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The Sound of William Barnes's Dialect Poems

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



by T. L. Burton



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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*.

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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
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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

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

DIPHTHONGS AND GLIDES

æɪ	as in Australian <i>g'day, mate</i>	jɛə	as in <i>yair</i>
iə	as in <i>fear</i>	uə	combines /u/ with /ə/
ɛə	as in <i>fair</i>	əɪ	between <i>buy</i> and <i>boy</i> , with a long first element
ja:	as in German <i>ja, Jahr</i>	əʊ	as in <i>know</i> , with a long first element
jɛ	as in <i>yet</i>		
jɛ:	as in German <i>jährlich</i>		

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, vor</i>)	va:r	var, vər
from	vrɒm	vrəm
ha' ('have')	ha	hə
he, 'e	(h)i:	ə
must	mʌs(t)	məs(t)
nor (<i>nar, nor</i>)	nar	nar, nər
or (<i>ar, 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	jɛ:r, jiər	jiər
you (<i>you, 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 *strâight*; *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 /kɑ:rn/, 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 /fæ:ðər/, 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 /ə:rdəl/, 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	WBPG ref
a /a/ agg, bag, drashel, lag, langth, stratch	a /a/ agg, bag, drashel, lag, langth, stratch	e /ɛ/ 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 /ɛ:tər/	after /ɛ:tər/	after /ɑ:ftər/	7.7.4
age /ɛ:dʒ/ cage, wages	age /ɛ:dʒ/ cage, wages	age /eɪdʒ/ cage, wages	7.11.13
agen, agiën, again /əgen/, /əqjɛn/	ageän /əqjɛn/	again /əgeɪn/, /əgen/	7.11.4
agoo /əgu:/	agoo /əgu:/	ago /əgəʊ/	7.14.6
âi /æɪ/ afraid, hâil, mâid, prâise, râin, strâight, tâil, trâin, wât	aï /æɪ/ afraid, hâil, mâid, prâise, râin, strâight, tâil, trâin, wât	ai /eɪ/ afraid, hail, maid, praise, rain, straight, tail, train, wait	7.11.6
âi /æɪ/ nâighbour, âight, wâight, vâil	aï /æɪ/ nâighbour, âight, wâight, vâil	ei /eɪ/ neighbour, eight, weight, veil	7.11.6
âir /æɪr/	aïr /æɪr/	air /eə/	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/, /ɑ: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’, âl, āl, all, āll /ɑ:l/, /ɛ:l/ al, al’, āl, cal, call, cāl, val, vall, vāl, hal, hall, smal, small, smāl, squal, sqâl, squāl	all /ɑ:l/ all, call, fall, hall, small, squall	all /ɔ:l/ all, call, fall, hall, small, squall	7.13.1
always, ālwiz /ɑ:lwe:z/, /ɛ:lwez/	always /ɑ:lwe:z/	always /ɔ:lweiz/	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/ annge, channge, dannger, strannge(r)	ange /andʒ/ ange, change, danger, strange(r)	ange /emdʒ/ ange, change, danger, strange(r)	7.11.12
ar /ɑ:r/ warm, swarm, toward	ar /ɑ:r/ warm, swarm, toward	ar /ɔ:/ warm, swarm, toward	7.22.2 8.8.1

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

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 /əvuəɾ/, /əvo:r/ 	avore /əvuəɾ/, /əvo:r/ 	afore /əfɔ:/	7.23.4 8.8.1
awoy /əwəi/ 	away (awoy) /əwe:/, /əwəi/ 	away /əweɪ/ 	7.11.8
ax /a:ks/ 	ax /a:ks/ 	ask /ɑ:sk/ 	8.9.2
ây /æi/ bây, gây, hây, mây, pây, plây, prây(er), sprây, stây, swây	aÿ /æi/ baÿ, gaÿ, haÿ, maÿ, paÿ, plaÿ, praÿ(er), spraÿ, staÿ, swaÿ	ay /ei/ 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 /ei/ clay, lay, say, grey, whey	7.11.7
beāt /biət/, /bjet/ 	beāt /biət/, /bjet/ 	beat /bit/ 	7.11.3
bekiaze, bekiaze /bikjɛ:z/ 	because /bikjɛ:z/ 	because /bɪkɔz/ 	7.13.4
bin, ben /bɪn/, /bɛn/ 	been (ben) /bɪn/, /bɛn/ 	been /bi:n/ 	7.10.1
bewar /biwɑ:r/ 	bewar /biwɑ:r/ 	beware /biwɛə/ 	7.20.7 8.8.1
beyand, beyond /bijand/ 	beyond (beyand) /bijand/ 	beyond /bijɔnd/ 	7.4
blather /blaðɚ/ 	blather /blaðɚ/ 	bladder /blædɚ/ 	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 /brɛ:k/, /brjɛk/	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 /kerdʒ/	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 /tʃembə/	7.11.12
cheäk /tʃiæk/	cheäk /tʃiæk/	cheek /tʃi:k/	7.10.13
cheem /tʃi:m/	cheem /tʃi:m/	chime /tʃam/	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 /klam/	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 /dɔːnt/	don't (dont) /dɔːnt/	don't /dəʊnt/	7.14.14
door /dʊər/, ?/dɔːər/	door /dʊər/, ?/dɔːər/	door /dɔː/	7.23.2 8.8.1
dr (<i>initial</i>) /dr/ drash, drashel, dreat, dree, droat, doo, drow, drush	dr (<i>initial</i>) /dr/ drash, drashel, dreat, dree, droat, doo, 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/, /jɛər/ /iər/, /jɛər/	ear (<i>final</i> or <i>medial</i>) /iər/ /iər/	ear (<i>final</i> or <i>medial</i>) /iə/ /iə/	7.19.3 8.5.5 8.8.1
yar (<i>initial</i>) /jɑr/ yarn, yarnest, yarbs	eär (<i>initial</i>) /jɑr/ eärn, eärnest, eärbs	ear, (h)er (<i>initial</i>) /ɛər/ earn, earnest, herbs	7.9.3
yer, ear (word) /jɛər/, /iər/	ear (word) /jɛər/, /iər/	ear (word) /iə/ /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 /i/, /i(:)/ kip, mit, sim, swit, wik keep, meet, seem, sweet, week	ee /i/, /i(:)/ keep, meet, seem, sweet, week	ee /i:/ keep, meet, seem, sweet, week	7.10.11
elem /eləm/ 	elem /eləm/ 	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
evemen /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 /fu:d/ 	7.6.2

foüght, föwght /fə:ut/	foüght /fə:ut/	fought /fɔ:t/	7.13.8c
ghiame /gjɛm/	geäme /gjɛm/	game /geɪm/	8.4.1
giarden, ghiarden /gjɑ:dən/, /giərdən/	geärden /gjɑ:dən/	garden /gɑ:dən/	7.21.2–3 8.4.1 8.8.1
geät(e), ghiate /giət/, /gjet/	geäte (geät) /giət/, /gjet/	gate /geɪt/	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 /greɪt/	7.9.4 7.11.11 8.8.3
gnot /nɔt/	gnot (gnat) /nɔt/	gnat /næt/	7.3.2
goo, go /gu:/	goo (go) /gu:/ (/go:/)	go /gəʊ/	7.14.6
gookoo /gʊku:/	goocoo, gookoo /gʊku:/	cuckoo /kʊku:/	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 /grɛ:ndʒ/	Grange /grɛ:ndʒ/	Grange /greɪndʒ/	7.11.12
gwâin /gwæɪn/	gwäin /gwæɪn/	going /gəʊɪŋ/	7.14.7

ha' /ha/	ha' /ha/	has, have /hæz/, /hæv/	8.15.1
'e (<i>unstressed</i>) /ə/, /i(:)/	he (<i>unstressed</i>) /ə/, /i(:)/, /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:d/	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>) /ə:ɪ/ drīth, ice, eye, height, light, smile, try, vind	i+C+e, igh (etc.: long <i>i</i>) /ə:ɪ/ 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 /əɪr/ bird, dirt, shirt, stir	ir+C /əɪr/ bird, dirt, shirt, stir	ir+C /ə:/ bird, dirt, shirt, stir	7.9.1 8.8.1
ire, ier /ə:ɪər/ vire, vier, squire, tire	ire, ier /ə:ɪər/ vire, vier, squire, tire	ire /aɪə/ fire, squire, tire	7.16.2 8.8.1
'ithin, within /(w)ɪðɪn/	'ithin, within /(w)ɪðɪn/	within /wɪðɪn/	8.16.1
'ithout, without /(w)ɪðə:ʊt/	'ithout, without /(w)ɪðə:ʊt/	without /wɪðə:ʊt/	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 /dʒɑn/	John (Jahn) /dʒɑn/	John /dʒʊn/	7.4
laid /leɪd/	laid /leɪd/	laid /leɪd/	7.11.7
lāste, laste, lēste /le:st/	laste /le:st/	last /lɑ:st/	7.7.4
lather /ləðər/	lather /ləðər/	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 /lʊk/	look, (lo'k) /lʊk/	look /lʊk/	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 /mɔ:rn/, /muərn/	murn /mɔ: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/, /nuən/	nwone /nuʌn/, /nuən/	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 /o:/ broke, coal, hole, poll, stole, voke, vo'ke	o, oa, o+C+e /o:/ 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>) /ɑr/, /ɑr/, /ər/ ar, var, nar	or (<i>final</i>) /ɑr/, /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>) /ɑr/ carn, fark, lard, marnen, archet, shart, starm	or (<i>medial</i>) /ɑr/ 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 /əɾ/ word, work, worthy	or+C /əɾ/ word, work, worthy	or+C /ə:/ word, work, worthy	7.9.1 8.8.1
archet /ɑrtʃət/	orcha'd /ɑrtʃət/	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 /kwɔrəl/	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, twirdle, 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 /sləuθ/	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 /sɒrəu/	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 /spwɛ:ɪl/	spweil /spwɛ:ɪl/	spoil /spɔɪl/	7.17.1 8.16.3
squerrel /skwɛ:rəl/	squirrel /skwɛ:rəl/	squirrel /skwɪrəl/	7.1.9
strik, strikʹ /stri:k/	strik, strikʹ, 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 /ðɛr/, /ðɛər/	their (ther) /ðɛr/, /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:l/	tweil /twə:l/	toil /tɔɪl/	7.17.1 8.16.3
twirdle /twɜ:rdəl/	twirl /twɜ:l/, /twɜ:rdəl/	twirl /twɜ:l/	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:/, /wɛ:ɪ/, /wɛɪ/	way, way, woy /we:/, /wɛ:ɪ/, /wɛɪ/	way /weɪ/	7.11.8
wēak, weak /we:k/, /wi:k/	weak (weäk) /we:k/, /wi:k/	weak /wi:k/	7.10.14
weir /wɛər/	weir /wɛər/	weir /wiə/	7.19.5 8.8.1
wher, where /(h)wɛr/, /(h)wɛər/	wher, where /(h)wɛr/, /(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 /wið/	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) /əu/ 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 /wʊl/, /wʊ:l/	wool /wʊl/, /wʊ:l/	wool /wʊl/	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 (yollar, 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 tə:ɪm ə:uər de:z 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*, *fay* (*v.* ‘succeed, prosper’), *lay*, *say*, *way*, *grey*, *key*, and *whay*, normally have the vowel /e:/ [7.11.7; for *way* 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 əuər 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 fjær wə:rdəl wər nju:

feäir. (i) The word belongs with *hair*, *pair*, *mare*, *share*, etc., always spelled with *-eäir* (for StE *-air*) or *-eäre* (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 *vev* 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 gæi

gay. Words spelled with *ai* or *ay* in StE and pronounced /eɪ/ in RP are normally spelled *aï* or *aj* in the modified form of the dialect (sometimes *äï* 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:utən 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 tʃiəkbe: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 hæuzən si(:)m d hɑ:ɪ 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; *vuɹzɛn*, (*furzɛn*.) 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 bruk 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*, *piller*, *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 ðət 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 *rnose/ nose/ goes* in "The shy man" (41–3), show /go:/ as a possible variant.

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

13 An' our worold did end wi' the neämes
 ən əʊər wɔ:ɪrdəl 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 læɪf dɪd si(:)m ɔ:nli ðə gjɛmz

16 That we play'd as the days rolled along.
 ðæt wi: plæɪd əz ðə deɪz rɔ:ld əlɔŋ

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

18 An' the zilvery hills, 'ithout buyèn,
 ən ðə zilvəri hɪlz ɪðə:ut bæ:ɪən

zilvery. “*S* before a vowel often but not universally becomes in Dorset its smooth kinsletter *z*, making *sand*, *zand*; *sap*, *zæp*; *send*, *zænd*; *set*, *zæt*; ...” (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 ə:uər han(d)z

20 Vrom others that own'd em avore;
 vrəm ʌðərz ðæt o:nd əm əvuər

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 *vev* (line 1 above).

21 An' all zickness, an' sorrow, an' need,
 ən a:l zɪknɪs ən sɔrə(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' læve us vor ever a-freed
 ən liəv əs vər evər əfri:d

læve. 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 ɛldərz 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 twəɪl

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 /ɔɪ/ 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 lə:hedɪd ʃrʌbz ðət bi: wɔ:rm

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:r/ in Barnes's dialect; hence the rhyme sound in *warm*/*storm* (29/31) is not /ɔ:m/ as in RP but /a:rm/ [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 blə:ən sta:rm

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

SECOND-COLLECTION POEMS

WITH

PHONEMIC TRANSCRIPTS

BLACKMWORE MAÏDENS



THE primwose 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 blɔ:
ðə kə:ʊslɪp ɪn ðə zʌn
ðə tə:ɪm əpɒn ðə də:ʊn də gro:
ðə klo:t (h)wər strɪ:mz də rʌn
ən (h)wər də pɑ:rtɪ mæidənz gro:
ən blɔ: 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 ʃjesɪz smə:ɪlz
ətɪpən ɒn sə lə:ɪt ə wæɪt
ən stɛpən ɒf ðə stə:ɪlz
əgwæm tə ʃʔɑ: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 wɪmba:ɪn tʊk jər ro:d
tə stə:uər ər pələduər
ən a:ɪ ðə fɑ:rmərz hə:uzən ʃo:d
ðər de:tərz 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
ədʊ:ən hə:ʊswɜ:rk ʌp əvuər
ðər smə:ɪlən mʌðərz ʃjes

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

toil

jæd kræ:ɪ (h)wə:ɪ ɪf ə mæn 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) ðə stə:ʊər

əz ə:ɪ əpən mə:ɪ rɔ:d dɪd pa:s
ə sku:lhə:ʊs bæk ɪn mə:ɪ
ðeər ə:ʊt əpən ðə biətən gra:s
wər mə:ɪdɒnz ət ðər plæ:ɪ
ən əz ðə pə:rti so:lz dɪd twə:ɪl
ən smə:ɪl ə:ɪ kræ:ɪd ðə flə:ʊər
ə bju:ti ðen ɪz stɪl ɪn bʌd
ɪn blakmuər b(ə: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:uri gljɛdɪd
b(ə):ɪ ðə (w)uək tri:z mɒsi mʊt
ðə ʃɪmən gra:sbljɛdz tɪmbəɪʃjɛdɪd
nə:u də kwɪvər ʌndər vʊt
ən bɛ:ɪdz də (h)wɪsəl ɔ:vər hɛd
ən wɔ:tərz bʌblən ɪn ɪts bɛd
ən ðeər vər mi: ði apəl tri:
də liən də:un lə: ɪn lɪndən li:

(h)wen li:vz ðət ljetli wər əsprɪŋən
nə:u də ʃjɛd ɪðm ðə kɒps
ən pæmtɪd bɛ:ɪdz də hʌʃ ðər zɪŋgən
ʌp əpən ðə tɪmbəɪz tɒps
ən brə:unli:vɔd fru:ts ətə:ɪnən rɛd
ɪn klə:udlɪs zʌŋʃi:n ɔ:vər hɛd
wi fru:t vər mi: ði apəl tri:
də liən də:un lə: ɪn lɪndən li:

lɛt ʌðər vɔ:k mjɛk mʌni vɑ:stər
ɪn ði æɪ ə dɑ:rkru:md tə:unz
ə:ɪ dɔ:nt dɪd ə pi:vɪʃ mjɑ:stər
ðo: nu: mæn də hi:d mæ:ɪ frə:unz
ə:ɪ bi: fri: tə gu: əbrɔ:d
ɑ: tʃɛk əgjen mæ:ɪ huəmwɔrd rɔ:d
tə (h)weər vər mi: ði apəl tri:
də liən də:un 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 gay 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*

biʃəps kɛ:ndəl

ət pi:s de: hu: bət wi: ʃud gu:
tə kɛ:ndəl vər ən ə:uər ər tu:
əz gæi ə de: əz evər bro: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 biɡʌn tə kʌm
wi drʌbənz əv ə biətən drʌm
ən ðen wi: hiərd ðə ha:rnz lə:ud dro:ts
plæi ɒf ə tju:ənz ʌpər no:ts
ən ðen əɡjɛn 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 ðɛər wi gɑ:rlən(d)z a:l ətə:ɪd
ɪn ri:ðz ən(d) bo:z ɒn evri zə:ɪd
ən kʌlɛrd flɑɡz əflʌtrən hɛ:ɪ
ən brə:ɪt əvuər ðə ʃi:nən skɛ:ɪ
ðə vɛri gə:ɪdpo:st wɛr ədrɛst
wi po:zɪz ɒn (h)ɪz jɑ:rmz ən brɛst
ət lɛ:st ðə vo:k zwɑ:rmɪd ɪn b(ə):ɪ skuərz
ən hʌndɛrdz dru: ðə hɛ:ɪ bɑ:rnɒuərz
tə də:ɪn ɒn ɪŋɡlɪʃ fjɛər ɪn rʌŋks
əzət ɒn tʃɛərz ər stu:lz ər plʌŋks
b(ə):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 blɒ: ən biət əlɛ:ud
ðər mɛri tju:ənz tə ðə krɛ:ud

An' slowly-zwingèn flags did spread
 Their hangèn colors over head.
 An' then the vo'k, wi' jaÿ an' pride, *folk, joy*
 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 näise *noise*
 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 *so*
 Stood up to gi'e em all a twoast, *give*
 That they did drink, wi' shouts o' glee,
 An' whirlèn eärms to dree times dree. *arms, three*
 An' when the bboards at last wer beäre *tables, bare*
 Ov all the cloths an' goodly feäre, *fare (food)*
 An' froth noo longer rose to zwim
 Within the beer-mugs sheenèn rim, *shining*
 The vo'k, a-streamèn drough the door, *folk, through*
 Went out to geämes they had in store.
 An' on the blue-reäv'd waggon's bed, *with blue side-extensions*
 Above his vower wheels o' red, *four*
 Musicians zot in rows, an' play'd *sat*
 Their tuèns up to chap an' mäid, *tunes*
 That beät, wi' play'some tooes an' heels, *toes*
 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 *through*
 Their polls, a-runnèn sich a peäce, *heads, pace*
 Wi' streamèn heäir, to win the reäce.

ən slø:lizwɪŋən flɑgz dɪd spred
 ðər haŋən kʌlɔrz ɔ:vər hɛd
 ən ðen ðə vɔ:k wi dʒæɪ ən præ:ɪd
 stʊd ʌp ɪn stɪlnɪs zə:ɪd b(ə):ɪ zə:ɪd
 wi də:ʊnkɑ:st hɛdz ðə (h)wə:ɪl ðər frɛn(d)
 rɔ:z ʌp əvʊər ðə tʃɛbəlz ɛn(d)
 ən zɛd ə tə:ɪmli grʃɛs ən blɛst
 ðə wɛlkəm mi:t tu ɛvri gɛst
 ən ðen ərə:z ə mɪŋgəld næɪz
 ə nə:ɪvz ən pljɛts ən kʌps ən træɪz
 ən tʌŋz wi mɛri 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 a:l 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 a:l ðə klɒθs ən gʊdli fʃɛər
 ən frɒθ nu: lɒŋgər rɔ:z tə zwɪm
 (w)ɪðɪn ðə biərmʌgz ʃi:nən rɪm
 ðə vɔ:k əstri:mən dru: ðə duər
 wɛnt ɔ:ʊt tə gʃɛmz ðe: hɑd ɪn stʊər
 ən ɒn ðə blʊ:rʃɛvd wɑgənz bɛd
 əbʌv (h)ɪz və:ʊər (h)wi:lz ə rɛd
 mju:zɪʃənz zɒt ɪn rɔ:z ən plæɪd
 ðər tʃu:ənz ʌp tə tʃɑp ən mæɪd
 ðət biət wi plæɪsəm tu:z ən hi:lz
 ðə levəl grə:ʊn(d) ɪn nɪmbəl ri:lz
 ən zʌm əgʃɛn əzɛt ɪn lə:ɪn
 ən stɑ:rtən ət ə grɪvən sə:ɪn
 wi ɔ:ʊtri:tʃt brɛst əbrɪ:ðən kwɪk
 dru: ɔ:bnən lɪps dɪd niərli kɪk
 ðər pɔ:lz ərəʌnən sɪtʃ ə pjɛs
 wi stri:mən hjɛər tə wɪn ðə rʃɛs

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 ɪn ðə həʊs ən ʊn ðə grɪn
ən ɪn ðə ʃrʌbrɪz liːfɪ skrɪn
ʊn evri zəːɪd wiː meɪ sɪtʃ lɒts
ə sməːlən frɛn(d)z ɪn hæpi nɒts
ðæt əːɪ də ðɪŋk ðæt druː ðə fiəst
ɪn keɪndəl vər ə deː ət liəst
jə wʊdən vəːɪn(d) ə skəːlən fjes
ɑː dʌmpɪ hɑːt ɪn ɑːl 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.

stiffled

A. Our Company would suit en best,
When we do teäke our bit o' rest,
At nunch, a-gather'd here below
The sheäde theäse wide-bough'd woak do drow,
Where hissèn froth mid rise, an' float
In horns o' eäle, to wet his droat.

him

lunch

this, oak, throw

might

ale, throat

J. Aye, if his zwellèn han' could drag
A meat-slice vrom his dinner bag.
'T'ud meäke the busy little chap
Look rather glum, to zee his lap
Wi' all his meal ov woone dry croust,
An' vinny cheese so dry as doust. *blue vinny (made from skimmed milk), dust*

it would

one, crust

hæi mjekən nantʃən tə:ɪm

ən ən dʒən ətɛ:kən ɔ:t

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

J. æɪ æɪ hi: wudən və:m(d) ɪt plæɪ
tə wə:ɪk aɪl de: əmjekən hæɪ
ər pɪtʃən ɔ:t tə jɑ:ɪmz əsprɛd
b(ə):ɪ luədərz jɑ:ɪdz əbʌv (h)ɪz hɛd
tʊd mjek ən wə:ɪp (h)ɪz drɪpən brə:u

A. ər els ərjekən ɛ:tər plə:u

J. ər wə:ɪkən wi (h)ɪz nɪmbəl pɪk
əstɪfɛld wi ðə hæɪ ət rɪk

A. ə:uər kʌmpəni wud su:t ən best
(h)wɛn wi: də tʃɛk ə:uər bɪt ə rɛst
ət nantʃ 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. æɪ ɪf (h)ɪz zwɛlən hən kʊd dræg
ə mɪ:tslɔ:ɪs vrəm (h)ɪz dɪmər 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:ɪst
ən vɪni tʃɪ:z sə drə:ɪ əz də:ɪst

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 əːɪ doːnt grʌmbəl ət məːɪ fʊd
tɪz huəlsəm dʒʌn ən zuː tɪz gʊd

J. huːz rjɛk ɪz ðat ələːɪən ðeər
də lʊk ə bɪt ðə wuːs vər weər

A. oː əːɪ mʌs get ðə man tə mjɛk
ə tuːθ ər tuː vər ðɪk (w)uəld rjɛk
tɪz ljɛbər lɒst tə strɪk ə stroːk
wi hɪm wi hɛːf (h)ɪz tiːθ əbroːk

J. əːɪ fʊd hə ðɔːt ju(:)er han tuː fəːɪn
tə breːk ju(:)er rjɛk ɪf əːɪ broːk məːɪn

A. ðə rʌmzkleːz ðɪnd (h)ɪz wʊdən gʌm
ə tuː tiːθ hiər ən hiər wər zʌm
ðət broːk (h)wɛn əːɪ dɪd rjɛk ə pʌtʃ
ə grəːʊn wi dʒɪmi vər ə mʌtʃ
ən hiərz ə gʌp əv (w)uːn ər tuː
əbroːk b(əː)ɪ səːɪmənz klʌmzi juː
ən (h)wɛn əːɪ giːd (h)ɪz pɔːl ə pɔːk
vər betər lʌk ənlðər broːk
ɪn (h)wɒt ə veːg həv juː əswʌŋ
ju(:)ər pɪk ðoː dʒʌn (h)ɪz stɛmz əsprʌŋ

J. (h)wɛn əːɪ ən səːɪmən had ə het
ə pʊkən jʌndər vər ə bet
ðə prɒŋz oːn giːd ə tʌmp ə pɔːk
ən ðɛn əːɪ vəːʊn(d) ðə stɛm əbroːk
bət ðeː 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. ðərz pu(:)ər (w)uəld dʒjən wi rɪŋkəld skɪn
ətələn wi (h)ər pi:kɪd tʃɪn
zʌm tjel əv (h)ər jʌŋ de:z pu(:)ər so:l
də mjek 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 tjelz 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 mäid, 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.

An' there, a-vell'd 'ithin the copse,

Below the timber's new-leav'd tops,

Wer ashen poles, a-castèn straüght,

On primrrose beds, their langthy waüght;

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.

*shining
pond, chase*

gusty

through the meadow, lane

pace

carry

weight

ash-wood

through

shining

ə fɛ:ðər ə:ʊt ən mʌðər huəm
 ðə sno:(h)wə:ɪt klə:ʊdz dɪd flɔ:t ɒn hɔ:ɪ
 ɪn ʃo:lz əvʊər ðə ʃi:nən skə:ɪ
 ən rʌnən wjɛvz ɪn pɒn dɪd tʃɛs
 i:tʃ ʌðər ɒn ðə wɔ:tərz fʃɛs
 əz hʌflən wɪn(d) dɪd blɔ: bɪtwɪ:n
 ðə nju:li:vd bə:uz ə ʃi:nən grɪ:n
 ən ðeər ðə (h)wə:ɪl ə:ɪ wɛ:kt əlɒŋ
 ðə pɛ:θ drʊ: liəz əbʌv ðə drɒŋ
 ə lɪtəl məɪd wi blʊ:mən fʃɛs
 went ɒn ʌp hɪl wi nɪmbəl pʃɛs
 əliənən tə ðə rə:ɪθan zə:ɪd
 tə kær ə bɑ:skɪt ðət dɪd rə:ɪd
 əhɑŋən də:ʊn wi aɪl (h)ɪz heft
 əpɒn (h)ər ɛlbo: ət (h)ər left
 ən ɪt ʃi: hɑ:rdli si:(:)md tə brʊ:z
 ðə grɑ:sbljɛdz wi (h)ər tə:mi ʃu:z
 ðət pɑ: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 wɛlkəm bɪt ə fʊd
 (h)wər hi: wər ə:ʊt ət wə:rk ɪn wʊd
 ən ʃi: wər blest wi muər ðən zʌm
 ə fɛ:ðər ə:ʊt ən mʌðər huəm
 ən ðeər əvɛld ɪðɪn ðə kɒps
 bɪlo: ðə tɪmbərz nju:li:vd tɒps
 wər əʃən pɔ:lz əkɑ:stən stræɪt
 ɒn prɪmruəz bedz ðər lɑŋθi wæɪt
 bɪlo: ðə ʃalər lə:ɪt əʃɛd
 drʊ: bə:uz əpɒn ðə və: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 mjəd
(h)ɪz huəmli mi:l bɪzə:ɪd ə gljəd
(h)wə:ɪl ʃi: əkru:pən də:ʊn tə grə:ʊn(d)
dɪd pʊl ðə flə:uərz (h)wər ʃi: və:ʊn(d)
ðə dru:pən və:ɪlət ə:ʊt ɪn blu:θ
ər ʃələr pɪmruəz ɪn ðə lu:θ
ðət ʃi: mɪd kɑ:r əm prə:ʊdli bɑk
ən zet əm ɒn (h)ər mʌðərz tɑk
vər ʃi: wər blest wi muər ðən zʌm
ə fe:ðər ə:ʊt ən mʌðər huəm
ə fe:ðər ə:ʊt ən mʌðər huəm
bi: blesənz su:n ələst b(ə:ɪ) zʌm
ələst b(ə:ɪ) mi: ən zu: ə:ɪ præɪd
ðe: mɪd bi: speərd ðə lɪtəl məɪd

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 räil.
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 päil 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 päil'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
əgʃən hɛr ðən ʃi:z ɪn ə trɒt
ərənən tə zʌm ʌðər spɒt

J. (h)wə:ɪ tɪz ðə dɒg də skjɛər ðə kə:u
hi: wʌrɪd (h)ər əvi:l(d) bɪnə: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 gʊdɪʃ 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: het ðə pæɪl ə flə:ut
ən flʌŋ mə:ɪ mi:l ə mɪlk hɛ:f ə:ut

J. ha: ha: bət ʌni hiər (h)wɒt lə:ut
brɔ:k hɛ: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 hɛ: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 Duncliffe 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 it a:l sə tə:ts ə blɑðər
bət if tɪz ɛni gud də fɛd
it a:l sə li:ki əz ə laðər
kʊd ju: vɪl pærlz ɪðə:ut ə bɒtəm
jɛrʒɹɹf ðət bi: sə di:pli skɪld

J. wɛl i:s əi kʊd ɪf ə:ɪd əgɒt əm
ɪnsə:ɪd ə biɡər (w)u:nz əvɪld

A. la ðat ɪz zɹɹmət vər tə hatʃ
hiər ɛ:nsər mi: ðiəs ɪtəl katʃ
də:un ʌndər wɔ:tər an ə tɒp o:t
əi went ən dɪdən tɹɹtʃ ə drɒp o:t

J. nɒt (h)wɛn ət mo:ən tə:ɪm əi tʊk
ən pʊld i: ə:ut ə lɒŋmiəd brʊk
(h)wər ju:d əslɪdɛrd də:un ði ɛdʒ
ən zɹɹk ni:di:p bɪzə:ɪd ðə zɛdʒ
ətrə:ɪən tə rjɛk ə:ut ə klo:t

A. æi əi də hiər jər tʃɹɹklən dro:t
(h)wɛn əi əðə:ɪt ðə brɹdʒ dɪd brɪŋ
zɹɹm wɔ:tər ɒn məi hɛd vrəm sprɪŋ
ðɛn ʌndər wɔ:tər an ə tɒp o:t
wər əi ən dɪdən tɹɹtʃ ə drɒp o:t

J. o: lɔ:k (h)wɒt ðɪk (w)uəld rɪdəl stɪl
(h)wə:ɪ ðats əz (w)uəld əz dɹɹŋklɪf hɪl
ə tu:lɹgd ðɪŋ də rɹn əvuər
ən rɹn bihə:m(d) ə mɹn
ən nəvər rɹn əpɒn (h)ɪz lɹgz
ðo: ɒn (h)ɪz lɹgz də stɹn

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 *horn* vor Goodman's eye-zight seäke;

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

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

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

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

Hold wit enough to tell us that?

