n ðæt ɪdən brɛ:ɪt
s əlbɒst ɪn da:knɪs əʊt ə zɛ:ɪt
ən(d) a:l ðə ɡʊdli lə:ɪf ðe: lɛd
ɪz ɡluəri tə ðə (w)uəld vo:k dɛd

ɪf ðɪŋz bi: zu: ən so:lz əbʌv
kən ɔ:nli mə:m(d) əʊər ɛθli lʌv
(h)wə:ɪ ðen ðe:ɪ vi:l əʊər kə:ɪndnɪs drə:un
ðə ðɔ:ts əv a:l ðæt mjed əm frə:un
ən dʒæɪ ə dʒæɪz wɪl drə:ɪ ðə tiər
ə sadnɪs ðæt də trɪkəl hiər
ən nʌθən muər ə lə:ɪf ðən lʌv
ən pi:s wɪl ðen bi: no:d əbʌv
du: ɡʊd vər ðæt (h)wen lə:ɪfs əvlɛd
ɪz stɪl ə plezər tə ðə dɛd

CULVER DELL AND THE SQUIRE



THERE'S noo pleâce I do like so well,
As Elem Knap in Culver Dell,
Where timber trees, wi' lofty shouds,
Did rise avore the western clouds;
An' stan' ageän, wi' veathery tops,
A-swayèn up in North-Hill Copse.
An' on the east the mornèn broke
Above a dewy grove o' woak:
An' noontide shed its burnèn light
On ashes on the southern height;
An' I could vind zome teäles to tell,
O' former days in Culver Dell.

canopies

oak

An' all the vo'k did love so well
The good wold squire o' Culver Dell,
That used to ramble drough the sheädes
O' timber, or the burnèn gleädes,
An' come at evenèn up the leäze
Wi' red-ear'd dogs beside his knees,
An' hold his gun, a-hangèn drough
His eärmpit, out above his tooe.
Wi' kindly words upon his tongue,
Vor vo'k that met en, wold an' young,
Vor he did know the poor so well
'S the richest vo'k in Culver Dell.

folk

old

through

meadow

armpit, toe

him

An' while the woäk, wi' spreadèn head,
Did sheäde the foxes' verny bed;
An' runnèn heäres, in zunny gleädes,
Did beät the grasses' quiv'rèn' bleädes;
An' speckled pa'tridges took flight
In stubble vields a-feädèn white;

ferny

kalvər dɛl ən(d) ðə skwə:rər

ðərz nu: pljɛs əɪ də ləɪk sə wɛl
əz ɛləm nap ɪn kalvər dɛl
(h)wər tɪmbər tri:z wi lɒfti ʃə:udz
dɪd rəɪz əvuər ðə wɛstərn klə:udz
ən stan əgʃən wi vɛðri tɒps
əswærən ʌp ɪn nʊθɪl kɒps
ən ɒn ði i:st ðə mə:rən brɔ:k
əbʌv ə dʒu:ɪ grə:v ə (w)uək
ən nu:ntəɪd ʃɛd ɪts bə:rənən ləɪt
ɒn əfɪz ɒn ðə slðərn hæɪt
ən əɪ kud və:m(d) zəm tʃɛlz tə tɛl
ə fɑ:mər de:z ɪn kalvər dɛl

ən aɪ ðə vɔ:k dɪd ʌv sə wɛl
ðə gud (w)uəld skwə:rər ə kalvər dɛl
ðət ju:st tə rambəl dru: ðə ʃjɛdz
ə tɪmbər ər ðə bə:rənən gljɛdz
ən kʌm ət i:vənən ʌp ðə liəz
wi rɛdiərd dɒgz bɪzəɪd (h)ɪz ni:z
ən huəld (h)ɪz ɡʌn əhənən dru:
(h)ɪz yɑ:mpɪt əʊt əbʌv (h)ɪz tu:
wi kə:m(d)li wə:rdz əpɒn (h)ɪz tʌŋ
vər vɔ:k ðət mɛt ən (w)uəld ən jʌŋ
vər hi: dɪd nɔ: ðə pu(ː)ər sə wɛl
z ðə rɪtʃɪst vɔ:k ɪn kalvər dɛl

ən (h)wə:ɪl ðə (w)uək wi sprɛdən hɛd
dɪd ʃjɛd ðə fɒksɪz və:rni bɛd
ən rʌnən hjɛərz ɪn zʌni gljɛdz
dɪd biət ðə grɑ:sɪz kwɪvrən bljɛdz
ən spɛkəld pɛ:trɪdʒɪz tʊk fləɪt
ɪn stʌbəl vi:l(d)z əfjɛdən (h)wə:ɪt

Or he could zee the pheasant strut
 In sheädy woods, wi' päinted cwoat;
 Or long-tongued dogs did love to run
 Among the leaves, beside his gun;
 We didden want vor call to dwell
 At hwome in peace in Culver Dell.

didn't

But now I hope his kindly feäce
 Is gone to vind a better pleäce;
 But still, wi' vo'k a-left behind
 He'll always be a-kept in mind,
 Vor all his springy-vooted hounds
 Ha' done o' trottèn round his grounds,
 An' we have all a-left the spot,
 To teäke, a-scatter'd, each his lot;
 An' even Father, lik' the rest,
 Ha' left our long vorseäken nest;
 An' we should vind it sad to dwell,
 Ageän at hwome in Culver Dell.

The äiry mornèns still mid smite
 Our windows wi' their rwozy light,
 An' high-zunn'd noons mid dry the dew
 On growèn groun' below our shoe;
 The blushèn evenèn still mid dye,
 Wi' viry red, the western sky;
 The zunny spring-time's quicknèn power
 Mid come to oben leaf an' flower;
 An' days an' tides mid bring us on
 Woone pleasure when another's gone.
 But we must bid a long farewell
 To days an' tides in Culver Dell.

may

fiery

one

ar hi: kʊd zi: ðə fɛzənt stræt
in ʃjɛdi wʊdz wi pæɪntɪd kuət
ar lɒŋtʌŋd dɒgz dɪd lʌv tə rʌn
əməŋ ðə li:vz bɪzə:ɪd (h)ɪz ɡʌn
wi: dɪdən wɒnt vər kaɪl tə dwɛl
ət huəm ɪn pi:s ɪn kʌlvər dɛl

bət nə:u ə:ɪ ho:p (h)ɪz kə:m(d)li fʃɛs
ɪz ɡɒn tə və:m(d) ə bɛtər plʃɛs
bət stɪl wi vɔ:k əlɛft bihə:m(d)
hi:l aɪlwe:z bi: əkɛpt ɪn mə:m(d)
vər aɪl (h)ɪz sprɪŋɪvʊtɪd hə:un(d)z
hə dʌn ə trɒtən rə:un(d) (h)ɪz ɡrə:un(d)z
ən wi: həv aɪl əlɛft ðə spɒt
tə tʃɛk əskatərd i:tʃ (h)ɪz lɒt
ən i:vən fɛ:ðər lɪk ðə rɛst
hə lɛft ə:uər lɒŋ vɑ:sjɛkən nɛst
ən wi: ʃʊd və:m(d) ɪt sɑd tə dwɛl
əɡjɛn ət huəm ɪn kʌlvər dɛl

ði æɪri ma:ɪnənz stɪl mɪd smə:ɪt
ə:uər wɪndərz wi ðər ruəzi lə:ɪt
ən hə:ɪzlənd nu:nz mɪd drə:ɪ ðə dʒu:
ɒn ɡrə:ən ɡrə:un bɪlɔ: ə:uər ʃu:
ðə blɑ:fən i:vɪmən stɪl mɪd də:ɪ
wi və:ɪəri rɛd ðə wɛstərn skə:ɪ
ðə zʌni sprɪŋtə:ɪmz kwɪknən pə:uər
mɪd kʌm tu ɔ:bən li:f ən flə:uər
ən de:z ən tə:ɪdz mɪd brɪŋ əs ɒn
(w)u:n plɛzər (h)wɛn ənʌðərz ɡɒn
bət wi: məst bɪd ə lɒŋ fʃɛərweɪl
tə de:z ən tə:ɪdz ɪn kʌlvər dɛl



OUR BE"THPLACE

birthplace

How dear's the door a latch do shut,
 An' geärden that a hatch do shut,
 Where vu'st our bloomèn cheäks ha' prest
 'The pillor ov our childhood's rest;
 Or where, wi' little tooes, we wore
 The paths our fathers trod avore;
 Or clim'd the timber's bark aloft,
 Below the zingèn lark aloft,
 The while we heärd the echo sound
 Drough all the ringèn valley round.

*wicket-gate
 first*

toes

through

A lwonesome grove o' woak did rise,
 To screen our house, where smoke did rise,
 A-twistèn blue, while yeet the zun
 Did langthen on our childhood's fun;
 An' there, wi' all the sheäpes an' sounds
 O' life, among the timber'd grounds,
 The birds upon their boughs did zing,
 An' milkmaids by their cows did zing,
 Wi' merry sounds, that softly died,
 A-ringèn down the valley zide.

oak

yet

By river banks, wi' reeds a-bound,
 An' sheenèn pools, wi' weeds a-bound,
 The long-neck'd gander's ruddy bill
 To snow-white geese did cackle sh'ill;
 An' stridèn peewits heästen'd by,
 O' tiptooe wi' their screamèn cry;
 An' stalkèn cows a-lowèn loud,
 An' struttèn cocks a-crowèn loud,
 Did rouse the echoes up to mock
 Their mingled sounds by hill an' rock.

shining

loudly

mimic

ə:uər bəθpljes

hə:u diərz ðə duər ə latʃ də ʃʌt
ən gja:rdən ðət ə hatʃ də ʃʌt
(h)wər vʌst ə:uər blu:mən tʃiəks hə prest
ðə pɪlər əv ə:uər tʃə:ɪl(d)hʊdz rɛst
ar (h)wər wi lɪtəl tu:z wi: wuər
ðə pɛ:ðz ə:uər fɛ:ðərz trɒd əvuər
ar klɪmd ðə tɪmbərz bɑ:rk əlɒft
bɪlo: ðə zɪŋən lɑ:rk əlɒft
ðə (h)wə:ɪl wi: hiərd ði ɛko: sə:un(d)
dru: aɪ ðə rɪŋən vali rə:un(d)

ə luənsəm grə:v ə (w)uək dɪd rə:ɪz
tə skri:n ə:uər hə:us (h)wər smɔ:k dɪd rə:ɪz
ətwaɪstən blu: (h)wə:ɪl (j)i:t ðə zʌn
dɪd ləŋθən ɒn ə:uər tʃə:ɪl(d)hʊdz fʌn
ən ðər wi aɪ ðə ʃjeps ən sə:un(d)z
ə lə:ɪf əmʊŋ ðə tɪmbərd grə:un(d)z
ðə bə:rdz əpɒn ðər bə:uz dɪd zɪŋ
ən mɪlkmæɪdz b(ə:)ɪ ðər kə:uz dɪd zɪŋ
wi mɛrɪ sə:un(d)z ðət sɒf(t)li də:ɪd
ərɪŋən də:un ðə vali zə:ɪd

b(ə:)ɪ rɪvər bɑŋks wi rɪ:dz əbə:un(d)
ən ʃɪ:nən pu:lz wi wɪ:dz əbə:un(d)
ðə lɒŋnekt gændərz rʌdi bɪl
tə snə:(h)wə:ɪt gi:s dɪd kəkəl ʃɪl
ən strə:ɪdən pi:wɪts hjesənd bə:ɪ
ə tɪptu: wi ðər skri:mən krə:ɪ
ən stɛ:kən kə:uz əlo:ən lə:ud
ən stratən kɒks əkrə:ən lə:ud
dɪd rə:uz ði ɛko:z ʌp tə mɒk
ðər mɪŋgəld sə:un(d)z b(ə:)ɪ hɪl ən rɒk

The stars that clim'd our skies all dark,
Above our sleepèn eyes all dark,
An' zuns a-rollèn round to bring
The seasons on, vrom Spring to Spring,
Ha' vled, wi' never-restèn flight,
Drough green-bough'd day, an' dark-tree'd night;
Till now our childhood's pleäces there,
Be gay wi' other feäces there,
An' we ourselves do vollow on
Our own vorelivers dead an' gone.

*flown
through*

ancestors

ðə stɑːrɪz ðæt klɪmd əːuər skəːɪz aɪl daːrk
əbʌv əːuər sliːpən əːɪz aɪl daːrk
ən zʌnz ərəːlən rəːun(d) tə brɪŋ
ðə siːzənɪz ɒn vrəm sprɪŋ tə sprɪŋ
hə vləd wi nəvər rɛstən fləːɪt
druː grɪːnbəːud deː ən daːrktriːd nəːɪt
tɪl nəu əːuər tʃəːɪl(d)hʊdz plʃəsɪz ðər
biː gæɪ wi ʌðər fʃəsɪz ðər
ən wiː əːuərɪz də vɒli ɒn
əːuər ɒn vuərlɪvərz dæd ən gɒn

THE WINDOW FREÄM'D WI' STWONE



WHEN Pentridge House wer still the nest
O' souls that now ha' better rest,
Avore the viër burnt to ground
His beams an' walls, that then wer sound,
'Tthin a nail-bestudded door,
An' passage wi' a stwonèn vloor,
There spread the hall, where zun-light shone
In drough a window freäm'd wi' stwone.

fire

stone

through

A clavy-beam o' sheenèn woak
Did span the he'th wi' twistèn smoke,
Where fleämes did shoot in yollow streaks,
Above the brands, their flashèn peaks;
An' aunt did pull, as she did stand
O'-tip-tooe, wi' her lifted hand,
A curtain feäded wi' the zun,
Avore the window freäm'd wi' stwone.

*mantlepiece, shining oak
hearth*

When Hwome-ground grass, below the moon,
Wer damp wi' evenèn dew in June,
An' aunt did call the maïdens in
Vrom walkèn, wi' their shoes too thin,
They zot to rest their litty veet
Upon the window's woaken seat,
An' chatted there, in light that shone
In drough the window freäm'd wi' stwone.

home-field

*sat, light
oak*

An' as the seasons, in a ring,
Roll'd slowly roun' vrom Spring to Spring,
An' brought em on zome holy-tide,
When they did cast their tools azide;

ðə windər frjɛmd wi stuən

(h)wɛn pɛntrɪdʒ hæ:ʊs wər stɪl ðə nɛst
ə soɪlz ðæt nə:ʊ hɑ bɛtər rɛst
əvuər ðə vɛɪər bɛ:rnt tə grə:ʊn(d)
(h)ɪz bi:mz ən waɪlz ðæt ðɛn wər sɛ:ʊn(d)
ɪðm ə nəɪlbɪstɑdɪd duər
ən pasɪdʒ wi ə stuənən vluər
ðər sprɛd ðə haɪl (h)wər zʌnlə:ɪt ʃɒn
ɪn dru: ə windər frjɛmd wi stuən

ə klavɪbi:m ə ʃɪnən (w)uək
dɪd spæn ðə hɛθ wi twɪstən smɔ:k
(h)wər fljɛmz dɪd ʃʊt ɪn ʒələr stri:kz
əbʌv ðə bræn(d)z ðər flɑʃən pi:kz
ən ɛ:nt dɪd pʊl əz ʃi: dɪd stæn(d)
ətɪptu: wi (h)ər lɪftɪd hæn(d)
ə kɛ:rtən fjɛdɪd wi ðə zʌn
əvuər ðə windər frjɛmd wi stuən

(h)wɛn huəmgrə:ʊn(d) grɑ:s bɪlɔ: ðə mu:n
wər dæmp wi i:vɪmən dʒu: ɪn dʒu:n
ən ɛ:nt dɪd kaɪl ðə mæɪdɛnz ɪn
vrəm wɛ:kən wi ðər ʃu:z tu: ðɪn
ðe: zɑt tə rɛst ðər lɪti vɪt
əpɒn ðə windərz (w)uəkən si:t
ən tʃætɪd ðər ɪn lə:ɪt ðæt ʃɒn
ɪn dru: ðə windər frjɛmd wi stuən

ən əz ðə si:zənz ɪn ə rɪŋ
rɔ:ld slɔ:li rə:ʊn vrəm sprɪŋ tə sprɪŋ
ən brɔ:t əm ɒn zʌm ho:lɪtə:ɪd
(h)wɛn ðe: dɪd ka:st ðər tu:lz əzə:ɪd

How glad it meäde em all to spy
In Stwonylands their friends draw nigh,
As they did know em all by neäme
Out drough the window's stwonèn freäme.

stone

O evenèn zun, a-ridèn drough
The sky, vrom Sh'oton Hill o' blue,
To leäve the night a-broodèn dark
At Stalbridge, wi' its grey-wall'd park;
Small jaÿ to me the vields do bring,
Vor all their zummer birds do zing,
Since now thy beams noo mwore do fleäme
In drough the window's stwonèn freäme.

joy

hə:u gləd ɪt mjəd əm a:l tə spə:ɪ
ɪn stuənɪlən(d)z ðər frɛn(d)z drɛ: nə:ɪ
əz ðe: dɪd nɔ: əm a:l b(ə:ɪ)ɪ njɛm
ə:ʊt dru: ðə wɪndərz stuənən frjɛm

o: i:vɪmən zʌn ərə:ɪdən dru:
ðə skə:ɪ vrəm ʃʊdən hɪl ə blu:
tə liəv ðə nə:ɪt əbru:ɪdən da:rk
ət stɛ:brʌdʒ wi ɪts gre:wə:ld pa:rk
smə:l dʒæ:ɪ tə mi: ðə vi:l(d)z də brɪŋ
vər a:l ðər zʌmər bə:rdz də zɪŋ
sɪns nə:u ðə:ɪ bi:mz nu: muər də fljɛm
ɪn dru: ðə wɪndərz stuənən frjɛm

THE WATER-SPRING IN THE LEÄNE



OH! aye! the spring 'ithin the leäne,
A-leäden down to Lyddan Brook;
An' still a-nesslèn in his nook,
As weeks do pass, an' moons do weäne.

wane

Nwone the drier,
Nwone the higher,
Nwone the nigher to the door
Where we did live so long avore.

An' oh! what vo'k his mossy brim
Ha' gathered in the run o' time!
The wife a-blushèn in her prime;
The widow wi' her eyezight dim;

folk

Maïdens dippèn,
Childern sippèn,
Water drippèn, at the cool
Dark wallèn ov the little pool.

walls

Behind the spring do lie the lands
My father till'd, vrom Spring to Spring,
Awäitèn on vor time to bring
The crops to päy his weary hands.

Wheat a-growèn,
Beäns a-blowèn,
Grass vor mowèn, where the bridge
Do leäd to Ryall's on the ridge.

But who do know when liv'd an' died
The squier o' the mwoldrèn hall;
That lined en wi' a stwonèn wall,
An' steän'd so cleän his wat'ry zide?

mouldering

it, stone

paved with stone

ðə wɔ:tərsprɪŋ ɪn ðə lʃən

o: æɪ ðə sprɪŋ ɪðm ðə lʃən
əliədən də:ʊn tə lɪdən brʊk
ən stɪl əneslən ɪn (h)ɪz nʊk
əz wi(:)ks də pa:s ən mu:nz də wʃən
nuən ðə drə:ɪər
nuən ðə hæ:ɪər
nuən ðə nə:ɪər tə ðə duər
(h)wər wi: dɪd lɪv sə lɒŋ əvuər

ən o: (h)wɒt vɔ:k (h)ɪz mɒsi brɪm
hə gəðəd ɪn ðə rʌn ə tə:ɪm
ðə wə:ɪf əblʌʃən ɪn (h)ər prə:ɪm
ðə wɪdər wi (h)ər ə:ɪzə:ɪt dɪm
mæɪdənz dɪpən
tʃɪldərn sɪpən
wɔ:tər drɪpən ət ðə ku:l
dɑ:rk wa:lən əv ðə lɪtəl pu:l

bɪhə:m(d) ðə sprɪŋ də læɪ ðə lan(d)z
məɪ fɛ:ðər tɪld vrəm sprɪŋ tə sprɪŋ
əwæɪtən ɒn vər tə:ɪm tə brɪŋ
ðə krɒps tə pæɪ (h)ɪz wɪəri han(d)z
(h)wɪ:t əgro:ən
biənz əblo:ən
grɑ:s vər mo:ən (h)wər ðə brʌdʒ
də liəd tə rə:ɪa:lz ɒn ðə rʌdʒ

bət hu: də nɔ: (h)wen lɪvd ən də:ɪd
ðə skwə:ɪər ə ðə muəldrən ha:l
ðət læ:ɪnd ən wi ə stuənən wa:l
ən stɪənd sə klɪən (h)ɪz wɔ:tri zə:ɪd

We behind en,
Now can't vind en,
But do mind en, an' do thank
His meäker vor his little tank.

him
it
remember

wi: bihə:m(d) ən
nə:u kɛ:nt və:m(d) ən
bʌt də mə:m(d) ən ən də θaŋk
(h)ɪz mɪjəkər vər (h)ɪz lɪtəl taŋk

THE POPLARS



If theäse day's work an' burnèn sky
'V'a-zent hwome you so tired as I,
Let's zit an' rest 'ithin the screen
O' my wold bow'r upon the green;
Where I do goo myself an' let
The evenèn aiër cool my het,
When dew do wet the grasses bleädes,
A-quiv'rèn in the dusky sheädes.

this

old

beat

There yonder poplar trees do play
Soft music, as their heads do swaÿ,
While wind, a-rustlèn soft or loud,
Do stream ageän their lofty sh'oud;
An' seem to heal the ranklèn zore
My mind do meet wi' out o' door,
When I've a-bore, in downcast mood,
Zome evil where I look'd vor good.

canopy

O' they two poplars that do rise
So high avore our naìghbours' eyes,
A-zet by gramfer, hand by hand,
Wi' grammer, in their bit o' land;
The woone upon the western zide
Wer his, an' woone wer grammer's pride,
An' since they died, we all do teäke
Mwore ceäre o'm vor the wold vo'k's seäke.

Grandpa

Grandma

one

of them, old folk's

An' there, wi' stems a-growèn tall
Avore the houses mossy wall,
The while the moon ha' slowly past
The leafy window, they've a-cast

trunks

ðə pɒplərz

ɪf ðiəs deɪz wɜːk ən bɜːnən skəɪ
v əzent huəm juː sə təːərd əz əɪ
lets zɪt ən rɛst ɪðm ðə skriːn
ə məɪ (w)uəld bɜːuər əpɒn ðə grɪn
(h)wɜː əɪ də guː məːɪzɪf ən lɛt
ði iːvmən ærɪər kuːl məɪ hɛt
(h)wɛn djuː də wɛt ðə grɑːsɪz blɛdʒ
əkwaɪvrən ɪn ðə dɪski ʃjɛdz

ðər ʃændər pɒplər triːz də plæɪ
sɒft mjuːzɪk əz ðər hɛdz də swæɪ
(h)wɜːl wɪn(d) ərəslən sɒft ər ləʊd
də striːm əgʃən ðər lɒftɪ ʃəʊd
ən si(:)m tə hiːl ðə ræŋklən zuər
məɪ məːm(d) də mi(:)t wi əʊt ə duər
(h)wɛn əɪv əbuər ɪn dəʊnkɑːst mʊd
zɪm iːvəl (h)wɜː əɪ lʊkt vər gʊd

oː ðeː tuː pɒplərz ðæt də rəɪz
sə həɪ əvuər əːuər næɪbɜːz əɪz
əzɛt b(əː)ɪ græmfər hæn(d) b(əː)ɪ hæn(d)
wi græmər ɪn ðər bɪt ə læn(d)
ðə (w)uːn əpɒn ðə wɛstərn zəɪd
wɜːr (h)ɪz ən (w)uːn wɜːr græmɜːz prəɪd
ən sɪns ðeː dəɪd wiː aːl də tjɛk
muər kjɛər oːm vər ðə (w)uəld vɔːks sjɛk

ən ðər wi stɛmz əgroːən taːl
əvuər ðə həːusɪz mʊsi wɑːl
ðə (h)wɜːl ðə muːn hə sləʊli pɑːst
ðə liːfi wɪndər ðeːv əkɑːst

‘Their sheädes ’ithin the window peäne;
While childern have a-grown to men,
An’ then ageän ha’ left their beds,
To bear their childern’s heavy heads.

shadows

ðær ʃjɛdz iðm ðə wɪndər pjɛn
(h)wɛ:l tʃɪldərn həv əgro:n tə mɛn
ən ðɛn əgjɛn hə lɛft ðær bɛdz
tə bɛər ðær tʃɪldərnz həvi hɛdz



THE LINDEN ON THE LAWN

lime-tree

No! Jenny, there's noo pleäce to charm
 My mind lik' yours at Woakland farm,
 A-peärted vrom the busy town,
 By longsöme miles ov äiry down,
 Where woonce the meshy wall did gird
 Your flow'ry geärden, an' the bird
 Did zing in zummer wind that stirr'd
 The spreädèn linden on the lawn.

separated

once, mossy

An' now ov all the trees wi' sheädes
 A-wheelèn round in Blackmwore gleädes,
 There's noo tall poplar by the brook,
 Nor elem that do rock the rook,
 Nor ash upon the shelvèn ledge,
 Nor low-bough'd woak beside the hedge,
 Nor withy up above the zedge,
 So dear's thik linden on the lawn.

shadows

sloping

oak

willow

that

Vor there, o' zummer nights, below
 The wall, we zot when äir did blow,
 An' sheäke the dewy rwose a-tied
 Up roun' the window's stwonèn zide.
 An' while the carter rod' along
 A-zingèn, down the dusky drong,
 There you did zing a sweeter zong
 Below the linden on the lawn.

sat

stone

rode

lane

An' while your warbled ditty wound
 Drough playsöme flights o' mellow sound,
 The nightèngeäle's sh'ill zong, that broke
 The stillness ov the dewy woak,

through

melodious

oak

ðə lɪndən ɒn ðə leɪn

nə: dʒeni ðərz nu: pljes tə tʃa:rm
mə:ɪ mə:m(d) lɪk ju:(i)ərz ət (w)uəklən(d) fa:rm
əpja:rtɪd vrəm ðə bɪzi tə:un
b(ə:ɪ) lɒŋsəm mə:ɪlz əv æri də:un
(h)wər (w)u:ns ðə me:ʃi waɪl dɪd gə:rd
jər flə:uri gja:rdən ən ðə bə:rd
dɪd zɪŋ ɪn zʌməɪ wɪn(d) ðət stə:rd
ðə spredən lɪndən ɒn ðə leɪn

ən nə:u əv aɪ ðə tri:z wi ʃjedz
ə(h)wi:lən rə:un(d) ɪn blakmuər gljedz
ðərz nu: taɪl pɒplər b(ə:ɪ) ðə brʊk
nər eləm ðət də rɒk ðə rʊk
nər əʃ əpɒn ðə ʃelvən ledz
nər lɔ:bə:ud (w)uək bɪzə:ɪd ðə hedz
nər wɪði ʌp əbʌv ðə zedz
sə diərz ðɪk lɪndən ɒn ðə leɪn

var ðər ə zʌməɪ nə:ɪts bɪlo:
ðə waɪl wi: zət (h)wen ær dɪd blo:
ən ʃjek ðə dʒu:ɪ ruəz ətə:ɪd
ʌp rə:un ðə wɪndərz stuənən zə:ɪd
ən (h)wə:ɪl ðə kɑ:rtər rɒd əlɒŋ
əzɪŋən də:un ðə dʌski drɒŋ
ðər ju: dɪd zɪŋ ə swi:(i)tər zɒŋ
bɪlo: ðə lɪndən ɒn ðə leɪn

ən (h)wə:ɪl jər waɪrbəld dɪti wə:un(d)
dru: plæɪsəm flə:ɪts ə melər sə:un(d)
ðə nə:ɪtəŋgjelz ʃɪl zɒŋ ðət brɒ:k
ðə stɪlnɪs əv ðə dʒu:ɪ (w)uək

Rung clear along the grove, an' smote
To sudden stillness ev'ry droat;
As we did zit, an' hear it float
Below the linden on the lawn.

throat

Where dusky light did softly vall
'Ithin the stwonèn-window'd hall,
Avore your father's blinkèn eyes,
His evenèn whiff o' smoke did rise,
An' vrom the bedroom window's height
Your little John, a-cloth'd in white,
An' gwain to bed, did cry "good night"
Towards the linden on the lawn.

stone-

going

But now, as Dobbin, wi' a nod
Vor ev'ry heavy step he trod,
Did bring me on, to-night, avore
The geäbled house's pworchèd door,
Noo laughèn child a-cloth'd in white,
Look'd drough the stwonèn window's light,
An' noo vaice zung, in dusky night,
Below the linden on the lawn.

through

An' zoo, if you should ever vind
My kindness seem to grow less kind,
An' if upon my clouded feäce
My smile should yield a frown its pleäce,
Then, Jenny, only laugh an' call
My mind 'ithin the geärden wall,
Where we did play at even-fall,
Below the linden on the lawn.

so

raŋ kliær əlɔŋ ðə gro:v ən smo:t
tə sɑdən stɪlnɪs evri dro:t
əz wi: dɪd zɪt ən hiær ɪt flo:t
bɪlo: ðə lɪndən ɒn ðə le:n

(h)wær dʌski læ:ɪt dɪd sɒf(t)li va:l
ɪðm ðə stuənənwindərd ha:l
əvuær jær fe:ðərz blɪŋkən ə:ɪz
(h)ɪz i:vmen (h)wɪf ə smo:k dɪd rə:ɪz
ən vrəm ðə bedru:m windərz hæ:ɪt
jær lɪtəl dʒən əklo:ðd ɪn (h)wæ:ɪt
ən gwæm tə bed dɪd kræ:ɪ gud nə:ɪt
təwɑ:rdz ðə lɪndən ɒn ðə le:n

bæt nə:u əz dɒbm wi ə nɒd
vær evri hevi stɛp hi: trɒd
dɪd brɪŋ mi: ɒn tənə:ɪt əvuær
ðə gjebəld hæ:usɪz puərtʃɪd duær
nu: le:fən tʃə:ɪl(d) əklo:ðd ɪn (h)wæ:ɪt
lukt dru: ðə stuənən windərz læ:ɪt
ən nu: væs zʌŋ ɪn dʌski nə:ɪt
bɪlo: ðə lɪndən ɒn ðə le:n

ən zu: ɪf ju: ʃʊd evær və:m(d)
mə:ɪ kə:ɪndnɪs si(:)m tə gro: les kə:m(d)
ən ɪf əpɒn mə:ɪ klə:udɪd fjes
mə:ɪ smə:ɪl ʃʊd ji:l(d) ə frə:un ɪts pljes
ðen dʒeni ɔ:nli le:f ən ka:l
mə:ɪ mə:m(d) ɪðm ðə gja:rdən wa:l
(h)wær wi: dɪd plæ:ɪ ət i:vənfa:l
bɪlo: ðə lɪndən ɒn ðə le:n

OUR ABODE IN ARBY WOOD



THOUGH ice do hang upon the willows
 Out beside the vrozen brook,
An' storms do roar above our pillows,
 Drough the night, 'ithin our nook;
Our evenèn he'th's a-glowèn warm,
 Drough wringèn vrost, an' roarèn storm.
Though winds mid meäke the wold beams sheäke,
 In our abode in Arby Wood.

An' there, though we mid hear the timber
 Creake avore the windy räin;
An' climèn ivy quiver, limber,
 Up ageän the window peäne;
Our merry vaïces then do sound,
 In rollèn glee, or dree-vaïce round;
Though wind mid roar, 'ithout the door,
 Ov our abode in Arby Wood.

*through
hearth's*

may, old

pliant

three-

ə:uər əbo:d in a:ɾbi wud

ðo: ə:ɪs də haŋ əpən ðə wɪləɾz
ə:ut bɪzə:ɪd ðə vɾo:zən brʊk
ən stɑ:ɾmz də ruər əbʌv ə:uər pɪləɾz
dru: ðə nə:ɪt ɪðm ə:uər nʊk
ə:uər i:vmen hæθs əglo:ən wɑ:ɾm
dru: rɪŋgən vɾɔst ən ruərən stɑ:ɾm
ðo: wɪn(d)z mɪd mʲɛk ðə (w)uəld bɪ:mz ʃjɛk
in ə:uər əbo:d in a:ɾbi wud

ən ðər ðo: wɪ: mɪd hɪər ðə tɪmbər
kre:k əvuər ðə wɪndɪ ræm
ən klɪmən ə:ɪvɪ kwɪvər lɪmbər
ʌp əgʲɛn ðə wɪndər pʲɛn
ə:uər mɛɾɪ væɪsɪz ðɛn də sə:un(d)
in rɔ:lən gli: ɑr dɾi:væɪs rə:un(d)
ðo: wɪn(d) mɪd ruər ɪðə:ut ðə duər
əv ə:uər əbo:d in a:ɾbi wud

SLOW TO COME, QUICK AGONE



AH! there's a house that I do know
Besouth o' yonder trees,
Where northern winds can hardly blow
But in a softest breeze.
An' there woonce sounded zongs an' teäles
Vrom väice o' maïd or youth,
An' sweeter than the nightèngeäle's
Above the copses lewth.

once

shelter

How swiftly there did run the brooks,
How swift wer winds in flight,
How swiftly to their roost the rooks
Did vlee o'er head at night.
Though slow did seem to us the peäce
O' comèn days a-head,
That now do seem as in a reäce
Wi' äir-birds to ha' vled.

fly

pace

flown

slo: tə kʌm kwɪk əɡən

a: ðərz ə hə:ʊs ðət ə:ɪ də nɔ:

bɪsə:ʊθ ə ʝændər tri:z

(h)wər nɑ:rðərn wɪn(d)z kən hɑ:rdli blɔ:

bət ɪn ə sɒftɪst bri:z

ən ðər (w)u:nz sə:ʊn(d)ɪd zəŋz ən tʃelz

vrem væɪs ə məɪd ɑr ju:θ

ən swi(:)tər ðən ðə nə:ɪtəŋɡjelz

əbʌv ðə kɒpsɪz lu:θ

hə:ʊ swɪf(t)li ðər dɪd rʌn ðə brʊks

hə:ʊ swɪft wər wɪn(d)z ɪn flə:ɪt

hə:ʊ swɪf(t)li tə ðər ru:st ðə rʊks

dɪd vli: ɔ:rhəd ət nə:ɪt

ðo: slo: dɪd si(:)m tu ʌs ðə pjɛs

ə kʌmən de:z əhəd

ðət nə:ʊ də si(:)m əz ɪn ə rjɛs

wɪ æɪrbərdz tu hə vləd



THE VIER-ZIDE

fireside

'Tis zome vo'ks jaÿ to teäke the road,
 An' goo abro'd, a-wand'rèn wide,
 Vrom shere to shere, vrom pleäce to pleäce,
 The swiftest peäce that vo'k can ride.
 But I've a jaÿ 'ithin the door,
 Wi' friends avore the vier-zide.

*folk's joy
 out and about
 shire to shire
 pace*

An' zoo, when winter skies do lour,
 An' when the Stour's a-rollèn wide,
 Drough bridge-voot rails, a-päinted white,
 To be at night the traveller's guide,
 Gi'e me a pleäce that's warm an' dry,
 A-zittèn nigh my vier-zide.

*so
 through
 give*

Vor where do love o' kith an' kin,
 At vu'st begin, or grow an' wride,
 Till souls a-lov'd so young, be wold,
 Though never cwold, drough time nor tide,
 But where in me'th their gather'd veet
 Do often meet—the vier-zide.

*first, spread
 old
 mirth*

If, when a friend ha' left the land,
 I shook his hand a-most wet-eyed,
 I velt too well the ob'nèn door
 Would leäd noo mwore where he did bide,
 An' where I heärd his vaïce's sound,
 In me'th around the vier-zide.

opening

As I've a-zeed how vast do vall
 The mwold'rèn hall, the wold vo'ks pride,

*seen, fast
 mouldering, old folk's*

ðə və:ɪərzə:ɪd

tɪz zʌm vɔ:ks dʒæɪ tə tʃæk ðə ro:d
ən gu: əbro:d əwɒndrən wə:ɪd
vrəm ʃɪər tə ʃɪər vrəm pljes tə pljes
ðə swɪftɪst pjəs ðæt vɔ:k kən rə:ɪd
bæt ə:ɪv ə dʒæɪ ɪðm ðə duər
wi frɛn(d)z əvuər ðə və:ɪərzə:ɪd

ən zu: (h)wɛn wɪntər skə:ɪz də lə:uər
ən (h)wɛn ðə stə:uərz ərə:lən wə:ɪd
dru: brʌdʒvʊt ræɪlz əpæɪntɪd (h)wə:ɪt
tə bi: ət nə:ɪt ðə travələrz gə:ɪd
gi: mi: ə pljes ðəts wa:ɪm ən drə:ɪ
əzɪtən nə:ɪ mə:ɪ və:ɪərzə:ɪd

vər (h)wər də lʌv ə kɪθ ən kɪn
ət vʌst bɪɡɪn ər grə: ən rə:ɪd
tɪl so:ɪz əlʌvd sə jʌŋ bi: (w)uəld
ðo: nəvər kuəld dru: tə:ɪm nəɪr tə:ɪd
bæt (h)wər ɪn məθ ðər ɡæðəd vɪt
du: ɒfən mɪt ðə və:ɪərzə:ɪd

ɪf (h)wɛn ə frɛn(d) hə lɛft ðə lʌn(d)
ə:ɪ ʃʊk (h)ɪz hʌn(d) ʌ:məst wɛtə:ɪd
ə:ɪ vɛlt tu: wɛl ði ɔ:bnən duər
wʊd liəd nu: muər (h)wər hi: dɪd bə:ɪd
ən (h)wər ə:ɪ hiərd (h)ɪz væɪsɪz sə:ʊn(d)
ɪn məθ ərə:ʊn(d) ðə və:ɪərzə:ɪd

əz ə:ɪv əzɪ:d hə:ʊ vʌ:st də vʌ:l
ðə muəldrən ha:l ðə (w)uəld vɔ:ks prə:ɪd

Where merry hearts wer woonce a-ved
Wi' daily bread, why I've a-sigh'd,
To zee the wall so green wi' mwold,
An' vind so cwold the vier-zide.

once

An' Chris'mas still mid bring his me'th
To ouer he'th, but if we tried
To gather all that woonce did wear
Gay feäces there! Ah! zome ha' died,
An' zome be gone to leäve wi' gaps
O' missèn laps, the vier-zide.

may, its mirth

our hearth

once

But come now, bring us in your hand,
A heavy brand o' woak a-dried,
To cheer us wi' his het an' light,
While vrosty night, so starry-skied,
Do gather souls that time do speäre
To zit an' sheäre our vier-zide.

oak

beat

(h)wær mæri harts wær (w)u:ns əvəd
wi de:li brəd (h)wə:ɪ ə:ɪv əsə:ɪd
tə zi: ðə wa:l sə gri:n wi muəld
ən və:m(d) sə kuəld ðə və:ɪərzə:ɪd

ən krisməs stɪl mɪd brɪŋ (h)ɪz mæθ
tu ə:uər hæθ bət ɪf wi: trə:ɪd
tə gaðər a:l ðæt (w)u:ns dɪd wɛər
gæɪ fjesɪz ðeər a: zʌm hə də:ɪd
ən zʌm bi: ɡʊn tə liəv wi ɡaps
ə mɪsən laps ðə və:ɪərzə:ɪd

bət kʌm nə:u brɪŋ əs ɪn jər han(d)
ə hevi bran(d) ə (w)uək ədrə:ɪd
tə tʃiər əs wi (h)ɪz hæt ən lə:ɪt
(h)wə:ɪl vrɒsti nə:ɪt sə stɑ:rɪskə:ɪd
də gaðər so:lz ðæt tə:ɪm də spjɛər
tə zɪt ən fʃjɛər ə:uər və:ɪərzə:ɪd

KNOWLWOOD



I DON'T want to sleep abroad, John,
I do like my hwoeward road, John;
An' like the sound o' Knowlwood bells the best.
Zome would rove vrom pleäce to pleäce, John,
Zome would goo from feäce to feäce, John,
But I be happy in my hwomely nest;
An' slight's the hope vor any pleäce beside,
To leäve the pläin abode where love do bide.

away from home

Where the shelvèn knap do vall, John,
Under trees a-springèn tall, John;
'Tis there my house do show his sheenèn zide,
Wi' his walls vor ever green, John,
Under ivy that's a screen, John,
Vrom wet an' het, an' ev'ry changèn tide,
An' I do little ho vor goold or pride,
To leäve the pläin abode where love do bide.

sloping billock

shining

heat

care

'There the bendèn stream do flow, John,
By the mossy bridge's bow, John;
An' there the road do wind below the hill;
There the miller, white wi' meal, John,
Deafen'd wi' his foamy wheel, John,
Do stan' o' times a-lookèn out o' mill:
The while 'ithin his lightly-sheäken door,
His wheatèn flour do whiten all his floor.

arch

When my daily work's a-done, John,
At the zettèn o' the zun, John,
An' I all day 've a-play'd a good man's peärt,
I do vind my ease a-blest, John,
While my conscience is at rest, John;

no:lwud

ə:ɪ do:nt wɒnt tə sli:p əbro:d dʒan
ə:ɪ də lə:ɪk mə:ɪ huəmwɜ:d ro:d dʒan
ən lə:ɪk ðə sə:un(d) ə no:lwud bɛlz ðə bɛst
zʌm wud ro:v vrəm pljɛs tə pljɛs dʒan
zʌm wud gu: vrəm fjɛs tə fjɛs dʒan
bət ə:ɪ bi: hapi ɪn mə:ɪ huəmli nəst
ən slə:ɪts ðə ho:p vɜr ɛni pljɛs bɪzə:ɪd
tə liəv ðə plæm əbo:d (h)wɜr lʌv də bə:ɪd

(h)wɜr ðə fɛlvən nap də va:l dʒan
ʌndər tri:z əsprɪŋən ta:l dʒan
tɪz ðɛər mə:ɪ hə:us də ʃo: (h)ɪz ʃi:nən zə:ɪd
wi (h)ɪz wa:lz vɜr ɛvɜr grɪn dʒan
ʌndər ə:ɪvi ðəts ə skri:n dʒan
vrəm wɛt ən het ən ɛvri tʃʌndʒən tə:ɪd
ən ə:ɪ də litəl ho: vɜr gu:ld ɜr prə:ɪd
tə liəv ðə plæm əbo:d (h)wɜr lʌv də bə:ɪd

ðɜr ðə bɛndən stri:m də flo: dʒan
b(ə):ɪ ðə mɒsi brʌdʒɪz bo: dʒan
ən ðɜr ðə ro:d də wə:m(d) bɪlo: ðə hɪl
ðɜr ðə mɪlər (h)wə:ɪt wi mi:l dʒan
dɛfənd wi (h)ɪz fə:mi (h)wi:l dʒan
də stan ə tə:ɪmz əlʊkən ə:ut ə mɪl
ðə (h)wə:ɪl ɪðm (h)ɪz lə:ɪtliʃjɛkən duər
(h)ɪz (h)wi:tən flə:uər də (h)wə:ɪtən a:l (h)ɪz fluər

(h)wɛn mə:ɪ de:li wɜ:ks ədʌn dʒan
ət ðə zɛtən ə ðə zʌn dʒan
ən ə:ɪ a:l de: v əplæɪd ə gʊd manz pjɑ:rt
ə:ɪ də və:m(d) mə:ɪ ɪz əblɛst dʒan
(h)wə:ɪl mə:ɪ kɒnfəns ɪz ət rɛst dʒan

An' while noo worm's a-left to fret my heart;
 An' who vor finer hwomes o' restless pride,
 Would pass the plaïn abode where peace do bide?

gnaw

By a windor in the west, John,
 'There upon my fiddle's breast, John,
 The strings do sound below my bow's white heäir;
 While a zingèn drush do swaÿ, John,
 Up an' down upon a spraÿ, John,
 An' cast his sheäde upon the window square;
 Vor birds do know their friends, an' build their nest,
 An' love to roost, where they can live at rest.

thrush

shadow

Out o' town the win' do bring, John,
 Peals o' bells when they do ring, John,
 An' roun' me here, at hand, my ear can catch
 The maïd a-zingèn by the stream, John,
 Or carter whislèn wi' his team, John,
 Or zingèn birds, or water at the hatch;
 An' zoo wi' sounds o' vaïce, an' bird an' bell,
 Noo hour is dull 'ithin our rwosy dell.

wicket-gate

so

An' when the darksome night do hide, John,
 Land an' wood on ev'ry zide, John;
 An' when the light's a-burnèn on my bwoard,
 Then vor pleasures out o' door, John,
 I've enough upon my vloor, John:
 My Jenny's lovèn deed, an' look, an' word,
 An' we be lwoth, lik' culvers zide by zide,
 To læve the plaïn abode where love do bide.

table

doves

ən (h)wə:ɪl nu: wə:ɪmz ələft tə fret mə:ɪ haɪrt
ən hu: vər fə:ɪnər huəmz ə res(t)ɪs prə:ɪd
wud pa:s ðə plæm əbo:d (h)wər pi:s də bə:ɪd

b(ə:ɪ)ɪ ə wɪndər ɪn ðə wɛst dʒən
ðər əpən mə:ɪ fɪdəlz brɛst dʒən
ðə strɪŋz də sə:un(d) bɪlɔ: mə:ɪ bo:z (h)wə:ɪt hjɛər
(h)wə:ɪl ə zɪŋən drʌʃ də swæɪ dʒən
ʌp ən də:un əpən ə spræɪ dʒən
ən ka:st (h)ɪz fjɛd əpən ðə wɪndər skwɛər
vər bɛərdz də nɔ: ðər frɛn(d)z ən bɪld ðər nɛst
ən lʌv tə ru:st (h)wər ðe: kən lɪv ət rɛst

ə:ut ə tɜ:un ðə wɪn(d) də brɪŋ dʒən
pi:lz ə bɛlz (h)wɛn ðe: də rɪŋ dʒən
ən rə:un mi: hiər ət han(d) mə:ɪ iər kən kʌtʃ
ðə mə:ɪd əzɪŋən b(ə:ɪ)ɪ ðə stri:m dʒən
ar kɑ:tər (h)wɪslən wi (h)ɪz ti:m dʒən
ar zɪŋən bɛərdz ar wɔ:tər ət ðə hʌtʃ
ən zu: wi sə:un(d)z ə vɛɪs ən bɛərd ən bɛl
nu: ə:uər ɪz dʌl ɪðm ə:uər ruəzi dɛl

ən (h)wɛn ðə dɑ:ksəm nə:ɪt də hə:ɪd dʒən
lʌn(d) ən wud ɒn ɛvri zə:ɪd dʒən
ən (h)wɛn ðə lɔ:ɪts əbɛ:ɪnən ɒn mə:ɪ buərd
ðɛn vər plɛzərz ə:ut ə duər dʒən
ə:ɪv ɪnʌf əpən mə:ɪ vluər dʒən
mə:ɪ dʒɛnɪz lʌvən di:d ən lʊk ən wɛərd
ən wi: bi: luəθ lɪk kʌlvɛəz zə:ɪd b(ə:ɪ)ɪ zə:ɪd
tə liəv ðə plæm əbo:d (h)wər lʌv də bə:ɪd

HALLOWED PLEÄCES



At Woodcombe farm, wi' ground an' tree
Hallow'd by times o' youthvul glee,
At Chris'mas time I spent a night
Wi' feäces dearest to my zight;
An' took my wife to tread, woonce mwore,
Her maïden hwome's vorseäken vloor,
An' under stars that slowly wheel'd
Aloft, above the keen-äir'd vield,
While night bedimm'd the rus'lèn copse,
An' darken'd all the ridges' tops,
'The hall, a-hung wi' holly, rung
Wi' many a tongue o' wold an' young.

once

old

'There, on the he'th's well-hetted ground,
Hallow'd by times o' zittèn round,
The brimvul mug o' cider stood
An' hiss'd avore the bleäzèn wood;
An' zome, a-zittèn knee by knee,
Did tell their teäles wi' hearty glee,
An' others gamboll'd in a roar
O' laughter on the stwonèn vloor;
An' while the moss o' winter-tide
Clung chilly roun' the house's zide,
The hall, a-hung wi' holly, rung
Wi' many a tongue o' wold an' young.

hearth's, heated

stone

'There, on the pworches bench o' stwone,
Hallow'd by times o' youthvul fun,
We laugh'd an' sigh'd to think o' neämes
That rung there woonce, in evenèn geämes;

once

halærd pljesiz

æt wudku:m fæ:rm wi græ:un(d) ən tri:
halærd b(æ):ɪ tæ:ɪmz ə ju:θvul gli:
æt krisməs tæ:ɪm ə:ɪ spent ə nə:ɪt
wi fjesiz diærist tə mə:ɪ zæ:ɪt
ən tuk mə:ɪ wæ:ɪf tə tred (w)u:ns muər
(h)ær mæ:ɪdæn huəmz varsjekən vluər
ən ʌndær stæ:rz ðæt slo:li (h)wi:ld
əlbɒft əbʌv ðə ki:næ:rd vi:ld
(h)wæ:ɪl nə:ɪt biðɪmð ðə rʌslən kɒps
ən dæ:rkænd a:l ðə rʌdʒɪz tɒps
ðə ha:l əhʌŋ wi həli rʌŋ
wi meni ə tʌŋ ə (w)uəld ən jʌŋ

ðær ɒn ðə heθs wælhætɪd græ:un(d)
halærd b(æ):ɪ tæ:ɪmz ə zɪtən ræ:un(d)
ðə brɪmvul mʌg ə sə:ɪdær stʊd
ən hɪst əvuər ðə bljezən wʊd
ən zʌm əzɪtən ni: b(æ):ɪ ni:
dɪd tæl ðær tjelz wi hæ:rti gli:
ən ʌðə:z gæmbəld ɪn ə ruər
ə le:ftər ɒn ðə stuənən vluər
ən (h)wæ:ɪl ðə mɒs ə wɪntərtæ:ɪd
klʌŋ tʃɪli ræ:un ðə hə:usɪz zæ:ɪd
ðə ha:l əhʌŋ wi həli rʌŋ
wi meni ə tʌŋ ə (w)uəld ən jʌŋ

ðær ɒn ðə puə:rtʃɪz bentʃ ə stuən
halærd b(æ):ɪ tæ:ɪmz ə ju:θvul fʌn
wi: le:ft ən sə:ɪd tə ðɪŋk ə nje:mz
ðæt rʌŋ ðær (w)u:ns ɪn i:vmen gje:mz

An' while the swajèn cypress bow'd,
 In chilly wind, his darksome sh'oud
 An' honeyzuckles, beäre o' leaves,
 Still reach'd the window-sheädèn eaves
 Up where the clematis did trim
 'The stwonèn arches mossy rim,
 'The hall, a-hung wi' holly, rung
 Wi' many a tongue o' wold an' young.

canopy
bare

'There, in the geärden's wall-bound square,
 Hallow'd by times o' strollèn there,
 'The winter wind, a-hufflèn loud,
 Did swaj the pear-tree's leafless sh'oud,
 An' beät the bush that woonce did bear
 'The damask rwose vor Jenny's heär;
 An' there the walk o' peävèn stwone
 That burn'd below the zummer zun,
 Struck icy-cwold drough shoes a-wore
 By mäidens vrom the hetted vloor
 In hall, a-hung wi' holm, where rung
 Vull many a tongue o' wold an' young.

gusting
canopy
once

through
beated
holly

'There at the geäte that woonce wer blue
 Hallow'd by times o' passèn drough,
 Light strawmotes rose in flaggèn flight,
 A-floated by the winds o' night,
 Where leafy ivy-stems did crawl
 In moonlight on the windblown wall,
 An' merry mäidens' vaices vled
 In echoes sh'ill, vrom wall to shed,
 As shiv'rèn in their frocks o' white
 'They come to bid us there "Good night,"
 Vrom hall, a-hung wi' holm, that rung
 Wi' many a tongue o' wold an' young.

straw-stalks

flew
loud

ən (h)wə:ɪl ðə swæ:ɪən sə:ɪprəs bæ:ud
 ɪn tʃɪli wɪn(d) (h)ɪz dɑ:ksəm ʃə:ud
 ən hɑ:nɪzʌkəlz bjæər ə lɪ:vz
 stɪl rɪ:tʃd ðə wɪndərsjɛ:dən i:vz
 ʌp (h)wər ðə klɛmətɪs dɪd trɪm
 ðə stuənən ɑ:rtʃɪz mɒsi rɪm
 ðə ha:l əhʌŋ wi hɒli rʌŋ
 wi mɛni ə tʌŋ ə (w)uəld ən jʌŋ

ðər ɪn ðə ɡjɑ:rdənz wɑ:l bæ:un(d) skwɛər
 hælərd b(ə):ɪ tə:ɪmz ə stro:lən ðɛər
 ðə wɪntər wɪn(d) əhʌflən lə:ud
 dɪd swæ:ɪ ðə pɛərtri:z lɪ:flɪs ʃə:ud
 ən biət ðə buʃ ðət (w)u:ns dɪd beər
 ðə daməsk ruəz vər dʒenɪz hjæər
 ən ðər ðə wɛ:k ə pjɛ:vən stuən
 ðət bæ:rnd bɪlo: ðə zʌmər zʌn
 strʌk ə:ɪsɪkuəld dru: ʃu:z əwuər
 b(ə):ɪ mə:ɪdənz vrəm ðə hɛtɪd vlʊər
 ɪn ha:l əhʌŋ wi ho:m (h)wər rʌŋ
 vʊl mɛni ə tʌŋ ə (w)uəld ən jʌŋ

ðər ət ðə ɡjɛt ðət (w)u:ns wər blu:
 hælərd b(ə):ɪ tə:ɪmz ə pa:sən dru:
 lə:ɪt stre:mɔ:ts rɔ:z ɪn flægən flə:ɪt
 əflo:tɪd b(ə):ɪ ðə wɪn(d)z ə nə:ɪt
 (h)wər lɪ:fɪ ə:ɪvɪstɛmz dɪd kra:l
 ɪn mu:nlə:ɪt ɒn ðə wɪn(d)blo:n wɑ:l
 ən mɛrɪ mə:ɪdənz vɛ:ɪsɪz vlɛd
 ɪn ɛko:z ʃɪl vrəm wɑ:l tə ʃɛd
 əz ʃɪvrən ɪn ðər frɒks ə (h)wə:ɪt
 ðe: kʌm tə bɪd əs ðər ɡʊd nə:ɪt
 vrəm ha:l əhʌŋ wi ho:m ðət rʌŋ
 wi mɛni ə tʌŋ ə (w)uəld ən jʌŋ

'There in the narrow leäne an' drong
 Hallow'd by times o' gwaïn along,
 The lofty ashes' leafless sh'ouds
 Rose dark avore the clear-edged clouds,
 The while the moon, at girttest height,
 Bespread the pooly brook wi' light,
 An' as our child, in loose-limb'd rest,
 Lay peäle upon her mother's breast,
 Her waxen eyelids seal'd her eyes
 Vrom darksome trees, an' sheenèn skies,
 An' halls a-hung wi' holm, that rung
 Wi' many a tongue, o' wold an' young.

lane, path between hedges

going

tops

greatest

shining

ðær in ðæ narə(r) ljen ən drøn
 halərd b(ə:)t tə:ɪmz ə gwæm əløn
 ðæ lɔfti əfɪz li:flɪs ʃə:udz
 rɔ:z da:rk əvuər ðæ kliədɜd klə:udz
 ðæ (h)wə:l ðæ mu:n ət gə:rtɪst hæ:t
 bɪsprəd ðæ pu:li brʊk wi lə:t
 ən az ə:uər tʃə:ɪl(d) in lu:slɪmd rɛst
 le: pjeɪ əpɒn (h)ər mʌðərz brɛst
 (h)ər waksən ə:ɪlɪdz si:lɪd (h)ər ə:ɪz
 vrəm da:rkəsəm tri:z ən ʃi:nən skə:ɪz
 ən ha:lz əhʌŋ wi ho:m ðæt rʌŋ
 wi mɛni ə tʌŋ ə (w)uəld ən jʌŋ



THE WOLD WALL

old

HERE, Jeäne, we vu'st did meet below
 The leafy boughs, a-swingèn slow,
 Avore the zun, wi' evenèn glow,
 Above our road, a-beamèn red;
 The grass in zwath wer in the meäds,
 The water gleäm'd among the reeds
 In äir a-steälen roun' the hall,
 Where ivy clung upon the wall.
 Ah! well-a-day! O wall adieu!
 The wall is wold, my grief is new.

first

An' there you walk'd wi' blushèn pride,
 Where softly-wheelèn streams did glide,
 Drough sheädes o' poplars at my zide,
 An' there wi' love that still do live,
 Your feäce did wear the smile o' youth,
 The while you spoke wi' age's truth,
 An' wi' a rrosebud's mossy ball,
 I deck'd your bosom vrom the wall.
 Ah! well-a-day! O wall adieu!
 The wall is wold, my grief is new.

through shadows

But now when winter's räin do vall,
 An' wind do beät ageän the hall,
 The while upon the wat'ry wall
 In spots o' grey the moss do grow;
 The ruf noo mwore shall overspread
 The pillor ov our weary head,
 Nor shall the rrose's mossy ball
 Behang vor you the house's wall.
 Ah! well-a-day! O wall adieu!
 The wall is wold, my grief is new.

roof

ðə (w)uəld wa:l

hiər dʒjɛn wi: vʌst dɪd mi(:)t bɪlo:
ðə li:fi bæ:uz əswɪŋən slo:
əvuər ðə zʌn wi i:vmen glo:
əbʌv ə:uər rɔ:d əbi:mən rɛd
ðə grɑ:s ɪn zwɒθ wɛr ɪn ðə miədʒ
ðə wɔ:tər gliəmd əmɒŋ ðə ri:dʒ
ɪn æɪr əstiələn rə:un ðə ha:l
(h)wɛr ə:ɪvi klʌŋ əpɒn ðə wa:l
a: wɛləde: o: wa:l adju:
ðə wa:l ɪz (w)uəld mə:ɪ gri:f ɪz nju:

ən ðər jə wɛkt wi blʌʃən prə:ɪd
(h)wɛr sɒf(t)li(h)wi:lən stri:mz dɪd glə:ɪd
dru: ʃjɛdʒ ə pɒplərz ət mə:ɪ zə:ɪd
ən ðər wi lʌv ðət stɪl də liv
jər fjes dɪd wɛər ðə smə:ɪl ə ju:θ
ðə (h)wə:ɪl jə spɔ:k wi ɛ:dʒɪz tru:θ
ən wi ə ruəzbʌdʒ mɒsi ba:l
ə:ɪ dɛkt jər bʌzəm vrəm ðə wa:l
a: wɛləde: o: wa:l adju:
ðə wa:l ɪz (w)uəld mə:ɪ gri:f ɪz nju:

bət nə:u (h)wɛn wɪntərz ræɪn də va:l
ən wɪn(d) də biət əgjen ðə ha:l
ðə (h)wə:ɪl əpɒn ðə wɔ:tri wa:l
ɪn spɒts ə gre: ðə mɒs də gro:
ðə rʌf nu: muər ʃəl ɔ:vəsprɛd
ðə pɪlər əv ə:uər wiəri hɛd
nɑr ʃəl ðə ruəzɪz mɒsi ba:l
bihaŋ vɛr ju: ðə hə:usɪz wa:l
a: wɛləde: o: wa:l adju:
ðə wa:l ɪz (w)uəld mə:ɪ gri:f ɪz nju:

BLEÄKE'S HOUSE IN BLACKMWORE



JOHN BLEÄKE he had a bit o' ground
Come to en by his mother's zide;
An' after that, two hunderd pound
His uncle left en when he died;
"Well now," cried John, "my mind's a-bent
To build a house, an' pay noo rent."
An' Meäry gi'ed en her consent.
"Do, do,"—the maïdens cried.
"True, true,"—his wife replied.
"Done, done,—a house o' brick or stwone,"
Cried merry Bleäke o' Blackmwore.

him

gave

Then John he call'd vor men o' skill,
An' builders answer'd to his call;
An' met to reckon, each his bill;
Vor vloer an' window, ruf an' wall.
An' woone did mark it on the groun',
An' woone did think, an' scratch his crown,
An' reckon work, an' write it down:
"Zoo, zoo,"—woone treädesman cried,
"True, true,"—woone mwore replied.
"Aye, aye,—good work, an' have good pay,"
Cried merry Bleäke o' Blackmwore.

roof

one

so, so

The work begun, an' trowels rung,
An' up the brickèn wall did rise,
An' up the slantèn refters sprung,
Wi' busy blows, an' lusty cries!
An' woone brought planks to meäke a vloer,
An' woone did come wi' durns or door,
An' woone did zaw, an' woone did bore.

doorposts

blje:ks hæ:us in blakmuər

dʒən blje:k ə həd ə bɪt ə grə:un(d)
kʌm tu: ən b(ə:)ɪ (h)ɪz mʌðərz zə:ɪd
ən ɛ:tər ðət tu: hʌndərd pə:un(d)
(h)ɪz ʌŋkəl leɪft ən (h)wen ə də:ɪd
wel nə:u krə:ɪd dʒən mə:ɪ mə:ɪn(d)z əbent
tə bɪld ə hæ:us ən pæɪ nu: rɛnt
ən mjeəri gi:d ən (h)ər kənsent
du: du: ðə məɪdənz krə:ɪd
tru: tru: (h)ɪz wə:ɪf rɪplə:ɪd
dʌn dʌn ə hæ:us ə brɪk ər stuən
krə:ɪd məɪ blje:k ə blakmuər

ðen dʒən ə ka:ld vər mən ə skɪl
ən bɪldərz ɛ:nsərd tu (h)ɪz ka:l
ən mɛt tə rekən i:tʃ (h)ɪz bɪl
vər vluər ən wɪndər rʌf ən wa:l
ən (w)u:n dɪd mɑ:k it ɒn ðə grə:un
ən (w)u:n dɪd ðɪŋk ən skɪrʌtʃ (h)ɪz krə:un
ən rekən wɜ:k ən rə:ɪt ɪt də:un
zu: zu: (w)u:n trje:dzmən krə:ɪd
tru: tru: (w)u:n muər rɪplə:ɪd
æɪ æɪ gʊd wɜ:k ən həv gʊd pæɪ
krə:ɪd məɪ blje:k ə blakmuər

ðə wɜ:k bɪɡʌn ən trə:uəlz rʌŋ
ən ʌp ðə brɪkən wa:l dɪd rə:ɪz
ən ʌp ðə sleɪntən rɛ:ftərz sprʌŋ
wi bɪzi blə:z ən lʌsti krə:ɪz
ən (w)u:n brɔ:t plʌŋks tə mjek ə vluər
ən (w)u:n dɪd kʌm wi də:ɪnz ər duər
ən (w)u:n dɪd ze: ən (w)u:n dɪd buər

“Brick, brick,—there down below,
 Quick, quick,—why b’ye so slow?”
 “Lime, lime,—why we do weäste the time,
 Vor merry Bleäke o’ Blackmwore.”