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

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

hornless

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

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

ale, it

A. An' *horn* 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 *horn* that vo'k do buy to smell o'

folk

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

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

Aye, *horn* is *horn*, 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 ðat
ə:ɪ do:nt ðɪŋk ju: də no:
ðeər ɪdən sɪf ə ðɪŋ tə ʃo:
nɒt no: (h)wə:ɪ jændər b(ə:ɪ)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 gudmənz ə:ɪzə:ɪt sjæk
ðərz ha:rn vər gudmənz mə:uθ tə tjæk
ðərz ha:rn vər gudmənz iərz əz wɛl
əz ha:rn vər gudmənz no:z tə smɛl
(h)wɒt ha:rnz bi: ðe: ðen də jər hat
huəld wɪt ɪnʌf tə tel əs ðat

J. o: ha:rnz bət no: ə:ɪl tel ɪ: (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 gud stʌf tə vɪl ən ʌp

A. ən ha:rn vər ə:ɪz ɪz ha:rn vər lə:ɪt
vrəm gudmənz 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 ðət vɔ:k də bæ:ɪ tə smɛl o
ɪz hɑ:rtshɑ:rn J. ɪz ɪt (h)wɒt dʒi: tel o
hə:u prə:ud wi: bi: vər be:nt wi: smɑ:rt
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 bat 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

*cowfly
four-legged
bitting*

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.

ən dri:ləgz tu:ləgz b(ə)ɪ ðə zə:ɪd
ə və:uərləgz (w)u:ns dɪd zɪt wi prə:ɪd
(h)wen və:uərləgz ðət velt ə prɪk
vrəm zɪksləgz het tu:ləgz ə kɪk
ən tu: ən dri:ləgz vel a:l və:ɪv
slap də:un zʌm dɛd ən zʌm ələ:ɪv

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

J. jər dri:ləgd stu:l (w)u:n nə:ɪt dɪd beər
ʌp ju: ə mɪlkən wi ə pjɛər
ən ðeər ə zɪksləgd stə:ut dɪd prɪk
jər və:uərləgd kə:u ən mjek (h)ər kɪk
əhetən wi ə pə:rtɪ pat
jər stu:l ən ju: sə flats ə mat
jə skrambɔld ʌp ə lɪtəl də:rtɪ
bət ə:ɪ də ho:p ɪt dɪdən hə:rt ɪ:

A. ju: ho:p ɪndɪ:d ə læ:ɪkli kjes
wi ðɪk bro:d grɪn əðə:rt jər fjɛs
jə sa:si gʊdvərnʌθən tʃap
ə:l gi: jər grɪnən fjɛs ə slap
jər dre:lən tʌŋ kən o:nli rʌn
tə tə:rn ə bɒdi ɪntə fʌn

J. o: ə:ɪ wu:(j)nt du: t əgjɛn o: diər
tɪl nek(s)t tə:ɪm ʌni o: mə:ɪ iər
o: ʌn (h)wə:ɪ jəv əhet mə:ɪ hat
ɪðm ðə mɪlk nə:u luk ət ðat

A. də sa:ɪ ɪ: rə:ɪt ðen ə:ɪ do:nt kjɛər
ə:l 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-vield,
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-rottlèn 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 ədʌn

ən(d) o: ðə dzæi ə:uər rɛst dɪd ʤi:l(d)
ət i:vɪmən b(ə):ɪ ðə mɒsi waɪl
(h)wɛn wi:d əwærkt a:l de: əvi:l(d)
(h)wə:ɪl zʌmər zʌnz dɪd rə:ɪz ən vaɪl
əz ðɛər əlɛtən
gu: a:l frɛtən
ən vɛrɡɛtən a:l ə:uər twə:ɪlz
wi: zʌt əmɒŋ ə:uər tʃɪldərnz smə:ɪlz

ən ʌndər skə:ɪz ðət glɪtərd (h)wə:ɪt
ðə (h)wə:ɪl ə:uər smɔ:k ɛrə:ɪzən blu:
dɪd mɛlt ɪn æɪər ə:ut ə zə:ɪt
əbʌv ðə tri:z ðət keɪpt əs lu:
wɛr bɛ:rdz əzɪŋən
tʌŋz ɛrɪŋən
tʃɪldərn sprɪŋən vʊl ə dzæi
əfɪnɪʃən ðə de: ɪn plæɪ

ən bʌk bihə:m(d) əstænən taɪl
ðə klɪf dɪd ʃi:n tə wɛstərn lə:ɪt
ən (h)wə:ɪl əvʊər ðə wɔ:tərvɑ:l
ɛrɔtlən lə:ud ən fɔ:mən (h)wə:ɪt
ðə li:vz dɪd kwɪvər
nɑts dɪd (h)wɪvər
b(ə):ɪ ðə rɪvər (h)wɛr ðə pu:l
ɪn i:vɪmən æɪr dɪd ɡlɪsən ku:l

ən tʃɪldərn ðɛər ɛrʌnən wə:ɪd
dɪd plæɪ ðər ɡjɛmz əlɒŋ ðə ɡrɔ:v
vɛr ðo: tu ʌs twɛr dzæi tə bə:ɪd
ət rɛst tə ðɛm twɛr dzæi tə mɔ:v

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

toiling
fare (meal)

ðə (h)wə:l mə:i smə:lən
dʒjən biɡə:lən
a:l mə:i twə:lən wi (h)ər kjær
dɪd ka:l mi: tə mə:i i:vmən fjær

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 ʃjɛd

ə məɪtə:ɪdz ɪ:vmen wɛr əðə:ɪən
ʌndə mʊ:ŋʃi:n ɪntə nə:ɪt
wi ə stri:mən wɪn(d) əsə:ɪən
b(ə:ɪ) ðə ða:rnz əblu:mən (h)wə:ɪt
(h)wɛr ɪn ʃjɛd əzɪŋkən di:pli
wɛr ə nʊk a:l da:rk bət lu:
b(ə:ɪ) ə baŋk ərə:ɪzən sti:pli
nɒt tə let ðə wɪn(d) klʌm dru:

ʃʊd mə:ɪ lʌv gu: ə:ʊt əʃo:ən
a:l (h)ɛr smə:ɪlz ɪn o:bən læ:ɪt
ar ɪn lu:θ wi wɪn(d) əblo:ən
stæɪ ɪn da:rknis dɪm tə zə:ɪt
stæɪ ɪn ʃjɛd ə baŋk ər wa:lən
ɪn ðə wɑ:rmθ ɪf nɒt ɪn læ:ɪt
wɛ:rdz əluən vrəm hɛ:r əva:lən
wʊd bi: dʒæɪ vɛr 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 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' oversträin the meäres. 'Twoon't wag, 'tis clear.

move

ðə wəgən əstʊdɪd

dri: o:m ətɛ:kən o: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 nɑr ə rɔ:d ðats rɒŋ
ɪf wi:d ə rɔ:d wi: mɪd hæ gʊt əlvŋ

(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 grə: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 grə:un do:nt ri:tʃ ə lʌg

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

(2) ðe: mjɛərz wʊl nəvər pʊl ðə wəgən ə:ut
əluədɪd ən əstʊdɪd ɪn ðɪk rə:ut

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

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

(3) twu(:)nt wəg wi: ʃəl bət snæp ə:uər giər
ən ɔ:vərstræm ðə mjɛərz twu(:)nt wəg tɪz kliər

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

(3) What then? I couldn leäve 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 drēver, an' do know't, *driver*
You drēve the plow, then; but you'll overdraw 't. *wagon, turn it over*

(1) I drēve the plow, indeed! Oh! ees, what, now *yes*
The wheels woont wag, then, I mid drēve 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 wə:rk wɪləm no: ɪn ku:s twu(:)nt wɑg
(h)wə:ɪ dɪd i: dre:v ən ɪntə ðiəs hiər kwɑg
ðə vuər(h)wi:lz bi: əzʌŋk əbʌv ðə nʌts

(3) (h)wɒt ðen ə:ɪ kudən liəv ðə biətən træk
tə tə:ɪn ðə wɑgən ɔ:vər ɒn ðə bæk
əv (w)u:n ə ðiəzəm (h)wi:lhə:ɪ ɛmətɒts
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 wɑg 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 nɑr ə spjed tə dɪg wi

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

(1) o: hiərz ə bwə:ɪ əkʌmən hiər mə:ɪ lɑd
dæst no: vər ɑr ə spjed ðæt kən bi: hɑd

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

(1) wɛl rʌn ən a:ks vər (w)u:n flɪŋ ʌp jər hi:lz
ən mə:m(d) ə spjed 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 ɑr ə dʌzən
tə pul ðə wɑgən 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 ə: kən klɪm ən bət tɪz mə: kənsært
ðæt ə: ʃəl ɔ:vərzet ən wi mə: wært

(1) ju: ɔ:vərzet ən no: dʒjɛmz hi: wu(:)nt va:l
ðə luədʒ əbɪlt sə fə:rm əz eni wa:l

(2) hiər lɛn(d) ə han(d) ər ʃo:ldər vər mə: ni:
ər vʊt ə:l skɾambəl tə ðə tɒp ən zi:
(h)wɒt ə: kən du: wɛl hiər ə: bi: əmɒŋ
ðə fakəts vər ə bɪt bət nɒt vər lɒŋ
hæi dʒɑ:rdʒ a: a: (h)wə: ðɪs wʊl nəvər stan(d)
ju(:)ər fə:rmz ə wa:l ɪz a:l sə lu:s əz zan(d)
tɪz a:l əkʌm tə pi:sɪz o: tʃɛk kʃɛər
o: ə:ɪm əva:lən vʌz ən a:l hæi ðeər

(1) lʊk ðeər ðɪk fɛlər ɪz əvɛl lɪk lɛd
ən hɛ:f ðə vʌzən wi (ə)n hi:lz ɔ:vər hɛd
ðərz a:l ðə vʌz ələ:ən lɪk ə stɑdəl
ən hi: ədʒɛbd wi mʌd o: hiərz ə kɑdəl

(3) ən zu: jə su:n gɒt də:un zʌm vʌzən dʒɪmi

(2) i:s ə: də no: tɪz də:un ə: brɔ: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: tʃɛk mi: vər ə nɪŋkəmpu:p
no: no: ðə luəd wər ʌp sə fə:rmz ə rɒk
bət tu: ə ðiəzəm ɛmətɒts wʊd nɒk
ðə tɛ:ɪtɪst bærəl niərli ə:ut 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:i əbrɪŋən bak
ðə spjəd wɛl dʌn mə:i man ðat ɪdər slak

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

(3) nə:u lets dɪg ə:ʊt ə spɪt ər tu:
ə kle: əvʊər ðə lɪtəl (h)wi:lz
o: so:z ə:i kɛ:nt pʊl ʌp mə:i hi:lz
ə:i bi: əstɔgd ʌp ɔ:vər ʃu:

(1) kʌm wɪləm dɪg əwə:i (h)wə:i ju: də spʌdəl
a:məst sə wi:ks ə tʃə:ɪl(d) hə:u jə də mʌdəl
gi: mi: ðə spjəd əbɪt ə pɪg 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 bɪg wi: bi: ðen dʒɑ:rdʒ (h)wɒt nəks(t) ə:i wʌndər

(1) nə:u wɪləm gi: ðə wəgən (w)u:n muər twɪtʃ
ðə (h)wi:lz bi: fri: ən tɪz ə læ:tər nɪtʃ

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

(2) də wəg (1) də gu: ət læ:st (3) wɛl dʌn tɪz dru:
(1) nə:u wɪləm tɪl ju: hav muər hɒsɪz lagz
do:nt dre:v ðə wəgən ɪntə ðiəzəm kwəgz

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

(1) ə:i kɛ:nt du: læs 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,
Gwäin 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 päils, below his boughs:

isn't, few

gwæm dæ:un ðə steps vər wɑ:tər

(h)wæ:ɪl zʌnz də ro:l vrəm i:st tə west
tə brɪŋ əs wə: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 jɪərz əɡən
lɪk de:tərz nə:u əkʌmən ən
tə blu:m (h)wen ðe: bi: wi:k ən wɒn
went dæ:un ðə steps vər wɑ:tər

ən (h)wɒt də jʌndər rɪŋərz tel
əriŋən tʃʌndzɪz bɛl b(ə):ɪ bɛl
ər (h)wɒts əʃo:d b(ə):ɪ jʌndər zə:ɪt
ə vɔ:k ɪn (h)wə:ɪt əpən ðə ro:d
bʌt ðət b(ə):ɪ dʒʌn ə wʊdlɪz zə:ɪd
ðərz nə:u əblʌʃən vər (h)ɪz brə:ɪd
ə pɑ:rti məɪd ðət vʌst hi: spə:ɪd
gwæm dæ:un ðə steps vər wɑ: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 brə:ɪt
ən ɪf ə:ɪv lʌk ə:ɪ wu(:)nt bi: slo:
tə tʃek ɒf (w)u:n ðət ə:ɪ də no:
ətɪpən ɡæɪli tu: ən fro:
əpən ðə steps vər wɑ:tər

(h)ər fe:ðər ɪdən pu(:)ər bət vju:
ɪn pɑ:ɪʃ bi: sə wɛl 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 coulden 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' maidens, mornèn, noon, an' night,
A-gwaïn down steps vor water.

*one
hearth*

ən ðen əgjen tə win mə:n lʌv
(h)wə:n ʃi:z əz huəmli əz ə dʌv
ən 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 mjek (h)ɜ: gro:
ɪf ʃi:d bi: stræt ar we:k əbro:d
tə tɾed (h)ɜ: ro:d wi kʌmli gæɪt
ʃi: kʊdən du: ə betər ðɪŋ
tə zet hɜ:zʌf ʌprɛ:ɪt ðən 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 hʌpi pljes (h)wɜ: vɪŋgɜ:z ðɪn
də pul (w)u:nz tʃɪn ɜ: pat (w)u:nz fjes
bət stɪl ðə bljem ɪz ðɜ:z tə slə:ɪt
ðɜ: hʌpɪnɪs wi stɪʃ ə zɛ:ɪt
ə məɪdɛnz mə:rnən nu:n ən nə:ɪt
əgwæm də:un steps vɜ: wɔ:tər

ELLEN BRINE OV ALLENBURN



NOO soul did hear her lips complain,
An' she's a-gone vrom all her pain,
An' others' loss to her is gain
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 feâce, 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 feäche,
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:rɪn

nu: so:l dɪd hiər (h)ər lɪps kəmplæm
ən ʃi:z əɡɒn vrəm a:l (h)ər pæm
ən ʌðərz lɒs tə (h)ər ɪz ɡæm
vər ʃi: də lɪv ɪn hevənz lʌv
vʊl meni ə lɒŋsəm de: ən wi:k
ʃi: buər (h)ər ælən stɪl ən mi:k
əwərkən (h)wə:l (h)ər strɑŋθ held ɒn
ən ɡə:ɪdən hə:uswə:rk (h)wen twər ɡɒn
vər elən brə:m əv alənbə:rɪn
o: ðər bi: so:lz tə mə:rɪn

ðə le:st tə:ɪm ə:ɪd əka:st mə:ɪ zə:ɪt
əpɒn (h)ər fjes əfjɛdɪd (h)wə:ɪt
wər ɪn ə zʌmərz mə:rɪnən lə:ɪt
ɪn ha:l əvuər ðə smuəldrən və:ɪər
ðə (h)wə:l ðə tʃɪldərn biət ðə vluər
ɪn plæɪ wi tə:ɪni ʃu:z ðe: wuər
ən ka:lð ðər mʌðərz ə:ɪz tə vju:
ðə fiəts ðər lɪtəl lɪmz kud du:
o: elən brə:m əv alənbə:rɪn
ðe: tʃɪldərn nə:u məs mə:rɪn

ðen (w)u:n əstɒpən 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:lən mə:uθ sə sma:l
hi: zɛd ju: prɒmɪst əs tə gu:
tə ʃɒdən fjeər ən tʃɛk 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:rɪn
dɪd vi:l ðət ðe: məs mə:rɪn

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*

septembər kʌm wi ʃʊdən fʃeər
bət elən brə:m wər nevər ðeər
ə hevi ha:rt wər ʊn ðə mjɛər
ðər fe:ðər rʊd (h)ɪz huəmwərd rʊ:d
tɪz tru: hi: brɔ:t zəm fʃeərənz bak
vər ðem tu: tʃɪldərn a:l ɪn blak
bət ðe: had nə:u wi plæɪðɪŋz nju:
nu: mʌðər vər tə ʃo: əm tu
vər elən brə:m əv alənbə:rn
wʊd nevər muər ritə: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,

its

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

so

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.

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 mʌðərlɪs tʃə:ɪl(d)

ðə zʌnd əzət bak tʌðər nə:ɪt
bət ɪn ðə zətən plʃəs
ðə klə:udz ərədənd b(ə:ɪ)ɪ (h)ɪz lə:ɪt
stɪl glə:d əvuər mə:ɪ fʃəs
ən ə:ɪv əlɒst mə:ɪ mʃeərɪz smə:ɪl
ə:ɪ ðɔ:t bət stɪl ə:ɪ hav (h)ər tʃə:ɪl
zu: lɪk hər ðət mə:ɪ ə:ɪz kən trʃəs
ðə mʌðərz ɪn (h)ər de:tərz fʃəs
o: lɪtəl fʃəs so: niər tə mi:
ən lɪk ðə:ɪ mʌðərz ɡʊn (h)wə:ɪ ni:d ə:ɪ ze:
swi(:)t nə:ɪt klə:udz wɪ ðə glə: ə mə:ɪ lɒst de:
ðə:ɪ lʊks bi: a:lwe:z diər tə mi:

ðə zʌnd əzət ənʌðər nə:ɪt
bət b(ə:ɪ)ɪ ðə mu:n ʊn hə:ɪ
hi: stɪl dɪd zən(d) əs bak (h)ɪz lə:ɪt
bɪlo: ə kuəldər skə:ɪ
mə:ɪ mʃeərɪz ɪn ə betər lan(d)
ə:ɪ ðɔ:t bət stɪl (h)ər tʃə:ɪlz ət han(d)
ən ɪn (h)ər tʃə:ɪl ʃi:l zən(d) mi: ʊn
(h)ər lʌv ðo: ʃi: hərəʌfs əɡʊn
o: lɪtəl tʃə:ɪl so: niər tə mi:
ən lɪk ðə:ɪ mʌðər ɡʊn (h)wə:ɪ ni:d ə:ɪ ze:
swi(:)t mu:n ðə məsɪndzər vrəm mə:ɪ lɒst de:
ðə:ɪ lʊks bi: a:lwe:z 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 ljɛdiz tə:uər

ən ðen wi: went əlɒŋ ðə gljɛdz
ə zʌni tə:rf ɪn kwɪvrən fjɛdz
əwə:m(d)ən ɒf vrəm han(d) tə han(d)
əlɒŋ ə pɛ:θ ə jʌlər zan(d)
ən klʌm ə stɪkəl slo:p ən və:ʊn(d)
ən ɔ:bən pʌtʃ ə lɒfti grə:ʊn(d)
ʌp (h)wər ə stjɛtli tə:uər dɪd sprɪŋ
sə hɛ:ɪ əz hɛ:ɪst lɑ:rkz də zɪŋ

o: mja:stər kɒlɪnz ðen ə:ɪ zɛd
əlu:kən ʌp wi bʌkflʌŋ hɛd
vər hu: bət hi: sə mə:ɪld ə fjɛs
ʃʊd tjɛk mi: ðər tə zi: ðə pljɛs
(h)wɒt ɪz ɪt ðen ðiəs tə:uər də miən
əbɪlt sə fjɛər ən kept sə kliən
a: mi: hi: zɛd wi θɔ:tvʊl fjɛs
twər grɪ:f ðət zɛt ðiəs tə:uər ɪn pljɛs
ðə skwə:ɪəz ɛθli lɔ:ɪfs əblɛst
wi gɪfts ðət muəst də tjɛk vər bɛst
ðə lɒftɪmʃænd rʌfs də rə:ɪz
tə skrɪ:n (h)ɪz hɛd vrəm stɑ:ɪmi skə:ɪz
(h)ɪz lʌn(d)z əsprɛdən rə:ʊn (h)ɪz hɑ:l
ən han(d)z də ljɛbər ət (h)ɪz kɑ:l
ðə (h)wə:ɪl ðə hʊs də flɪŋ wi prə:ɪd
(h)ɪz lɒfti hɛd (h)wər hi: də gə:ɪd
bət stɪl (h)ɪz ɛθli dʒæ:ɪz əvlɛd
(h)ɪz (w)ʊ:n tru: frɛn(d) (h)ɪz wə:ɪf ɪz dɛd
zu: nə:ʊ (h)ər hʌpi sɔ:lz əgɒn
ən hi: ɪn grɪ:fs əlɪŋgrən ɒn
də du: (h)ɪz hɑ:rt zʌm gʊd 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, 'Thin a breast be-screenèn wall, To keep ye vrom a longsome 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 length, To end wi' carvèd heads below The broad-vloor'd landèn's airy 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:	<p><i>built (raised)</i> <i>this</i></p> <p><i>pace</i></p> <p><i>far-</i></p> <p><i>bindweed</i></p> <p><i>stone</i></p> <p><i>through</i></p> <p><i>arc</i></p> <p><i>one</i></p>
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ən zu: hi: rærd wi smitən so:l
 ðiəs ljediz tə:uər əpən ðə no:l
 ən ðər jəl zi: ðə tə:uər də sprɪŋ
 twə:ɪs tən vi:t ʌp əz rə:unz ə rɪŋ
 wi pɪlərz ʌndər muəldɪd iəvz
 əbʌv ðər hɛdz əkɑ:rvd wi li:vz
 ən hav tə pjəs əwɛ:kən rə:un(d)
 (h)ɪz vʊt ə hʌndərd vi:t ə grə:un(d)
 ən ðər əbʌv (h)ɪz ʌpər wɑ:l
 ə rə:undɪd tə:uər də sprɪŋ sə tɑ:l
 z ə sprɪŋən arə(r) ʃɒt ʌprɛ:ɪt
 ə hʌndərd grɪdi vi:t ɪn hɛ:ɪt
 ən ɪf jəd lə:ɪk tə stræm jər ni:z
 əklɪmən ʌp əbʌv ðə trɪ:z
 tə zi: wi slə:li (h)wi:lən fjəs
 ðə vɔ:rskə:ɪd lɑn(d) əbə:ut ðə pljəs
 jəl hav ə flə:ɪt ə stɛps tə wɛər
 vər fuərti vi:t ʌp stjɛər b(ə)ɪ stjɛər
 ðət rə:un ðə rə:ɪzən tə:uər də wə:m(d)
 lɪk wɪðwə:m(d) rə:un ðə sɑplənz rə:m(d)
 ən rɪ:tʃ ə lɑn(d)ən wi ə sɪ:t
 tə rest ət lɛ:st jər wɪəri vi:t
 ɪðm ə brɛst bɪskrɪ:nən wɑ:l
 tə ki(:)p ɪ: vrəm ə lɒŋsəm vɑ:l
 ən rə:un ðə wə:m(d)ən stjɛərz də sprɪŋ
 æɪt stʊənən pɪlərz ɪn ə rɪŋ
 ɛrɪ:tʃən ʌp ðər hevi strɑŋθ
 drʊ: fuərti vi:t ə slendər lɑŋθ
 tu ɛn(d) wi kɑ:rvəd hɛdz bɪlɔ:
 ðə brɔ:dvlʊərd lɑn(d)ənz ærɪ bɔ:
 æɪt zə:ɪdz əz ju: də zi: də bə:un(d)
 ðə lɔ:ər bɪldən ɒn ðə grə:un(d)
 ən ðər ɪn (w)u:n ə tu:lɪ:vd duər
 də zwɪŋ əbʌv ðə mɑ:rbəl vlʊər

An' aÿe, as luck do zoo betide *so*
 Our comèn, we can goo inside.
 The door is oben now." An' zoo
 The keeper kindly let us drough. *through*
 There as we softly trod the vloor
 O' marble stwone, 'ithin the door,
 The echoes ov our vootsteps vled *flew*
 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.

Then Meäster Collins twold me all
 The teäles a-païntèd roun' the wall;
 An' vu'st the bride did stan' to plight *first*
 Her weddèn vow, below the light
 A-shootèn down, so bright's a fleäme,
 In drough a churches window freäme. *through*
 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, *shining*
 Wi' flowèn heäir, an' frocks o' white.

"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 nimble leäd the snow-white thread,

ən æɪ əz lʌk də zu: bitə:ɪd
ə:uər kʌmən wi kən gu: ɪnsə:ɪd
ðə duər ɪz o:bən nə:u ən zu:
ðə ki(:)pər kə:ɪm(d)li lət əs dru:
ðər əz wi: sɒf(t)li trɒd ðə vluər
ə mɑ:rbəl stuən ɪðm ðə duər
ði ekɔ:z əv ə:uər vʊtstɛps vlɛd
ə:ut rə:un ðə waɪl ən(d) ɔ:vər hɛd
ən ðər əpæmtɪd zə:ɪd b(ə):ɪ zə:ɪd
ɪn mɛməri ə ðə skwə:ɪəz brə:ɪd
ɪn zɛvən pæmtənz tru: tə lə:ɪf
wər zɛvən zə:ɪts ə wɛdɪd lə:ɪf

ðən mja:stər kɒlmz tuəld mi: a:l
ðə tʃɛlz əpæmtɪd rə:un ðə waɪl
ən vʌst ðə brə:ɪd dɪd stæn tə plə:ɪt
(h)ər wɛdən və:u bɪlo: ðə lə:ɪt
əʃʊtən də:un sə brə:ɪts ə fljɛm
ɪn dru: ə tʃə:ɪtʃɪz wɪndər frjɛm
ən niər ðə brə:ɪd ɒn ə:ɪðər hæn(d)
jɛd zi: (h)ər kʌmli brə:ɪdmæɪdz stæn(d)
wi ə:ɪlʌʃɪz əbent ɪn strɪəks
ə brə:un əbʌv ðər blʊ:mən tʃɪəks
ən ʃi:nən fjɛər ɪn mɛlər lə:ɪt
wi flə:ən hjɛər ən frɒks ə (h)wə:ɪt

ən hiər gud mja:stər kɒlmz krə:ɪd
jəl zi: ə krjɛdəl ət (h)ər zə:ɪd
ən ðərz (h)ər tʃə:ɪl(d) əlɛ:rən dɪ:p
ɪðm ɪt ən əɡɒn tə sli:p
wi lɪtəl ə:ɪlʌʃɪz əmɛt
ɪn fɛlər strɪəks əz blak əz dʒɛt
ðə (h)wə:ɪl (h)ər nɪdəl ɔ:vər hɛd
də nɪmbli liəd ðə sno:(h)wə:ɪt 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.

fireside

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.