The house wer up vrom groun’ to tun,
 An’ thatch’d ageän the räiny sky,
 Wi’ windows to the noonday zun,
 Where rushy Stour do wander by.
 In coo’sè he had a pworch to screen
 The inside door, when win’s wer keen,
 An’ out avore the pworch, a green.
 “Here! here!”—the childern cried:
 “Dear! dear!”—the wife replied;
 “There, there,—the house is perty feäir,”
 Cried merry Bleäke o’ Blackmwore.

chimney-top

of course

Then John he ax’d his friends to warm
 His house, an’ they, a goodish batch,
 Did come alwone, or eärm in eärm,
 All roads, a-meäkèn vor his hatch:
 An’ there below the clavy beam
 The kettle-spout did zing an’ steam;
 An’ there wer ceäkes, an’ tea wi’ cream.
 “Lo! lo!”—the women cried;
 “Ho! ho!”—the men replied;
 “Health, health,—attend ye wi’ your wealth,
 Good merry Bleäke o’ Blackmwore.”

asked

*arm in arm
 wicket-gate
 mantlepiece*

Then John, a-präis’d, flung up his crown,
 All back a-laughèn in a roar.
 They präis’d his wife, an’ she look’d down
 A-simperèn towards the vloor.

brik brik ðær dæ:un bɪlɔ:
kwɪk kwɪk (h)wə:ɪ bji: sə slɔ:
lə:ɪm lə:ɪm (h)wə:ɪ wi: də wjɛst ðə tæ:ɪm
vər mɛri bljɛ:k ə blakmuər

ðə hæ:us wər ʌp vrəm græ:un tə tʌn
ən ðatʃt əgjɛn ðə ræmi skə:ɪ
wi wɪndərz tə ðə nu:nde: zʌn
(h)wər rʌʃi stæ:uər də wɒndər bæ:ɪ
ɪn ku:s ə həd ə puərtʃ tə skri:n
ði ɪnsə:ɪd duər (h)wen wɪn(d)z wər ki:n
ən əʊt əvuər ðə puərtʃ ə gri:n
hiər hiər ðə tʃɪldərn kræ:ɪd
diər diər ðə wə:ɪf rɪplə:ɪd
ðeər ðeər ðə hæ:us ɪz pɑ:rti fjeər
kræ:ɪd mɛri bljɛ:k ə blakmuər

ðɛn dʒən hi: a:kst (h)ɪz frɛn(d)z tə wa:ɪm
(h)ɪz hæ:us ən ðe: ə guɪɪʃ batʃ
dɪd kʌm əluən ɑr ja:ɪm ɪn ja:ɪm
a:l rɔ:dz əmjɛkən vər (h)ɪz hətʃ
ən ðər bɪlɔ: ðə klavi bi:m
ðə kɛtəlspe:ʊt dɪd zɪŋ ən sti:m
ən ðər wər kjɛ:ks ən te: wi kri:m
lɔ: lɔ: ðə wʊmɪn kræ:ɪd
hɔ: hɔ: ðə mɛn rɪplə:ɪd
hɛlθ hɛlθ ətɛnd i: wi jər wɛlθ
gʊd mɛri bljɛ:k ə blakmuər

ðɛn dʒən əpræ:ɪzd flʌŋ ʌp (h)ɪz kræ:un
a:l bʌk əlɛ:fən ɪn ə ruər
ðe: præ:ɪzd (h)ɪz wə:ɪf ən ʃi: lʊkt dæ:un
əsɪmpərən təwa:ɪdz ðə vluər

Then up they sprung a-dancèn reels,
An' up went tooes, an' up went heels,
A-windèn roun' in knots an' wheels.
“Brisk, brisk,”—the maïdens cried;
“Frisk, frisk,”—the men replied;
“Quick, quick,—there wi' your fiddle-stick,”
Cried merry Bleäke o' Blackmwore.

toes

An' when the morrow's zun did sheen,
John Bleäke beheld, wi' jaÿ an' pride,
His brickèn house, an' pworch, an' green,
Above the Stour's rushy zide.
The zwallows left the lwonesome groves,
To build below the thatchèn oves,
An' robins come vor crumbs o' lwoaves:
“Tweet, tweet,”—the birds all cried;
“Sweet, sweet,”—John's wife replied;
“Dad, dad,”—the childern cried so glad,
To merry Bleäke o' Blackmwore.

shine

joy

eaves

ðen ʌp ðe: sprʌŋ ədeɪnsən ri:lz
 ən ʌp went tu:z ən ʌp went hi:lz
 əwəɪn(d)ən rə:un ɪn nɒts ən (h)wi:lz
 brɪsk brɪsk ðə məɪdənz krə:ɪd
 frɪsk frɪsk ðə mən rɪplə:ɪd
 kwɪk kwɪk ðər wi jər fɪdəlstɪk
 krə:ɪd məri blje:k ə blakmuər

ən (h)wen ðə məre(r)z zʌn dɪd ʃɪn
 dʒən blje:k bihɛld wi dʒæɪ ən prə:ɪd
 (h)ɪz brɪkən hə:us ən puərtʃ ən grɪn
 əbʌv ðə stə:uərz rʌʃi zə:ɪd
 ðə zwɒlərz leɪft ðə luənsəm grə:vz
 tə bɪld bɪlə: ðə ðatʃən ɔ:vz
 ən rɒbɪnz kʌm vər kɾʌmz ə luəvz
 twi(:)t twi(:)t ðə bæ:rdz a:l krə:ɪd
 swi(:)t swi(:)t dʒənz wə:ɪf rɪplə:ɪd
 dʌd dʌd ðə tʃɪldərn krə:ɪd sə glʌd
 tə məri blje:k ə blakmuər

JOHN BLEÄKE AT HWOME AT NIGHT



No: where the woak do overspread,
The grass begloom'd below his head,
An' water, under bowèn zedge,
A-springèn vrom the river's edge,
Do ripple, as the win' do blow,
An' sparkle, as the sky do glow;
An' grey-leav'd withy-boughs do cool,
Wi' darksome sheädes, the clear-feäced pool,
My chimny smoke, 'ithin the lew
O' trees is there arisèn blue;
Avore the night do dim our zight,
Or candle-light, a-sheenèn bright,
Do sparkle drough the window.

oak
bending
willow-
shadows
shelter
shining
through

When crumpled leaves o' Fall do bound
Avore the wind, along the ground,
An' wither'd bennet-stems do stand
A-quiv'rèn on the chilly land;
The while the zun, wi' zettèn rim,
Do leäve the workman's pathway dim;
An' sweet-breath'd childern's hangèn heads
Be laid wi' kisses, on their beds;
Then I do seek my woodland nest,
An' zit beside my vier at rest,
While night's a-spread, where day's a-vled,
An' lights do shed their beams o' red,
A-sparklèn drough the window.

grass-stalks
fire
flown by

If winter's whistlèn winds do vreeze
The snow a-gather'd on the trees,
An' sheädes o' poplar stems do vall
In moonlight up athirt the wall;

shadows, trunks
across

dʒan blje:k ət huəm ət nə:ɪt

no: (h)wər ðə (w)uək du ɔ:vərsprəd
ðə gra:s biglu:md bɪlo: (h)ɪz hɛd
ən wɔ:tər ʌndər bə:uən zɛdʒ
əsprɪŋən vrəm ðə rɪvərz ɛdʒ
də rɪpəl əz ðə wɪn(d) də blo:
ən spɑ:kəl əz ðə skə:ɪ də glo:
ən gre:lɪ:vɔd wɪðɪbə:uz də ku:l
wɪ dɑ:rk səm ʃjɛdz ðə kliərfjɛst pu:l
mə:ɪ ʃɪmli smo:k ɪðm ðə lu:
ə tri:z ɪz ðər ərə:ɪzən blu:
əvuər ðə nə:ɪt də dɪm ə:uər zə:ɪt
ər kændəl lə:ɪt əʃi:nən brə:ɪt
də spɑ:kəl dru: ðə wɪndər

(h)wɛn krʌmpəld li:vz ə fa:l də bə:un(d)
əvuər ðə wɪn(d) əlŋ ðə grə:un(d)
ən wɪðərd bɛnɪtstɛmz də stæn(d)
əkwi:vɪrən ɒn ðə ʃɪli lən(d)
ðə (h)wə:ɪl ðə zʌn wɪ zɛtən rɪm
də liəv ðə wə:rk mənz pɛ:θwə:ɪ dɪm
ən swi(:)tbreθt ʃɪldərnz haŋən hɛdz
bi: lɛd wɪ kɪsɪz ɒn ðər bɛdz
ðɛn ə:ɪ də sɪ:k mə:ɪ (w)ʊdlən(d) nəst
ən zɪt bɪzə:ɪd mə:ɪ və:ɪər ət rɛst
(h)wə:ɪl nə:ɪts əsprɛd (h)wər de:z əvɫɛd
ən lə:ɪts də ʃɛd ðər bi:mz ə rɛd
əspɑ:rk lən dru: ðə wɪndər

ɪf wɪntərz (h)wɪslən wɪn(d)z də vri:z
ðə sno: əgəðərd ɒn ðə tri:z
ən ʃjɛdz ə pɒplər stɛmz də va:l
ɪn mu:n lə:ɪt ʌp əðə:ɪt ðə wa:l

An' icicles do hang below
The oves, a-glitt'rèn in a row,
An' risèn stars do slowly ride
Above the ruf's upslantèn zide;
Then I do lay my weary head
Asleep upon my peaceful bed,
When middle-night ha' quench'd the light
Ov embers bright, an' candles white
A-beamèn drough the window.

eaves

roofs

ən əːsɪkəlz də haŋ bɪlɔː
ði oːvz əɡlɪtrən ɪn ə rɔː
ən rəːzən stɑːz də slɔːli rəːɪd
əbʌv ðə rʌfs ʌpsleːntən zəːɪd
ðen əːɪ də leː məːɪ wɪəri hɛd
əsliːp əpən məːɪ piːsfʊl bɛd
(h)wen mɪdəl nəːɪt hə kwentʃt ðə ləːɪt
əv ɛmbərz brəːɪt ən kændəlz (h)wəːɪt
əbiːmən druː ðə wɪndər

MILKÈN TIME



'TWER when the busy birds did vlee,
Wi' sheenèn wings, vrom tree to tree,
To build upon the mossy lim'
Their hollow nestes' rounded rim;
The while the zun, a-zinkèn low,
Did roll along his evenèn bow,
I come along where wide-horn'd cows,
'Ithin a nook, a-screen'd by boughs,
Did stan' an' flip the white-hoop'd pails
Wi' heäiry tufts o' swingèn tails;
An' there wer Jenny Coom a-gone
Along the path a vew steps on,
A-beärèn on her head, upstraight,
Her päil, wi' slowly-ridèn waight,
An' hoops a-sheenèn, lily-white,
Ageän the evenèn's slantèn light;
An' zo I took her päil, an' left
Her neck a-freed vrom all his heft;
An' she a-lookèn up an' down,
Wi' sheäpely head an' glossy crown,
'Then took my zide, an' kept my peäce
A-talkèn on wi' smilèn feäce,
An' zettèn things in sich a light,
I'd fäin ha' heär'd her talk all night;
An' when I brought her milk avore
The geäte, she took it in to door,
An' if her päil had but allow'd
Her head to vall, she would ha' bow'd,
An' still, as 'twere, I had the zight
Ov her sweet smile droughout the night.

*fly
shining*

arc

few

its weight

pace

throughout

milkən tə:ɪm

twər (h)wɛn ðə bɪzi bæ:rdz dɪd vli:
wi ʃi:nən wɪŋz vrəm tri: tə tri:
tə bɪld əpən ðə mɒsi lɪm
ðər hɒlər nəstɪz rə:ʊndɪd rɪm
ðə (h)wə:ɪl ðə zʌn əziŋkən lo:
dɪd ro:l əlɒŋ (h)ɪz i:vmen bə:
ə:ɪ kʌm əlɒŋ (h)wər wə:ɪdha:rnd kə:uz
ɪðm ə nʊk əskri:nd b(ə:ɪ) bə:uz
dɪd stæn ən flɪp ðə (h)wə:ɪthu:pt pærlz
wi hjeəri tʌfts ə swɪŋən tærlz
ən ðər wər dʒeni ku:m əgən
əlɒŋ ðə pɛ:θ ə vju: stɛps ɒn
əbeərən ɒn (h)ər hed ʌpstræt
(h)ər pærl wi slo:lɪrə:ɪdən wæɪt
ən hu:ps əʃi:nən lɪli (h)wə:ɪt
əgjen ði i:vmenz slɛ:ntən lə:ɪt
ən zu: ə:ɪ tʊk (h)ər pærl ən lɛft
(h)ər nek əfri:d vrəm a:l (h)ɪz heft
ən ʃi: əlʊkən ʌp ən də:ʊn
wi ʃjepli hed ən glɒsi krə:ʊn
ðen tʊk mə:ɪ zə:ɪd ən kept mə:ɪ pjɛs
ətɛ:kən ɒn wi smə:ɪlən fjes
ən zɛtən ðɪŋz ɪn sɪtʃ ə lə:ɪt
ə:ɪd fæm hə hiərd (h)ər tɛ:k a:l nə:ɪt
ən (h)wɛn ə:ɪ bro:t (h)ər mɪlk əvuər
ðə gjet ʃi: tʊk ɪt ɪn tə duər
ən ɪf (h)ər pærl həd bət ələ:ʊd
(h)ər hed tə vɑ:l ʃi: wʊd hə bə:ʊd
ən stɪl əz twər ə:ɪ həd ðə zə:ɪt
əv (h)ər swi(:)t smə:ɪl dru:ə:ʊt ðə nə:ɪt

WHEN BIRDS BE STILL



VOR all the zun do leäve the sky,
An' all the sounds o' day do die,
An' noo mwore veet do walk the dim
Vield-path to clim' the stiel's bars,
Yeet out below the rizèn stars,
The dark'nèn day mid leäve behind
Woone tongue that I shall always vind,
A-whisperèn kind, when birds be still.

*stile's
yet
may
one*

Zoo let the day come on to spread
His kindly light above my head,
Wi' zights to zee, an' sounds to hear,
That still do cheer my thoughtvul mind;
Or let en goo, an' leäve behind
An' hour to stroll along the gleädes,
Where night do drown the beeches' sheädes,
On grasses' bleädes, when birds be still.

*so

it
shadows*

Vor when the night do lull the sound
O' cows a-bleärèn out in ground,
The sh'ill-vaïc'd dog do stan' an' bark
'Ithin the dark, beside the road;
An' when noo cracklèn waggon's lwoad
Is in the leäne, the wind do bring
The merry peals that bells do ring
O ding-dong-ding, when birds be still.

*bellowing, field
loud-voiced*

Zoo teäke, vor me, the town a-drown'd
'Ithin a storm o' rumblèn sound,
An' gi'e me vaïces that do speak
So soft an' meek, to souls alwone;

*so

give*

(h)wen bæ:rdz bi: stɪl

vər a:l ðə zʌn də liəv ðə skə:ɪ
ən a:l ðə sə:ʊn(d)z ə de: də də:ɪ
ən nu: muər vi:t də we:k ðə dɪm
vi:l(d)pɛ:θ tə klɪm ðə stə:ɪəlz bɑ:rz
(j)ɪt ə:ʊt bɪlə: ðə rə:ɪzən stɑ:rz
ðə dɑ:rkənən de: mɪd liəv bihə:m(d)
(w)u:n tʌŋ ðət ə:ɪ ʃəl a:lwe:z və:m(d)
ə(h)wɪspərən kə:m(d) (h)wen bæ:rdz bi: stɪl

zu: lɛt ðə de: kʌm ɒn tə spred
(h)ɪz kə:m(d)li lə:ɪt əbʌv mə:ɪ hed
wi zə:ɪts tə zi: ən sə:ʊn(d)z tə hiər
ðət stɪl də tʃiər mə:ɪ θɔ:tvʊl mə:m(d)
ər lɛt ən gu: ən liəv bihə:m(d)
ən ə:uər tə stro:l ələŋ ðə gljedz
(h)wər nə:ɪt də drə:ʊn ðə bɪ:tʃɪz ʃjedz
ɒn grɑ:sɪz bljedz (h)wen bæ:rdz bi: stɪl

vər (h)wen ðə nə:ɪt də ləl ðə sə:ʊn(d)
ə kə:ʊz əbljɛərən ə:ʊt ɪn grə:ʊn(d)
ðə ʃɪlvæɪst dɒg də stan ən bɑ:rk
ɪðm ðə dɑ:rk bɪzə:ɪd ðə ro:d
ən (h)wen nu: kraklən wægənz luəd
ɪz ɪn ðə ljen ðə wɪm(d) də brɪŋ
ðə mɛrɪ pi:lz ðət bɛlz də rɪŋ
o: dɪŋdɒŋdɪŋ (h)wen bæ:rdz bi: stɪl

zu: tʃek vər mi: ðə tə:ʊn ədrə:ʊnd
ɪðm ə stɑ:ɪm ə rʌmblən sə:ʊn(d)
ən gi: mi: vɛɪsɪz ðət də spi:k
sə sɒft ən mɪ:k tə so:lz əluən

The brook a-gurglèn round a stwone,
An' birds o' day a-zingèn clear,
An' leaves, that I mid zit an' hear
A-rustlèn near, when birds be still.

may

ðə brʊk əgə:rglən rə:un(d) ə stuən
ən bæ:rdz ə de: əzɪŋgən kliər
ən li:vz ðæt ə:ɪ mɪd zɪt ən hiər
ərəslən niər (h)wɛn bæ:rdz bi: stɪl

RIDÈN HWOME AT NIGHT



OH! no, I quite injaÿ'd the ride *enjoyed*
Behind wold Dobbin's heavy heels, *old*
Wi' Jeäne a-prattlèn at my zide,
Above our peäir o' spinnèn wheels,
As grey-rin'd ashes' swaÿèn tops *-barked*
Did creak in moonlight in the copse,
Above the quiv'rèn grass, a-beät
By wind a-blowèn drough the geät. *through the gate*

If weary souls did want their sleep,
They had a-zent vor sleep the night;
Vor vo'k that had a call to keep *folk*
Awake, lik' us, there still wer light.
An' He that shut the sleepers' eyes,
A-waitèn vor the zun to rise,
Ha' too much love to let em know
The ling'rèn night did goo so slow.

But if my wife did catch a zight
O' zome queer pollard,³ or a post,
Poor soul! she took en in her fright *it*
To be a robber or a ghost.
A two-stump'd withy, wi' a head, *willow*
Mus' be a man wi' eärms a-spread; *arms*
An' foam o' water, round a rock,
Wer then a drownèn leädy's frock.

Zome staddle stwones to bear a mow, *stones for the base of a haystack*
Wer dancèn veäries on the lag; *fairies*
An' then a snow-white sheeted cow
Could only be, she thought, their flag,

³ Pollard: a tree with its top and upper branches cut back.

ræ:ɪdən huəm æt nə:ɪt

o: nɔ: ə:ɪ kwæ:ɪt ɪndʒæɪd ðə ræ:ɪd
bihə:m(d) (w)uəld dɒbmɪz hevi hi:lz
wi dʒjən əpratlən æt mə:ɪ zæ:ɪd
əbʌv ə:uər pjɛər ə spɪnən (h)wi:lz
əz greɪrə:ɪnd əʃɪz swæɪən tɒps
dɪd kri:k ɪn mu:nle:ɪt ɪn ðə kɒps
əbʌv ðə kwɪvrən gra:s əbjæt
b(ə:ɪ)ɪ wɪn(d) əblo:ən dru: ðə gjæt

ɪf wiəri so:lz dɪd wɒnt ðər sli:p
ðe: had əzent vər sli:p ðə nə:ɪt
vər vo:k ðæt had ə kaɪl tə ki:(j)p
əwʃek lɪk ʌs ðər stɪl wər lə:ɪt
ən hi: ðæt ʃʌt ðə sli:pərz ə:ɪz
əwæɪtən vər ðə zʌn tə rə:ɪz
hə tu: mʌtʃ ʌv tə let əm nɔ:
ðə ɪngrən nə:ɪt dɪd gu: sə slo:

bæt ɪf mə:ɪ wə:ɪf dɪd kʌtʃ ə zæ:ɪt
ə zʌm kwɪr pɒlə:ɪd ər ə pɔ:st
pu:(j)ər so:l ʃi: tʊk ən ɪn (h)ər fræ:ɪt
tə bi: ə rɒbər ər ə go:st
ə tu:stʌmpt wɪðɪ wi ə hɛd
mʌs bi: ə mæn wi ʃa:rmz əsprɛd
ən fɔ:m ə wɔ:tər rə:un(d) ə rɒk
wər ðen ə drə:unən lʃedɪz frɒk

zəm stadəl stuənz tə beər ə mo:
wər deɪnsən vʃɛərɪz ɒn ðə lag
ən ðen ə sno:(h)wæ:ɪt ʃi:ɪd kə:u
kud ɔ:nli bi: ʃi: ðɔ:t ðər flæg

An owl a-vleèn drough the wood
Wer men on watch vor little good;
An' geätes a slam'd by wind, did goo,
She thought, to let a robber drough.

flying through

But after all, she lik'd the zight
O' cows asleep in glitt'rèn dew;
An' brooks that gleam'd below the light,
An' dim vield paths 'ithout a shoe.
An' gaily talk'd beside my ears,
A-laughèn off her needless fears:
Or had the childern uppermost
In mind, instead o' thief or ghost.

An' when our house, wi' open door,
Did rumble hollow round our heads,
She heästen'd up to tother vloor,
To zee the childern in their beds;
An' vound woone little head awry,
Wi' woone a-turn'd toward the sky;
An' wrung her hands ageän her breast,
A-smilèn at their happy rest.

one

ən əʊl əvli:ən dru: ðə wʊd
wər mən ɒn wɒtʃ vər litəl guð
ən gjets ə slamd b(ə): win(d) did gu:
ʃi: ðɔ:t tə let ə rɒbər dru:

bət ɛ:tər a:l ʃi: likt ðə zə:t
ə kə:uz əsli:p in glitrən dju:
ən bruks ðət gli:md bɪlo: ðə lə:t
ən dɪm vi:l(d) pɛ:ðz ɪðə:ut ə ʃu:
ən gæili tɛ:kt bɪzə:ɪd mæ:i iərz
ələ:fən ɒf (h)ər ni:dlɪs fiərz
ar had ðə tʃɪldərn ʌpərmə:st
in mæ:m(d) ɪnstəd ə ði:f ər go:st

ən (h)wen ə:uər hæ:us wi ɔ:bən duər
did ɾʌmbəl hɒlər rə:un(d) ə:uər hɛdz
ʃi: hjesənd ʌp tə tʌðər vluər
tə zi: ðə tʃɪldərn in ðər bɛdz
ən və:un(d) (w)u:n litəl hɛd ərə:i
wi (w)u:n ətə:rnd təwɑ:rd ðə skə:i
ən ruŋ (h)ər han(d)z əgjen (h)ər brɛst
əsmə:ɪlən ət ðər hapi rest

ZUN-ZET



WHERE the western zun, unclouded,
Up above the grey hill-tops,
Did sheen drough ashes, lofty sh'ouDED,
On the turf beside the copse,
In zummer weather,
We together,
Sorrow-slightèn, work-vorgettèn,
Gambol'd wi' the zun a-zettèn.

shine through, high-topped

There, by flow'ry bows o' bramble,
Under hedge, in ash-tree sheädes,
The dun-heär'd ho'se did slowly ramble
On the grasses' dewy bleädes,
Zet free o' lwoads,
An' stwony rwoads,
Vorgetvul o' the lashes frettèn,
Grazèn wi' the zun a-zettèn.

curved stems

shadows

horse

stinging

There wer rooks a-beätèn by us
Drough the äir, in a vlock,
An' there the lively blackbird, nigh us,
On the meäple bough did rock,
Wi' ringèn droat,
Where zunlight smote
The yollow boughs o' zunny hedges
Over western hills' blue edges.

through

throat

Waters, drough the meäds a-purlèn,
Glissen'd in the evenèn's light,
An' smoke, above the town a-curlèn,
Melted slowly out o' zight;

ZANZET

(h)wær ðæ westærn zAN ANklæ:udɪd
 ʌp əbʌv ðæ gre: hɪltɔps
dɪd ʃi:n dru: aʃɪz lɔfti ʃæ:udɪd
 ɒn ðæ tæ:rf bɪzæ:ɪd ðæ kɔps
 ɪn zʌmər weðər
 wi: təgeðər
 særə(r)slæ:ɪtən wærkvərgetən
 gambəld wi ðæ zAN əzetən

ðær b(ə):ɪ flæ:uri bo:z ə brambəl
 ʌndər hɛdʒ ɪn ʌʃtri: ʃjɛdz
ðæ dʌnhjærd hɔs dɪd slɔ:li rambəl
 ɒn ðæ grɑ:sɪz dju:ɪ bljɛdz
 zɛt fri: ə luədʒ
 ən stuəni ruədʒ
 vərgetvul ə ðæ lɑʃɪz frɛtən
 grjɛzən wi ðæ zAN əzetən

ðær wær ruks əbiətən bæ:ɪ əs
 dru: ði ærər ɪn ə vlɔk
ən ðær ðæ læ:ɪvli blakbæ:rd nə:ɪ əs
 ɒn ðæ mjɛpəl bæ:u dɪd rɔk
 wi rɪŋən drɔ:t
 (h)wær zʌnlæ:ɪt smɔ:t
 ðæ ʒælər bæ:uz ə zʌni hɛdʒɪz
 ɔ:vər westærn hɪlz blu: ɛdʒɪz

wɔ:tərz dru: ðæ miədʒ əpə:r(d)lən
 glɪsənd ɪn ði i:vmenz læ:ɪt
ən smɔ:k əbʌv ðæ tæ:un əkə:r(d)lən
 mɛltɪd slɔ:li ə:ut ə zæ:ɪt

An' there, in glooms
Ov unzunn'd rooms,
To zome, wi' idle sorrows frettèn,
Zuns did set avore their zettèn.

We were out in geämes and reäces,
Loud a-laughèn, wild in me'th, *mirth*
Wi' windblown heäir, an' zunbrown'd feäces,
Leäpen on the high-sky'd e'th, *earth*
Avore the lights
Wer tin'd o' nights, *lost*
An' while the gossamer's light nettèn
Sparkled to the zun a-zettèn.

ən ðər ɪn ɡlu:mz
əv ʌnzʌnd ru:mz
tə zʌm wi ə:ɪdəl sərə(r)z frɛtən
zʌnz dɪd sɛt əvuər ðər zɛtən

wɪ: wər ə:ʊt ɪn ɡjɛmz ən(d) rjɛsɪz
lə:ʊd əlɛ:fən wə:ɪl(d) ɪn mɛθ
wɪ wɪn(d)blɔ:n hjɛər ən zʌnbrə:ʊnd fjɛsɪz
liəpən ʊn ðə hə:ɪskə:ɪd ɛθ
əvuər ðə lə:ɪts
wər tə:ɪnd ə nə:ɪts
ən (h)wə:ɪl ðə ɡɒsəmərz lə:ɪt nɛtən
spɑ:kəld tə ðə zʌn əzɛtən

SPRING



Now the zunny air's a-blowèn
Softly over flowers a-growèn;
An' the sparklèn light do quiver
On the ivy-bough an' river;
Bleätèn lambs, wi' woolly feäces,
Now do playä, a-runnèn reäces;
 An' the springèn
 Lark's a-zingèn,
Lik' a dot avore the cloud,
High above the ashes' sh'oud.

canopy

Housèn, in the open brightness,
Now do sheen in spots o' whiteness;
Here an' there, on upland ledges,
In among the trees an' hedges,
Where, along by vlocks o' sparrows,
Chatt'rèn at the ploughman's harrows,
 Dousty rwoaded,
 Errand-lwoaded;
Jenny, though her cloak is thin,
Do wish en hwome upon the pin.

shine

dusty

it, peg

Zoo come along, noo longer heedvul
Ov the viër, leätely needvul,
Over grass o' slopèn leäzes,
Zingèn zongs in zunny breezes;
Out to work in copse, a-mootèn,
Where the primrwose is a-shootèn,
 An' in gladness,
 Free o' sadness,
In the warmth o' Spring vorget
Leafless winter's cwold an' wet.

so

fire

meadows

digging up stumps

spring

nə:u ðə zʌni æɪrɪz əblo:ən
sɒf(t)li ɔ:vər flə:uəɪz əgro:ən
ən ðə spa:ɪklən læɪt də kwɪvər
ʊn ði əɪvɪbə:u ən rɪvər
bli:tən lɑ:mz wi wʊli fjesɪz
nə:u də plæɪ ərənən rjesɪz
 ən ðə springən
 lɑ:ks əzɪŋən
lɪk ə dɒt əvuər ðə klə:ud
həɪ əbʌv ði əfɪz ʃə:ʊd

hə:uzən ɪn ði ɔ:bən bræɪtnɪs
nə:u də ʃi:n ɪn spɒts ə (h)wəɪtnɪs
hiər ən ðeər ʊn ʌplən(d) lɛdʒɪz
ɪn əmɒŋ ðə tri:z ən hɛdʒɪz
(h)wər ələŋ b(ə):ɪ vlɒks ə spærə(r)z
tʃatrən ət ðə plə:ʊmənɪz hærə(r)z
 də:ʊsti ruədɪd
 erən(d)luədɪd
dʒeni ðo: (h)ər kluæk ɪz ðɪn
də wɪʃ ən huəm əpɒn ðə pɪn

zu: kʌm ələŋ nu: lɒŋgər hi:dvʊl
əv ðə və:ɪər ljetli ni:dvʊl
ɔ:vər graɪs ə slo:pən li:zɪz
zɪŋən zɒŋz ɪn zʌni brɪ:zɪz
ə:ʊt tə wɜ:k ɪn kɒps əmʊtən
(h)wər ðə prɪmruəz ɪz əʃʊtən
 ən ɪn glɑdnɪs
 fri: ə sɑdnɪs
ɪn ðə wɑ:ɪmθ ə spring vɜ:ɡet
li:flɪs wɪntəɪz kuəld ən wet

THE ZUMMER HEDGE



As light do gleäre in ev'ry ground,
Wi' boughy hedges out a-round
A-climmèn up the slopèn brows
O' hills, in rows o' sheädy boughs:
The while the hawthorn buds do blow
As thick as stars, an' white as snow;
Or cream-white blossoms be a-spread
About the guelder-rwoses' head;
How cool's the sheäde, or warm's the lewth,
Beside a zummer hedge in blooth.

field

climbing

shelter

bloom

When we've a-work'd drough longsome hours,
Till dew's a-dried vrom dazzlèn flow'rs,
The while the climmèn zun ha' glow'd
Drough mwore than half his daily road:
Then where the sheädes do slily pass
Athirt our veet upon the grass,
As we do rest by lofty ranks
Ov elems on the flow'ry banks;
How cool's the sheäde, or warm's the lewth,
Beside a zummer hedge in blooth.

through

shadows

across

But oh! below woone hedge's zide
Our jaÿ do come a-most to pride;
Out where the high-stemm'd trees do stand,
In row beside our own free land,
An' where the wide-leav'd clote mid zwim
'Tthin our water's rushy rim:
An' räin do vall, an' zuns do burn,
An' each in season, and in turn,
To cool the sheäde or warm the lewth
Ov our own zummer hedge in blooth.

one

joy

tall-trunked

yellow water-lily, may

ðə zʌməɹ hɛdʒ

əz lə:ɪt də ɡljɛəɹ ɪn ɛvri ɡrə:ʊn(d)
wi bə:ʊi hɛdʒɪz ə:ʊt əɹə:ʊn(d)
əklimən ʌp ðə slo:pən brə:ʊz
ə hɪlz ɪn ro:z ə ʃjɛdi bə:ʊz
ðə (h)wə:ɪl ðə hɛ:ðə:ɹn bʌdʒ də blo:
əz θɪk əz stɑ:ɹz ən (h)wə:ɪt əz sno:
ɑr kre:m(h)wə:ɪt blɒsəmz bi: əsprɛd
əbə:ʊt ðə ɡɛldəɹ ruəzɪz hɛd
hə:ʊ ku:lz ðə ʃjɛd ɑr wɑ:ɹmz ðə lu:θ
bɪzə:ɪd ə zʌməɹ hɛdʒ ɪn blu:θ

(h)wen wi:v əwə:ɹkt dru: lɒŋsəm ə:ʊəɹz
tɪl dju:z ədrə:ɪd vrəm dazlən flə:ʊəɹz
ðə (h)wə:ɪl ðə klimən zʌn hə ɡlɔ:d
dru: muəɹ ðən hɛ:f (h)ɪz de:li ro:d
ðɛn (h)wəɹ ðə ʃjɛdz də slə:ɪli pa:s
ədðə:ɪt ə:ʊəɹ vi:t əpɒn ðə ɡra:s
əz wi: də rɛst b(ə:ɪ)ɪ lɒfti rʌŋks
əv ɛləmz ɒn ðə flə:ʊəri bʌŋks
hə:ʊ ku:lz ðə ʃjɛd ɑr wɑ:ɹmz ðə lu:θ
bɪzə:ɪd ə zʌməɹ hɛdʒ ɪn blu:θ

bət o: bɪlo: (w)u:n hɛdʒɪz zə:ɪd
ə:ʊəɹ dʒæɪ də kʌm ɑ:məst tə prə:ɪd
ə:ʊt (h)wəɹ ðə hə:ɪstɛmd tri:z də stʌn(d)
ɪn ro: bɪzə:ɪd ə:ʊəɹ o:n fri: lʌn(d)
ən (h)wəɹ ðə wə:ɪdli:v d klo:t mɪd zwɪm
ɪðm ə:ʊəɹ wɔ:təɹz rʌʃi rɪm
ən ræm də vaɪl ən zʌnz də bə:ɹn
ən ɪtʃ ɪn si:zən ən(d) ɪn tɔ:ɹn
tə ku:l ðə ʃjɛd ɑr wɑ:ɹm ðə lu:θ
əv ə:ʊəɹ o:n zʌməɹ hɛdʒ ɪn blu:θ

How soft do sheäke the zummer hedge—
How soft do sway the zummer zedge—
How bright be zummer skies an' zun—
How bright the zummer brook do run;
An' feäir the flowers do bloom, to feäde
Behind the swäjen mower's bleäde;
An' sweet be merry looks o' jaÿ,
By weäles an' pooks o' June's new haÿ,
Wi' smilèn age, an laughèn youth,
Beside the zummer hedge in blooth.

ridges and cones

hə:u sɒft də ʃjɛk ðə zʌmər hɛdʒ
hə:u sɒft də swæɪ ðə zʌmər zɛdʒ
hə:u brɛɪt bi: zʌmər skəɪz ən zʌn
hə:u brɛɪt ðə zʌmər brʊk də rʌn
ən fjeər ðə flə:uərz də blu:m tə fjeɪd
bihə:m(d) ðə swæɪən mo:ərz bljɛd
ən swi(:)t bi: mɛɪ lʊks ə dʒæɪ
b(ə):ɪ wjɛlz ən pʊks ə dʒu:nz nju: hæɪ
wi smə:ɪlən ɛɪdʒ ən lɛ:fən ju:θ
bɪzəɪd ðə zʌmər hɛdʒ ɪn blu:θ

THE WATER CROWVOOT



O SMALL-FEÄC'D flow'r that now dost bloom
To stud wi' white the shallow Frome,
An' leäve the clote to spread his flow'r
On darksome pools o' stwoneless Stour,
When sof'ly-rizèn äirs do cool
The water in the sheenèn pool,
Thy beds o' snow-white buds do gleam
So feäir upon the sky-blue stream,
As whitest clouds, a-hangèn high
Avore the blueness o' the sky;
An' there, at hand, the thin-heäir'd cows,
In äiry sheädes o' withy boughs,
Or up beside the mossy rails,
Do stan' an' zwing their heavy tails,
The while the ripplèn stream do flow
Below the dusty bridge's bow;
An' quiv'rèn water-gleams do mock
The weäves, upon the sheäded rock;
An' up athirt the copèn stwone
The läitren bwoy do leän alwone,
A-watchèn, wi' a stedvast look,
The vallèn waters in the brook,
The while the zand o' time do run
An' leäve his errand still undone.
An' oh! as long's thy buds would gleam
Above the softly-slidèn stream,
While sparklèn zummer-brooks do run
Below the lofty-climèn zun,
I only wish that thou could'st staÿ
Vor noo man's harm, an' all men's jaÿ.

yellow water-lily

shining

shadows, willow

*dusty, arch
mimic*

*across
loitering*

falling

high-climbing

ðə wɔ:tər kro:vut

o: sma:l fjest flə:uər ðət nə:u dəst blu:m
tə stɑd wi (h)wə:ɪt ðə ʃalər fru:m
ən liəv ðə klo:t tə spred (h)ɪz flə:uər
ɒn dɑ:ksəm pu:lz ə stuənli:s stə:uər
(h)wen sɒflɪrə:ɪzən æɪrz də ku:l
ðə wɔ:tər ɪn ðə ʃi:nən pu:l
ðə:ɪ bədʒ ə sno:(h)wə:ɪt bədʒ də gli:m
sə fjeər əpən ðə skə:ɪblu: stri:m
əz (h)wə:ɪtɪst klə:udz əhaŋən hə:ɪ
əvuər ðə blu:nɪs ə ðə skə:ɪ
ən ðər ət han(d) ðə ðɪnhjeərd kə:uz
ɪn æɪri ʃjedʒ ə wɪði bə:uz
ar ʌp bɪzə:ɪd ðə mɒsi ræɪlz
də stan ən zwɪŋ ðər hevi tæɪlz
ðə (h)wə:ɪl ðə rɪplən stri:m də flo:
bɪlo: ðə də:usti brʌdʒɪz bo:
ən kwɪvrən wɔ:tərgli:mz də mɒk
ðə wje:vz əpən ðə ʃje:dɪd rɒk
ən ʌp əðə:rt ðə kɔ:pən stuən
ðə læɪtrən bwə:ɪ də liən əluən
əwɒtʃən wi ə stədva:st lʊk
ðə vaɪlən wɔ:tərz ɪn ðə brʊk
ðə (h)wə:ɪl ðə zən(d) ə tə:ɪm də rʌn
ən liəv (h)ɪz ɛrən(d) stɪl ʌndʌn
ən o: əz lɒŋz ðə:ɪ bədʒ wʊd gli:m
əbʌv ðə sɒf(t)lɪslə:ɪdən stri:m
(h)wə:ɪl spɑ:ɪklən zʌmərbrʊks də rʌn
bɪlo: ðə lɒftɪklɪmən zʌn
ə:ɪ ɔ:nli wɪʃ ðət ðə:u kudst stæɪ
vər nu: mʌnz ha:ɪm ən ʌɪ mɛnz dʒæɪ

But no, the waterman 'ull weäde
Thy water wi' his deadly bleäde,
To slaÿ thee even in thy bloom,
Fair small-feäced flower o' the Frome.

bæt no: ðə wɔ:tərman ul wjəd
ðə:ɪ wɔ:tər wi (h)ɪz dædli bljəd
tə slæɪ ði: ɪ:vən ɪn ðə:ɪ blu:m
fjɛər smɑ:lɪfjɛst flə:uər ə ðə fru:m

THE LILAC



DEAR lilac-tree, a-spreadèn wide
Thy purple blooth on ev'ry zide,
As if the hollow sky did shed
Its blue upon thy flow'ry head;
Oh! whether I mid sheäre wi' thee
Thy open äir, my bloomèn tree,
Or zee thy blossoms vrom the gloom,
'Ithin my zunless workèn-room,
My heart do leäp, but leäp wi' sighs,
At zight o' thee avore my eyes,
For when thy grey-blue head do swaÿ
In cloudless light, 'tis Spring, 'tis Maÿ.

bloom

may

'Tis Spring, 'tis Maÿ, as Maÿ woonce shed
His glowèn light above thy head—
When thy green boughs, wi' bloomy tips,
Did sheäde my childern's laughèn lips;
A-screenèn vrom the noonday gleäre
Their rwozy cheäks an' glossy heäir;
The while their mother's needle sped,
Too quick vor zight, the snow-white thread,
Unless her han', wi' lovèn ceäre,
Did smooth their little heads o' heäir;

once

Or wi' a sheäke, tie up anew
Vor zome wild voot, a slippèn shoe;
An' I did leän beside thy mound
Ageän the deäsy-dappled ground,
The while the woaken clock did tick
My hour o' rest away too quick,

made of oak

ðə lə:ɪlək

diər lə:ɪləktri: əsprədən wə:ɪd
ðə:ɪ pə:ɪpəl blu:θ ɒn evri zə:ɪd
əz ɪf ðə hʊlər skə:ɪ dɪd ʃəd
ɪts blu: əpɒn ðə:ɪ flə:uri həd
o: (h)wədər ə:ɪ mɪd ʃjɛər wi ði:
ðə:ɪ oʊbən æɪr mə:ɪ blu:mən tri:
ar zi: ðə:ɪ blɒsəmz vrəm ðə glʊ:m
ɪðm mə:ɪ zʌnlɪs wə:ɪrkənru:m
mə:ɪ hɑ:rt də liəp bət liəp wi sə:ɪz
ət zə:ɪt ə ði: əvuər mə:ɪ ə:ɪz
vər (h)wɛn ðə:ɪ gre:blu: həd də swæɪ
m klə:udlɪs lə:ɪt tɪz sprɪŋ tɪz mæɪ

tɪz sprɪŋ tɪz mæɪ əz mæɪ (w)u:ns ʃəd
(h)ɪz glɔ:ən lə:ɪt əbʌv ðə:ɪ həd
(h)wɛn ðə:ɪ grɪ:n bæ:uz wi blu:mi tɪps
dɪd ʃjəd mə:ɪ tʃɪldərnz lɛ:fən lɪps
əskri:nən vrəm ðə nu:nde: gljɛər
ðər ruəzi tʃiəks ən glɒsi hjɛər
ðə (h)wə:ɪl ðər mʌðərz nɪdəl spəd
tu: kwɪk vər zə:ɪt ðə sno:(h)wə:ɪt drəd
ʌnlɛs (h)ər han wi lʌvən kjɛər
dɪd smu:ð ðər lɪtəl hədz ə hjɛər

ar wi ə ʃjɛk tə:ɪ ʌp ənju:
vər zʌm wə:ɪl(d) vʊt ə slɪpən ʃu:
ən ə:ɪ dɪd liən bɪzə:ɪd ðə:ɪ mə:ʊn(d)
əɟjɛn ðə dʒɛzɪdʌpəld grə:ʊn(d)
ðə (h)wə:ɪl ðə (w)uəkən klɒk dɪd tɪk
mə:ɪ ə:uər ə rɛst əwə:ɪ tu: kwɪk

An' call me off to work anew,
Wi' slowly-ringèn strokes, woone, two.

one

Zoo let me zee noo darksome cloud
Bedim to-day thy flow'ry sh'oud,
But let en bloom on ev'ry spray,
Drough all the days o' zunny May.

so
canopy
it
through

ən ka:l mi: ʊf tə wɜ:k əŋju:
wi slo:lɪŋən stro:ks (w)u:n tu:

zu: lət mi: zi: nu: da:ɪksəm klə:ud
bɪdɪm təde: ðə:ɪ flə:uri ʃə:ʊd
bət lət ən blu:m ɒn evri spræɪ
dru: a:l ðə de:z ə zʌni mæɪ

THE BLACKBIRD [II]



'TWER out at Penley I'd a-past
A zummer day that went too vast,
An' when the zettèn zun did spread
On western clouds a vi'ry red,
The elems' leafy limbs wer still
Above the gravel-bedded rill,
An' under en did warble sh'ill,
Avore the dusk, the blackbird.

fast

fiery

it, tunelessly

An' there, in sheädes o' darksome yews,
Did vlee the maïdens on their tooes,
A-laughèn sh'ill wi' merry feäce
When we did vind their hidèn pleäce,
'Ithin the loose-bough'd ivy's gloom,
Or lofty lilac, vull in bloom,
Or hazzle-wrides that gi'ed em room
Below the zingèn blackbird.

shadows

fly, toes

loudly

hazel-clumps, gave

Above our heads the rooks did vlee
To reach their nested elem-tree,
An' splashèn vish did rise to catch
The wheelèn gnots above the hatch;
An' there the miller went along,
A-smilèn, up the sheädy drong,
But yeet too deaf to hear the zong
A-zung us by the blackbird.

fly

gnats, wicket-gate

lane

yet

An' there the sh'illy-bubblèn brook
Did läve behind his rocky nook,
To run drough meäds a-chill'd wi' dew,
Vrom hour to hour the whole night drough;

musically-

through

ðə blakbæ:rd

twər ə:ut ət penli ə:ɪd əpɑ:st
ə zɑ:mər de: ðət went tu: vɑ:st
ən (h)wen ðə zetən zʌn dɪd spred
ɒn westərn klə:udz ə və:ɪəri red
ði eləmz li:fi lɪmz wər stɪl
əbʌv ðə gravəlbɛdɪd rɪl
ən ʌndər ən dɪd wɑ:rbəl ʃɪl
əvuər ðə dʌsk ðə blakbæ:rd

ən ðər ɪn ʃjɛdz ə dɑ:ksəm ju:z
dɪd vli: ðə məɪdɒnz ɒn ðər tu:z
ələ:fən ʃɪl wi məri fjes
(h)wen wi: dɪd və:m(d) ðər hə:ɪdən pljes
ɪðm ðə lʊ:sbɔ:ud ə:rɪvɪz glʊ:m
ar lɒftɪ læ:ɪlək vʊl ɪn blʊ:m
ar hazəlɹæ:ɪdz ðət gɪ:d əm ru:m
bɪlɔ: ðə zɪŋgən blakbæ:rd

əbʌv ə:uər hedz ðə rʊks dɪd vli:
tə rɪ:tʃ ðər nəstɪd eləmtri:
ən splaʃən vɪʃ dɪd rə:ɪz tə kɑ:tʃ
ðə (h)wi:lən nɑts əbʌv ðə hɑ:tʃ
ən ðər ðə mɪlər went əlɒŋ
əsmə:ɪlən ʌp ðə ʃjɛdi drɒŋ
bət (j)ɪ:t tu: dəf tə hɪər ðə zɒŋ
əzʌŋ əs b(ə):ɪ ðə blakbæ:rd

ən ðər ðə ʃɪlɪbʌblən brʊk
dɪd liəv bihə:m(d) (h)ɪz rɒki nʊk
tə rʌn dru: miədz ətʃɪld wi dju:
vrəm ə:uər tə ə:uər ðə huəl nə:ɪt dru:

But still his murmurs wer a-drown'd
By vaïces that mid never sound
Ageän together on that ground,
Wi' whislèns o' the blackbird.

might

bæt stíl (h)iz mǣrmǣrz wǣr ædrǣund
b(æ:)I væisiz ðæt mid nēvēr sǣ:und
ægjen tǣgeðer on ðat grǣ:und
wi (h)wislǣnz æ ðæ blakbǣ:rd

THE SLANTÈN LIGHT O' FALL



Ah! Jeäne, my maïd, I stood to you,
When you wer christen'd, small an' light,
Wi' tiny cärms o' red an' blue,
A-hangèn in your robe o' white.
We brought ye to the hallow'd stwone,
Vor Christ to teäke ye vor his own,
When harvest work wer all a-done,
An' time brought round October zun—
The slantèn light o' Fall.

daughter

arms

An' I can mind the wind wer rough,
An' gather'd clouds, but brought noo storms,
An' you did nessle warm enough,
'Ithin your smilèn mother's cärms.
The whindlèn grass did quiver light,
Among the stubble, feäded white,
An' if at times the zunlight broke
Upon the ground, or on the vo'k,
'Twer slantèn light o' Fall.

remember

arms

fragile

folk

An' when we brought ye drough the door
O' Knapton Church, a child o' greäce,
There cluster'd round a'most a score
O' vo'k to zee your tiny feäce.
An' there we all did veel so proud,
To zee an' op'nèn in the cloud,
An' then a stream o' light break drough,
A-sheenèn brightly down on you—
The slantèn light o' Fall.

through

shining

ðə slɛɪntən ləɪt ə faɪl

a: dʒjən məɪ məɪd əɪ stʊd tə ju:
(h)wɛn ju: wɜr krɪsənd smɑɪl ən ləɪt
wi təɪni jɑ:rmz ə rɛd ən blu:
əhaŋən ɪn jər rɔ:b ə (h)wəɪt
wi: brɔ:t i: tə ðə halərd stuən
wɜr kræɪst tə tjɛk i: vɑr (h)ɪz o:n
(h)wɛn hɑ:rvɪst wɜrk wɜr aɪ ədʌn
ən təɪm brɔ:t rəʊn(d) ʊkto:bər zʌn
ðə slɛɪntən ləɪt ə faɪl

ən əɪ kən məɪn(d) ðə wɪn(d) wɜr rʌf
ən ɡæðərd kləʊdz bət brɔ:t nu: stɑ:rmz
ən ju: dɪd nəseɪl wɑ:rm ɪnʌf
ɪðɪn jər sməɪlən mʌðərz jɑ:rmz
ðə (h)wɪndlən ɡrɑ:s dɪd kwɪvər ləɪt
əmɒŋ ðə stʌbəl fɪjədɪd (h)wəɪt
ən ɪf ət təɪmz ðə zʌnləɪt brɔ:k
əpɒn ðə ɡrəʊn(d) ɑr ɒn ðə vɔ:k
twɜr slɛɪntən ləɪt ə faɪl

ən (h)wɛn wi: brɔ:t i: dru: ðə duər
ə nʌptən tʃɜ:rtʃ ə tʃəɪl(d) ə ɡrɪɛs
ðər klʌstərd rəʊn(d) ɑ:məst ə skuər
ə vɔ:k tə zi: jər təɪni fɪɛs
ən ðər wi: aɪ dɪd vi:l sə prəʊd
tə zi: ən o:bnən ɪn ðə kləʊd
ən ðen ə stri:m ə ləɪt breɪk dru:
əfɪ:nən brəɪtli dəʊn ɒn ju:
ðə slɛɪntən ləɪt ə faɪl

But now your time's a-come to stand
In church, a-blushèn at my zide,
The while a bridegroom vrom my hand
Ha' took ye vor his fäithvul bride.
Your christèn neäme we gi'd ye here,
When Fall did cool the weästèn year;
An' now, ageän, we brought ye drough
The doorway, wi' your surneäme new,
In slantèn light o' Fall.

*wasting
through*

An' zoo vur, Jeäne, your life is feäir,
An' God ha' been your steadvast friend,
An' mid ye have mwore jäÿ than ceäre,
Vor ever, till your journey's end.
An' I've a-watch'd ye on wi' pride,
But now I soon mus' leäve your zide,
Vor you ha' still life's spring-tide zun,
But my life, Jeäne, is now a-run
To slantèn light o' Fall.

*so far
may, joy*

bæt næ:u jær tæ:ɪmz ækʌm tə stan(d)
 ɪn tʃæ:rtʃ əblʌʃən ət mə:ɪ zæ:ɪd
 ðə (h)wæ:ɪl ə bræ:ɪdgru:m vrəm mə:ɪ han(d)
 ha tʊk i: vər (h)ɪz fæɪθvʊl bræ:ɪd
 jær krɪstən njem wi: ɡɪ(:)d i: hɪər
 (h)wen faɪl dɪd ku:l ðə wjestən jɪər
 ən næ:u æɡjen wi: brɔ:t i: dru:
 ðə duərwe:ɪ wi jær sə:ɪnjem nju:
 ɪn slɛ:ntən læ:ɪt ə faɪl

ən zu: vər dʒjen jær læ:ɪf ɪz fjeər
 ən ɡʊd hə bɪn jær stɛdvɑ:st frɛn(d)
 ən mɪd i: hav muər dʒæɪ ðən kjæər
 var evər tɪl jær dʒæ:ɪnɪz ɛn(d)
 ən æ:ɪv əwɒtʃt i: ɒn wi præ:ɪd
 bæt næ:u ə:ɪ su:n mʌs liəv jær zæ:ɪd
 var ju: ha stɪl læ:ɪfs sprɪŋtæ:ɪd zʌn
 bæt mə:ɪ læ:ɪf dʒjen ɪz næ:u ɛrʌn
 tə slɛ:ntən læ:ɪt ə faɪl

THISSLEDOWN



THE thissledown by winds a-roll'd
In Fall along the zunny pläin,
Did catch the grass, but lose its hold,
Or cling to bennets, but in vāin.

grass-stalks

But when it zwept along the grass,
An' zunk below the hollow's edge,
It lay at rest while winds did pass
Above the pit-bescreenèn ledge.

The pläin ha' brightness wi' his strife,
The pit is only dark at best,
There's pleasure in a worksome life,
An' sloth is tiresome wi' its rest.

Zoo, then, I'd sooner beär my peärt,
Ov all the trials vo'k do rue,
Than have a deadness o' the heart,
Wi' nothèn mwore to veel or do.

*so
folk*

ðisældæ:un

ðə ðisældæ:un b(ə)ɪ wɪn(d)z ərə:ld
ɪn faɪl əlɒŋ ðə zʌni plæm
dɪd kʌtʃ ðə gra:s bət lu:z ɪts huəld
ər klɪŋ tə beɪnɪts bət ɪn væm

bət (h)wen ɪt zwɛpt əlɒŋ ðə gra:s
ən zʌŋk bɪlə: ðə hɒlərz ɛdʒ
ɪt le: ət rest (h)wə:ɪl wɪn(d)z dɪd pa:s
əbʌv ðə pɪtbɪskri:nən lɛdʒ

ðə plæm ha brɛ:ɪtnɪs wi (h)ɪz strɛ:ɪf
ðə pɪt ɪz ɔ:nli dɑ:k ət best
ðərz plɛʒər ɪn ə wɜ:ksəm lɛ:ɪf
ən slɒθ ɪz tə:ɪərsəm wi ɪts rest

zu: ðen əɪd su:nər beər mæ:ɪ pjɑ:rt
əv aɪl ðə trɛ:ɪəlz vɔ:k də ru:
ðən hav ə dɛdnɪs ə ðə ha:rt
wi nʌθən muər tə vi:l ər du:

THE MAÿ-TREE



I'VE a-come by the Maÿ-tree all times o' the year,
 When leaves wer a-springèn,
 When vrost wer a-stingèn,
When cool-winded mornèn did show the hills clear,
When night wer bedimmèn the yields vur an' near.

far

When, in zummer, his head wer as white as a sheet,
 Wi' white buds a-zwellèn,
 An' blossom, sweet-smellèn,
While leaves wi' green leaves on his bough-zides did meet,
A-sheädèn the deäisies down under our veet.

When the zun, in the Fall, wer a-wanderèn wan,
 An' haws on his head
 Did sprinkle en red,
Or bright drops o' räin wer a-hung loosely on,
To the tips o' the sprigs when the scud wer a-gone.

it

sudden shower

An' when, in the winter, the zun did goo low,
 An' keen win' did huffle,
 But never could ruffle

blow in gusts

The hard vrozen feäce o' the water below,
His limbs wer a-fringed wi' the vrost or the snow.

its

ðə məɪtri:

ə:ɪv əklʌm b(ə:)ɪ ðə məɪtri: a:l tə:ɪmz ə ðə ʤiər
(h)wen li:vz wər əsprɪŋən
(h)wen vrɒst wər əstɪŋən
(h)wen ku:lwɪndɪd mə:rənən dɪd ʃo: ðə hɪlz kliər
(h)wen nə:ɪt wər bɪdɪmən ðə vi:l(d)z vər ən niər

(h)wen ɪn zʌməɪ (h)ɪz hɛd wər əz (h)wə:ɪt əz ə ʃɪt
wi (h)wə:ɪt bʌdz əzwelən
ən blɒsəm swi(:)tsmelən
(h)wə:ɪl li:vz wi grɪn li:vz ɒn (h)ɪz bæʊzə:ɪdz dɪd mɪt
əʃʤedən ðə dʒɛzɪz də:ʊn ʌndər ə:ʊər vɪt

(h)wen ðə zʌn ɪn ðə fa:ɪl wər əwɒndərən wɒn
ən he:z ɒn (h)ɪz hɛd
dɪd sprɪŋkəl ən rɛd
ər brə:ɪt drʌps ə ræm wər əhʌŋ lu:sli ɒn
tə ðə tɪps ə ðə sprɪŋz (h)wen ðə skʌd wər əɡɒn

ən (h)wen ɪn ðə wɪntər ðə zʌn dɪd gu: lo:
ən ki:n wɪn(d) dɪd hʌfəl
bət nəvər kʊd rʌfəl
ðə ha:ɪd vro:zən fʃɛs ə ðə wɔ:tər bɪlo:
(h)ɪz lɪmz wər əfrɪndʒd wi ðə vrɒst ər ðə sno:

LYDLINCH BELLS



WHEN skies wer peäle wi' twinklèn stars,
An' whislèn äir a-risèn keen;
An' birds did leäve the icy bars
To vind, in woods, their mossy screen;
When vrozen grass, so white's a sheet,
Did scrunchy sharp below our veet,
An' water, that did sparkle red
At zunzet, wer a-vrozen dead;
The ringers then did spend an hour
A-ringèn changes up in tow'r;
Vor Lydlinch bells be good vor sound,
An' liked by all the naìghbours round.

An' while along the leafless boughs
O' ruslèn hedges, win's did pass,
An' orts ov haÿ, a-left by cows,
Did russle on the vrozen grass,
An' maìdens' pails, wi' all their work
A-done, did hang upon their vurk,
An' they, avore the fleämèn brand,
Did teäke their needle-work in hand,
The men did cheer their heart an hour
A-ringèn changes up in tow'r;
Vor Lydlinch bells be good vor sound
An' liked by all the naìghbours round.

left-overs

fork

There sons did pull the bells that rung
Their mothers' weddèn peals avore,
The while their fathers led em young
An' blushèn vrom the churches door,
An' still did cheem, wi' happy sound,
As time did bring the Zundays round,

chime

lidlɪntʃ bɛlz

(h)wɛn skə:ɪz wɛr pjɛl wi twɪŋklən stɑ:z
ən (h)wɪslən æɪr ərə:ɪzən ki:n
ən bɛ:rdz dɪd liəv ði ə:ɪsi bɑ:z
tə və:ɪn(d) ɪn wʊdz ðɛr mɒsi skrɪ:n
(h)wɛn vro:zən grɑ:s sə (h)wɛ:ɪts ə ʃɪ:t
dɪd skrʌntʃɪ ʃɑ:p bɪlɔ: ə:uər vɪ:t
ən wɔ:tər ðət dɪd spɑ:rkəl rɛd
ət zʌnzɛt wɛr əvro:zən dɛd
ðə rɪŋɜ:z ðɛn dɪd spɛn(d) ən ə:uər
əɪŋən tʃʌndzɪz ʌp ɪn tə:uər
vɛr lidlɪntʃ bɛlz bi: gʊd vɛr sə:un(d)
ən lɪkt b(ə):ɪ a:l ðə næɪbɜ:z rə:un(d)

ən (h)wɛ:ɪl əlɒŋ ðə li:fɪs bə:uz
ə rʌslən hɛdzɪz wɪnz dɪd pa:s
ən ɑ:ɪts əv hæɪ əlɛft b(ə):ɪ kə:uz
dɪd rʌsəl ɒn ðə vro:zən grɑ:s
ən məɪdɛnz pæɪlz wi a:l ðɛr wɜ:rk
ədʌn dɪd haŋ əpɒn ðɛr vɜ:rk
ən ðe: əvuər ðə fljɛmən brʌn(d)
dɪd tʃɛk ðɛr nɪdəlwɜ:rk ɪn hʌn(d)
ðə mɛn dɪd tʃɪər ðɛr ha:ɪt ən ə:uər
əɪŋən tʃʌndzɪz ʌp ɪn tə:uər
vɛr lidlɪntʃ bɛlz bi: gʊd vɛr sə:un(d)
ən lɪkt b(ə):ɪ a:l ðə næɪbɜ:z rə:un(d)

ðɛər sʌnz dɪd pul ðə bɛlz ðət rʌŋ
ðɛr mʌðɜ:z wɛdɛn pi:lz əvuər
ðə (h)wɛ:ɪl ðɛr fɛ:ðɜ:z lɛd əm jʌŋ
ən blʌʃən vrəm ðə tʃɜ:ɪtʃɪz duər
ən stɪl dɪd tʃɪ:ɪm wi hʌpi sə:un(d)
əz tə:ɪm dɪd brɪŋ ðə zʌnde:z rə:un(d)

An' call em to the holy pleâce
Vor heav'nly gifts o' peace an' greâce;
An' vo'k did come, a-streamèn slow
Along below the trees in row,
While they, in merry peals, did sound
The bells vor all the naìghbours round.

folk

An' when the bells, wi' changèn peal,
Did smite their own vo'ks window-peānes,
Their sof'en'd sound did often steal
Wi' west winds drough the Bagber leānes;
Or, as the win' did shift, mid goo
Where woody Stock do nessle lew,
Or where the risèn moon did light
The walls o' Thornhill on the height;
An' zoo, whatever time mid bring
To meäke their vive clear vaïces zing,
Still Lydlinch bells wer good vor sound,
An' liked by all the naìghbours round.

*tbrough
might
sheltered*

so

ən ka:l əm tə ðə ho:li pljes
vər hevnli gifts ə pi:s ən grjes
ən vo:k dɪd kʌm əstri:mən slo:
əlɒŋ bɪlo: ðə tri:z ɪn ro:
(h)wə:ɪl ðe: ɪn məri pi:lz dɪd sə:un(d)
ðə belz vər a:l ðə næɪbərz rə:un(d)

ən (h)wen ðə belz wi tʃandʒən pi:l
dɪd smə:ɪt ðər o:n vo:ks wɪndərpjenz
ðər sɒfən(d) sə:un(d) dɪd ɒfən sti:l
wi west wɪn(d)z dru: ðə bagbər ljenz
ar az ðə wɪn(d) dɪd ʃɪft mɪd gu:
(h)wər wʊdi stɒk də nesəl lu:
ar (h)wɛər ðə rə:ɪzən mu:n dɪd lə:ɪt
ðə wa:lz ə ða:rnɪl ɒn ðə hə:ɪt
ən zu: (h)wɒtevər tə:ɪm mɪd brɪŋ
tə mjæk ðər və:ɪv kliər væɪsɪz zɪŋ
sti:l lɪdɪntʃ belz wər gud vər sə:un(d)
ən lɪkt b(ə:ɪ)ɪ a:l ðə næɪbərz rə:un(d)

THE STAGE COACH



AH! when the wold vo'k went abroad
 They thought it vast enough,
If vow'r good ho'ses beät the road
 Avore the coach's ruf;
 An' there they zot,
 A-cwold or hot,
An' roll'd along the ground,
 While the whip did smack
 On the ho'ses' back,
An' the wheels went swiftly round, Good so's;
 The wheels went swiftly round.

*old folk, out
fast
four, horses
roof
sat*

souls (friends)

Noo iron rails did streak the land
 To keep the wheels in track.
The coachman turn'd his vow'r-in-hand,
 Out right, or left, an' back;
 An' he'd stop avore
 A man's own door,
To teäke en up or down:
 While the reïns vell slack
 On the ho'ses' back,
Till the wheels did rattle round ageän;
 Till the wheels did rattle round.

him

An' there, when wintry win' did blow,
 Athirt the plaïn an' hill,
An' the zun wer peäle above the snow,
 An' ice did stop the mill,
 They did laugh an' joke
 Wi' cwoat or cloke,
So warmly roun' em bound,

across

ðə stɛ:dʒ kɔ:tʃ

a: (h)wɛn ðə (w)uəld vo:k wɛnt əbro:d

ðe: ðɔ:t ɪt vɑ:st ɪnʌf

ɪf və:uər gud hɒsɪz biət ðə ro:d

əvuər ðə kɔ:tʃɪz rʌf

ən ðər ðe: zʌt

əkʊəld ər hɒt

ən ro:ld əlɒŋ ðə grə:un(d)

(h)wə:ɪl ðə (h)wɪp dɪd smak

ɒn ðə hɒsɪz bak

ən ðə (h)wi:lz wɛnt swɪf(t)li rə:un(d) gud so:z

ðə (h)wi:lz wɛnt swɪf(t)li rə:un(d)

nu: ə:ɪərn ræɪlz dɪd stri:k ðə lan(d)

tə ki(:)p ðə (h)wi:lz ɪn trak

ðə kɔ:tʃmən tərnd (h)ɪz və:uərɪnhan(d)

əʊt rə:ɪt ər lɛft ən bak

ən əd stɒp əvuər

ə manz ɔ:n duər

tə tjɛk ən ʌp ər də:un

(h)wə:ɪl ðə ræɪnz vɛl slak

ɒn ðə hɒsɪz bak

tɪl ðə (h)wi:lz dɪd rɒtəl rə:un(d) əgʒɛn

tɪl ðə (h)wi:lz dɪd rɒtəl rə:un(d)

ən ðər (h)wɛn wɪntri wɪn dɪd blɔ:

ədɔ:rt ðə plæɪn ən hɪl

ən ðə zʌn wɛr pjɛl əbʌv ðə sno:

ən ə:ɪs dɪd stɒp ðə mɪl

ðe: dɪd lɛ:f ən dʒo:k

wɪ kuət ər klo:k

sə wɑ:rmli rə:un əm bə:un(d)

While the whip did crack
On the ho'ses' back,
An' the wheels did trundle round, d'ye know;
The wheels did trundle round.

An' when the rumblèn coach did pass
Where hufflèn winds did roar, *gusty*
They'd stop to teäke a warmèn glass
By the sign above the door;
An' did laugh an' joke
An' ax the vo'k *ask, folk*
The miles they wer vrom town,
Till the whip did crack
On the ho'ses back,
An' the wheels did truckle roun', good vo'k;
The wheels did truckle roun'.

An' gaily rod wold age or youth, *rode, old*
When zummer light did vall
On woods in leaf, or trees in blooth, *bloom*
Or girt vo'ks parkzide wall. *great*
An' they thought they past
The pleäces vast, *fast*
Along the dusty groun', *dusty*
When the whip did smack
On the ho'ses' back,
An' the wheels spun swiftly roun'. Them days
The wheels spun swiftly roun'.

(h)wə:ɪl ðə (h)wɪp dɪd krak
ɒn ðə hɒsɪz bak
ən ðə (h)wi:lz dɪd trʌndəl rə:ʊn(d) dʒi: nɔ:
ðə (h)wi:lz dɪd trʌndəl rə:ʊn(d)

ən (h)wɛn ðə rʌmblən kɔ:tʃ dɪd pa:s
(h)wər hʌflən wɪn(d)z dɪd ruər
ðe:d stɒp tə tʃɛk ə wɔ:rmən gla:s
b(ə):ɪ ðə sə:m əbʌv ðə duər
ən dɪd lɛ:f ən dʒo:k
ən a:ks ðə vo:k
ðə mə:ɪlz ðe: wər vrəm tə:ʊn
tɪl ðə (h)wɪp dɪd krak
ɒn ðə hɒsɪz bak
ən ðə (h)wi:lz dɪd trʌkəl rə:ʊn gud vo:k
ðə (h)wi:lz dɪd trʌkəl rə:ʊn

ən gæɪli rɒd (w)uəld ɛ:dʒ ər ju:θ
(h)wɛn zʌmər lə:ɪt dɪd va:l
ɒn wʊdz ɪn li:f ər tri:z ɪn blu:θ
ər gə:ɪt vo:ks pɑ:kzə:ɪd wa:l
ən ðe: ðɔ:t ðe: pa:st
ðə plʒesɪz va:st
əlɒŋ ðə də:ʊsti grə:ʊn
(h)wɛn ðə (h)wɪp dɪd smak
ɒn ðə hɒsɪz bak
ən ðə (h)wi:lz spʌn swɪf(t)li rə:ʊn ðem de:z
ðə (h)wi:lz spʌn swɪf(t)li rə:ʊn

WAYFEÄRÈN



THE sky wer clear, the zunsheen glow'd
On droopèn flowers drough the day,
As I did beät the dousty road
Vrom hinder hills, a-feädèn gray;
Drough hollows up the hills,
Vrom knaps along by mills,
Vrom mills by churches tow'rs, wi' bells
That twold the hours to woody dells.

*sunshine
through
dusty*

hillocks

An' when the windèn road do guide
The thirsty vootman where mid flow
The water vrom a rock bezide
His vootsteps, in a sheenèn bow;
The hand a-hollow'd up
Do beät a goolden cup,
To catch an' drink it, bright an' cool,
A-vallèn light 'ithin the pool.

may

shining

falling

Zoo when, at last, I hung my head
Wi' thirsty lips a-burnèn dry,
I come bezide a river-bed
Where water flow'd so blue's the sky;
An' there I meäde me up
O' coltsvoot leaf a cup,
Where water vrom his lip o' gray,
Wer sweet to sip thik burnèn day.

so

that

But when our work is right, a jaÿ
Do come to bless us in its traïn,
An' hardships ha' zome good to paÿ
The thoughtvul soul vor all their päin:

wə:ɪfjɛərən

ðə skə:ɪ wər kliər ðə zʌŋʃi:n glɔ:d
ən dru:pən flə:uərz dru: ðə de:
əz ə:ɪ dɪd biət ðə də:ʊsti rɔ:d
vrəm hə:ɪndər hɪlz əfjɛdən gre:
dru: hɒlərz ʌp ðə hɪlz
vrəm naps ələŋ b(ə):ɪ mɪlz
vrəm mɪlz b(ə):ɪ tʃə:rtʃɪz tə:uərz wi bɛlz
ðət tuəld ði ə:uərz tə wɒdi dɛlz

ən (h)wɛn ðə wə:ɪn(d)ən rɔ:d də gə:ɪd
ðə ðə:rsti vʊtmən (h)wər mɪd flo:
ðə wɔ:tər vrəm ə rɒk bɪzə:ɪd
(h)ɪz vʊtstɛps ɪn ə ʃi:nən bo:
ðə han(d) əhɒlərd ʌp
də biət ə gu:ldən kʌp
tə kʌtʃ ən drɪŋk ɪt brə:ɪt ən ku:l
əvə:lən lə:ɪt ɪðm ðə pu:l

zu: (h)wɛn ət lɛ:st ə:ɪ hʌŋ mə:ɪ hɛd
wi ðə:rsti lɪps əbɔ:rnən drə:ɪ
ə:ɪ kʌm bɪzə:ɪd ə rɪvərbɛd
(h)wər wɔ:tər flo:d sə blu:z ðə skə:ɪ
ən ðər ə:ɪ mʃɛd mi: ʌp
ə kɔ:ltsvʊt li:f ə kʌp
(h)wər wɔ:tər vrəm (h)ɪz lɪp ə gre:
wər swi(:)t tə sɪp ðɪk bɔ:rnən de:

bət (h)wɛn ə:uər wɔ:rk ɪz rə:ɪt ə dʒæɪ
də kʌm tə blɛs əs ɪn ɪts træm
ən ha:rdʃɪps ha zʌm gu:d tə pæɪ
ðə θɔ:tvʊl so:l vər a:l ðər pæm

The het do sweetèn sheäde,
An' weary lim's ha' meäde
A bed o' slumber, still an' sound,
By woody hill or grassy mound.

beat

An' while I zot in sweet delaÿ
Below an elem on a hill,
Where boughs a-halfwaÿ up did swaÿ
In sheädes o' lim's above em still,
An' blue sky show'd between
The flutt'rèn læves o' green;
I woulden gi'e that gloom an' sheäde
Vor any room that weälth ha' meäde.

sat

shadows

give

But oh! that vo'k that have the roads
Where weary-vooted souls do pass,
Would læve beside the stwone vor lwoads,
A little strip vor zummer grass;
That when the stwones do bruise
An' burn an' gall our tooes,
We then mid cool our veet on beds
O' wild-thyme sweet, or deäisy-heads.

folk

toes

may

ðə hæt də swi(:)tən fʃjəd
ən wiəri lɪmz hə mjəd
ə bəd ə slæmbər stɪl ən sə:un(d)
b(ə):ɪ wʊdi hɪl ər grɑ:si mə:un(d)

ən (h)wə:ɪl ə:ɪ zɑt ɪn swi(:)t dɪlæɪ
bɪlɔ: ən eləm ɒn ə hɪl
(h)wər bæ:uz əhe:fwə:ɪ ʌp dɪd swæɪ
ɪn fʃjədz ə lɪmz əbʌv əm stɪl
ən blu: skə:ɪ ʃo:d bɪtwɪn
ðə flʌtrən lɪ:vz ə grɪ:n
ə:ɪ (w)ʊdən ɡɪ: ðæt ɡlu:m ən fʃjəd
vər ɛni ru:m ðæt wɛlθ hə mjəd

bʌt o: ðæt vɔ:k ðæt hav ðə ro:dz
(h)wər wiərɪvʊtɪd so:lz də pa:s
wʊd liəv bɪzə:ɪd ðə stuən vər luədʒ
ə lɪtəl strɪp vər zʌmər grɑ:s
ðæt (h)wen ðə stuənz də bru:z
ən bæ:ɪn ən ɡa:l ə:uər tu:z
wi: ðen mɪd ku:l ə:uər vɪ:t ɒn bɛdz
ə wə:ɪl(d)tə:ɪm swɪ:t ər dʒɛzɪhɛdz



THE LEÄNE

lane

THEY do zay that a travellèn chap

Have a-put in the newspeäper now,

That the bit o' green ground on the knap

hillock

Should be all a-took in vor the plough.

He do fancy 'tis easy to show

That we can be but stunpolls at best,

blockheads

Vor to leäve a green spot where a flower can grow,

Or a voot-weary walker mid rest.

may

'Tis hedge-grubbèn, Thomas, an' ledge-grubbèn,

Never a-done

While a sov'rèn mwore's to be won.

sovereign

The road, he do zay, is so wide

As 'tis wanted vor travellers' wheels,

As if all that did travel did ride,

An' did never get galls on their heels.

He would leäve sich a thin strip o' groun',

That, if a man's veet in his shoes

Wer a-burnèn an' zore, why he couldnen zit down

But the wheels would run over his tooes.

toes

Vor 'tis meäke money, Thomas, an' teäke money,

What's zwold an' bought

Is all that is worthy o' thought.

Years agoo the leäne-zides did bear grass,

Vor to pull wi' the geeses' red bills,

That did hiss at the vo'k that did pass,

folk

Or the bwoys that pick'd up their white quills.

But shortly, if vower or vive

four or five

Ov our goslèns do creep vrom the agg,

They must mwope in the geärden, mwore dead than alive,

In a coop, or a-tied by the lag.

ðə lʝən

ðe: də ze: ðət ə travələn tʃap
hav əpʌt ɪn ðə nju:spjɛpər nə:u
ðat ðə bɪt ə grɪ:n grə:un(d) ɒn ðə nap
ʃʊd bi: a:l ətʊk ɪn vər ðə plə:u
hi: də fənsi tɪz i:zi tə ʃo:
ðət wi: kən bi: bət stʌnpɔ:lz ət bɛst
vər tə liəv ə grɪ:n spɒt (h)wər ə flə:uər kən gro:
ər ə vʊtwɪəri weɪkər mɪd rɛst
tɪz hɛdʒ grʌbən tɒməs ən lɛdʒ grʌbən
nevər ədʌn
(h)wə:ɪl ə sɒvrən muərz tə bi: wʌn

ðə rɔ:ɪd ə də ze: ɪz sə wə:ɪd
az tɪz wɒntɪd vər travələrz (h)wi:lz
az ɪf a:l ðət dɪd travəl dɪd rə:ɪd
ən dɪd nevər get ɡa:lz ɒn ðər hi:lz
hi: wʊd liəv sɪtʃ ə ðɪm strɪp ə grə:un
ðat ɪf ə manz vɪt ɪn (h)ɪz ʃu:z
wər əbə:ɪnən ən zuər (h)wə:ɪ ə kʊdən zɪt də:un
bət ðə (h)wi:lz wʊd rʌn ɔ:vər (h)ɪz tu:z
vər tɪz mʝek mʌni tɒməs ən tʝek mʌni
(h)wɒts zuəld ən bɔ:t
ɪz a:l ðət ɪz wə:rði ə ðɔ:t

ʝiərz əɡu: ðə lʝən zə:ɪdz dɪd beər ɡraɪs
vər tə pul wi ðə ɡi:sɪz rɛd bɪlz
ðat dɪd hɪs ət ðə vɔ:k ðət dɪd paɪs
ar ðə bwə:ɪz ðət pɪkt ʌp ðər (h)wə:ɪt kwɪlz
bət ʃa:ɪtli ɪf və:uər ər və:ɪv
əv ə:uər ɡɒzlənz də kri:p vrəm ði ɑɡ
ðe: məst muər ɪn ðə ɡjɑ:rdən muər dɛd ðən ələ:ɪv
ɪn ə ku:p ar ətə:ɪd b(ə):ɪ ðə lag

Vor to catch at land, 'Thomas, an' snatch at land,
Now is the plan;
Meäke money wherever you can.

The childern wull soon have noo pleäce
Vor to play in, an' if they do grow,
They wull have a thin musherroom feäce,
Wi' their bodies so sumple as dough. *soft*
But a man is a-meäde ov a child,
An' his limbs do grow worksome by play;
An' if the young child's little body's a-spweil'd, *spoiled*
Why, the man's wull the sooner decaÿ.
But wealth is wo'th now mwore than health is wo'th; *worth*
Let it all goo,
If't 'ull bring but a sov'rèn or two.

Vor to breed the young fox or the heäre, *hare*
We can gi'e up whole eäcres o' ground, *give, acres*
But the greens be a-grudg'd, vor to rear
Our young childern up healthy an' sound,
Why, there woont be a-left the next age
A green spot where their veet can goo free;
An' the goocoo wull soon be committed to cage *cuckoo*
Vor a trespass in zomebody's tree.
Vor 'tis lockèn up, 'Thomas, an' blockèn up,
Stranger or brother,
Men mussen come nigh woone another. *one*

Woone day I went in at a geäte,
Wi' my child, where an echo did sound,
An' the owner come up, an' did reäte *abuse*
Me as if I would car off his ground. *carry*
But his vield an' the grass wer a-let,
An' the damage that he could a-took

var tē katʃ ət lan(d) tōməs ən snatʃ ət lan(d)
nə:u ɪz ðə plan
mʲek mʌni (h)wərəvər jə kan

ðə tʃɪldərn wʊl su:n hav nu: plʲes
var tē plæɪ m ən ɪf ðe: də gro:
ðe: wʊl hav ə ðm mʌʃəru:m fʲes
wi ðər bədiz sə sʌmpəl əz do:
bət ə man ɪz əmʲed əv ə tʃə:ɪld
ən (h)ɪz lɪmz də gro: wə:ɪksəm b(ə:ɪ)ɪ plæɪ
ən ɪf ðə jʌŋ tʃə:ɪl(d)z lɪtəl bədiz əspwə:ɪld
(h)wə:ɪ ðə manz wʊl ðə su:nər dɪkæɪ
bət wɛlθ ɪz wɒð nə:u muər ðən hɛlθ ɪz wɒð
lɛt ɪt aɪl gu:
ɪf tʊl brɪŋ bət ə sɒvrən ar tu:

var tē brɪ:d ðə jʌŋ fəks ar ðə hʲeər
wi: kən ɡɪ: ʌp huəl jɛkəɪz ə grə:un(d)
bət ðə ɡrɪ:nz bɪ: əɡɾʌdʒd vər tē rɛər
ə:uər jʌŋ tʃɪldərn ʌp hɛlθi ən sə:un(d)
(h)wə:ɪ ðər wu:(ɪ)nt bɪ: əlɛft ðə nɛks(t) ɛ:dʒ
ə ɡrɪ:n spɒt (h)wər ðər vɪ:t kən gu: frɪ:
ən ðə ɡʊku: wʊl su:n bɪ: kəmitɪd tē kɛ:dʒ
vər ə trɛspəɪs m zʌmbədiz trɪ:
var tɪz lɒkən ʌp tōməs ən blɒkən ʌp
strandʒər ər brʌðər
mɛn mʌsən kʌm nə:ɪ (w)u:n ənʌðər

(w)u:n de: ə:ɪ wɛnt m ət ə ɡjɛt
wi mə:ɪ tʃə:ɪl(d) (h)wər ən ɛko: dɪd sə:un(d)
ən ði ɔ:nər kʌm ʌp ən dɪd rʲɛt
mɪ: əz ɪf ə:ɪ wʊd kʌɪ ɒf (h)ɪz grə:un(d)
bət (h)ɪz vɪ:l(d) ən ðə ɡɾa:s wər əlɛt
ən ðə dʌmɪdʒ ðat hi: kʊd ətʊk

Wer at mwost that the while I did open the geäte

I did rub roun' the eye on the hook.

But 'tis drevèn out, Thomas, an' hevèn out.

Trample noo grounds,

Unless you be after the hounds.

*driving, heaving
fields*

Ah! the Squiër o' Culver-dell Hall

Wer as diff'rent as light is vrom dark,

Wi' zome vo'k that, as evenèn did vall,

Had a-broke drough long grass in his park;

Vor he went, wi' a smile, vor to meet

Wi' the trespassers while they did pass,

An' he zaid, "I do fear you'll catch cwold in your veet,

You've a-walk'd drough so much o' my grass."

His mild words, Thomas, cut em like swords, Thomas,

Newly a-whet,

An' went vurder wi' them than a dreat.

*folk
through*

further

wər ət muəst ðat ðə (h)wə:ɪl ə:ɪ dɪd o:bən ðə gjet
 ə:ɪ dɪd rʌb rə:ʊn ði ə:ɪ ɒn ðə huk
 bət tɪz dre:vən ə:ʊt tɒməs ən he:vən ə:ʊt
 trampəl nu: grə:ʊn(d)z
 ʌnles jə bi: ɛ:tər ðə hæ:ʊn(d)z

a: ðə skwə:ɪər ə kʌlvər dɛl ha:l
 wər əz dɪfrənt əz lə:ɪt ɪz vrəm dɑ:k
 wi zʌm vɔ:k ðat əz i:vən dɪd va:l
 had əbro:k dru: lɒŋ gra:s ɪn (h)ɪz pɑ:k
 vər hi: wɛnt wi ə smə:ɪl vər tə mɪ:t
 wi ðə trɛspɑ:sərz (h)wə:ɪl ðe: dɪd pa:s
 ən hi: zɛd ə:ɪ də fiər jəl kʌtʃ kuəld ɪn jər vɪ:t
 jəv əwe:kt dru: sə mʌtʃ ə mə:ɪ gra:s
 (h)ɪz mə:ɪld wə:ɪdz tɒməs kʌt əm lɪk suərdz tɒməs
 ɲju:li ə(h)wɛt
 ən wɛnt vɔ:rdər wi ðəm ðən ə drɛt

THE RAILROAD [I]



I TOOK a flight, awhile agoo,
Along the rails, a stage or two,
An' while the heavy wheels did spin
An' rattle, wi' a deafnèn din,
In clouds o' steam, the zweepèn traïn
Did shoot along the hill-bound plaïn,
As sheädes o' birds in flight, do pass
Below em on the zunny grass.
An' as I zot, an' look'd abroad
On leänen land an' windèn road,
'The ground a-spread along our flight
Did vlee behind us out o' zight;
'The while the zun, our heav'nly guide,
Did ride on wi' us, zide by zide.
An' zoo, while time, vrom stage to stage,
Do car us on vrom youth to age,
'The e'thly pleasures we do vind
Be soon a-met, an' left behind;
But God, beholdèn vrom above
Our lowly road, wi' yearnèn love,
Do keep beside us, stage by stage,
Vrom be'th to youth, vrom youth to age.

shadows

sat, about

fly

so

carry

earthly

birth

ðə ræɪlroːd

əːɪ tʊk ə fləːɪt ə(h)wəːɪl əguː
əlɒŋ ðə ræɪlz ə stɛːdʒ ə tuː
ən (h)wəːɪl ðə hevi (h)wiːlz dɪd spɪn
ən rɒtəl wi ə dɛfnən dɪn
ɪn kləːudz ə stiːm ðə zwɪːpən træm
dɪd ʃʊt əlɒŋ ðə hɪlbəːun(d) plæm
əz ʃjɛdz ə bɛːrdz ɪn fləːɪt də paːs
bɪloː əm ɒn ðə zʌni grɑːs
ən az əːɪ zɒt ən lʊkt əbroːd
ɒn liənən lɑn(d) ən wəːɪn(d)ən roːd
ðə grəːun(d) əsprɛd əlɒŋ əːuər fləːɪt
dɪd vliː bihəːɪn(d) əs əːut ə zəːɪt
ðə (h)wəːɪl ðə zʌn əːuər hevnli gəːɪd
dɪd rəːɪd ɒn wi əs zəːɪd b(əː)ɪ zəːɪd
ən zuː (h)wəːɪl təːɪm vrəm stɛːdʒ tə stɛːdʒ
də kaːr əs ɒn vrəm juːθ tu ɛːdʒ
ði ɛθli plɛʒərz wiː də vəːɪn(d)
biː sʊn əmet ən lɛft bihəːɪn(d)
bət gʊd bihuəldən vrəm əbʌv
əːuər loːli roːd wi jɑːrnən lʌv
də kiːp bɪzəːɪd əs stɛːdʒ b(əː)ɪ stɛːdʒ
vrəm bɛθ tə juːθ vrəm juːθ tu ɛːdʒ

THE RÄILROAD [II]



An' while I went 'ithin a traïn,
A-ridèn on athirt the pläin,
A-cleärèn swifter than a hound,
On twin-laid rails, the zwimmèn ground;
I cast my eyes 'ithin a park,
Upon a woak wi' grey-white bark,
An' while I kept his head my mark,
The rest did wheel around en.

across

oak

its

it

An' when in life our love do cling
The clwosest round zome single thing,
We then do vind that all the rest
Do wheel roun' that, vor vu'st an best;
Zoo while our life do last, mid nought
But what is good an' feäir be sought,
In word or deed, or heart or thought,
An' all the rest wheel round it.

first
so, may

ðə ræɪlroʊd

ən (h)wə:ɪl ə:ɪ went ɪðm ə træm
ərə:ɪdən ɒn əðə:rt ðə plæm
əkliərən swɪftər ðən ə hæ:un(d)
ɒn twɪnləd ræɪlz ðə zwɪmən grə:un(d)
ə:ɪ ka:st mə:ɪ ə:ɪz ɪðm ə pɑ:rk
əpɒn ə (w)uək wi gre:(h)wə:ɪt bɑ:rk
ən (h)wə:ɪl ə:ɪ kept (h)ɪz hed mə:ɪ mɑ:rk
ðə rest dɪd (h)wɪl ərə:un(d) ən

ən (h)wen ɪn lə:ɪf ə:uər lʌv də kɪŋ
ðə kluəsɪst rə:un(d) zʌm sɪŋgəl ðɪŋ
wi: ðen də və:ɪn(d) ðət aɪ ðə rest
də (h)wɪl rə:un ðat vər vʌst ən bɛst
zu: (h)wə:ɪl ə:uər lə:ɪf də le:st mɪd nɔ:t
bət (h)wɒt ɪz gʊd ən fjeər bi: sɔ:t
ɪn wɜ:ɪd ər di:d ər ha:ɪt ər ðɔ:t
ən aɪ ðə rest (h)wɪl rə:un(d) ɪt

SEATS



WHEN starbright maidens be to zit
In silken frocks, that they do wear,
The room mid have, as 'tis but fit,
A han'some seat vor vo'k so feäir;
But we, in zun-dried vield an' wood,
Ha' seats as good's a goolden chair.

*may
folk*

Vor here, 'ithin the woody drong,
A ribbèd elem-stem do lie,
A-vell'd in Spring, an' stratch'd along
A bed o' grægles up knee-high,
A sheädy seat to rest, an' let
The burnèn het o' noon goo by.

*lane
elm-trunk
bluebells
beat*

Or if you'd look, wi' wider scope,
Out where the gray-tree'd plaïn do spread,
The ash bezide the zunny slope,
Do sheäde a cool-äir'd deäisy bed,
An' grassy seat, wi' spreadèn eaves
O' rus'lèn leaves, above your head.

An' there the traïn mid come in zight,
Too vur to hear a-rollèn by,
A-breathèn quick, in heästy flight,
His breath o' tweil, avore the sky,
The while the waggon, wi' his lwoad,
Do crawl the rwoad a-winden nigh.

*may
far
toil*

Or now theäse happy holiday
Do let vo'k rest their weary lim's,
An' lwoaded häy's a-hangèn gray,
Above the waggon-wheels' dry rims,

this

si:ts

(h)wen sta:rbre:it mæidənz bi: tə zɪt
in sɪlkən frɒks ðæt ðe: də weər
ðə ru:m mɪd hav az tɪz bət fɪt
ə hansəm si:t vər vo:k sə fjeər
bət wi: in zʌndrə:ɪd vi:l(d) ən wud
hə si:ts əz ɡʊdz ə ɡu:ldən tʃeər

var hiər iðm ðə wudi drɒŋ
ə rɪbəd elənstem də lə:ɪ
əvɛld in sprɪŋ ən stratʃt əlɒŋ
ə bəd ə gre:ɡəlz ʌp ni:hə:ɪ
ə fjeɪdi si:t tə rɛst ən lɛt
ðə bə:rnən het ə nu:n ɡu: bə:ɪ

ar ɪf ju:d lʊk wi wə:ɪdər skɔ:p
əut (h)wər ðə gre:tri:d plæm də spred
ði əf bɪzə:ɪd ðə zʌni slɔ:p
də fjeɪd ə ku:læ:ɪrd dje:zi bəd
ən ɡra:si si:t wi spredən i:vz
ə rʌslən li:vz əbʌv jər hɛd

ən ðər ðə træm mɪd kʌm in zə:ɪt
tu: vər tə hiər əro:lən bə:ɪ
əbri:ðən kwɪk in hje:sti flə:ɪt
(h)ɪz brɛθ ə twə:ɪl əvuər ðə skə:ɪ
ðə (h)wə:ɪl ðə wəɡən wi (h)ɪz luəd
də kra:ɪl ðə ruəd əwə:m(d)ən nə:ɪ

ar nə:u ðiəs hapi hɒlɪde:
də lɛt vo:k rɛst ðər wiəri lɪmz
ən luədɪd hæ:ɪz əhaŋən gre:
əbʌv ðə wəɡən(h)wi:lz drə:ɪ rɪmz

The meäd ha' seats in weäles or pooks,
By windèn brooks, wi' crumblèn brims.

ridges or cones

Or if you'd gi'e your thoughtvul mind
To yonder long-vorseäken hall,
Then teäke a stwonèn seat behind
The ivy on the broken wall,
An' learn how e'thly wealth an' might
Mid clim' their height, an' then mid vall.

give

stone

earthly

may climb

ðə miəd ha si:ts in wjelz ər pʊks
b(ə:)ɪ wə:m(d)ən brʊks wi kɾɑmblən brɪmz

ar ɪf ju:d gi: jər θɔ:tvʊl mə:m(d)
tə jændər lɒŋvarsjekən ha:l
ðen tjek ə stuənən si:t bihə:m(d)
ði ə:ɪvi ɒn ðə brɔ:kən wa:l
ən lærn hə:u ɛθli welθ ən mə:ɪt
mɪd klɪm ðər hə:ɪt ən ðen mɪd va:l

SOUND O' WATER



I BORN in town! oh no, my dawn
O' life broke here beside theäse lawn;
Not where pent äir do roll along,
In darkness drough the wall-bound drong,
An' never bring the goo-coo's zong,
Nor sweets o' blossoms in the hedge,
Or bendèn rush, or sheenèn zedge,
Or sounds o' flowèn water.

this glade

*through, lane
cuckoo's*

shining

The äir that I've a-breath'd did sheäke
The draps o' rain upon the breäke,
An' bear aloft the swingèn lark,
An' huffle roun' the elem's bark,
In boughy grove, an' woody park,
An' brought us down the dewy dells,
The high-wound zongs o' nightingeäles,
An' sounds o' flowèn water.

brushwood

blow in gusts

intricate

An' when the zun, wi' vi'ry rim,
'S a-zinkèn low, an' wearèn dim,
Here I, a-most too tired to stand,
Do leäve my work that's under hand
In pathless wood or oben land,
To rest 'ithin my thatchèn oves,
Wi' ruslèn win's in leafy groves,
An' sounds o' flowèn water.

fiery

eaves

sə:un(d) ə wɔ:tər

ə:ɪ bɑ:ɪn ɪn tə:un o: nɔ: mə:ɪ dɛ:n
ə lə:ɪf brɔ:k hɪər bɪsə:ɪd ðiəs lɛ:n
nɒt (h)wər pɛnt æɪr də rɔ:l əlɒŋ
ɪn dɑ:rknɪs drʊ: ðə wɑ:l bə:un(d) drɒŋ
ən nəvər brɪŋ ðə gu:kʊ:z zɒŋ
nɑ: swi(:)ts ə blɒsəmz ɪn ðə hɛdʒ
ər bɛndən rʌʃ ər ʃɪ:nən zɛdʒ
ər sə:un(d)z ə flo:ən wɔ:tər

ði æɪr ðæt ə:ɪv əbrɪ:ðd dɪd ʃjek
ðə drɒps ə ræɪn əpɒn ðə brɪjek
ən beər əlɒft ðə swɪŋən lɑ:rk
ən hʌfəl rə:un ði ɛləmz bɑ:rk
ɪn bə:ui grɔ:v ən wʊdi pɑ:rk
ən brɔ:t əs də:un ðə dʒu:ɪ dɛlz
ðə hæ:rwə:und zɒŋz ə nə:ɪtɪŋgjelz
ən sə:un(d)z ə flo:ən wɔ:tər

ən (h)wɛn ðə zʌn wi vɛ:ɪəri rɪm
z əzɪŋkən lɔ: ən wɛərən dɪm
hɪər ə:ɪ ɑ:məst tu: tə:ɪərd tə stɑn(d)
də liəv mə:ɪ wɜ:rk ðɛts ʌndər hɑn(d)
ɪn pɛ:θlɪs wʊd ər ɔ:bən lɑn(d)
tə rɛst ɪðɪn mə:ɪ ðɑtʃən ɔ:vz
wi rʌslən wɪnz ɪn li:fi grɔ:vz
ən sə:un(d)z ə flo:ən wɔ:tər

TREES BE COMPANY



WHEN zummer's burnèn het's a-shed
Upon the droopèn grasses head,
A-drevèn under sheädy leaves
'The workvo'k in their snow-white sleeves,
We then mid yearn to clim' the height,
 Where thorns be white, above the vern;
An' äir do turn the zunsheen's might
 To softer light too weak to burn—
 On woodless downs we mid be free,
 But lowland trees be company.

heat's

*driving
workfolk
may
fern
sunshine's*

Though downs mid show a wider view
O' green a-reachèn into blue
Than roads a-windèn in the glen,
An' ringèn wi' the sounds o' men;
The thistle's crown o' red an' blue
 In Fall's cwold dew do wither brown,
An' larks come down 'ithin the lew,
 As storms do brew, an' skies do frown—
 An' though the down do let us free,
 The lowland trees be company.

shelter

Where birds do zing, below the zun,
In trees above the blue-smok'd tun,
An' sheädes o' stems do overstratch
The mossy path 'ithin the hatch;
If leaves be bright up over head,
 When Maj' do shed its glitt'rèn light;
Or, in the blight o' Fall, do spread
 A yollow bed avore our zight—
 Whatever season it mid be,
 The trees be always company.

*chimney-top
shadows, tree-trunks
wicket-gate*

may

tri:z bi: kʌmpəni

(h)wen zʌmərz bə:rnən hets əʃed
əpən ðə dru:pən gra:siz həd
ədre:vən ʌndər ʃjedi li:vz
ðə wə:rkvo:k ɪn ðər sno:(h)wə:ɪt sli:vz
wi: ðen mɪd jə:rn tə klɪm ðə hə:ɪt
 (h)wər ða:rnz bi: (h)wə:ɪt əbʌv ðə və:rn
ən æɪr də tə:rn ðə zʌŋʃi:nz mə:ɪt
 tə sɒftər lə:ɪt tu: wɪ:k tə bə:rn
 ɒn (w)ʊdlɪs də:ʊnz wi: mɪd bi: fri:
 bət lo:lən(d) tri:z bi: kʌmpəni

ðo: də:ʊnz mɪd ʃo: ə wə:ɪdər vju:
ə grɪn əɪtʃən ɪntə blu:
ðən ro:dz əwə:ɪn(d)ən ɪn ðə glen
ən rɪŋən wi ðə sə:ʊn(d)z ə mən
ðə ðɪsəlz krə:ʊn ə red ən blu:
 ɪn fa:lz kuəld dju: də wɪðər brə:ʊn
ən lɑ:ks kʌm də:ʊn ɪðm ðə lu:
 az stɑ:rnz də bru: ən skə:ɪz də frə:ʊn
 ən ðo: ðə də:ʊn də let əs fri:
 ðə lo:lən(d) tri:z bi: kʌmpəni

(h)wɛər bɛ:rdz də zɪŋ bɪlo: ðə zʌn
ɪn tri:z əbʌv ðə blu:smo:kt tʌn
ən ʃjɛdz ə stɛmz du ɔ:vərstratʃ
ðə mɒsi pe:θ ɪðm ðə hatʃ
ɪf li:vz bi: brə:ɪt ʌp ɔ:vər həd
 (h)wen məɪ də ʃed ɪts glɪtrən lə:ɪt
ar ɪn ðə blə:ɪt ə fa:l də spred
 ə jʌlər bɛd əvuər ə:uər zə:ɪt
 (h)wɒtɛvər sɪ:zən ɪt mɪd bi:
 ðə tri:z bi: a:lweɪz kʌmpəni

When dusky night do nearly hide
The path along the hedge's zide,
An' dailight's hwomely sounds be still
But sounds o' water at the mill;
Then if noo feäce we long'd to greet
 Could come to meet our lwonesome treäce
Or if noo peäce o' weary veet,
 However fleet, could reach its pleäce—
 However lwonesome we mid be,
 The trees would still be company.

except for

pace

might

(h)wen dʌski nə:t də niərli hə:ɪd
 ðə pɛ:θ əlɒŋ ðə hɛdʒɪz zə:ɪd
 ən de:lə:ɪts huəmli sə:ʊn(d)z bi: stɪl
 bət sə:ʊn(d)z ə wɔ:tər ət ðə mɪl
 ðen ɪf nu: fʃes wi: lɒŋd tə grɪ:t
 kʊd kʌm tə mɪ:t ə:uər luənsəm trʃes
 ər ɪf nu: pʃes ə wiəri vi:t
 hə:uevər flɪ:t kʊd rɪ:tʃ ɪts plʃes
 hə:uevər luənsəm wi: mɪd bi:
 ðə tri:z wʊd stɪl bi: kʌmpəni

A PLEÄCE IN ZIGHT



As I at work do look aroun'
Upon the groun' I have in view,
To yonder hills that still do rise
Avore the skies, wi' backs o' blue;
'Ithin the ridges that do vall
An' rise roun' Blackmwore lik' a wall,
'Tis yonder knap do teäke my zight
Vrom dawn till night, the mmost ov all.

hillock

An' there, in Maÿ, 'ithin the lewth
O' boughs in blooth, be sheädy walks,
An' cowslips up in yollow beds
Do hang their heads on downy stalks;
An' if the weather should be feäir
When I've a holiday to speäre,
I'll teäke the chance o' gettèn drough
An hour or two wi' zome vo'k there.

shelter

bloom

through

folk

An' there I now can dimly zee
The elem-tree upon the mound,
An' there meäke out the high-bough'd grove
An' narrow drove by Redcliff ground;
An' there by trees a-risèn tall,
The glowèn zunlight now do vall,
Wi' shortest sheädes o' middle day,
Upon the gray wold house's wall.

shadows

old

An' I can zee avore the sky
A-risèn high the churches speer,
Wi' bells that I do goo to swing,
An' like to ring, an' like to hear;

spire

ə pljɛs ɪn zə:ɪt

az ə:ɪ ət wə:ɪrk də lʊk ərə:un
əpɒn ðə grə:un ə:ɪ hav ɪn vju:
tə ʃændər hɪlz ðət stɪl də rə:ɪz
əvuər ðə skə:ɪz wi baks ə blu:
ɪðm ðə rʌdʒɪz ðat də va:l
ən rə:ɪz rə:un blakmuər lɪk ə wa:l
tɪz ʃændər nap də tʃek mə:ɪ zə:ɪt
vrəm de:ɪn tɪl nə:ɪt ðə muəst əv a:l

ən ðər ɪn mə:ɪ ɪðm ðə lu:θ
ə bə:uz ɪn blu:θ bi: ʃjedi we:ks
ən kə:uslɪps ʌp ɪn ʃælər bedz
də haŋ ðər hedz ɒn də:ʊni ste:ks
ən ɪf ðə weðər ʃʊd bi: fjeər
(h)wen ə:ɪv ə hɒlɪde: tə spjeər
ə:ɪl tʃek ðə tʃe:ɪns ə getən dru:
ən ə:uər ər tu: wi zʌm vo:k ðeər

ən ðər ə:ɪ nə:u kən dɪmli zi:
ði eləmtɪrɪ: əpɒn ðə mə:un(d)
ən ðər mjeɪk ə:ʊt ðə hə:ɪbə:ʊd gro:v
ən narə(r) dro:v b(ə:ɪ) rɛdɪklɪf grə:un(d)
ən ðər b(ə:ɪ) trɪ:z ərə:ɪzən ta:l
ðə glo:ən zʌnlə:ɪt nə:u də va:l
wi ʃɑ:tɪst ʃjedz ə mɪdəl de:
əpɒn ðə gre: (w)uəld hə:usɪz wa:l

ən ə:ɪ kən zi: əvuər ðə skə:ɪ
ərə:ɪzən hə:ɪ ðə tʃə:ɪtʃɪz spiər
wi belz ðət ə:ɪ də gu: tə swɪŋ
ən lə:ɪk tə rɪŋ ən lə:ɪk tə hiər

An' if I've luck upon my zide,
They bells shall sound bwoth loud an' wide,
A peal above they slopes o' gray,
Zome merry day wi' Jeäne a bride.