*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 præy'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:lən 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 gʊd wə:ɪrdz ə gʊdz o:n buk

ən nek(s)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 le:fən lɪps ən bi:mən ə:ɪz
əbʌv ðə buəd (h)wər ʃi: də le:
(h)ər ʃi:mən 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:rnəsəm mə:ɪn(d)z tə wɒtʃ (h)ər han(d)
əʃʃepən ə:ut wi skɪl ən kʃeər
ə frʊk vər ðem tə zo: ən wɛər

ðen nek(s)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 rememberèd 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 m di:pɪst wɔ:
ən ʃi: ən andʒəl əv (h)ɪz gʊd
də tʃiər (h)ɪz so:l bɪlo: ðə rɒd
əlɪftən ʌp (h)ər han tə ka:l
(h)ɪz əɪz tə reɪtən ɒn ðə wa:l
əz (h)wə:t əz ɪz (h)ər spɔtlɪs rɔ:b
hast ðə:u rɪmɛmbərəd mɛ:ɪ sɑ:rvent dʒo:b

ən zu: ðə skwɛ:rɪər m grɪ: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 playä,
 An' ageän wi' my maïd in her zongs;
An' my heart is a-stürr'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 playävully, 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;

fɛ:ðərhud

lɛt ən zɪt wi (h)ɪz dɒg ən (h)ɪz kat
wi ðər no:zɪz ətə:rnd tə ðə və:iər
ən hav a:l ðət ə man ʃud dizə:iər
bət ðər ɪdən mʌtʃ riədʃɪp ɪn ðat
(h)wɛðər vɔ:k mɪd hav tʃɪldərn ar 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 əɪdəl ʃjɛər əʊt
ən ʃəl rʌst əʊt ʌnles wi: də wɛər əʊt
lɪk du:nʌθən ru:nʌθən
dɛd ələɪv dʌmps

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

tʌðər nə:ɪt ə:i kʌm huəm ə lɒŋ ro:d
(h)wɛn ðə wɛðər dɪd stɪŋ ən dɪd vrɪz
ən ðə sno: vər ðə de: həd əsno:d
wɛr əvrɔ: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 feäce 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 taj's 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 taj's, *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 viŋgə:z wər nɒm
ən mə:i vi:t wər sə lɑmpi əz lɔgz
ən mə:i iə:z wər sə rɛdz ə kɔks kuəm
ən mə:i nɔ:z wər sə kuəld əz ə dɔgz
bət sə su:nz ə:i gɒt huəm ə:i vɛrgɒt
(h)wər mə:i lɪmz wər əkuəld ər wər hɒt
(h)wɛn wi lə:ud krə:i:z ən prə:ud krə:i:z
ðe: kɔld mi: sə kuəld

vər ðə vɒst ðət ə:i hɑpənd tə mi:t
kɒm tə pul mə:i gə:rtkuət vrəm mə:i jɑ:rm
ən ənɒðər did rɒb mə:i fjes wɑ:rm
ən ənɒðər hɒtsli:pərd mə:i vi:t
(h)wə:il ðər mɒðər did kɑ:st ɒn ə stɪk
vər tə ki(:)p ðə rɛd və:iər ələ:i:v
ən ðe: a:l kɒm sə bɪzi ən θɪk
əz ðə bi:z vli:ən ɪntə ðər hə:i:v
ən ðe: mjɛd mi: sə hɑpi ən prə:ud
ðət mə:i hɑ:rt kud hə kro:d ə:ut ələ:ud
ðe: did twə:il zu: ən smə:il zu:
ən kɒl mi: sə kuəld

əz ə:i zɒt wi mə:i te:kɒp ət rɛst
ðər ə:i puld ə:ut ðə tæiz ə:i did brɪŋ
mɛn əkɪkən əwɑgd wi ə strɪŋ
ən gɔgələ:ɪd dɒlz tə bi: drɛst
ən o: vrəm ðə tʃɪldərn ðər sprɒŋ
sɪtʃ ə tʃɑ:rm (h)wɛn ðe: hɑn(d)lɛd ðər tæiz
ðət vər plɛzər ðə bi:gər (w)u:nz ruŋ
ðər tu: hɑn(d)z ət ðə zə:ɪt ə ðər dʒæiz

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

əz ðə bʱwæ:ɪz bɪgər væɪsɪz vɛl m
wi ðə məɪdɛnz ətɪtərən ðɪm
ən ðər dɛ:nsən ən prɛ:nsən
ən lɪtəl mə:u(ð)z lɛ:fs

ðo: tɪz ha:ɪd strɛ:ɪps tə brɪ:d əm a:l ʌp
ɪf ə:ɪm o:nli əblest vrəm əbʌv
ðe:l mjek mi: əmɛn(d)z wi ðər lʌv
vər ðər pɪlər ðər pljɛt ən ðər kʌp
ðo: ə:ɪ ʃəl bi: nɛvər əspwɛ:ɪld
wi ðə sa:rɪvɪs ðət mʌni kən bɛ:ɪ
stɪl ðə han(d)z əv ə wɛ: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 smɛ:ɪl ɒn ðə tʃə:ɪl
ðəts əɲju: ɒn ðə ni:

THE MAÏD O' NEWTON



IN zummer, when the knaps wer bright
In cool-äir'd evenèn's western light,
An' häj 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 zʌməɪ (h)wen ðə naps wɜː brɛɪt
ɪn ku:læɪrd i:vmenz westərn lɛɪt
ən hæɪ ðət həd ədrɛɪd aɪl deɪ
dɪd nəu lɛɪ gre:tə dju:ɪ nəɪt
əɪ went b(ə)ɪ hɑ:pɪ tʃɛ:ns ɑː du:m
vrəm bro:d(w)uək hɪl əðɛ:rt tə ku:m
ən met ə məɪd ɪn aɪl (h)ɜː blu:m
ðə fʃɛərɛst məɪd ə nju:tən

ʃi: buər ə ba:skɪt ðət dɪd rɛɪd
sə lɛɪt ʃi: dɪdən liən əzɛɪd
(h)ɜː fʃɛs wɜː ɔ:vəl ən ʃi: smɛɪld
sə swi(:)ts ə tʃɛɪld bət wɛ:kt wi prɛɪd
əɪ spɔ:k tu hɜː bət (h)wɒt əɪ zed
əɪ dɪdən nɔ: wi ðɔ:ts əvləd
əɪ spɔ:k b(ə)ɪ hɑ:rt ən nɒt b(ə)ɪ hɛd
əvuər ðə məɪd ə nju:tən

əɪ kaɪld hɜː ɔ: əɪ do:nt nɔ: hu:
twɜː b(ə)ɪ ə nʃɛm ʃi: nəvər nju:
ən tə ðə hi:l ʃi: stʊd əpən
ʃi: ðɛn bro:t ɒn (h)ɜː hɛ:mdɜː ʃu:
ən stɒpt əvuər mi: (h)wɜː wi: met
ən wi ə smɛɪl (w)u:n kɛɪnt vɜːget
ʃi: zed wi əɪz əzwimən wɛt
nɔ: əɪ bi: (w)u:n ə nju:tən

ðɛn ɒn əɪ rambɛld tə ðə wɛst
bɪlo: ðə zʌni hɑ:ɒnz brɛst
(h)wɜː də:un əðɛ:rt ðə lɪtəl strɪ: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

bət a:l ðə bærdz wi læ:vlɪ gli:
dɪd tʃə:rp ən hʌp vrəm tri: tə tri:
əz ɪf ɪt wɜr vrəm prə:ɪd tə zi:
gu: bæ:ɪ ðə məɪd ə nju:tən

b(ə:ɪ) fənsɪ lɛd ət i:vmenz glo:
ə:ɪ (w)u:ns dɪd gu: ərə:vən slo:
də:un (h)wɜr ði eləmz stɛm b(ə:ɪ) stɛm
də stan tə hɛm ðə grə:v bɪlo:
bət ɛ:tər ðat mə:ɪ vi:t vɜzʊk
ðə grə:v tə si:k ðə litəl brʊk
ət ku:m (h)wɜr ə:ɪ mɪd zʌmtə:ɪmz lʊk
tə mi(:)t ðə məɪd 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:l(d)hʊd

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

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

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

bət hapi bi: tʃɪldərn ðə (h)wə:ɪl
ðe: hav ɛldərz əlɪvən tə lʌv əm
ən tjeɪk a:l ðə wiərisəm twə:ɪl
ðət 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:hɛdɪd 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 mæs(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 feâce ov e'th an' skies,
 But Meäry's smile, o' Morey's Mill,
 My rwose 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 heär;
Or else, as she do walk abroad,
Let moonlight show, upon the road,
 My Meäry's smile, o' Morey's Mill,
 My rwose o' Mowy Lea.

give

*shining
outside*

An' O! mid never tears come on,
To wash her feâce's blushes wan,
Nor kill her smiles that now do play
Like sparklèn weäves in zunny May;
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 rwose o' Mowy Lea.

may

one

mjeəriz smə:ɪl

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

ən (h)wen ət lɛ:st ði i:vmən dju:z
də nə:u bigɪn tə wet ə:uər fu:z
ən nə:ɪts ərə:ɪdən tə ðə west
tə stɒp ə:uər wə:rk ən gi: əs rest
o: lɛt ðə kandəlz rʌdi gljɛər
bət brə:ɪtən ʌp (h)ər ʃi:nən hjeər
ar els az ʃi: də we:k əbro:d
lɛt mu:nlə:ɪt ʃo: əpən ðə rɔ:d
mə:ɪ mjeəriz smə:ɪl ə muəriz mɪl
mə:ɪ ruəz ə mə: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:rkɫən 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 dzæɪ
tə tə:ɪn ðə hɑ:rdɪst wə:rk tə plæɪ
mə:ɪ mjeəriz smə:ɪl ə muəriz mɪl
mə:ɪ ruəz ə mə: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 spräy,
An' childern leäp in merry playä,
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 vloor,
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 stɑ:rz mɪd rə:ɪz
ən wʊdz bi: grɪ:n tə ʃi:mən skə:ɪz
ðə kɒk mɪd kro: tə mɑ:rnən lə:ɪt
ən wə:rkvɔ:k zɪŋ tə vɑ:lən nə:ɪt
ðə bə:rdz mɪd (h)wɪsəl ɒn ðə spræɪ
ən tʃɪldərn liəp ɪn məri plæɪ
bət ə:uərz ɪz nə:u ə lə:ɪflɪs pljəs
vɑr wɪ:v əlbɒst ə smə:ɪlən fjes
 jʌŋ mjeəri miəd ə məri mu:d
 vər ʃi:z əwʊ:d ən wədɪd

ðə dɒg ðæt (w)u:ns wər glɑd tə beər
(h)ər fɒn(d)lən vɪŋgərz də:ʊn (h)ɪz hjæər
də liən (h)ɪz hɛd əgjen ðə vluər
tə wɒtʃ wi hevi ə:ɪz ðə duər
ən mən ʃi: zɛnt sə hɑpi huəm
ə zadərde:z də si:(j)m tə kʌm
tə duər wi də:ʊnkɑ:st hɑ:rts tə mɪs
wi smə:ɪlz bɪlɔ: ðə klɛmətɪs
 jʌŋ mjeəri miəd ə məri mu:d
 vər ʃi:z əwʊ:d ən wədɪd

(h)wɛn ðe: də drɛ: ði i:vɪmən blə:m(d)
ən (h)wɛn ði i:vɪmən lə:ɪts ətə:m(d)
ðə tʃɪərlɪs və:ɪər də dro: ə gljæər
ə lə:ɪt əgjen (h)ər ɛm(p)ti tʃɛər
ən wə:rdlɪs gɑps də nə:u mjɛk ðɪm
ðər tɛ:k (h)wər (w)u:ns (h)ər væɪs kʌm ɪn
zu: luənsəm ɪz (h)ər ɛm(p)ti pljəs
ən blɛst ðə hərəs ðæt hɑ ðə fjes
 ə mjeəri miəd ə məri mu:d
 nə:u ʃi:z əwʊ:d 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 leäse,
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: left (h)ər fe:ðərz hæθ
ðo: sad wər kept ə de: ə meθ
ən drə:(h)wi:ld wəgənz ɛm(p)ti bedz
wər left iðm 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
ðət pʊld əwə:ɪ ðə diərɪst luəd
 jʌŋ mjɛəri miəd ə məri mu:d
 ðət wər əwu:d an wɛdɪd



THE STWONEN BWOY UPON THE PILLAR

made of stone

Wi' smokeless tuns an' empty halls,
An' moss a-clingèn 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.

chimneys

behind a gate

may

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,

through heat

first

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;

shadow across

An' there the while the rooks do bring
Their scroff to build their nest in Spring,

twigs

Or zwallows in the zummer day
Do cling their little huts o' clay,

attach

'Ithin the rainless sheädes, below
The steadvast arches' mossy bow.

span

oak

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,

drive, across

ðə stuənən bwə:i əpən ðə pɪlər

wi smo:kli:s tʌnz ən em(p)ti hɑ:lz
ən mɒs əkliŋən tə ðə wɑ: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:i ə stuən
z ə pɒpi bʌd mɪd liŋgər ɒn
vɑ:sjekən (h)wɛn ðə (h)wi:ts əgən
ən ðər ðen wi (h)ɪz bɔ: 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)wɛn vʌst ðə lə:ɪt ərə:ɪzən wi:k
ət bre:k ə de: də smə:ɪt (h)ɪz tʃiək
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)wɛn ət nə:ɪt ðə wɑ:rɪmbreθt 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 bɪlɔ:
ðə stədva:st ɑ:rtʃɪz mɒsi bɔ:
ar (h)wɛn ɪn fa:l 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 ə:ut əðə:rt ðə pu:l
ar wɪntərz klə:udz də gɑðər dɑ:rk
ən wɛt wi ræm ði eləmz 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, *through*
 An' never change his size or dress,
 Nor overgrow his prettiness.
 But, oh! thik child, that we do vind *that*
 In childhood still, do call to mind
 A little bwoy a-call'd by death,
 Long years agoo, vrom our sad he'th; *hearth*
 An' I, in thought, can zee en dim *him*
 The seäme in feäce, the seäme in lim'.
 My heäir mid whiten as the snow, *may*
 My limbs grow weak, my step wear slow,
 My droopèn head mid slowly vall
 Above the han'-staff's glossy ball, *walking-stick's*
 An' yeet, vor all a wid'nèn span *yet*
 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 pə:rti smə:l bitwɪkst
 (h)IZ lɪtəl ʃjɛdmar:kt lɪps əfɪkst
 əz ðeər (h)IZ lɪtəl ʃjɛp də bə:ɪd
 dru: de: ən nə:ɪt ən tə:ɪm ən tə:ɪd
 ən nəvər tʃændz (h)IZ sə:ɪz ər dres
 nər ɔ:vərgro: (h)IZ pə:rtines
 bət o: ðɪk tʃə:ɪl(d) ðət wi: də və:m(d)
 ɪn tʃə:ɪl(d)hʊd stɪl də ka:l tə mə:m(d)
 ə lɪtəl bwə:ɪ əka:l d b(ə:ɪ)ɪ dɛθ
 lɒŋ jɪərz 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 hjeər mɪd (h)wə:ɪtən əz ðə sno:
 mə:ɪ lɪmz gro: wɪ:k mə:ɪ stɛp weər slo:
 mə:ɪ dru:pən hɛd mɪd slɔ:li va:l
 əbʌv ðə hanstɛ:fs glɔ:si ba:l
 ən (j)ɪ:t vər a:l ə wə:ɪdnən span
 əv jɪərz mɪd tʃændz 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 biərd əpən (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 ʃi:n sə brə:ɪt
ɪn he:vən əz ɪn eθli læ:ɪt
ən nʌθən betər wər ðə kjes
hə:u kʌmli stɪl ɪn ʃjɛp ən fjɛs
wʊd meni ri:tʃ ðɪk hapi pljes
ðə ho:pful so:lz ðæt ɪn ðər prə:ɪm
hə si:(j)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 slə:liwjestən ʤiərz hə rə:ld
ðə di:pnən rɪŋkəlz hɒlər vuəld
(h)wen læ:ɪf ɪz rə:ɪp ðen deθ də ka:l
vər læs əv ðɔ:t ðən (h)wen də va:l
ɒn ʤʌŋ vɔ: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 brə:ɪd hə læd
(h)ər hɛd ət rɛst nu: muər tə tə:ɪn
həv a:l 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:unkə:st ə:ɪz
ən vɪlədʒ grɪ:nz əbiət he:f bjɛər
b(ə):ɪ de:nserz ðæt də mi:(j)t ən weər
sɪtʃ mɛri 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 feär at death be always feär,
Still feär to livers' thought an' love,
An' feäirer still to God above,
Than when they died in beauty.

toil

də gɑðər ʌndər ljetɪst skə:ɪz
ðər blu:mən tʃiəks ən spɑ:kklən 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 nevər weər
ʌnkʌmli ʌndər twə:ɪl ən kjɛər
ðə fjɛər ət dɛθ bi: a:lwe:z fjɛər
stɪl fjɛər tə lɪvərz ðo:t ən lʌv
ən fjɛərər stɪl tə ɡʊd əbʌv
ðən (h)wen 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 læänes, 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,
Beside 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

fjæ̃r emili əv jarə(r) mɪl

dɪər jarəhəm twər mənɪ mə:lz
vrəm ðə:ɪ grɪ:n miədʒ ðət ɪn mə:ɪ we:k
ə:ɪ mət ə mə:ɪd wi wɪnən smə:lz
ðət tɛ:kt əz vɔ:k ət huəm də tɛ:k
ən hu: ət lɛ:st ʃʊd ʃi: bi: və:un(d)
əv a:l ðə sɔ:lz ðə skə:ɪ də bə:un(d)
bət (w)u:n ðət trɒd ət vʌst ðə:ɪ grə:un
fjæ̃r emili əv jarə(r) mɪl

bət ðə:ɪ (w)uəld hə:us ən elmi nuk
ən wɑ:lskri:nd gjɑ:rdənz mɒsi zə:ɪdz
ðə:ɪ grɑ:si miədʒ ən zedʒɪ brʊk
ən hə:ɪbæŋkt lʒenz wi ʃjedi rə:ɪdz
wər a:l ənə:n tə mi: b(ə):ɪ lə:ɪt
əv jə:ɪli de:z əkwentʃt b(ə):ɪ nə:ɪt
əvuər ðe: mət ðə ʒʌŋgər zə:ɪt
əv emili əv jarə(r) mɪl

ən nə:u mə:ɪ ha:ɪt də liəp tə ðɪŋk
ə tə:ɪmz ðət ə:ɪv əspɛnt ɪn plæ:ɪ
bɪzə:ɪd ðə:ɪ rɪvərz rʌʃɪ brɪŋk
əpɒn ə dʒe:zɪbəd ə mə:ɪ
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: a:l ðə muər
vər emili əv jarə(r) mɪl

(h)wen brə:ɪt əbʌv ði eθ bɪlɔ:
ðə mu:n də sprɛd əbro:d (h)ɪz lə:ɪt
ən æ:ɪ ə zʌmər nə:ɪts də blɔ:
ədðə:ɪt ðə vi:l(d)z ɪn plæ:ɪsəm 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 dɪləʊtsəm ʌndər a:l
ðə ʃjɛdz ə bəʊz b(ə)ɪ pɛ:θ ər wa:l
bət muəstli ðə:m (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 aïr 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 flɔ:uri zə:ɪdz
əkɛpt sə lu: b(ə):ɪ hazəlɹə:ɪdz
wi bɛdz ə grɛ:gəlz ə:ut ɪn blu:m
bɪlo: ðə tɪmbərz wɪn(d)ləs glu:m
ən gjet ðət ə:ɪv əswʌŋ
ən rɒd əz hi:z əhʌŋ
(h)wɛn ə:ɪ wɛr jʌŋ ɪn (w)uəkli ku:m

twɛr ðər ət fiəst wi: a:l dɪd pa:s
ði i:vmen ɒn ðə lʃenzə:ɪd gra:s
ə:ut (h)wɛr ðə gjet də let əs dru:
bɪlo: ðə (w)uəktri:z ɪn ðə lu:
ɪn mɛri gjɛmz ən fʌn
ðət mjɛd 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 ðeər əleft wɛr flɔ:uri mə:un(d)
ɪðə:ut ə vɛɪs ɪðə:ut ə sə:un(d)
ʌnlɛs ði æɪr dɪd blɔ:
dru: rʌslən lɪ:vz ən dro:
ðə ræɪm drɒps lo: əpɒn ðə grə:un(d)

ə:ɪ ɪŋgərd ðeər ən mɪst ðə næɪz
ə:ɪ ɪŋgərd ðeər 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
vɛr (h)wɛr (h)ɛr vɛɪs ɪz gæɪ
ən (h)wɛr (h)ɛr smə:ɪlz də plæɪ
ðərz a:lwe:z dʒæɪ vɛr 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 vɔ:k ə:ʊt əbrɔ:d hɑ mɛθ
bət nuən ət huəm bɪzə:ɪd ðə hɛθ
ən zʌm hɑ smə:ɪlz vər strændʒərz vju:
ən frə:ʊnz vər kɪθ ən kɪn tə ru:
bət (h)ər swi(:)t væɪs də va:l
wi kə:m(d)li wə:rdz tu a:l
buəd bɪg ən smɑ:l ðə huəl de: dru:

ən (h)wɛn ði i:vmən skə:ɪ wər pjɛl
wi: hiərd ðə wɑ:rblən nə:ɪtəŋgɛl
ədre:ən ə:ʊt (h)ɪz luənsəm zɒŋ
ɪn wə:m(d)ən mju:zɪk də:ʊn ðə drɒŋ
ən dʒɛni vrəm (h)ər hɛθ
kʌm ə:ʊt ðo: nɒt ɪn mɛθ
bət hɛld (h)ər brɛθ tə hiər (h)ɪz zɒŋ

ðɛn (h)wə:ɪl ðə bə:rd wi ɔ:bən bɪl
dɪd wɑ:rbəl ɒn (h)ər væɪs wər stɪl
ən əz ʃi: stʊd əvuər mi: bə:ʊn(d)
ɪn stɪlnɪs tə ðə flə:ʊri mə:ʊn(d)
ðə bə:rdz ə dʒæɪ tə zʌm
ə:ɪ ðɔ:t bət (h)wɛn hi:z dʌm
(h)ər væɪs wɪl kʌm wi swi(:)tər sə:ʊn(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

twɛr (h)wɛn ðə vɔ:k wɛr əʊt tə ha:l
ə vi:l(d) ə hæi ə de: ɪn dʒu:n
ən (h)wɛn ðə zʌn bɪgʌn tə va:l
təwɑ:rd ðə wɛst ɪn ɛ:tərnu:n
(w)u:n o:nli wɛr ələft bɪhə:m(d)
tə bə:ɪd ɪndʊərz ət huəm ən mə:m(d)
ðə həʊs ən ɛ:nsər vɔ:k əvuər
ðə gjet ər duər jʌŋ fəni dʒɛn

ði æiə ɪðm ðə gja:rdən wa:l
wɛr dɛdli stɪl ʌnlɛs ðə bi:
dɪd hʌmi bə:ɪ ər ɪn ðə ha:l
ðə klɒk dɪd rɪŋ əhetən dri:
ən ðər wi bɪzi hən(d)z ɪnsə:ɪd
ði ə:ɪərn kjɛsmənt o: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 fʃɛər əðə:ɪt ðə vlʊər
ən ðər əho:ldən ɪn (h)ɪz hən(d)
(h)ɪz brə:ɪdɔld mʃɛər ə ju:θ dɪd stən(d)
ən mə:ɪldli tuəld (h)ɪz nʃɛm ən(d) plʃɛs
əvuər ðə fʃɛs 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: əkst ən ɪf hi:d rə:ɪd
əʊt (h)wɛr (h)ər fɛ:ðər mɪd bi: və:ʊn(d)
bɪzə:ɪd ðə pləʊ ɪn kəʊslɪp grəʊn(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 o: (h)ɪz huəmwərd rɔ:d wɛr gæɪ
ɪn æɪr əblo:ən (h)wɪf b(ə:ɪ) (h)wɪf
(h)wɛ:ɪl ʃi:nən wɔ:tərweɪvz dɪd plæɪ
ən bə:uz dɪd swæɪ əbʌv ðə klɪf
vɛr tə:ɪm həd nə:u əʃo:d ən dɪm
ðə dʒæɪ ɪt həd ɪn stuər vɛr hɪm
ən (h)wɛn ə wɛnt ðɪk rɔ:d əgɪɛn
(h)ɪz ɛrən(d) ðɛn wɛr fəni dʒɛn

hə:u strændʒli ðɪŋz bi: brɔ:t əbə:ut
b(ə:ɪ) prɔvɪdəns nu: tʌŋ kən tɛl
ʃi: mə:ɪndɪd hə:us (h)wɛn vɔ:k wɛr ə:ut
ən zu: mʌs bɪd ðə hə:us fɪərweɪl
ðə bi:z mɪd hʌm ðə klɒk mɪd kɑ:l
ðə luənsəm ə:uərz ɪðɪm 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 ɛlwɛl miəd

ə məɪd wi mɛni ɡɪfts ə ɡrjɛs
ə məɪd wi ɛvərsmə:lən fjɛs
ə tʃə:l(d) ə ju:(j)ərz mə:ɪ tʃə:l(d)hʊdz pljɛs
o: liənən lɛ:nz əv alən
z əwɛ: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 ɛlwɛl miəd

ən o: ɪf ə:ɪ kʊd tjɛm 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 tjɛk mə:ɪ de:li flɔ: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 ɛlwɛl miəd

ən (h)wɛn jər hɛdʒɪz sluz bi: blu:
bi blakbərɪz ə dɑ:rkənən hju:
ən spə:ɪdərz wɛbz bihʌŋ wi dju:
o: liənən lɛ:nz əv alən
əvuər ðə wɪntər æɪrz ətʃɪld
əvuər jər wɪntər brʊks əvɪld
əvuər jər zʌmər flə:uərz bi: kɪld
o: liənən lɛ:nz əv alən
ə:ɪ ðər wʊd mi:(j)t ɪn (h)wə:ɪt ərəɪd
ðə lʌvli məɪd əv ɛlwɛl 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 rə:ɪz
də ka:st ðər ʃjɛdz vrəm ɔ:təm skə:ɪz
əspɑ:rkɫən m (h)ər dju:i ə:ɪz
o: liənən lɛ:nz əv alən
ðɛn a:l jər mɔ:si pɛ:ðz bɪlo:
ðə tri:z wi li:vz əva:lən slo:
lɪk zɪŋkən fljɛks ə jʌlər sno:
o: liənən lɛ:nz əv alən
wʊd bi: muər tjɛkən (h)wər ðər stræɪd
ðə lʌvli mæɪd əv ɛlwɛl miəd

OUR FATHERS' WORKS



AH! I do think, as I do tread
Theäse path, wi' elems 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 lwoads;
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 fe:ðərz wə:ɾks

a: ə:ɪ də ðɪŋk əz ə:ɪ də tɾəd
ðiəs pe:θ wi eləmz ə:vərhəd
əklimən slo:li ʌp vrəm brʌdʒ
b(ə:ɪ) i:zi stɛps tə bro:d(w)uək rʌdʒ
ðət a:l ðiəz ro:dz ðət wi: də bru:z
wi hɒsɪz ʃu:z ar hevi luədz
ən hɛdʒɪz bʌn(d)z (h)wər tri:z ɪn ro:
də rə:ɪz ən gro: ərə:un ðə lʌn(d)z
bi: wə:ɾks ðət wi:v əvə:un(d) ərɔ:t
b(ə:ɪ) ə:uər vuərfe:ðərz kjeər ən ðɔ:t

ðe: kliəd ðə grə:un vər gra:s tə tjɛk
ðə pljɛs ðət buər ðə brɛmbəl brjɛk
ən dræɪnd ðə fɛn (h)wər wɔ:tər spɾɛd
ələ:ɪən 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 tə:ɪnd ðə brʌdʒ wi a:ɾtʃ əspɾɛd
bɪlo: ə ro:d vər ʌs tə tɾəd

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

zu: nə:u mɪd nuən əv ʌs vɑrget
ðə pɑtərn 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 ʌndərtʃek
səm wə:rk tə mjek vər ʌðəz 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 wə:rk 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
 hillocks
 gave*

ðə (w)uəld vɔ:k dɛd

mə:ɪ de:z wi (w)uəld vɔ: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 vɔ:ks mɛθ
əvʊər ðə bæ:rnən krɪsməs heθ
ət frɛn(d)li buərdz (h)wər fjes b(ə):ɪ fjes
dɪd jɪər b(ə):ɪ jɪər ɡi: ʌp ɪts pljes
ən liəv mi: hiər bihə:m(d) tə tɹɛd
ðə ɡrə:ʊn(d) ətrɒd b(ə):ɪ (w)uəld vɔ:k dɛd

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

ðə baks əv a:l ə:uər zɪlvri hɪlz
ðə brʊk ðæt stɪl də dre:v ə:uər mɪlz
ðə rɔ:dz əklɪmən ʌp ðə brə:uz
ə naps əskri:nd b(ə):ɪ mjɛpəl bæ:uz
wər a:l əmɑ:rkɪt ɪn ʃjɛd ən læ:ɪt
əvʊər ə:uər (w)uəldər fe:ðərz zə:ɪt
ɪn zʌni de:z əɡi:d ðər hɑn(d)z
vər hɑpi wə:rk ətɪlən lɑn(d)z
ðæt nə:u də ʃi:l(d) ðər tʃɪldərn brɛd
tɪl ðe: də rɛst wi (w)uəld vɔ: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 air 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 lrvæn vɔ:k əgrivæn ɒn
wi luənsəm lʌv vər sɔ:lz əɡɒn
də zi: ðər ɡʊdnɪs bæt də və:mnd
a:l els əsti:lən ə:ut ə mə:mnd
az ær də mjæk ðə və:rdɪst lɑn(d)
lʊk fʃeərər ðən ðə vi:l(d) ət hɑn(d)
ən zu: əz tə:ɪm də slɔ:li pɑ:s
sə stɪlz ə ʃjəd əpɒn ðə grɑ:s
ɪts wə:ɪdnən spjes də slɔ:li ʃəd
ə ɡluəri rə:un ðə (w)uəld vɔ:k dɛd

ən (h)wɒt ɪf ɡʊd vɔ:ks lə:ɪf ə brəθ
ɪz zu: əhælərd ɛ:tər dɛθ
ðət ðe: mɪd ɔ:nli nɔ: əbʌv
ðər tə:ɪmz ə fæiθ ən dzæi ən lʌv
(h)wə:ɪl a:l ði i:vəl tə:ɪm hə brɔ:t
s əlɒst vər evər ə:ut ə ðɔ:t
az a:l ðə mu:n ðət ɪdən brə:ɪt
s əlɒst ɪn dɑ:kni:s ə:ut ə zə:ɪt
ən(d) a:l ðə ɡʊdli lə:ɪf ðe: lɛd
ɪz ɡluəri tə ðə (w)uəld vɔ:k dɛd

ɪf ðɪŋz bi: zu: ən sɔ:lz əbʌv
kən ɔ:nli mə:m(d) ə:uər ɛθli lʌv
(h)wə:ɪ ðen ðe:l vi:l ə:uər kə:mndni:s drə:un
ðə ðɔ:ts əv a:l ðət mjəd əm frə:un
ən dzæi ə dzæɪz wɪl drə:ɪ ðə tiər
ə sɑdnɪs ðət də trɪkəl hiər
ən nʌθən muər ə lə:ɪf ðən lʌv
ən pi:s wɪl ðen bi: nɔ:d əbʌv
du: ɡʊd vɑr ðət (h)wen lə:ɪfs əvlɛd
ɪz stɪl ə plɛzər tə ðə dɛd

CULVER DELL AND THE SQUIRE



THERE'S noo pleäce 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-är'd dogs bezide his knees,
An' hold his gun, a-hangèn drough
His ärmpit, 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 yields a-feädèn white;

ferny

kʌlvər dɛl ən(d) ðə skwə:rər

ðərz nu: pljɛs ə:ɪ də lə:ɪk sə wɛl
əz ɛləm nɑp ɪn kʌlvər dɛl
(h)wər tɪmbər tri:z wi lɔfti ʃə:udz
dɪd rə:ɪz əvuər ðə wɛstərn klə:udz
ən stɑn əgʃən wi vɛðri tɔps
əswæ:rən ʌp ɪn nɒθhɪl kɔps
ən ɒn ði i:st ðə mɑ:rənən brɔ:k
əbʌv ə dʒu:ɪ grɔ:v ə (w)uək
ən nu:ntə:ɪd ʃɛd ɪts bə:rənən lə:ɪt
ɒn əfɪz ɒn ðə sʌðərn hə:ɪt
ən ə:ɪ kud və:m(d) zəm tʃɛlz tə tɛl
ə fɑ:rmər de:z ɪn kʌlvər dɛl

ən a:l ðə vɔ:k dɪd ʌv sə wɛl
ðə gud (w)uəld skwə:rər ə kʌlvər dɛl
ðət ju:st tə rɑnbəl dru: ðə ʃjɛdz
ə tɪmbər ɑr ðə bə:rənən gljɛdz
ən kʌm ət i:vmen ʌp ðə liəz
wi rɛdiərd dɔgz bɪzə:ɪd (h)ɪz ni:z
ən huəld (h)ɪz gʌn əhɑŋən dru:
(h)ɪz yɑ:mpɪt ə:ut 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
vɑr hi: dɪd nɔ: ðə pu:(j)ər sə wɛl
z ðə rɪtʃɪst vɔ:k ɪn kʌlvər dɛl

ən (h)wə:ɪl ðə (w)uək wi sprɛdən hɛd
dɪd ʃjɛd ðə fɔksɪz və:rni bɛd
ən rʌnən hjɛərz ɪn zʌni gljɛdz
dɪd biət ðə grɑ:sɪz kwɪvrən bljɛdz
ən spɛkəld pɛ:trɪdzɪz tʌk flə:ɪt
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 rwosy 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 fezənt stræt
in ʃjedi wʊdz wi pæɪntɪd kuət
ar lɒŋtʌŋd dɒgz dɪd lʌv tə rʌn
əməŋ ðə li:vz bɪzə:ɪd (h)ɪz glʌn
wi: dɪdən wɒnt vər ka:l tə dwel
ət huəm in pi:s in kʌlvər dɛl

bət nə:u ə:ɪ ho:p (h)ɪz kə:m(d)li fjes
ɪz gɒn tə və:m(d) ə bətər pljes
bət stɪl wi vɔ:k əleft bihə:m(d)
hi:l a:lwe:z bi: əkept in mə:m(d)
vər a:l (h)ɪz sprɪŋɪvʊtɪd hə:un(d)z
hə dʌn ə trɒtən rə:un(d) (h)ɪz grə:un(d)z
ən wi: həv a:l əleft ðə spɒt
tə tʃek əskatərd i:tʃ (h)ɪz lɒt
ən i:vən fe:ðər lɪk ðə rɛst
hə left ə:uər lɒŋ vɑ:sjekən nəst
ən wi: ʃʊd və:m(d) ɪt sɑd tə dwel
əgjen ət huəm in kʌlvər dɛl