ən ɪf əɪv lʌk əpən məɪ zəɪd
ðeː beɪz ʃəl səːʊn(d) buəd ləːud ən wəɪd
ə piːl əbʌv ðeː sloːps ə greː
zʌm məɪ deː wi dʒjən ə brəɪd



GWAÏN TO BROOKWELL

going

AT Easter, though the wind wer high,
 We vound we had a zunny sky,
 An' zoo wold Dobbin had to trudge
 His dousty road by knap an' brudge,
 An' jog, wi' hangèn vetterlocks
 A-sheäkèn roun' his heavy hocks,
 An' us, a lwoad not much too small,
 A-ridèn out to Brookwell Hall;
 An' there in dust vrom Dobbin's heels,
 An' green light-waggon's vower wheels,
 Our merry laughs did loudly sound,
 In rollèn winds athirt the ground;
 While sheenèn-ribbons' color'd streäks
 Did flutter roun' the maïdens' cheäks,
 As they did zit, wi' smilèn lips,
 A-reachèn out their vinger-tips
 Toward zome teäkèn pleäce or zight
 That they did shew us, left or right;
 An' woonce, when Jimmy tried to pleäce
 A kiss on cousin Polly's feäce,
 She push'd his hat, wi' wicked leers,
 Right off above his two red ears,
 An' there he roll'd along the groun'
 Wi' spreadèn brim an' rounded crown,
 An' vound, at last, a cowpon's brim,
 An' launch'd hizzelf, to teäke a zwim;
 An' there, as Jim did run to catch
 His neäked noddle's bit o' thatch,
 To zee his strainèns an' his strides,
 We laugh'd enough to split our zides.
 At Harwood Farm we pass'd the land
 That father's father had in hand,

so old
dusty, billock
fetlocks

dust
four

across

once

it

cowpond's
itself

gwæm tə brʊkwəl

at i:stər ðo: ðə wɪn(d) wər hæ:ɪ
wi: və:ʊn(d) wi: həd ə zʌni skə:ɪ
ən zu: (w)uəld dɒbm həd tə trʌdʒ
(h)ɪz də:ʊsti rɔ:d b(ə):ɪ nʌp ən brʌdʒ
ən dʒɒg wi haɪən vətərɒks
əʃjekən rə:ʊn (h)ɪz hevi hɒks
ən ʌs ə luəd nɒt mʌtʃ tu: smɑ:l
ərə:ɪdən ə:ʊt tə brʊkwəl hɑ:l
ən ðər ɪn də:ʊst vrəm dɒbmz hi:lz
ən grɪn læ:ɪtwagənz və:ʊər (h)wi:lz
ə:ʊər məri læ:fs dɪd læ:ʊdli sə:ʊn(d)
ɪn rɔ:lən wɪn(d)z əðə:ɪt ðə grə:ʊn(d)
(h)wə:ɪl ʃɪ:nənɪbənz kʌlərd striəks
dɪd flʌtər rə:ʊn ðə mə:ɪdənz tʃiəks
əz ðe: dɪd zɪt wi smə:ɪlən lɪps
əri:tʃən ə:ʊt ðər vɪŋgərtɪps
təwɑ:rd zʌm tʃekən pljes ər zə:ɪt
ðæt ðe: dɪd ʃo: əs left ər rə:ɪt
ən (w)ʊns (h)wen dʒɪmi trə:ɪd tə pljes
ə kɪs ɒn kʌzən pɒlɪz fjes
ʃi: pʊst (h)ɪz hət wi wɪkɪd lɪərz
rə:ɪt ɒf əbʌv (h)ɪz tu: rɛd iərz
ən ðər ə rɔ:ld ələŋ ðə grə:ʊn
wi spredən brɪm ən rə:ʊndɪd krə:ʊn
ən və:ʊn(d) ət læ:st ə kə:ʊpɒnz brɪm
ən læ:ntʃt hɪzʌf tə tʃek ə zwɪm
ən ðər əz dʒɪm dɪd rʌn tə kʌtʃ
(h)ɪz nʃekɪd nɒdəlz bɪt ə ðʌtʃ
tə zi: (h)ɪz stræɪnənz ən (h)ɪz strə:ɪdz
wi: læ:ft ɪnʌf tə splɪt ə:ʊər zə:ɪdz
ət hɑ:rwʊd fɑ:ɪm wi: pɑ:st ðə lʌn(d)
ðæt fe:ðərz fe:ðər həd ɪn hʌn(d)

An' there, in oben light did spread,	
The very groun's his cows did tread,	<i>fields</i>
An' there above the stwonèn tun	<i>stone chimney</i>
Avore the dazzlèn mornèn zun,	
Wer still the rollèn smoke, the breath	
A-breath'd vrom his wold house's he'th;	<i>old, hearth</i>
An' there did lie below the door,	
The drashol' that his vootsteps wore;	<i>threshold</i>
But there his meäte an' he bwoth died,	
Wi' hand in hand, an' zide by zide;	
Between the seäme two peals a-rung,	
Two Zundays, though they wer but young,	
An' laid in sleep, their worksome hands,	
At rest vrom tweil wi' house or lands.	<i>toil</i>
Then vower childern laid their heads	<i>four</i>
At night upon their little beds,	
An' never rose ageän below	
A mother's love, or father's ho:	<i>care</i>
Dree little mäidens, small in feäce,	<i>three</i>
An' woone small bwoy, the fourth in pleäce.	<i>one</i>
Zoo when their heedvul father died,	<i>so</i>
He call'd his brother to his zide,	
To meäke en stand, in hiz own stead,	<i>him</i>
His childern's guide, when he wer dead;	
But still avore zix years brought round	
The woodland goo-coo's zummer sound,	<i>cuckoo's</i>
He weästed all their little store,	
An' hardship drove em out o' door,	
To tweil till tweilsome life should end,	<i>toil . . . toilsome</i>
'Thout a single e'thly friend.	<i>earthly</i>
But soon wi' Harwood back behind,	
An' out o' zight an' out o' mind,	
We went a-rottlèn on, an' meäde	
Our way along to Brookwell Sleäde;	

ən ðær in o:bən læ:ɪt dɪd spred
 ðə veri grə:ʊnz (h)ɪz kə:ʊz dɪd tred
 ən ðær əbʌv ðə stuənən tʌn
 əvuər ðə dazlən mɑ:rnən zʌn
 wər stɪl ðə rɔ:lən smo:k ðə brɛθ
 əbri:ðd vrəm (h)ɪz (w)ʊəld hə:ʊsɪz hɛθ
 ən ðær dɪd læ:ɪ bɪlɔ: ðə duər
 ðə draʃəl ðət (h)ɪz vʊtstɛps wuər
 bət ðær (h)ɪz mjet ən hi: buəd də:ɪd
 wi han(d) in han(d) ən zə:ɪd b(ə):ɪ zə:ɪd
 bɪtwɪ:n ðə sjɛm tu: pɪ:lz ərʌŋ
 tu: zʌndeɪz ðo: ðe: wər bət jʌŋ
 ən lɛd in slɪp ðær wɜ:ksəm han(d)z
 ət rest vrəm twə:ɪl wi hə:ʊs ər lʌn(d)z
 ðɛn və:ʊər tʃɪldərn lɛd ðær hɛdz
 ət nə:ɪt əpɒn ðær lɪtəl bɛdz
 ən nəvər rɔ:z əgjen bɪlɔ:
 ə mʌðərz lʌv ər fɛ:ðərz ho:
 dri: lɪtəl məɪdənz smɑ:l in fjes
 ən (w)u:n smɑ:l bwə:ɪ ðə fuərθ in pljes
 zu: (h)wɛn ðær hi:dvʊl fɛ:ðər də:ɪd
 hi: kɑ:ld (h)ɪz brʌðər tu (h)ɪz zə:ɪd
 tə mjɛk ən stʌn(d) in (h)ɪz o:n stɛd
 (h)ɪz tʃɪldərnz gə:ɪd (h)wɛn hi: wər dɛd
 bət stɪl əvuər zɪks jɪərz brɔ:t rə:ʊn(d)
 ðə (w)ʊdlən(d) guku:z zʌmər sə:ʊn(d)
 hi: wjestɪd a:l ðær lɪtəl stuər
 ən hɑ:rdʃɪp drɔ:v əm ə:ʊt ə duər
 tə twə:ɪl tɪl twə:ɪlsəm læ:ɪf ʃʊd ɛn(d)
 ɪðə:ʊt ə sɪŋgəl ɛθli frɛn(d)
 bət su:n wi hɑ:rwʊd bʌk bɪhə:m(d)
 ən ə:ʊt ə zə:ɪt ən ə:ʊt ə mə:m(d)
 wi: wɛnt ərɒtlən ɒn ən mjɛd
 ə:ʊər we: əlɒŋ tə brʊkwɛl sljɛd

An' then we vound ourselves draw nigh
The Leädy's Tow'r that rose on high,
An' seem'd a-comèn on to meet,
Wi' growèn height, wold Dobbin's veet.

old

ən ðen wi: vəʊn(d) əˈuərʒʌvz dɪ: nəɪ
ðə lʃediz təˈuər ðət ro:z ɒn həɪ
ən si(:)md əkʌmən ɒn tə mi:t
wi gro:ən həɪt (w)uəld dʌbɪnz vi:t

BROOKWELL



WELL, I do zay 'tis wo'th woone's while
To beät the doust a good six mile
To zee the pleäce the squier plann'd
At Brookwell, now a-meäde by hand;
Wi' oben lawn, an' grove, an' pon',
An' gravel-walks as cleän as bron;
An' grass a'most so soft to tread
As velvet-pile o' silken thread;
An' mounds wi' mäsh, an' rocks wi' flow'rs,
An' ivy-sheäded zummer bow'rs,
An' dribblèn water down below
The stwonen arch's lofty bow.
An' there do sound the watervall
Below a cavern's mäshy wall,
Where peäle-green light do struggle down
A leafy crevice at the crown.
An' there do gush the foamy bow
O' water, white as driven snow;
An' there, a zittèn all alwone,
A little mäid o' marble stwone
Do leän her little cheäk azide
Upon her lily han', an' bide
Bezide the vallèn stream to zee
Her pitcher vill'd avore her knee.
An' then the brook, a-rollèn dark
Below a leänèn yew-tree's bark,
Wi' play'some ripples that do run
A-flashèn to the western zun,
Do shoot, at last, wi' foamy shocks,
Athirt a ledge o' craggy rocks,
A-castèn in his heästy flight,
Upon the stwones a robe o' white;

*worth one's
dust*

*pond
bran*

moss

stone, arc

mossy

falling

across

brukwēl

wēl æ:ɪ də ze: tɪz wʊð (w)u:nz (h)wə:ɪl
tə biət ðə də:ɪst ə gud sɪks mə:ɪl
tə zi: ðə plʃes ðə skwə:ɪər plænd
ət brukwēl nə:u əmʃəd b(ə:ɪ)ɪ han(d)
wi ɔ:bən lɛ:n ən grə:v ən pʊn
ən gravəlwe:ks əz kliən əz brʊn
ən gra:s a:məst sə sɒft tə trəd
əz vɛlvɪtpə:ɪl ə sɪlkən drəd
ən mə:un(d)z wi me:ʃ ən rɒks wi flə:uərz
ən ə:ɪvɪʃjədɪd zʌmər bə:uərz
ən drɪblən wɔ:tər də:un bɪlɔ:
ðə stuənən ɑ:ɪtʃɪz lɒftɪ bɔ:
ən ðər də sə:un(d) ðə wɔ:tərvɑ:l
bɪlɔ: ə kavərnz me:ʃɪ wɑ:l
(h)wər pʃɛlgri:n lə:ɪt də strægəl də:un
ə li:fi kreɪvɪs ət ðə krə:un
ən ðər də gʌʃ ðə fə:mi bɔ:
ə wɔ:tər (h)wə:ɪt əz drɪvən sno:
ən ðər ə zɪtən a:l əluən
ə lɪtəl mæɪd ə mɑ:rbəl stuən
də liən (h)ər lɪtəl tʃɪək əzə:ɪd
əpʊn (h)ər lɪli han ən bə:ɪd
bɪzə:ɪd ðə vɑ:lən strɪ:m tə zi:
(h)ər pɪtʃər vɪld əvuər (h)ər ni:
ən ðen ðə brʊk əro:lən dɑ:rk
bɪlɔ: ə liənən ju:tri:z bɑ:rk
wi plæɪsəm rɪpəlz ðət də rʌn
əfləʃən tə ðə wɛstərn zʌn
də ʃʊt ət leɪst wi fə:mi ʃɒks
ədðə:ɪt ə lɛdʒ ə kragɪ rɒks
əkɑ:stən ɪn (h)ɪz hʃɛstɪ flə:ɪt
əpʊn ðə stuənz ə ro:b ə (h)wə:ɪt

An' then ageän do goo an' vall
 Below a bridge's archèd wall,
 Where vo'k agwain athirt do pass
 Vow'r little bwoys a-cast in brass;
 An' woone do hold an angler's wand,
 Wi' steady hand, above the pond;
 An' woone, a-pweintèn to the stream
 His little vinger-tip, do seem
 A-showèn to his playmeates' eyes,
 Where he do zee the vishes rise;
 An' woone ageän, wi' smilèn lips,
 Do put a vish his han' do clips
 'Ithin a basket, loosely tied
 About his shoulder at his zide:
 An' after that the fourth do stand
 A-holdèn back his pretty hand
 Behind his little ear, to drow
 A stwone upon the stream below.
 An' then the housèn, that be all
 Sich pretty hwomes, vrom big to small,
 A-lookèn south, do cluster round
 A zunny ledge o' risèn ground,
 Avore a wood, a-nestled warm,
 In lewth ageän the northern storm,
 Where smoke, a-wreathèn blue, do spread
 Above the tuns o' dusky red,
 An' window-peänes do glitter bright
 Wi' burnèn streams o' zummer light,
 Below the vine, a-traïn'd to hem
 Their zides 'ithin his leafy stem,
 An' rangle on, wi' flutt'rèn leaves,
 Below the houses' thatchen eaves.
 An' drough a lawn a-spread avore
 The windows, an' the pworchèd door,

folk going across

four

one

pointing

encircle

throw

shelter

chimney-tops

stray

through

ən ðen əgjen də gu: ən va:l
 bɪlo: ə brɑdʒɪz ɑ:rtʃəd wɑ:l
 (h)wər vɔ:k əgwæm əðə:rt də pa:s
 və:uər lɪtəl bwə:ɪz əkɑ:st ɪn brɑ:s
 ən (w)u:n də huəld ən ɒŋglərz wɑnd
 wɪ stɛdi hɑn(d) əbʌv ðə pɒnd
 ən (w)u:n əpwə:mtən tə ðə strɪ:m
 (h)ɪz lɪtəl vɪŋgɜ:tɪp də sɪ:m
 əʃo:ən tu (h)ɪz plæɪmjɛts ə:ɪz
 (h)wər hi: də zi: ðə vɪʃɪz rə:ɪz
 ən (w)u:n əgjen wɪ smə:ɪlən lɪps
 də pʌt ə vɪʃ (h)ɪz hɑn də klɪps
 ɪðm ə bɑ:skɪt lu:sli tə:ɪd
 əbɜ:ut (h)ɪz ʃo:ldər ət (h)ɪz zə:ɪd
 ən ɛ:tər ðæt ðə fuərθ də stɑn(d)
 əho:ldən bɑk (h)ɪz pɑ:rtɪ hɑn(d)
 bɪhə:m(d) (h)ɪz lɪtəl ɪər tə drɔ:
 ə stuən əpɒn ðə strɪ:m bɪlo:
 ən ðen ðə hə:uzən ðæt bi: ɑ:l
 sɪtʃ pɑ:rtɪ huəmz vrəm bɪg tə smɑ:l
 əlʊkən sə:uθ də klɑstər rə:un(d)
 ə zʌni lɛdʒ ə rə:ɪzən grə:un(d)
 əvuər ə wʊd ənesəld wɑ:rm
 ɪn lu:θ əgjen ðə nɑ:rðɜ:n stɑ:rm
 (h)wər smɔ:k əri:ðən blu: də sprɛd
 əbʌv ðə tɑnz ə dʌski rɛd
 ən wɪndərpjɛnz də glɪtər brɛɪt
 wɪ bɛ:rnən strɪ:mz ə zɑmər lɛɪt
 bɪlo: ðə və:ɪn ətræɪnd tə hɛm
 ðər zə:ɪdz ɪðm (h)ɪz li:fɪ stɛm
 ən rɑŋgəl ɒn wɪ flɑtrən li:vz
 bɪlo: ðə hə:usɪz ðætʃən i:vz
 ən dru: ə lɛ:n əsprɛd əvuər
 ðə wɪndərz ən ðə puərtʃɪd duər

A path do wind 'ithin a hatch,
 A-vastèn'd wi' a clickèn latch,
 An' there up over ruf an' tun,
 Do stan' the smooth-wall'd church o' stwone,
 Wi' carvèd windows, thin an' tall,
 A-reachèn up the lofty wall;
 An' battlements, a-stannèn round
 The tower, ninety veet vrom ground,
 Vrom where a teäp'rèn speer do spring
 So high's the mornèn lark do zing.
 Zoo I do zay 'tis wo'th woone's while
 To beät the doust a good six mile,
 To zee the pleäce the squier plann'd
 At Brookwell, now a-meäde by hand.

wicket-gate

roof and chimney-top

standing

tapering spire

so, worth one's

ə pɛ:θ də wə:m(d) iðm ə hatʃ
 əva:sənd wi ə klɪkən latʃ
 ən ðər ʌp ɔ:vər rʌf ən tʌn
 də stan ðə smu:ðwa:ld tʃə:rtʃ ə stuən
 wi ka:rvəd wɪndərz ðɪn ən ta:l
 əri:tʃən ʌp ðə lɒfti wa:l
 ən batəlmənts əstanən rə:un(d)
 ðə təuər nə:mti vi:t vrəm grə:un(d)
 vrəm (h)wər ə tjeprən spiər də sprɪŋ
 sə hə:ɪz ðə ma:rnən lɑ:k də zɪŋ
 zu: əɪ də ze: tɪz wɒð (w)u:nz (h)wə:ɪl
 tə biət ðə də:ɪst ə gud sɪks mə:ɪl
 tə zi: ðə pljes ðə skwə:ɪər pland
 ət brʊkwel nə:u əmjəd b(ə)ɪ hand

THE SHY MAN



Ah! good Meäster Gwillet, that you mid ha' know'd,
Wer a-bred up at Coomb, an' went little abroad;
An' if he got in among strangers, he felt
His poor heart in a twitter, an' ready to melt;
Or if, by ill luck, in his rambles, he met
Wi' zome maïdens a' titt'rèn, he burn'd wi' a het,
That shot all drough the lim's o'n, an' left a cwold zweat,
 The poor little chap wer so shy,
 He wer ready to drap, an' to die.

*may
away from home*

*beat
through
[his limbs]*

But at last 'twere the lot o' the poor little man
To vall deeply in love, as the best ov us can;
An' 'twere noo easy task vor a shy man to tell
Sich a dazzlèn feäir maïd that he loved her so well;
An' woone day when he met her, his knees nearly smote
Woone another, an' then wi' a struggle he bro't
A vew words to his tongue, wi' some mwore in his droat.
 But she, 'ithout doubt, could soon vind
 Vrom two words that come out, zix behind.

*one
brought
throat*

Zoo at langth, when he vound her so smilèn an' kind,
Why he wrote her zome laïns, vor to tell her his mind,
Though 'twere then a hard task vor a man that wer shy,
To be married in church, wi' a crowd stannèn by.
But he twold her woone day, "I have housen an' lands,
We could marry by licence, if you don't like banns,"
An' he cover'd his eyes up wi' woone ov his han's,
 Vor his head seem'd to zwim as he spoke,
 An' the äir look'd so dim as a smoke.

*so
lines
standing*

ðə ʃəɪ man

a: gud mja:stər gwɪlət ðat ju: mɪd hə noɪd
wər əbrəd ʌp ət ku:m ən went lɪtəl əbro:d
ən ɪf ə ɡʊt ɪn əmənʃ strandʒərz ə velt
(h)ɪz pu(:)ər ha:rt ɪn ə twɪtər ən rɛdi tə mɛlt
ar ɪf b(ə)ɪ ɪl lək ɪn (h)ɪz rambəlz ə mɛt
wi zʌm məɪdənʒ ətɪtrən ə bə:rnd wi ə hɛt
ðət ʃʊt a:l dru: ðə lɪmz o:n ən lɛft ə kuəld zwet
ðə pu(:)ər lɪtəl tʃap wər sə ʃəɪ
hi: wər rɛdi tə drɒp ən tə dəɪ

bʌt at lɛ:st twər ðə lɒt ə ðə pu(:)ər lɪtəl man
tə vaɪl di:pli ɪn lʌv əz ðə best əv əs kən
ən twər nu: ɪ:zi tɑ:sk vər ə ʃəɪ man tə tɛl
sɪtʃ ə dazlən fjeər məɪd ðat ə lʌvd (h)ər sə wɛl
ən (w)u:n de: (h)wɛn ə mɛt hər (h)ɪz ni:z niərli smɔ:t
(w)u:n ənʌðər ən ðɛn wi ə strʌɡəl hi: brɔ:t
ə vju: wə:rdz tu (h)ɪz tʌŋ wi səm muər ɪn (h)ɪz dro:t
bət ʃi: ɪðə:ut də:ut kud su:n və:m(d)
vrəm tu: wə:rdz ðət kʌm ə:ut zɪks bihə:m(d)

zu: ət lʌŋθ (h)wɛn ə və:un(d) (h)ər sə smə:ɪlən ən kə:m(d)
(h)wəɪ ə ro:t (h)ər zʌm lə:ɪnz vər tə tɛl (h)ər (h)ɪz mə:m(d)
ðo: twər ðɛn ə ha:rd tɑ:sk vər ə man ðət wər ʃəɪ
tə bi: marɪd ɪn tʃə:rtʃ wi ə krə:ud stənən bəɪ
bət hi: tuəld (h)ər (w)u:n de: əɪ hav hə:uzən ən lʌnz
wi: kud mɑ:ri b(ə)ɪ lə:ɪsəns ɪf jə do:nt lə:ɪk bʌnz
ən ə kʌvərd (h)ɪz əɪz ʌp wi (w)u:n əv (h)ɪz hʌnz
vər (h)ɪz hɛd si(:)md tə zwɪm əz hi: spɔ:k
ən ði æɪr lʊkt sə dɪm əz ə smɔ:k

Well! he vound a good naighbour to goo in his pleäce
 Vor to buy the goold ring, vor he hadden the feäce.
 An' when he went up vor to put in the banns,
 He did sheäke in his lags, an' did sheäke in his han's.
 Then they ax'd vor her neäme, an' her parish or town,
 An' he gi'ed em a leaf wi' her neäme a-wrote down;
 Vor he coulden ha' twold em outright, vor a poun',
 Vor his tongue wer so weak an' so loose,
 When he wanted to speak 'twere noo use.

*asked
gave*

Zoo they went to be married, an' when they got there
 All the vo'k wer a-gather'd as if 'twere a feäir,
 An' he thought, though his pleäce mid be pleazèn to zome,
 He could all but ha' wish'd that he hadden a-come.
 The bride wer a-smilèn as fresh as a rrose,
 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." Oh! vor his peärt he felt
 As if the poor heart o'n would melt.

*so
folk
might

of him*

An' when they stood up by the chancel together,
 Oh! a man mid ha' knock'd en right down wi' a veather,
 He did veel zoo asheäm'd that he thought he would rather
 He wörden the bridegroom, but only the father.
 But, though 'tis so funny to zee en so shy,
 Yeet his mind is so lowly, his äims be so high,
 That to do a meän deed, or to tell woone a lie,
 You'd vind that he'd shun mwore by half,
 Than to stan' vor vo'ks fun, or their laugh.

*him
so

yet
one*

wɛl ə vɛ:un(d) ə gud næɪbər tə gu: ɪn (h)ɪz pljɛs
 vər tə bə:ɪ ðə gu:ld rɪŋ vər hi: hadən ðə fʃɛs
 ən (h)wɛn ə wɛnt ʌp vər tə pʌt ɪn ðə bʌnz
 ə dɪd fʃɛk ɪn (h)ɪz lagz ən dɪd fʃɛk ɪn (h)ɪz hʌnz
 ðɛn ðe: ʌkst vər (h)ər nʃɛm ən (h)ər pərɪʃ ər tə:un
 ən ə gi:d əm ə li:f wi (h)ər nʃɛm ərə:t də:un
 vər hi: kudən hə tuəld əm ə:utrə:ɪt vər ə pə:un
 vər (h)ɪz tʌŋ wər sə wi:k ən sə lu:s
 (h)wɛn ə wɒntɪd tə spi:k twər nu: ju:s

zu: ðe: wɛnt tə bi: marɪd ən (h)wɛn ðe: gɒt ðɛər
 ʌ:l ðə vo:k wər əgəðərd əz ɪf twər ə fʃɛər
 ən ə ðɔ:t ðo: (h)ɪz pljɛs mɪd bi: pli:zən tə zʌm
 hi: kud ʌ:l bət hə wɪʃt ðət hi: hadən əkʌm
 ðə brə:ɪd wər əsmə:ɪlən əz frɛʃ əz ə ruəz
 ən (h)wɛn ə kʌm wi (h)ər ən ʃo:d (h)ɪz pu(:)ər no:z
 ʌ:l ðə lɪtəl bwə:ɪz ʃə:utɪd ən krə:ɪd ðər ə go:z
 ðər ə go:z o: vər (h)ɪz pja:rt hi: vɛlt
 əz ɪf ðə pu(:)ər ha:rt o:n wud mɛlt

ən (h)wɛn ðe: stʌd ʌp b(ə):ɪ ðə tʃa:nsəl təgeðər
 o: ə mʌn mɪd hə nɒkt ən rə:ɪt də:un wi ə vɛðər
 ə dɪd vi:l zu: əʃʃɛmɪd ðət ə ðɔ:t ə wud rɛ:ðər
 hi: wə:ɪdən ðə brə:ɪdgru:m bət o:nli ðə fɛ:ðər
 bət ðo: tɪz sə flʌni tə zi: ən sə ʃə:ɪ
 (j):ɪt (h)ɪz mə:m(d) ɪz sə lo:li (h)ɪz æɪmz bi: sə hə:ɪ
 ðət tə du: ə miən di:d ər tə tɛl (w)u:n ə lə:ɪ
 ju:d və:m(d) ðət hi:d ʃʌn muər b(ə):ɪ hɛ:f
 ðɛn tə stʌn vər vo:ks flʌn ər ðər lɛ:f

THE WINTER'S WILLOW



THERE Liddy zot beside her cow,
 Upon her lowly seat, O;
A hood did overhang her brow,
 Her pail wer at her veet, O;
An' she wer kind, an' she wer feäir,
An' she wer young, an' free o' ceäre;
Vew winters had a-blow'd her heäir,
 Beside the Winter's Willow.

sat

few

She idden woone a-rear'd in town,
 Where many a gayër lass, O,
Do trip a-smilèn up an' down,
 So peäle wi' smoke an' gas, O;
But here, in vields o' greäzèn herds,
Her väice ha' mingled sweetest words
Wi' evenèn cheärms o' busy birds,
 Beside the Winter's Willow.

isn't one

noises

An' when, at last, wi' beätèn breast,
 I knock'd avore her door, O,
She ax'd me in to teäke the best
 O' pleäces on the vloer, O;
An' smilèn feäir avore my zight,
She blush'd beside the yollow light
O' bleäzèn brands, while winds o' night
 Do sheäke the Winter's Willow.

asked

An' if there's readship in her smile,
 She don't begrudge to speäre, O,
To zomebody, a little while,
 The empty woaken chair, O;

trustworthiness

oak

ðə wintərz wɪlər

ðər lɪdi zɑt bɪzə:ɪd (h)ər kə:u
əpən (h)ər lə:li sɪt o:
ə hʊd dɪd ɔ:vərhaŋ (h)ər brə:u
(h)ər pæɪl wər ət (h)ər vɪt o:
ən ʃi: wər kə:m(d) ən ʃi: wər ʃjɛər
ən ʃi: wər jʌŋ ən fri: ə kjɛər
vju: wintərz həd əblo:d (h)ər hʃjɛər
bɪzə:ɪd ðə wintərz wɪlər

ʃi: ɪdən (w)u:n ərəərd ɪn tə:un
(h)wər meni ə gæɪər las o:
də trɪp əsmə:ɪlən ʌp ən də:un
sə pjɛl wi smə:k ən gas o:
bət hɪər ɪn vɪ:l(d)z ə grjɛzən hə:rdz
(h)ər væɪs hə mɪŋgəld swi(:)tɪst wə:rdz
wi ɪvmən tʃjɑ:rmz ə bɪzi bə:rdz
bɪzə:ɪd ðə wintərz wɪlər

ən (h)wɛn ət lɛ:st wi biətən brɛst
əɪ nɒkt əvuər (h)ər duər o:
ʃi: ɑ:kst mi: ɪn tə tjɛk ðə bɛst
ə pljɛsɪz ɒn ðə vluər o:
ən smə:ɪlən ʃjɛər əvuər məɪ zə:ɪt
ʃi: blʌʃt bɪzə:ɪd ðə jʌlər lə:ɪt
ə bljɛzən brɑn(d)z (h)wə:ɪl wɪn(d)z ə nə:ɪt
də ʃjɛk ðə wintərz wɪlər

ən ɪf ðə:rz rɪ:dʃɪp ɪn (h)ər smə:ɪl
ʃi: do:nt bɪgrʌdʒ tə spjɛər o:
tə zʌmbədi ə lɪtəl (h)wə:ɪl
ði ɛm(p)ti (w)uəkən tʃjɛər o:

An' if I've luck upon my zide,
Why, I do think she'll be my bride
Avore the leaves ha' twice a-died
Upon the Winter's Willow.

Above the coach-wheels' rollèn rims
She never rose to ride, O,
Though she do zet her comely lim's
Above the mare's white zide, O;
But don't become too proud to stoop
An' scrub her milkèn pail's white hoop,
Or zit a-milkèn where do droop
The wet-stemm'd Winter's Willow.

-trunked

An' I've a cow or two in læze,
Along the river-zide, O,
An' pails to zet avore her knees,
At dawn an' evenèn-tide, O;
An' there she still mid zit, an' look
Athirt upon the woody nook
Where vu'st I zeed her by the brook
Bezide the Winter's Willow.

meadow

*may
across
first, saw*

Zoo, who would heed the treeless down,
A-beät by all the storms, O,
Or who would heed the busy town,
Where vo'k do goo in zwarms, O;
If he wer in my house below
The elems, where the vier did glow
In Liddy's feäce, though winds did blow
Ageän the Winter's Willow.

so

folk

fire

ən ɪf əɪv lək əpən məɪ zəɪd
(h)wəɪ əɪ də ðɪŋk ʃi:l bi: məɪ brəɪd
əvuər ðə li:vz hə twəɪs ədəɪd
əpən ðə wɪntərz wɪlər

əbʌv ðə kɔ:ʃ(h)wi:lz rɔ:lən rɪmz
ʃi: nəvər rɔ:z tə rəɪd o:
ðo: ʃi: də zet (h)ər kʌmli lɪmz
əbʌv ðə mjeərz (h)wəɪt zəɪd o:
bət do:nt bɪkʌm tu: prəʊd tə stu:p
ən skrʌb (h)ər mɪlkən pæɪlz (h)wəɪt hu:p
ar zɪt əmɪlkən (h)wər də dru:p
ðə wɛtstɛmd wɪntərz wɪlər

ən əɪv ə kəʊ ər tu: ɪn liəz
əlbŋ ðə rɪvərzəɪd o:
ən pæɪlz tə zet əvuər (h)ər nɪ:z
ət deɪn ən i:vmentəɪd o:
ən ðər ʃi: stɪl mɪd zɪt ən lʊk
ədə:rt əpən ðə wʊdi nʊk
(h)wər vʌst əɪ zi:d (h)ər b(ə)ɪ ðə brʊk
bɪzəɪd ðə wɪntərz wɪlər

zu: hu: wʊd hi:d ðə tri:lɪs də:ʊn
əbiət b(ə)ɪ aɪ ðə stɑ:rmz o:
ar hu: wʊd hi:d ðə bɪzi tə:ʊn
(h)wər vɔ:k də gu: ɪn zwɑ:rmz o:
ɪf hi: wər ɪn məɪ hə:ʊs bɪlo:
ði eləməz (h)wər ðə və:ɪər dɪd glɔ:
ɪn lɪdɪz fjes ðo: wɪn(d)z dɪd blɔ:
ægjen ðə wɪntərz wɪlər

I KNOW WHO



AYE, aye, vull rathe the zun mus' rise
To meäke us tired o' zunny skies,
A-sheenèn on the whole day drough,
From mornèn's dawn till evenèn's dew.
When trees be brown an meäds be green,
An' skies be blue, an' streams do sheen,
An' thin-edg'd clouds be snowy white
Above the bluest hills in zight;
But I can let the daylight goo,
When I've a-met wi'—I know who.

early

shining, through

shine

In Spring I met her by a bed
O' laurels higher than her head;
The while a rrose hung white between
Her blushes an' the laurel's green;
An' then in Fall, I went along
The row of elems in the drong,
An' heärd her zing beside the cows,
By yollow leaves o' meäple boughs;
But Fall or Spring is feäir to view
When day do bring me—I know who.

lane

An' when, wi' wint'r a-comèn roun',
The purple he'th's a-feädèn brown,
An' hangèn vern's a-sheäkèn dead,
Beside the hill's besheäded head:
An' black-wing'd rooks do glitter bright
Above my head, in peäler light;
Then though the birds do still the glee
That sounded in the zummer tree,
My heart is light the winter drough,
In me'th at night, wi'—I know who.

beath's

fern's

through

mirth

ə:ɪ no: hu:

æɪ æɪ vʊl rjɛð ðə zʌn mæs rə:ɪz
tə mjɛk əs tə:ɪərd ə zʌni skə:ɪz
əʃi:nən ɒn ðə huəl de: dru:
vrəm ma:ɪnənz dɛ:n tɪl i:vmenz dju:
(h)wen tri:z bi: brə:ʊn ən miədʒ bi: grin
ən skə:ɪz bi: blu: ən stri:mz də ʃi:n
ən ði:mədʒd klə:udz bi: sno:i (h)wə:ɪt
əbʌv ðə blu:ɪst hɪlz ɪn zə:ɪt
bət ə:ɪ kən lɛt ðə de:lə:ɪt gu:
(h)wen ə:ɪv əmɛt wi ə:ɪ no: hu:

ɪn sprɪŋ ə:ɪ mɛt (h)ər b(ə):ɪ ə bɛd
ə lɒrəlʒ hə:ɪər ðən (h)ər hɛd
ðə (h)wə:ɪl ə ruəz hʌŋ (h)wə:ɪt bitwi:n
(h)ər blʌʃɪz ən ðə lɒrəlʒ grin
ən ðen ɪn fa:l ə:ɪ wɛnt əlɒŋ
ðə ro: əv ɛləmz ɪn ðə drɒŋ
ən hiərd (h)ər zɪŋ bɪzə:ɪd ðə kə:uz
b(ə):ɪ ʒʌlər li:vz ə mjɛpəl bə:uz
bət fa:l ər sprɪŋ ɪz fɪjɛər tə vju:
(h)wen de: də brɪŋ mi: ə:ɪ no: hu:

ən (h)wen wi wɪntr əkʌmən rə:ʊn
ðə pə:ɪpəl hɛθs əʃjɛdən brə:ʊn
ən haŋən və:ɪnz əʃjɛkən dɛd
bɪzə:ɪd ðə hɪlz bɪʃjɛdɪd hɛd
ən blakwɪŋd ruks də glɪtər brə:ɪt
əbʌv mə:ɪ hɛd ɪn pɛləər lə:ɪt
ðen ðo: ðə bɛərdz də stɪl ðə gli:
ðət sə:ʊn(d)ɪd ɪn ðə zʌmər tri:
mə:ɪ hɑ:t ɪz lə:ɪt ðə wɪntər dru:
ɪn mɛθ ət nə:ɪt wi ə:ɪ no: hu:

JESSIE LEE



ABOVE the timber's bendèn sh'ouds,
The western wind did softly blow;
An' up avore the knap, the clouds
Did ride as white as driven snow.
Vrom west to east the clouds did zwim
Wi' wind that plied the elem's lim';
Vrom west to east the stream did glide,
A-sheenèn wide, wi' windèn brim.

tops

hillock

shining

How feäir, I thought, avore the sky
The slowly-zwimmèn clouds do look;
How soft the win's a-streamèn by;
How bright do roll the weävy brook:
When there, a-passèn on my right,
A-walkèn slow, an' treadèn light,
Young Jessie Lee come by, an' there
Took all my ceäre, an' all my zight.

Vor lovely wer the looks her feäce
Held up avore the western sky:
An' comely wer the steps her peäce
Did meäke a-walkèn slowly by:
But I went east, wi' beäten breast,
Wi' wind, an' cloud, an' brook, vor rest,
Wi' rest a-lost, vor Jessie gone
So lovely on, toward the west.

pace

Blow on, O winds, athirt the hill;
Zwim on, O clouds; O waters vall,
Down mæshy rocks, vrom mill to mill;
I now can overlook ye all.

across

mossy

dʒesi li:

əbʌv ðə tɪmbərz bændən ʃə:udz
ðə westərn wɪn(d) dɪd sɒf(t)li blə:
ən ʌp əvuər ðə nɑp ðə klə:udz
dɪd rə:ɪd əz (h)wə:ɪt əz drɪvən sno:
vrəm west tu i:st ðə klə:udz dɪd zwɪm
wi wɪn(d) ðət plə:ɪd ði eləmz lɪm
vrəm west tu i:st ðə strɪm dɪd glə:ɪd
əʃi:nən wə:ɪd wi wə:m(d)ən brɪm

hə:u fjeər ə:ɪ ðə:t əvuər ðə skə:ɪ
ðə slo:lɪzwɪmən klə:udz də lʊk
hə:u sɒft ðə wɪnz əstri:mən bæ:ɪ
hə:u brə:ɪt də ro:l ðə wjevi brʊk
(h)wen ðər əpɑ:sən ɒn mə:ɪ rə:ɪt
əwe:kən slo: ən tredən læ:ɪt
jʌŋ dʒesi li: kʌm bæ:ɪ ən ðeər
tʊk a:l mə:ɪ kjeər ən a:l mə:ɪ zə:ɪt

vər ʌvli wər ðə lʊks (h)ər fjes
held ʌp əvuər ðə westərn skə:ɪ
ən kʌmli wər ðə steɪps (h)ər pjəs
dɪd mjek əwe:kən slo:li bæ:ɪ
bət ə:ɪ went i:st wi biətən brɛst
wi wɪn(d) ən klə:ud ən brʊk vər rest
wi rest əlbʊst vər dʒesi ɡɒn
sə ʌvli ɒn təwɑ:rd ðə west

blə: ɒn o: wɪn(d)z əðə:ɪt ðə hɪl
zwɪm ɒn o: klə:udz o: wɔ:tərz va:l
də:ʊn me:ʃi rʊks vrəm mɪl tə mɪl
ə:ɪ nə:u kən ɔ:vərlʊk i: a:l

But roll, O zun, an' bring to me
My day, if such a day there be,
When zome dear path to my abode
Shall be the road o' Jessie Lee.

bæt ro:l o: zʌn ən brɪŋ tə mi:
mæ:ɪ de: ɪf sɪtʃ ə de: ðər bi:
(h)wen zʌm diər pɛ:θ tə mæ:ɪ əbo:d
ʃəl bi: ðə ro:d ə dʒɛsi li:

TRUE LOVE



As evenèn àir, in green-treed Spring,
Do sheäke the new-sprung pa'sley bed,
An' wither'd ash-tree keys do swing
An' vall a-flutt'rèn roun' our head:
'There, while the birds do zing their zong
In bushes down the ash-tree drong,
Come Jessie Lee, vor sweet's the pleäce
Your vaice an' feäce can meäke vor me.

lane

Below the buddèn ashes' height
We there can linger in the lew,
While boughs, a-gilded by the light,
Do sheen avore the sky o' blue:
But there by zettèn zun, or moon
A-risèn, time wull vlee too soon
Wi' Jessie Lee, vor sweet's the pleäce
Her vaice an' feäce can meäke vor me.

shelter

shine

fly

Down where the darksome brook do flow,
Below the bridge's archèd wall,
Wi' alders dark, a-leanèn low,
Above the gloomy watervall;
'There I've a-led ye hwome at night,
Wi' noo feäce else 'ithin my zight
But yours so feäir, an' sweet's the pleäce
Your vaice an' feäce ha' meäde me there.

An' oh! when other years do come,
An' zettèn zuns, wi' yollow gleäre,
Drough western window-peänes, at hwome,
Do light upon my evenèn chair:

through

tru: lAv

az i:vmən ær in gri:ntri:d sprɪŋ
də ʃjek ðə nju:spɾʌŋ pɑ:sli bəd
ən wɪðərd əʃtri: ke:z də swɪŋ
ən va:l əflʌtrən rə:un ə:uər həd
ðər (h)wə:ɪl ðə bæɪrdz də zɪŋ ðər zɒŋ
in buʃɪz də:un ði əʃtri: drɒŋ
kʌm dʒesi li: vər swi(:)ts ðə pljes
ju(:)ər væɪs ən fjes kən mjek vər mi:

bɪlo: ðə bʌdən əʃɪz hə:ɪt
wi: ðər kən lɪŋgər in ðə lu:
(h)wə:ɪl bæ:uz əgɪldɪd b(ə:)ɪ ðə lə:ɪt
də ʃɪn əvuər ðə skə:ɪ ə blu:
bət ðər b(ə:)ɪ zetən zʌn ər mu:n
ərə:ɪzən tə:ɪm wʊl vli: tu: su:n
wi dʒesi li: vər swi(:)ts ðə pljes
(h)ər væɪs ən fjes kən mjek vər mi:

də:un (h)wər ðə da:ɪksəm brʊk də flo:
bɪlo: ðə brʌdʒɪz a:ɪtʃɪd wə:ɪl
wi a:ɪldərz da:ɪk əliənən lo:
əbʌv ðə glʊ:mi wɔ:tərvə:ɪl
ðər ə:ɪv əled i: huəm ət nə:ɪt
wi nu: fjes els ɪðm mə:ɪ zə:ɪt
bət ju(:)ərz sə fjeər ən swi(:)ts ðə pljes
ju(:)ər væɪs ən fjes hə mjed mi: ðeər

ən o: (h)wɛn ʌðər ʃɪərz də kʌm
ən zetən zʌnz wi ʃələr gljeər
dru: wɛstərn wɪndərpjenz ət huəm
də lə:ɪt əpɒn mə:ɪ i:vmən tʃeər

While day do weäne, an' dew do vall,
Be wi' me then, or else in call,
As time do vlee, vor sweet's the pleäce
Your vaice an' feäce do meäke vor me.

wane

fly

Ah! you do smile, a-thinkèn light
O' my true words, but never mind;
Smile on, smile on, but still your flight
Would læve me little jaÿ behind:
But let me not be zoo a-tried
Wi' you a-lost where I do bide,
O Jessie Lee, in any pleäce
Your vaice an' feäce ha' blest vor me.

joy

so

I'm sure that when a soul's a-brought
To this our life ov äir an' land,
Woone mwore's a-mark'd in God's good thought,
To help, wi' love, his heart an' hand.
An' oh! if there should be in store
An angel here vor my poor door,
'Tis Jessie Lee, vor sweet's the pleäce
Her vaice an' feäce can meäke vor me.

one

(h)wə:ɪl de: də wjən ən dju: də va:l
bi: wi mi: ðən ar els ɪn ka:l
az tə:ɪm də vli: var swi(:)ts ðə pljes
ju(:)ər væɪs ən fjes də mjek vər mi:

a: ju: də smə:ɪl əðɪŋkən lə:ɪt
ə mə:ɪ tru: wə:ɪdz bət nəvər mə:ɪn(d)
smə:ɪl ɒn smə:ɪl ɒn bət stɪl ju(:)ər flə:ɪt
wud liəv mi: lɪtəl dʒæɪ bihə:ɪn(d)
bət lət mi: nɒt bi: zu: ətrə:ɪd
wi ju: əlɒst (h)wər ə:ɪ də bə:ɪd
o: dʒesi li: ɪn eni pljes
ju(:)ər væɪs ən fjes hə blɛst vər mi:

ə:ɪm ju(:)ər ðət (h)wɛn ə so:lz əbro:t
tə ðɪs ə:uər lə:ɪf əv æɪr ən lan(d)
(w)u:n muərz əmɑ:kt ɪn gɒdz gʊd ðɔ:t
tə help wi lʌv (h)ɪz ha:rt ən han(d)
ən o: ɪf ðər ʃʊd bi: ɪn stuər
ən andʒəl hiər vər mə:ɪ pu(:)ər duər
tɪz dʒesi li: var swi(:)ts ðə pljes
(h)ər væɪs ən fjes kən mjek vər mi:

THE BEÄN VIELD



'TWER where the zun did warm the lewth,
An' win' did whiver in the sheäde,
The sweet-äir'd beäns were out in blooth,
Down there 'ithin the elem gleäde;
A yollow-banded bee did come,
An' softly-pitch, wi' hushèn hum,
Upon a beän, an' there did sip,
Upon a swayèn blossom's lip:
An' there cried he, "Aye, I can zee,
This blossom's all a-zent vor me."

*shelter
quiver
bloom*

A-jilted up an' down, astride
Upon a lofty ho'se a-trot,
The meäster then come by wi' pride,
To zee the beäns that he'd a-got;
An' as he zot upon his ho'se,
The ho'se ageän did snort an' toss
His high-ear'd head, an' at the zight
Ov all the blossom, black an' white:
"Ah! ah!" thought he, the seäme's the bee,
"Theäse beäns be all a-zent vor me."

horse

sat

these

Zoo let the worold's riches breed
A strife o' cläims, wi' weak and strong,
Vor now what cause have I to heed
Who's in the right, or in the wrong;
Since there do come drough yonder hatch,
An' bloom below the house's thatch,
The best o' mäidens, an' do own
That she is mine, an' mine alwone:
Zoo I can zee that love do gi'e
The best ov all good gifts to me.

so

through, wicket-gate

give

ðə biən vi:l(d)

twær (h)wæər ðə zʌn dɪd wɑ:rm ðə lu:θ
ən wɪn dɪd (h)wɪvər ɪn ðə ʃjɛd
ðə swi(:)tæɪrd biənz wər əʊt ɪn blu:θ
də:un ðər ɪðm ði ɛləm gljɛd
ə ʤələrbændɪd bi: dɪd kʌm
ən sɒf(t)li pɪtʃ wi hʌʃən hʌm
əpən ə biən ən ðər dɪd sɪp
əpən ə swæɪən blɒsəmz lɪp
ən ðər kræ:ɪd hi: æɪ əɪ kən zi:
ðɪs blɒsəmz a:l əzent vər mi:

ədʒɪltɪd ʌp ən də:un əstrrɔ:ɪd
əpən ə lɒfti hɒs ətrɒt
ðə mja:stər ðen kʌm bæɪ wi prɔ:ɪd
tə zi: ðə biənz ðət hi:d əgɒt
ən az hi: zɒt əpən (h)ɪz hɒs
ðə hɒs əgjen dɪd snɑ:t ən tɒs
(h)ɪz hə:ɪərd hed ən at ðə zə:ɪt
əv a:l ðə blɒsəm blak ən (h)wɔ:ɪt
a: a: ðɔ:t hi: ðə sjemz ðə bi:
ðɪəz biənz bi: a:l əzent vər mi:

zu: let ðə wɔ:rdəlz rɪtʃɪz brɪ:d
ə strɔ:ɪf ə klæɪmz wi wɪ:k ən(d) strɒŋ
vər nə:u (h)wɒt kje:z həv əɪ tə hi:d
hu:z ɪn ðə rɔ:ɪt ar ɪn ðə rɒŋ
sɪns ðər də kʌm dru: ʤændər hatʃ
ən blu:m bɪlɔ: ðə hə:usɪz ðætʃ
ðə best ə məɪdənz ən du o:n
ðət ʃi: ɪz mə:ɪn ən mə:ɪn əluən
zu: əɪ kən zi: ðət lʌv də gi:
ðə best əv a:l gud ɡɪfts tə mi:

Vor whose be all the crops an' land
A-won an' lost, an' bought, an' zwold
Or whose, a-roll'd vrom hand to hand,
The highest money that's a-twold?
Vrom man to man a passèn on,
'Tis here to-day, to-morrow gone.
But there's a blessèn high above
It all—a soul o' stedvast love:
Zoo let it vlee, if God do gi'e
Sweet Jessie vor a gift to me.

counted

so, fly, give

vər hu:z bi: a:l ðə krɒps ən lan(d)
əwʌn ən lɒst ən bɔ:t ən zuəld
ar hu:z əro:ld vrəm han(d) tə han(d)
ðə hə:ɪst mʌni ðəts ətuəld
vrəm man tə man ə pa:sən ɒn
tɪz hiər tæde: təməre(r) ɡʌn
bət ðərz ə blesən hə:ɪ əbʌv
ɪt a:l ə so:l ə stɛdvə:st lʌv
zu: lɛt ɪt vli: ɪf ɡʊd də ɡi:
swi(:)t dʒəsi vər ə ɡɪft tə mi:



WOLD FRIENDS A-MET

old

AYE, vull my heart's blood now do roll,
 An' gaÿ do rise my happy soul,
 An' well they mid, vor here our veet
 Avore woone vier ageän do meet;
 Vor you've avoun' my feäce, to greet
 Wi' welcome words my startlèn ear.
 An' who be you, but John o' Weer,
 An' I, but William Wellburn.

*may
 one fire*

startled

Here, light a candle up, to shed
 Mwore light upon a wold friend's head,
 An' show the smile, his feäce woonce mwore
 Ha' brought us vrom another shore.
 An' I'll heave on a brand avore
 The vier back, to meäke good cheer,
 O' roarèn fleämes, vor John o' Weer
 To chat wi' William Wellburn.

once

fire

Aye, aye, it mid be true that zome,
 When they do wander out vrom hwome,
 Do leäve their nearest friends behind,
 Bwoth out o' zight, an' out o' mind;
 But John an' I ha' ties to bind
 Our souls together, vur or near,
 For, who is he but John o' Weer,
 An' I, but William Wellburn.

far

Look, there he is, with twinklèn eyes,
 An' elbows down upon his thighs,
 A-chucklèn low, wi' merry grin.

(w)uəld frɛn(d)z əmɛt

æɪ vʊl məɪ hæɪts blɑd nəu də ro:l
ən gæɪ də rəɪz məɪ hɑpɪ so:l
ən wɛl ðe: mɪd vɛr hiər ə:uər vi:t
əvuər (w)u:n vɛ:ɪər əgʒɛn də mi:t
vɛr ju:v əvə:ʊn məɪ fʃɛs tə gri:t
wi wɛlkəm wɔ:rdz məɪ stɑ:ɪtlən iər
ən hu: bi: ju: bət dʒɑn ə wiər
ən əɪ bət wɪləm wɛlbə:ɪn

hiər lɔ:ɪt ə kɑndəl ʌp tə ʃɛd
muər lɔ:ɪt əpɒn ə (w)uəld frɛn(d)z hɛd
ən ʃo: ðə sməɪl (h)ɪz fʃɛs (w)u:ns muər
hə bro:t əs vrəm ənʌðər ʃuər
ən əɪl hi:v ɒn ə brɑn(d) əvuər
ðə vɛ:ɪər bɑk tə mʃɛk gu:d tʃiər
ə ruərən fljɛmz vɛr dʒɑn ə wiər
tə tʃɑt wi wɪləm wɛlbə:ɪn

æɪ æɪ ɪt mɪd bi: tru: ðæt zʌm
(h)wɛn ðe: də wɒndər ə:ʊt vrəm huəm
də liəv ðər niərɪst frɛn(d)z bihə:m(d)
buəd ə:ʊt ə zɔ:ɪt ən ə:ʊt ə məɪn(d)
bət dʒɑn ən əɪ hə tɔ:ɪz tə bɛ:m(d)
ə:uər so:lz təgeðər vɛ:r ɑr niər
vɑr hu: ɪz hi: bət dʒɑn ə wiər
ən əɪ bət wɪləm wɛlbə:ɪn

lʊk ðər hi: ɪz wi(ð) twɪŋklən ə:ɪz
ən ɛlbɔ:ɪz də:ʊn əpɒn (h)ɪz θə:ɪz
ətʃʌklən lo: wi mɛɪ grɪn

Though time ha' roughen'd up his chin,
 'Tis still the seāme true soul 'ithin,
 As woonce I know'd, when year by year,
 Thik very chap, thik John o' Weer,
 Did play wi' William Wellburn.

once

that

Come, John, come; don't be dead-alive
 Here, reach us out your clust'r o' vive.
 Oh! you be happy. Ees, but that
 Woon't do till you can laugh an' chat.
 Don't blinky, lik' a purrèn cat,
 But leäp an' laugh, an' let vo'k hear
 What's happen'd, min, that John o' Weer
 Ha' met wi' William Wellburn.

half-dead

cluster of five (fingers)

yes

folk

mate

Vor zome, wi' selfishness too strong
 Vor love, do do each other wrong;
 An' zome do wrangle an' divide
 In hets ov anger, bred o' pride;
 But who do think that time or tide
 Can breed ill-will in friends so dear,
 As William wer to John o' Weer,
 An' John to William Wellburn?

beats

If other vo'ks do gleen to zee
 How lovèn an' how glad we be,
 What, then, poor souls, they had but vew
 Sich happy days, so long agoo,
 As they that I've a-spent wi' you;
 But they'd hold woone another dear,
 If woone o' them wer John o' Weer,
 An' tother William Wellburn.

sneer

few

one

ðo: tæ:ɪm hæ ɾɒfənd ʌp (h)ɪz tʃɪn
tɪz stɪl ðə sʃem tru: so:l ɪðm
əz (w)u:ns ə:ɪ no:d (h)wen jɪər b(ə:ɪ)ɪ jɪər
ðɪk veri tʃap ðɪk dʒən ə wiər
dɪd plæɪ wi wɪləm wɛlbə:ɾn

kʌm dʒən kʌm do:nt bi: dædələ:ɪv
hɪər rɪ:tʃ əs ə:ut jər klɑ:stɾ ə və:ɪv
o: ju: bi: hapi i:s bət ðət
wu:(ɪ)nt du: tɪl jə kən le:f ən tʃat
do:nt blɪŋki lɪk ə pə:rən kat
bət liəp ən le:f ən let vɔ:k hɪər
(h)wɒts hapənd mɪn ðət dʒən ə wiər
hə met wi wɪləm wɛlbə:ɾn

vər zʌm wi selfɪʃnɪs tu: strɒŋ
vər lʌv də du: ɪ:tʃ ʌðər rɒŋ
ən zʌm də ræŋgəl ən divə:ɪd
ɪn hets əv ʌŋgər brɛd ə prə:ɪd
bət hu: də ðɪŋk ðət tæ:ɪm ər tæ:ɪd
kən brɪ:d ɪlwɪl ɪn frɛn(d)z sə diər
əz wɪləm wər tə dʒən ə wiər
ən dʒən tə wɪləm wɛlbə:ɾn

ɪf ʌðər vɔ:ks də gli:n tə zi:
hə:u lʌvən ən hə:u gləd wi: bi:
(h)wɒt ðen pu:(ɪ)ər so:lz ðe: həd bət vju:
sɪtʃ hapi de:z sə lɒŋ əgu:
əz ðe: ðət ə:ɪv əspɛnt wi ju:
bət ðe:d huəld (w)u:n ənʌðər diər
ɪf (w)u:n ə ðem wər dʒən ə wiər
ən tʌðər wɪləm wɛlbə:ɾn

FIFEHEAD



'TWER where my fondest thoughts do light,
At Fifehead, while we spent the night;
The millwheel's restèd rim wer dry,
An' houn's held up their evenèn cry;
An' lofty, drough the midnight sky,
Above the vo'k, wi' heavy heads,
Asleep upon their darksome beds,
The stars wer all awake, John.