ði æɪri mə:ɪnənz stɪl mɪd smə:ɪt
ə:uər wɪndərz wi ðər ruəzi lə:ɪt
ən hə:ɪzlənd nu:nz mɪd drə:ɪ ðə dju:
ɒn grə:ən grə:un bɪlo: ə:uər ʃu:
ðə blʌʃən i:vmen stɪl mɪd də:ɪ
wi və:ɪəri red 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 gɒn
bət wi: məst bɪd ə lɒŋ fjeərwel
tə de:z ən tə:ɪdz in 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' milkmäids 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 bəθpljəs

hə:u diərz ðə duər ə latʃ də ʃʌt
ən ɡjɑ: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 klɪnd ðə tɪmbərz bɑ:rk əlɒft
bɪlo: ðə zɪŋən lɑ:rk əlɒft
ðə (h)wə:ɪl wi: hiərd ði ɛko: sə:un(d)
dru: a:l ðə rɪŋən vali rə:un(d)

ə luənsəm grə:v ə (w)uək dɪd rə:ɪz
tə skrɪ:n ə:uər hə:us (h)wər smo:k dɪd rə:ɪz
ətwaɪstən blu: (h)wə:ɪl (j)i:t ðə zʌn
dɪd lɑŋθən vɒn ə:uər tʃə:ɪl(d)hʊdz flʌn
ən ðər wi a:l ðə ʃjeps ən sə:un(d)z
ə lə:ɪf əmɒŋ 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
ə rɪŋən də:un ðə vali zə:ɪd

b(ə:ɪ)ɪ rɪvər bɑŋks wi rɪ:dz əbə:un(d)
ən ʃɪ:nən pu:lz wi wɪ:dz əbə:un(d)
ðə lɒŋnekt ɡændərz rʌdi bɪl
tə sno:(h)wə:ɪt ɡi:s dɪd kəkəl ʃɪl
ən strə:ɪdən pi:wɪts hjesənd bæ:ɪ
ə tɪptu: wi ðər skrɪ:mən krə:ɪ
ən stɛ:kən kə:uz əlo:ən lə:ud
ən strʌtən kɒks əkrə:ən lə:ud
dɪd rə:uz ði ɛko:z ʌp tə mɒk
ðər mɪŋɡəld sə:un(d)z b(ə:ɪ)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 sta:ɪz ðət klɪmð ə:uər skə:ɪz a:l da:ɪk
əbʌv ə:uər sli:pən ə:ɪz a:l da:ɪk
ən zʌnz əro:lən rə:un(d) tə brɪŋ
ðə si:zənz ɒn vrəm sprɪŋ tə sprɪŋ
hə vləd wi nəvər rɛstən flə:ɪt
dru: grɪ:nbə:ud de: ən da:ɪktri:d nə:ɪt
tɪl nə:u ə:uər tʃə:ɪl(d)hʊdz plʒəsɪz ðər
bi: gæɪ wi ʌðər fʃɛsɪz ðər
ən wi: ə:uərzʌvz də vɒli ɒn
ə:uər ɔ:n 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 wɪndər frjɛmd wi stʊən

(h)wɛn pɛntrɪdʒ hæ:ʊs wər stɪl ðə nɛst
ə so:lz ðæt nə:ʊ hɑ bɛtər rɛst
əvʊər ðə vɛ:rər bɛ:rnt tə grə:ʊn(d)
(h)ɪz bi:mz ən wɑ:lz ðæt ðɛn wər sɛ:ʊn(d)
ɪðm ə nɛɪlbɪstɑdɪd duər
ən pɑsɪdʒ wi ə stʊənən vluər
ðər sprɛd ðə ha:l (h)wər zʌnlə:ɪt ʃɒn
ɪn drʊ: ə wɪndər frjɛmd wi stʊən

ə klavibi:m ə ʃi:mən (w)uək
dɪd spɑn ðə hɛθ wi twɪstən smɔ:k
(h)wər fljɛmz dɪd ʃʊt ɪn ʒələr stri:kz
əbʌv ðə brɑn(d)z ðər flɑʃən pi:kz
ən ɛ:nt dɪd pʊl əz ʃi: dɪd stɑn(d)
ətɪptʊ: wi (h)ər lɪftɪd hɑn(d)
ə kɛ:rtən fjɛdɪd wi ðə zʌn
əvʊər ðə wɪndər frjɛmd wi stʊən

(h)wɛn huəmgɾə:ʊn(d) grɑ:s bɪlɔ: ðə mu:n
wər dɑmp wi i:vɪmən dʒu: ɪn dʒu:n
ən ɛ:nt dɪd kɑ:l ðə məɪdɛnz ɪn
vrəm wɛ:kən wi ðər ʃu:z tu: ðɪn
ðe: zɑt tə rɛst ðər lɪti vɪt
əpɒn ðə wɪndərz (w)uəkən si:t
ən tʃɑtɪd ðər ɪn lə:ɪt ðæt ʃɒn
ɪn drʊ: ðə wɪndər frjɛmd wi stʊən

ən əz ðə si:zənz ɪn ə rɪŋ
rɔ:ld slɔ:li rə:ʊn vrəm sprɪŋ tə sprɪŋ
ən brɔ:t əm ɒn zʌm hɔ:lɪtə:ɪd
(h)wɛn ðe: dɪd kɑ: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 jay 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 glɑd ɪt mʃəd 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 nʃɛm
ə:ʊt dru: ðə wɪndərz stuənən frʃɛm

o: ɪ:vɪmən zʌn ərə:ɪdən dru:
ðə skə:ɪ vrəm ʃɒdən hɪl ə blu:
tə liəv ðə nə:ɪt əbrʊ:dən dɑ:rk
ət stɛ:brʌdʒ wɪ ɪts gre:wə:ld pɑ:rk
smɑ:l dʒæ:ɪ tə mi: ðə vi:l(d)z də brɪŋ
vər a:l ðər zʌmər bɛ:rdz də zɪŋ
sɪns nə:u ðə:ɪ bi:mz nu: muər də flʃɛm
ɪn dru: ðə wɪndərz stuənən frʃɛm

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

folk

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 pɑ:s ən mu:nz də wʃən
nuən ðə drə:ɪər
nuən ðə hə: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 gæðərd 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 drɪpən
tʃɪldərn sɪpən
wɔ:tər drɪpən ət ðə ku:l
dɑ:rk wɑ:lən əv ðə lɪtəl pu:l

bɪhə:m(d) ðə sprɪŋ də lə:ɪ ðə lan(d)z
mə:ɪ 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 əgrə:ən
bɪənz əblo:ən
grɑ:s vər mɔ:ən (h)wər ðə brʌdʒ
də liəd tə rə:ɪə:lz ɒn ðə rʌdʒ

bət hu: də nɔ: (h)wen lɪvd ən də:ɪd
ðə skwə:ɪər ə ðə muəldrən ha:l
ðət lə:ɪnd ən wi ə stuənən wɑ: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 ke:nt və:m(d) ən
bʌt də mə:m(d) ən ən də θaŋk
(h)ɪz mɪkər vər (h)ɪz lɪtəl tʌŋk

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 naighbours' 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 de:z wɜ:k ən bɜ:nən skə:ɪ
v əzɛnt huəm ju: sə tə:rɔ:d əz ə:ɪ
ləts zɪt ən rɛst ɪðm ðə skri:n
ə mə:ɪ (w)uəld bɜ:uər əpɒn ðə gri:n
(h)wɜr ə:ɪ də gu: mə:ɪzɪf ən lɛt
ði i:vɪmən ærɜr ku:l mə:ɪ hɛt
(h)wɛn dju: də wɛt ðə grɑ:sɪz bljɛdz
əkwaɪvrən ɪn ðə dɪlski fʃjɛdz

ðɜr ʃændər pɒplər tri:z də plæɪ
sɒft mju:zɪk əz ðɜr hɛdz də swæɪ
(h)wɜ:ɪl wɪn(d) ɜrɪslən sɒft ɜr lə:ud
də stri:m əgʃɛn ðɜr lɒftɪ ʃə:ud
ən si(:)m tə hi:l ðə ræŋklən zuər
mə:ɪ mə:m(d) də mi(:)t wi ə:ut ə duər
(h)wɛn ə:ɪv əbuər ɪn də:unkɑ:st mʊd
zɪɪm i:vəl (h)wɜr ə:ɪ lʊkt vɜr gʊd

o: ðe: tu: pɒplərz ðæt də rə:ɪz
sə hɜ:ɪ əvuər ə:uər næɪbɜ:z ə:ɪz
əzɛt b(ə:ɪ)ɪ grɑmfɜr hɑn(d) b(ə:ɪ)ɪ hɑn(d)
wi grɑmər ɪn ðɜr bɪt ə lɑn(d)
ðə (w)u:n əpɒn ðə wɛstɜrn zə:ɪd
wɜr (h)ɪz ən (w)u:n wɜr grɑmɜrz prə:ɪd
ən sɪns ðe: də:ɪd wi: ɑ:l də tʃɛk
muər kʃɛər o:m vɜr ðə (w)uəld vɜ:kz sʃjɛk

ən ðɜr wi stɛmz əgro:ən tɑ:l
əvuər ðə hɜ:usɪz mʊsi wɑ:l
ðə (h)wɜ:ɪl ðə mu:n hɜ slɔ:li pɑ:st
ðə li:fi wɪndər ðe:v əkɑ:st

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 pjen
(h)wɛ:l ʃjɪldərn hæv əgrɔ:n tə mɛn
ən ðɛn əgjɛn hɛ lɛft ðær bɛdz
tə bɛər ðær ʃjɪldərnz hɛvi 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 longsome 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 playsome 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(:)ərz ət (w)uəklən(d) fa:rm
əpja:rtɪd vrəm ðə bɪzi tə:un
b(ə:ɪ)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 zʌmər wɪn(d) ðət stə:rd
ðə sprɛdən lɪndən ɒn ðə leɪn

ən nə:u əv a:l ðə tri:z wi ʃjɛdz
ə(h)wi:lən rə:un(d) ɪn blakmuər gljɛdz
ðərz nu: ta:l pɒplər b(ə:ɪ)ɪ ðə brʊk
nɑr eləm ðət də rɒk ðə rʊk
nɑr əʃ əpɒn ðə ʃɛlvən lɛdz
nɑr lɔ:bə:ud (w)uək bɪzə:ɪd ðə hɛdz
nɑr wɪði ʌp əbʌv ðə zɛdz
sə diərz ðɪk lɪndən ɒn ðə leɪn

vɑr ðər ə zʌmər nə:ɪts bɪlɔ:
ðə wa:l wi: zət (h)wɛn æɪr dɪd blɔ:
ən ʃjɛk ðə dʒu:ɪ ruəz ətə:ɪd
ʌp rə:un ðə wɪndərz stuənən zə:ɪd
ən (h)wə:ɪl ðə kɑ:rtər rɒd əlɒŋ
əzɪŋgən də:un ðə dʌski drɒŋ
ðər ju: dɪd zɪŋ ə swi(:)tər zɒŋ
bɪlɔ: ðə lɪndən ɒn ðə leɪn

ən (h)wə:ɪl jər wɑ:rbəld dɪti wə:un(d)
dru: plæɪsəm flə:ɪts ə melər sə:un(d)
ðə nə:ɪtəŋgjelz ʃɪl zɒŋ ðət brɔ: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 väll
'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

rΛŋ kliær əlŋ ðə gro:v ən smo:t
tə sΛdən stlɪnɪs evri dro:t
əz wi: dɪd zɪt ən hiær ɪt flo:t
bɪlo: ðə lɪndən ɒn ðə le:n

(h)wær dΛski læ:ɪt dɪd sɒf(t)li vɑ:l
ɪðm ðə stuənənwindərd ha:l
əvuær jær fe:ðærz 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 gjebɔld hæ:usɪz puærtʃɪd duær
nu: læ:fən tʃæ:ɪl(d) əklo:ðd ɪn (h)wæ:ɪt
lukt dru: ðə stuənən windərz læ:ɪt
ən nu: væs zΛŋ ɪn dΛski 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 jɪ:l(d) ə frə:un ɪts pljes
ðen dʒeni ɔ:nli læ:f ən kɑ:l
mə:ɪ mə:m(d) ɪðm ðə gja:rdən wɑ: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.

*through
hearth's*

may, old

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.

pliant

three-

ə:uər əbo:d m a:rbi wud

ðo: ə:ɪs də haŋ əpən ðə wɪlərz
ə:ut bɪzə:ɪd ðə vɹo:zən brʊk
ən stɑ:rmz də ruər əbʌv ə:uər pɪlərz
dru: ðə nə:ɪt ɪðm ə:uər nuk
ə:uər i:vmen hæθs əglo:ən wɑ:rm
dru: rɪŋgən vrɔ:st ən ruərən stɑ:rm
ðo: wɪn(d)z mɪd mjek ðə (w)uəld bɪ:mz ʃjek
m ə:uər əbo:d m a:rbi wud

ən ðər ðo: wɪ: mɪd hiər ðə tɪmbər
kre:k əvuər ðə wɪndɪ ræm
ən klɪmən ə:ɪvi kwɪvər lɪmbər
ʌp əgjen ðə wɪndər pjən
ə:uər məri væɪsɪz ðen də sə:un(d)
m ro:lən gli: ər dri:væɪs rə:un(d)
ðo: wɪn(d) mɪd ruər ɪðə:ut ðə duər
əv ə:uər əbo:d m a:rbi 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 vaice 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 əɡɒn

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:ns sə:ʊn(d)ɪd zɒŋz ən tʃelz
vrəm 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:rhed ət nə:ɪt
ðo: slo: dɪd si(:)m tu ʌs ðə pʃes
ə kʌmən de:z əhed
ðət nə:ʊ də si(:)m əz ɪn ə rʃes
wi æɪrbərdz tu hə vled



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 dzæɪ tə tʃek ðə ro:d
ən gu: əbro:d əwɒndrən wə:ɪd
vrəm ʃɪər tə ʃɪər vrəm pljes tə pljes
ðə swɪftɪst pjɛs ðət vɔ:k kæn rə:ɪd
bət ə:ɪv ə dzæɪ 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: brʌdzvʊt ræɪlz əpæɪntɪd (h)wə:ɪt
tə bi: ət nə:ɪt ðə trævələrz gə:ɪd
gi: mi: ə pljes ðəts wɑ:ɪm ən drə:ɪ
əzɪtən nə:ɪ mə:ɪ və:ɪərzə:ɪd

vɑ: (h)wər də lʌv ə kiθ ən kɪn
ət vʌst bɪgm ɑ: grɔ: ən rə:ɪd
tɪl so:ɪz əlʌvd sə jʌŋ bi: (w)uəld
ðo: nəvər kuəld dru: tə:ɪm nər tə:ɪd
bət (h)wər ɪn məθ ðər gæðərd vɪt
du: ɒfən mɪ:t ðə və:ɪərzə:ɪd

ɪf (h)wɛn ə frɛn(d) hə leɪft ðə lɑ:nd
ə:ɪ ʃʊk (h)ɪz hɑ:nd ɑ: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:u vɑ:st də vɑ:l
ðə muəldrən hɑ: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

heat

(h)wær mæri hærts wær (w)u:ns æved
wi de:li bræd (h)wæ:ɪ æ:ɪv æsæ:ɪd
tə zi: ðə wa:l sə gri:n wi muæld
ən vœ:m(d) sə kuæld ðə vœ:ɪærzæ:ɪd

ən krismæs stɪl mɪd brɪŋ (h)ɪz mæθ
tu æ:uær hæθ bæt ɪf wi: træ:ɪd
tə gæðer a:l ðæt (w)u:ns dɪd wæær
gæɪ fjesɪz ðeær a: zʌm hæ dæ:ɪd
ən zʌm bi: gʊn tə liəv wi gæps
ə mɪsən læps ðə vœ:ɪærzæ:ɪd

bæt kʌm næ:u brɪŋ əs ɪn jær hæ:n(d)
ə hevi bræn(d) ə (w)uæk ædræ:ɪd
tə tʃiær əs wi (h)ɪz hæt ən læ:ɪt
(h)wæ:ɪl vrœsti næ:ɪt sə stæ:ɪskæ:ɪd
dæ gæðer so:lz ðæt tœ:ɪm dæ spjæær
tə zɪt ən fjeær æ:uær vœ:ɪærzæ: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 pleâce to pleâce, John,
Zome would goo from feâce to feâce, John,
But I be happy in my hwomely nest;
An' slight's the hope vor any pleâce bezide,
To læve the plain 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 læve the plain 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:i do:nt wɒnt tə sli:p əbro:d dʒan
ə:i də lə:ɪk mə:i huəmwərd rɔ:d dʒan
ən lə:ɪk ðə sə:un(d) ə no:lwud bɛlz ðə best
zʌm wud rɔ:v vrəm pljɛs tə pljɛs dʒan
zʌm wud gu: vrəm fjɛs tə fjɛs dʒan
bət ə:i bi: hapi ɪn mə:i huəmli nəst
ən slə:ɪts ðə ho:p vər eni pljɛs bɪzə:ɪd
tə liəv ðə plæm əbo:d (h)wər lʌv də bə:ɪd

(h)wər ðə fɛlvən nap də va:l dʒan
ʌndər tri:z əsprɪŋən ta:l dʒan
tɪz ðɛər mə:i hə:us də ʃo: (h)ɪz ʃi:nən zə:ɪd
wi (h)ɪz wa:lz vər evər grɪ:n dʒan
ʌndər ə:ɪvi ðəts ə skri:n dʒan
vrəm wɛt ən het ən evri tʃændʒən tə:ɪd
ən ə:i də litəl ho: vər gu:ld ər prə:ɪd
tə liəv ðə plæm əbo:d (h)wər lʌv də bə:ɪd

ðər ðə bendən stri:m də flo: dʒan
b(ə):ɪ ðə mɒsi brʌdʒɪz bo: dʒan
ən ðər ðə rɔ:d də wə:m(d) bɪlo: ðə hɪl
ðər 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:ɪtlɪʃjekən duər
(h)ɪz (h)wi:tən flə:uər də (h)wə:ɪtən a:l (h)ɪz fluər

(h)wɛn mə:i de:li wə:rks ədʌn dʒan
ət ðə zɛtən ə ðə zʌn dʒan
ən ə:i a:l de: v əplæɪd ə gʊd manz pjɑ:rt
ə:i də və:m(d) mə:i ɪz əblest dʒan
(h)wə:ɪl mə:i kɒnfəns ɪz ət rest dʒan

An' while noo worm's a-left to fret my heart;
An' who vor finer hwomes o' restless pride,
Would pass the pläin 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 heär;
While a zingèn drush do swäy, John,
Up an' down upon a spräy, 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,
Pels 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 bboard,
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 leäve the pläin abode where love do bide.

table

doves

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

b(ə):ɪ ə wɪndər ɪn ðə west dʒən
ðər əpɒn mə:i fɪdəlz brɛst dʒən
ðə strɪŋz də sə:un(d) bɪlɔ: mə:i bɔ:z (h)wə:ɪt hjɛər
(h)wə:ɪl ə zɪŋən drʌʃ də swæɪ dʒən
ʌp ən də:un əpɒn ə spræɪ dʒən
ən ka:st (h)ɪz ʃjɛd əpɒn ðə wɪndər skwɛər
vər bɛ:rdz 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 tɔ: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:i iər kən kʌtʃ
ðə mə:ɪd əzɪŋən b(ə):ɪ ðə stri:m dʒən
ar kɑ:rtər (h)wɪslən wi (h)ɪz ti:m dʒən
ar zɪŋən bɛ:rdz ar wɔ:tər ət ðə hatʃ
ən zu: wi sə:un(d)z ə væɪs ən bɛ:rd ən bɛl
nu: ə:uər ɪz dʌl ɪðm ə:uər ruəzi dɛl

ən (h)wɛn ðə da:ɪksəm nə:ɪt də hɛ:ɪd dʒən
lʌn(d) ən wud ɒn ɛvri zə:ɪd dʒən
ən (h)wɛn ðə lɔ:ɪts əbɛ:ɪnən ɒn mə:i buərd
ðɛn vər plɛzərz ə:ut ə duər dʒən
ə:ɪv ɪnʌf əpɒn mə:i vluər dʒən
mə:i dʒɛnɪz lʌvən di:d ən lʊk ən wɛ:rd
ən wi: bi: luəθ lɪk kʌlvɛ:ɪz zə:ɪd b(ə):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 mäiden hwome's vorseäken vloor,
An' under stars that slowly wheel'd
Aloft, above the keen-air'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.

bearth's, beated

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 fɑ:rm wi græ:un(d) ən tri:
halærd b(æ):I tæ:imz ə ju:θvul gli:
æt krisməs tæ:im ə:i spent ə nə:it
wi fjesiz diærist tæ mæ:i zæ:it
ən tuk mæ:i wæ:if tæ tred (w)u:ns muər
(h)ær mæidæn huəmz varsjekæn vluər
ən ʌndær stɑ:rz ðæt slo:li (h)wi:ld
əlbft əbʌv ðə ki:næird vi:ld
(h)wæ:il nə:it bidimd ðə rʌslæn kɔps
ən dɑ:rkænd a:l ðə rʌdʒiz tɔps
ðə ha:l əhʌŋ wi həli rʌŋ
wi meni ə tʌŋ ə (w)uəld ən jʌŋ

ðær ɒn ðə hεθs wεlhetid græ:un(d)
halærd b(æ):I tæ:imz ə zɪtən ræ:un(d)
ðə brɪmvul mʌg ə sə:ɪdər stʊd
ən hist əvuər ðə bljɛzən wʊd
ən zʌm əzɪtən ni: b(æ):I ni:
dɪd tɛl ðær tjɛlz wi hɑ:rti gli:
ən ʌðərz gɑmbəld ɪn ə ruər
ə lɛ:ftər ɒn ðə stuənən vluər
ən (h)wæ:il ðə mɔs ə wɪntərtæ:ɪd
klʌŋ tʃɪli ræ:un ðə hœ:usiz zæ:ɪd
ðə ha:l əhʌŋ wi həli rʌŋ
wi meni ə tʌŋ ə (w)uəld ən jʌŋ

ðær ɒn ðə puərtʃɪz bɛntʃ ə stuən
halærd b(æ):I tæ:imz ə ju:θvul fʌn
wi: lɛ:ft ən sə:ɪd tə ðɪŋk ə njɛmz
ðæt rʌŋ ðær (w)u:ns ɪn iɪvmən gjɛmz

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 rrose vor Jenny's heäir;
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 vloer
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:l ðə swæ:ɪən sə:ɪprəs bæ:ud
ɪn tʃɪli wɪn(d) (h)ɪz dɑ:kəsəm ʃə:ud
ən hɑ:nɪzəkəlz bjæər ə li: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 meni ə tʌŋ ə (w)uəld ən jʌŋ

ðər ɪn ðə ɡjɑ:rdənz wɑ:l bə:un(d) skwɛər
hɑ:lərd b(ə):ɪ tə:ɪmz ə stro:lən ðɛər
ðə wɪntər wɪn(d) əhʌflən lə:ud
dɪd swæ:ɪ ðə pɛərtri:z li:flɪs ʃə:ud
ən biət ðə buʃ ðət (w)u:ns dɪd beər
ðə dɑ:məsk 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 vluər
ɪn ha:l əhʌŋ wi hɒ:m (h)wər rʌŋ
vʌl meni ə tʌŋ ə (w)uəld ən jʌŋ

ðər ət ðə ɡjɛt ðət (w)u:ns wər blu:
hɑ:lərd b(ə):ɪ tə:ɪmz ə pɑ:sən dru:
lə:ɪt stre:mɔ:ts rɔ:z ɪn flɑ:gən flə:ɪt
əflo:tɪd b(ə):ɪ ðə wɪn(d)z ə nə:ɪt
(h)wər li:fɪ ə:ɪvɪstɛmz dɪd krɑ:l
ɪn mu:nlə:ɪt ɒn ðə wɪn(d)blɔ:n wɑ:l
ən mɛ:ri mə:ɪdənz vɛ:ɪsɪz vlɛd
ɪn ɛkɔ:z ʃɪl vrəm wɑ:l tɔ ʃɛd
əz ʃɪvrən ɪn ðər frɒks ə (h)wə:ɪt
ðɛ: kʌm tɔ bɪd əs ðər ɡʊd nə:ɪt
vrəm ha:l əhʌŋ wi hɒ:m ðət rʌŋ
wi meni ə tʌŋ ə (w)uəld ən jʌŋ

There in the narrow læne 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 ðə narə(r) ljen ən drøn
halərd b(ə)ɪ tə:ɪmz ə gwæm əløn
ðə lɔfti əfɪz li:flɪs ʃə:udz
rɔ:z da:rk əvuər ðə kliədɛdʒd klə:udz
ðə (h)wə:ɪl ðə mu:n ət gə:rtɪst hæ:ɪt
bɪsprɛd ðə pu:li brʊk wi læ:ɪt
ən əz ə:uər tʃə:ɪl(d) ɪn lu:slɪmd rɛst
le: pjɛl əpɒn (h)ər mʌðərz brɛst
(h)ər waksən ə:ɪlɪdz sɪ:ld (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 rwosebud'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 rwose'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 bə:uz əswɪŋən slo:
əvuər ðə zʌn wi i:vmən glo:
əbʌv ə:uər rɔ:d əbi:mən rɛd
ðə grɑ:s ɪn zwɒθ wɛr ɪn ðə miədz
ðə wɔ:tər gliɛmd əmɒŋ ðə ri:dz
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 wɛ:kt wi blʌʃən prə:ɪd
(h)wɛr sɒf(t)li(h)wi:lən stri:mz dɪd glɔ:ɪd
dru: ʃjɛdz 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 ruəzbʌdz 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:vərsprɛd
ðə pɪlər əv ə:uər wiəri hɛd
nɑr ʃəl ðə ruəzɪz mɒsi ba:l
bihʌŋ vɛr ju: ðə hɛ: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' päy 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 päy,”
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

bljɛ:ks hæ:us m blakmuər

dʒən bljɛ:k ə had ə bɪt ə grə:un(d)
kʌm tu: ən b(ə)ɪ (h)ɪz mʌðərz zə:ɪd
ən ɛ:tər ðat tu: hʌndərd pə:un(d)
(h)ɪz ʌŋkəl leɪft ən (h)wɛn ə də:ɪd
wɛl 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 məɪdɔnz krə:ɪd
tru: tru: (h)ɪz wə:ɪf rɪplə:ɪd
dʌn dʌn ə hæ:us ə brɪk ər stuən
krə:ɪd məɪ bljɛ:k ə blakmuər

ðɛn dʒən ə ka:ld vər mɛn ə skɪl
ən bɪldərz ɛ:nsərd tu (h)ɪz ka:l
ən mɛt tə rɛkən i:tʃ (h)ɪz bɪl
vər vlʊər ən wɪndər rʌf ən wɑ:l
ən (w)u:n dɪd mɑ:rk ɪt ɒn ðə grə:un
ən (w)u:n dɪd ðɪŋk ən skrɑ:tʃ (h)ɪz krə:un
ən rɛkən wə:rk ən rə:ɪt ɪt də:un
zu: zu: (w)u:n trjɛ:dzmən krə:ɪd
tru: tru: (w)u:n muər rɪplə:ɪd
æɪ æɪ gʊd wə:rk ən hav gʊd pæɪ
krə:ɪd məɪ bljɛ:k ə blakmuər

ðə wə:rk bɪgʌn ən trə:uəlz rʌŋ
ən ʌp ðə brɪkən wɑ:l dɪd rə:ɪz
ən ʌp ðə slɛɪntən rɛ:ftərz sprʌŋ
wi bɪzi blɔ:z ən lɑ:stɪ krə:ɪz
ən (w)u:n brɔ:t plʌŋks tə mjɛk ə vlʊər
ən (w)u:n dɪd kʌm wi də:ɪnz ər duər
ən (w)u:n dɪd zɛ: 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 bילו:
kwik kwik (h)wæ:ɪ bji: sə slo:
lə:ɪm lə:ɪm (h)wæ: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 əgjen ðə ræmi skæ:ɪ
wi wɪndərz tə ðə nu:nde: zʌn
(h)wər rʌʃi stæ:uər də wɒndər bæ:ɪ
ɪn ku:s ə had ə puərtʃ tə skrɪ:n
ði ɪnsə:ɪd duər (h)wɛn wɪn(d)z wər ki:n
ən ə:ut 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 pæ:rti fjeər
kræ:ɪd mɛri bljɛ:k ə blakmuər

ðɛn dʒən hi: a:kst (h)ɪz frɛn(d)z tə wɑ:ɪrm
(h)ɪz hæ:us ən ðe: ə guɪʃ batʃ
dɪd kʌm əluən ɑr jɑ:ɪrm ɪn jɑ:ɪrm
a:l rɔ:dz əmjɛkən vər (h)ɪz hatʃ
ən ðər bילו: ðə klavi bi:m
ðə kɛtəlspə:ut dɪd zɪŋ ən sti:m
ən ðər wər kjɛ:ks ən te: wi kri:m
lo: lo: ðə wʊmm kræ:ɪd
ho: ho: ðə mɛn rɪplə:ɪd
hɛlθ hɛlθ ətɛnd i: wi jər wɛlθ
gud mɛri bljɛ:k ə blakmuər

ðɛn dʒən əpræ:ɪzd flʌŋ ʌp (h)ɪz kræ:un
a:l bak əlɛ:fən ɪn ə ruər
ðe: præ:ɪzd (h)ɪz wə:ɪf ən ʃi: lʊkt dæ:un
əsɪmpərən təwɑ:ɪrdz 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
əwə:m(d)ən rə:un ɪn nɒts ən (h)wi:lz
brɪsk brɪsk ðə məɪdɛnz krə:ɪd
frɪsk frɪsk ðə mɛn rɪplə:ɪd
kwɪk kwɪk ðər wi jər fɪdəlstɪk
krə:ɪd məri bljɛ:k ə blakmuər

ən (h)wen ðə mərə(r)z zʌn dɪd ʃɪn
dʒən bljɛ:k bihɛld wi dʒæɪ ən prə:ɪd
(h)ɪz brɪkən hə:us ən puətʃ ən grɪn
əbʌv ðə stə:uərz rʌʃi zə:ɪd
ðə zwɒlərz lɛft ðə luənsəm grə:vz
tə bɪld bɪlo: ðə ðatʃən ɔ:vz
ən rɒbɪnz kʌm vər krʌmz ə luəvz
twi(:)t twi(:)t ðə bə:rdz a:l krə:ɪd
swi(:)t swi(:)t dʒʌnz wə:ɪf rɪplə:ɪd
dad dad ðə tʃɪldərn krə:ɪd sə glɑd
tə məri bljɛ: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

tbrough

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 bljɛ:k ət huəm ət nə:ɪt

nə: (h)wər ðə (w)uək du ɔ:vərsprɛd
ðə grɑ:s bɪglu:m d bɪlɔ: (h)ɪz hɛd
ən wɔ:tər ʌndər bə:uən zɛdʒ
əsprɪŋən vrəm ðə rɪvərz ɛdʒ
də rɪpəl əz ðə wɪn(d) də blɔ:
ən spɑ:rkəl əz ðə skə:ɪ də glɔ:
ən grɛ:lɪ:v d wɪðɪbə:uz də ku:l
wɪ dɑ:rkəsəm ʃjɛdz ðə klɪərʃjɛst pu:l
mə:ɪ ʃɪmli smɔ:k ɪðm ðə lu:
ə trɪ:z ɪz ðər ərə:ɪzən blu:
əvuər ðə nə:ɪt də dɪm ə:uər zə:ɪt
ər kændəl lə:ɪt əʃɪ:nən brə:ɪt
də spɑ:rkəl dru: ðə wɪndər

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

ɪf wɪntərz (h)wɪslən wɪn(d)z də vrɪ:z
ðə snɔ: əgəðərd ɒn ðə trɪ:z
ən ʃjɛdz ə pɒplər stɛmz də va:l
ɪn mu:nlə:ɪt ʌp əðə:ɪt ðə wɑ: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 ə:ɪsɪkəlz də haŋ bɪlɔ:
ði ɔ:vz əɡlɪtrən ɪn ə rɔ:
ən rə:ɪzən stɑ:rz də slɔ:lɪ rə:ɪd
əbʌv ðə rʌfs ʌpsle:ntən zə:ɪd
ðen ə:ɪ də le: mə:ɪ wɪəri hɛd
əsli:p əpən mə:ɪ pi:sfʊl bɛd
(h)wɛn mɪdəl nə:ɪt hɛ kwɛntʃt ðə lə:ɪt
əv ɛmbərz brə:ɪt ən kændəlz (h)wə:ɪt
əbɪ:mən drʊ: 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-beären on her head, upstraight,
Her päil, wi' slowly-ridèn waïght,
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 'twer, I had the zight
Ov her sweet smile droughout the night.