*through
folk*

Noo birds o' day wer out to spread
Their wings above the gully's bed,
An' darkness roun' the elem-tree
'D a-still'd the charmy childern's glee.
All he'ths wer cwold but woone, where we
Wer gaÿ, 'tis true, but gaÿ an' wise,
An' laugh'd in light o' maïdens' eyes,
That glissen'd wide awake, John.

*noisy
hearths, one*

An' when we all, lik' loosen'd hounds,
Broke out o' doors, wi' merry sounds,
Our friends among the play'some team,
All brought us gwäin so vur's the stream.
But Jeäne, that there, below a gleam
O' light, watch'd woone o's out o' zight;
Vor willèny, vor his "Good night,"
She'd longer bide awake, John.

came with us as far as

one of us

An' while up *Leighs* we stepp'd along
Our grassy path, wi' joke an' zong,

fə:ɪfhəd

twər (h)wər mə:ɪ fɒndɪst ðɔ:ts də lə:ɪt
ət fə:ɪfhəd (h)wə:ɪl wi: spɛnt ðə nə:ɪt
ðə mɪl(h)wi:lz rɛstən rɪm wər drə:ɪ
ən hə:ʊnz hɛld ʌp ðər i:vmə:n krə:ɪ
ən lɒftɪ dru: ðə mɪdnə:ɪt skə:ɪ
əbʌv ðə vɔ:k wi hevi hɛdz
əsli:p əpɒn ðər dɑ:ksəm bɛdz
ðə stɑ:rz wər a:l əwʃɛk dʒən

nu: bə:ɪdz ə de: wər əʊt tə spred
ðər wɪŋz əbʌv ðə ɡʌlɪz bɛd
ən dɑ:rknis rə:ʊn ði ɛləmtri:
d əstɪld ðə tʃɑ:ɪmi tʃɪldərnz gli:
a:l hɛθs wər kuəld bət (w)u:n (h)wər wi:
wər ɡæɪ tɪz tru: bət ɡæɪ ən wə:ɪz
ən lɛ:ft ɪn lə:ɪt ə məɪdɛnz ə:ɪz
ðət ɡlɪsənd wə:ɪd əwʃɛk dʒən

ən (h)wɛn wi: a:l lɪk lu:sənd hə:ʊn(d)z
brɔ:k əʊt ə duərz wi məri sə:ʊn(d)z
ə:ʊər frɛn(d)z əmbɒŋ ðə plæɪsəm tɪ:m
a:l brɔ:t əs ɡwæm sə vɛ:rz ðə stri:m
bət dʒɪɛn ðət ðər bɪlə: ə ɡli:m
ə lə:ɪt wɒtʃt (w)u:n o:s əʊt ə zə:ɪt
vər wɪlənlɪ vər (h)ɪz ɡud nə:ɪt
ʃɪd lɒŋɡər bə:ɪd əwʃɛk dʒən

ən (h)wə:ɪl ʌp li:z wi: stɛpt əlbɒŋ
ə:ʊər ɡra:si pɛ:θ wi dʒɔ:k ən zɒŋ

There *Plumber*, wi' its woody ground,
O' slopèn knaps a-screen'd around,
Rose dim 'ithout a breath o' sound,
The wold abode o' squiers a-gone,
Though while they lay a-sleepèn on,
Their stars wer still awake, John.

hillocks

old

ðær plʌmər wi its wʊdi grəʊn(d)
ə slo:pən naps əskri:nd ərəʊn(d)
ro:z ðɪm ɪðə:ut ə brɛθ ə sə:un(d)
ðə (w)uəld əbo:d ə skwə:rəz əgən
ðo: (h)wə:ɪl ðe: le: əsli:pən ɒn
ðær sta:rz wər stɪl əwʃek dʒən

IVY HALL



IF I've a-stream'd below a storm,
 An' not a-velt the raïn,
An' if I ever velt me warm,
 In snow upon the pläin,
'Twer when, as evenèn skies wer dim,
An' vields below my eyes wer dim,
I went alwone at evenèn-fall,
Athirt the vields to Ivy Hall.

across

I voun' the wind upon the hill,
 Last night, a-roarèn loud,
An' rubbèn boughs a-creakèn sh'ill
 Upon the ashes' sh'oud;
But oh! the reelèn copse mid groan;
An' timber's lofty tops mid groan;
The hufflèn winds be music all,
Bezide my road to Ivy Hall.

loudly

canopy

may

gusty

A sheädy grove o' ribbèd woaks,
 Is Wootton's shelter'd nest,
An' woaks do keep the winter's strokes
 Vrom Knapton's evenèn rest.
An' woaks ageän wi' bossy stems,
An' elems wi' their mossy stems,
Do rise to screen the leafy wall
An' stwonèn ruf ov Ivy Hall.

oaks

trunks

stone roof

The darksome clouds mid fling their sleet,
 An' vrost mid pinch me blue,
Or snow mid cling below my veet,
 An' hide my road vrom view.

ə:ɪvi ha:l

ɪf ə:ɪv əstri:md bɪlo: ə sta:rm
ən nɒt əvelt ðə ræm
ən ɪf ə:ɪ evər velt mi: wa:rm
ɪn sno: əpɒn ðə plæm
twər (h)wen az i:vmən skə:ɪz wər dɪm
ən vi:l(d)z bɪlo: mə:ɪ ə:ɪz wər dɪm
ə:ɪ went əluən ət i:vmənfaɪl
əðə:ɪt ðə vi:l(d)z tu ə:ɪvi ha:l

ə:ɪ və:un(d) ðə wɪn(d) əpɒn ðə hɪl
leɪst nə:ɪt əruərən læ:ud
ən rʌbən bə:uz əcri:kən ʃɪl
əpɒn ði ʌʃɪz ʃə:ud
bət o: ðə ri:lən kɒps mɪd gro:n
ən tɪmbərz lɒfti tɒps mɪd gro:n
ðə hʌflən wɪn(d)z bi: mju:zɪk a:l
bɪzə:ɪd mə:ɪ ro:d tu ə:ɪvi ha:l

ə ʃjædi gro:v ə rɪbɪd (w)uəks
ɪz wʊtənz ʃeltərd nəst
ən (w)uəks də ki(:)p ðə wɪntərz stro:ks
vrəm naptənz i:vmən rɛst
ən (w)uəks əgjen wi bɒsi stɛmz
ən elənz wi ðər mɒsi stɛmz
də rə:ɪz tə skri:n ðə li:fi wa:l
ən stuənən rʌf əv ə:ɪvi ha:l

ðə dɑ:ksəm klə:udz mɪd flɪŋ ðər slɪt
ən vrɒst mɪd pɪntʃ mi: blu:
ar sno: mɪd klɪŋ bɪlo: mə:ɪ vi:t
ən hə:ɪd mə:ɪ ro:d vrəm vju:

The winter's only jaÿ ov heart,
An' storms do meäke me gaÿ ov heart,
When I do rest, at evenèn-fall,
Bezide the he'th ov Ivy Hall.

joy

hearth

There leafy stems do clim' around
The mossy stwonèn eaves;
An' there be window-zides a-bound
Wi' quiv'rèn ivy-leaves.
But though the sky is dim 'ithout,
An' feäces mid be grim 'ithout,
Still I ha' smiles when I do call,
At evenèn-tide, at Ivy Hall.

stone

may

ðə wɪntərz ɔ:nli dʒæɪ əv ha:rt
ən stɑ:rmz də mʃek mi: gæɪ əv ha:rt
(h)wen əɪ də rest ət i:vmenfa:l
bɪzə:ɪd ðə heθ əv ə:ɪvi ha:l

ðər li:fi stemz də klɪm ərə:un(d)
ðə mɒsi stuənən i:vz
ən ðər bi: wɪndərzə:ɪdz əbə:un(d)
wi kwɪvrən ə:ɪvili:vz
bət ðo: ðə skə:ɪ ɪz dɪm ɪðə:ut
ən fʃesɪz mɪd bi: grɪm ɪðə:ut
stɪl əɪ ha smə:ɪlz (h)wen əɪ də ka:l
ət i:vmentə:ɪd ət ə:ɪvi ha:l

FALSE FRIENDS-LIKE



WHEN I wer still a bwoy, an' mother's pride,
A bigger bwoy spoke up to me so kind-like,
"If you do like, I'll treat ye wi' a ride
In theäse wheel-barrow here." Zoo I wer blind-like
To what he had a-workèn in his mind-like,
An' mounted vor a passenger inside;
An' comèn to a puddle, perty wide,
He tipp'd me in, a-grinnèn back behind-like.
Zoo when a man do come to me so thick-like,
An' sheäke my hand, where woonce he pass'd me by,
An' tell me he would do me this or that,
I can't help thinkèn o' the big bwoy's trick-like.
An' then, vor all I can but wag my hat
An' thank en, I do veel a little shy.

this, so

*friendly-
once*

*raise
him*

fai:ls fræn(d)zlik

(h)wen ə:ɪ wər stɪl ə bwə:ɪ ən mʌðərz prə:ɪd
ə bɪgər bwə:ɪ spə:k ʌp tə mi: sə kə:m(d)lik
ɪf ju: də lə:ɪk ə:ɪl trɪ:t i: wi ə rə:ɪd
ɪn ðiəs (h)wi:lbarə hiər zu: ə:ɪ wər blə:m(d)lik
tə (h)wɒt ə həd əwərkən ɪn (h)ɪz mə:m(d)lik
ən mə:ʊntɪd vər ə pasəndʒər ɪnsə:ɪd
ən kʌmən tu ə pʌdəl pə:rti wə:ɪd
ə tɪpt mi: ɪn əgrɪnən bək bihə:m(d)lik
zu: (h)wen ə mæn də kʌm tə mi: sə θɪklik
ən ʃjek mə:ɪ hæn(d) (h)wər (w)u:ns hi: pɑ:st mi: bə:ɪ
ən tɛl mi: ə wʊd du: mi: ðɪs ər ðæt
ə:ɪ kɛnt help ðɪŋkən ə ðə bɪg bwə:ɪz trɪklik
ən ðen vər a:l ə:ɪ kæn bət wæg mə:ɪ hæt
ən θaŋk ən ə:ɪ də vi:l ə lɪtəl ʃə:ɪ

THE BACHELOR



NO! I don't begrudge en his life,
Nor his goold, nor his housen, nor lands;
Teäke all o't, an' gi'e me my wife,
A wife's be the cheapest ov hands.
Lie alwone! sigh alwone! die alwone!
Then be vorgot.
No! I be content wi' my lot.

him

of it, give

Ah! where be the vingers so feäir,
Vor to pat en so soft on the feäce,
To mend ev'ry stitch that do tear,
An' keep ev'ry button in pleäce?
Crack a-tore! brack a-tore! back a-tore!
Buttons a-vled!
Vor want ov a wife wi' her thread.

him

*flaw in clothing
flown away*

Ah! where is the sweet-perty head
That do nod till he's gone out o' zight?
An' where be the two eärms a-spread,
To show en he's welcome at night?
Dine alwone! pine alwone! whine alwone!
Oh! what a life!
I'll have a friend in a wife.

arms

An' when vrom a meetèn o' me'th
Each husban' do leäd hwome his bride,
Then he do slink hwome to his he'th,
Wi' his eärm a-hung down his cwold zide.
Slinkèn on! blinkèn on! thinkèn on!
Gloomy an' glum;
Nothèn but dullness to come.

mirth

*hearth
arm*

ðə batʃələr

no: ə: doʊnt biɡrɑdʒ ən (h)ɪz lə:ɪf
nar (h)ɪz ɡu:ld nar (h)ɪz hə:uzən nəɪ lɑn(d)z
tʃæk a:l o:t ən ɡi: mi: mə:ɪ wə:ɪf
ə wə:ɪfs bi: ðə tʃi:pɪst əv hɑn(d)z
lə:ɪ əluən sə:ɪ əluən də:ɪ əluən
ðen bi: vɜrgɒt
no: ə: bi: kəntent wi mə:ɪ lɒt

a: (h)wɜr bi: ðə vɪŋɡɜrz sə fʃeər
vɜr tə pat ən sə sɒft ɒn ðə fʃes
tə mɛnd ɛvri stɪtʃ ðæt də tɛər
ən ki(:)p ɛvri bɑtən ɪn plʃes
krak ətuər bræk ətuər bæk ətuər
bɑtənz əvled
vɜr wɒnt əv ə wə:ɪf wi (h)ɜr drɛd

a: (h)wɜr ɪz ðə swi(:)tpɜ:rti hed
ðæt də nɒd tɪl hi:z ɡʊn ə:ʊt ə zə:ɪt
ən (h)wɜr bi: ðə tu: jɑ:rmz əsprɛd
tə ʃo: ən hi:z wɛlkəm ət nə:ɪt
də:ɪn əluən pə:ɪn əluən (h)wə:ɪn əluən
o: (h)wɒt ə lə:ɪf
ə:ɪl hæv ə frɛn(d) ɪn ə wə:ɪf

ən (h)wen vrəm ə mi:tən ə mɛθ
i:tʃ hɑzbən də liəd huəm (h)ɪz brɛ:ɪd
ðen hi: də slɪŋk huəm tu (h)ɪz hɛθ
wi (h)ɪz jɑ:rm əhʌŋ də:ʊn (h)ɪz kuəld zə:ɪd
slɪŋkən ɒn blɪŋkən ɒn ðɪŋkən ɒn
ɡlu:mi ən ɡlɑm
nʌθən bət dʌlnɪs tə kʌm

An' when he do onlock his door,
Do rumble as hollow's a drum,
An' the veäries a-hid roun' the vloor,
Do grin vor to see en so glum.
Keep alwone! sleep alwone! weep alwone!
There let en bide,
I'll have a wife at my zide.

fairies
him

But when he's a-laid on his bed
In a zickness, O, what wull he do!
Vor the hands that would lift up his head,
An' sheäke up his pillor anew.
Ills to come! pills to come! bills to come!
Noo soul to sheäre
The trials the poor wratch must bear.

ən (h)wen ə du ʌnlɒk (h)ɪz duər
 də ɾambəl əz hɒlərz ə drʌm
 ən ðə vʃeərɪz əhɪd rəʊn ðə vluər
 də grɪn vər tə zi: ən sə glʌm
 kɪ:p əluən slɪ:p əluən wɪ:p əluən
 ðər lət ən bəɪd
 əɪl hav ə wəɪf ət məɪ zəɪd

bət (h)wen hɪz əlɛd ɒn (h)ɪz bɛd
 ɪn ə zɪkɪs o: (h)wɒt wʊl hɪ: du:
 vər ðə han(d)z ðət wʊd lɪft ʌp (h)ɪz hɛd
 ən ʃjek ʌp (h)ɪz pɪlər əŋju:
 ɪlz tə kʌm pɪlz tə kʌm bɪlz tə kʌm
 nu: soɪl tə ʃjeər
 ðə trəɪəlz ðə pu(:)ər rʌtʃ məs(t) beər

MARRIED PEÄIR'S LOVE WALK



COME let's goo down the grove to-night;
The moon is up, 'tis all so light
As day, an' win' do blow enough
To sheäke the leaves, but tiddèn rough.
Come, Esther, teäke, vor wold time's seäke,
Your hooded cloke, that's on the pin,
An' wrap up warm, an' teäke my eärm,
You'll vind it better out than in.
Come, Etty dear; come out o' door,
An' teäke a sweetheart's walk woonce mwore.

*'tisn't
old
peg
arm*

once

How charmèn to our very souls,
Wer woonce your evenèn mäiden strolls,
The while the zettèn zunlight dyed
Wi' red the beeches' western zide,
But back avore your vinger wore
The weddèn ring that's now so thin;
An' you did sheäre a mother's ceäre,
To watch an' call ye eärly in.
Come, Etty dear; come out o' door,
An' teäke a sweetheart's walk woonce mwore.

An' then ageän, when you could slight
The clock a-strikèn leäte at night,
The while the moon, wi' risèn rim,
Did light the beeches' eastern lim'.
When I'd a-bound your vinger round
Wi' thik goold ring that's now so thin,
An' you had nwone but me alwone
To teäke ye leäte or eärly in.
Come, Etty dear; come out o' door,
An' teäke a sweetheart's walk woonce mwore.

that

marid pjeərz lʌv we:k

kʌm lɛts gu: də:ʊn ðə gro:v tənə:ɪt
ðə mu:n ɪz ʌp tɪz a:l sə lə:ɪt
əz de: ən wɪn də blə: ɪnʌf
tə ʃjek ðə li:vz bət tɪdən rʌf
kʌm ɛstər tjek vər (w)uəld tə:ɪmz sjek
jər hʊdɪd klə:k ðəts ɒn ðə pɪn
ən rap ʌp wɑ:rm ən tjek mə:ɪ jɑ:rm
jəl və:m(d) ɪt bɛtər ə:ʊt ðən ɪn
kʌm ɛti diər kʌm ə:ʊt ə duər
ən tjek ə swi(:)θɑ:rts we:k (w)u:ns muər

hə:ʊ tʃɑ:rmən tu ə:uər vəri so:lz
wər (w)u:ns jər i:vmen məɪdən stro:lz
ðə (h)wə:ɪl ðə zɛtən zʌnlə:ɪt də:ɪd
wi rɛd ðə bi:tʃɪz wɛstərn zə:ɪd
bət bʌk əvuər jər vɪŋgər wuər
ðə wɛdən rɪŋ ðəts nə:ʊ sə ðɪn
ən ju: dɪd ʃjeər ə mʌðərz kjeər
tə wɒtʃ ən ka:l i: jə:rli ɪn
kʌm ɛti diər kʌm ə:ʊt ə duər
ən tjek ə swi(:)θɑ:rts we:k (w)u:ns muər

ən ðen əgjen (h)wen ju: kʊd slə:ɪt
ðə klə:k əstri:kən ljet ət nə:ɪt
ðə (h)wə:ɪl ðə mu:n wi rə:ɪzən rɪm
dɪd lə:ɪt ðə bi:tʃɪz i:stərn lɪm
(h)wen ə:ɪd əbə:ʊn(d) jər vɪŋgər rə:ʊn(d)
wi ðɪk gu:ld rɪŋ ðəts nə:ʊ sə ðɪn
ən ju: hʌd nuən bət mi: əluən
tə tjek i: ljet ər jə:rli ɪn
kʌm ɛti diər kʌm ə:ʊt ə duər
ən tjek ə swi(:)θɑ:rts we:k (w)u:ns muər

But often when the western zide
O' trees did glow at evenèn-tide,
Or when the leäter moon did light
The beeches' eastern boughs at night,
An' in the grove, where vo'k did rove
The crumpled leaves did vlee an' spin,
You couldèn sheäre the pleasure there:
Your work or childern kept ye in.
Come, Etty dear, come out o' door,
An' teäke a sweetheart's walk woonce mwore.

folk
fly

But ceäres that zunk your oval chin
Ageän your bosom's lily skin,
Vor all they meäde our life so black,
Be now a-lost behind our back.
Zoo never mwope, in midst of hope,
To slight our blessèns would be sin.
Ha! ha! well done, now this is fun;
When you do like I'll bring ye in.
Here, Etty dear; here, out o' door,
We'll teäke a sweetheart's walk woonce mwore.

so

bæt ɒfən (h)wen ðə westərn zə:ɪd
 ə tri:z dɪd glo: ət i:vməntə:ɪd
 ar (h)wen ðə ljetər mu:n dɪd læ:ɪt
 ðə bi:tʃɪz i:stərn bæ:uz ət nə:ɪt
 ən ɪn ðə gro:v (h)wər vo:k dɪd rə:v
 ðə krʌmpəld li:vz dɪd vli: ən spɪn
 jə kudən ʃjeər ðə pleʒər ðeər
 jər wɜ:k ər tʃɪldərn kept i: ɪn
 kʌm eti diər kʌm ə:ut ə duər
 ən tjæk ə swi(:)tha:rts we:k (w)u:ns muər

bæt kjeərz ðæt zʌŋk jər ɔ:vəl tʃɪn
 əgjen jər bʌzəmz lɪli skɪn
 vər aɪ ðe: mjəd ə:uər læ:ɪf sə blæk
 bi: nə:u əlɒst bihə:m(d) ə:uər bæk
 zu: nəvər muəp ɪn mɪdst əv ho:p
 tə slə:ɪt ə:uər bləsənz wʊd bi: sɪn
 ha ha wɛl dʌn nə:u ðɪs ɪz flʌn
 (h)wen ju: də læ:ɪk ə:ɪl brɪŋ i: ɪn
 hiər eti diər hiər ə:ut ə duər
 wi:l tjæk ə swi(:)tha:rts we:k (w)u:ns muər

A WIFE A-PRAÏS'D



'TWER Maÿ, but ev'ry leaf wer dry
All day below a sheenèn sky;
The zun did glow wi' yollow gleäre,
An' cowslips blow wi' yollow gleäre,
Wi' grægles' bells a-droopèn low,
An' bremble boughs a-stoopèn low;
While culvers in the trees did coo
Above the vallèn dew.

shining

bluebells'

*doves
falling*

An' there, wi' heäir o' glossy black,
Beside your neck an' down your back,
You rambled gaÿ a-bloomèn feäir;
By boughs o' maÿ a-bloomèn feäir;
An' while the birds did twitter nigh,
An' water weäves did glitter nigh,
You gather'd cowslips in the lew,
Below the vallèn dew.

shelter

An' now, while you've a-been my bride
As years o' flow'rs ha' bloom'd an' died,
Your smilèn feäce ha' been my jaÿ;
Your soul o' greäce ha' been my jaÿ;
An' wi' my evenèn rest a-come,
An' zunsheen to the west a-come,
I'm glad to teäke my road to you
Vrom yields o' vallèn dew.

sunshine

An' when the räin do wet the maÿ,
A-bloomèn where we woonce did straÿ,
An' win' do blow along so vast,
An' streams do flow along so vast;

*once
fast*

ə wə:ɪf əpræɪzd

twər mæɪ bət evri li:f wər drə:ɪ
a:l de: bɪlɔ: ə ʃi:nən skə:ɪ
ðə zʌn dɪd glo: wi ʃælər gljɛər
ən kəʊslɪps blɔ: wi ʃælər gljɛər
wi gre:ɡəlz bɛlz ədru:pən lo:
ən brɛmbəl bəʊz əstu:pən lo:
(h)wə:ɪl kʌlvərz ɪn ðə tri:z dɪd ku:
əbʌv ðə va:lən dju:

ən ðər wi hjeər ə glɔ:si blak
bɪzə:ɪd jər nek ən də:ʊn jər bak
ju: rambəld ɡæɪ əblu:mən fjeər
b(ə):ɪ bəʊz ə mæɪ əblu:mən fjeər
ən (h)wə:ɪl ðə bə:ɪdz dɪd twɪtər nə:ɪ
ən wɔ:tər wjeɪvz dɪd glɪtər nə:ɪ
jə ɡaðərd kəʊslɪps ɪn ðə lu:
bɪlɔ: ðə va:lən dju:

ən nə:ʊ (h)wə:ɪl ju:v əbɪn mæ:ɪ brə:ɪd
az ʃiərz ə fləʊəɪz hə blu:md ən də:ɪd
jər smə:ɪlən fjes hə bɪn mæ:ɪ dʒæɪ
jər so:l ə ɡrjes hə bɪn mæ:ɪ dʒæɪ
ən wi mæ:ɪ i:vmen rest əkʌm
ən zʌnfɪn tə ðə west əkʌm
ə:ɪm ɡlad tə tjɛk mæ:ɪ ro:ɪd tə ju:
vrəm vi:l(d)z ə va:lən dju:

ən (h)wen ðə ræɪm də wɛt ðə mæɪ
əblu:mən (h)wər wi: (w)u:ns dɪd stræɪ
ən wɪn(d) də blɔ: əlɔŋ sə vɑ:st
ən stri:mz də flo: əlɔŋ sə vɑ:st

Ageän the storms so rough abroad,
An' angry tongues so gruff abroad,
The love that I do meet vrom you
Is lik' the vallèn dew.

outside

An' you be sprack's a bee on wing,
In search ov honey in the Spring:
The dawn-red sky do meet ye up;
The birds vu'st cry do meet ye up;
An' wi' your feäce a-smilèn on,
An' busy hands a-tweilèn on,
You'll vind zome useful work to do
Until the vallèn dew.

lively

first

toiling

ægjen ðə stɑ:rmz sə rʌf əbro:d
ən ʌŋɡri tʌŋz sə ɡrʌf əbro:d
ðə lʌv ðæt ə:ɪ də mi(:)t vrəm ju:
ɪz lɪk ðə va:lən dju:

ən ju: bi: spraks ə bi: ʊn wɪŋ
ɪn sɑ:rtʃ əv hʌni ɪn ðə sprɪŋ
ðə de:nred skə:ɪ də mi(:)t i: ʌp
ðə bæ:rdz vʌst krə:ɪ də mi(:)t i: ʌp
ən wi jər fjes əsmə:ɪlən ʊn
ən bɪzi hən(d)z ətwə:ɪlən ʊn
ju:l və:m(d) zʌm ju:sfʊl wɜ:rk tə du:
ʌntɪl ðə va:lən dju:

THE WIFE A-LOST



SINCE I noo mwore do zee your feäce,
Up steäirs or down below,
I'll zit me in the lwonesome pleäce,
Where flat-bough'd beech do grow:
Below the beeches' bough, my love,
Where you did never come,
An' I don't look to meet ye now,
As I do look at hwome.

Since you noo mwore be at my zide,
In walks in zummer het,
I'll goo alwone where mist do ride,
Drough trees a-drippèn wet:
Below the räin-wet bough, my love,
Where you did never come,
An' I don't grieve to miss ye now,
As I do grieve at home.

beat

through

Since now bezide my dinner-bwoard
Your väice do never sound,
I'll eat the bit I can avword,
A-vield upon the ground;
Below the darksome bough, my love,
Where you did never dine,
An' I don't grieve to miss ye now,
As I at hwome do pine.

-table

Since I do miss your väice an' feäce
In praÿer at eventide,
I'll praÿ wi' woone sad väice vor greäce
To goo where you do bide;

one

ðə wə:ɪf əlbəst

sɪns ə:ɪ nu: muər də zi: jər fjes
 ʌp stjɛərz ar də:ʊn bɪlɔ:
ə:ɪl zɪt mi: ɪn ðə luənsəm pljes
 (h)wər flatbæ:ʊd bɪ:tʃ də gro:
bɪlɔ: ðə bɪ:tʃɪz bæ:ʊ mə:ɪ lʌv
 (h)wər ju: dɪd nəvər kʌm
ən ə:ɪ do:nt lʊk tə mi(:)t i: nə:ʊ
 az ə:ɪ də lʊk ət huəm

sɪns ju: nu: muər bi: at mə:ɪ zə:ɪd
 ɪn we:ks ɪn zʌmər het
ə:ɪl gu: əluən (h)wər mɪst də rə:ɪd
 dru: tri:z ədri:pən wɛt
bɪlɔ: ðə ræɪnwɛt bæ:ʊ mə:ɪ lʌv
 (h)wər ju: dɪd nəvər kʌm
ən ə:ɪ do:nt gri:v tə mɪs i: nə:ʊ
 az ə:ɪ də gri:v ət huəm

sɪns nə:ʊ bɪzə:ɪd mə:ɪ dɪnərbuəd
 ju(:)ər væs də nəvər sə:ʊn(d)
ə:ɪl i:t ðə bɪt ə:ɪ kən əvuəd
 əvi:l(d) əpɒn ðə grə:ʊn(d)
bɪlɔ: ðə da:rkseɪm bæ:ʊ mə:ɪ lʌv
 (h)wər ju: dɪd nəvər də:ɪn
ən ə:ɪ do:nt gri:v tə mɪs i: nə:ʊ
 az ə:ɪ ət huəm də pə:ɪn

sɪns ə:ɪ də mɪs jər væs ən fjes
 ɪn præɪər ət i:vəntə:ɪd
ə:ɪl præɪ wi (w)u:n sɑd væs vər grjes
 tə gu: (h)wər ju: də bæ:ɪd

Above the tree an' bough, my love,
Where you be gone avore,
An' be a-waitèn vor me now,
To come vor evermwore.

æbʌv ðə tri: ən bæu məi lʌv
(h)wər ju: bi: gɒn əvuər
ən bi: əwæɪtən vər mi: nəu
tə klʌm vər evərmuər

THE THORNS IN THE GEÄTE



AH! Meäster Collins overtook
Our knot o' vo'k a-stannèn still,
Last Zunday, up on Ivy Hill,
'To zee how strong the corn did look.
An' he staÿ 'd back awhile an' spoke
A vew kind words to all the vo'k,
Vor good or joke, an' wi' a smile
Begun a-playèn wi' a chile.

folk standing

few

The zull, wi' iron zide awry,
Had long a-vurrow'd up the vield;
The heavy roller had a-wheel'd
It smooth vor showers vrom the sky;
The bird-bwoy's cry, a-risèn sh'ill,
An' clacker, had a-left the hill,
All bright but still, vor time alwone
To speed the work that we'd a-done.

plough

sbrilly

bring to fruition

Down drough the wind, a-blowèn keen,
Did gleäre the nearly cloudless sky,
An' corn in bleäde, up ancle-high,
'Ithin the geäte did quiver green;
An' in the geäte a-lock'd there stood
A prickly row o' thornèn wood
Vor vo'k vor food had done their best,
An' left to Spring to do the rest.

through

folk

“The geäte,” he cried, “a-seal'd wi' thorn
Vrom harmvul veet's a-left to hold
The bleäde a-springèn vrom the mwold,
While God do ripen it to corn.

earth

ðə ða:rnz in ðə gjet

a: mja:stər kɒlɪnz ɔ:vərtuk
ə:uər nɒt ə vɔ:k əstanən stɪl
le:st zʌnde: ʌp ɒn ə:ɪvi hɪl
tə zi: hə:u strɒŋ ðə kɑ:rn dɪd lʊk
ən hi: stæɪd bak ə(h)wə:ɪl ən spo:k
ə vju: kə:ɪn(d) wɔ:rdz tu aɪl ðə vɔ:k
vər gʊd ər dʒo:k ən wi ə smə:ɪl
bɪɡʌn əplæɪən wi ə tʃə:ɪl

ðə zʌl wi ə:ɪərn zə:ɪd ərə:ɪ
həd lɒŋ əvʌrə(r)d ʌp ðə vi:ld
ðə hevi ro:lər həd ə(h)wi:ld
ɪt smu:ð vər ʃə:uərz vrəm ðə skə:ɪ
ðə bæ:rdbwə:ɪz krə:ɪ ərə:ɪzən ʃɪl
ən klakər həd əleɪft ðə hɪl
aɪl brə:ɪt bət stɪl vər tə:ɪm əluən
tə spi:d ðə wɔ:rk ðət wi:d ədʌn

də:un dru: ðə wɪn(d) əblo:ən ki:n
dɪd gljɛər ðə niərli klə:udlɪs skə:ɪ
ən kɑ:rn ɪn bljɛd ʌp ʌŋkəlɦə:ɪ
ɪðɪn ðə gjet dɪd kwɪvər grɪ:n
ən ɪn ðə gjet əlɒkt ðər stʊd
ə prɪkli ro: ə ða:rnən wʊd
vər vɔ:k vər fʊd həd dʌn ðər best
ən leɪft tə sprɪŋ tə du: ðə rest

ðə gjet hi: krə:ɪd əsi:ld wi ða:rn
vrəm ha:ɪmvʊl vi:ts əleɪft tə huəld
ðə bljɛd əsprɪŋən vrəm ðə muəld
(h)wə:ɪl gʊd də rə:ɪpən ɪt tə kɑ:rn

An' zoo in life let us vulvil
Whatever is our Meäker's will,
An' then bide still, wi' peacevul breast,
While He do manage all the rest."

50

æn zu: in læif let ʌs vʊlvɪl
(h)wɒtɛvər ɪz æ:uər mjækərz wɪl
æn ðæn bæ:ɪd stɪl wi pi:svʊl brɛst
(h)wɛ:ɪl hi: də manɪdʒ a:l ðə rɛst

ANGELS BY THE DOOR



OH! there be angels evermware,
A-passèn onward by the door,
A-zent to teäke our jaÿs, or come
To bring us zome—O Meärianne.
Though doors be shut, an' bars be stout,
Noo bolted door can keep em out;
But they wull læve us ev'ry thing
They have to bring—My Meärianne.

An' zoo the days a-stealèn by,
Wi' zuns a-ridèn drough the sky,
Do bring us things to læve us sad,
Or meäke us glad—O Meärianne.
The day that's mild, the day that's stern,
Do teäke, in stillness, each his turn;
An' evils at their worst mid mend,
Or even end—My Meärianne.

*so
through*

may

But still, if we can only bear
Wi' fäith an' love, our päin an' ceäre,
We shan't vind missèn jaÿs a-lost,
Though we be crost—O Meärianne.
But all a-took to heav'n, an' stow'd
Where we can't weäste em on the road,
As we do wander to an' fro,
Down here below—My Meärianne.

But there be jaÿs I'd soonest choose
To keep, vrom them that I must lose;
Your workzome hands to help my tweil,
Your cheerful smile—O Meärianne.

toil

andʒəlz b(ə)ɪ ðə duər

o: ðər bi: andʒəlz evərmuər
əpa:sən ʊn(w)ərd b(ə)ɪ ðə duər
əzent tə tʃek əʊər dʒæɪz ar kʌm
tə brɪŋ əs zʌm o: mjeərian
ðo: duərz bi: ʃʌt ən baɪrz bi: stəʊt
nu: bo:ltɪd duər kən ki(:)p əm əʊt
bət ðe: wʊl liəv əs evri ðɪŋ
ðe: hav tə brɪŋ məɪ mjeərian

ən zu: ðə deɪz əsti:lən bæɪ
wi zʌnz ərəɪdən dru: ðə skəɪ
də brɪŋ əs ðɪŋz tə liəv əs sad
ar mjek əs gləd o: mjeərian
ðə de: ðəts məɪld ðə de: ðəts stəɪn
də tʃek ɪn stɪlnɪs ɪ:tʃ (h)ɪz təɪn
ən ɪ:vəlz ət ðər wʌst mɪd mɛnd
ər ɪ:vən end məɪ mjeərian

bət stɪl ɪf wi: kən ɔ:nli beər
wi fæɪθ ən lʌv əʊər pæɪn ən kjæər
wi: ʃʌnt vəɪn(d) mɪsən dʒæɪz əlɒst
ðo: wi: bi: krɒst o: mjeərian
bət aɪl ətʊk tə hevn ən stɔɪd
(h)wər wi: keɪnt wjest əm ʊn ðə ro:d
əz wi: də wɒndər tu: ən fro:
də:ʊn hiər bɪlo: məɪ mjeərian

bət ðər bi: dʒæɪz əɪd sʊnɪst tʃu:z
tə ki(:)p vrəm ðem ðət əɪ məst lu:z
jər wɜːrkzəm han(d)z tə help məɪ twəɪl
jər tʃɪərful sməɪl o: mjeərian

The Zunday bells o' yonder tow'r,
The moonlight sheädes o' my own bow'r,
An' rest avore our vier-zide,
At evenèn-tide—My Meärianne.

shadows
fireside

ðə zʌndeː bɛlz ə ʝændər təʊər
ðə muːnləːt fʝedz ə məːɪ oːn bəʊər
ən rest əvuər əʊər vəːrəzəːɪd
at iːvməntəːɪd məːɪ mʝɛəriən



VO'K A-COMÈN INTO CHURCH

folk

THE church do zeem a touchèn zight,
 When vo'k, a-comèn in at door,
 Do softly tread the long-ail'd vloer
 Below the pillar'd arches' height,
 Wi' bells a-pealèn,
 Vo'k a-kneelèn,
 Hearts a-healèn, wi' the love
 An' peäce a-zent em vrom above.

-aisled

An' there, wi' mild an' thoughtvul feäce,
 Wi' downcast eyes, an' vaïces dum',
 The wold an' young do slowly come,
 An' teäke in stillness each his pleäce,
 A-zinkèn slowly,
 Kneelèn lowly,
 Seekèn holy thoughts alwone,
 In pray'r avore their Meäker's throne.

silent

old

An' there be sons in youthvul pride,
 An' fathers weak wi' years an' päin,
 An' daughters in their mother's traïn,
 The tall wi' smaller at their zide;
 Heads in murnèn
 Never turnèn,
 Cheäks a-burnèn, wi' the het
 O' youth, an' eyes noo tears do wet.

mourning

beat

There friends do settle, zide by zide,
 The knower speechless to the known;
 Their vaïce is there vor God alwone;
 To flesh an' blood their tongues be tied.

vo:k əkʌmən ɪntə tʃə:rtʃ

ðə tʃə:rtʃ də zi(:)m ə tʌtʃən zə:ɪt
(h)wen vo:k əkʌmən ɪn ət duər
də sɒf(t)li tɹəd ðə lɒŋæɪl(d) vluər
bɪlo: ðə pɪlərd a:rtʃɪz hæ:ɪt
wi bɛlz əpi:lən
vo:k əni:lən
hɑ:rts əhi:lən wi ðə lʌv
ən piəs əzɛnt əm vrəm əbʌv

ən ðər wi mə:ɪld ən θɔ:tvʊl fjes
wi də:ʌnkɑ:st ə:ɪz ən væɪsɪz dʌm
ðə (w)uəld ən jʌŋ də slə:li kʌm
ən tʃɛk ɪn stɪlnɪs i:tʃ (h)ɪz pljes
əzɪŋkən slə:li
ni:lən lə:li
si:kən hɔ:li ðɔ:ts əluən
ɪn præɪr əvuər ðər mʃɛkərz θrɔ:n

ən ðər bi: sʌnz ɪn ju:θvʊl præ:ɪd
ən fɛ:ðərz wi:k wi jiərz ən pæɪn
ən de:tərz ɪn ðər mʌðərz træɪn
ðə ta:l wi smɑ:lər ət ðər zə:ɪd
hedz ɪn mə:ɪnən
nɛvər tə:ɪnən
tʃiəks əbə:ɪnən wi ðə hɛt
ə ju:θ ən ə:ɪz nu: tiərz də wɛt

ðeər frɛn(d)z də sɛtəl zə:ɪd b(ə:ɪ) zə:ɪd
ðə no:ər spi:tʃlɪs tə ðə nɔ:n
ðər væɪs ɪz ðeər vər ɡɒd əluən
tə flɛʃ ən blʌd ðər tʌŋz bi: tə:ɪd

Grief a-wringèn,
Jaÿ a-zingèn,
Pray'r a-bringèn welcome rest
So softly to the troubled breast.

joy

gri:f ərɪŋən
dʒæɪ əzɪŋən
præɪr əbrɪŋən wɛlkəm rɛst
sə sɒf(t)li tə ðə trʌbəlɪd brɛst



WOONE RULE

one

An' while I zot, wi' thoughtvul mind,
Up where the lwonesome Coombs do wind,
An' watch'd the little gully slide
So crookèd to the river-zide;
I thought how wrong the Stour did zeem
To roll along his ramblèn stream,
A-runnèn wide the left o' south,
To vind his mouth, the right-hand zide.

sat

But though his stream do teäke, at mill,
An' eastward bend by Newton Hill,
An' goo to lay his welcome boon
O' daily water round Hammoon,
An' then wind off ageän, to run
By Blanvord, to the noonday zun,
'Tis only bound by woone rule all,
An' that's to vall down steepest ground.

An' zoo, I thought, as we do bend
Our way drough life, to reach our end,
Our God ha' gi'ed us, vrom our youth,
Woone rule to be our guide—His truth.
An' zoo wi' that, though we mid teäke
Wide rambles vor our callèns' seäke,
What is, is best, we needen fear,
An' we shall steer to happy rest.

*so
through
given*

may

(w)u:n ru:l

ən (h)wə:ɪl ə:ɪ zat wi θɔ:tʊl mə:m(d)
ʌp (h)wər ðə luənsəm ku:mz də wə:m(d)
ən wɒtʃt ðə lɪtəl ɡʌli slə:ɪd
sə krʊkɪd tə ðə rɪvərzə:ɪd
ə:ɪ ðɔ:t hæu rɒŋ ðə stə:uər dɪd zi:m
tə ro:l ələŋ (h)ɪz rəmbələn stri:m
ərənən wə:ɪd ðə leɪt ə sə:uθ
tə və:m(d) (h)ɪz mə:uθ ðə rə:ɪθan(d) zə:ɪd

bət ðo: (h)ɪz stri:m də tʃek ət mɪl
ən i:stwərd ben(d) b(ə:ɪ)ɪ nju:tən hɪl
ən gu: tə le: (h)ɪz welkəm bu:n
ə de:li wɔ:tər rə:un(d) hamu:n
ən ðen wə:m(d) ɒf əɡjən tə rʌn
b(ə:ɪ)ɪ blənvərd tə ðə nu:nde: zʌn
tɪz ɔ:nli bə:un(d) b(ə:ɪ)ɪ (w)u:n ru:l a:l
ən ðats tə va:l də:un stɪ:pɪst grə:un(d)

ən zu: ə:ɪ ðɔ:t əz wi: də ben(d)
ə:uər wæɪ dru: lə:ɪf tə rɪ:tʃ ə:uər en(d)
ə:uər ɡʊd hə ɡɪ:d əs vrəm ə:uər ju:θ
(w)u:n ru:l tə bi: ə:uər ɡə:ɪd hɪz tru:θ
ən zu: wi ðat ðo: wi: mɪd tʃek
wə:ɪd rəmbəlz vər ə:uər kə:lənz sjek
(h)wɒt ɪz ɪz best wi: nɪ:dən fɪər
ən wi: ʃəl stɪər tə hapi rɛst

GOOD MEÄSTER COLLINS



AYE, Meäster Collins wer a-blest
Wi' greäce, an' now's a-gone to rest;
An' though his heart did beät so meek
'S a little child's, when he did speak,
The godly wisdom ov his tongue
Wer dew o' greäce to wold an' young.

old

'Twer woonce, upon a zummer's tide,
I zot at Brookwell by his zide,
Avore the leäke, upon the rocks,
Above the water's idle shocks,
As little play'some weäves did zwim
Ageän the water's windy brim,
Out where the lofty tower o' stwone
Did stan' to years o' wind an' zun;
An' where the zwellèn pillars bore
A pworch above the heavy door,
Wi' sister sheädes a-reachèn cool
Athirt the stwones an' sparklèn pool.
I spoke zome word that meäde en smile,
O' girt vo'k's wealth an' poor vo'k's tweil,
As if I pin'd, vor want ov greäce,
To have a lord's or squier's pleäce.
“No, no,” he zaid, “what God do zend
Is best vor all o's in the end,
An' all that we do need the mwost
Do come to us wi' leäst o' cost;—
Why, who could live upon the e'th
'Ithout God's gift ov äir vor breath?
Or who could bide below the zun
If water didden rise an' run?

once

sat

shadows

across

him

great folke's, toil

of us

earth

didn't

gud mja:stər kəlɪnz

æɪ mja:stər kəlɪnz wər əbləst
wi grjəs ən nə:uz əɡɒn tə rɛst
ən ðo: (h)ɪz hært dɪd biət sə mi:k
s ə lɪtəl tʃə:ɪl(d)z (h)wɛn hi: dɪd spi:k
ðə ɡɒdli wɪzdəm əv (h)ɪz tʌŋ
wər dju: ə grjəs tə (w)uəld ən ʃʌŋ

twər (w)u:ns əpɒn ə zʌmərz tə:ɪd
ə:ɪ zət ət brʊkwɛl b(ə:ɪ)ɪ (h)ɪz zə:ɪd
əvuər ðə lʃɛk əpɒn ðə rɒks
əbʌv ðə wɔ:tərz ə:ɪdəl ʃɒks
az lɪtəl plæɪsəm wjɛvz dɪd zwɪm
əɡjɛn ðə wɔ:tərz wɪndi brɪm
ə:ʊt (h)wər ðə lɒfti tə:uər ə stuən
dɪd stʌn tə ʃiərz ə wɪn(d) ən zʌn
ən (h)wər ðə zwɛlən pɪlərz buər
ə puərʃ əbʌv ðə hevi duər
wi sistər ʃjɛdz ɛrɪ:tʃən ku:l
əðə:rt ðə stuənz ən spɑ:kklən pu:l
ə:ɪ spɒ:k zʌm wə:rd ðət mjɛd ən smə:ɪl
ə ɡə:rt vɔ:ks wɛlθ ən pu(:)ər vɔ:ks twə:ɪl
əz ɪf ə:ɪ pə:ɪnd vər wɒnt əv grjəs
tə hav ə lɑ:rdz ər skwə:ɪərz pljɛs
no: no: ə zɛd (h)wɒt ɡɒd də zɛn(d)
ɪz bɛst vər a:l o:s ɪn ði ɛn(d)
ən a:l ðət wi: də ni:d ðə muəst
də kʌm tu əs wi liəst ə kɒst
(h)wə:ɪ hu: kʊd lɪv əpɒn ði ɛθ
ɪðə:ʊt ɡɒdz ɡɪft əv æɪr vər brɛθ
ar hu: kʊd bə:ɪd bɪlɔ: ðə zʌn
ɪf wɔ:tər dɪdɛn rə:ɪz ən rʌn

An' who could work below the skies
 If zun an' moon did never rise?
 Zoo air an' water, an' the light, *so*
 Be higher gifts, a-reckon'd right,
 Than all the goold the darksome clay
 Can ever yield to zunny day:
 But then the air is roun' our heads,
 Abroad by day, or on our beds; *outside*
 Where land do gi'e us room to bide, *give*
 Or seas do spread vor ships to ride;
 An' He do zend his waters free,
 Vrom clouds to lands, vrom lands to sea;
 An' mornen light do blush an' glow,
 'Thout our tweil—'ithout our ho. *toil, care*

"Zoo let us never pine, in sin, *so*
 Vor gifts that ben't the best to win;
 The heaps o' goold that zome mid pile, *may*
 Wi' sleepless nights an' peaceless tweil;
 Or manor that mid reach so wide
 As Blackmwore is vrom zide to zide,
 Or kingly swaÿ, wi' life or death,
 Vor helpless childern ov the e'th: *earth*
 Vor theäse ben't gifts, as He do know, *these*
 That He in love should vu'st bestow; *first*
 Or else we should have had our sheäre
 O'm all wi' little tweil or ceäre. *of them*

"Ov all His choicest gifts, His cry
 Is, 'Come, ye moneyless, and buy.'
 Zoo blest is he that can but lift *so*
 His praÿer vor a happy gift."

ən hu: kud wærk bɪlɔ: ðə skə:ɪz
 ɪf zʌn ən mu:n dɪd nəvər rə:ɪz
 zu: æɪr ən wɔ:tər ən ðə læɪt
 bi: hæ:ɪər ɡɪfts ərəkænd rə:ɪt
 ðən a:l ðə ɡu:ld ðə da:ksəm kle:
 kən evər ʃi:l(d) tə zʌni de:
 bət ðen ði æɪr ɪz rə:un ə:uər hedz
 əbro:d b(ə)ɪ de: ar ɒn ə:uər bedz
 (h)wər lan(d) də ɡi: əs ru:m tə bæɪd
 ar si:z də spred vər ʃɪps tə rə:ɪd
 ən hi: də zen(d) (h)ɪz wɔ:tərz fri:
 vrəm klə:udz tə lan(d)z vrəm lan(d)z tə si:
 ən mæ:rnən læɪt də blʌʃ ən ɡlo:
 ɪðə:ut ə:uər twə:ɪl ɪðə:ut ə:uər ho:

zu: let əs nəvər pə:m ɪn sɪn
 vər ɡɪfts ðæt beɪnt ðə best tə wɪn
 ðə hi:ps ə ɡu:ld ðæt zʌm mɪd pə:ɪl
 wi slɪ:plɪs nə:ɪts ən pi:slɪs twə:ɪl
 ar manər ðæt mɪd rɪ:tʃ sə wə:ɪd
 əz blakmuər ɪz vrəm zə:ɪd tə zə:ɪd
 ar kɪŋli swæɪ wi læɪf ər deθ
 vər helplɪs tʃɪldərn əv ði eθ
 vər ðiəz beɪnt ɡɪfts əz hi: də no:
 ðæt hi: ɪn lʌv ʃʊd vʌst bɪstɔ:
 ar els wi: ʃʊd həv had ə:uər ʃjeər
 o:m a:l wi lɪtəl twə:ɪl ər kjeər

əv a:l (h)ɪz tʃæɪsɪst ɡɪfts (h)ɪz krə:ɪ
 ɪz kʌm (j)i: mʌnɪlɪs ən(d) bæɪ
 zu: blɛst ɪz hi: ðæt kən bət lɪft
 (h)ɪz præɪər vər ə hapi ɡɪft

HERRENSTON



Zoo then the leädy an' the squier,
At Chris'mas, gather'd girt an' small,
Vor me'th, avore their roarèn vier,
An' roun' their bboard, 'ithin the hall;
An' there, in glitt'rèn rows, between
The roun'-rimm'd pleätes, our knives did sheen,
Wi' frothy eäle, an' cup an' can,
Vor maïd an' man, at Herrenston.

*so
great
mirth, fire
table
shine
ale*

An' there the jeints o' beef did stand,
Lik' cliffs o' rock, in goodly row;
Where woone mid quarry till his hand
Did tire, an' meäke but little show;
An' after we'd a-took our seat,
An' greäce had been a-zaid vor meat,
We zet to work, an' zoo begun
Our feäst an' fun at Herrenston.

one might

*food
so*

An' mothers there, beside the bboards,
Wi' little childern in their laps,
Did stoop, wi' lovèn looks an' words,
An' veed em up wi' bits an' draps;
An' smilèn husbands went in quest
O' what their wives did like the best;
An' you'd ha' zeed a happy zight,
Thik merry night, at Herrenston.

*seen
that*

An' then the band, wi' each his leaf
O' notes, above us at the zide,
Plaÿ'd up the praïse ov England's beef
An' vill'd our hearts wi' English pride;

herənstən

zu: ðen ðə lʲedi ən ðə skwə:ɪər
ət krisməs gaðərd gə:rt ən smail
vər mæθ əvuər ðər ruərən və:ɪər
ən rə:un ðər buərd iðm ðə hail
ən ðər in glitrən ro:z bitwi:n
ðə rə:unrɪmd pljets ə:uər nə:ɪvz dɪd ʃɪn
wi frøθi jəl ən kʌp ən kan
vər mæɪd ən man ət herənstən

ən ðər ðə dʒə:nts ə bi:f dɪd stan(d)
lɪk klɪfs ə røk in ɡudli ro:
(h)wər (w)u:n mɪd kwəri tɪl (h)ɪz han(d)
dɪd tə:ɪər ən mjek bət lɪtəl ʃo:
ən ɛ:tər wi:d ətʊk ə:uər si:t
ən ɡrjes had bɪn əzəd vər mi:t
wi: zət tə wə:rk ən zu: biɡʌn
ə:uər fiəst ən fʌn ət herənstən

ən mʌðərz ðər bɪzə:ɪd ðə buərdz
wi lɪtəl tʃɪldərn in ðər laps
dɪd stu:p wi lʌvən lʊks ən wə:rdz
ən vi:d əm ʌp wi bɪts ən draps
ən smə:ɪlən hʌzbən(d)z went in kwɛst
ə (h)wɒt ðər wə:ɪvz dɪd lə:ɪk ðə best
ən ju:d hə zi:d ə hapi zə:ɪt
ðɪk məri nə:ɪt ət herənstən

ən ðen ðə ban(d) wi i:tʃ (h)ɪz li:f
ə no:ts əbʌv əs ət ðə zə:ɪd
plæɪd ʌp ðə præɪz əv ɪŋɡlən(d)z bi:f
ən vɪld ə:uər hɑ:rts wi ɪŋɡlɪʃ prə:ɪd

An' leafy chaîns o' garlands hung,
Wi' dazzlèn stripes o' flags, that swung
Above us, in a bleäze o' light,
Thik happy night, at Herrenston. *that*

An' then the clerk, avore the vier, *fire*
Begun to leäd, wi' smilèn feäce,
A carol, wi' the Monkton quire,
That rung drough all the crowded pleäce. *through*
An' dins' o' words an' laughter broke
In merry peals drough clouds o' smoke;
Vor hardly wer there woone that spoke, *one*
But pass'd a joke, at Herrenston.

Then man an' mäid stood up by twos,
In rows, drough passage, out to door,
An' gaily beät, wi' nimble shoes,
A dance upon the stwonèn floor. *stone*
But who is worthy vor to tell,
If she that then did bear the bell,
Wer woone o' Monkton, or o' Ceäme,
Or zome sweet neäme ov Herrenston.

Zoo peace betide the girt vo'k's land, *so, great folk's*
When they can stoop, wi' kindly smile,
An' teäke a poor man by the hand,
An' cheer en in his daily tweil. *him, toil*
An' oh! mid He that's vur above *may, far*
The highest here, reward their love,
An' gi'e their happy souls, drough greäce, *give*
A higher pleäce than Herrenston.

æn li:fi tʃæmz ə ɡa:rlən(d)z hʌŋ
wi dazlən strɛ:ɪps ə flɑ:ɡz ðæt swʌŋ
əbʌv əs ɪn ə blɪɛz ə lə:ɪt
ðɪk hapi nə:ɪt ət herənstən

æn ðen ðə kla:rk əvuər ðə vɛ:ɪər
bigʌn tə liəd wi smə:ɪlən fjes
ə karəl wi ðə mʌŋktən kwə:ɪər
ðæt rʌŋ dru: a:l ðə krə:ʊdɪd pljes
æn dɪnz ə wɛ:rdz ən lɛ:ftər bro:k
ɪn mɛ:ri pi:lz dru: klə:ʊdz ə smo:k
vər hɑ:rdli wər ðər (w)u:n ðæt spo:k
bət pa:st ə dʒo:k ət herənstən

ðen man ən mæɪd stʊd ʌp b(ə:ɪ)ɪ tu:z
ɪn ro:z dru: pasɪdʒ ə:ʊt tə duər
ən ɡæ:ɪli biət wi nɪmbəl ju:z
ə de:ns əpən ðə stuənən vluər
bət hu: ɪz wɛ:rði vər tə tel
ɪf ʃi: ðæt ðen dɪd beər ðə bel
wər (w)u:n ə mʌŋktən ər ə kjem
ər zʌm swi(:)t njem əv herənstən

zu: pi:s bitə:ɪd ðə ɡɔ:rt vo:ks lɑ:n(d)
(h)wɛn ðe: kən stu:p wi kə:m(d)li smə:ɪl
ən tʃɛk ə pu(:)ər man b(ə:ɪ)ɪ ðə hɑ:n(d)
ən tʃɪər ən ɪn (h)ɪz de:li twɛ:ɪl
ən o: mɪd hi: ðəts vɛ:r əbʌv
ðə hɔ:ɪst hɪər riwɑ:rd ðər lʌv
ən ɡi: ðər hapi so:lz dru: ɡrjes
ə hɔ:ɪər pljes ðən herənstən

OUT AT PLOUGH



THOUGH cool avore the sheenèn sky
Do vall the sheädes below the copse,
The timber-trees, a-reachèn high,
Ha' zunsheen on their lofty tops,
Where yonder land's a-lyèn plow'd,
An' red, below the snow-white cloud,
An' vlocks o' pitchèn rooks do vwold
Their wings to walk upon the mwold,
While floods be low,
An' buds do grow,
An' äir do blow, a-broad, O.

*shining
shadows
sunshine*

*fold
earth*

outside

But though the äir is cwold below
The creakèn copses' darksome screen,
The truest sheäde do only show
How strong the warmer zun do sheen;
An' even times o' grief an' pän,
Ha' good a-comèn in their traïn,
An' 'tis but happiness do mark
The sheädes o' sorrow out so dark.
As tweils be sad,
Or smiles be glad,
Or times be bad, at hwome, O.

shine

toils

An' there the zunny land do lie
Below the hangèn, in the lew,
Wi' vurrows now a-crumblèn dry,
Below the plowman's dousty shoe;
An' there the bwoy do whissel sh'ill,
Below the skylark's merry bill,
Where primrrose beds do deck the zides
O' banks below the meäple wrides.

slope, shelter

*dusty
tunefully*

clumps

ə:ut ət plə:u

ðo: ku:l əvuər ðə ʃi:nən skə:ɪ
də va:l ðə ʃjedz bɪlo: ðə kɒps
ðə tɪmbərtri:z əri:tʃən hæ:ɪ
hə zʌŋʃi:n ɒn ðər lɒfti tɒps
(h)wər ʃændər lən(d)z ələ:ən plə:ud
ən red bɪlo: ðə sno:(h)wə:ɪt klə:ud
ən vlɒks ə pɪtʃən rʊks də vuəld
ðər wɪŋz tə wɛ:k əpɒn ðə muəld
(h)wə:ɪl flʌdz bi: lo:
ən bʌdz də gro:
ən æɪr də blo: əbro:d o:

bət ðo: ði æɪr ɪz kuəld bɪlo:
ðə kri:kən kɒpsɪz dɑ:ksəm skri:n
ðə tru:ɪst ʃjed du ɔ:nli ʃo:
hə:u strɒŋ ðə wɑ:rmər zʌn də ʃi:n
ən i:vən tə:ɪmz ə gri:f ən pæm
hə gud əkʌmən ɪn ðər træm
ən tɪz bət hɑ:pɪnɪs də mɑ:rk
ðə ʃjedz ə sɑ:rə(r) ə:ut sə dɑ:rk
əz twə:ɪlz bi: sɑd
ər smə:ɪlz bi: glɑd
ər tə:ɪmz bi: bɑd ət huəm o:

ən ðər ðə zʌni lən(d) də lə:ɪ
bɪlo: ðə hɑ:ŋən ɪn ðə lu:
wi vʌrə(r)z nə:u əkrʌmblən drə:ɪ
bɪlo: ðə plə:ʊmənz də:ʊsti ʃu:
ən ðər ðə bwə:ɪ də (h)wɪsəl ʃɪl
bɪlo: ðə skə:ɪlɑ:ks mɛrɪ bɪl
(h)wər prɪmrʊəz bedz də dek ðə zə:ɪdz
ə bɑŋks bɪlo: ðə mɪjəpəl rə:ɪdz

As trees be bright
Wi' bees in flight,
An' weather's bright, abroad, O.

outside

An' there, as sheenèn wheels do spin
Vull speed along the dousty rroad,
He can but stan', an' wish 'ithin
His mind to be their happy lroad,
That he mid gaily ride, an' goo
To towns the rroad mid teäke en drough,
An' zee, for woonce, the zights behind
The bluest hills his eyes can vind,
O' towns, an' tow'rs,
An' downs, an' flow'rs,
In zunny hours, abroad, O.

shining
dusty

might
him, through
once

But still, vor all the weather's feäir,
Below a cloudless sky o' blue,
The bwoy at plough do little ceäre
How vast the brightest day mid goo;
Vor he'd be glad to zee the zun
A-zettèn, wi' his work a-done,
That he, at hwome, mid still injaÿ
His happy bit ov evenèn playä,
So light's a lark
Till night is dark,
While dogs do bark, at hwome, O.

fast

enjoy

æz tri:z bi: bræ:ɪt
wi bi:z ɪn flæ:ɪt
ən weðærz bræ:ɪt æbro:d o:

ən ðær æz ʃi:nən (h)wi:lz də spɪn
vʊl spi:d əlɒŋ ðə də:ʊsti ruəd
hi: kæn bæt stan ən wɪʃ ɪðm
(h)ɪz mə:m(d) tə bi: ðær hapi luəd
ðæt hi: mɪd gæɪli ræ:ɪd ən gu:
tə tə:ʊnz ðə ruəd mɪd tʃæk ən dru:
ən zi: vɑ: (w)u:ns ðə zə:ɪts bihæ:m(d)
ðə blu:ɪst hɪlz (h)ɪz ə:ɪz kæn və:m(d)
ə tə:ʊnz ən tə:ʊærz
ən də:ʊnz ən flæ:ʊærz
ɪn zʌni ə:ʊærz æbro:d o:

bæt stɪl vər aɪl ðə weðærz fʃɛər
bɪlɔ: ə klə:ʊdlɪs skə:ɪ ə blu:
ðə bwə:ɪ ət plə:ʊ də lɪtəl kjɛər
hə:ʊ vɑ:st ðə bræ:ɪtɪst de: mɪd gu:
vɑ: hi:d bi: glɑd tə zi: ðə zʌn
əzətən wi (h)ɪz wɜ:rk ədʌn
ðæt hi: ət huəm mɪd stɪl ɪndʒæɪ
(h)ɪz hapi bɪt əv ɪ:vmen plæɪ
sə lə:ɪts ə lɑ:rk
tɪl nə:ɪt ɪz dɑ:rk
(h)wə:ɪl dɒgz də bɑ:rk ət huəm o:

THE BWOAT



WHERE cows did slowly seek the brink
O' *Stour*, drough zunburnt grass, to drink;
Wi' vishèn float, that there did zink
 An' rise, I zot as in a dream.

through
fishing
sat

The dazzlèn zun did cast his light
On hedge-row blossom, snowy white,
Though nothèn yet did come in zight,
 A-stirrèn on the sträyèn stream;

Till, out by sheädy rocks there show'd
A bwoat along his foamy road,
Wi' thik feäir maïd at mill, a-row'd
 Wi' Jeäne behind her brother's oars.

that

An' steätely as a queen o' vo'k,
She zot wi' floatèn scarlet cloak,
An' comèn on, at ev'ry stroke,

folk
sat

 Between my withy-sheäded shores.

willow-shaded

The broken stream did idly try
To show her sheäpe a-ridèn by,
The rushes brown-bloom'd stems did ply,
 As if they bow'd to her by will.

The rings o' water, wi' a sock,
Did break upon the mossy rock,
An' gi'e my beätèn heart a shock,
 Above my float's up-leapèn quill.

sigh

give

Then, lik' a cloud below the skies,
A-drifted off, wi' less'nèn size,
An' lost, she floated vrom my eyes,
 Where down below the stream did wind;

ðə b(w)uət

(h)wər kə:uz dɪd slə:li sɪk ðə brɪŋk
ə stə:uər dru: zʌnbə:rnt gra:s tə drɪŋk
wi vɪʃən flo:t ðæt ðər dɪd zɪŋk
ən rə:ɪz ə:ɪ zət əz ɪn ə dri:m
ðə dazlən zʌn dɪd ka:st (h)ɪz lə:ɪt
vɒn hɛdʒrə: blɒsəm snə:ɪ (h)wə:ɪt
ðo: nʌθən ɪ:t dɪd kʌm ɪn zə:ɪt
əstə:rən vɒn ðə stræ:rən stri:m

tɪl ə:ut b(ə:ɪ)ɪ ʃjedi rɒks ðər ʃo:d
ə b(w)uət əlvɪŋ (h)ɪz fə:mi rə:d
wi ðɪk fjeər məɪd ət mɪl əro:d
wi dʒjən bihə:m(d) (h)ər brʌðərz uərz
ən stjetli əz ə kwɪn ə vɔ:k
ʃi: zət wi flo:tən skærɪt klo:k
ən kʌmən vɒn ət evri stro:k
bitwɪn mə:ɪ wɪðɪʃjedɪd ʃuərz

ðə bro:kən stri:m dɪd ə:ɪdli trə:ɪ
tə ʃo: (h)ər ʃjɛp ərə:ɪdən bæ:ɪ
ðə rʌʃɪz brə:unblu:md stɛmz dɪd plə:ɪ
əz ɪf ðe: bæ:ud tə (h)ər b(ə:ɪ)ɪ wɪl
ðə rɪŋz ə wɔ:tər wi ə sɒk
dɪd bre:k əpən ðə mɒsi rɒk
ən gi: mə:ɪ biətən hɑ:t ə ʃɒk
əbʌv mə:ɪ flo:ts ʌpli:pən kwɪl

ðɛn lɪk ə klə:ud bɪlo: ðə skə:ɪz
ədri:fɪd vɒf wi lɛsnən sə:ɪz
ən lɒst ʃi: flo:tɪd vrəm mə:ɪ ə:ɪz
(h)wər də:un bɪlo: ðə stri:m dɪd wə:m(d)

An' left the quiet weäves woonce mwore
To zink to rest, a sky-blue'd vloor,
Wi' all so still's the clote they bore,
 Aye, all but my own ruffled mind.

once

yellow water-lily

æn læft ðə kwæ:ɪət wjevz (w)u:ns muər
tə zɪŋk tə rest ə skə:ɪblu:d vluər
wi a:l sə stɪlz ðə klo:t ðe: buər
æɪ a:l bət mə:ɪ o:n rʌfəld mə:ɪn(d)

THE PLEÄCE OUR OWN AGEÄN



WELL! thanks to you, my faïthful Jeäne,
So worksome wi' your head an' hand,
We seäved enough to get ageän
My poor vorefather's plot o' land.
'Twer folly lost, an' cunnèn got,
What should ha' come to me by lot.
But let that goo; 'tis well the land
Is come to hand, by be'th or not.

birth

An' there the brook, a-windèn round
The parrick zide, do run below
The grey-stwon'd bridge wi' gurglèn sound,
A-sheäded by the arches' bow;
Where former days the wold brown meäre,
Wi' father on her back, did wear
Wi' heavy shoes the grav'ly leäne,
An' sheäke her meäne o' yollor heär.

paddock

span

old

lane

mane

An' many zummers there ha' glow'd,
To shrink the brook in bubblèn shoals,
An' warm the doust upon the road,
Below the trav'ller's burnèn zoles.
An' zome ha' zent us to our bed
In grief, an' zome in jaÿ ha' vled;
But vew ha' come wi' happier light
Than what's now bright, above our head.

dust

joy, flown

few

The brook did peärt, zome years agoo,
Our Grenley meäds vrom Knapton's Ridge;
But now you know, between the two,
A road's a-meäde by Grenley Bridge.

ðə pljɛs əˈuər ɔːn əgjen

wɛl θaŋks tə juː mæːɪ fæɪθvʊl dʒjɛn
sə wɜːksəm wi jər hɛd ən han(d)
wiː sjɛvd ɪnʌf tə get əgjen
mæːɪ pu(:)ər vuərfeːðərz plɒt ə lan(d)
twər fɒli lɒst ən kʌnən gɒt
(h)wɒt ʃʊd hə kʌm tə miː b(əː)ɪ lɒt
bət lɛt ðat guː tɪz wɛl ðə lan(d)
ɪz kʌm tə han(d) b(əː)ɪ bɛθ ar nɒt

ən ðər ðə brʊk əwəːɪn(d)ən rəːun(d)
ðə paɪk zəːɪd də rʌn bɪlɔː
ðə greɪstʊənd brʌdʒ wi gəːrglən səːun(d)
əʃjɛdɪd b(əː)ɪ ði aɪtʃɪz bɔː
(h)wər faːrmər deːz ðə (w)uəld brəːun mjɛər
wi fɛːðər ɒn (h)ər bak dɪd wɛər
wi hevi ʃuːz ðə gravli ljen
ən ʃjek (h)ər mjɛn ə ʒʌlər hjeər

ən mɛni zʌmərz ðɛər hə glɔːd
tə ʃrɪŋk ðə brʊk ɪn bʌblən ʃoːlz
ən waːɪm ðə dəːʊst əpɒn ðə roːd
bɪlɔː ðə travlɜːz bæːrnən zoːlz
ən zʌm ha zɛnt əs tu əˈuər bɛd
ɪn grɪːf ən zʌm ɪn dʒæɪ ha vlɛd
bət vjuː ha kʌm wi hapiər lɛːɪt
ðən (h)wɒts nəːu brɛːɪt əbʌv əˈuər hɛd

ðə brʊk dɪd pjaːɪt zʌm ʒiərz əguː
əˈuər grɛnli miədʒ vrɛm naptənʒ rʌdʒ
bət nəːu ʒə nɔː bɪtwɪn ðə tuː
ə roːdz əmjɛd b(əː)ɪ grɛnli brʌdʒ

Zoo why should we shrink back at zight
Ov hindrances we ought to slight?
A hearty will, wi' God our friend,
Will gain its end, if 'tis but right.

50

zu: (h)wə:ɪ ʃʊd wi: ʃrɪŋk bak ət zə:ɪt
əv hɪndrənsɪz wi: ɔ:t tə slə:ɪt
ə ha:rti wɪl wi ɡʊd ə:uər frɛn(d)
wɪl ɡæm ɪts ɛn(d) ɪf tɪz bət rə:ɪt

ECLOGUE



John an' Thomas

THOMAS

How b'ye, then, John, to-night; an' how
Be times a-waggèn on w' ye now?
I can't help slackenèn my peäce
When I do come along your pleäce,
To zee what crops your bit o' groun'
Do bear ye all the zummer roun'.
'Tis true you don't get fruit nor blooth,
'Ithin the glassèn houses' lewth;
But if a man can rear a crop
Where win' do blow an' räin can drop,
Do seem to come, below your hand,
As fine as any in the land.

moving

pace

blossom

shelter of a greenhouse

grow (raise)

JOHN

Well, there, the geärden stuff an' flow'rs
Don't leäve me many idle hours;
But still, though I mid plant or zow,
'Tis Woone above do meäke it grow.

may

one

THOMAS

Aye, aye, that's true, but still your strip
O' groun' do show good workmanship:
You've onions there nine inches round,
An' turmits that would waìgh a pound;
An' cabbage wi' its hard white head,
An' teäties in their dousty bed,

turnips

potatoes, dusty

ekløg

dʒan ən tɒməs

THOMAS

hə:u bji: ðen dʒan tənə:ɪt ən hə:u
bi: tə:ɪmz əwagən ɒn wji: nə:u
ə:ɪ kɛ:nt help slakənən mə:ɪ pjɛs
(h)wen ə:ɪ də kʌm əlɒŋ ju(:)ər pljɛs
tə zi: (h)wɒt krɒps jər bɪt ə grə:un
də beər i: a:l ðə zʌməɪ rə:un
tɪz tru: jə do:nt get fru:t nəɪ blu:θ
ɪðm ðə gla:sən hə:usɪz lu:θ
bət ɪf ə mæn kæn reər ə krɒp
(h)wər wɪn də blɒ: ən ræm kæn drɒp
də si(:)m tə kʌm bɪlɒ: ju(:)ər han(d)
əz fə:ɪn əz eni ɪn ðə lan(d)

JOHN

wel ðeər ðə ɡja:rdən stʌf ən flə:uəɪz
do:nt liəv mi: mɛni ə:ɪdəl ə:uəɪz
bət stɪl ðo: ə:ɪ mɪd plɛ:nt ər zo:
tɪz (w)u:n əbʌv də mʃɛk ɪt grə:

THOMAS

æɪ æɪ ðats tru: bət stɪl ju(:)ər strɪp
ə grə:un də ʃo: ɡʊd wɜ:rk mənʃɪp
jəv ə:mənɪz ðər nə:ɪn ɪntʃɪz rə:un(d)
ən tɜ:rmɪts ðət wʊd wəri ə pə:un(d)
ən kəbɪdʒ wi ɪts ha:ɪd (h)wə:ɪt hed
ən tʃetɪz ɪn ðər də:ʊsti bed

An' carrots big an' straight enough
 Vor any show o' geärden stuff;
 An' trees ov apples, red-skinnd balls,
 An' purple plums upon the walls,
 An' peas an' beäns; bezides a store
 O' heärbs vor ev'ry pain an' zore.

JOHN

An' over hedge the win's a-heärd,	
A-ruslèn drough my barley's beard;	<i>through</i>
An' swäjén wheat do overspread	
Zix ridges in a sheet o' red;	
An' then there's woone thing I do call	<i>one</i>
The girttest handiness ov all:	<i>greatest</i>
My ground is here at hand, avore	
My eyes, as I do stand at door;	
An' zoo I've never any need	<i>so</i>
To goo a mile to pull a weed.	

THOMAS

No, sure, a miël shoulden stratch	
Between woone's geärden an' woone's hatch.	<i>wicket-gate</i>
A man would like his house to stand	
Bezide his little bit o' land.	

JOHN

Ees. When woone's groun' vor geärden stuff	<i>yes</i>
Is roun' below the house's ruf	<i>roof</i>
Then woone can spend upon woone's land	
Odd minutes that mid lie on hand,	<i>may</i>

ən karəts biɡ ən stræt inʌf
 vər eni ʃo: ə ɡjɑ:rdən stʌf
 ən tri:z əv apəlz rɛdskɪnd baɪlz
 ən pə:rpəl plʌmz əpən ðə waɪlz
 ən pi:z ən biənz bi:zəɪdz ə stuər
 ə ʃɑ:rbz vər evri pæm ən zuər

JOHN

ən ɔ:vər hɛdʒ ðə winz əhiərd
 ərəslən dru: mə:n bɑ:rliz biərd
 ən swæiən (h)wi:t du ɔ:vərsprɛd
 zɪks rʌdʒɪz in ə ʃi:t ə rɛd
 ən ðen ðərz (w)u:n ðɪŋ ə:n də kaɪl
 ðə ɡɔ:rtɪst handɪnɪs əv a:l
 mə:n ɡrə:un(d) ɪz hiər ət han(d) əvuər
 mə:n ə:ɪz əz ə:n də stan(d) ət duər
 ən zu: ə:ɪv nəvər eni ni:d
 tə ɡu: ə mə:ɪl tə pul ə wi:d

THOMAS

nɔ: ʃu(:)ər ə mə:ɪəl ʃʊdən stratʃ
 bi:twɪn (w)u:nz ɡjɑ:rdən ən (w)u:nz hatʃ
 ə man wʊd lə:ɪk (h)ɪz hə:us tə stan(d)
 bi:zəɪd (h)ɪz lɪtəl bɪt ə lan(d)

JOHN

i:s (h)wɛn (w)u:nz ɡrə:un vər ɡjɑ:rdən stʌf
 ɪz rə:un bɪlɔ: ðə hə:usɪz rʌf
 ðen (w)u:n kən spɛn(d) əpən (w)u:nz lan(d)
 ɒd mɪnɪts ðət mɪd lə:ɪ ɒn han(d)

The while, wi' night a'comèn on,
 The red west sky's a-wearèn wan;
 Or while woone's wife, wi' busy hands,
 Avore her vier o' burnèn brands, *fire*
 Do put, as best she can avword,
 Her bit o' dinner on the bboard. *table*
 An' here, when I do teäke my road,
 At breakfast-time, agwain abroad, *going out*
 Why, I can zee if any plot
 O' groun' do want a hand or not;
 An' bid my childern, when there's need,
 To draw a reäke or pull a weed,
 Or heal young beäns or peas in line, *cover*
 Or tie em up wi' rods an' twine,
 Or peel a kindly withy white *wooden stake*
 To hold a droopèn flow'r upright.

THOMAS

No. Bits o' time can zeldom come
 To much on groun' a mile vrom hwome.
 A man at hwome should have in view
 The jobs his childern's hands can do;
 An' groun' abroad mid teäke em all *away from home may*
 Beyond their mother's zight an' call,
 To get a zoakèn in a storm,
 Or vall, i' may be, into harm.

JOHN

Ees. Geärden groun', as I've a-zed, *yes*
 Is better near woone's bboard an' bed. *one's table*

ðə (h)wə:ɪl wi nə:ɪt əkʌmən ʊn
 ðə red west skə:ɪz əweərən wɒn
 ər (h)wə:ɪl (w)u:nz wə:ɪf wi bɪzi hən(d)z
 əvuər (h)ər və:ɪər ə bə:ɪnən brən(d)z
 də pʌt əz best ʃi: kən əvuəd
 (h)ər bɪt ə dɪnər ʊn ðə buəd
 ən hiər (h)wen ə:ɪ də tʃek mə:ɪ rɔ:d
 ət brekfəst tə:ɪm əgwæm əbro:d
 (h)wə:ɪ ə:ɪ kən zi: ɪf eni plɒt
 ə grə:ʊn də wɒnt ə hən(d) ər nɒt
 ən bɪd mə:ɪ tʃɪldərn (h)wen ðərz ni:d
 tə dre: ə tʃek ər pul ə wi:d
 ər hi:l ʃʌŋ biənz ər pi:z ɪn lə:ɪn
 ər tə:ɪ əm ʌp wi rɒdz ən twə:ɪn
 ər pi:l ə kə:ɪn(d)li wiði (h)wə:ɪt
 tə huəld ə dru:pən flə:uər ʌprə:ɪt

THOMAS

nɔ: bɪts ə tə:ɪm kən zeldəm kʌm
 tə mʌtʃ ʊn grə:ʊn ə mə:ɪl vrəm huəm
 ə mæn ət huəm ʃʊd hæv ɪn vju:
 ðə dʒɒbz (h)ɪz tʃɪldərnz hən(d)z kən du:
 ən grə:ʊn əbro:d mɪd tʃek əm a:l
 biʃænd ðər mʌðərz zə:ɪt ən ka:l
 tə get ə zo:kən ɪn ə stɑ:rm
 ər va:l ɪ mə:ɪ bi: ɪntə ha:rm

JOHN

i:s ɡjɑ:rdən grə:ʊn əz ə:ɪv əzəd
 ɪz betər niər (w)u:nz buəd ən bəd

PENTRIDGE BY THE RIVER



PENTRIDGE!—oh! my heart's a-zwellèn

Vull o' jaÿ wi' vo'k a-tellèn

*joy, folk
that old*

Any news o' thik wold pleäce,

An' the boughy hedges round it,

An' the river that do bound it

Wi' his dark but glis'nèn feäce.

Vor there's noo land, on either hand,

To me lik' Pentridge by the river.

Be there any leaves to quiver

On the aspen by the river?

Doo he sheäde the water still,

Where the rushes be a-growèn,

Where the sullen Stour's a-flowèn

Drough the meäds vrom mill to mill?

through

Vor if a tree wer dear to me,

Oh! 'twer thik aspen by the river.

There, in eegrass new a-shootèn,

I did run on even vootèn,

Happy, over new-mow'd land;

Or did zing wi' zingèn drushes

While I plaïted, out o' rushes,

Little baskets vor my hand;

Bezide the clote that there did float,

Wi' yollow blossoms, on the river.

*grass regrowing after mowing
footing*

thrushes

yellow water-lily

When the western zun's a vallèn,

What sh'ill vaïce is now a-callèn

Hwome the deäiry to the päils;

Who do dreve em on, a-flingèn

Wide-bow'd horns, or slowly zwingèn

Right an' left their tufty tails?

*falling
clear
dairy-cows
drive
curved*

pentridʒ b(ə)ɪ ðə rɪvər

pentridʒ o: məɪ hɑ:ts əzwelən

vʊl ə dʒæɪ wɪ vɔ:k ətelən

eni nju:z ə ðɪk (w)uəld pljes

ən ðə bə:ui hedʒɪz rə:ʊn(d) ɪt

ən ðə rɪvər ðæt də bə:ʊn(d) ɪt

wɪ (h)ɪz dɑ:rk bət glɪsnən fjes

var ðərz nu: lən(d) ʊn ə:ðər hən(d)

tə mi: lɪk pentridʒ b(ə)ɪ ðə rɪvər

bɪ: ðər eni lɪ:vz tə kwɪvər

ʊn ðɪ aspən b(ə)ɪ ðə rɪvər

du: hɪ: fjed ðə wɔ:tər stɪl

(h)wər ðə rʌfɪz bɪ: əgro:ən

(h)wər ðə sʌlən stə:uərz əflo:ən

dru: ðə miədʒ vrəm mɪl tə mɪl

var ɪf ə tri: wər dɪər tə mi:

o: twər ðɪk aspən b(ə)ɪ ðə rɪvər

ðər ɪn ɪ:græs nju: əʃʊtən

ə:ɪ dɪd rʌn ʊn ɪ:vən vʊtən

həpɪ ɔ:vər nju: mo:d lən(d)

ər dɪd zɪŋ wɪ zɪŋən drʌfɪz

(h)wə:ɪl ə:ɪ plætɪd ə:ʊt ə rʌfɪz

lɪtəl bɑ:skɪts vər mə:ɪ hən(d)

bɪzə:ɪd ðə klo:t ðæt ðər dɪd flo:t

wɪ jælər blɒsəmz ʊn ðə rɪvər

(h)wen ðə westərn zʌnz əvɑ:lən

(h)wɒt fɪl væɪs ɪz nə:ʊ əkɑ:lən

huəm ðə dʒeəri tə ðə pæɪlz

hu: də dre:v əm ʊn əflɪŋən

wə:ɪd bo:d hɑ:rnz ər slo:li zwɪŋən

rə:ʊt ən leɪt ðər tʌftɪ tæɪlz

As they do goo a-huddled drough
The geäte a-leäden up vrom river.

tbrough

Bleäded grass is now a-shootèn
Where the vloer wer woonce our vootèn,

once, footing

While the hall wer still in pleäce.

Stwones be looser in the wallèn;

walls

Hollow trees be nearer vallèn;

falling

Ev'ry thing ha' chang'd its feäce.
But still the neäme do bide the seäme—
'Tis Pentridge—Pentridge by the river.

az ðe: də gu: əhʌdəld dru:
ðə ɡjet əliədən ʌp vrəm rɪvər

bljədɪd gra:s ɪz nə:u əʃʊtən
(h)wər ðə vluər wər (w)u:ns ə:uər vʊtən
 (h)wə:ɪl ðə haɪl wər stɪl ɪn pljes
stuənz bi: lu:sər ɪn ðə wa:lən
hʊlər tri:z bi: niərər va:lən
 ɛvri ðɪŋ hə tʃandʒd ɪts fjes
bət stɪl ðə nʃem də bæ:ɪd ðə sjem
tɪz pentrɪdʒ pentrɪdʒ b(ə:)ɪ ðə rɪvər

WHEAT



IN brown-leav'd Fall the wheat a-left
 'Thin its darksome bed,
Where all the creakèn roller's heft
 Seal'd down its lowly head,
Sprung sheäkèn drough the crumblèn mwold,
 Green-yollow, vrom below,
An' bent its bleädes, a-glitt'rèn cwold,
 At last in winter snow.
 Zoo luck betide
 The upland zide,
 Where wheat do wride,
 In corn-vields wide,
By crowns o' Do'set Downs, O.

weight

through, earth

so

spread

An' while the screamèn bird-bwoy shook
 Wi' little zun-burnt hand,
His clacker at the bright-wing'd rook,
 About the zeeded land;
His meäster there did come an' stop
 His bridle-champèn meäre,
Wi' thankvul heart, to zee his crop
 A-comèn up so feäir.
 As there awhile
 By geäte or stile,
 He gi'ed the chile
 A cheerèn smile,
By crowns o' Do'set Downs, O.

horse

gave

At last, wi' eärs o' darksome red,
 The yollow stalks did ply,
A-swaÿèn slow, so heavy 's lead,
 In äir a-blowèn by;

(h)wɪt

ɪn brə:unli:vɔd fa:l ðə (h)wɪt əleɪft
ɪðm ɪts da:ɪksəm beɪd
(h)wər a:l ðə kɪ:kən ro:lərz heɪft
sɪld də:ʊn ɪts lo:lɪ heɪd
sprʌŋ ʃjekən dru: ðə kɾʌmbələn muəld
grɪ:njələɪ vɾəm bɪlo:
ən bent ɪts blɛdz əɡlɪtrən kuəld
ət le:st ɪn wɪntər sno:
zu: lʌk bɪtə:ɪd
ði ʌplən(d) zə:ɪd
(h)wər (h)wɪt də rə:ɪd
ɪn kɑ:ɾnvɪl(d)s wə:ɪd
b(ə:ɪ)ɪ kɾə:ʊnz ə dɔsət də:ʊnz o:

ən (h)wə:ɪl ðə skɪ:mən bæ:ɪdbwə:ɪ ʃʊk
wɪ lɪtəl zʌnbə:ɾnt han(d)
(h)ɪz klakər ət ðə brə:ɪtwɪŋd ruk
əbə:ʊt ðə zɪ:dɪd lʌn(d)
(h)ɪz mja:stər ðər dɪd kʌm ən stɔp
(h)ɪz brə:ɪdɔltʃʌmpən mjeər
wɪ θʌŋkvʊl ha:ɪt tə zɪ: (h)ɪz kɾɔp
əkʌmən ʌp sə ʃjeər
az ðər ə(h)wə:ɪl
b(ə:ɪ)ɪ gjet ər stə:ɪl
hɪ: gɪ:d ðə tʃə:ɪl
ə tʃɪərən smə:ɪl
b(ə:ɪ)ɪ kɾə:ʊnz ə dɔsət də:ʊnz o:

at le:st wɪ ɪərz ə da:ɪksəm rɛd
ðə ʃələɪ stɛ:ks dɪd plə:ɪ
əswæ:ɾən slo: sə hevɪz leɪd
ɪn æɪr əblo:ən bæ:ɪ

An' then the busy reapers laid
 In row their russlèn grips,
 An' sheäves, a-leänèn head by head,
 Did meäke the stitches tips.
 Zoo food's a-vound,
 A-comèn round,
 Vrom zeed in ground,
 To sheaves a-bound,
 By crowns o' Do'set Downs, O.

handfuls of sheaves

shocks (or stooks)
so

An' now the wheat, in lofty lloads,
 Above the meäres' broad backs,
 Do ride along the cracklèn rroads,
 Or dousty waggon-tracks.
 An' there, mid every busy pick,
 Ha' work enough to do;
 An' where, avore, we built woone rick,
 Mid theäse year gi'e us two;
 Wi' God our friend,
 An' wealth to spend,
 Vor zome good end,
 That times mid mend,
 In towns, an' Do'set Downs, O.

horses'

dusty
may, pitchfork

one
this, give

Zoo let the merry thatcher veel
 Fine weather on his brow,
 As he, in happy work, do kneel
 Up roun' the new-built mow,
 That now do zwell in sich a size,
 An' rise to sich a height,
 That, oh! the miller's wistful eyes
 Do sparkle at the zight.

so

stack

ən ðen ðə bɪzi ri:pərz lɛd
 ɪn rɔ: ðər rʌslən grɪps
 ən ʃiəvz əliənən hɛd b(ə)ɪ hɛd
 dɪd mjɛk ðə stɪʃɪz tɪps
 zu: fʊdz əvə:un(d)
 əkʌmən rə:un(d)
 vrəm zi:d ɪn grə:un(d)
 tə ʃiəvz əbə:un(d)
 b(ə)ɪ krə:unz ə dɒsət də:unz o:

ən nə:u ðə (h)wi:t ɪn lɒfti luədʒ
 əbʌv ðə mjɛərz brɔ:d baks
 də rə:ɪd əlɒŋ ðə kraklən ruədʒ
 ər də:ustɪ wəgəntraks
 ən ðər mɪd evri bɪzi pɪk
 hɑ wɜ:rk ɪnʌf tə du:
 ən (h)wər əvuər wi: bɪlt (w)u:n rɪk
 mɪd ðiəs jiər gi: əs tu:
 wi ɡʊd ə:uər frɛn(d)
 ən wɛlθ tə spɛn(d)
 vər zʌm ɡʊd ɛn(d)
 ðət tə:ɪmz mɪd mɛnd
 ɪn tə:unz ən dɒsət də:unz o:

zu: lɛt ðə mɛri ðatʃər vi:l
 fə:ɪn wɛðər ɒn (h)ɪz brə:u
 əz hi: ɪn hapi wɜ:rk də ni:l
 ʌp rə:un ðə nju:bɪlt mə:u
 ðət nə:u də zwɛl ɪn sɪʃ ə sə:ɪz
 ən rə:ɪz tə sɪʃ ə hæ:ɪt
 ðət o: ðə mɪlərz wɪstfʊl ə:ɪz
 də spɑ:rkəl ət ðə zə:ɪt

An' long mid stand,
A happy band,
To till the land,
Wi' head an' hand,
By crowns o' Do'set Downs, O.

ən lɒŋ mɪd stæn(d)
ə hapi bæŋ(d)
tə tɪl ðə læŋ(d)
wi hɛd ən hæŋ(d)
b(ə)ɪ krəʊnz ə dɒsət dəʊnz o:

THE MEÄD IN JUNE



Ah! how the looks o' sky an' ground
Do change wi' months a-stealèn round,
When northern winds, by starry night,
Do stop in ice the river's flight;
Or brooks in winter ràins do zwell,
Lik' rollèn seas athirt the dell;
Or trickle thin in zummer-tide,
Among the mossy stwones half dried;
But still, below the zun or moon,
The feärest vield's the meäd in June.

across

An' I must own, my heart do beät
Wi' pride avore my own blue geäte,
Where I can bid the steätely tree
Be cast, at langth, avore my knee;
An' clover red, an' deäzies feäir,
An' gil'cups wi' their yollow gleäre,
Be all a-match'd avore my zight
By wheelèn butternvlees in flight,
The while the burnèn zun at noon
Do sheen upon my meäd in June.

buttercups

butterflies

shine

An' there do zing the swingèn lark
So gäy's above the finest park,
An' day do sheäde my trees as true
As any steätely avenue;
An' show'ry clouds o' Spring do pass
To shed their ràin on my young grass,
An' äir do blow the whole day long,
To bring me breath, an' teäke my zong,
An' I do miss noo needvul boon
A-gi'ed to other meäds in June.

given

ðə miəd in dʒu:n

a: hə:u ðə luks ə skə:i ən grə:un(d)
də tʃandʒ wi mʌnθs əsti:lən rə:un(d)
(h)wen naɪðərn win(d)z b(ə:i) stɑ:ri nə:ɪt
də stɒp in ə:ɪs ðə rɪvərz flə:ɪt
ər bruks in wɪntər ræɪnz də zwel
lɪk rɔ:lən si:z əðə:ɪt ðə del
ər trɪkəl ðɪn in zʌmərtə:ɪd
əmɒŋ ðə mɒsi stuənz hɛ:f drə:ɪd
bət stɪl bɪlɔ: ðə zʌn ər mu:n
ðə fʃɛərɪst vi:l(d)z ðə miəd in dʒu:n

ən ə:ɪ məst ɔ:n mə:ɪ ha:ɪt də bjət
wi prə:ɪd əvuər mə:ɪ ɔ:n blu: gjet
(h)wər ə:ɪ kən bɪd ðə stjetli tri:
bi: kɑ:st ət lʌŋθ əvuər mə:ɪ ni:
ən klə:vər red ən dʒɛzɪz fʃɛər
ən gɪlkʌps wi ðər jʌlər gljeər
bi: a:l əmatʃt əvuər mə:ɪ zə:ɪt
b(ə:i) (h)wi:lən bʌtərvli:z in flə:ɪt
ðə (h)wə:ɪl ðə bɛ:rnən zʌn ət nu:n
də ʃɪn əpən mə:ɪ miəd in dʒu:n

ən ðər də ziŋ ðə swɪŋən lɑ:k
sə gæɪz əbʌv ðə fə:mɪst pɑ:k
ən de: də ʃjed mə:ɪ tri:z əz tru:
əz eni stjetli avənju:
ən ʃə:uri klə:udz ə sprɪŋ də pa:s
tə ʃed ðər ræɪn ɒn mə:ɪ jʌŋ grɑ:s
ən æɪr də blo: ðə huəl de: lɒŋ
tə brɪŋ mi: brɛθ ən tjek mə:ɪ zɒŋ
ən ə:ɪ də mɪs nu: nɪ:dvʊl bu:n
əgi:d tu ʌðər miədʒ in dʒu:n

An' when the bloomèn rwose do ride
 Upon the boughy hedge's zide,
 We haymeäkers, in snow-white sleeves,
 Do work in sheädes o' quiv'rèn leaves,
 In afternoon, a-liftèn high
 Our reäkes avore the viery sky,
 A-reäken up the haÿ a-dried
 By day, in lwongsome weäles, to bide
 In chilly dew below the moon,
 O' shorten'd nights in zultry June.

shadows

fiery

ridges

An' there the brook do softly flow
 Along, a-bendèn in a bow,
 An' vish, wi' zides o' zilver-white,
 Do flash vrom shoals a dazzlèn light;
 An' alders by the water's edge,
 Do sheäde the ribbon-bleäded zedge,
 An' where, below the withy's head,
 The zwimmèn clote-leaves be a-spread,
 The angler is a-zot at noon
 Upon the flow'ry bank in June.

curve

*willow's
 yellow water-lily
 seated*

Vor all the aiër that do bring
 My little meäd the breath o' Spring,
 By day an' night's a-flowèn wide
 Above all other yields bezide;
 Vor all the zun above my ground
 'S a-zent vor all the naïghbours round,
 An' räin do vall, an' streams do flow,
 Vor lands above, an' lands below,
 My bit o' meäd is God's own boon,
 To me alwone, vrom June to June.

ən (h)wen ðə blu:mən ruəz də rə:ɪd
 əpən ðə bə:ui hedʒɪz zə:ɪd
 wi: hæɪmjekərz ɪn sno:(h)wə:ɪt sli:vz
 də wə:rk ɪn ʃjedz ə kwɪvrən li:vz
 ɪn ɛ:tənu:n əlɪftən hæ:ɪ
 ə:uər rjeks əvuər ðə və:əri skə:ɪ
 ərjekən ʌp ðə hæ:ɪ ədrə:ɪd
 b(ə):ɪ de: ɪn lɒŋsəm wjelz tə bə:ɪd
 ɪn tʃɪli dju: bɪlo: ðə mu:n
 ə ʃa:tənd nə:ɪts ɪn zʌltri dʒu:n

ən ðər ðə brʊk də sɒf(t)li flo:
 əlɒŋ əbendən ɪn ə bo:
 ən vɪʃ wi zə:ɪdz ə zɪlvər(h)wə:ɪt
 də flaʃ vrəm ʃo:lz ə dazlən lə:ɪt
 ən aɪldərz b(ə):ɪ ðə wɔ:tərz ɛdʒ
 də ʃjed ðə rɪbənbljedɪd zedʒ
 ən (h)wər bɪlo: ðə wɪðɪz hed
 ðə zwɪmən klo:tli:vz bi: əsprɛd
 ði ʌŋglər ɪz əzət ət nu:n
 əpən ðə flə:uri bʌŋk ɪn dʒu:n

var aɪl ði æɪər ðət də brɪŋ
 mə:ɪ lɪtəl miəd ðə brɛθ ə sprɪŋ
 b(ə):ɪ de: ən nə:ɪts əflo:ən wə:ɪd
 əbʌv aɪl ʌðər vi:l(d)z bɪzə:ɪd
 var aɪl ðə zʌn əbʌv mə:ɪ grə:un(d)
 z əzent vər aɪl ðə næɪbərz rə:un(d)
 ən ræm də vaɪl ən stri:mz də flo:
 vər lan(d)z əbʌv ən lan(d)z bɪlo:
 mə:ɪ bɪt ə miəd ɪz ɡɒdz o:n bu:n
 tə mi: əluən vrəm dʒu:n tə dʒu:n

EARLY RISÈN



give

THE air to gi'e your cheäks a hue
O' rwozy red, so feär to view,
Is what do sheäke the grass-bleädes gray
At breäk o' day, in mornèn dew;
Vor vo'k that will be rathe abroad,
Will meet wi' health upon their road.

folk, outside early

But bidèn up till dead o' night,
When han's o' clocks do stan' upright,
By candle-light, do soon consume
The feäce's bloom, an' turn it white.
An' light a-cast vrom midnight skies
Do blunt the sparklèn ov the eyes.

Vor health do weäke vrom nightly dreams
Below the mornèn's eärly beams,
An' leäve the dead-äir'd houses' eaves,
Vor quiv'rèn leaves, an' bubblèn streams,
A-glitt'rèn brightly to the view,
Below a sky o' cloudless blue.

jærli ræ:ɪzən

ði æɪr tə gi: jær tʃiəks ə hju:
ə ruəzi rɛd sə fjeər tə vju:
ɪz (h)wɒt də ʃjek ðə gra:sbljɛdz gre:
ət bre:k ə de: ɪn mæ:rnən dju:
vər vo:k ðæt wɪl bi: rjeð əbro:d
wɪl mi(:)t wi hɛlθ əpən ðær ro:d

bæt bæ:ɪdən ʌp tɪl dɛd ə nə:ɪt
(h)wen hanz ə klɒks də stan ʌprɛ:ɪt
b(ə:ɪ) kændəl læ:ɪt də su:n kɒnsju:m
ðə fjesɪz blu:m ən tɔ:rn ɪt (h)wɛ:ɪt
ən læ:ɪt əka:st vrəm mɪdnɛ:ɪt skə:ɪz
də blʌnt ðə spærklən əv ði ə:ɪz

vər hɛlθ də wjek vrəm nə:ɪtli dri:mz
bɪlo: ðə mæ:rnənz jærli bi:mz
ən liəv ðə dɛdæɪrd hə:usɪz i:vz
vər kwɪvrən li:vz ən bʌblən stri:mz
əglɪtrən brɛ:ɪtli tə ðə vju:
bɪlo: ə skə:ɪ ə klə:udlɪs blu:



ZELLÈN WOONE'S HONEY
TO BUY ZOME'HAT SWEET

one's

WHY, his heart's lik' a popple, so hard as a stwone,

pebble

Vor 'tis money, an' money's his ho,

concern

An' to handle an' reckon it up vor his own,

Is the best o' the jaÿs he do know.

joys

Why, vor money he'd gi'e up his lags an' be leäme,

give, lame

Or would peärt wi' his zight an' be blind,

Or would lose vo'k's good will, vor to have a bad neäme,

folk's

Or his peace, an' have trouble o' mind.

But wi' ev'ry good thing that his meänness mid bring,

might

He'd paÿ vor his money,

An' only zell honey to buy zome'hat sweet.

He did whisper to me, "You do know that you stood

By the Squier, wi' the vote that you had,

You could ax en to help ye to zome'hat as good,

ask him

Or to vind a good pleäce vor your lad."

"Aye, aye, but if I wer beholdèn vor bread

To another," I zaid, "I should bind

All my body an' soul to the nod of his head,

An' gi'e up all my freedom o' mind."

give

An' then, if my päin wer a-zet wi' my gäin,

I should paÿ vor my money,

An' only zell honey to buy zome'hat sweet.

Then, if my bit o' brook that do wind so vur round,

far

Wer but his, why, he'd straigten his bed,

its

An' the wold stunpole woak that do stan' in my ground,

half-dead

Shoudden long sheäde the grass wi' his head.

[oak

But if I do vind jaÿ where the leaves be a-shook

On the limbs, wi' their sheädes on the grass,

shadows

Or below, in the bow o' the withy-bound nook,

bend, willow-

zɛlən (w)u:nz hani
tə bə:i zʌmət swi(:)t

(h)wə:i (h)ɪz hɑ:ts lɪk ə pɒpəl sə ha:rd əz ə stuən
vər tɪz mʌni ən mʌnɪz (h)ɪz ho:
ən tə hændəl ən rɛkən ɪt ʌp vər (h)ɪz o:n
ɪz ðə best ə ðə dʒæɪz hi: də no:
(h)wə:i vər mʌni hi:d gi: ʌp (h)ɪz lagz ən bi: lʝəm
ar wud pja:rt wi (h)ɪz zə:ɪt ən bi: blə:m(d)
ar wud lu:z vo:ks gud wɪl vər tə hav ə bʌd nʝəm
ar (h)ɪz pi:s ən hav trʌbəl ə mə:m(d)
bət wi ɛvri gud ðɪŋ ðət (h)ɪz miənnɪs mɪd brɪŋ
hi:d pæi vər (h)ɪz mʌni
ən o:nli zɛl hani tə bə:i zʌmət swi(:)t

ə dɪd (h)wɪspər tə mi: ju: də no: ðət jə stʊd
b(ə):ɪ ðə skwə:ɪər wi ðə vo:t ðət jə hʌd
ju: kud a:ks ən tə help i: tə zʌmət əz gud
ar tə və:m(d) ə gud plʝes vər jər lʌd
æi æi bət ɪf ə:i wər bihuəldən vər brɛd
tu ənʌðər ə:i zɛd ə:i ʃʊd bə:m(d)
a:ɪ mə:i bʊdi ən so:ɪ tə ðə nʊd əv (h)ɪz hɛd
ən gi: ʌp a:ɪ mə:i frɪ:dəm ə mə:m(d)
ən ðen ɪf mə:i pæm wər əzɛt wi mə:i gæm
ə:i ʃʊd pæi vər mə:i mʌni
ən o:nli zɛl hani tə bə:i zʌmət swi(:)t

ðen ɪf mə:i bɪt ə brʊk ðət də wə:m(d) sə vər rə:un(d)
wər bət (h)ɪz (h)wə:i hi:d strætən (h)ɪz bɛd
ən ðə (w)uəld stʌnpɔ:l (w)uək ðət də stʌn ɪn mə:i grə:un(d)
ʃʊdən lɒŋ ʃjɛd ðə grɑ:s wi (h)ɪz hɛd
bət ɪf ə:i də və:m(d) dʒæi (h)wər ðə li:vz bi: əʃʊk
ɒn ðə lɪmz wi ðər ʃjɛdz ɒn ðə grɑ:s
ar bɪlo: ɪn ðə bo: ə ðə wɪðibə:un(d) nʊk

That the rock-washèn water do pass,
Then wi' they jaÿs a-vled an' zome goold in their stead,
I should paÿ vor my money,
An' only zell honey to buy zome'hat sweet.

flown

No, be my lot good work, wi' the lungs well in play,
An' good rest when the body do tire,
Vor the mind a good conscience, wi' hope or wi' jaÿ,
Vor the body, good lewth, an' good vire,
There's noo good o' goold, but to buy what 'ull meäke
Vor our happiness here among men;
An' who would gi'e happiness up vor the seäke
O' zome money to buy it ageän?
Vor 'twould seem to the eyes ov a man that is wise,
Lik' money vor money,
Or zellèn woone's honey to buy zome'hat sweet.

shelter

give

ðat ðə rɒkwɒʃən wɔ:tər də pa:s
ðen wi ðe: dʒæɪz əvled ən zʌm gu:ld ɪn ðər stɛd
əɪ ʃʊd pæɪ vər mə:ɪ mʌni
ən ɔ:nli zɛl hʌni tə bəɪ zʌmət swi(:)t

no: bi: mə:ɪ lɒt gʊd wə:rk wi ðə lʌŋz wɛl ɪn plæɪ
ən gʊd rɛst (h)wɛn ðə bɒdi də təɪər
vər ðə mə:ɪn(d) ə gʊd kɒŋʃəns wi ho:p ər wi dʒæɪ
vər ðə bɒdi gʊd lu:θ ən gʊd vɔ:ɪər
ðərz nu: gʊd ə gu:ld bət tə bəɪ (h)wɒt ʊl mjɛk
vər əɪuər hʌpɪnɪs hiər əmɒŋ mɛn
ən hu: wʊd gi: hʌpɪnɪs ʌp vər ðə sjɛk
ə zʌm mʌni tə bəɪ ɪt əgʃɛn
vər twʊd si(:)m tə ði əɪz əv ə mʌn ðət ɪz wə:ɪz
lɪk mʌni vər mʌni
ər zɛlən (w)u:nz hʌni tə bəɪ zʌmət swi(:)t

DOBBIN DEAD



Thomas (1) an' John (2) a-ta'èn o't.

talking about it

2. I do veel vor ye, Thomas, vor I be a-feär'd
You've a-lost your wold meäre then, by what I've a-heärd.

old horse

1. Ees, my meäre is a-gone, an' the cart's in the shed
Wi' his wheelbonds a-rustèn, an' I'm out o' bread;
Vor what be my han's vor to eärn me a croust,
Wi' noo meäre's vower legs vor to trample the doust.

*yes
its
crust
four, dust*

2. Well, how did it happen? He vell vrom the brim
Ov a cliff as the teäle is, an' broke ev'ry lim'.

1. Why, I gi'ed en his run, an' he shook his wold meäne,
An' he rambled a-veedèn in Westergap Leäne;
An' there he must needs goo a-riggèn, an' crope
Vor a vew bleädes o' grass up the wo'st o' the slope;
Though I should ha' thought his wold head would ha' know'd
That vor stiff lags, lik' his, the best pleäce wer the road.

*gave him
lane
climbing, crept
few, worst*

2. An' you hadden a-kept en so short, he must clim',
Lik' a gwoat, vor a bleäde, at the risk ov a lim'.

him

1. Noo, but there, I'm a-twold, he did clim' an' did slide,
An' did screäpe, an' did slip, on the shelvèn bank-zide,
An' at langth lost his vootèn, an' roll'd vrom the top,
Down, thump, kick, an' higgledly, piggedly, flop.

*sloping
footing*

2. Dear me, that is bad! I do veel vor your loss,
Vor a vew years agoo, Thomas, I lost my ho'se.

horse

døbm dæd

tòmæs (1.) ən dʒən (2.) ətɛ:ən o:t

2. ə:ɪ də vi:l vər i: tòmæs vər ə:ɪ bi: əfiərd
jæv əlbst jər (w)uəld mjɛər ðɛn b(ə:ɪ) (h)wɒt ə:ɪv əhiərd

1. i:s mə:ɪ mjɛər ɪz əɡɒn ən ðə ka:rts ɪn ðə ʃɛd
wi (h)ɪz (h)wi:lboʊn(d)z ərʌstən ən ə:ɪm ə:ʊt ə brɛd
vər (h)wɒt bi: mə:ɪ hanz vər tə ja:rn mi: ə krə:ʊst
wi nu: mjɛərz və:uər lagz vər tə trampəl ðə də:ʊst

2. wɛl hə:u dɪd ɪt hapən ə vɛl vrəm ðə brɪm
əv ə klɪf əz ðə tʃɛl ɪz ən brɔ:k evri lɪm

1. (h)wə:ɪ ə:ɪ gi:d ən (h)ɪz rʌn ən ə ʃʊk (h)ɪz (w)uəld mjɛn
ən ə rambəld əvi:dən ɪn wɛstərgap lʃɛn
ən ðər ə məst ni:dz gu: əriɡən ən kro:p
vər ə vju: bljɛdz ə gra:s ʌp ðə wʌst ə ðə slo:p
ðo: ə:ɪ ʃʊd hə ðɔ:t (h)ɪz (w)uəld hɛd wʊd hə no:d
ðæt vər stɪf lagz lɪk (h)ɪz ðə bɛst pljɛs wər ðə ro:d

2. ən jə hadən əkept ən sə ʃa:rt hi: məst klɪm
lɪk ə ɡuət vər ə bljɛd ət ðə rɪsk əv ə lɪm

1. no: bət ðər ə:ɪm ətuəld hi: dɪd klɪm ən dɪd slɛɪd
ən dɪd skrjɛp ən dɪd slɪp ɒn ðə ʃɛlvən baŋkzə:ɪd
ən ət laŋθ lɒst (h)ɪz vʊtən ən ro:ld vrəm ðə tɒp
də:ʊn θʌmp kɪk ən hɪɡəldli pɪɡəldli flɒp

2. diər mi: ðæt ɪz bəd ə:ɪ də vi:l vər jər lɒs
vər ə vju: jɪərz əɡu: tòmæs ə:ɪ lɒst mə:ɪ hɒs

1. How wer't? If I heärd it, I now ha' vorgot;
Wer the poor thing bewitch'd or a-pweison'd, or what?

2. He wer out, an' a-meäkèn his way to the brink
O' the stream at the end o' Church Leäne, vor to drink; *lane*
An' he met wi' zome yew-twigs the men had a-cast
Vrom the yew-tree, in churchyard, the road that he past.
He wer pweison'd. (1.) O dear, 'tis a hard loss to bear,
Vor a tranter's whole bread is a-lost wi' his meäre; *carrier's, horse*
But ov all churches' yew-trees, I never zet eyes
On a tree that would come up to thik woone vor size. *that one*

2. Noo, 'tis long years ago, but do linger as clear
In my mind though as if I'd a-heärd it to year. *this year*
When King George wer in Do'set, an' show'd us his feäce
By our very own doors, at our very own pleäce,
That he look'd at thik yew-tree, an' nodded his head,
An' he zaid,—an' I'll tell ye the words that he zaid:—
“I'll be bound, if you'll sarch my dominions all drough, *search, through*
That you woon't vind the fellow to thik there wold yew.”

1. hæu wært if æi hiærd it æi næu hæ værgøt
wær ðæ pu(:)ær ðiŋ biwɪtʃt ar æpwæ:ɪzænd ær (h)wɒt

2. hi: wær æut ən əmjekən (h)ɪz we: tæ ðæ brɪŋk
ə ðæ stri:m æt ði ɛn(d) ə tʃæ:rtʃ ljen vær tæ drɪŋk
ən hi: met wi zəm ju:twɪgz ðæ mæn had əka:st
vrəm ðæ ju:tri: ɪn tʃæ:rtʃjɑ:d ðæ ro:d ðæt hi: pæst
hi: wær pwæ:ɪzænd (1.) o: diær tɪz ə hærd lɒs tæ bæər
vær ə trantərz huəl brɛd ɪz əlɒst wi (h)ɪz mjæər
bæt əv a:l tʃæ:rtʃɪz ju:tri:z æi nævər zet æ:ɪz
ən ə tri: ðæt wud kʌm ʌp tæ ðɪk (w)u:n vær sə:ɪz

2. nɔ: tɪz lɒŋ jɪərz əgɒn bæt dæ lɪŋgər əz kliər
ɪn mə:i mə:m(d) ðo: əz if æ:ɪd əhiærd it tæ jɪər
(h)wɛn kɪŋ dʒɑ:rdʒ wær ɪn dɒsət ən ʃo:d əs (h)ɪz fjes
b(ə:)ɪ æuər veri ɔ:n duərz æt æuər veri ɔ:n pljes
ðæt ə lukt æt ðɪk ju:tri: ən nɒdɪd (h)ɪz hɛd
ən ə zed ən æ:ɪl tɛl i: ðæ wæ:rdz ðæt ə zed
æ:ɪl bi: bæ:un(d) ɪf jəl sɑ:rtʃ mə:i dæmɪnjənz a:l dru:
ðæt jə wu(:)nt və:m(d) ðæ fɛlər tæ ðɪk ðeər (w)uəld ju:

HAPPINESS



AH! you do seem to think the ground,
Where happiness is best a-vound,
Is where the high-peäl'd park do reach
Wi' elem-rows, or clumps o' beech;
Or where the coach do stand avore
The twelve-tunn'd house's lofty door,
Or men can ride behin' their hounds
Vor miles athirt their own wide grounds,
 An' seldom wi' the lowly;
Upon the green that we do tread,
Below the welsh-nut's wide-limb'd head,
Or grass where apple trees do spread?
No, so's; no, no; not high nor low:
 'Tis where the heart is holy.