*fly
shining*

arc

few

its weight

pace

throughout

milkən tə:ɪm

twær (h)wen ðə bɪzi bæ:rdz dɪd vli:
wi ʃi:nən wɪŋz vrəm tri: tə tri:
tə bɪld əpən ðə məsi lɪm
ðær hɒlər nəstɪz rə:ʊndɪd rɪm
ðə (h)wə:ɪl ðə zʌn əzɪŋkən lo:
dɪd rɔ:l əlɒŋ (h)ɪz i:vmən bə:
ə:ɪ kʌm əlɒŋ (h)wær wə:ɪdha:rnd kə:uz
ɪðm ə nʊk əskri:nd b(ə):ɪ bə:uz
dɪd stæn ən flɪp ðə (h)wə:ɪthu:pt pæɪlz
wi hjeəri tʌfts ə swɪŋən tæɪlz
ən ðær wær dʒeni ku:m əgən
əlɒŋ ðə pɛ:θ ə vju: stɛps ɒn
əbeərən ɒn (h)ər hɛd ʌpstræt
(h)ər pæɪl wi slɔ:lɪrə:ɪdən wært
ən hu:ps əʃi:nən lɪli (h)wə:ɪt
əgjen ði i:vmənz slɛ:ntən lə:ɪt
ən zu: ə:ɪ tʊk (h)ər pæɪl ən lɛft
(h)ər nek əfri:d vrəm a:l (h)ɪz həft
ən ʃi: əlʊkən ʌp ən də:ʊn
wi ʃjepli hɛd ən glɒsi krə:ʊn
ðen tʊk mə:ɪ zə:ɪd ən kept mə:ɪ pjɛs
ətɛ:kən ɒn wi smə:ɪlən ʃjɛs
ən zɛtən ðɪŋz ɪn sɪtʃ ə lə:ɪt
ə:ɪd fæm hə hiərd (h)ər tɛ:k a:l nə:ɪt
ən (h)wen ə:ɪ brɔ:t (h)ər mɪlk əvuər
ðə gjet ʃi: tʊk ɪt ɪn tə duər
ən ɪf (h)ər pæɪl həd bət ələ:ʊd
(h)ər hɛd tə vɑ:l ʃi: wʊd hə bə:ʊd
ən stɪl əz twær ə:ɪ həd ðə zə:ɪt
əv (h)ər swi(:)t smə:ɪl drʊ: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-vaic'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 vaices 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)pe:θ tə klɪm ðə stə:ɪəlz bɑ:rz
(j)i:t ə:ʊt bɪlɔ: 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: lət ðə de: kʌm ʊn tə spred
(h)ɪz kə:m(d)li læ:ɪt əbʌv mə:ɪ hɛd
wi zə:ɪts tə zi: ən sə:ʊn(d)z tə hiər
ðət stɪl də tʃiər mə:ɪ θɔ:tvʊl mə:m(d)
ər lət ən gu: ən liəv bihə:m(d)
ən ə:uər tə stro:l əlɒŋ ðə gljedz
(h)wər nə:ɪt də drə:ʊn ðə bi:tʃɪz ʃjedz
ʊn 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
ɪðɪn ðə dɑ:rk bɪzə:ɪd ðə ro:d
ən (h)wen nu: kraklən wɑ:gənz luəd
ɪz ɪn ðə lʃen 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
ɪðɪn ə stɑ:ɪm ə rʌmblən sə:ʊn(d)
ən gi: mi: væɪsɪz ðət də spi:k
sə sɒft ən mi: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 bə:rdz ə de: əzɪŋgən kliər
ən li:vz ðæt ə:ɪ mɪd zɪt ən hiər
ərəslən niər (h)wɛn bə:rdz bi: stɪl

RIDÈN HWOME AT NIGHT



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

*enjoyed
old*

-barked

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
Awake, lik' us, there still wer light.
An' He that shut the sleepers' eyes,
A-wäitèn vor the zun to rise,
Ha' too much love to let em know
The ling'rèn night did goo so slow.

folk

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

it

*willow
arms*

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

*stones for the base of a haystack
fairies*

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

ræ:rdən huəm ət næ:ɪt

o: nɔ: ə:ɪ kwə:ɪt ɪndzæ:ɪd ðə ræ:ɪd
 bɪhə:m(d) (w)uəld dɒbɪnz hevi hi:lz
wi dʒjən əpratlən ət mə:ɪ zæ:ɪd
 əbʌv ə:uər pjɛər ə spmən (h)wi:lz
əz grɛ:rə:ɪnd əfɪz swæ:ɪən tɒps
dɪd kri:k ɪn mu:nlə:ɪt ɪn ðə kɒps
əbʌv ðə kwɪvrən grɑ:s əbjət
b(ə:ɪ)ɪ wɪn(d) əblo:ən dru: ðə gjət

ɪf wiəri so:lz dɪd wɒnt ðər sli:p
 ðe: həd əzent vər sli:p ðə næ:ɪt
vər vɔ:k ðət həd ə kɑ:l tə ki:(j)p
 əwʒek lɪk ʌs ðər stɪl wər lə:ɪt
ən hi: ðət ʃʌt ðə sli:pərz ə:ɪz
əwæ:ɪtən vər ðə zʌn tə ræ:ɪz
hɑ tu: mʌtʃ lʌv tə let əm nɔ:
ðə ɪŋgrən næ:ɪt dɪd gu: sə slo:

bət ɪf mə:ɪ wə:ɪf dɪd kʌtʃ ə zæ:ɪt
 ə zʌm kwɪr pɒlə:rd ɑr ə pɔ:st
pu:(j)ər so:l ʃi: tʌk ən ɪn (h)ər frɛ:ɪt
 tə bi: ə rɒbər ər ə go:st
ə tu:stʌmpt wɪði wi ə hɛd
mʌs bi: ə mʌn wi jɑ:rmz əsprɛd
ən fɔ:m ə wɔ:tər rə:un(d) ə rɒk
wər ðen ə drə:unən lʒediz frɒk

zəm stadəl stuənz tə beər ə mɔ:
 wər de:nsən vjɛərɪz ɒn ðə lag
ən ðen ə sno:(h)wə:ɪt ʃi:ɪd kə:u
 kud ɔ:nli bi: ʃi: ðɔ:t ðər flɑg

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 gʊd
ən gjets ə slɑnd b(ə):ɪ wɪn(d) dɪd gu:
ʃi: ðɔ:t tə let ə rɒbər dru:

bət ɛ:tər a:l ʃi: likt ðə zə:t
ə kə:uz əsli:p ɪn glɪtrən dju:
ən brʊks ðət gli:mɪd bɪlɔ: ðə lə:t
ən dɪm vi:l(d) pɛ:ðz ɪðə:ut ə ʃu:
ən gæli tɛ:kt bɪzə:ɪd mə:ɪ iəz
ələ:fən ɒf (h)ər ni:dɪs fiəz
ər hɑd ðə tʃɪldərn ʌpərmɔ:st
ɪn mə:ɪn(d) ɪnstəd ə ði:f ər gɔ:st

ən (h)wen ə:uər hə:us wi ɔ:bən duər
dɪd rʌmbəl hɒlər rə:ʊn(d) ə:uər hɛdz
ʃi: hjesənd ʌp tə tʌðər vluər
tə zi: ðə tʃɪldərn ɪn ðər bɛdz
ən və:ʊn(d) (w)u:n litəl hɛd ərə:ɪ
wi (w)u:n ətə:rnd təwɑ:rd ðə skə:ɪ
ən ruŋ (h)ər hɑn(d)z əgjən (h)ər brɛst
əsmə:ɪlən ət ðər hɑpi rɛst

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
Λp əbΛV ðæ gre: hiltɔps
dɪd ʃi:n dru: əʃɪZ lɔfti ʃə:udɪd
ɒn ðæ tæ:rf bɪzə:ɪd ðæ kɔps
ɪn zAMær wæðær
wi: tægæðær
særə(r)slæ:ɪtən wærkvørgætən
gambæld wi ðæ zAN əzætən

ðær b(ə):ɪ flæ:uri bo:z ə brambəl
Λndær hɛdʒ ɪn əʃtri: ʃjɛdz
ðæ dΛnhjærd hɔs dɪd slɔ:li rambəl
ɒn ðæ grɑ:sɪz dju:ɪ bljɛdz
zɛt fri: ə luædz
ən stuəni ruædz
vørgɛtvul ə ðæ lɑʃɪZ frɛtən
grjɛzən wi ðæ zAN əzætən

ðær wær ruks əbiətən bæ:ɪ əs
dru: ði ærær 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 zANlæ:ɪt smɔ:t
ðæ jælær bæ:uz ə zANI hɛdʒɪZ
ɔ:vær westærn hɪlz blu: ɛdʒɪZ

wɔ:tærz dru: ðæ miædz əpə:r(d)lən
glɪsænd ɪn ði i:vmenz læ:ɪt
ən smɔ:k əbΛV ðæ tə:un əkæ:r(d)lən
mɛltrɪd slɔ:li ə:ut ə zə: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 ðær in ɡlu:mz
əv ʌnzʌnd ru:mz
tə zʌm wi ə:ɪdəl sərə(r)z frɛtən
zʌnz dɪd sɛt əvuər ðær zɛtən

wi: wər ə:ʊt in ɡjɛmz ən(d) rjɛsɪz
lə:ʊd əleɪfən wə:ɪl(d) in mɛθ
wi wɪn(d)blɔ:n hjɛər ən zʌnbrə:ʊnd fjɛsɪz
liəpən ɒn ðə hɔ:ɪskə:ɪd ɛθ
əvuər ðə lə:ɪts
wər tə:ɪnd ə nə:ɪts
ən (h)wə:ɪl ðə ɡɒsəmərz lə:ɪt nɛtən
spɑ:rkəld 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,
 Dusty 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

sprɪŋ

nə:u ðə zʌni ærɪz əblo:ən
sɒf(t)li ɔ:vər flə:uərz əgro:ən
ən ðə spa:rkɫən læ:ɪt də kwɪvər
ʊn ði ə:ɪvɪbə:u ən rɪvər
bliətən lamz wi wʊli fjesɪz
nə:u də plæɪ əʀʌnən rjesɪz
 ən ðə sprɪŋən
 lɑ:ks əzɪŋən
lɪk ə dɒt əvuər ðə klə:ud
hə:ɪ əbʌv ði əfɪz ʃə:ʊd

hə:uzən ɪn ði ɔ:bən bræ:ɪtnɪs
nə:u də ʃi:n ɪn spɒts ə (h)wə:ɪtnɪs
hiər ən ðeər ʊn ʌplən(d) lɛdʒɪz
ɪn əmɒŋ ðə tri:z ən hɛdʒɪz
(h)wər əlɒŋ b(ə):ɪ vlɒks ə spærə(r)z
tʃɑ:trən 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 əlɒŋ nu: lɒŋgər hi:dvʊl
əv ðə və:ɪər ljetli ni:dvʊl
ɔ:vər grɑ:s ə slɔ:pən li:zɪz
zɪŋən zɒŋz ɪn zʌni brɪ:zɪz
ə:ʊt tə wɜ:rk ɪn kɒps əmʊtən
(h)wər ðə prɪmruəz ɪz əʃʊtən
 ən ɪn glɑdnɪs
 fri: ə sɑdnɪs
ɪn ðə wɑ:rmθ ə sprɪŋ vɜ:ɡet
li:flɪs wɪntərz 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,
Bezide 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,
Bezide 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 bezide our own free land,
An' where the wide-leav'd clote mid zwim
'Ithin 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 zʌmər hɛdʒ

əz lə:ɪt də ɡljɛər ɪn ɛvri ɡrə:ʊn(d)
wi bə:ʊi hɛdʒɪz ə:ʊt ərə:ʊn(d)
əklimən ʌp ðə slo:pən brə:ʊz
ə hɪlz ɪn rɔ:z ə ʃjɛdi bə:ʊz
ðə (h)wə:ɪl ðə hɛ:ðɑ:rn bʌdʒ də blɔ:
əz θɪk əz stɑ:rɪz ən (h)wə:ɪt əz snɔ:
ɑr kre:m(h)wə:ɪt blɔsəmz bi: əsprɛd
əbə:ʊt ðə ɡɛldər ruəzɪz hɛd
hə:ʊ ku:lz ðə ʃjɛd ɑr wɑ:rmz ðə lu:θ
bɪzə:ɪd ə zʌmər hɛdʒ ɪn blu:θ

(h)wɛn wi:v əwə:rkt dru: lɔŋsəm ə:ʊərz
tɪl dju:z ədrə:ɪd vrəm dɑzlən flə:ʊərz
ðə (h)wə:ɪl ðə klimən zʌn hə ɡlɔ:d
dru: muər ðən hɛ:f (h)ɪz de:li rɔ:d
ðɛn (h)wər ðə ʃjɛdz də slə:ɪli pɑ:s
əðə:ɪt ə:ʊər vi:t əpɒn ðə ɡrɑ:s
əz wi: də rɛst b(ə):ɪ lɔfti rɑŋks
ən ɛləmz ɒn ðə flə:ʊəri bɑŋks
hə:ʊ ku:lz ðə ʃjɛd ɑr wɑ:rmz ðə lu:θ
bɪzə:ɪd ə zʌmər hɛdʒ ɪn blu:θ

bət ɔ: bɪlɔ: (w)u:n hɛdʒɪz zə:ɪd
ə:ʊər dʒæɪ də kʌm ɑ:məst tə prə:ɪd
ə:ʊt (h)wər ðə hə:ɪstɛnd tri:z də stɑn(d)
ɪn rɔ: bɪzə:ɪd ə:ʊər ɔ:n fri: lɑn(d)
ən (h)wər ðə wə:ɪdli:vɔd klo:t mɪd zwɪm
ɪðɪn ə:ʊər wɔ:tərz rʌʃi rɪm
ən ræɪn də va:l ən zʌnz də bɛ:rn
ən ɪtʃ ɪn si:zən ən(d) ɪn tɛ:rn
tə ku:l ðə ʃjɛd ɑr wɑ:rm ðə lu:θ
ən ə:ʊər ɔ:n zʌmər 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 brɛ:ɪt bi: zʌmər skə:ɪz ən zʌn
hə:u brɛ:ɪt ðə zʌmər brʊk də rʌn
ən ʃjɛər ðə flə:uərz də blu:m tə ʃjɛd
bihə:m(d) ðə swæɪən mo:ərz bljɛd
ən swi(:)t bi: mɛri lʊks ə dʒæɪ
b(ə):ɪ wjɛlz ən pʊks ə dʒu:nz nju: hæɪ
wi smə:ɪlən ɛ:dʒ ən lɛ:fən ju:θ
bɪzə:ɪd ðə zʌmər hɛdʒ ɪn blu:θ

THE WATER CROWFOOT



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 räils,
Do stan' an' zwing their heavy täils,
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 stäy
Vor noo man's harm, an' all men's jäy.

yellow water-lily

shining

shadows, willow

dusty, arch

mimic

across

loitering

falling

high-climbing

ðə wɔ:tər krovut

o: sma:lfjɛst flə:uər ðət nə:u dəst blu:m
tə stʌd wi (h)wə:ɪt ðə ʃalər fru:m
ən liəv ðə klo:t tə spred (h)ɪz flə:uər
ɒn da:ɪksəm pu:lz ə stuənɪs stə:uər
(h)wen sɒflirə:ɪzən æɪrɪz də ku:l
ðə wɔ:tər ɪn ðə ʃi:nən pu:l
ðə:ɪ bɛdz ə sno:(h)wə:ɪt bʌdz də gli:m
sə fjɛər əpɒn 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 ðɪnhjɛərd kə:uz
ɪn æɪrɪ ʃjɛdz ə wɪði bə:uz
ər 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 wjɛvz əpɒn ðə ʃjɛ:dɪd rɒk
ən ʌp əðə:ɪt ðə kɔ:pən stuən
ðə læɪtrən bwə:ɪ də liən əluən
əwɒtʃən wi ə stɛdvə:st lʊk
ðə va:lən 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 bʌdz 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: mənz ha:ɪm ən a:ɪ mɛnz dʒæɪ

But no, the waterman 'ull weäde
Thy water wi' his deadly bleäde,
To släy 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,
'Thin 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 hʊləɪ skə:ɪ dɪd ʃed
ɪts blu: əpɒn ðə:ɪ flə:uri hed
o: (h)wɛðər ə:ɪ mɪd ʃjɛər wi ði:
ðə:ɪ o:bən æɪr mə:ɪ blu:mən tri:
ar zi: ðə:ɪ blɒsəmz vrəm ðə glu:m
ɪðm mə:ɪ zʌnlɪs wə:rkənru: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: hed də swær
m klə:udlɪs lə:ɪt tɪz sprɪŋ tɪz mæɪ

tɪz sprɪŋ tɪz mæɪ əz mæɪ (w)u:ns ʃed
(h)ɪz glo:ən lə:ɪt əbʌv ðə:ɪ hed
(h)wɛn ðə:ɪ gri:n bæ:uz wi blu:mi tɪps
dɪd ʃjed 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 spɛd
tu: kwɪk vər zə:ɪt ðə snɔ:(h)wə:ɪt drɛd
ʌnlɛs (h)ər han wi lʌvən kjɛər
dɪd smu:ð ðər lɪtəl hedz ə hjɛər

ar wi ə ʃjek 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)
əgjen ðə dʒɛzɪdʌpəld grə:ʊn(d)
ðə (h)wə:ɪl ðə (w)uəkən klɒk dɪd tɪk
mə:ɪ ə:uər ə rest 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: ɒf tə wɔ:rk əŋju:
wi slə:lɪŋən stro:ks (w)u:n tu:

zu: let mi: zi: nu: da:ɪksəm klə:ud
bɪdɪm tæde: ðə:ɪ flə:uri ʃə:ʊd
bət let 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, tunefully

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 zʌmər de: ðət went tu: vɑ:st
ən (h)wen ðə zetən zʌn dɪd spred
ɒn westərn klə:udz ə və:iəri red
ði eləmz li:fi lɪmz wər stɪl
əbʌv ðə gravəlbədɪd rɪl
ən ʌndər ən dɪd wɑ:rbəl ʃɪl
əvuər ðə dʌsk ðə blakbæ:rd

ən ðər ɪn ʃjedz ə dɑ:ksəm ju:z
dɪd vli: ðə məɪdənz ɒn ðər tu:z
ələ:fən ʃɪl wi məri fjes
(h)wen wi: dɪd və:m(d) ðər hə:ɪdən pljes
ɪðm ðə lu:sbə:ud ə:rɪvɪz glu:m
ar lɒfti læ:lək vʊl ɪn blu:m
ar hazəlre:ɪdz ðət gj:d əm ru:m
bɪlo: ðə zɪŋgən blakbæ:rd

əbʌv ə:uər hedz ðə rʊks dɪd vli:
tə ri:tʃ ðər nestɪd eləmtri:
ən splaʃən vɪʃ dɪd rə:ɪz tə katʃ
ðə (h)wi:lən nɑts əbʌv ðə hatʃ
ən ðər ðə mɪlər went əlɒŋ
əsmə:ɪlən ʌp ðə ʃjedi drɒŋ
bət (j)ɪ:t tu: def tə hiər ðə zɒŋ
əzʌŋ əs b(ə):ɪ ðə blakbæ:rd

ən ðər ðə ʃɪlɪbʌblən brʊk
dɪd liəv bihə:m(d) (h)ɪz rɒki nuk
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 mæ:rmærz wær ædræ:und
b(æ:):I væ:is:z ðæt mɪd nævər sæ:und
ægjen tægæðər ʊn ðat græ:und
wi (h)wɪslənz ə ðə blakbæ:rd

THE SLANTÈN LIGHT O' FALL



AH! Jeäne, my maïd, I stood to you,
When you wer christen'd, small an' light,
Wi' tiny eärms 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 eärms.
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 slɛ:ntən lə:ɪt ə fa:l

a: dʒjɛn mə:ɪ məɪd ə:ɪ stʊd tə ju:
(h)wɛn ju: wɜr krɪsənd smɑ:l ən lə:ɪt
wi tə:ɪni jɑ:ɪmz ə rɛd ən blu:
əhɑ:ŋən ɪn jɜr rɔ:b ə (h)wə:ɪt
wi: brɔ:t i: tə ðə halərd stuən
wɜr krə:ɪst tə tjɛk i: vɑr (h)ɪz o:n
(h)wɛn hɑ:rvɪst wɜ:rk wɜr a:l ədʌn
ən tə:ɪm brɔ:t rə:un(d) ɒkto:bɜr zʌn
ðə slɛ:ntən lə:ɪt ə fa:l

ən ə:ɪ kən mə:ɪm(d) ðə wɪn(d) wɜr rʌf
ən gæðərd klə:udz bət brɔ:t nu: stɑ:ɪmz
ən ju: dɪd nɛsəl wɑ:ɪm ɪnʌf
ɪðɪn jɜr smə:ɪlən mʌðərz jɑ:ɪmz
ðə (h)wɪndlən grɑ:s dɪd kwɪvɜr lə:ɪt
əmɒŋ ðə stʌbəl fjɛdɪd (h)wə:ɪt
ən ɪf ət tə:ɪmz ðə zʌnlə:ɪt brɔ:k
əpɒn ðə grə:un(d) ɑr ɒn ðə vɔ:k
twɜr slɛ:ntən lə:ɪt ə fa:l

ən (h)wɛn wi: brɔ:t i: dru: ðə duər
ə nɑptən tʃɜ:ɪtʃ ə tʃə:ɪl(d) ə grjɛs
ðɜr klʌstərd rə:un(d) a:mɛst ə skuər
ə vɔ:k tə zi: jɜr tə:ɪni fjɛs
ən ðɜr wi: a:l dɪd vi:l sɜ prə:ud
tə zi: ən ɔ:bnən ɪn ðə klə:ud
ən ðɛn ə stri:m ə lə:ɪt brɛ:k dru:
əʃi:nən brə:ɪtli dɜ:un ɒn ju:
ðə slɛ:ntən lə:ɪt ə fa:l

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 jäy 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:imz ækʌm tæ stan(d)
in tʃæ:rtʃ æblʌʃən æt mæ:i zæ:ið
ðæ (h)wæ:il æ bræ:iðgru:m vræm mæ:i han(d)
ha tøk i: vær (h)iz fæiθvul bræ:ið
jær krɪstən njem wi: gi(:)d i: hiær
(h)wen fa:l dɪd ku:l ðæ wjæstən jiær
æn næ:u ægjen wi: bro:t i: dru:
ðæ duærwæ:i wi jær sæ:rnjem nju:
in slæ:ntən læ:it æ fa:l

æn zu: væ:r dzjen jær læ:if iz fjæær
æn gʊd hæ bɪn jær stædvæ:st fræn(d)
æn mɪd i: hav muær dzæ:i ðæn kjæær
var evær til jær dzæ:rniz en(d)
æn æ:iv æwɒtʃt i: ðn wi præ:ið
bæt næ:u æ:i su:n mʌs liæv jær zæ:ið
var ju: ha stɪl læ:ifs sprɪŋtæ:ið zʌn
bæt mæ:i læ:if dzjen iz næ:u ærʌn
tæ slæ:ntən læ:it æ fa:l

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 väin.

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*

ðisældə:un

ðə ðisældə:un b(ə):ɪ wɪn(d)z əro:ld
ɪn fa:ɪ əlɒŋ ðə zʌni plæm
dɪd kʌtʃ ðə grɑ:s bət lu:z its huəld
ər klɪŋ tə beɪnɪts bət ɪn væm

bət (h)wen ɪt zweɪpt əlɒŋ ðə grɑ:s
ən zʌŋk bɪlo: ðə hɒlərz ɛdʒ
ɪt le: ət rest (h)wə:ɪl wɪn(d)z dɪd pɑ:s
əbʌv ðə pɪtbɪskrɪ:nən lɛdʒ

ðə plæm hɑ brə:ɪtnɪs wi (h)ɪz strə:ɪf
ðə pɪt ɪz ɔ:nli da:rk ət best
ðərz pleʒər ɪn ə wə:ksəm lə:ɪf
ən slɒθ ɪz tə:ɪərsəm wi its rest

zu: ðen ə:ɪd su:nər beər mə:ɪ pjɑ:rt
əv a:ɪ ðə trə:ɪəlz vɔ:k də ru:
ðən hav ə dɛdɪs 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:rɪnən dɪd ʃo: ðə hɪlz kliər

(h)wen nə:ɪt wər bɪdɪmən ðə vi:l(d)z vər ən niər

(h)wen ɪn zʌmər (h)ɪz hɛd wər əz (h)wə:ɪt əz ə ʃɪt

wɪ (h)wə:ɪt bʌdz əzwelən

ən blɒsəm swi(:)tsmelən

(h)wə:ɪl li:vz wɪ grɪ:n li:vz ɒn (h)ɪz bæ:uzə:ɪdz dɪd mɪt

əʃʤedən ðə dʤɛzɪz də:ʌn ʌndər ə:uər vɪt

(h)wen ðə zʌn ɪn ðə fa:l wər əwɒndərən wɒn

ən he:z ɒn (h)ɪz hɛd

dɪd sprɪnkəl ən rɛd

ər brə:ɪt drɒps ə ræm wər əhʌŋ lʌsli ɒn

tə ðə tɪps ə ðə sprɪgz (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 kʌd rʌfəl

ðə ha:rd vro:zən fʃɛs ə ðə wɔ:tər bɪlo:

(h)ɪz lɪmz wər əfrɪndʒd wɪ ðə vrɒst ər ðə sno:

LYDLINCH BELLS



WHEN skies wer peäle wi' twinklèn stars,
An' whislèn äir a-risèn keen;
An' birds did læve 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 naighbours 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' maïdens' 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 naighbours 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

lɪdlɪntʃ bɛlz

(h)wɛn skə:ɪz wɛr pjɛl wi twɪŋklən stɑ:z
ən (h)wɪslən æɪr ərə:ɪzən ki:n
ən bə:rdz dɪd liəv ði ə:ɪsi bɑ:rz
tə və:m(d) ɪn wʊdz ðər mɒsi skrɪ:n
(h)wɛn vrɔ:zən grɑ:s sə (h)wə:ɪts ə ʃɪ:t
dɪd skrʌntʃi ʃɑ:p bɪlə: ə:uər vi:t
ən wɔ:tər ðət dɪd spɑ:rkəl rɛd
ət zʌnzɛt wɛr əvrɔ:zən dɛd
ðə rɪŋərz ðɛn dɪd spɛn(d) ən ə:uər
ərɪŋən tʃændʒɪz ʌp ɪn tə:uər
vɛr lɪdlɪntʃ bɛlz bi: gʊd vɛr sə:un(d)
ən lɪkt b(ə):ɪ a:l ðə næɪbərz rə:un(d)

ən (h)wə:ɪl əlɒŋ ðə li:fɪs bə:uz
ə rʌslən hɛdʒɪz wɪnz dɪd pa:s
ən ɑ:ɪts əv hæɪ əlɛft b(ə):ɪ kə:uz
dɪd rʌsəl ɒn ðə vrɔ:zən grɑ:s
ən məɪdɛnz pæɪlz wi a:l ðər wɛ:rk
ədʌn dɪd haŋ əpɒn ðər vɛ:rk
ən ðe: əvuər ðə fljɛmən brɛn(d)
dɪd tʃɛk ðər nɪdəlwɛ:rk ɪn hæn(d)
ðə mɛn dɪd tʃɪər ðər ha:ɪt ən ə:uər
ərɪŋən tʃændʒɪz ʌp ɪn tə:uər
vɛr lɪdlɪntʃ bɛlz bi: gʊd vɛr sə:un(d)
ən lɪkt b(ə):ɪ a:l ðə næɪbərz rə:un(d)

ðeər sʌnz dɪd pul ðə bɛlz ðət rʌŋ
ðər mʌðərz wɛdɛn pi:lz əvuər
ðə (h)wə:ɪl ðər fɛ:ðərz lɛd əm jʌŋ
ən blʌʃən vrəm ðə tʃɛ:ɪtʃɪz duər
ən stɪl dɪd tʃɪ:m wi hɒpi 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 so'f'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.