-fenced

chimneyed

across

walnut's

souls (friends)

'Tis true its veet mid tread the vloor,
'Ithin the marble-pillar'd door,
Where day do cast, in high-ruf'd halls,
His light drough lofty window'd walls;
An' wax-white han's do never tire
Wi' strokes ov heavy work vor hire,
An' all that money can avword
Do lwoad the zilver-brighten'd bboard;
 Or mid be wi' the lowly,
Where turf's a-smwolderèn avore
The back, to warm the stwonèn vloor,
An' love's at hwome 'ithin the door?
No, so's; no, no; not high nor low:
 'Tis where the heart is holy.

may

-roofed

through

table

stone

An' ceäre can come 'ithin a ring
O' sworded guards, to smite a king,

hapinis

a: ju: də si(:)m tə ðɪŋk ðə grə:un(d)
(h)wər hapinis ɪz best əvə:un(d)
ɪz (h)wər ðə hə:ɪpjeld pɑ:rk də ri:tʃ
wi ɛləmrɔ:z ər klɑmps ə bi:tʃ
ər (h)wər ðə kɔ:tʃ də stan(d) əvuər
ðə twelvʌnd hə:usɪz lɒfti duər
ər mən kən rə:ɪd bihə:m ðər hə:un(d)z
vər mə:ɪlz əðə:rt ðər ɔ:n wə:ɪd grə:un(d)z
 ən seldəm wi ðə lo:li
əpən ðə gri:n ðæt wi: də tred
bɪlɔ: ðə wɛlʃnʌts wə:ɪdlimd hɛd
ər grɑ:s (h)wər apəl tri:z də spred
nɔ: sɔ:z nɔ: nɔ: nɒt hə:ɪ nɑr lɔ:
 tɪz (h)wər ðə ha:rt ɪz ho:li

tɪz tru: ɪts vi:t mɪd tred ðə vluər
ɪðm ðə mɑ:rbɛlpɪlərd duər
(h)wər de: də kɑ:st ɪn hə:ɪrʌft ha:ɪz
(h)ɪz lə:rt dru: lɒfti wɪndərd wɑ:ɪz
ən waks(h)wə:ɪt hanz də nəvər tə:ɪər
wi stro:ks əv hevi wə:rk vər hə:ɪər
ən aɪl ðæt mʌni kən əvuərd
də luəd ðə zɪlvərbre:ɪtənd buərd
 ər mɪd bi: wi ðə lo:li
(h)wər tə:ɪfs əsmuəldərən əvuər
ðə bak tə wɑ:ɪm ðə stuənən vluər
ən lʌvz ət huəm ɪðm ðə duər
nɔ: sɔ:z nɔ: nɔ: nɒt hə:ɪ nɑr lɔ:
 tɪz (h)wər ðə ha:rt ɪz ho:li

ən kjeər kən kʌm ɪðm ə rɪŋ
ə suədɪd gɑ:rdz tə smə:ɪt ə kɪŋ

Though he mid hold 'ithin his hands
The zwarmèn vo'k o' many lands;
Or goo in drough the iron-geäte
Avore the house o' lofty steäte;
Or reach the miser that do smile
A-buildèn up his goolden pile;
Or else mid smite the lowly,
That have noo pow'r to loose or bind
Another's body, or his mind,
But only hands to help mankind.
If there is rest 'ithin the breast,
'Tis where the heart is holy.

swarming folk
through

may

ðo: hi: mid huəld iðm (h)ɪz han(d)z
ðə zwa:rmən vo:k ə meni lan(d)z
ar gu: ɪn dru: ðə ə:ɪəŋgjet
əvuər ðə hə:us ə lɒfti stjet
ar ri:tʃ ðə mə:ɪzər ðət də smə:ɪl
əbɪldən ʌp (h)ɪz gu:ldən pə:ɪl
 ar ɛls mid smə:ɪt ðə lo:li
ðət hav nu: pə:uər tə lʊ:s ər bə:m(d)
ənʌðərz bɒdi ər (h)ɪz mə:m(d)
bət ɔ:nli han(d)z tə help manke:m(d)
ɪf ðər ɪz rɛst iðm ðə brɛst
 tɪz (h)wər ðə ha:rt ɪz ho:li

GRUFFMOODY GRIM



AYE, a sad life his wife must ha' led,
Vor so snappish he's leätely a-come,
That there's nothèn but anger or dread
Where he is, abroad or at hwome;
He do wreak all his spite on the bwones
O' whatever do vlee, or do crawl;
He do quarrel wi' stocks, an' wi' stwones,
An' the rāin, if do hold up or vall;
There is nothèn vrom mornèn till night
Do come right to Gruffmoody Grim.

away

fly

Woone night, in his anger, he zwoore
At the vier, that didden burn free:
An' he het zome o't out on the vloer,
Vor a vlanker it cast on his knee.
Then he kicked it vor burnèn the child,
An' het it among the cat's heäirs;
An' then beät the cat, a-run wild,
Wi' a spark on her back up the steäirs:
Vor even the vier an' fleäme
Be to bleäme wi' Gruffmoody Grim.

*one
fire, didn't
hit some of it
spark*

Then he snarl'd at the tea in his cup,
Vor 'twer all a-got cwold in the pot,
But 'twer woo'se when his wife vill'd it up
Vrom the vier, vor 'twer then scaldèn hot;
Then he growl'd that the bread wer sich stuff
As noo hammer in parish could crack,
An' flung down the knife in a huff;
Vor the edge o'n wer thicker'n the back.
Vor beäkers an' meäkers o' tools
Be all fools wi' Gruffmoody Grim.

worse

*of it
bakers and makers*

grāfmūdi grīm

æi ə sad lə:ɪf (h)ɪz wə:ɪf mʌst hə lɛd
vər so: snapɪʃ hi:z ljetli əkʌm
ðæt ðərz nʌθən bət aŋgər ər drɛd
(h)wər hi: ɪz əbro:d ər ət huəm
hi: də ri:k a:l (h)ɪz spə:ɪt ɒn ðə buənz
ə (h)wɒtɛvər də vli: ər də kra:l
hi: də kwərəl wi stɒks ən wi stuənz
ən ðə ræm ɪf də huəld ʌp ər va:l
ðər ɪz nʌθən vrəm mæ:rnən tɪl nə:ɪt
də kʌm rə:ɪt tə grāfmūdi grīm

(w)u:n nə:ɪt ɪn (h)ɪz aŋgər ə zwuər
ət ðə vɛ:ɪər ðæt dɪdən bɛ:rn fri:
ən ə het zʌm o:t ə:ut ɒn ðə vluər
vər ə vʌŋkər ɪt kɑ:st ɒn (h)ɪz ni:
ðɛn ə kɪkt ɪt vər bɛ:rnən ðə tʃə:ɪl(d)
ən het ɪt əmɒŋ ðə kats hjeərz
ən ðɛn biət ðə kat ərʌn wə:ɪl(d)
wi ə spɑ:rk ɒn (h)ər bʌk ʌp ðə stjeərz
vər i:vən ðə vɛ:ɪər ən fljem
bi: tə bljem wi grāfmūdi grīm

ðɛn ə snɑ:rlɔd ət ðə te: ɪn (h)ɪz kʌp
vər twər a:l əgɒt kuəld ɪn ðə pɒt
bət twər wu:s (h)wɛn (h)ɪz wə:ɪf vɪld ɪt ʌp
vrəm ðə vɛ:ɪər vər twər ðɛn skɑ:ldən hɒt
ðɛn ə grɛ:ʊld ðæt ðə brɛd wər sɪʃ stʌf
əz nu: hʌmər ɪn pɑ:ɪʃ kʊd krak
ən flʌŋ də:ʊn ðə nə:ɪf ɪn ə hʌf
vər ði ɛdʒ ɒn wər θɪkərn ðə bʌk
vər bjekərz ən mjekərz ə tu:lz
bi: a:l fu:lz wi grāfmūdi grīm

Oone day as he vish'd at the brook,
 He flung up, wi' a quick-handed knack,
 His long line, an' his high-vleèn hook *-flying*
 Wer a-hitch'd in zome briars at his back.
 Then he zwore at the brembles, an' prick'd
 His beäre hand, as he pull'd the hook free; *bare*
 An' ageän, in a rage, as he kick'd
 At the briars, wer a-scratch'd on the knee.
 An' he wish'd ev'ry bremble an' briar
 Wer o' vier, did Gruffmoody Grim. *on fire*

Oh! he's welcome, vor me, to breed dread
 Wherever his sheäde mid alight, *shadow may*
 An' to live wi' noo me'th round his head, *mirth*
 An' noo feäce wi' a smile in his zight;
 But let vo'k be all merry an' zing *folk*
 At the he'th where my own logs do burn, *hearth*
 An' let anger's wild vist never swing
 In where I have a door on his durn; *its doorpost*
 Vor I'll be a happier man,
 While I can, than Gruffmoody Grim.

To zit down by the vier at night,
 Is my jaÿ—vor I woon't call it pride,—
 Wi' a brand on the bricks, all alight,
 An' a pile o' zome mwore at the zide.
 Then tell me o' zome'hat that's droll,
 An' I'll laugh till my two zides do eäche *ache*
 Or o' naïghbours in sorrow o' soul,
 An' I'll tweil all the night vor their seäke; *toil*
 An' show that to teäke things amiss
 Idden bliss, to Gruffmoody Grim. *isn't*

(w)u:n de: əz ə vɪft ət ðə brʊk
 ə flʌŋ ʌp wi ə kwɪkhandɪd nak
 (h)ɪz lɒŋ lə:m ən (h)ɪz hæ:vlɪ:ən hʊk
 wər əhɪftɪn m zəm bræ:rərz ət (h)ɪz bak
 ðen ə zwuər ət ðə brɛmbəlz ən prɪkt
 (h)ɪz bjæər han(d) əz ə pʊld ðə hʊk fri:
 ən əgʒən m ə rɛ:dʒ əz ə kɪkt
 ət ðə bræ:rərz wər əskratft ɒn ðə ni:
 ən ə wɪft evri brɛmbəl ən bræ:rə
 wər ə vɛ:rər dɪd grʌfmʊdi grɪm

o: hɪz wɛlkəm vər mi: tə brɪ:d drɛd
 (h)wərəvər (h)ɪz ʃjɛd mɪd ələ:ɪt
 ən tə lɪv wi nu: mɛθ rəʊn(d) (h)ɪz hɛd
 ən nu: fjes wi ə smə:ɪl m (h)ɪz zə:ɪt
 bət lɛt vɔ:k bi: a:l mɛrɪ ən zɪŋ
 ət ðə hɛθ (h)wər mə:ɪ ɔ:n lɒgz də bɛ:rɪn
 ən lɛt ʌŋgərz wə:ɪl(d) vɪst nəvər swɪŋ
 m (h)wər ə:ɪ həv ə duər ɒn (h)ɪz də:rɪn
 vər ə:ɪl bi: ə hapiər man
 (h)wə:ɪl ə:ɪ kən ðən grʌfmʊdi grɪm

tə zɪt də:ʊn b(ə:ɪ) ðə vɛ:rər ət nə:ɪt
 ɪz mə:ɪ dʒæ:ɪ vər ə:ɪ wu:(ɪ)nt ka:l ɪt prɛɪd
 wi ə bræn(d) ɒn ðə brɪks a:l ələ:ɪt
 ən ə pə:ɪl ə zəm muər ət ðə zə:ɪd
 ðen tɛl mi: ə zʌmɛt ðɛts drɔ:l
 ən ə:ɪl lɛ:f tɪl mə:ɪ tu: zə:ɪdz də jɛk
 ər ə nærbərz m sərə(r) ə so:l
 ən ə:ɪl twə:ɪl a:l ðə nə:ɪt vər ðər sjɛk
 ən ʃo: ðət tə tjɛk ðɪŋz əmɪs
 ɪðən blɪs tə grʌfmʊdi grɪm

An' then let my child clim' my lag,
An' I'll lift en, wi' love, to my chin;
Or my maïd come an' coax me to bag
Vor a frock, an' a frock she shall win;
Or, then if my wife do meäke light
O' whatever the bwoys mid ha' broke,
It wull seem but so small in my zight,
As a leaf a-het down vrom a woak
An' not meäke me ceäper an' froth
Vull o' wrath, lik' Gruffmoody Grim.

son
him
daughter, beg

may

hit, oak
caper

æn ðæn læt mæ:ɪ tʃə:ɪl(d) klɪm mæ:ɪ lag
æn ə:ɪl lɪft æn wi lʌv tə mæ:ɪ tʃɪn
ar mæ:ɪ mæɪd kʌm æn kɔ:ks mi: tə bag
vər ə frɒk æn ə frɒk ʃi: ʃəl wɪn
ar ðæn ɪf mæ:ɪ wə:ɪf də mjek læ:ɪt
ə (h)wɒtɛvər ðə bwə:ɪz mɪd hə brɔ:k
ɪt wʊl si(:)m bət sə smɑ:l ɪn mæ:ɪ zə:ɪt
əz ə li:f əhet də:ʊn vrəm ə (w)uək
æn nɒt mjek mi: kjepər æn frɒθ
vʊl ə rɒθ lɪk grʌfmʊdi grɪm



THE TURN O' THE DAYS

end of winter

O THE wings o' the rook wer a-glitterèn bright,
 As he wheel'd on above, in the zun's evenèn light,
 An' noo snow wer a-left, but in patches o' white,
 On the hill at the turn o' the days.
 An' along on the slope wer the beäre-timber'd copse,
 Wi' the dry wood a-sheäkèn, wi' red-twiggèd tops.
 Vor the dry-flowèn wind, had a-blow'd off the drops
 O' the rân, at the turn o' the days.

bare-

There the stream did run on, in the sheäde o' the hill,
 So smooth in his flowèn, as if he stood still,
 An' bright wi' the skylight, did slide to the mill,
 By the meäds, at the turn o' the days.
 An' up by the copse, down along the hill brow,
 Wer vurrows a-cut down, by men out at plough,
 So straight as the zunbeams, a-shot drough the bough
 O' the tree at the turn o' the days.

through

Then the boomèn wold clock in the tower did mark
 His vive hours, avore the cool evenèn wer dark,
 An' ivy did glitter a-clung round the bark
 O' the tree, at the turn o' the days.
 An' womèn a-fraïd o' the road in the night,
 Wer a-heästenèn on to reach hwome by the light,
 A-castèn long sheädes on the road, a-dried white,
 Down the hill, at the turn o' the days.

old

shadows

The father an' mother did walk out to view
 The moss-bedded snow-drop, a-sprung in the lew,
 An' hear if the birds wer a-zingèn anew,
 In the boughs, at the turn o' the days.

shelter

ðə tɜːn ə ðə deːz

oː ðə wɪnz ə ðə rʊk wɜː æɡlɪtərən brɛɪt
əz hiː (h)wiːld ɒn əbʌv ɪn ðə zʌnz iːvmən læɪt
ən nuː snoː wɜː əlɛft bət ɪn pʌtʃɪz ə (h)wɛɪt
 ɒn ðə hɪl ət ðə tɜːn ə ðə deːz
ən əlɒŋ ɒn ðə sloːp wɜː ðə bjɛərtɪmbərd kɒps
wi ðə drɛɪ wʊd əʃjɛkən wi rɛdʔwɪɡɪd tɒps
wɜː ðə drɛɪfloːən wɪn(d) hʌd əbloːd ɒf ðə drʌps
 ə ðə ræm ət ðə tɜːn ə ðə deːz

ðɜː ðə striːm dɪd rʌn ɒn ɪn ðə ʃjɛd ə ðə hɪl
sə smuːð ɪn (h)ɪz floːən əz ɪf ə stʊd stɪl
ən brɛɪt wi ðə skɛɪləɪt dɪd sləɪd tə ðə mɪl
 b(ə)ɪ ðə miədʒ ət ðə tɜːn ə ðə deːz
ən ʌp b(ə)ɪ ðə kɒps dəːʊn əlɒŋ ðə hɪl brɛɪ
wɜː vʌrə(r)z əkʌt dəːʊn b(ə)ɪ mɛn əʊt ət plɛɪ
sə strɛɪt əz ðə zʌnbɪːmz əʃhɒt druː ðə bɛɪ
 ə ðə triː ət ðə tɜːn ə ðə deːz

ðɛn ðə buːmən (w)uəld klɒk ɪn ðə tɜːuər dɪd mɑːk
(h)ɪz vɛɪv əːuərz əvuər ðə kuːl iːvmən wɜː dɑːk
ən əɪvi dɪd ɡlɪtər əklʌŋ rɛːʊn(d) ðə bɑːk
 ə ðə triː ət ðə tɜːn ə ðə deːz
ən wʊmɪn əfræɪd ə ðə roːd ɪn ðə nəɪt
wɜː əhjesənən ɒn tə rɪːʃ huəm b(ə)ɪ ðə læɪt
əkʌːstən lɒŋ ʃjɛdz ɒn ðə roːd ədrɛɪd (h)wɛɪt
 dəːʊn ðə hɪl ət ðə tɜːn ə ðə deːz

ðə fɛːðər ən mʌðər dɪd wɛɪk əʊt tə vjuː
ðə mɒsbɛdɪd snoːdrʌp əsprʌŋ ɪn ðə luː
ən hɪər ɪf ðə bɛɪrdz wɜː əzɪŋən ənjuː
 ɪn ðə bɛɪuz ət ðə tɜːn ə ðə deːz

An' young vo'k a-laughèn wi' smooth glossy feäce,
Did hie over vields, wi' a light-vooted peäce,
To friends where the tow'r did betoken a pleäce
Among trees, at the turn o' the days.

folk
hurry, pace

æn jʌŋ vo:k əle:fən wi smu:ð glɒsi fjes
dɪd hæ:n ɔ:vər vi:l(d)z wi ə læ:tvʊtɪd pjəs
tə freɪn(d)z (h)wər ðə tə:uər dɪd bito:kən ə pljes
əmʊŋ tri:z ət ðə tə:ɪn ə ðə de:z

THE SPARROW CLUB



LAST night the merry farmers' sons,
 Vrom biggest down to leäst, min,
Gi'ed in the work of all their guns,
 An' had their sparrow feäst, min.
An' who vor woone good merry soul
 Should goo to sheäre their me'th, min,
But Gammon Gaÿ, a chap so droll,
 He'd meäke ye laugh to death, min.

*mate
gave*

*one
mirth*

Vor heads o' sparrows they've a-shot
 They'll have a prize in cwein, min,
That is, if they can meäke their scot,
 Or else they'll pay a fine, min.
An' all the money they can teäke
 'S a-gather'd up there-right, min,
An' spent in meat an' drink, to meäke
 A supper vor the night, min.

*coin
tally*

Zoo when they took away the cloth,
 In middle of their din, min,
An' cups o' eäle begun to froth,
 Below their merry chin, min,
An' when the zong, by turn or chaïce,
 Went roun' vrom tongue to tongue, min,
Then Gammon pitch'd his merry vaïce,
 An' here's the zong he zung, min.

so

ale

Zong.

If you'll but let your clackers rest
 Vrom jabberèn an' hootèn,
I'll teäke my turn, an' do my best,
 To zing o' sparrow shootèn.

tongues

ðə sparə(r) klʌb

le:st nə:ɪt ðə məri fa:rmərz sʌnz
vrəm bɪɡɪst də:ʊn tə liəst mɪn
ɡɪ:d ɪn ðə wə:rk əv a:l ðər ɡʌnz
ən həd ðər sparə(r) fiəst mɪn
ən hu: vər (w)u:n ɡʊd məri so:l
ʃʊd ɡu: tə ʃjeər ðər meθ mɪn
bət ɡamən ɡæɪ ə tʃʌp sə dro:l
hi:d mjek i: le:f tə deθ mɪn

vər hedz ə sparə(r)z ðe:v əʃhɒt
ðe:l həv ə prə:ɪz ɪn kwə:ɪn mɪn
ðat ɪz ɪf ðe: kən mjek ðər skɒt
ər els ðe:l pæɪ ə fə:ɪn mɪn
ən a:l ðə mʌni ðe: kən tʃek
s əɡaðərd ʌp ðeər rə:ɪt mɪn
ən spent ɪn mi:t ən drɪŋk tə mjek
ə sʌpər vər ðə nə:ɪt mɪn

zu: (h)wen ðe: tuk əwə:ɪ ðə klɒθ
ɪn mɪdəl əv ðər dɪn mɪn
ən klʌps ə ʒel bɪɡʌn tə frɒθ
bɪlo: ðər məri tʃɪn mɪn
ən (h)wen ðə zɒŋ b(ə):ɪ tə:ɪn ər tʃæɪs
went rə:ʊn vrəm tʌŋ tə tʌŋ mɪn
ðen ɡamən prɪʃt (h)ɪz məri væɪs
ən hiərz ðə zɒŋ ə zʌŋ mɪn

zɒŋ

ɪf ʒəl bət let ʒər klakərz rest
vrəm dʒabərən ən hʊtən
ə:l tʃek mə:ɪ tə:ɪn ən du: mə:ɪ best
tə zɪŋ ə sparə(r) ʃʊtən

Since every woone mus' pitch his key, *one*
 An' zing a zong, in coo'se, lads, *in turn*
 Why sparrow heads shall be to-day
 The heads o' my discoo'se, lads. *discourse*

We'll zend abroad our viery hail *out, fiery*
 Till ev'ry foe's a-vled, lads, *fled*
 An' though the rogues mid all turn tail, *may*
 We'll quickly show their head, lads.
 In corn, or out on oben ground,
 In bush, or up in tree, lads,
 If we don't kill em, I'll be bound,
 We'll meäke their veathers vlee, lads. *fly*

Zoo let the belted spwortsman brag *so*
 When they've a-won a neäme, so's, *souls (friends)*
 That they do vind, or they do bag,
 Zoo many head o' geäme, so's:
 Vor when our cwein is woonce a-won, *coin, once*
 By heads o' sundry sizes,
 Why, who can slight what we've a-done?
 We've all a-won *head prizes*.

Then teäke a drap vor harmless fun,
 But not enough to quarrel;
 Though where a man do like the gun,
 He can't but need the barrel.
 O' goodly feäre, avore we'll start, *fare*
 We'll zit an' teäke our vill, min;
 Our supper-bill can be but short,
 Tis but a sparrow-bill,⁴ min.

⁴ Sparrowbill: 'a small headless nail used in the soles of boots and shoes'; hence 'sparrowbill pie, anything unpalatable or unpleasant' (EDD, s.vv. *Sparrable* and *Sparrowbill*).

sins evri (w)u:n mæs pɪtʃ (h)ɪz ke:
ən zɪŋ ə zɒŋ ɪn ku:s lɑdz
(h)wə:ɪ spærə(r) hɛdz ʃəl bi: tæde:
ðə hɛdz ə mə:ɪ dɪsku:s lɑdz

wɪ:l zɛn(d) əbro:d ə:uər və:əri hæɪl
tɪl evri fɔ:z əvlɛd lɑdz
ən ðo: ðə rɔ:gz mɪd a:l tər:n tæɪl
wɪ:l kwɪkli ʃo: ðər hɛd lɑdz
ɪn kær:n ər ə:ut ʊn ɔ:bən grə:ʊn(d)
ɪn buʃ ər ʌp ɪn tri: lɑdz
ɪf wɪ: do:nt kɪl əm ə:ɪl bi: bə:ʊn(d)
wɪ:l mʲɛk ðər vɛðərz vli: lɑdz

zu: lɛt ðə bɛltɪd spuərtsmən brag
(h)wɛn ðe:v əwʌn ə ɲjɛm so:z
ðæt ðe: də və:ɪn(d) ər ðe: də bag
zu: mɛni hɛd ə ɡjɛm so:z
vər (h)wɛn ə:uər kwə:ɪn ɪz (w)u:ns əwʌn
b(ə):ɪ hɛdz ə sʌndri sə:ɪzɪz
(h)wə:ɪ hu: kən slə:ɪt (h)wɒt wɪ:v ədʌn
wɪ:v a:l əwʌn hɛd prə:ɪzɪz

ðɛn tʃɛk ə drɒp vər hæ:ɪmlɪs fʌn
bət nɒt ɪnʌf tə kwərəl
ðo: (h)wər ə mæn də lə:ɪk ðə ɡʌn
hi: kɛ:nt bət nɪ:d ðə bærəl
ə ɡʊdli fʃɛər əvuər wɪ:l stɑ:t
wɪ:l zɪt ən tʃɛk ə:uər vɪl mɪn
ə:uər sʌpərbɪl kən bi: bət ʃɑ:t
tɪz bʌt ə spærə(r)bɪl mɪn

GAMMONY GAÿ



OH! thik Gammony Gaÿ is so droll,
That if he's at hwome by the he'th,
Or wi' vo'k out o' door, he's the soul
O' the meetèn vor antics an' me'th;
He do cast off the thoughts ov ill luck
As the water's a-shot vrom a duck;
He do zing where his naìghbours would cry—
He do laugh where the rest o's would sigh:
Noo other's so merry o' feäce,
In the pleäce, as Gammony Gaÿ.

*that
hearth
folk
mirth*

of us

An' o' workèn days, Oh! he do wear
Such a funny roun' hat,—you mid know't—
Wi' a brim all a-strout roun' his heäir,
An' his glissenèn eyes down below't;
An' a cwoat wi' broad skirts that do vlee
In the wind ov his walk, round his knee;
An' a peäir o' girt pockets lik' bags,
That do swing an' do bob at his lags:
While me'th do walk out drough the pleäce,
In the feäce o' Gammony Gaÿ.

*may
sticking out*

fly

great

through

An' if he do goo over groun'
Wi' noo soul vor to greet wi' his words,
The feäce o'n do look up an' down,
An' round en so quick as a bird's;
An' if he do vall in wi' vo'k,
Why, tidden vor want ov a joke,
If he don't zend em on vrom the pleäce
Wi' a smile or a grin on their feäce:
An' the young wi' the wold have a-heärd
A kind word vrom Gammony Gaÿ.

*his face
him*

't isn't

old

gaməni gæi

o: ðik gaməni gæi ɪz sə dro:l
ðæt ɪf hi:z ət huəm b(ə)ɪ ðə hεθ
ar wi vo:k əʊt ə duər hi:z ðə so:l
ə ðə mi:tən vər antɪks ən mεθ
hi: də ka:st ɒf ðə ðɔ:ts əv ɪl lək
əz ðə wɔ:tərz əʃhɒt vrəm ə dɪk
hi: də zɪŋ (h)wər (h)ɪz nærbərz wud kræ:ɪ
hi: də lɛ:f (h)wər ðə rɛst o:s wud sə:ɪ
nu: ʌðərz sə mɛrɪ ə fjes
ɪn ðə pljes əz gaməni gæi

ən ə wɛ:rkən de:z o: hi: də wɛər
sɪtʃ ə flɪni rə:ʊn hat jə mɪd no:t
wi ə brɪm a:l əstrə:ʊt rə:ʊn (h)ɪz hjeər
ən (h)ɪz glɪsənən ə:ɪz də:ʊn bilɔ:t
ən ə kuət wi bro:d skɛ:rts ðæt də vli:
ɪn ðə wɪn(d) əv (h)ɪz wɛ:k rə:ʊn(d) (h)ɪz ni:
ən ə pjɛər ə gɛ:rt pɒkɪts lɪk bagz
ðæt də swɪŋ ən də bɒb ət (h)ɪz lagz
(h)wɛ:ɪl mεθ də wɛ:k əʊt dru: ðə pljes
ɪn ðə ðə fjes ə gaməni gæi

ən ɪf hi: də gu: ɔ:vər grə:ʊn
wi nu: so:l vər tə grɪ:t wi (h)ɪz wɛ:rdz
ðə fjes o:n də lʊk ʌp ən də:ʊn
ən rə:ʊn(d) ən sə kwɪk əz ə bɛ:rdz
ən ɪf hi: də va:l ɪn wi vo:k
(h)wɛ:ɪ tɪdən vər wɒnt əv ə dʒo:k
ɪf ə do:nt zen(d) əm ɒn vrəm ðə pljes
wi ə smɛ:ɪl ar ə grɪn ɒn ðər fjes
ən ðə jʌŋ wi ðə (w)uəld hæv əhjɛ:rd
ə kɛ:m(d) wɛ:rd vrəm gaməni gæi

An' when he do whissel or hum,
 'Ithout thinkèn o' what he's a-doèn,
 He'll beät his own lags vor a drum,
 An' bob his gay head to the tuèn; *tune*
 An' then you mid zee, 'etweën whiles, *may*
 His feäce all alive wi' his smiles,
 An' his gay-breathèn bozom do rise,
 An' his me'th do sheen out ov his eyes: *mirth, shine*
 An' at last to have präise or have bleäme,
 Is the seäme to Gammony Gay.

When he drove his wold cart out, an' broke
 The nut o' the wheel at a butt, *ant-bill*
 There wer "woo'se things," he cried, wi' a joke, *worse*
 "To grieve at than crackèn a nut."
 An' when he tipp'd over a lwoad
 Ov his reed-sheaves woone day on the rwoad, *one*
 Then he spet in his han's, out o' sleeves, *spat*
 An' whissel'd, an' flung up his sheaves,
 As very vew others can wag, *few, move*
 Eärm or lag, but Gammony Gay. *arm*

He wer wi' us woone night when the band
 Wer a-come vor to gi'e us a hop, *give, dance*
 An' he pull'd Grammer out by the hand *Grandma*
 All down drough the dance vrom the top; *through*
 An' Grammer did hobble an' squall,
 Wi' Gammon a-leädèn the ball;
 While Gammon did sheäke up his knee
 An' his voot, an' zing "Diddle-ee-dee!"
 An' we laugh'd ourzelves all out o' breath
 At the me'th o' Gammony Gay.

ən (h)wen hi: də (h)wisəl ər hʌm
 ɪðə:ʊt ðɪŋkən ə (h)wɒt hi:z ədu:ən
 hi:l biət (h)ɪz o:n lagz vər ə drʌm
 ən bʊb (h)ɪz gæɪ hɛd tə ðə tʃu:ən
 ən ðen jə mɪd zi: ətwi:n (h)wə:ɪlz
 (h)ɪz fʃes a:l ələ:ɪv wi (h)ɪz smə:ɪlz
 ən (h)ɪz gæɪbri:ðən bʌzəm də rə:ɪz
 ən (h)ɪz mɛθ də ʃi:n ə:ʊt əv (h)ɪz ə:ɪz
 ən at leɪst tə hav præɪz ər hav blʃem
 ɪz ðə sʃem tə gaməni gæɪ

(h)wen ə dro:v (h)ɪz (w)uəld ka:rt ə:ʊt ən bro:k
 ðə nʌt ə ðə (h)wi:l ət ə bʌt
 ðər wər wu:s ðɪŋz ə kræ:ɪd wi ə dʒo:k
 tə gri:v at ðən krakən ə nʌt
 ən (h)wen ə tipt ə:vər ə luəd
 əv (h)ɪz ri:dsi:vz (w)u:n de: ʊn ðə ruəd
 ðen ə spet ɪn (h)ɪz hanz ə:ʊt ə sli:vz
 ən (h)wisəld ən flʌŋ ʌp (h)ɪz ʃi:vz
 əz veri vju: ʌðərz kən wag
 jɑ:rm ər lag bət gaməni gæɪ

hi: wər wi əs (w)u:n nə:ɪt (h)wen ðə ban(d)
 wər əkʌm vər tə gi: əs ə hʊp
 ən hi: puld gramər ə:ʊt b(ə):ɪ ðə han(d)
 a:l də:ʊn dru: ðə de:ns vrəm ðə tɒp
 ən gramər dɪd hʊbəl ən skwa:l
 wi gamən əliədən ðə ba:l
 (h)wə:ɪl gamən dɪd ʃjɛk ʌp (h)ɪz ni:
 ən (h)ɪz vʊt ən zɪŋ dɪdəlɪdi:
 ən wi: leɪft ə:uərzʌvz a:l ə:ʊt ə brɛθ
 ət ðə mɛθ ə gaməni gæɪ

When our tun wer' o' vier he rod
 Out to help us, an' meäde us sich fun,
 Vor he clomb up to dreve in a wad
 O' wet thorns, to the he'th, vrom the tun;
 An' there he did stamp wi' his voot,
 To push down the thorns an' the zoot,
 Till at last down the chimney's black wall
 Went the wad, an' poor Gammon an' all:
 An' seäfe on the he'th, wi' a grin
 On his chin pitch'd Gammony Gay.

chimney, on fire, rode

*climbed, drive
 hearth, chimney-top*

All the house-dogs do waggle their tails,
 If they do but catch zight ov his feäce;
 An' the ho'ses do look over rails,
 An' do whicker to zee'n at the pleäce;
 An' he'll always bestow a good word
 On a cat or a whisselèn bird;
 An' even if culvers do coo,
 Or an owl is a-cryèn "Hoo, hoo,"
 Where he is, there's always a joke
 To be spoke, by Gammony Gay.

*horses
 whinny to see him*

doves

(h)wɛn əːuər tʌn wər ə vɛːrər ə rɒd
 əːʊt tə hɛlp əs ən mɪd əs sɪtʃ fʌn
 vər ə klʌm ʌp tə drɛːv ɪn ə wɒd
 ə wɛt ðaːrnz tə ðə hɛθ vrəm ðə tʌn
 ən ðər ə dɪd stʌmp wi (h)ɪz vʊt
 tə pʊʃ dəːʊn ðə ðaːrnz ən ðə zʊt
 tɪl ət lɛːst dəːʊn ðə tʃɪmlɪz blak wɑːl
 wɛnt ðə wɒd ən pu(ː)ər ɡamən ən aːl
 ən ʃjɛf ɒn ðə hɛθ wi ə ɡrɪn
 ɒn (h)ɪz tʃɪn pɪtʃt ɡaməni ɡæɪ

aːl ðə həːʊsdɒgz də wʌɡəl ðər tæɪlz
 ɪf ðeː duː bət kʌtʃ zəːɪt əv (h)ɪz fʃɛs
 ən ðə hɒsɪz də lʊk ɔːvər ræɪlz
 ən də (h)wɪkər tə zɪːn ət ðə plʃɛs
 ən hiːl aːlweːz bɪstəː ə ɡʊd wɔːrd
 ɒn ə kʌt ər ə (h)wɪsələn bɔːrd
 ən iːvən ɪf kʌlvɔːrz də kuː
 ər ən əːʊl ɪz əkrəːɪən huː huː
 (h)wər hiː ɪz ðərz aːlweːz ə dʒoːk
 tə biː spoːk b(əː)ɪ ɡaməni ɡæɪ



THE HEÄRE

bare

(Dree o'm a-ta'kèn o't)

three of them talking about it

- (1) 'There be the greyhounds! lo'k! an' there's the heäre! *look*
- (2) What houn's, the squier's, Thomas? where, then, where?
- (1) Why, out in Ash Hill, near the barn, behind
- 'Thik tree. (3) The pollard?⁵ (1) Pollard! no, b'ye blind? *that*
- (2) There, I do zee em over-right thik cow. *right opposite*
- (3) The red woone? (1) No, a mile beyand her now. *one*
- (3) Oh! there's the heäre, a-meäkèn for the drong. *lane*
- (2) My goodness! How the dogs do zweep along,
- A-pokèn out their pweinted noses' tips. *pointed*
- (3) He can't allow hizzelf much time vor slips!
- (1) 'They'll hab'en, after all, I'll bet a crown. *have him*
- (2) Done vor a crown. They woon't! He's gwäin to groun'. *going*
- (3) He is! (1) He idden! (3) Ah! 'tis well his tooes *isn't, toes*
- Ha' got noo corns, inside o' hobnaïl shoes.
- (1) He's geäme a-runnen too. Why, he do mwore
- Than eärn his life. (3) His life wer his avore.
- (1) There, now the dogs wull turn en. (2) No! He's right. *him*
- (1) He idden! (2) Ees he is! (3) He's out o' zight. *yes*
- (1) Aye, aye. His mettle wull be well a-tried
- Agwäin down Verny Hill, o' tother zide. *going*
- They'll have en there. (3) O no! a vew good hops *few*
- Wull teäke en on to Knapton Lower Copse.
- (2) An' that's a meesh that he've a-took avore. *gap*
- (3) Ees, that's his hwome. (1) He'll never reach his door.
- (2) He wull. (1) He woon't. (3) Now, hark, d'ye heär em now?
- (2) O! here's a bwoy a-come athirt the brow *across*
- O' Knapton Hill. We'll ax en. (1) Here, my bwoy! *ask him*
- Can'st tell us where's the heäre? (4) He's got away.

⁵ Pollard: a tree with its top and upper branches cut back.

ðə hjeər

(dri: o:m ætɛ:kən o:t)

- (1) ðər bi: ðə gre:hə:un(d)z luk ən ðərz ðə hjeər
(2) (h)wɒt hə:unz ðə skwə:ɪərz tɒməs (h)wɛər ðen (h)wɛər
(1) (h)wə:ɪ ə:ut ɪn əf hɪl niər ðə bɑ:rn bihə:m(d)
ðɪk tri: (3) ðə pɒlɑ:rd (1) pɒlɑ:rd no: bji: blə:m(d)
(2) ðər ə:ɪ də zi: əm ɔ:vərə:ɪt ðɪk kə:u
(3) ðə rɛd (w)u:n (1) no: ə mə:ɪl biɟənd (h)ər nə:u
(3) o: ðərz ðə hjeər əmɟekən vər ðə drɒŋ
(2) mə:ɪ gudnɪs hə:u ðə dɒgz də zwi:p əlɒŋ
əpɔ:kən ə:ut ðər pwə:ɪntɪd no:zɪz tɪps
(3) ə kɛ:nt ələ:u hɪzɒf mætʃ tə:ɪm vər slɪps
(1) ðe:ɪl hɒbən ɛ:tər a:ɪ ə:ɪl bɛt ə krə:un
(2) dɒn vər ə krə:un ðe: wu:(j)nt əz gwæm tə grə:un
(3) hi: ɪz (1) hi: ɪdən (3) a: tɪz wɛl (h)ɪz tu:z
hə ɡɒt nu: kɑ:rnz ɪnsə:ɪd ə hɒbnæɪl fu:z
(1) hi:z ɡjɛm ərlənən tu: (h)wə:ɪ hi: də muər
ðən jɑ:rn (h)ɪz lə:ɪf (3) (h)ɪz lə:ɪf wər (h)ɪz əvuər
(1) ðər nə:u ðə dɒgz wʊl tə:rn ən (2) no: hi:z rə:ɪt
(1) hi: ɪdən (2) i:s hi: ɪz (3) hi:z ə:ut ə zə:ɪt
(1) æɪ æɪ (h)ɪz mɛtəl wʊl bi: wɛl ətrə:ɪd
əgwæm də:un vər:ni hɪl ə tɒðər zə:ɪd
ðe:ɪl hɒv ən ðɛər (3) o: no: ə vju: ɡʊd hɒps
wʊl tʃɛk ən ɒn tə nɒptən lo:ər kɒps
(2) ən ðəts ə me:f ðət hi:v ətʊk əvuər
(3) i:s ðəts (h)ɪz huəm (1) hi:ɪl nəvər rɪ:tʃ (h)ɪz duər
(2) hi: wʊl (1) hi: wu:(j)nt (3) nə:u hɑ:rk dʒi: hiər əm nə:u
(2) o: hiərz ə bwə:ɪ əklɒm əðə:ɪt ðə brə:u
ə nɒptən hɪl wi:ɪl a:ks ən (1) hiər mə:ɪ bwə:ɪ
kənst tɛl əs (h)wə:ɪz ðə hjeər (4) hi:z ɡɒt əwə:ɪ

- | | |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------|
| (2) Ees, got away, in coo'se, I never zeed
A heäre a-scotèn on wi' half his speed. | <i>of course, saw
scooting</i> |
| (1) Why, there, the dogs be wold, an' half a-done.
They can't catch anything wi' lags to run. | <i>old</i> |
| (2) Vrom vu'st to last they had but little chance
O' catchèn o'n. (3) They had a perty dance. | <i>first
him</i> |
| (1) No, catch en, no! I little thought they would;
He know'd his road too well to Knapton Wood. | |
| (3) No! no! I wish the squier would let me feäre
On rabbits till his hounds do catch thik heäre. | <i>feed
that</i> |

- (2) i:s gʊt əwə:ɪ m ku:s ə:ɪ nəvər zi:d
 ə hʃeər əsko:tən ɒn wi hɛ:f (h)ɪz spi:d
 (1) (h)wə:ɪ ðeər ðə dɒgz bi: (w)uəld ən hɛ:f ədʌn
 ðe: kɛ:nt kʌtʃ ɛniðɪŋ wi lagz tə rʌn
 (2) vrəm vʌst tə lɛ:st ðe: həd bət litəl tʃe:ns
 ə kʌtʃən ɔ:n (3) ðe: həd ə pər:ti dɛ:ns
 (1) no: kʌtʃ ən no: ə:ɪ litəl ðɔ:t ðe: wʊd
 hi: no:d (h)ɪz rɔ:d tu: wɛl tə nʌptən wʊd
 (3) no: no: ə:ɪ wɪʃ ðə skwə:rər wʊd lɛt mi: fʃeər
 ɒn rʌbɪts tɪl (h)ɪz hə:un(d)z də kʌtʃ ðɪk hʃeər

NANNY GILL



AH! they wer times, when Nanny Gill
Went so'jerèn ageänst her will,
Back when the King come down to view
His ho'se an' voot, in red an' blue,
 An' they did march in rows,
 An' wheel in lines an' bows,
 Below the King's own nose;
An' guns did pwoint, an' swords did gleäre,
A-fightèn foes that werden there.

soldiering

horse

curves

weren't

Poor Nanny Gill did goo to zell
In town her glitt'rèn macarel,
A-pack'd wi' ceäre, in even lots,
A-ho'seback in a peäir o' pots.
 An' zoo when she did ride
 Between her panniers wide,
 Red-cloked in all her pride,
Why, who but she, an' who but broke
The road avore her scarlet cloke!

mackerel

so

But Nanny's ho'se that she did ride,
Woonce carr'd a sword ageän his zide,
An' had, to prick en into rank,
A so'jer's spurs ageän his flank;
 An' zoo, when he got zight
 O' swords a-gleamèn bright,
 An' men agwäin to fight,
He set his eyes athirt the ground,
An' prick'd his ears to catch the sound.

once carried

him

soldier's

going

across

Then Nanny gi'ed his zide a kick,
An' het en wi' her limber stick;

gave

hit him, pliant

nani gyl

a: ðe: wər tə:ɪmz (h)wɛn nani gyl
wɛnt so:dʒərən əgʝɛnst (h)ər wɪl
bak (h)wɛn ðə kɪŋ kʌm də:ʊn tə vju:
(h)ɪz hɒs ən vʊt ɪn rɛd ən blu:
 ən ðe: dɪd mɑ:rtʃ ɪn ro:z
 ən (h)wɪl ɪn lə:ɪmz ən bo:z
 bɪlo: ðə kɪŋz o:n no:z
ən ɡʌnz dɪd pʰwə:ɪnt ən suərdz dɪd ɡljɛər
əfə:ɪtən fo:z ðət wə:rdən ðeər

pu(:)ər nani gyl dɪd gu: tə zɛl
ɪn tə:ʊn (h)ər ɡlɪtrən makərəl
əpakt wi kʝɛər ɪn i:vən lɒts
əhɒsbak ɪn ə pʝɛər ə pɒts
 ən zu: (h)wɛn ʃi: dɪd rə:ɪd
 bɪtwi:n (h)ər pʌnjərz wə:ɪd
 rɛdklo:kt ɪn a:l (h)ər prə:ɪd
(h)wə:ɪ hu: bət ʃi: ən hu: bət brɔ:k
ðə ro:ɪd əvuər (h)ər ska:rlɪt klo:k

bət nanɪz hɒs ðət ʃi: dɪd rə:ɪd
(w)u:ns ka:ɪd ə suərd əgʝɛn (h)ɪz zə:ɪd
ən həd tə prɪk ən ɪntə rʌŋk
ə so:dʒərz spə:rz əgʝɛn (h)ɪz flʌŋk
 ən zu: (h)wɛn hi: ɡʊt zə:ɪt
 ə suərdz əɡli:mən brə:ɪt
 ən mən əɡwæɪn tə fə:ɪt
hi: sɛt (h)ɪz ə:ɪz əðə:ɪt ðə ɡrə:ʊn(d)
ən prɪkt (h)ɪz iərz tə kʌtʃ ðə sə:ʊn(d)

ðɛn nani ɡi:d (h)ɪz zə:ɪd ə kɪk
ən hɛt ən wi (h)ər lɪmbər stɪk

But suddenly a horn did sound,
An' zend the ho'semen on vull bound;
 An' her ho'se at the zight
 Went after em, vull flight,
 Wi' Nanny in a fright,
A-pullèn, wi' a scream an' grin,
Her wold brown ràins to hold en in.

old, reins, him

But no! he went away vull bound,
As vast as he could tear the ground,
An' took, in line, a so'jer's pleäce,
Vor Nanny's cloke an' frighten'd feäce;
 While vo'k did laugh an' shout
 To zee her cloke stream out,
 As she did wheel about,
A-cryèn, "Oh! la! dear!" in fright,
The while her ho'se did playä sham fight.

fast

folk

bæt sʌdənli ə ha:rn dɪd sə:ʊn(d)
ən zɛn(d) ðə hɒsmən ɒn vʊl bæ:ʊn(d)
ən (h)ər hɒs ət ðə zə:ɪt
wɛnt ɛ:tər əm vʊl flə:ɪt
wi nani ɪn ə frə:ɪt
əpʊlən wi ə skri:m ən grɪm
(h)ər (w)uəld brə:ʊn ræɪnz tə huəld ən ɪn

bæt nɔ: hi: wɛnt əwə:ɪ vʊl bæ:ʊn(d)
əz vɑ:st əz hi: kʊd tɛər ðə grə:ʊn(d)
ən tʊk ɪn lə:ɪn ə sɔ:dzərz plʃɛs
vər nanɪz klɔ:k ən frə:ɪtənd fʃɛs
(h)wə:ɪl vɔ:k dɪd lɛ:f ən ʃə:ʊt
tə zi: (h)ər klɔ:k stri:m ə:ʊt
əz ʃi: dɪd (h)wi:l əbə:ʊt
əkrə:ɪən ɔ: la diər ɪn frə:ɪt
ðə (h)wə:ɪl (h)ər hɒs dɪd plæɪ ʃam fə:ɪt

MOONLIGHT ON THE DOOR



A-SWAYËN slow, the poplar's head,
Above the slopèn thatch did ply,
The while the midnight moon did shed
His light below the spangled sky.
An' there the road did reach avore
The hatch, all vootless down the hill;
An' hands, a-tired by day, wer still,
Wi' moonlight on the door.

wicket-gate

A-boomèn deep, did slowly sound
The bell, a-tellèn middle night;
The while the quiv'rèn ivy, round
The tree, did sheäke in softest light.
But vootless wer the stwone avore
The house where I, the maiden's guest,
At evenèn, woonce did zit at rest
By moonlight on the door.

once

Though till the dawn, where night's a-meäde
The day, the laughèn crowds be gaÿ,
Let evenèn zink wi' quiet sheäde,
Where I do hold my little swaÿ .
An' childern dear to my heart's core,
A-sleep wi' little heavèn breast,
That pank'd by day in play, do rest
Wi' moonlight on the door.

panted

But still 'tis good, woonce now an' then,
To rove where moonlight on the land
Do show in vāin, vor heedless men,
The road, the vield, the work in hand,

mu:nlə:ɪt ɒn ðə duər

əswæɪən slo: ðə pɒpləɪz hɛd
 əbʌv ðə slo:pən ðatʃ dɪd plə:ɪ
ðə (h)wə:ɪl ðə mɪdnə:ɪt mu:n dɪd ʃɛd
 (h)ɪz lə:ɪt bɪlo: ðə spæŋgəld skə:ɪ
ən ðər ðə ro:d dɪd ri:tʃ əvuər
 ðə hatʃ aɪ vʊtlɪs də:ʊn ðə hɪl
 ən han(d)z ətə:ɪərd b(ə)ɪ de: wər stɪl
wi mu:nlə:ɪt ɒn ðə duər

əbu:mən di:p dɪd slo:li sə:ʊn(d)
 ðə bɛl ətɛlən mɪdəl nə:ɪt
ðə (h)wə:ɪl ðə kwɪvrən ə:ɪvi rə:ʊn(d)
 ðə tri: dɪd ʃjɛk ɪn sɒftɪst lə:ɪt
bət vʊtlɪs wər ðə stuən əvuər
 ðə hə:ʊs (h)wər ə:ɪ ðə məɪdənz gest
 ət i:vmen (w)u:ns dɪd zɪt ət rest
b(ə)ɪ mu:nlə:ɪt ɒn ðə duər

ðo: tɪl ðə de:n (h)wər nə:ɪts əmʃɛd
 ðə de: ðə le:fən krə:ʊdz bi: gæɪ
lɛt i:vmen zɪŋk wi kwə:ɪət ʃjɛd
 (h)wər ə:ɪ də huəld mə:ɪ lɪtəl swæɪ
ən tʃɪldərn dɪər tə mə:ɪ ha:ɪts kuər
 əsli:p wi lɪtəl hi:vən brɛst
 ðət paŋkt b(ə)ɪ de: ɪn plæɪ də rest
wi mu:nlə:ɪt ɒn ðə duər

bət stɪl tɪz gʊd (w)u:ns nə:ɪ ən ðen
 tə ro:v (h)wər mu:nlə:ɪt ɒn ðə lan(d)
də ʃo: ɪn væm vər hi:dlɪs mən
 ðə ro:d ðə vi:l(d) ðə wɜ:rk ɪn han(d)

When curtains be a-hung avore
The glitt'rèn windows, snowy white,
An' vine-leaf sheädes do sheäke in light
O' moonlight on the door.

shadows

(h)wen kærtənz bi: əhʌŋ əvuər
ðə glɪtrən wɪndərz sno:i (h)wə:ɪt
ən və:mli:f ʃjɛdz də ʃjɛk ɪn lə:ɪt
ə mu:nlə:ɪt ɒn ðə duər

MY LOVE'S GUARDIAN ANGEL



As in the cool-air'd road I come by,
—in the night,
Under the moon-clim'd height o' the sky,
—in the night,
There by the lime's broad lim's as I stay'd,
Dark in the moonlight, bough's sheädowns play'd
Up on the window-glass that did keep
Lew vrom the wind, my true love asleep,
—in the night.

-climbed

sheltered

While in the grey-wall'd height o' the tow'r,
—in the night,
Sounded the midnight bell wi' the hour,
—in the night,
There lo! a bright-heär'd angel that shed
Light vrom her white robe's zilvery thread,
Put her vore-vinger up vor to meäke
Silence around lest sleepers mid weäke,
—in the night.

might

“Oh! then,” I whisper'd, “do I behold
—in the night.
Linda, my true-love, here in the cwold,
—in the night?”
“No,” she meäde answer, “you do misteäke:
She is asleep, but I that do weäke,
Here be on watch, an' angel a-blest,
Over her slumber while she do rest,
—in the night.”

“Zee how the winds, while here by the bough,
—in the night,

mæ:ɪ lʌvz ɡɑ:rdiən andʒəl

az ɪn ðə ku:læɪrd ro:d ə:ɪ kʌm bæ:ɪ
in ðə nə:ɪt
ʌndə ðə mu:nklɪmd hæ:ɪt ə ðə skə:ɪ
in ðə nə:ɪt
ðər b(ə):ɪ ðə læ:ɪmz brɔ:d lɪmz əz ə:ɪ stæɪd
dɑ:rk ɪn ðə mu:nlə:ɪt bæ:uz ʃadərz plæɪd
ʌp ɒn ðə wɪndərglɑ:s ðət dɪd ki:p
lu:vrəm ðə wɪn(d) mæ:ɪ tru:lʌv əsli:p
in ðə nə:ɪt

(h)wə:ɪl ɪn ðə gre:wɑ:ld hæ:ɪt ə ðə tə:uər
in ðə nə:ɪt
sə:ʊn(d)ɪd ðə mɪdnə:ɪt bəl wɪ ði ə:uər
in ðə nə:ɪt
ðər lo: ə bræ:ɪthjeərd andʒəl ðət ʃəd
lə:ɪt vrəm (h)ər (h)wə:ɪt ro:bz zɪlvəri dɹəd
pʌt (h)ər vuərviŋgər ʌp vər tə mje:k
sə:ɪləns ərə:ʊn(d) lest sli:pərz mɪd wje:k
in ðə nə:ɪt

o: ðen ə:ɪ (h)wɪspərd du: ə:ɪ bihuəld
in ðə nə:ɪt
lɪndə mæ:ɪ tru:lʌv hiər ɪn ðə kuəld
in ðə nə:ɪt
no: ʃi: mje:d ɛ:nsər ju: də mɪstje:k
ʃi: ɪz əsli:p bʌt ə:ɪ ðət də wje:k
hiər bi: ɒn wɒtʃ ən andʒəl əblest
ɔ:vər (h)ər slæmbər (h)wə:ɪl ʃi: də rest
in ðə nə:ɪt

zi: hə:u ðə wɪn(d)z (h)wə:ɪl hiər b(ə):ɪ ðə bæ:u
in ðə nə:ɪt

They do pass on, don't smite on her brow,

—in the night;

Zee how the cloud-sheädes naïseless do zweep

shadows, noiselessly

Over the house-top where she's asleep.

You, too, goo by, in times that be near,

You too, as I, mid speak in her ear

may

—in the night.”

ðe: də pa:s ɒn do:nt smə:nt ɒn (h)ər brə:u
in ðə nə:nt
zi: hə:u ðə klə:udʃjɛdz nəɪzls də zwi:p
ɔ:vər ðə hə:ustɒp (h)wər ʃi:z əsli:p
ju: tu: gu: bæ:ɪ ɪn tə:ɪmz ðət bi: niər
ju: tu: az ə:ɪ mɪd spi:k ɪn (h)ər iər
in ðə nə:nt

LEEburn MILL



Ov all the meäds wi' shoals an' pools,
Where streams did sheäke the limber zedge,
An' milkèn vo'k did teäke their stools,
In evenèn zun-light under hedge:
Ov all the wears the brook did vill,
Or all the hatches where a sheet
O' foam did leäp below woone's veet,
The pleäce vor me wer Leeburn Mill.

*pliant
folk*

weirs

one's

An' while below the mossy wheel
All day the foamèn stream did roar,
An' up in mill the floatèn meal
Did pitch upon the sheäkèn vloor,
We then could vind but vew han's still,
Or veet a-restèn off the ground,
An' seldom hear the merry sound
O' geämes a-play'd at Leeburn Mill.

few

But when they let the stream goo free,
Beside the drippèn wheel at rest,
An' leaves upon the poplar-tree
Wer dark avore the glowèn west;
An' when the clock, a-ringèn sh'ill,
Did slowly beät zome evenèn hour,
Oh! then 'ithin the leafy bow'r
Our tongues did run at Leeburn Mill.

loudly

An' when November's win' did blow,
Wi' hufflèn storms along the pläin,
An' blacken'd leaves did lie below
The neäked tree, a-zoak'd wi' raïn,

gusty

li:bærn mɪl

əv a:l ðə miədʒ wi ʃo:lz ən pu:lz
(h)wər stri:mz dɪd ʃjek ðə lɪmbər zɛdʒ
ən mɪlkən vɔ:k dɪd tjek ðər stu:lz
ɪn i:vmen zʌnlə:t ʌndər hɛdʒ
əv a:l ðə wɛərz ðə brʊk dɪd vɪl
ar a:l ðə hʌtʃɪz (h)wər ə ʃɪt
ə fɔ:m dɪd liəp bɪlo: (w)u:nz vɪt
ðə pljes vər mi: wər li:bærn mɪl

ən (h)wə:l bɪlo: ðə mɒsi (h)wi:l
a:l de: ðə fɔ:mən stri:m dɪd ruər
ən ʌp ɪn mɪl ðə flo:tən mi:l
dɪd pɪtʃ əpɒn ðə ʃjekən vluər
wi: ðen kud və:m(d) bət vju: hanz stɪl
ar vɪt ərestən ɒf ðə grə:ʊn(d)
ən seldəm hiər ðə məri sə:ʊn(d)
ə ɡjɛmz əplæɪd ət li:bærn mɪl

bət (h)wen ðe: lɛt ðə stri:m gu: fri:
bɪzə:ɪd ðə drɪpən (h)wi:l ət rɛst
ən li:vz əpɒn ðə pɒplərtri:
wər da:rk əvuər ðə glo:ən wɛst
ən (h)wen ðə klɒk ərɪŋən ʃɪl
dɪd slo:li biət zʌm i:vmen ə:uər
o: ðen ɪðm ðə li:fi bə:uər
ə:uər tʌŋz dɪd rʌn ət li:bærn mɪl

ən (h)wen nɔ:vembərz wɪn dɪd blɔ:
wi hʌflən stɑ:rmz əlɒŋ ðə plæm
ən blakənd li:vz dɪd lə:ɪ bɪlo:
ðə njekɪd tri: əzo:kt wi ræm

I werden at a loss to vill
The darkest hour o' räiny skies,
If I did vind avore my eyes
The feäces down at Leeburn Mill.

wasn't

ə:ɪ wə:rdən at ə lɒs tə vɪl
ðə da:rkɪst ə:uər ə ræmi skə:ɪz
ɪf ə:ɪ dɪd və:m(d) əvuər mə:ɪ ə:ɪz
ðə fjesɪz də:ʊn ət li:bə:rn mɪl

PRAÏSE O' DO'SET



WE Do'set, though we mid be hwomely,

may

Be'nt asheäm'd to own our pleäce;

An' we've zome women not uncomely;

Nor asheäm'd to show their feäce:

We've a meäd or two wo'th mowèn,

worth

We've an ox or two wo'th showèn,

In the village,

At the tillage,

Come along an' you shall vind

That Do'set men don't sheäme their kind.

Friend an' wife,

Fathers, mothers, sisters, brothers,

Happy, happy, be their life!

Vor Do'set dear,

Then gi'e woone cheer;

give one

D'ye hear? woone cheer!

If you in Do'set be a-roamèn,

An' ha' business at a farm,

Then woont ye zee your eäle a-foamèn!

ale

Or your cider down to warm?

Woont ye have brown bread a-put ye,

offered to you

An' some vinny cheese a-cut ye?

blue vinny (made from skimmed milk)

Butter?—rolls o't!

of it

Cream?—why bowls o't!

Woont ye have, in short, your vill,

A-gi'ed wi' a right good will?

given

Friend an' wife,

Fathers, mothers, sisters, brothers,

Happy, happy, be their life!

Vor Do'set dear,

Then gi'e woone cheer;

give one

D'ye hear? woone cheer!

præiz ə dɒsət

wi: dɒsət ðo: wi: mɪd bi: huəmli
be:nt əʃjɛmd tu o:n əruər pljes
ən wi:v zəm wʊmɪn nɒt ʌnkʌmli
nar əʃjɛmd tə ʃo: ðər fjes
wi:v ə miəd ər tu: wɒð mo:ən
wi:v ən ɒks ər tu: wɒð ʃo:ən
m ðə vɪlədʒ
at ðə tɪlədʒ
kʌm əlbŋ ən ju: ʃəl və:m(d)
ðət dɒsət mɛn do:nt ʃjɛm ðər kə:m(d)
frɛn(d) ən wə:ɪf
fɛ:ðərz mʌðərz sistərz brʌðərz
hapi hapi bi: ðər lə:ɪf
vər dɒsət diər
ðen gi: (w)u:n tʃiər
dʒi: hiər (w)u:n tʃiər

ɪf ju: ɪn dɒsət bi: əro:mən
an ha bɪznɪs ət ə fɑ:rm
ðen wu:(j)nt i: zi: jər jəl əfo:mən
ar jər sə:ɪdər də:ʊn tə wɑ:rm
wu:(j)nt i: hav brə:ʊn brɛd əpʌt i:
ən səm vɪni tʃi:z əkʌt i:
bʌtər ro:lz o:t
kre:m (h)wə:ɪ bo:lz o:t
wu:(j)nt i: hav ɪn ʃɑ:rt jər vɪl
əgi:əd wi ə rə:ɪt gud wɪl
frɛn(d) ən wə:ɪf
fɛ:ðərz mʌðərz sistərz brʌðərz
hapi hapi bi: ðər lə:ɪf
vər dɒsət diər
ðen gi: (w)u:n tʃiər
dʒi: hiər (w)u:n tʃiər

An' woont ye have vor ev'ry shillèn,
Shillèn's wo'th at any shop,
Though Do'set chaps be up to zellèn,
An' can meäke a tidy swop?
Use em well, they'll use you better;
In good turns they woont be debtor.

worth

An' so comely,
An' so hwomely,
Be the maïdens, if your son
Took woone o'm, then you'd cry "Well done!"
Friend an' wife,
Fathers, mothers, sisters, brothers,
Happy, happy, be their life!
Vor Do'set dear,
Then gi'e woone cheer;
D'ye hear? woone cheer!

one of them

If you do zee our good men travel,
Down a-voot, or on their meäres,
Along the windèn leänes o' gravel,
To the markets or the feäirs,—
Though their ho'ses cwoats be ragged,
Though the men be muddy-laggèd,
Be they roughish,
Be they gruffish,
They be sound, an' they will stand
By what is right wi' heart an' hand.

horses

lanes

horses'

Friend an' wife,
Fathers, mothers, sisters, brothers,
Happy, happy, be their life!
Vor Do'set dear,
Then gi'e woone cheer;
D'ye hear? woone cheer!

give

ən wu(:)nt i: hav vər evri ʃɪlən
 ʃɪlənz wɒð ət eni ʃɒp
 ðo: dɒsət tʃaps bi: ʌp tə zelən
 ən kən mjæk ə tə:ɪdi swɒp
 ju:z əm wel ðe:l ju:z ju: bətər
 ɪn gud tə:ɪnz ðe: wu(:)nt bi: dətər
 ən sə kʌmli
 ən sə huəmli
 bi: ðə məɪdənz ɪf jər sʌn
 tʊk (w)u:n o:m ðen jəd kræɪ wel dʌn
 frɛn(d) ən wə:ɪf
 fɛ:ðərz mʌðərz sistərz brʌðərz
 hapi hapi bi: ðər lə:ɪf
 vər dɒsət diər
 ðen gi: (w)u:n tʃiər
 dʒi: hiər (w)u:n tʃiər

ɪf ju: də zi: ə:uər gud mɛn travəl
 də:ʊn əvʊt ər ɒn ðər mjɛərz
 əlbŋ ðə wə:m(d)ən lʒɛnz ə gravəl
 tə ðə mɑ:rkɪts ər ðə fʃɛərz
 ðo: ðər hɒsɪz kuəts bi: rɑ:ɪd
 ðo: ðə mɛn bi: mʌdɪlɑ:ɪd
 bi: ðe: rʌfɪʃ
 bi: ðe: grʌfɪʃ
 ðe: bi: sə:ʊn(d) ən ðe: wɪl stʌn(d)
 b(ə):ɪ (h)wɒt ɪz rə:ɪt wi hɑ:rt ən hʌn(d)
 frɛn(d) ən wə:ɪf
 fɛ:ðərz mʌðərz sistərz brʌðərz
 hapi hapi bi: ðər lə:ɪf
 vər dɒsət diər
 ðen gi: (w)u:n tʃiər
 dʒi: hiər (w)u:n tʃiər

TEXTUAL NOTES

Emendations in wording are normally made only where there is support (not recorded here) from at least one version other than 1879; emendations in punctuation are made, with or without support from other versions, where the punctuation of 1879 would be likely to impede understanding. References to the poems are given by page and line number, the complete line being quoted for ease of reference.

A FATHER OUT, AN' MOTHER HWOME

54/28 Wer ashen poles, a-castèn straight,
ashen] ashèn 1879

RIDDLES

60/12 I went, an' didden touch a drop o't.
o't.] ~, 1879

60/18 A. Aye I do hear your chucklèn droat.
droat.] *No punctuation* 1879

60/20 Zome water on my head vrom spring,
spring,] ~. 1879

60/21 Then under water an' o' top o't
o't] ~, 1879

62/16 A. *Horn* vor the *month's* a hornen cup.
hornen] hornèn 1879

DAY'S WORK A-DONE

66/13 Above the trees that kept us lew,
lew,] ~; 1879

66/21 A-rottèn loud, an' foamèn white,
white,] ~. 1879

THE MOTHERLESS CHILD

88/13 Thy looks be always dear to me.

No break between stanzas 1879

THE LEÄDY'S TOWER

94/2 Our comèn, we can goo inside.

we] wi' 1879

94/3 The door is oben now." An' zoo

now.]" *No closing quotation marks 1879*

94/12 Wer zeven zights o' wedded life.

life.] ~" 1879

MEÄRY'S SMILE

114/29 To turn the hardest work to play:

play:] ~. 1879

THE YOUNG THAT DIED IN BEAUTY

124/13 The slowly-weästen years ha' rolled

rolled] ~, 1879

THE SCUD

132/20 Unless the äir did blow

blow] ~, 1879

132/21 Drough ruslèn leaves, an' drow

drow] ~, 1879

134/3 An' zome ha' smiles vor strangers' view,

view,] ~; 1879

THE LOVELY MAÏD OV ELWELL MEÄD

142/8 O leänèn lawns ov Allen,

Allen,] ~. 1879

142/9 Would be mwore teākèn where there sträy'd
there] they 1879

CULVER DELL AND THE SQUIRE

152/19 Wi' red-eär'd dogs bezide his knees,
knees,] ~. 1879

THE VIER-ZIDE

180/24 An' where I heärd his vaice's sound,
vaice's] vaices 1879

182/15 Do gather souls that time do speäre
Do] Go 1879

MILKÈN TIME

206/4 To build upon the mossy lim'
lim'] ~, 1879

206/13 Along the path a vew steps on,
on,] ~. 1879

WHEN BIRDS BE STILL

208/26 Zoo teäke, vor me, the town a-drown'd
a-drown'd] ~, 1879

ZUN-ZET

216/8 Sorrow-slightèn, work-vorgettèn,
-vorgettèn,] ~. 1879

216/9 Gambol'd wi' the zun a-zettèn.
-zettèn] -zetten 1879

SPRING

220/11 High above the ashes' sh'oud.
ashes'] ashes 1879

THE WATER CROWVOOT

226/2 O small-feäc'd flow'r that now dost bloom
O] O' 1879

THE BLACKBIRD [II]

234/5 On western clouds a vi'ry red,
red,] ~; 1879

THISSLEDOWN

242/2 The thissledown by winds a-roll'd
winds] wind's 1879

THE LEÄNE

258/29 Ov our goslèns do creep vrom the agg,
agg,] ~. 1879

260/30 But his vield an' the grass wer a-let,
wer a-let] wer-a-let 1879

TREES BE COMPANY

274/5 The workvo'k in their snow-white sleeves,
sleeves,] ~. 1879

BROOKWELL

288/13 The stwonen arch's lofty bow.
stownen arch's] stwonèn archès 1879

THE WINTER'S WILLOW

300/11 Or zit a-milkèn where do droop
droop] ~, 1879

FIFEHEAD

320/16 an' laugh'd in light o' maidens' eyes,
maidens'] maiden's 1879

THE WIFE A-LOST

342/28 I'll pray wi' woone sad vaice vor greäce
sad] said 1879

VO'K A-COMÈN INTO CHURCH

354/28 Their vaice is there vor God alwone;
alwone;] *no punctuation* 1879

THE BWOAT

372/10 Till, out by sheädy rocks there show'd
show'd] ~, 1879

THE PLEÄCE OUR OWN AGEÄN

376/29 A road's a-meäde by Grenley Bridge.
A road's] A-road's 1879

ECLOGUE: John an' Thomas

384/19 To much on groun' a mile vrom hwome.
hwome.] *no punctuation* 1879

THE MEÄD IN JUNE

396/8 Or trickle thin in zummer-tide,
zummer-tide,] ~; 1879

GRUFFMOODY GRIM

416/26 An' I'll laugh till my two zides do eäche;
eäche;] *no punctuation* 1879

THE SPARROW CLUB

424/21 Below their merry chin, min,
min,] ~. 1879

MOONLIGHT ON THE DOOR

442/29 The road, the yield, the work in hand,
hand,] ~. 1879

MY LOVE'S GUARDIAN ANGEL

448/6 You too, as I, mid speak in her ear
as] ~' 1879

446/20–21 “Oh! then,” I whisper’d, “do I behold | —in the night,
night,] ~. 1879

LEEBURN MILL

450/13 Did pitch upon the sheäkèn vloor,
vloor,] ~. 1879

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.

RP	Gen Am	No	KEYWORD	Examples
ɪ	ɪ	1.	KIT	ship, sick, bridge, milk, myth, busy ...
e	ɛ	2.	DRESS	step, neck, edge, shelf, friend, ready ...
æ	æ	3.	TRAP	tap, back, badge, scalp, hand, cancel ...
ɒ	ɑ	4.	LOT	stop, sock, dodge, romp, quality ...
ʌ	ʌ	5.	STRUT	cup, suck, budge, pulse, trunk, blood ...
ʊ	ʊ	6.	FOOT	put, bush, full, good, look, wolf ...
ɑː	æ	7.	BATH	staff, brass, ask, dance, sample, calf ...
ɒ	ɔ	8.	CLOTH	cough, broth, cross, long, Boston ...
əː	ər	9.	NURSE ⁶	hurt, lurk, burst, jerk, term ...
iː	i	10.	FLEECE	creep, speak, leave, feel, key, people ...
eɪ	eɪ	11.	FACE	tape, cake, raid, veil, steak, day ...
ɑː	ɑ	12.	PALM	psalm, father, bra, spa, lager ...
ɔː	ɔ	13.	THOUGHT	taught, sauce, hawk, jaw, broad ...
əʊ	o	14.	GOAT	soap, joke, home, know, so, roll ...
uː	u	15.	GOOSE	loop, shoot, tomb, mute, huge, view ...
aɪ	aɪ	16.	PRICE	ripe, write, arrive, high, try, buy ...
ɔɪ	ɔɪ	17.	CHOICE	adroit, noise, join, toy, royal ...
aʊ	aʊ	18.	MOUTH	out, house, loud, count, crowd, cow ...
ɪə	ɪ(r)	19.	NEAR	beer, sincere, fear, beard, serum ...
ɛə	ɛ(r)	20.	SQUARE	care, fair, pear, where, scarce, vary ...
ɑː	ɑ(r)	21.	START	far, sharp, bark, carve, farm, heart ...
ɔː	ɔ(r)	22.	NORTH	for, war, short, scorch, born, warm ...
ɔː	o(r)	23.	FORCE	four, wore, sport, porch, story ...
ʊə	u(r)	24.	CURE	poor, tourist, pure, plural, jury ...

⁶ Wells's symbols for this set are in fact /ɜː/ and /ɜr/. In order to use as few symbols as possible I have substituted /ə/ for /ɜ/, 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 *nit* 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 /i/ 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 /i/ 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 -*en* 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 /ən/, 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 /mɪn/.

7.1.7 Loss of final /ð/ in *with* (shown by the frequent spelling *wi*’) leads to raising of /ɪ/ to /i/ and possibly lengthening to /i:/ (see 8.13.2).

7.1.8 Loss of /v/ in *give* (shown by the spelling *gi’e*) leads to raising and lengthening of /ɪ/ to /i:/ (see 8.15.1).

7.1.9 I take the pronunciation of the stressed syllable in the word *spirit* to be /spəɪr/ irrespective of the spelling (*spurrit*, *spirit*, or *speret*), {and of that in *squirrel* (spelled thus or *squerrel*) to be /skwəɪr/}.

7.1.10 The pronunciation of *women* may be /wəmm/ or /wɒmm/.

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,” /e/ 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 /ɒ/. I have assumed an intermediate pronunciation between the two, i.e. /ɑ/.

{*Rattle* (always so spelled) may appear to be a form of *rattle*, like *ȝot* 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 *rotelen* to rattle, to clatter, to breathe laboriously, to wheeze.” We may take it, accordingly, that the vowel in *rottle* is /ɒ/, not /ɑ/. Similarly with *yoppèn* (‘yapping’): *EDD* records spellings with *o* and pronunciations with /ɒ/ in several SW counties, including Dorset.}

7.3.3 Spelling and rhyme evidence show that in Barnes’s poems the verb *carry* becomes /kɑɪr/, with loss of final /i/ and lengthening of the vowel to /ɑ:/.

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 /ɒ/ in RP (excluding those that belong in the CLOTH set, 7.8 below) and /ɑ/ 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 /ɒ/, in spite of the general unrounding in the SW to /ɑ/. 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 *yollow* in the modified form of the dialect). As with *gnat* and *sat* in 7.3.2 I assume that the vowel is /ɑ/, intermediate between /a/ and /ɒ/.

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 /hʌv/ as an alternative to /hɒv/ for the stressed syllable, we may take it as a full rhyme on the sound /ʌvəl/.}

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 /ʊ/, 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 *buz̥zom* in 1844), *self* (frequently spelled *z̥uf*, especially in *myz̥uf*, 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 /ə/ (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 /u:/ 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-mâid o' the farm” and “Looks a-know'd avore”) may suggest /mō:v/ as an alternative for *move*}; but *drove*, *grove* and *rove* 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 /əu/ 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 /əu/ (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, /dʒʌst/. 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 /sɪʃ/. In later editions, however, *such* is also frequently used, suggesting that /sʌʃ/ 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: /u:n/, /wu:n/, and (as in RP) /wʌn/. 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, *mwone* in the modified form of the dialect) and its use in rhyme suggest different development in the dialect, the likely pronunciation being /nuʌn/ or /nuən/. 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 /narn/.

7.5.9 For *among* (RP /əməŋ/) 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 /ʊ/ in both RP and GenAm. Most words belonging to this set can be expected to have /ʊ/ in Barnes's poems, just as in RP. The following additional points should be noted:

7.6.1 Some words that have /ʊ/ 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 /ʊ/ as in RP.

7.6.2 Some words with /u:/ in RP have /ʊ/ in Barnes's poems, e.g. *food*, *mood*, and *moot* ('tree-stump'). {The rhyme *mood* / *a-woo'd* in the refrain of "Meäry wedded" suggests, however, that RP /mu:d/ is an acceptable alternative for *mood*.}

7.6.3 Some words with /u:/ in RP may have either /ʊ/ or /u:/ in Barnes's poems, e.g. *shoot*, rhyming with *foot* and *soot* as well as with *flute*.

7.6.4 Some words with /ʊ/ in RP may have either /ʊ/ 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 /ʊ/, 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, /lɔ:k/.

7.7 The BATH set

The BATH set (Wells, 2.2.7) contains words with a stressed syllable that has the vowel /ɑ:/ 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*, *calf*, *laugh*, *last*, etc. The pronunciation of words in the BATH set in Barnes's poems is strikingly varied, from /ɑ:/ to /ja:/ to /ɛ:/.

7.7.1 The pronunciation of the vowel in the BATH set in Barnes's poems is likely to be /ɑ:/, further forward than RP /ɑ:/.

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 /ɑ:/, 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 /ja:/ (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 *fāther*, father; *lafe*, laugh; *a’ter*, after; *bāfe*, half. The author has in this case marked it *ā*” (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 *lēste* 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 /ɛ:/ (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 /ɔ/. 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 /ɑ/.

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 /hɒs/.

7.8.5 The word *soft* belongs in this set, with (presumably) the normal pronunciation /sɒft/. 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 /ə:/ 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 /ə:/, as in RP, but the following /r/ is also sounded (see 8.8.1), yielding /ər̩/.

7.9.2 The survival of the /ər̩/ 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*, *sarch*, *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” {supported by that of *yearn* / *vern* / *burn* in “Trees be company”, 5–8} suggests, however, that in his own day Barnes regarded /ər̩/ in *earn* as an acceptable alternative to /ər/, in spite of the 1844 spelling *yarn*. {Similarly both rhyme and spelling in *hurt* / *smert* in “Pity”, 11–13, suggest /ər̩/ rather than /ər/ in *smert* ‘smart’ (*v*).}

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 *ear*.

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 /ə:r/, 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):

- a) /ə:rs/ becomes /ɛs/ in *verse* (spelled *vess* or *ve’sè*);
- b) /ə:rs/ becomes /u:s/ in *worse* (spelled *woose* or *woo’sè*);
- c) /ə:rst/ becomes /ʌst/ in *burst*, *first*, *nursed*, *worst* (spelled *bust*, *vust* or *rus’t*, *nuss’d*, *wust*);
- d) /ə:rθ/ beomes /ɛθ/ in *earth*, *birth*, *mirth* (spelled *eth*, *beth*, *meth* or *e’tb*, *be’tb*, *me’tb*);
- e) /ə:rθ/ beomes /ʋθ/ (or /ʌθ/) in *worth* (usually spelled *woth* or *wo’tb*, though entered as *wuth* in the expanded Glossary of 1847);
- f) /ə:rz/ becomes /ʌz/ in *furze* (spelled *mʌzʒ*).

7.9.6 The vowel in *heard* may be /ə:r/ as in StE (or /jə:r/, with the stress on the second element, when *heard* is spelled *heärd*), or /iər/ (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 /mə: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* (*heat*, *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* (*conceit*, *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 /bɪn/, /bɪn/, or /bɪn/. The pronoun *be* will normally be /hi:/, but the unstressed form, 'e, is /ə/ (Diss. §19). One may reasonably posit also a semi-stressed form in /i:/ or /i/.

7.10.2 Barnes consistently spells *chime* and *shine* with *ee* (see Diss., §23), and the pronunciation with /i:/ is confirmed by rhyme.

7.10.3 Most words that had /ɛ:/ in ME (generally now spelled with *ea*) have developed /i:/ in RP, so that *meat*, *sea*, 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 /i:/; but some words spelled with *ea* and pronounced with /i:/ in RP are pronounced in other ways in Barnes's poems; a number of them appear to fluctuate between /i:/ 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 *bæver*, *dram*..." That is to say, in Barnes's dialect the highest long front vowel, /i:/, 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 /e:/ (often indicated by the spelling *ēa* or *ē*), but Barnes's practice in both spelling and rhyme suggests that pronunciations with /i:/ and /e:/ were both acceptable in his dialect. Accordingly I transcribe the vowel in words spelled with *ea* in StE as /e:/ when Barnes spells it with *ēa* or *ē*, but otherwise as /i:/. {Where, however, words with *ēa* are rhymed with words having *ea* or *ee*, as in *plēase* / *vleas* in "Bob the fiddler" and *ēase* / *trees* in "Evemèn in the village" (both in 1844), I transcribe both words with /i:/. But *ease* is also spelled *yease* in "The Church an' happy Zunday" (1844), indicating initial /j/; and several times in 1879 it's spelled *eäse*, and rhymed with words that have the sound /iə/. There appear to be several possible pronunciations for *ease*: /i:z/, /e:z/, and /iəz/, with or without initial /j/ in each case.}

7.10.5 The spelling *ē* appears in 1844 not only in words spelled with *ea* in StE but also in a small number of other words with /i:/ or /ε/: *bēn't* (be not, i.e. 'are not'); *crēp* (creep); *mēsh(y)*, *marshy* (moss, mossy, from OE *meos*, see OED †*mese*, *n.*¹); *nēsh* (nesh, i.e. 'soft, tender'). In all these instances the vowel is presumably /e:/.

7.10.6 The verb *drive* is almost always spelled *drēve* in 1844 and 1847 (thereafter usually *dreve*), indicating that it has /e:/.

7.10.7 Other commentators also note the preference for /e:/ over /i:/ in SW dialects in many words that have /i:/ in StE.

7.10.8 A handful of words in 1844 are spelled with *eä*: *afeärd*, *beäns*, *beänhan'* (bear in hand, i.e. 'think, believe'), *beäs* (beasts), *beät*, *bleät*, *cheäke(s)*, *cleän*, *deäl*, *feäst*, *geät(e)* (gate), *heärd*, *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(ën)*, 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 *beat* in his dialect poems as *bet* and rhymes it with words ending in /ɛt/; the vowel is thus clearly not the /i:/ of StE but /ɛ/.

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 /i:p/ and *meet* on /i:t/, *week* is rhymed on both /i:k/ and /ɪk/. The rhymes on /ɪk/ are kept in later editions, even when *week* is respelled as in StE. The logical conclusion is that in these words pronunciations with /i:/ and /ɪ/ were both acceptable in Barnes's dialect. In transcribing these words, accordingly, I use /i(:)/ when the spelling is with *ee*, and /ɪ/ 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 /si:m/ when it rhymes on the sound /i:m/, /si(:)m/ when the spelling is *seem* outside rhyme, and /sɪm/ 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 *cēace*, in contrast to the StE form, which is from Anglian *cēce*. Barnes's consistent avoidance of the spelling *cheek* confirms that vowel is never /i:/; his favoured spelling, with *eä*, implies that the pronunciation will always be /iə/ (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 *eä*. Nowhere, in spite of its usual

StE spelling, does *weak* rhyme with a word that has, indisputably, the vowel /i:/ as in RP. Since /i:/ cannot be conclusively ruled out, however, the possible pronunciations appear to be /we:k/, with the Dorset *ē* (see 7.10.4), /wi:k/, as in the rhymes with *cheäke*, and /wi:k/, 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/, /pini/, and /pini:/, 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 /pə:mi/ (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 /eɪ/, 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* (*biake*, *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 /jɛ/.

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 *beäne*) and *bean* (always *beän*), *lane* (1844 *liane*, later editions *leäne*) 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 (/ɛ/ 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-glide following the initial /i(:)/; 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 /bjən/ 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 /jɛ/. *Gate* (spelled *giate*, *ghiate*, *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 /jɛ/; 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 /jɛ/. *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 *reed* and *reed* (/i:/), *homestead* (/ɛ/), and *shade* (/jɛ/), suggesting three possible pronunciations for *mead*: /miəd/, /mi:d/, and /mjɛd/.

7.11.4 The rhyming of *again* (spelled *agen*, *ageän*, *agiën*, or *agaen*) with words ending in both *-en* and *-ane* may suggest that *again* has the same two

pronunciations in the dialect as in StE, /əɡɛn/ and /əɡɛm/. But the rhymes with words in *-ane* are on /jɛn/ (see 7.11.1–2); *again* is not rhymed with words ending in *-ain*, which would have the sound /æm/. The possible pronunciations of *again* in Barnes’s dialect are /əɡɛn/ and /əɡjɛn/ (the same rhyme sound, with or without an introductory *i*-glide).

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 *eä* (*eäble*, *eäche*, etc.). Barnes’s two spellings of *acorns* in 1844 (*yacors* and *yakkers*, both replaced by *eäcorns* in later editions), suggest two possible pronunciations, /jekərz/ and /jakərz/.

7.11.6 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*, *hay*, *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*, *mâid*, *pâid*, *vâin*, *nâighbour*, *prây*.” In later editions *ai* and *aj* are substituted for *âi* and *ây* (*Mayj*, *hajj*, *maïd*, *païd*, *vâin*, *naïghbour*, etc.). Barnes’s description of the diphthong as a combination of /a:/ + /i:/ (or, with short vowels, /a/ + /i/ = /ai/) makes it sound very similar to the /ai/ diphthong of RP *high*, *pride*, *cry*, etc. In current recordings of Barnes’s poems read by conservative dialect speakers, however, the diphthong sounds closer to the /æɪ/ of Cockney *mate* or Australian *G’day*. I transcribe the diphthong in this group, accordingly, as /æɪ/.

The inclusion of *plait* in this subset, as implied by the spelling *plaited* (/plæɪtɪd/) 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.

{The pronunciation of *aye* in Barnes's poems is uncertain. *OED* distinguishes between *aye* 'ever' (RP /eɪ/ or /aɪ/), from ON *ei*, *ey*, and *aye* 'yes' (RP /aɪ/ as in *I*, *eye*, etc.), of unknown origin. The rhyme of *aye* 'ever' with *away* in "The geäte a-vallén to" suggests /e:/ or /æɪ/ in Barnes's dialect for the former (see 7.11.8); that of *aye* 'yes' with *paɪ* in line 21 of "Bleäke's house in Blackmwore" suggests /æɪ/ as in the first paragraph of this entry for the latter. I transcribe both words as /æɪ/.}

7.11.7 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 *why*, 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 /g/ 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*, *ā*, *ae*, *āe*, *a*, and *ē* (*clā*; *da*, *dā*, *dae*, *dāe*; *lāe*, *lae*; *zā*, *zāe*; *grē* (in *grēgole* 'bluebell', later respelled *grægle*); and *whē*; for *way* see 7.11.8); except in very rare instances they are not spelled with *āy* (1844) or *ay* (later editions) and do not rhyme with words so spelled, discussed in 7.11.6. Barnes notes that *day* and *why* have the Dorset *ē* (1886 *Glossary*, p. 3), and I normally therefore transcribe the vowel in this group of words as /e:/ (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 /de:/, /fe:/ and /dæɪ/, /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 *zēd*, *zaid*, or *zaid*) 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 /ed/.

The current pronunciation of *key* in StE, with /i:/, 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 pron[unciation] 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 *ē*, /e:/. But they are occasionally spelled with *aj* in later editions and frequently rhymed with words from the *May*, *hay* subset in 7.11.6, showing that, like *day* and *gay*, 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 /əɪ/ (see further 7.17.1, 7.17.4). We thus have three pronunciations for the vowel of *way* and *away* in Barnes’s poems: /e:/, /æɪ/, and /əɪ/.

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 *aj*, *aj*, 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 *ālwiz* in line 8 of the 1844 version of “The milk-mâid o’ the farm”. Here the vowel in the second syllable may be /ɪ/, 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*, *thēy*, *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 stuone” (in 1844 and 1847 only), all 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 /ðe:/.

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 *girt* (/gə:rt/, see 7.9.4 above).

7.11.12 Words derived from French containing the sequence *a* + nasal consonant (*angel*, *chamber*, *change*, *danger*, *strange*, and *stranger*) form a separate subset. In 1844 Barnes spells these words consistently with *a* + double consonant: *anngel*, *chammer*, *channg*, *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-èn upzides wi’ Tom”. I transcribe all words in this subset (except *Grange*) with /a/, thus /andʒəl/, /tʃamər/, 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 /grɛ:ndʒ/ (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 *eä* 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 /ɑ:/ in RP and /ɑ/ 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*, *hab*, and *hurrah*.

7.12.1 There is no reason to suppose that the stressed vowel in *palm*, *calm*, *hab*, 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. /ɑ:/ (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 /ɔ:/ 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* (*taught, caught, daughter*, etc.), *aw+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 /ɒ/ 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 *ā*, as *val*, in some parts *val*, *fall*; *jā*, *jaw*; *strā*, *straw*: though *brought* becomes *brote*, and *fought* becomes diphthongal, *foüght*, 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 /ɔ:/ 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 /ɔ:l/ 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* (*hal*, *spra'l*, etc.); occasionally he uses the spelling *âl* (as in *squâl* / *crâl* in the 1844 version of “Hây-miakèn”); sometimes he indicates the alternative pronunciation with *ā* noted in 7.13 above. I take the *ā* spelling to denote /ɛ:/ as in *fāther*, 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 /ɔ:l/, the likelihood must be that Barnes’s spellings with *al*, *a'l*, and *âl* indicate the unrounded pronunciation /a:l/. Accordingly I transcribe the sound in this group as /ɔ:l/ where Barnes uses the StE spelling in 1844, as /a:l/ where the spelling is *al* or *a'l* (as normally in 1844), and as /ɛ:l/ 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 /a:l/ to /a:/, the whole word being pronounced /a:mo:st/ when there is some stress on the second syllable, /a:məst/ 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'ke*, *ā'ke*, or *a'ke*, implying /ɛ:k/, but occasionally with *a'k*, implying /a:k/, or

auk, implying /ɔ:k/. Words in this subset rhyme only with other words from the same subset.

7.13.3 The subset containing words with *au*(+C) or *aw*(+C) 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 /ɛ:/, with the variants *dra* and *la'* in *draw* and *law* suggesting the alternative /a:/. Barnes's contribution to *EEP* has proto-RP /ɔ:/ in *law* but /ɛ:/ 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 /a:/, 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 /dɛ:k/.}

7.13.4 Barnes's spelling of *because* in 1844 (always *bekiaze* or *bekiase*, 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 /ɛ:/ sound of *a+C+e* (see 7.11.1). My transcription is thus always /bikjɛ:z/.

7.13.5 The spelling *auht* 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 *-auht* 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 /ɔ:t/. In *daughter*, however, Barnes's spellings in 1844, *daeter*, *dāter*, and *dā'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 woldest daeter", show that his normal pronunciation in the dialect of the Blackmore Vale was /dɛ:tər/, with /ɛ:/ 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 /ɛ:/ 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 /ɔ:/ 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 /ɔ:/.

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 /o:/ as opposed to RP /ɔ:/.

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 *ought*: they are pronounced with /ɔ:t/.
- b) *brought* may be spelled *brought* (in which form it rhymes frequently with *thought*): its pronunciation in this case is /brɔ:t/. But it may also be spelled *brote* (the preferred spelling in 1844), or *brōte*, or *bro’t* (in one of which forms it rhymes with *throat* and *smote*): in these instances the pronunciation is /brɔ:t/, 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’t*: like *brought*, therefore, it may be pronounced with either /ɔ:t/ or /ɔ:t/.
- c) *fought* is spelled *foüght* or *fönght*; it rhymes only with words in *-out*, bearing out Barnes’s comment that it becomes diphthongal. The diphthong is not, however, RP /aʊ/ but Blackmore Vale /əʊ/ (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 /əʊ/ (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 /əʊ/ 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*, *sloe*), *o+C+e* (*rope*, *home*), *ol* (*old*, *roll*), *oul* (*soul*, *moult*), *ow* (*know*, *own*), *ough* (*though*), etc.

This sound was not a diphthong in proto-RP, but remained a pure vowel, /o:/. Of words in this set Barnes remarks, “The third long sound of *o* and *oa* of English words such as *bold*, *cold*, *fold*, *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*, *biuot*, *ciuot*” (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 /o:/. 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 *uo* or *wo* suggest rather that the second element of the diphthong is /o(ː)/, and that of *stone* with *shone* suggests that it is /ɒ/. In his other grammars, moreover, Barnes gives different descriptions of the sound. In the 1863 *Grammar* (p. 14) it is a combination of /uː/ as in *food* and /oː/ as in *rope* (if both elements are long), or /uo/ (if both elements are short). In the 1886 *Glossary* (p. 14), on the other hand, it is a combination of /uː/ as in *food* and /əː/ as in *earth*, or /uə/ (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 /uə/, 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 (*uo* 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 *uo* 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 /əʊld/ and /əʊk/. Accordingly I transcribe all internal occurrences of the diphthong in Barnes’s poems as /uə/; in initial position, however, I use /(w)uə/ 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/ (*vwold* and *twold*). Barnes’s spelling implies the pronunciation /gu:ld/; his rhymes, on the other hand, imply /guəld/. There is evidently some latitude. I transcribe both words with /u:/ except for the two instances of /uə/ 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 ò'm noo harm*" (1844, my italics). Similarly Barnes distinguishes between *so* (/sə/ or /so:/, according to emphasis, 'to this extent') and *zoo* (/zu:/ '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 *gooèn*; in his poems, however, the spelling is always *gwâin* (1844 and 1847) or *gwain* (later editions), i.e. /gwæm/ (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-smilèn as fresh as a rrose, / 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, /go:z/.

7.14.8 There is nothing to indicate that words ending in *-ow* pronounced /əʊ/ in RP do not normally have the expected proto-RP monophthong, /o:/. In the unstressed second syllable of a disyllable, however, this is generally weakened to /əɾ/, 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*." {Although /r/ is normally retained in the dialect (see 8.8.1), Barnes's spelling in the 1844 poems shows that in unstressed endings such as this it may be lost (e.g. in *narra* and *arra* for *narrow* and *arrow* in "Eclogue: Viairies"). The safest transcription is accordingly /ə[r]/. The past tense of verbs with short *o* in the first syllable, however, is different again. In 1844 Barnes

consistently spells the ending of the past tense of *follow* and *hollow* ('shout') -*ied* or -*eed*, indicating the pronunciations /vɒlid/ and /hɒlid/.}

7.14.9 The words ending in *o* or *oe* listed in 7.14.6 appear to be the only ones with the vowel /u:/. There is no reason to suppose that other words with this spelling (*echo*, *foe*, *woe*, etc.) do not have proto-RP /o:/, and rhymes with stressed -*ow* confirm that their vowel is /o:/.

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 *anver* 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 /o:/. was acceptable in the Blackmore Vale; but the complete consistency of the spelling *auver* in 1844 shows that the preferred pronunciation was /ɔ:/.}

7.14.11 For *drove*, *grove*, and *rove* 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 liazy sloth, / Zomebody is a-fuoss'd to tiake thy zwath / An' ted a hafe woy back to help thee out") shows that the pronunciation for Barnes was with short *o*, /slɒθ/.

{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 /do:nt/. *Won't*, in contrast, is frequently spelled *noon't*; I take it that the pronunciation is /wu(:)nt/.}

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* (*beauty*), *ue* (*due, blue*), *eu* (*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 *den, fen, 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 *tuèn*, in both 1844 and later editions. It occurs in rhyme once only, rhyming not with the sound /u:n/ but with *a-doèn* (/ədu:ən/) in "Gammony Gay." 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 *tuèn* is disyllabic. Assuming that the yod is retained, the pronunciation will be /tju:ən/.

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); /ʊ/ in *moot* 'tree-stump', *food* and *mood* (see 7.6.2); /ʊ/ or /u:/ in *shoot* (see 7.6.3).

7.15.4 A few words with /əʊ/ 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 /aɪ/, in both RP and GenAm. The StE spellings of words in this set include *I* (the pronoun), *i*+C+*e* (*hide*, *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 /aɪ/, with a more central starting point than the /aɪ/ 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 /əɪ/ (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 /əɪ/.

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 /əɪər/. Thus *fire*, with voiced initial *f*- (see 8.3.1) and audible *r* is in Barnes's poems /vəɪər/. 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 /əɪ/, as in 7.16.1.

7.16.5 In a number of words with /aɪ/ in RP Barnes’s spelling and rhymes show that the diphthong is replaced by /ɪ/. Notable amongst these words are *climb*, usually spelled *clim* or *clim’* and always rhymed with words in *-im*; also *like* (almost always spelled *lik’* in 1844 when it occurs as an adverb or in the past tense of the verb) and *strike* (usually *strike* or *stricke*), both rhymed with words in *-ick*. Barnes appears to make a clear distinction between *lik’* (adverb and past tense) and *like* (infinitive, always spelled *like* in 1844, implying the usual diphthong, /əɪ/). In view of Barnes’s clear preference in his poems I transcribe all these words (except *like*, infinitive) with /ɪ/. (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. /vli:/ and /vli:z/. 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 /e:/ in *drive* see 7.10.6.

7.16.9 I have assumed that *by* (normally /bəɪ/) 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(ə)ɪ/.

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 /kɫʌm/.

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 “Naighbour playmeātes” 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 *fȳst*). But some of the 16th- and 17th-century spellings of *grist* recorded there (*greest*, *greist*, and *griest*) suggest the survival of ME *ī* into the MnE period. Since there is no pattern of half-rhyme in “Naighbour playmeātes,” it is reasonable to assume a full rhyme between *heist* (‘hoist’) and *grist*, with the *ī* 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 /gr̥ɪst/ rather than /grɪst/.

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-leävèn fāther 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 ("Līne") 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 /əɪ/, hence /ləɪn/.

7.17 The CHOICE set

The CHOICE set contains words with a stressed syllable that has the diphthong /ɔɪ/ 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*, *pnwison*) 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. /əɪ/ (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 *ái* (1844) or *aï* (later editions); evidently they have the same diphthong as the subset *maid*, *paid*, *vein*, etc., that is, /æɪ/ (see 7.11.6).

7.17.3 The spelling of *joy* and its derivatives varies between *oy*, as in StE, and *ây* or *aj* in Barnes's poems, and it is rhymed both with *boy* (see 7.17.4) and with words from the *May*, *hay* subset (see 7.11.6), showing that the diphthong varies between /əɪ/ and /æɪ/.

7.17.4 Unlike Jennings, who spells *boys* with *ay* (in *bways*, rh. *ways*), Barnes always uses *oy* 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 *oy* in *boy*, not vice versa. The logical conclusion is that the diphthong in *boy* is stable (pronounced /əɪ/, as described in 7.17.1), whereas that of the rhyme words in *ay*, *ây* or *aj* 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 /əu/, very similar to that in current RP *know*.

7.18.2 In the sequences *our* and *over* (as in *hour* and *flower*) the diphthong becomes a triphthong, as in StE. The pronunciation in Barnes's poems will accordingly be /əuəɪ/, 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 /əu/.

7.18.4 A few words with the vowel /ʌ/ in StE have instead the /əu/ 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 /iə/ in RP (with or without a following /r/) and /ɪr/ 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 /iə/ 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 /aɪə/ (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 /jɛr/. The spelling *yers* for *ears* in the 1844 version of "Uncle an' ānt" and the rhyming of *year* with *stir* and *Hazelbur* (/hazəlɒr/, 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, *heard*, belongs in the NURSE set. Rhyme evidence shows that in Barnes’s poems (in which it is usually, but not always, spelled *beärd*) it may have /əɪr/, /jəɪr/ 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 /æɪr/ 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* (*Mary*, *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 /ɛə/ in RP have /ɛ:əɪr/ or /ɛər/ in both Elworthy’s records for West Somerset (*DWS*, §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 *-eäir* 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. /jɛər/.

7.20.3 Barnes's habitual spelling of *where* in 1844 is *wher*, 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 /ɛər/, 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 /ɛər/ 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 /jɛ/ (see 7.11.1).

7.20.5 Barnes's normal spellings of the word *air* itself are *äir* (1844) and *aïr* (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 *praj'r*, in "The leädy's tower" and "The echo"). It is reasonable to

deduce from this evidence that the vowel in *air* is /æɪ/ (see 7.11.6) with following /r/, giving the complete word the sound /æɪr/. Occasional instances of the spelling *aiër* suggest, however, that pronunciation with a triphthong, /æɪər/, is also possible (cf. *fire*, 7.16.2). {An alternative explanation might be that *air* is always a triphthong, irrespective of how it is spelled, and that, like other triphthongs such as *ire* and *our*, it may be pronounced as either one syllable or two as the rhythm requires.}

7.20.6 The spelling -*âir* and/or -*air* also occurs occasionally in *fair*, *chair* and *stair*. Since, however, the forms *chair* (in “The vierzide chairs”) and *feair* (in “The surprise”) both rhyme with *there*, we may reasonably take it that the spellings with -*âir* and -*air* are oversights, and that these words are all pronounced with final /ɛər/.

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 /wɛər/ but /waɪr/, 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 /ɑ:/ in RP in final position or followed by a consonant (/ɑ:r/ when final -*r* is followed by a vowel) and /ɑr/ 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 /ɑ:r/ (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, *ëär* in later editions, thus *g(h)iarden*, *kiard*, *piart*, and *geärden*, *ceärd*, *peärt*), shows that they form a subset in which an introductory *i*-glide gives rise to the sequence /jaɪr/. 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* (/kja:rd/ with an introductory *i*-glide) from that in *cart* (/ka:rt/ 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 /iə/ sequence of the NEAR set, beside /gja:rdən/ (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’ zoo wi’ his snout”), and that *beärd* 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* or *he’tb*) and rhyme show that in Barnes’s poems it is /hæθ/, not /ha:rθ/, 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 /a:r/ 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 *eärm* in later editions) shows that it is preceded by an introductory *i*-glide, resulting in the sequence /ja:r/ (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 (/ɔ:r/ 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 /or/” (p. 159): *or, for, corn, horse, storm, war, warm, 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, barn, marnen, 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 in 7.22.4) will have the START sequence, /aɪr/, 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, horn, lord, morn(ing), mortal, mortar, nor, northern, or, orchard, scorn, short, snort, sort, storm, story, thorn* (1844: *cardráy, cark, carn, carner, var, farfeit, vargit, vargi’e, fark, varlarn, farmer, varsiake, barn, lard, marn(en), martal, martar, nar, narthern, ar, archet, scarn, shart, snart, sart, starm, starry, tharn*). Accordingly I transcribe the *or* sequence in all such words as /aɪr/.

{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 /a(:)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 (/uəɹ/).}

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 /aɪr/ in his poems, as shown by rhymes such as *warm / harm* and *swarm / farm*.

7.22.3 When particles such as *for*, *or*, and *nor* are stressed, they will have the expected sequence, /aɪ/, 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 /aɪ/ is reduced to /aɪ/ or /əɪ/, 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 *ors* or *orth* in StE pronounced /ɔ:s/, /ɔ:θ/ 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 *o* in the sequences /ɒs/ and /ɒθ/. This is evident from Barnes’s spellings: *boss* or *bo’sse* for *horse* (*passim*), and *no’tb* for *north* (in “The shep’erd bwoy,” though *North* is retained in proper names; and contrast *narthern* or *northern* with voiced /ð/ preceded by /aɪ/ in “The blackbird” and other poems). The pronunciation with /ɒs/ is confirmed by rhymes for *horse*, always with words ending in *-oss*. As with *horse* so with *Dorset*: in spite of the popular perception that to its inhabitants the county is /da:rzət/, Barnes in his poems always uses the spelling *Do’set*. The inescapable conclusion is that for Barnes the county was /dɒsət/.

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 /aɪ/ or /aɪ/ rather than /aɪ/ for /ɔ(ː)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 /ɔ:/ in RP (/ɔr/ when followed by a vowel) and /or/ in GenAm, “or rather in that variety of GenAm that retains the opposition between /ɔr/ and /or/” (p. 160): *ford*, *porch*; *before*, *bore*, *more*; *boar*, *hoarse*; *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 *ō* (/o:/) 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 /uə/ (/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 /əuər/, like *flower*, *hour*, etc. (see 7.18.2). This accords with Barnes’s report for Winterborne Came in *EEP*, where *four* is transcribed as /vəuər/ (cwl 420). It is not clear whether *four* has an alternative pronunciation, /vuər/, or *door* an alternative, /dəuər/, either of which would allow an exact rhyme, or whether the rhyme is in this instance only approximate.

7.23.3 The rhyming of *hour* 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/, /kuər/) is rhymed with a MOUTH word (/ə:uər/), 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 *vlour* or *vlou’r*), its pronunciation with /ə:uər/ 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, /o:/ (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 /lɔ:r/ rather than /lɔ:ər/. This would permit an exact rhyme with /əvɔ:r/, 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 (/mɑ:rnən/) belonging to the NORTH set (see 7.22.1), as in the “marnen zun” of “The Spring” (1844), the latter (/muərənən/) 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 /mə:rn/, 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’sè” (later editions) cuckoo of “I got two yields,” 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’s’e” 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 /kʊs/.

7.24 The CURE set

The CURE set (Wells, 2.2.24) contains words with “the stressed vowel /ʊə/ in conservative RP” (“now increasingly being replaced by /ɔ:/”) “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 *do er* (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 /ʃu:ər/ for *sure* in Barnes’s contribution to *EEP* (cs clause 4), and would make an exact rhyme with *do er* (/dʊ: ər/); but since the difference is insufficient to prevent the rhyme with *more* (/muər/), it makes sense to use for CURE words the transcription /u(:)ər/.

7.24.2 The pronoun *your* is frequently unstressed, and this is sometimes shown in 1844 in the spellings *yer* and *yar* (all replaced by StE *your* in later editions). Whenever the word is unstressed, irrespective of its spelling, I take it that the pronunciation is /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 *C*

As shown by Barnes's spelling of *cuckoo* (invariably *gookoo*, in both early and late editions) /k/ is occasionally voiced to /g/. For the reverse process see 8.4.2 below.

8.2 *D*

8.2.1 "An open palate letter is sometimes substituted for a close one, *r* for *d* ... as *parrick*, a paddock" (Diss., §39); in phonemic terms /r/ replaces /d/ in some words, as shown by Barnes's spelling, *parrick* (early) or *parrock* (later editions).

8.2.2 "*d*, after *n*, as in *an'*, and; *boun'*, bound; *groun'*, ground; *roun'*, round; *soun'*, sound; is commonly thrown out, as it is after *l*: as in *veel*, for field" (Diss., §30). 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 /i:l/. 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 pleäces") 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/, /nd/, /l/, or /ld/ 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 “latber” that plays such an important part in “What Dick an’ I done” and the “blatbers” 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 /ɔːtʃəd/, as in RP); since, however, Barnes retains the rhyme with *sarch it* (in spite of respelling *orchard* as *orcha’t*), we may reasonably assume that the pronunciation is still /ɑːrtʃət/.

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*, *veed*, *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’t*, *o’s*, *o’m*). Barnes’s preferred spelling of these combinations in 1844 is with *ō*’ (*ō’n*, *ō’t*, *ō’s*, *ō’m*), showing that the *o* is lengthened. I accordingly transcribe it as /o:/ 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 *ghieme*, *ghiarden*, and *ghirt*, may appear at first sight to suggest aspiration after initial /g/; more probably, however, the *h* 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 *-èn*. 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 Giltcup. 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 *wh*- (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 *wh-* 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 *wh-* 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 *hwey*, whey. *hwarf*, wharf. *hwing*, 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 *all* words with *wh-*; 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 *wh-*, 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 *b-*, 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; *auvernhelem*, overwhelm; *helem*, 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 /*eləm*/ (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 “Fäir 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 /*el*m/. 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 äir 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(ə)n*/ may develop into the consonant cluster /*bm*/ via the intermediate stage /*v(ə)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:bəm/) from *even* via *ev(e)m* (/i:vəm/), together with *elebm*, *habm*, *heabm*, *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 *evemen* in 1844, replaced by *evenèn* in later editions) suggests that his preferred pronunciation of this word (in his poems, at least) is /i:vmən/.

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* (/rɒbəm/) 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* (o:pən) is likely to become /o:bən/ or /o:bəm/ (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 /o:bən/.

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*, *hear*, 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 *girt* 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 *perty* or *pretty*; I take it, however, that the pronunciation is always /pɛ:rti/, and that of *great* always /gɛ:rt/.

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 *-/ə:rdəl/*), 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 channg 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’ mǎidens out at door”). It seems clear, then, that Barnes decided not to portray the characteristic SW *-/ə:rdəl/* for *-/ə:rl/* in later editions of his poems. We are left, then, with several possible pronunciations for words in this subset: *-/ə:rdəl/* (as in 1844), *-/ə:rl/* (as in StE), and *-/ʌ:rəl/* or *-/ə:rəl/* (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 (cwl 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*, *vuʒʒ*, *nuss’d*, *meth*, *eth*, *beth*, *woth*” (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 /hr/, see 8.5.2.

{8.8.7 Loss of /r/ before final /d/ in an unstressed syllable is shown in the spellings *archet* and *orcha’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 *S*

8.9.1 “*S* before a vowel often but not universally becomes in Dorset its smooth kinsletter *ʒ*, making sand, *ʒand*; sap, *ʒeap*; send, *ʒend*; set, *ʒet*; sick, *ʒick*; some, *ʒome*; sop, *ʒop*; and sun, *ʒun*” (Diss., §36; see §17 for Barnes’s explanation of the terms *rough* and *smooth*). To this may be added *s* before *w* (since there are many occurrences of *ʒw*-spellings—*ʒwath*, *ʒweat*, *ʒwell*, *ʒwing*, etc.), together with the plurals of *face* and *place* (-*ʒen* as opposed to -*ces*). 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 *ʒ*-spellings of affected words in later editions is much to be welcomed. {Nevertheless line 9 of “Early playmeäte” (“There wer zome things a-seemèn the seäme”) shows that the spelling is not always to be trusted, since the triple alliteration in the penultimate line of each stanza in this poem demands /s/ here rather than /z/ for *some*.}

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 *claps*; crisp, *crips*; 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* (/a:ks/). 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 *'tisen'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 *ʒure* 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. *Sbrill* 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 *sbrill*, 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 *sbrill* with loss of -r- but the more or less synonymous *shill* (from OE *scill* 'sonorous, sounding'; EDD, *shill*, *adj.*¹). But this is not certain: the form *shill* is abandoned in later editions; its three occurrences in the First Collection are all replaced by *sbrill*, and elsewhere the spellings *sh'ill* and *sbrill* 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 *thirtaiver*, 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 /ər/. *With* 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 /i:/.

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 /o:z/ (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 /klo:z/, 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 /gi:/ (as in *gi’e/he*, “Eclogue: Father come huome”).

8.15.2 For the sequence /v(ə)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 *null* but occasionally *will*, *'ool*, or *'ul(l)*, so that /wul/, /wil/, and /ul/ are all possible; *would* is variously *would*, *woud*, *won’d*, *wood*, *woo’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 /əðə:rt/, see 8.13.1); *somewhat* is variously *zome'bat*, *zome'at*, or *zummat*, all of which I take to be /zʌmət/.

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 /əi/ 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 *wh*- see 8.5.3.

8.17.2 Loss of medial *wh* 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 coortèn"); *tell ye* sounds like *telly* and rhymes with *belly* ("Eclogue:—The times"), and so on.

By the same author

The Complete Poems of William Barnes. (Ed. with K. K. Ruthven.) 3 vols. Oxford: Oxford UP, 2013–.

Six Eclogues from William Barnes's Poems of Rural Life in the Dorset Dialect (First collection, 1844) with phonemic transcripts and an audio recording from the 2010 Adelaide Fringe. Adelaide: Barr Smith Press, 2011.

William Barnes's Dialect Poems: A Pronunciation Guide. Adelaide & Provo: Chaucer Studio Press, 2010.

The Voices That Be Gone: Selected Poems from William Barnes's Poems of Rural Life in the Dorset Dialect (First collection, 1844) with phonemic transcripts and an audio recording from the 2009 Adelaide Fringe. Adelaide & Provo: Chaucer Studio Press, 2009.

Long Words Bother Me, with illustrations by Michael Atchison. Stroud, Glos: Sutton, 2004. (A revised and expanded reprint of *Words, Words, Words* and *Words in Your Ear*.)

Sichreke and Bokekus: A Parallel-Text Edition from Bodleian Library, MS Laud Misc. 559 and British Library, MS Lansdowne 793. 2 vols. *Early English Text Society*, 311 and 312. Oxford: Oxford UP, 1998–99.

Words in Your Ear, with illustrations by Michael Atchison. Adelaide: Wakefield Press, 1998.

Words, Words, Words, with illustrations by Michael Atchison. Adelaide: University Radio 5UV, 1995.

Electronic Index

This book is available as a free fully-searchable
ebook from

www.adelaide.edu.au/press