*through
might
sheltered*

so

ən ka:l əm tə ðə hɔ:li pljəs
vər hɛvnlɪ ɡɪftʃ ə pi:s ən ɡrjəs
ən vɔ:k dɪd kʌm əstri:mən slɔ:
əlɒŋ bɪlɔ: ðə tri:z ɪn rɔ:
(h)wɛ:l ðe: ɪn mɛrɪ pi:lz dɪd sə:un(d)
ðə bɛlz vər a:l ðə næɪbərz rə:un(d)

ən (h)wɛn ðə bɛlz wɪ tʃʌndʒən pi:l
dɪd smə:ɪt ðər ɔ:n vɔ:kʃ wɪndərpjɛnz
ðər sɒfən(d) sə:un(d) dɪd ɒfən stɪ:l
wɪ wɛst wɪn(d)z drʊ: ðə bʌɡbər ljɛnz
ar az ðə wɪn(d) dɪd ʃɪft mɪd ɡu:
(h)wər wʊdi stɔk də nɛsəl lu:
ar (h)wɛər ðə rə:ɪzən mu:n dɪd lɛ:ɪt
ðə wɑ:lz ə ðɑ:rnɪl ɒn ðə hɛ:ɪt
ən zu: (h)wɒtɛvər tə:ɪm mɪd brɪŋ
tə mjɛk ðər və:ɪv klɪər vɛɪsɪz zɪŋ
stɪl lɪdɪntʃ bɛlz wər ɡʊd vər sə:un(d)
ən lɪkt b(ə):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 pläin 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 ste:dʒ ko:tʃ

a: (h)wen ðə (w)uəld vo:k went əbro:d

ðe: ðo:t it va:st inʌf

ɪf və:uər gud hɒsɪz biət ðə ro:d

əvuər ðə ko:tʃɪz rʌf

ən ðər ðe: zət

əkʉəld 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 went swɪf(t)li rə:un(d) gud so:z

ðə (h)wi:lz went 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 ko:tʃmən tərnd (h)ɪz və:uərnhan(d)

əʊt rə:ɪt ər leɪft ən bak

ən əd stɒp əvuər

ə manz o:n duər

tə tjek ən ʌp ər də:un

(h)wə:ɪl ðə ræɪnz vel slak

ɒn ðə hɒsɪz bak

tɪl ðə (h)wi:lz dɪd rɒtəl rə:un(d) əgjen

tɪl ðə (h)wi:lz dɪd rɒtəl rə:un(d)

ən ðər (h)wen wɪntri wɪn dɪd blo:

əðə:rt ðə plæɪn ən hɪl

ən ðə zʌn wər pjel əbʌv ðə sno:

ən ə:ɪs dɪd stɒp ðə mɪl

ðe: dɪd le:f ən dʒo:k

wɪ kuət ər klo:k

sə wa:rmlɪ 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)wæ: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)wɛr hʌflən wɪn(d)z dɪd ruər
ðe:d stɒp tə tʃɛk ə wɑ:rmən gla:s
b(ə):ɪ ðə sə:m əbʌv ðə duər
ən dɪd lɛ:f ən dʒɔ:k
ən a:ks ðə vɔ:k

ðə mə:ɪlz ðe: wɛr vrəm tə:ʊn
tɪl ðə (h)wɪp dɪd krak
ɒn ðə hɒsɪz bak
ən ðə (h)wi:lz dɪd trʌkəl rə:ʊn gʊd vɔ:k
ðə (h)wi:lz dɪd trʌkəl rə:ʊn

ən gæ:ɪli 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 vɔ:ks pɑ:rkzə:ɪd wɑ:l
ən ðe: ðɔ:t ðe: pɑ: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*

An' when the windèn road do guide
The thirsty vootman where mid flow
The water vrom a rock beside
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.

hillocks

may

shining

falling

Zoo when, at last, I hung my head
Wi' thirsty lips a-burnèn dry,
I come beside 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 païn:

wæ:ɪfjæərən

ðə skə:ɪ wər kliər ðə zʌŋʃi:n glɔ:d
ɒn dru:pən flə:uərz dru: ðə de:
əz ə:ɪ dɪd biət ðə də:ʊsti rɔ:d
vrəm hæ:ɪndər hɪlz əfjedən gre:
dru: hɒlərz ʌp ðə hɪlz
vrəm naps ələŋ b(ə):ɪ mɪlz
vrəm mɪlz b(ə):ɪ tʃə:rtʃɪz tə:uərz wi belz
ðət tuəld ði ə:uərz tə wɒdi dɛlz

ən (h)wɛn ðə wə:m(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 bɔ:
ðə hæn(d) əhɒlərd ʌp
dɛ biət ə gu:ldən kʌp
tə kʌtʃ ən driŋk ɪt brə:ɪt ən ku:l
əvə:lən lə:ɪt ɪðm ðə pu:l

zu: (h)wɛn ət le: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 mjɛd 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 wə:rk ɪz rə:ɪt ə dʒæɪ
dɛ kʌm tə blɛs əs ɪn ɪts trɛm
ən hæ:rdʃɪps hɑ zʌm gu:d tə pæɪ
ðə θɔ:tvʊl so:l vər a:l ðər pæm

The het do sweetèn sheäde, *beat*
An' weary lim's ha' meäde
A bed o' slumber, still an' sound,
By woody hill or grassy mound.

An' while I zot in sweet delaÿ *sat*
Below an elem on a hill,
Where boughs a-halfwayÿ up did swaÿ
In sheädes o' lim's above em still, *shadows*
An' blue sky show'd between
The flutt'rèn læves o' green;
I woulden gi'e that gloom an' sheäde *give*
Vor any room that weälth ha' meäde.

But oh! that vo'k that have the roads *folk*
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, *toes*
We then mid cool our veet on beds *may*
O' wild-thyme sweet, or deäisy-heads.

ðə hæt də swi(:)tən fʃjɛd
ən wiəri lɪmz hə mjɛd
ə bɛd ə slʌmbər stɪl ən sə:ʊn(d)
b(ə):ɪ wʊdi hɪl ər grɑ:si mə:ʊn(d)

ən (h)wə:ɪl ə:ɪ zɑt ɪn swi(:)t dɪlæɪ
bɪlo: ən eləm ʊn ə hɪl
(h)wɛr bə:ʊz əhɛ:fwə:ɪ ʌp dɪd swæɪ
ɪn fʃjɛdz ə lɪmz əbʌv əm stɪl
ən blu: skə:ɪ fə:d bɪtwɪ:n
ðə flʌtrən lɪ:vz ə grɪ:n
ə:ɪ (w)ʊdən gi: ðæt glʊ:m ən fʃjɛd
vɛr ɛni ru:m ðæt wɛlθ hə mjɛd

bʌt o: ðæt vɔ:k ðæt hʌv ðə rɔ:dz
(h)wɛr wiəri:vʊtɪd so:lz də pɑ:s
wʊd liəv bɪzə:ɪd ðə stʊən vɛr luədz
ə lɪtəl strɪp vɛr zʌmər grɑ:s
ðæt (h)wɛn ðə stʊənz də brʊ:z
ən bə:ɪn ən gɑ:l ə:ʊər tu:z
wi: ðɛn mɪd ku:l ə:ʊər vɪt ʊn bɛdz
ə wə:ɪl(d)tə:ɪm swi: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

Should be all a-took in vor the plough.

He do fancy 'tis easy to show

That we can be but stunpolls at best,

Vor to læve a green spot where a flower can grow,

Or a voot-weary walker mid rest.

'Tis hedge-grubbèn, Thomas, an' ledge-grubbèn,

Never a-done

While a sov'rèn mwore's to be won.

hillock

blockheads

may

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 læve 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.

Vor 'tis meäke money, Thomas, an' teäke money,

What's zwold an' bought

Is all that is worthy o' thought.

toes

Years agoo the læne-zides did bear grass,

Vor to pull wi' the geeses' red bills,

That did hiss at the vo'k that did pass,

Or the bwoys that pick'd up their white quills.

But shortly, if vover or vive

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.

folk

four or five

ðə lʃɛn

ðe: də ze: ðət ə travələn tʃap
hav əpʌt ɪn ðə nju:spjɛpər nə:u
ðat ðə brɪt ə grɪ:n grə:un(d) ɒn ðə nap
ʃʊd bi: a:l ətʊk ɪn vər ðə plə:u
hi: də fansi tɪz i:zi tə ʃo:
ðət wi: kan bi: bət stʌnpɔ:lz ət bɛst
vər tə liəv ə grɪ:n spɒt (h)wər ə flə:uər kən gro:
ər ə vʊtwɪəri wɛ:kər mɪd rɛst
tɪz hɛdʒ grʌbən tɒməs ən lɛdʒ grʌbən
nɛvər ədʌn
(h)wə:ɪl ə sɒvrən muərz tə bi: wʌn

ðə rɔ:d 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 nɛvər gɛt gɑ: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 əbɛ:rənən 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 mjɛk mʌni tɒməs ən tʃɛk mʌni
(h)wɒts zuəld ən bɔ:t
ɪz a:l ðət ɪz wə:rði ə ðɔ:t

ʃiərz əgu: ðə lʃɛn zə:ɪdz dɪd bɛər gra:s
vər tə pul wi ðə gi:sɪz rɛd bɪlz
ðat dɪd hɪs ət ðə vɔ:k ðət dɪd pɑ:s
ər ðə bwə:ɪz ðət pɪkt ʌp ðər (h)wə:ɪt kwɪlz
bət ʃɑ:rtli ɪf və:uər ər və:ɪv
əv ə:uər gɒzlənz də kri:p vrəm ði əg
ðe: məst muəp ɪn ðə ɡjɑ:rdən muər dɛd ðən ələ:ɪv
ɪn ə ku:p ər 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 musheroom 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 tǣ katf ǣt lan(d) tǣmǣs ǣn snatf ǣt lan(d)
nǣ:u iz dǣ plan
mjek mǣni (h)wǣrǣvǣr jǣ kan

dǣ tʃildǣrn wul su:n hav nu: pljes
var tǣ plǣri m ǣn if dǣ: dǣ gro:
dǣ: wul hav ǣ dǣm mǣʃǣru:m fjes
wi dǣr bǣdiz sǣ sǣmpǣl ǣz dǣ:
bǣt ǣ man iz ǣmjǣd ǣv ǣ tʃǣ:ild
ǣn (h)iz lǣmz dǣ gro: wǣ:rksǣm b(ǣ):i plǣri
ǣn if dǣ jǣŋ tʃǣ:il(d)z litǣl bǣdiz ǣspwǣ:ild
(h)wǣ:i dǣ manz wul dǣ su:nǣr dikǣri
bǣt wǣlθ iz wǣd nǣ:u muǣr dǣn hǣlθ iz wǣd
let it a:l gu:
if tǣl brŋj bǣt ǣ sǣvrǣn ar tu:

var tǣ brid dǣ jǣŋ fǣks ar dǣ hǣǣr
wi: kǣn gi: ǣp huǣl jǣkǣrz ǣ grǣ:un(d)
bǣt dǣ gri:nz bi: ǣgrǣdzd vǣr tǣ rǣǣr
ǣuǣr jǣŋ tʃildǣrn ǣp hǣlθi ǣn sǣ:un(d)
(h)wǣ:i dǣr wu(:)nt bi: ǣleft dǣ nǣks(t) ǣ:dz
ǣ gri:n spǣt (h)wǣr dǣr vi:t kǣn gu: fri:
ǣn dǣ gǣku: wul su:n bi: kǣmitid tǣ kǣ:dz
vǣr ǣ trespǣ:s m zǣmbǣdiz tri:
var tiz lǣkǣn ǣp tǣmǣs ǣn blǣkǣn ǣp
strandzǣr ǣr brǣdǣr
mǣn mǣsǣn kǣm nǣ:i (w)u:n ǣnǣdǣr

(w)u:n dǣ: ǣ:i went m ǣt ǣ gjet
wi mǣ:i tʃǣ:il(d) (h)wǣr ǣn ǣko: did sǣ:un(d)
ǣn dǣi ǣ:nǣr kǣm ǣp ǣn did rjet
mi: az if ǣ:i wud kǣ:r ǣf (h)iz grǣ:un(d)
bǣt (h)iz vi:l(d) ǣn dǣ gra:s wǣr ǣlet
ǣn dǣ damidz dǣt hi: kud ǣtǣk

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 læ:ɪt ɪz vrəm dɑ:k
wi zʌm vɔ:k ðat əz ɪvmən dɪd va:l
had əbro:k dru: lɒŋ gra:s ɪn (h)ɪz pɑ:k
vɑr hi: wɛnt wi ə smə:ɪl vɑr tə mi:t
wi ðə trespɑ:sərz (h)wə:ɪl ðe: dɪd pa:s
ən hi: zɛd ə:ɪ də fiər jəl kɑtʃ kuəld ɪn jər vi:t
jəv əwe:kt dru: sə mʌtʃ ə mə:ɪ gra:s
(h)ɪz mə:ɪld wə:rdz tɒməs kʌt əm lɪk suərdz tɒməs
nju:li ə(h)wɛt
ən wɛnt və:rdər wi ðem 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 bezide us, stage by stage,
Vrom be'th to youth, vrom youth to age.

shadows

sat, about

fly

so

carry

earthly

birth

ðə ræɪlro:d

ə:ɪ tʊk ə flə:ɪt ə(h)wə:ɪl əgu:
əlɒŋ ðə ræɪlz ə ste:dʒ ər tu:
ən (h)wə:ɪl ðə hevi (h)wi:lz dɪd spɪn
ən rɒtəl wi ə deɪfnən dɪn
ɪn klə:udz ə sti:m ðə zwi:pən træm
dɪd ʃʊt əlɒŋ ðə hɪlbə:un(d) plæm
əz ʃjedz ə bə:ɪdz ɪn flə:ɪt də pa:s
bɪlo: əm ɒn ðə zʌni gra:s
ən əz ə:ɪ zət ən lʊkt əbro:d
ɒn liənən lan(d) ən wə:m(d)ən ro:d
ðə grə:un(d) əsprɛd əlɒŋ ə:uər flə:ɪt
dɪd vli: bihə:m(d) əs ə:ut ə zə:ɪt
ðə (h)wə:ɪl ðə zʌn ə:uər hevnli gə:ɪd
dɪd rə:ɪd ɒn wi əs zə:ɪd b(ə):ɪ zə:ɪd
ən zu: (h)wə:ɪl tə:m vrəm ste:dʒ tə ste:dʒ
də ka:r əs ɒn vrəm ju:θ tu ɛ:dʒ
ði ɛθli plɛzərz wi: də və:m(d)
bi: su:n əmet ən leɪft bihə:m(d)
bət gɒd bihuəldən vrəm əblʌv
ə:uər lo:li ro:d wi ja:rnən lʌv
də ki(:)p bɪzə:ɪd əs ste:dʒ b(ə):ɪ ste:dʒ
vrəm beθ tə ju:θ vrəm ju:θ tu ɛ:dʒ

THE RAILROAD [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 ræɪlroːd

ən (h)wə:ɪl ə:ɪ went ɪðm ə træm
ərə:ɪdən ɒn əðə:ɪt 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
əpən 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)wi:l 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:m(d) ðət aɪ ðə rest
də (h)wi:l rə:un ðat vər vʌst ən best
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 wə:ɪd ər di:d ər ha:ɪt ər ðɔ:t
ən aɪ ðə rest (h)wi:l 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 feär;
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 plain 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 train 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 häÿ's a-hangèn gray,
Above the waggon-wheels' dry rims,

this

si:ts

(h)wen sta:rbre:it mæidənz bi: tə zɪt
in silkən frɔks ðæt ðe: də wɛər
ðə ru:m mid hav az tɪz bət fit
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 drɔŋ
ə ri:bəd elənstem də lə:ɪ
əvɛld in sprɪŋ ən stratʃt əlɔŋ
ə bəd ə gre:ɡəlz ʌp ni:hə:ɪ
ə ʃjedi 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
əʊt (h)wər ðə gre:tri:d plæm də spred
ði əf bɪzə:ɪd ðə zʌni slɔ:p
də ʃjed ə ku:læ:ɪrd djezi bəd
ən ɡra:si si:t wi spredən i:vz
ə rʌslən li:vz əbʌv jər hɛd

ən ðər ðə træm mid 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:l ðə ruəd əwə:m(d)ən nə:ɪ

ar nə:u ðiəs hapi hɔlɪde:
də lɛt vo:k rɛst ðər wiəri limz
ən luədɪd hæ:ɪz əhəŋən 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 wjɛlz ər pʊks
b(ə):ɪ wə:m(d)ən brʊks wi krʌmblən brɪmz

ar ɪf ju:d gi: jər θɔ:tvʊl mə:m(d)
tə jændər lɔŋvarsjekən ha:l
ðen tjɛk ə stuənən si:t bihə:m(d)
ði ə:ɪvi ɒn ðə brɔ:kən wa:l
ən lærn hə:u ɛθli wɛlθ 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' räin 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 læve 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:i bɑ:rn ɪn tə:un o: nɔ: mə:i dɛ:n
ə lə:ɪf brɔ:k hiər bɪsə:ɪd ðiəs lɛ:n
nɒt (h)wər pɛnt æɪr də rɔ:l əlɒŋ
ɪn dɑ:rknɪs dru: ðə wɑ:l bə:un(d) drɒŋ
ən nəvər brɪŋ ðə ɡʊku:z zɒŋ
nɑr 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 ʃjɛk
ðə drɒps ə ræɪn əpɒn ðə brɪjɛk
ən bɛər əlɒft ðə swɪŋən lɑ:k
ən hʌfəl rə:un ði ɛləmz bɑ:k
ɪn bə:ui ɡrɔ:v ən wʊdi pɑ:k
ən brɔ:t əs dərʊn ðə dʒu:ɪ dɛlz
ðə hɛ:rwə:und zɒŋz ə nə:ɪtɪŋɡjɛlz
ən sə:un(d)z ə flo:ən wɔ:tər

ən (h)wɛn ðə zʌn wi vɛ:ɪəri rɪm
z əziŋkən lɔ: ən wɛərən dɪm
hiər ə:i ɑ:məst tu: tɛ:ɪərd tə stɑn(d)
də liəv mə:i wɜ:k ðɛts ʌndər hɑn(d)
ɪn pɛ:θlɪs wʊd ər ɔ:bən lɑn(d)
tə rɛst ɪðɪm mə:i ðɑtʃən ɔ:vz
wi rʌslən wɪnz ɪn li:fi ɡrɔ: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)wɛn zʌmərz bə:rnən hɛts əʃɛd
əpən ðə dru:pən gra:sɪz hɛd
ədre:vən ʌndər ʃjɛdi li:vz
ðə wə:rkvɔ:k ɪn ðər sno:(h)wə:ɪt sli:vz
wi: ðɛn mɪd jə:rn tə klɪm ðə hɛ:ɪt
 (h)wɛr ða:rnz bi: (h)wə:ɪt əbʌv ðə vɛ:rn
ən æɪr də tɔ:rn ðə zʌŋʃi:nz mɔ:ɪt
 tə sɒftər lɛ: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 rɔ:dz əwə:ɪn(d)ən ɪn ðə glɛn
ən rɪŋən wi ðə sɔ:ʊn(d)z ə mɛn
ðə ðɪsəlz krɛ:ʊn ə red ən blu:
 ɪn fa:lz kuəld dju: də wɪðər brɛ:ʊn
ən lɑ:rkz kʌm də:ʊn ɪðm ðə lu:
 az stɑ:rmz də bru: ən skə:ɪz də frɛ: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:smɔ:kt tʌn
ən ʃjɛdz ə stɛmz du ɔ:vərstratʃ
ðə mɒsi pɛ:θ ɪðm ðə hatʃ
ɪf li:vz bi: brɛ:ɪt ʌp ɔ:vər hɛd
 (h)wɛn mæɪ də ʃɛd ɪts glɪtrɛn lɛ:ɪt
ar ɪn ðə blɛ:ɪt ə fa:l də spred
 ə jʌlər bɛd əvuər ə:uər zɛ:ɪt
 (h)wɒtɛvər sɪ:zən ɪt mɪd bi:
 ðə tri:z bi: a:lwe:z 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 pe: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: fjes wi: lɒŋd tə gri:t
 kʊd kʌm tə mɪt ə:uər luənsəm trjes
ar ɪf nu: pjəs ə wiəri vi:t
 hə:uevər flɪt kʊd rɪ:tʃ ɪts pljes
 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;
'Thin 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.

billock

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 feär
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

tbrough

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 m zə:ɪt

az ə:ɪ ət wə:ɪk də luk ərə:un
əpɒn ðə grə:un ə:ɪ hav m vju:
tə jændər 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 jændər nap də tʃek mə:ɪ zə:ɪt
vrəm de:n tɪl nə:ɪt ðə muəst əv a:l

ən ðər m mæɪ ɪðm ðə lu:θ
ə bə:uz m blu:θ bi: ʃjɛdi wɛ:ks
ən kə:uslɪps ʌp m jælər bedz
də haŋ ðər hɛdz ɒn də:uni stɛ:ks
ən ɪf ðə wɛðər ʃud bi: ʃjɛər
(h)wen ə:ɪv ə hɒlɪde: tə spjɛər
ə:ɪl tʃek ðə tʃɛ:ms ə getən dru:
ən ə:uər ər tu: wi zʌm vɔ:k ðɛər

ən ðər ə:ɪ nə:u kən dɪmli zi:
ði ɛləmtri: əpɒn ðə mə:un(d)
ən ðər mjɛk ə:ut ðə hə:ɪbə:ud grɔ:v
ən narə(r) dro:v b(ə):ɪ rɛdklɪf grə:un(d)
ən ðər b(ə):ɪ tri:z ərə:ɪzən ta:l
ðə glɔ:ən zʌnlə:ɪt nə:u də va:l
wi ʃɑ:tɪst ʃjɛdz 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 tʃɛ:ɪtʃɪz spɪər
wi bɛlz ðət ə:ɪ də gu: tə swɪŋ
ən lə:ɪk tə rɪŋ ən lə:ɪk tə hɪər

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 ə:ɪv lʌk əpɒn mə:ɪ zə:ɪd
ðe: beɪz ʃəl sə:ʊn(d) buəd lə:ʊd ən wə:ɪd
ə pi:l əbʌv ðe: slo:ps ə gre:
zʌm mə:ɪ de: wi dʒjən ə brə:ɪd



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 dusty 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 brukwɛl

at i:stər ðo: ðə wɪn(d) wər hɛ:ɪ
wi: və:un(d) wi: had ə zʌni skə:ɪ
ən zu: (w)uəld dɒbm had tə trʌdʒ
(h)ɪz də:usti rɔ:d b(ə):ɪ nɒp ən brʌdʒ
ən dʒɒŋ wi haŋən vətərlɒks
əʃjekən rə:un (h)ɪz hevi hɒks
ən ʌs ə luəd nɒt mʌtʃ tu: smɑ:l
ərə:ɪdən ə:ut tə brukwɛl hɑ:l
ən ðər ɪn də:ust vrəm dɒbmz hi:lz
ən grɪn lə:ɪtwagənz və:uər (h)wi:lz
ə:uər mɛri lɛ:fs dɪd lə:udli sə:un(d)
ɪn rɔ:lən wɪn(d)z əðə:ɪt ðə grə:un(d)
(h)wə:ɪl ʃɪ:mənɪbənz kʌlərd striəks
dɪd flʌtər rə:un ðə mæɪdənz tʃiəks
əz ðe: dɪd zɪt wi smə:ɪlən lɪps
əri:tʃən ə:ut ðər vɪŋgərtɪps
təwɑ:rd zʌm tʃekən plʃes ər zə:ɪt
ðət ðe: dɪd ʃo: əs left ər rə:ɪt
ən (w)u:ns (h)wen dʒɪmi trə:ɪd tə plʃes
ə kɪs ɒn kʌzən pɒlɪz fʃes
ʃi: pɒst (h)ɪz hat wi wɪkɪd lɪərz
rə:ɪt ɒf əbʌv (h)ɪz tu: rɛd iərz
ən ðər ə rɔ:ld əlɒŋ ðə grə:un
wi spredən brɪm ən rə:undɪd krə:un
ən və:un(d) ət lɛ:st ə kə:ʊpɒnz brɪm
ən lɛ: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: lɛ:ft ɪnʌf tə splɪt ə:uər zə:ɪdz
ət hɑ:rwud fɑ:ɪm wi: pɑ:st ðə lʌn(d)
ðət fe:ðərz fe:ðər had 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:unz (h)ɪz kə:uz dɪd tred
 ən ðær əblʌv ðə stuənən tʌn
 əvuər ðə dazlən mə:rənən zʌn
 wər stɪl ðə rɔ:lən smo:k ðə brɛθ
 əbrɪ:ðd vrəm (h)ɪz (w)uəld hə:usɪz hɛθ
 ən ðær dɪd læ:ɪ bɪlo: 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 ɛrʌŋ
 tu: zʌnde:z ðo: ðe: wər bət jʌŋ
 ən lɛd in sli:p ðær wə:rkəsəm han(d)z
 ət rest vrəm twə:ɪl wi hə:us ɛr lan(d)z
 ðɛn və:uər tʃɪldərn lɛd ðær hɛdz
 ət nə:ɪt əpɒn ðær lɪtəl bɛdz
 ən nəvər rɔ:z əgjen bɪlo:
 ə mʌðərz lʌv ər fɛ:ðərz ho:
 dri: lɪtəl məɪdɛnz 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:lɪd (h)ɪz brʌðər tu (h)ɪz zə:ɪd
 tə mjɛk ən stan(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:un(d)
 ðə (w)ʊdlən(d) gʊku:z zʌmər sə:un(d)
 hi: wjestɪd a:l ðær lɪtəl stuər
 ən hɑ:rdʃɪp drɔ:v əm ə:ut ə duər
 tə twə:ɪl tɪl twə:ɪlsəm læ:ɪf ʃʊd ɛn(d)
 ɪðə:ut ə sɪŋgəl ɛθli frɛn(d)
 bət su:n wi hɑ:rwʊd bæk bɪhə:m(d)
 ən ə:ut ə zə:ɪt ən ə:ut ə mə:m(d)
 wi: wɛnt ɛrɒtələn ɒn ən mjɛd
 ə:uər wɛ: 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: vəlun(d) ə'uərʌvz dre: nə:ɪ
ðə lʃediz tə'uər ðət ro:z ɒn hə:ɪ
ən si(:)md əkʌmən ɒn tə mi:t
wi gro:ən hə:ɪt (w)uəld dɒbmz 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
Beside 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

brukwæl

wæl ə:ɪ də ze: tɪz wʊð (w)u:nz (h)wə:ɪl
tə biət ðə də:ɪst ə ɡʊd sɪks mə:ɪl
tə zi: ðə plʃes ðə skwə:ɪər plænd
ət brukwæl nə:u əmjəd b(ə):ɪ han(d)
wi ɔ:bən lɛ:n ən ɡrə:v ən pʊn
ən ɡrævəlwe:ks əz kliən əz brʊn
ən ɡra:s a:məst sə sɒft tə tɹəd
əz vɛlvɪtpə:ɪl ə sɪlkən dɹəd
ən mə:un(d)z wi me:ʃ ən rɒks wi flə:uərz
ən ə:ɪvɪʃjədɪd zʌmər bə:uərz
ən dɹɪblən wɔ:tər də:un bɪlɔ:
ðə stuənən a:ɹtʃɪz lɒftɪ bɔ:
ən ðər də sə:un(d) ðə wɔ:tərvaɪl
bɪlɔ: ə kavərnz me:ʃɪ waɪl
(h)wər pʃɛlɡrɪ:n lə:ɪt də strægəl də:un
ə li:fi kɹevɪs ət ðə krə:un
ən ðər də ɡʌʃ ðə fə:mi bɔ:
ə wɔ:tər (h)wə:ɪt əz dɹɪvən sno:
ən ðər ə zɪtən a:l əluən
ə lɪtəl məɪd ə mɑ:rbəl stuən
də liən (h)ər lɪtəl tʃɪæk əzə:ɪd
əpʊn (h)ər lɪli han ən bə:ɪd
bɪzə:ɪd ðə va:lən strɪ:m tə zi:
(h)ər pɪtʃər vɪld əvuər (h)ər ni:
ən ðen ðə brʊk ərɔ:lən dɑ:rk
bɪlɔ: ə liənən ju:trɪ:z bɑ:rk
wi plæɪsəm rɪpəlz ðət də rʌn
əfləʃən tə ðə westərn zʌn
də ʃʊt ət le:st wi fə:mi ʃɒks
ədðə:ɪt ə lɛdʒ ə kɹɑ:ʒɪ rɒks
əkɑ:stən ɪn (h)ɪz hʃɛstɪ flə:ɪt
əpʊn ðə stuənz ə rɔ: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	<i>folk going across</i>
Vow'r little bwoys a-cast in brass;	<i>four</i>
An' woone do hold an angler's wand,	<i>one</i>
Wi' steady hand, above the pond;	
An' woone, a-pweintèn to the stream	<i>pointing</i>
His little vinger-tip, do seem	
A-showèn to his playmeätes' eyes,	
Where he do zee the vishes rise;	
An' woone ageän, wi' smilèn lips,	
Do put a vish his han' do clips	<i>encircle</i>
'Thin 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	<i>throw</i>
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,	<i>shelter</i>
Where smoke, a-wreathèn blue, do spread	
Above the tuns o' dusky red,	<i>chimney-tops</i>
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,	<i>stray</i>
Below the houses' thatchen eaves.	
An' drough a lawn a-spread avore	<i>through</i>
The windows, an' the pworchèd door,	

ən ðen əgjen də gu: ən va:l
 bɪlɔ: ə brʌdʒɪz a:rtʃəd wɑ:l
 (h)wər vɔ:k əgwæm əðə:rt də pa:s
 və:uər lɪtəl bwə:ɪz əka:st ɪn bra:s
 ən (w)u:n də huəld ən ʌŋglərz wʌnd
 wɪ stɛdi hʌn(d) əbʌv ðə pɒnd
 ən (w)u:n əpwə:mtən tə ðə stri:m
 (h)ɪz lɪtəl vɪŋgɜ:rtɪp də si: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 hʌn də klɪps
 ɪðm ə bɑ:skɪt lu:sli tə:ɪd
 əbə:ut (h)ɪz ʃo:ldər ət (h)ɪz zə:ɪd
 ən ɛ:tər ðət ðə fuərθ də stʌn(d)
 əho:ldən bʌk (h)ɪz pɑ:rtɪ hʌn(d)
 bɪhə:m(d) (h)ɪz lɪtəl ɪər tə dro:
 ə stuən əpɒn ðə stri:m bɪlɔ:
 ən ðen ðə hə:uzən ðət bi: a:l
 sɪtʃ pɑ:rtɪ huəmz vrəm bɪg tə smɑ:l
 əlʊkən sə:uθ də klʌstər rə:un(d)
 ə zʌni lɛdʒ ə rə:ɪzən grə:un(d)
 əvuər ə wʊd ənesəld wɑ:rm
 ɪn lu:θ əgjen ðə nɑ:rdɜ:rn stɑ:rm
 (h)wər smɔ:k əri:ðən blu: də spred
 əbʌv ðə tʌnz ə dʌski rɛd
 ən wɪndərpjɛnz də glɪtər brə:ɪt
 wɪ bə:rnən stri:mz ə zʌmər lə:ɪt
 bɪlɔ: ðə və:m ətræɪnd tə hɛm
 ðər zə:ɪdz ɪðm (h)ɪz li:fi stɛm
 ən rʌŋgəl ɒn wɪ flʌtrən li:vz
 bɪlɔ: ðə hə:usɪz ðətʃən i:vz
 ən dru: ə lɛ:n əspred əvuər
 ðə wɪndərz ən ðə puə:rtʃɪd duər

A path do wind 'ithin a hatch,	<i>wicket-gate</i>
A-vastèn'd wi' a clickèn latch,	
An' there up over ruf an' tun,	<i>roof and chimney-top</i>
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	<i>standing</i>
The tower, ninety veet vrom ground,	
Vrom where a teäp'rèn speer do spring	<i>tapering spire</i>
So high's the mornèn lark do zing.	
Zoo I do zay 'tis wo'th woone's while	<i>so, worth one's</i>
To beät the doust a good six mile,	
To zee the pleäce the squier plann'd	
At Brookwell, now a-meäde by hand.	

ə pɛ:θ də wə:m(d) iðm ə hatʃ
əvɑ:sənd wi ə klɪkən latʃ
ən ðər ʌp ɔ:vər rʌf ən tʌn
də stan ðə smu:ðwa:ld tʃə:rtʃ ə stuən
wi kɑ:rvəd wɪndərz ðɪn ən ta:l
əri:tʃən ʌp ðə lɒfti wa:l
ən bətəlmənts əstænən rə:un(d)
ðə tə:uər nə:ɪnti vi:t vrəm grə:un(d)
vrəm (h)wər ə tʃeprən spiər də sprɪŋ
sə hə:ɪz ðə mɑ:rnən lɑ:rk də zɪŋ
zu: ə:ɪ 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 plænd
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 velt
His poor heart in a twitter, an' ready to melt;
Or if, by ill luck, in his rambles, he met
Wi' zome mäidens 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 'twer the lot o' the poor little man
To väll deeply in love, as the best ov us can;
An' 'twer noo easy task vor a shy man to tell
Sich a dazzlèn feäir mäid 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 läins, vor to tell her his mind,
Though 'twer 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 no:d
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 məɪdənz 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 lʊt ə ðə pu(:)ər lɪtəl man
tə vɑ:l 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 hɛr (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 tʃɔ: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 kʌlvərd (h)ɪz ə:ɪz 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 pleâce
 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 'twer 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 'twer a feäir,
 An' he thought, though his pleâce 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 rwose,
 An' when he come wi' her, an' show'd his poor nose,
 All the little bwoys shouted, an' cried "There he goes,"
 "There he goes." Oh! vor his peärt he velt
 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 wërden 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 və:ʊn(d) ə gud næɪbər tə gu: ɪn (h)ɪz pljɛs
vər tə bə:ɪ ðə gu:ld rɪŋ vər hi: hadən ðə fjɛs
ən (h)wɛn ə wɛnt ʌp vər tə pʌt ɪn ðə bʌnz
ə dɪd fjɛk ɪn (h)ɪz lagz ən dɪd fjɛk ɪn (h)ɪz hʌnz
ðɛn ðe: ʌkst vər (h)ər nʝɛm ən (h)ər pɑ:ɪf ɑr tə:ʊn
ən ə ɡɪ:d əm ə li:f wi (h)ər nʝɛm ərə:t də:ʊn
vər hi: kʊdən hə tuəld əm ərə:trə:ɪt vər ə pə:ʊn
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: ɡɒt ðɛər
a:l ðə vɔ:k wər əɡaðərd əz ɪf twər ə fjɛər
ən ə ðɔ:t ðo: (h)ɪz pljɛs mɪd bi: plɪ:zən tə zʌm
hi: kʊd a:l bət hə wɪft 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:(j)ər nɔ:z
a:l ðə lɪtəl bwə:ɪz ʃə:ʊtɪd ən krə:ɪd ðər ə ɡo:z
ðər ə ɡo:z o: vər (h)ɪz pjɑ:ɪt hi: vɛlt
əz ɪf ðə pu:(j)ər hɑ:ɪt o:n wʊd mɛlt

ən (h)wɛn ðe: stʊd ʌp b(ə):ɪ ðə tʃɑ:nsəl təɡeðər
o: ə mʌn mɪd hə nɒkt ən rə:ɪt də:ʊn wi ə vɛðər
ə dɪd vi:l zu: əʃjɛmd ðət ə ðɔ:t ə wʊd rɛ:ðər
hi: wə:ɪdən ðə brə:ɪdɡru:m bət o:nli ðə fɛ:ðər
bət ðo: tɪz sə flʌni tə zi: ən sə ʃə:ɪ
(j)ɪ:t (h)ɪz mə:m(d) ɪz sə lo:lɪ (h)ɪz æɪmz bi: sə hə:ɪ
ðət tə du: ə miən di:d ɑr tə tɛl (w)u:n ə lə:ɪ
ju:d və:ɪn(d) ðət hi:d ʃʌn muər b(ə):ɪ hɛ:f
ðən tə stʌn vər vɔ:ks flʌn ɑr ðər lɛ:f

THE WINTER'S WILLOW



THERE Liddy zot bezide 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 feär,
An' she wer young, an' free o' ceäre;
Vew winters had a-blow'd her heär,
 Bezide 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,
 Bezide 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 feär avore my zight,
She blush'd bezide 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 wɪntərz wɪlə

ðər lɪdɪ zɑt bɪzə:ɪd (h)ər kə:u
əpən (h)ər lə:lɪ sɪt o:
ə hʊd dɪd ɔ:vərhaŋ (h)ər brə:u
(h)ər pæɪl wər ət (h)ər vɪ:t o:
ən ʃi: wər kə:m(d) ən ʃi: wər ʃjɛər
ən ʃi: wər jʌŋ ən frɪ: ə kjɛər
vju: wɪntərz hɑd əblo:d (h)ər hʃjɛər
bɪzə:ɪd ðə wɪntərz wɪlə

ʃi: ɪdən (w)u:n əreərd ɪn tə:un
(h)wər mɛni ə gæɪər lɑs o:
də trɪp əsmə:ɪlən ʌp ən də:un
sə pjɛl wɪ smə:k ən gɑs o:
bət hɪər ɪn vɪ:l(d)z ə grjɛzən hɛ:rdz
(h)ər vɛɪs hə mɪŋgəld swi(:)tɪst wɛ:rdz
wɪ ɪ:vmən tʃjɑ:rmz ə bɪzɪ bɛ:rdz
bɪzə:ɪd ðə wɪntərz wɪlə

ən (h)wɛn ət lɛ:st wɪ bɪətən brɛst
ə:ɪ nɒkt əvuər (h)ər duər o:
ʃi: ɑ:kst mɪ: ɪn tə tʃɛk ðə bɛst
ə pljɛsɪz ɒn ðə vlʊər o:
ən smə:ɪlən ʃjɛər əvuər mɛ:ɪ zɛ:ɪt
ʃi: blʌft bɪzə:ɪd ðə jʌlɛr lɛ:ɪt
ə bljɛzən brɑn(d)z (h)wə:ɪl wɪn(d)z ə nɛ:ɪt
də ʃjɛk ðə wɪntərz wɪlə

ən ɪf ðərz rɪ:dʃɪp ɪn (h)ər smə:ɪl
ʃi: dɒ:nt bɪgrʌdʒ tə spjɛər o:
tə zʌmbədi ə lɪtəl (h)wə:ɪl
ði ɛm(p)tɪ (w)uækən 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 ə:ɪv lʌk əpɒn mə:ɪ zə:ɪd
(h)wə:ɪ ə:ɪ də ðɪŋk ʃi:l bi: mə:ɪ brə:ɪd
əvuər ðə li:vz hə twə:s ədə:ɪd
əpɒn ðə wɪntərz wɪlə

əbʌv ðə kɔ:tʃ(h)wi:lz rɔ:lən rɪmz
ʃi: nəvər rɔ:z tə rə:ɪd o:
ðo: ʃi: də zet (h)ər kʌmli lɪmz
əbʌv ðə mjɛərz (h)wə:ɪt zə:ɪd o:
bət do:nt bɪkʌm tu: prə:ud tə stu:p
ən skrʌb (h)ər mɪlkən pærlz (h)wə:ɪt hu:p
ar zɪt əmɪlkən (h)wər də dru:p
ðə wɛtstɛmd wɪntərz wɪlə

ən ə:ɪv ə kə:u ər tu: ɪn liəz
əlɒŋ ðə rɪvərzə:ɪd o:
ən pærlz tə zet əvuər (h)ər ni:z
ət dɛ:n ən i:vmentə:ɪd o:
ən ðər ʃi: stɪl mɪd zɪt ən lʊk
ədə:ɪt əpɒn ðə wʊdi nʊk
(h)wər vʌst ə:ɪ zi:d (h)ər b(ə):ɪ ðə brʊk
bɪzə:ɪd ðə wɪntərz wɪlə

zu: hu: wʊd hi:d ðə tri:lɪs də:un
əbiət b(ə):ɪ a:l ðə stɑ:rmz o:
ar hu: wʊd hi:d ðə bɪzi tə:un
(h)wər vɔ:k də gu: ɪn zwa:rmz o:
ɪf hi: wər ɪn mə:ɪ hə:us bɪlo:
ði eləməz (h)wər ðə və:ɪər dɪd glɔ:
ɪn lɪdɪz fjes ðo: wɪn(d)z dɪd blɔ:
əgjen ðə wɪntərz wɪlə

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:i no: hu:

æi æi vʊl rjɛð ðə zʌn mæs rə:i:
tə mjɛk əs tə:iərd ə zʌni skə:i:
əʃi:nən ɒn ðə huəl de: dru:
vrəm ma:rənənz dɛ:n tɪl i:vmənz dju:
(h)wen tri:z bi: brə:ʊn ən miədʒ bi: gri:n
ən skə:i:
bi: blu: ən stri:mz də ʃi:n
ən ðimɛdʒd klə:udz bi: sno:i (h)wə:ɪt
əbʌv ðə blu:ɪst hɪlz ɪn zə:ɪt
bət ə:i kən lɛt ðə de:lə:ɪt gu:
(h)wen ə:ɪv əmɛt wi ə:i no: hu:

ɪn sprɪŋ ə:i mɛt (h)ər b(ə):ɪ ə bɛd
ə lɔrəlz hə:iər ðən (h)ər hɛd
ðə (h)wə:ɪl ə ruəz hʌŋ (h)wə:ɪt bitwi:n
(h)ər blʌʃɪz ən ðə lɔrəlz gri:n
ən ðɛn ɪn fa:l ə:i wɛnt əlɔŋ
ðə ro: əv ɛləmz ɪn ðə drɔŋ
ən hiərd (h)ər zɪŋ bɪzə:ɪd ðə kə:uz
b(ə):ɪ jʌlər li:vz ə mjɛpəl bə:uz
bət fa:l ər sprɪŋ ɪz fjɛər tə vju:
(h)wen de: də brɪŋ mi: ə:i no: hu:

ən (h)wen wi wɪntr əkʌmən rə:ʊn
ðə pə:ɪpəl hɛθs əfjɛdən brə:ʊn
ən haŋən və:rnz əʃjɛkən dɛd
bɪzə:ɪd ðə hɪlz bɪʃjɛdɪd hɛd
ən blakwɪŋd rʊks də glɪtər brə:ɪt
əbʌv mə:i hɛd ɪn pʃɛlər lə:ɪt
ðɛn ðo: ðə bɛərdz də stɪl ðə gli:
ðət sə:ʊn(d)ɪd ɪn ðə zʌmər tri:
mə:i hɑ:t ɪz lə:ɪt ðə wɪntər dru:
ɪn mɛθ ət nə:ɪt wi ə:i 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 blɔ:
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 ðɔ:t əvuər ðə skə:ɪ
ðə slo:lɪzwɪmən klə:udz də lʊk
hə:u sɒft ðə wɪnz əstrɪ: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 pjɛs
dɪd mjek əwe:kən slo:lɪ bæ:ɪ
bət ə:ɪ went i:st wi biətən brɛst
wi wɪn(d) ən klə:ud ən brʊk vər rest
wi rest əlɒst vər dʒesi ɡɒn
sə ʌvli ɒn təwɑ:rd ðə west

blɔ: ɒn o: wɪn(d)z əðə:ɪt ðə hɪl
zwɪm ɒn o: klə:udz o: wɔ:tərz vɑ:l
də:ʊn me:ʃi rɒks 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.

bət rɔ:l ɔ: zʌn ən brɪŋ tə mi:
mə:n de: ɪf sɪtʃ ə de: ðər bi:
(h)wen zʌm diər pɛ:θ tə mə:n əbo:d
ʃəl bi: ðə rɔ: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 vaïce 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 vaïce 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 vaïce 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 ʃjɛk ðə nju:spɾɒŋ pɑ:sli bɛd
ən wɪðərd əʃtri: ke:z də swɪŋ
ən va:l əflɒtrən rə:un ə:uər hɛd
ðər (h)wə:ɪl ðə bɛ:rdz də zɪŋ ðər zɒŋ
in buʃɪz də:un ði əʃtri: drɒŋ
kɒm dʒɛsi li: vɑ: swi:(:)ts ðə pljɛs
ju:(:)ər vɛ:ɪs ən fjɛs kən mjɛk vər mi:

bɪlo: ðə bɒdən əʃɪz hə:ɪt
wi: ðər kən lɪŋgər in ðə lu:
(h)wə:ɪl bɛ:uz əgɪldɪd b(ə:)ɪ ðə lə:ɪt
də ʃɪn əvuər ðə skə:ɪ ə blu:
bət ðər b(ə:)ɪ zɛtən zɒn ər mu:n
ərə:ɪzən tə:ɪm wʊl vli: tu: su:n
wi dʒɛsi li: vɑ: swi:(:)ts ðə pljɛs
(h)ər vɛ:ɪs ən fjɛs kən mjɛk vər mi:

də:un (h)wər ðə da:ɪksəm brʊk də flo:
bɪlo: ðə brɒdʒɪz a:ɪtʃɪd wɑ:l
wi a:ɪldərz da:ɪk əliənən lo:
əbɒv ðə glʊ:mi wɔ:tərva:l
ðər ə:ɪv əlɛd i: huəm ət nɔ:ɪt
wi nu: fjɛs ɛls ɪðm mə:ɪ zə:ɪt
bət ju:(:)ərz sə fjɛər ən swi:(:)ts ðə pljɛs
ju:(:)ər vɛ:ɪs ən fjɛs hə mjɛd mi: ðɛər

ən o: (h)wɛn ɒðər ʃɪərz də kɒm
ən zɛtən zɒnz wi ʃɒlər gljɛər
dru: wɛstərn wɪndərpjɛnz ət huəm
də lə:ɪt əpɒn mə:ɪ i:vmən tʃɛər

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 leäve 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)wæ:ɪl de: də wjɛn ən dju: də va:l
bi: wi mi: ðɛn ar ɛls ɪn ka:l
az tæ:ɪm də vli: var swi(:)ts ðə pljɛs
ju(:)ər væɪs ən fjɛs də mjɛk vər mi:

a: ju: də smæ:ɪl əðŋkən læ:ɪt
ə mæ:ɪ tru: wæ:ɪrdz bət nevər mæ:ɪm(d)
smæ:ɪl ɒn smæ:ɪl ɒn bət stɪl ju(:)ər flɛ:ɪt
wʊd liəv mi: ɪtəl dʒæɪ bihə:ɪm(d)
bət læt mi: nɒt bi: zu: ətræ:ɪd
wi ju: əlɒst (h)wər ə:ɪ də bə:ɪd
o: dʒɛsi li: ɪn ɛni pljɛs
ju(:)ər væɪs ən fjɛs hə blɛst vər mi:

ə:ɪm ju(:)ər ðət (h)wɛn ə so:lz əbrɒt
tə ðɪs ə:uər læ:ɪf əv æɪr ən lan(d)
(w)u:n muərz əmɑ:kt ɪn gʊdz gʊd ðɔ:t
tə hɛlp wi lʌv (h)ɪz ha:rt ən han(d)
ən o: ɪf ðər ju:d bi: ɪn stuər
ən ʌndʒəl hiər vər mæ:ɪ pu(:)ər duər
tɪz dʒɛsi li: var swi(:)ts ðə pljɛs
(h)ər væɪs ən fjɛs kən mjɛk 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 did wɑ:rm ðə lu:θ
ən win did (h)wɪvər in ðə ʃjɛd
ðə swi(:)tæɪrd biənz wər ə:ut in blu:θ
də:un ðər iðm ði eləm gljɛd
ə jʌləbændɪd bi: did kʌm
ən sɒf(t)li pɪtʃ wi hʌʃən hʌm
əpən ə biən ən ðər did sɪp
əpən ə swæɪən blɒsəmz lɪp
ən ðər krə:ɪd hi: æɪ ə:ɪ kən zi:
ðɪs blɒsəmz a:l əzɛnt vər mi:

ədʒɪltɪd ʌp ən də:un əstrrə:ɪd
əpən ə lɒfti hɒs ətrɒt
ðə mja:stər ðen kʌm bæɪ wi prə:ɪd
tə zi: ðə biənz ðət hi:d əgɒt
ən az hi: zɒt əpən (h)ɪz hɒs
ðə hɒs əgjen did snɑ:t ən tɒs
(h)ɪz hə:ɪərd hed ən at ðə zə:ɪt
əv a:l ðə blɒsəm blak ən (h)wə:ɪt
a: a: ðɔ:t hi: ðə sjemz ðə bi:
ðɪəz biənz bi: a:l əzɛnt vər mi:

zu: let ðə wə:ɪdɒlz rɪtʃɪz brɪ:d
ə strə:ɪf ə klæɪmz wi wɪ:k ən(d) strɒŋ
vər nə:u (h)wɒt kjɛ:z həv ə:ɪ tə hi:d
hu:z in ðə rə:ɪt ar in ðə rɒŋ
sɪns ðər də kʌm dru: jændər hatʃ
ən blu:m bɪlɔ: ðə hə:usɪz ðætʃ
ðə best ə mæɪdənz ən du o:n
ðət ʃi: ɪz mæ:ɪn ən mæ:ɪn əluən
zu: ə:ɪ kən zi: ðət lʌv də gi:
ðə best əv a:l gud gɪfts 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 ərə:ld vrəm han(d) tə han(d)
ðə hə:ɪst mʌni ðəts ətuəld
vrəm man tə man ə pa:sən ɒn
tɪz hiər tæde: təmərə(r) ɡʊn
bət ðərz ə blesən hə:i əbʌv
ɪt a:l ə so:l ə stɛdvɑ:st lʌv
zu: let 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' gay 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)uæld fræn(d)z əmæt

æi vul mæ:i hæ:rts blɑd næ:u də rɔ:l
ən gæi də ræ:i:z mæ:i hɑpi sɔ:l
ən wɛl ðe: mɪd vɛr hiər ə:uər vi:t
əvuər (w)u:n vɛ:iər əgjen də mi:t
vɛr ju:v əvə:un mæ:i fjes tɔ gri:t
wi wɛlkəm wɛ:rdz mæ:i stɑ:rtlən iər
ən hu: bi: ju: bət dʒɑn ə wiər
ən ə:i bət wɪləm wɛlbə:rn

hiər læ:it ə kɑndəl ʌp tɔ ʃɛd
muər læ:it əpɔn ə (w)uæld fræn(d)z hɛd
ən ʃɔ: ðə smə:ɪl (h)ɪz fjes (w)u:ns muər
hə brɔ:t əs vrəm ənʌðər ʃuər
ən ə:ɪl hi:v ɔn ə brɑn(d) əvuər
ðə vɛ:iər bɑk tɔ mɪjɛk gʊd tʃiər
ə ruərən fljɛmz vɛr dʒɑn ə wiər
tɔ tʃɑt wi wɪləm wɛlbə:rn

æi æi ɪt mɪd bi: tru: ðæt zʌm
(h)wɛn ðe: də wɔndər ə:ut vrəm huəm
də liəv ðər niərɪst fræn(d)z bihə:m(d)
buəd ə:ut ə zæ:ɪt ən ə:ut ə mæ:m(d)
bət dʒɑn ən ə:i hə tɔ:i:z tɔ bə:m(d)
ə:uər sɔ:lz tɔgɛðər vɛ:r ɑr niər
vɑr hu: ɪz hi: bət dʒɑn ə wiər
ən ə:i bət wɪləm wɛlbə:rn

lʊk ðər hi: ɪz wi(ð) twɪŋklən ə:ɪz
ən ɛlbɔ:z dɛ:un əpɔn (h)ɪz θə:ɪz
ətʃʌklən lɔ: wi mɛri grɪn

Though time ha' roughen'd up his chin,
'Tis still the seäme true soul 'ithin,
As woonce I know'd, when year by year, *once*
Thik very chap, thik John o' Weer, *that*
Did play wi' William Wellburn.

Come, John, come; don't be dead-alive *half-dead*
Here, reach us out your clust'r o' vive. *cluster of five (fingers)*
Oh! you be happy. Ees, but that *yes*
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 *folk*
What's happen'd, min, that John o' Weer *mate*
Ha' met wi' William Wellburn.

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; *beats*
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?

If other vo'ks do gleen to zee *sneer*
How lovèn an' how glad we be,
What, then, poor souls, they had but vew *few*
Sich happy days, so long agoo,
As they that I've a-spent wi' you;
But they'd hold woone another dear, *one*
If woone o' them wer John o' Weer,
An' tother William Wellburn.

ðo: tæ:ɪm hæ rʌfænd ʌp (h)ɪz tʃɪm
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 dʒan ə wiər
dɪd plæɪ wi wɪləm wɛlbə:rn

kʌm dʒan kʌm do:nt bi: dɛdələ:ɪv
hɪər ri:tʃ əs ə:ʊt jər klɑstr ə və:ɪv
o: ju: bi: hapi i:s bət ðat
wu:(:ɪ)nt du: tɪl jə kən le:f ən tʃat
do:nt bliŋki lɪk ə pə:rən kat
bət liəp ən le:f ən let vɔ:k hɪər
(h)wɒts hapənd mɪn ðət dʒan ə wiər
hə met wi wɪləm wɛlbə:rn

vər zʌm wi selfɪʃnɪs tu: strɒŋ
vər lʌv də du: i:tʃ ʌðər rɒŋ
ən zʌm də rəŋgəl ən divə:ɪd
ɪn hets əv ʌŋgər brɛd ə prə:ɪd
bət hu: də ðɪŋk ðət tæ:ɪm ar tæ:ɪd
kən brɪ:d ɪlwɪl ɪn frɛn(d)z sə diər
əz wɪləm wər tə dʒan ə wiər
ən dʒan tə wɪləm wɛlbə:rn

ɪf ʌðər vɔ:ks də gli:n tə zi:
hə:u lʌvən ən hə:u glɑd wi: bi:
(h)wɒt ðɛn pu:(:ɪ)ər so:lz ðe: hɑd 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 ðɛm wər dʒan ə wiər
ən tʌðər wɪləm wɛlbə:rn

FIFEHEAD



'TWER where my fondest thoughts do light,
At Fifehead, while we spent the night;
The millwheel's restèn 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 gäy, 'tis true, but gäy an' wise,
An' laugh'd in light o' maidens' 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 willènly, 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 ðə: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:vməŋ 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 ə:ut tə spred
ðər wɪŋz əbʌv ðə ɡʌlɪz bɛd
ən dɑ:rknis rə:ʊn ði eləmtri:
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 ə:ut ə duərz wi mə:ɪ sə:ʊn(d)z
ə:ʊər frɛn(d)z əmɒŋ ðə plæɪsəm tɪ:m
a:l brɔ:t əs ɡwæm sə vɛ:rz ðə strɪ:m
bət dʒɛn ðət ðər bɪlɔ: ə ɡli:m
ə lə:ɪt wɒtʃt (w)u:n o:s ə:ut ə zə:ɪt
vɑ:wɪlənli vɛr (h)ɪz ɡʊd nə:ɪt
ʃi:d lɒŋɡər bə:ɪd əwʃɛk dʒən

ən (h)wə:ɪl ʌp li:z wi: stɛpt əlɒŋ
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 grə:ʊn(d)
ə slɔ:pən naps əskri:nd ərə:ʊn(d)
rɔ:z dɪm ɪðə:ʊt ə brɛθ ə sə:ʊn(d)
ðə (w)uəld əbo:d ə skwə:ɪəz əɡɒn
ðo: (h)wə:ɪl ðe: le: əsli:pən ɒn
ðær stɑ:rz wər stɪl əwʃek dʒən

IVY HALL



IF I've a-stream'd below a storm,
An' not a-velt the räin,
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:mɪd bɪlo: ə sta:ɪm
ən nɒt əvelt ðə ræm
ən ɪf ə:ɪ evər velt mi: wa:ɪm
ɪn sno: əpɒn ðə plæm
twɜ:(h)wen az i:vmən skə:ɪz wɜ:(d)ɪm
ən vi:l(d)z bɪlo: mə:ɪ ə:ɪz wɜ:(d)ɪm
ə:ɪ went əluən ət i:vmənfa:l
ədðə:ɪt ðə vi:l(d)z tu ə:ɪvi ha:l

ə:ɪ və:ʊn(d) ðə wɪn(d) əpɒn ðə hɪl
le:st nə:ɪt əruərən læ:ʊd
ən rʌbən bə:uz əcri:kən ʃɪl
əpɒn ði ʌʃɪz ʃə:ʊd
bət o: ðə ri:lən kɒps mɪd grɔ:n
ən tɪmbɜ:(z) lɒfti tɒps mɪd grɔ:n
ðə hʌflən wɪn(d)z bi: mju:zɪk a:l
bɪzə:ɪd mə:ɪ rɔ:d tu ə:ɪvi ha:l

ə ʃjɛdi grɔ: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 eləmz wi ðɜ:(r) mɒsi stɛmz
də rə:ɪz tə skri:n ðə li:fi wa:l
ən stuənən rʌf əv ə:ɪvi ha:l

ðə da:ɪksəm klə:ʊdz mɪd flɪŋ ðɜ:(r) slɪt
ən vrɒst mɪd pɪntʃ mi: blu:
ar sno: mɪd klɪŋ bɪlo: mə:ɪ vi:t
ən hə:ɪd mə:ɪ rɔ: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 mjek mi: gæɪ əv ha:rt
(h)wen ə:ɪ də rest ət i:vmənfɑ:l
bɪzə:ɪd ðə hɛθ əv ə:ɪvi ha:l

ðər li:fi stemz də klɪm əɾə: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 fjesɪz mɪd bi: grɪm ɪðə:ut
stɪl ə:ɪ ha smə:ɪlz (h)wen ə:ɪ də ka:l
ət i:vməntə: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*

fa: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)lɪk
ɪf ju: də lə:ɪk ə:l trɪ:t i: wi ə rə:ɪd
ɪn ðiəs (h)wi:lbarə hiər zu: ə:ɪ wər blə:m(d)lɪk
tə (h)wɒt ə had əwə:rkən ɪn (h)ɪz mə:m(d)lɪk
ən mə:ʊntɪd vər ə pasəndʒər ɪnsə:ɪd
ən kʌmən tu ə pʌdəl pə:rtɪ wə:ɪd
ə tɪpt mi: ɪn əgrɪnən bək bihə:m(d)lɪk
zu: (h)wen ə mæn də kʌm tə mi: sə θɪklɪk
ən ʃjək 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 trɪklɪk
ən ðen vər a:l ə:ɪ kæn bət wæg mə:ɪ hæt
ən θæŋk 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:ɪ do:nt biɡrɑdʒ ən (h)ɪz lə:ɪf
nar (h)ɪz ɡu:ld nar (h)ɪz hə:uzən nəɪ lɑn(d)z
tʃæk ə: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:ɪ bi: kəntent wi mə:ɪ lɒt

a: (h)wɜr bi: ðə vɪŋgəɪz sə fʃeər
vɜr tə pɑt ən sə sɒft ɒn ðə fʃes
tə mɛnd ɛvri stɪʃ ðət də tɛər
ən ki(:)p ɛvri bɑtən ɪn plʃes
kræk ətuər bræk ətuər bæk ətuər
bɑtənz əvlɛd
vɜr wɒnt əv ə wə:ɪf wi (h)ɜr drɛd

a: (h)wɜr ɪz ðə swi(:)tʃə:ɪti hɛd
ðət də nɒd tɪl hi:z ɡʊn ə:ʊt ə zə:ɪt
ən (h)wɜr bi: ðə tu: jɑ:ɪmz 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 hɑv ə frɛn(d) ɪn ə wə:ɪf

ən (h)wɛn 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:ɪm əhʌŋ də:ʊn (h)ɪz kuəld zɛ:ɪd
slɪŋkən ɒn blɪŋkən ɒn ðɪŋkən ɒn
ɡlʊ: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)wɛn ə du ʌnlɔk (h)ɪz duər
də rʌmbəl əz hɔlərz ə drʌm
ən ðə vʃɛərɪz əhɪd rəʊn ðə vluər
də grɪn vər tə zi: ən sə glʌm
ki:p əluən slɪ:p əluən wi:p əluən
ðər lɛt ən bɛɪd
ə:l hav ə wɛɪf ət mɛɪ zɛɪd

bət (h)wɛn hi:z əlɛd ɒn (h)ɪz bɛd
ɪn ə zɪkɪs o: (h)wɒt wʊl hi: du:
vər ðə han(d)z ðət wʊd lɪft ʌp (h)ɪz hɛd
ən ʃjɛk ʌp (h)ɪz pɪlər əŋju:
ɪlz tə kʌm pɪlz tə kʌm bɪlz tə kʌm
nu: sɔ:l tə ʃjɛər
ðə trɛɪəlz ðə pu(:)ər rʌtʃ mɛs(t) bɛər

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 maiden 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 læte 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 læte 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 lets gu: də:un ðə gro:v tənə:ɪt
ðə mu:n ɪz ʌp tɪz a:l sə lə:ɪt
əz de: ən wɪn də blo: ɪnʌf
tə ʃjek ðə li:vz bət tɪdən rʌf
kʌm estər tjek vər (w)uəld tə:ɪmz sjek
jər hʊdɪd klo:k ðəts ɒn ðə pɪn
ən rap ʌp wɑ:ɪm ən tjek mə:ɪ jɑ:ɪm
jəl və:m(d) ɪt bətər ə:ut ðən ɪn
kʌm eti diər kʌm ə:ut ə duər
ən tjek ə swi(:)thɑ:ɪrts we:k (w)u:ns muər

hə:u tʃɑ:ɪmən tu ə:uər veri so:lz
wər (w)u:ns jər ɪ:vən mæɪdən stro:lz
ðə (h)wə:ɪl ðə zetən zʌnlə:ɪt də:ɪd
wi red ðə bi:tʃɪz wɛstərn zə:ɪd
bət bak əvuər jər vɪŋgər wuər
ðə wedən rɪŋ ðəts nə:u sə ðɪn
ən ju: dɪd ʃjeər ə mʌðərz kjeər
tə wɒtʃ ən ka:l i: jə:ɪli ɪn
kʌm eti diər kʌm ə:ut ə duər
ən tjek ə swi(:)thɑ:ɪrts we:k (w)u:ns muər

ən ðen əgjen (h)wen ju: kud slə:ɪt
ðə klɒk əstɪkən ljet ət nə:ɪt
ðə (h)wə:ɪl ðə mu:n wi rə:ɪzən rɪm
dɪd lə:ɪt ðə bi:tʃɪz ɪ:stərn lɪm
(h)wen ə:ɪd əbə:un(d) jər vɪŋgər rə:un(d)
wi ðɪk gu:ld rɪŋ ðəts nə:u sə ðɪn
ən ju: had nuən bət mi: əluən
tə tjek i: ljet ər jə:ɪli ɪn
kʌm eti diər kʌm ə:ut ə duər
ən tjek ə swi(:)thɑ:ɪrts 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 grə:v (h)wər vo:k dɪd rə:v
ðə krʌmpəld li:vz dɪd vli: ən spɪn
jə kudən ʃjeər ðə plezər ðeər
jər wərk ər ʃɪldərn kept i: ɪn
kʌm eti diər kʌm ə:ut ə duər
ən tjæk ə swi(:)thɑ:rts wɛ:k (w)u:ns muər

bæt kjɛərz ðæt zʌŋk jər ɔ:vəl tʃɪn
əgjən jər bʌzəmz lɪli skɪn
vər aɪl ðe: mjed ə:uər læ:ɪf sə blæk
bi: nə:u əlɒst bihə:ɪn(d) ə:uər bæk
zu: nəvər muəp ɪn mɪdst əv ho:p
tə slə:ɪt ə:uər bləsənz wʊd bi: sɪn
hɑ hɑ 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(:)thɑ:rts wɛ: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 fields o' vallèn dew.

sunshine

An' when the raïn 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 məɪ bət ɛvri li:f wər drə:ɪ
a:l de: bɪlɔ: ə ʃi:mən skə:ɪ
ðə zʌn dɪd glɔ: wi jʌlər gljɛər
ən kə:ʊslɪps blɔ: wi jʌlər gljɛər
wi grɛ:gəlz bɛlz ɛdrʊ:pən lɔ:
ən brɛmbəl bə:ʊz ɛstʊ:pən lɔ:
(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 nɛk ən də:ʊn jər bak
ju: rambəld gæɪ əblu:mən fjɛər
b(ə):ɪ bə:ʊz ə məɪ əblu:mən fjɛər
ən (h)wə:ɪl ðə bə:ɪdz dɪd twɪtər nə:ɪ
ən wɔ:tər wjevz dɪd glɪtər nə:ɪ
jə gæðərd kə:ʊslɪps ɪn ðə lu:
bɪlɔ: ðə va:lən dju:

ən nə:ʊ (h)wə:ɪl ju:v əbɪn mə:ɪ brə:ɪd
az jɪərz ə flə:ʊərz hə blʊ:md ən də:ɪd
jər smə:ɪlən fjɛs hə bɪn mə:ɪ dzæɪ
jər so:l ə grjɛs hə bɪn mə:ɪ dzæɪ
ən wi mə:ɪ i:vɪmən rɛst əkʌm
ən zʌnʃi:ɪn tə ðə wɛst əkʌm
ə:ɪm gləd tə tjɛk mə:ɪ rɔ:d tə ju:
vrəm vi:l(d)z ə va:lən dju:

ən (h)wɛn ðə ræɪn də wɛt ðə məɪ
əblu:mən (h)wər wi: (w)u:ns dɪd stræɪ
ən wɪn(d) də blɔ: əlɔŋ sə va:st
ən stri:mz də flo: əlɔŋ sə va: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: ɒn wiŋ
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:lən ɒn
ən bɪzi hən(d)z ətwe:lən ɒn
ju:l və:m(d) zʌm ju:sfʊl wə: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

tbrough

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 əlbɒst

sɪns ə:ɪ nu: muər də zi: jər fjes
 ʌp stjeərz ar də:ʊn bɪlɔ:
ə:ɪl zɪt mi: ɪn ðə luənsəm pljes
 (h)wər flatbæ:ud bɪ:tʃ də gro:
bɪlɔ: ðə bɪ:tʃɪz bæ:u mə:ɪ lʌv
 (h)wər ju: dɪd nəvər klʌm
ən ə:ɪ do:nt lʊk tə mi(:)t i: nə:u
 az ə:ɪ də lʊk ət huəm

sɪns ju: nu: muər bi: at mə:ɪ zə:ɪd
 ɪn we:kz ɪn zʌmər het
ə:ɪl gu: əluən (h)wər mɪst də rə:ɪd
 dru: tri:z ədri:pən wɛt
bɪlɔ: ðə ræɪnwɛt bæ:u mə:ɪ lʌv
 (h)wər ju: dɪd nəvər klʌm
ən ə:ɪ do:nt gri:v tə mɪs i: nə:u
 az ə:ɪ də gri:v ət huəm

sɪns nə:u bɪzə:ɪd mə:ɪ dɪnərbuəd
 ju(:)ər væɪs 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 dɑ:rkseɪm bæ:u mə:ɪ lʌv
 (h)wər ju: dɪd nəvər də:m
ən ə:ɪ do:nt gri:v tə mɪs i: nə:u
 az ə:ɪ ət huəm də pə:m

sɪns ə:ɪ də mɪs jər væɪs ən fjes
 ɪn præɪər ət i:vəntə:ɪd
ə:ɪl præɪ wi (w)u:n sɑd væɪs 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.

əbʌv ðə tri: ən beɪ mæɪ lʌv
(h)wɜː ju: bi: ɡɒn əvuə
ən bi: əwæɪtən vɜː mi: nəɪ
tə klʌm vɜː evəɪmuə

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 stay '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 kɔlɪnz ɔ:vørtuk
ə:uər nɒt ə vɔ:k əstanən stɪl
lɛ:st zʌnde: ʌp ɒn ə:ɪvi hɪl
tə zi: hæ:u strɒŋ ðə kɑ:rn dɪd lʊk
ən hi: stæɪd bak ə(h)wə:ɪl ən spɔ:k
ə vju: kə:ɪm(d) wə:ɪdz tu a:l ðə vɔ:k
vər gʊd ər dʒɔ:k ən wi ə smə:ɪl
bɪɡʌn əplæ:ən wi ə tʃə:ɪl

ðə zʌl wi ə:ɪərn zə:ɪd ərə:ɪ
həd lɒŋ əvʌrə(r)d ʌp ðə vi:l
ðə hevi rɔ:lər həd ə(h)wi:l
ɪt smu:ð vər ʃə:uərz vrəm ðə skə:ɪ
ðə bæ:ɪdbwə:ɪz krə:ɪ ərə:ɪzən ʃɪl
ən klakər həd əleft ðə hɪl
a:l brə:ɪt bət stɪl vər tə:ɪm əluən
tə spi:d ðə wə:rk ðət wi:d ədʌn

də:un dru: ðə wɪm(d) əblo:ən ki:n
dɪd gljɛər ðə niərli klə:udlɪs skə:ɪ
ən kɑ:rn ɪn bljɛd ʌp ʌŋkəl'hə:ɪ
ɪðɪn ðə gjet dɪd kwɪvər grɪ:n
ən ɪn ðə gjet əlɒkt ðər stʊd
ə prɪkli rɔ: ə ða:rnən wʊd
vər vɔ:k vər fʊd həd dʌn ðər best
ən left tə sprɪŋ tə du: ðə rest

ðə gjet hi: krə:ɪd əsi:lɪd wi ða:rn
vrəm hɑ:ɪmvʊl vi:ts əleft 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

ən zu: ɪn lə:ɪf let ʌs vʊlvɪl
(h)wɒtɛvər ɪz ə:uər mjɛkərz wɪl
ən ðen bə:ɪd stɪl wɪ pi:svʊl brɛst
(h)wə:ɪl hi: də manɪdʒ a:l ðə rɛst

ANGELS BY THE DOOR



OH! there be angels evermwoe,
A-passèn onward by the door,
A-zent to teäke our jaÿs, or come
To bring us zome—O Meärienne.
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 Meärienne.

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 Meärienne.
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 Meärienne.

*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 Meärienne.
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 Meärienne.

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 Meärienne.

toil

andzəlz b(ə):ɪ ðə duər

o: ðər bi: andzəlz evərmuər
əpa:sən ɒn(w)ərd b(ə):ɪ ðə duər
əzent tə tʃek ə:uər dzæɪz ar kʌm
tə brɪŋ əs zʌm o: mjɛəriən
ðo: duərz bi: ʃʌt ən baɪrz bi: stəʊt
nu: bɔ:lɪtɪd duər kən ki(:)p əm ə:ʊt
bət ðe: wʊl liəv əs evri ðɪŋ
ðe: hav tə brɪŋ mə:ɪ mjɛəriən

ən zu: ðə de:z əsti:lən bə:ɪ
wi zʌnz ərə:ɪdən dru: ðə skə:ɪ
də brɪŋ əs ðɪŋz tə liəv əs sad
ar mjek əs gləd o: mjɛəriən
ðə de: ðəts mə:ɪld ðə de: ðəts stə:rn
də tʃek ɪn stɪlnɪs ɪ:tʃ (h)ɪz tə:rn
ən ɪ:vəlz ət ðər wʌst mɪd mɛnd
ər ɪ:vən end mə:ɪ mjɛəriən

bət stɪl ɪf wi: kən ɔ:nli beər
wi fæɪθ ən lʌv ə:uər pæɪm ən kjɛər
wi: ʃʌnt və:ɪn(d) mɪsən dzæɪz əlbɔst
ðo: wi: bi: krɔst o: mjɛəriən
bət a:l ətʊk tə hevn ən stɔ:d
(h)wər wi: ke:ɪnt wjest əm ɒn ðə rɔ:d
əz wi: də wɒndər tu: ən fro:
də:un hiər bɪlo: mə:ɪ mjɛəriən

bət ðər bi: dzæɪz ə:ɪd su:nɪst tʃu:z
tə ki(:)p vrəm ðem ðət ə:ɪ məst lu:z
jər wɔ:rkzəm han(d)z tə help mə:ɪ twə:ɪl
jər tʃɪərful smə:ɪl o: mjɛəriən

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 Meärienne.

shadows
fireside

ðə zʌnde: bɛlz ə jʌndər tə:uər
ðə mu:nlə:ɪt fjɛdz ə mə:ɪ o:n bə:uər
ən rest əvuər ə:uər və:ɪərzə:ɪd
at i:vməntə:ɪd mə:ɪ mjeəriən



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 vloor
 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 praÿ'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 intə 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
bɪlɔ: ðə pɪlərd ɑ: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 fʃɛs
wi də:ʌnkɑ:st ə:ɪz ən væɪsɪz dʌm
ðə (w)uəld ən jʌŋ də slɔ:li kʌm
ən tʃɛk ɪn stɪlnɪs i:tʃ (h)ɪz plʃɛs
əzɪŋkən slɔ:li
ni:lən lɔ:li
si:kən hɔ:li ðɔ:ts əluən
ɪn præɪr əvuər ðər mjekərz θrɔ:n

ən ðər bi: sʌnz ɪn ju:θvʊl prə: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:rnən
nevər tə:rnən
tʃiəks əbə:rnən wi ðə het
ə ju:θ ən ə:ɪz nu: tiərz də wɛt

ðeər frɛn(d)z də setəl zə:ɪd b(ə:):ɪ zə:ɪd
ðə no:ər spi:tʃlɪs tə ðə no: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 əringən
dʒæɪ əzɪŋən
præɪ 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 waj 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 zɑt wi θɔ:tvʊl mə:m(d)
ʌp (h)wər ðə luənsəm ku:mz də wə:m(d)
ən wɒtʃt ðə ɪtəl ɡʌli slə:ɪd
sə krʊkɪd tə ðə rɪvərzə:ɪd
ə:ɪ ðɔ:t hæ:u rɒŋ ðə stə:uər dɪd zi:m
tə ro:l əlɒŋ (h)ɪz rɑmblən stri:m
ərənən wə:ɪd ðə left ə sə:uθ
tə və:m(d) (h)ɪz mə:uθ ðə rə:ɪθɑn(d) zə:ɪd

bət ðo: (h)ɪz stri:m də tjek ət mɪl
ən i:stwərd bən(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 əgjen tə rʌn
b(ə:ɪ)ɪ blɑnvərd tə ðə nu:nde: zʌn
tɪz ɔ:nli bə:un(d) b(ə:ɪ)ɪ (w)u:n ru:l a:l
ən ðɑts tə va:l də:un sti:pɪst grə:un(d)

ən zu: ə:ɪ ðɔ:t əz wi: də bən(d)
ə:uər wæ:ɪ dru: lə:ɪf tə rɪ:tʃ ə:uər ɛn(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 ðæt ðo: wi: mɪd tjek
wə:ɪd rɑmbəlz vər ə:uər kɑ:lənz sjek
(h)wɒt ɪz ɪz best wi: nɪ:dən fɪər
ən wi: ʃəl stɪər tə hɑpɪ 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 playsome 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 mmost
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:stær kòlmz

æi mja:stær kòlmz wær æblest
wi grjes ən nə:uz əgøn 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 gʊdli wɪzdəm əv (h)ɪz tʌŋ
wær dju: ə grjes tə (w)uəld ən jʌŋ

twær (w)u:ns əpɒn ə zʌmərz tə:ɪd
ə:ɪ zət ət brʊkwɛl b(ə):ɪ (h)ɪz zə:ɪd
əvuər ðə lʃɛk əpɒn ðə rɒks
əbʌv ðə wɔ:tərz ə:ɪdəl ʃɒks
az lɪtəl plæɪsəm wjɛvz dɪd zwɪm
əgjen ðə wɔ:tərz wɪndi brɪm
ə:ut (h)wær ðə lɒfti tə:uər ə stuən
dɪd stæn tə jɪərz ə wɪn(d) ən zʌn
ən (h)wær ðə zwɛlən pɪlərz buər
ə puərʃ əbʌv ðə hevi duər
wi sistər ʃjɛdz ərɪ:tʃən ku:l
əðə:rt ðə stuənz ən spɑ:klən pu:l
ə:ɪ spo:k zʌm wə:rd ðət mjɛd ən smə:ɪl
ə gə:rt vɔ:ks wɛlθ ən pu:(:):ər vɔ:ks twə:ɪl
əz ɪf ə:ɪ pə:ɪnd vər wɒnt əv grjes
tə hav ə læ:rdz ər skwə:ɪərz pljes
no: no: ə zɛd (h)wɒt gʊd də zɛn(d)
ɪz best 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:ut gʊdz gɪft 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 sway, wi' life or death,
 Vor helpless childern ov the e'th: *earth*
 Vor thease ben't gifts, as He do know, *these*
 That He in love should vu'st bestow; *first*
 Or else we should have had our sheare
 O'm all wi' little tweil or ceare. *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 praer vor a happy gift."

ən hu: kud wə:rk 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 ərɛkənd rə:ɪt
 ðən a:l ðə ɡu:ld ðə dɑ:ksəm kle:
 kən evər ʤi: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 bɛdz
 (h)wər lɑ:n(d) də ɡi: əs ru:m tə bæ:ɪd
 ar si:z də spred vər ʃɪps tə rə:ɪd
 ən hi: də zen(d) (h)ɪz wɔ:tərz fri:
 vrəm klə:udz tə lɑ:n(d)z vrəm lɑ:n(d)z tə si:
 ən mɑ:rnən læɪt də blʌʃ ən ɡlɔ:
 ɪðə:ut ə:uər twə:ɪl ɪðə:ut ə:uər hɔ:

zu: let əs nəvər pə:m ɪn sɪn
 vər ɡɪfts ðət be:nt ðə best tə wɪn
 ðə hi:ps ə ɡu:ld ðət zʌm mɪd pə:ɪl
 wi sli:pɪs nə:ɪts ən pi:sɪs twə:ɪl
 ar mənər ðət mɪd rɪ:tʃ sə wə:ɪd
 əz blakmuər ɪz vrəm zə:ɪd tə zə:ɪd
 ar kɪŋli swæɪ wi læ:ɪf ər deθ
 vər helplɪs tʃɪldərn əv ði eθ
 vər ðiəz be:nt ɡɪfts əz hi: də nɔ:
 ðət hi: ɪn lʌv ʃʊd vʌst bɪstɔ:
 ar els wi: ʃʊd həv had ə:uər ʃjeər
 ɔ: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) bæ:ɪ
 zu: blɛst ɪz hi: ðət 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 joints 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,
Play'd up the praïse ov England's beef
An' vill'd our hearts wi' English pride;

herenstæn

zu: ðen ðə ljædi ən ðə skwæ:iər
æt krisməs gaðərd gæ:rt ən sma:l
vər mæθ əvuər ðər ruərən və:iər
ən rə:un ðər buərd iðm ðə ha:l
ən ðər in glitrən rə:z bitwi:n
ðə rə:unrɪmd pljɛts ə:uər nə:ɪvz dɪd ʃɪn
wi frøθi jɛl ən kʌp ən kan
vər mæɪd ən man æt herenstæn

ən ðər ðə dzə:ɪnts ə bi:f dɪd stan(d)
lɪk klɪfs ə røk in ɡudli rə:
(h)wər (w)u:n mɪd kwəri tɪl (h)ɪz han(d)
dɪd tə:iər ən mʃek bət lɪtəl ʃə:
ən ɛ:tər wi:d ətʊk ə:uər sɪ:t
ən ɡrjɛs hʌd bɪn əzɛd vər mi:t
wi: zɛt tə wə:rk ən zu: biɡʌn
ə:uər fiəst ən fʌn æt herenstæn

ən mʌðərz ðər bɪzə:ɪd ðə buərdz
wi lɪtəl tʃɪldərn in ðər lʌps
dɪd stu:p wi lʌvən lʊks ən wə:rdz
ən vi:d əm ʌp wi bɪts ən drʌps
ən smə:ɪlən hʌzbən(d)z went in kwɛst
ə (h)wɒt ðər wə:ɪvz dɪd lə:ɪk ðə best
ən ju:d hæ zi:d ə hʌpi zə:ɪt
ðɪk mɛəri nə:ɪt æt herenstæn

ən ðen ðə ban(d) wi i:tʃ (h)ɪz li:f
ə no:ts əbʌv əs æt ðə zə:ɪd
plæɪd ʌp ðə præ:ɪz əv ɪŋɡlən(d)z bi:f
ən vɪld ə:uər hɑ:rts wi ɪŋɡlɪʃ prə:ɪd

An' leafy chaïns 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' maïd 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.

ən li:fi tʃæmz ə ɡa:rlən(d)z hʌŋ
wi dazlən strə:ɪps ə flɑ:ɡz ðæt swʌŋ
əbʌv əs ɪn ə bljɛz ə lə:ɪt
ðɪk hɑ:pi nə:ɪt ət he:ɾənstən

ən ðen ðə klɑ:rk əvuər ðə və:ɪər
biɡʌn tə liəd wi smə:ɪlən fjes
ə kərəl wi ðə mʌŋktən kwə:ɪər
ðæt rʌŋ dru: ə:l ðə krə:udɪd pljes
ən dɪnz ə wə:rdz ən lɛ:ftər bro:k
ɪn mɛ:ri pi:lz dru: klə:udz ə smo:k
vər hɑ:rdli wər ðər (w)u:n ðæt spo:k
bət pa:st ə dʒo:k ət he:ɾənstən

ðen man ən mə:ɪd stʊd ʌp b(ə:ɪ)ɪ tu:z
ɪn ro:z dru: pasɪdʒ ə:ut tə duər
ən ɡæ:li biət wi nɪmbəl ju:z
ə de:ns əpən ðə stuənən vluər
bət hu: ɪz wə: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 he:ɾənstən

zu: pi:s bitə:ɪd ðə ɡə:rt vɔ:ks lɑ:n(d)
(h)wɛn ðe: kən stu:p wi kə:m(d)li smə:ɪl
ən tʃɛk ə pu(:)ər mæn b(ə:ɪ)ɪ ðə hɑ:n(d)
ən tʃiər ən ɪn (h)ɪz de:li twə:ɪl
ən o: mɪd hi: ðəts vər əbʌv
ðə hə:ɪst hiər riwɑ:rd ðər lʌv
ən ɡi: ðər hɑ:pi so:lz dru: ɡrjes
ə hə:ɪər pljes ðən he:ɾənstən

OUT AT PLOUGH



THOUGH cool avore the sheenèn sky
Do väll 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' pain,
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 dusty 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:i
də va:l ðə ʃjedz bɪlo: ðə kɔps
ðə tɪmbərtri:z əri:tʃən hæ:i
hə zʌnʃi:n ɒn ðər lɔfti tɔps
(h)wər ʃændər lən(d)z ələ:ən plə:ud
ən red bɪlo: ðə sno:(h)wə:ɪt klə:ud
ən vlɔks 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 kɔpsɪz dɑ:ksəm skrɪ:n
ðə tru:ɪst ʃjed du ɔ:nli ʃo:
hə:u strɔŋ ðə wɑ:rmər zʌn də ʃi:n
ən i:vən tə:ɪmz ə grɪ:f ən pæm
hə gud əklɪmən 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
 ɑr smə:ɪlz bi: glɑd
 ɑr tə:ɪmz bi: bɑd ət huəm o:

ən ðər ðə zʌni lən(d) də lə:i
bɪlo: ðə hɑ:ŋən ɪn ðə lu:
wi vʌrə(r)z nə:u əkrʌmblən drə:i
bɪlo: ðə plə:ʊmənɪz də:ʊsti ʃu:
ən ðər ðə bwə:i də (h)wɪsəl ʃɪl
bɪlo: ðə skə:ɪlɑ:ks mɛrɪ bɪl
(h)wər prɪmruəz bedz də dek ðə zə:ɪdz
ə bɑŋks bɪlo: ðə mɪjɛpəl 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 rwoad,
He can but stan', an' wish 'ithin
His mind to be their happy lwoad,
That he mid gaily ride, an' goo
To towns the rwoad 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 injäy
His happy bit ov evenèn play,
So light's a lark
Till night is dark,
While dogs do bark, at hwome, O.

fast

enjoy

əz tri:z bi: brə:ɪt
wi bi:z ɪn flə:ɪt
ən wɛðərz brə:ɪt əbro:d o:

ən ðər əz ʃi:nən (h)wi:lz də spɪn
vʊl spi:d əlɒŋ ðə də:ʊsti ruəd
hi: kən bət stan ən wɪʃ ɪðm
(h)ɪz mə:m(d) tə bi: ðər hapi luəd
ðət hi: mɪd gæɪli rə:ɪd ən gu:
tə tə:ʊnz ðə ruəd mɪd tjæk ən dru:
ən zi: vər (w)u:ns ðə zə:ɪts bihə:m(d)
ðə blu:ɪst hɪlz (h)ɪz ə:ɪz kən və:m(d)
ə tə:ʊnz ən tə:ʊərz
ən də:ʊnz ən flə:ʊərz
ɪn zʌni ə:ʊərz əbro:d o:

bət stɪl vər a:l ðə wɛðərz fjɛər
bɪlo: ə klə:ʊdlɪs skə:ɪ ə blu:
ðə bwə:ɪ ət plə:u də lɪtəl kjɛər
hə:u vɑ:st ðə brə:ɪtɪst de: mɪd gu:
vər hi:d bi: gləd tə zi: ðə zʌn
əzətən wi (h)ɪz wɔ:rk ədʌn
ðət hi: ət huəm mɪd stɪl ɪndʒəri
(h)ɪz hapi bɪt əv ɪ:vmen pləri
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.

tbrough
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 sträjèn 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 sɪ:k ðə brɪŋk
ə stə:uər dru: zʌnbə:rnt grɑ:s tə drɪŋk
wi vɪʃən flo:t ðæt ðər dɪd zɪŋk
ən rə:ɪz ə:ɪ zɑt əz ɪn ə dri:m
ðə dɑzlən zʌn dɪd kɑ:st (h)ɪz lə:ɪt
ɒn hɛdʒrə: blɒsəm snə:ɪ (h)wə:ɪt
ðo: nʌθən ɪ:t dɪd kʌm ɪn zə:ɪt
əstə:rən ɒn ðə stræ:rən stri:m

tɪl ə:ut b(ə):ɪ ʃjedi rɒks ðər ʃo:d
ə b(w)uət əlɒŋ (h)ɪz fo:mi rə:d
wi ðɪk fjeər məɪd ət mɪl əro:d
wi dʒjən bihə:m(d) (h)ər brʌðərz uərz
ən stjetli əz ə kwɪ:n ə vɔ:k
ʃi: zɑt wi flo:tən skɑ:ɪt klo:k
ən kʌmən ɒn ət evri stro:k
bitwɪ:n mə:ɪ wɪðɪʃjedɪd ʃuərz

ðə bro:kən stri:m dɪd ə:ɪdli trə:ɪ
tə ʃo: (h)ər ʃjɛp ərə:ɪdən bə:ɪ
ðə rʌʃɪz brə:unblu:md stɛmz dɪd plə:ɪ
əz ɪf ðe: bə:ud tə (h)ər b(ə):ɪ wɪl
ðə rɪŋz ə wɔ:tər wi ə sɒk
dɪd bre:k əpɒn ðə mə:si rɒk
ən gi: mə:ɪ biətən hɑ:t ə ʃɒk
əbʌv mə:ɪ flo:ts ʌpli:pən kwɪl

ðən lɪk ə klə:ud bɪlo: ðə skə:ɪz
ədri:ftɪd ɒf wi lesnən 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

ən lɛft ðə kwə:ɪət wjɛvz (w)u:ns muər
tə zɪŋk tə rest ə skə:ɪblu:d vlʊər
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 faithful 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 læne,
An' sheäke her meäne o' yollor heäir.

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 ə:uər ɔ:m əgʝɛn

wɛl θaŋks tə ju: mə:i fæiθvʊl dʒjɛn
sə wə:ɪksəm wi jər hɛd ən han(d)
wi: sjɛvd ɪnɒf tə gɛt əgʝɛn
mə:i pu(:)ər vuərfe:ðərz plɒt ə lan(d)
twər fɒli lɒst ən kʌnən gɒt
(h)wɒt ʃʊd hɛ kʌm tə mi: b(ə:)ɪ lɒt
bət lɛt ðat gu: tɪz wɛl ðə lan(d)
ɪz kʌm tə han(d) b(ə:)ɪ bɛθ ar nɒt

ən ðər ðə brʊk əwə:m(d)ən rə:un(d)
ðə pɑ:ɪk zə:ɪd də rʌn bɪlɔ:
ðə gre:stʊənd brʌdʒ wi gə:ɪglən sə:un(d)
əʃjɛdɪd b(ə:)ɪ ði ɑ:ɪtʃɪz bɔ:
(h)wər fɑ:ɪmər de:z ðə (w)uəld brə:un mjɛər
wi fe:ðər ɒn (h)ər bɑ:k dɪd wɛər
wi hevi ʃu:z ðə grɑ:vli lʝɛn
ən ʃjɛk (h)ər mjɛn ə ʝɒlər hʝɛər

ən mɛni zʌmərz ðɛər hɛ glɔ:d
tə ʃrɪŋk ðə brʊk ɪn bʌblən ʃɔ:lz
ən wɑ:ɪm ðə də:ɪst əpɒn ðə rɔ:d
bɪlɔ: ðə trɑ:vɫərz bə:ɪmən zɔ:lz
ən zʌm hɑ zɛnt əs tu ə:uər bɛd
ɪn grɪ:f ən zʌm ɪn dʒæɪ hɑ vlɛd
bət vju: hɑ kʌm wi hɑpɪər lə:ɪt
ðən (h)wɒts nə:u brə:ɪt əbʌv ə:uər hɛd

ðə brʊk dɪd pjɑ:ɪt zʌm ʝɪərz əgu:
ə:uər grɛnli miədʒ vrəm nɑptənz rʌdʒ
bət nə:u ʝə nɔ: bɪtwɪm ðə tu:
ə rɔ:dʒ əmjɛd b(ə:)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:n 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,
'Thin 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 waigh a pound;
An' cabbage wi' its hard white head,
An' teäties in their dusty bed,

*turnips
potatoes, dusty*

ekløg

dʒan ən tɔməs

THOMAS

hə:u bji: ðen dʒan tənə:t ən hə:u
bi: tə:ɪmz əwagən ɒn wji: nə:u
ə:i ke:nt help slakənən mə:i pjɛs
(h)wɛn ə:i də kʌm əlɔŋ ju(:)ər pljɛs
tə zi: (h)wɒt krɒps jər bɪt ə grə:un
də beər i: a:l ðə zʌmər rə:un
tɪz tru: jə do:nt get fru:t nər blu:θ
ɪðm ðə gla:sən hə:usɪz lu:θ
bət ɪf ə man kən reər ə krɒp
(h)wər wɪn də blo: ən ræm kən drɒp
də si(:)m tə kʌm bɪlo: ju(:)ər han(d)
əz fə:m əz eni ɪn ðə lan(d)

JOHN

wɛl ðeər ðə gjɑ:rdən stʌf ən flə:uərz
do:nt liəv mi: meni ə:ɪdəl ə:uərz
bət stɪl ðo: ə:i mɪd plɛ:nt ər zo:
tɪz (w)u:n əbʌv də mjɛk ɪt grə:

THOMAS

æɪ æɪ ðats tru: bət stɪl ju(:)ər strɪp
ə grə:un də ʃo: gʊd wə:rk mənʃɪp
jəv ə:mənz ðər nə:m ɪntʃɪz rə:un(d)
ən tər:mits ðət wʊd wəri ə pə:un(d)
ən kabɪdʒ wi ɪts ha:rd (h)wə:ɪt hed
ən tjetɪz ɪn ðər də:usti bed

An' carrots big an' straïght 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; *through*
An' swäjén wheat do overspread
Zix ridges in a sheet o' red;
An' then there's woone thing I do call *one*
The girttest handiness ov all: *greatest*
My ground is here at hand, avore
My eyes, as I do stand at door;
An' zoo I've never any need *so*
To goo a mile to pull a weed.

THOMAS

No, sure, a miël shoulden stratch
Between woone's geärden an' woone's hatch. *wicket-gate*
A man would like his house to stand
Bezide his little bit o' land.

JOHN

Ees. When woone's groun' vor geärden stuff *yes*
Is roun' below the house's ruf *roof*
Then woone can spend upon woone's land
Odd minutes that mid lie on hand, *may*

ən karəts biɡ ən stræt inɫf
vər eni ʃo: ə ɡjɑ:rdən stɫf
ən tri:z əv apəlz rɛdskɪnd bɑ:lz
ən pə:rpəl plɫmz əpən ðə wɑ:lz
ən pi:z ən biənz bɪzə:ɪdz ə stuər
ə jɑ:rbz vər evri pæm ən zuər

JOHN

ən ɔ:vər hɛdʒ ðə winz əhiərd
ərəslən dru: mə:ɪ bɑ:rliz biərd
ən swæɪən (h)wi:t du ɔ:vərsprɛd
zi:kz rɫdʒɪz ɪn ə ʃi:t ə rɛd
ən ðen ðərz (w)u:n ðɪŋ ə:ɪ də ka:l
ðə ɡə:rtɪst hændɪnɪs əv a:l
mə:ɪ ɡrə:un(d) ɪz hiər ət han(d) əvuər
mə:ɪ ə:ɪz əz ə:ɪ də stan(d) ət duər
ən zu: ə:ɪv nəvər eni ni:d
tə ɡu: ə mə:ɪl tə pul ə wi:d

THOMAS

nə: ʃu:(:ər ə mə:ɪəl ʃudən stratʃ
bitwi:n (w)u:nz ɡjɑ:rdən ən (w)u:nz hatʃ
ə mæn wʊd lə:ɪk (h)ɪz hə:us tə stan(d)
bɪzə:ɪd (h)ɪz lɪtəl bɪt ə lan(d)

JOHN

i:s (h)wɛn (w)u:nz ɡrə:un vər ɡjɑ:rdən stɫf
ɪz rə:un bɪlə: ðə hə:usɪz rɫf
ðɛn (w)u:n kən spɛn(d) əpən (w)u:nz lan(d)
əd 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 abrode, *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' abrode 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 wʊn
 ɑr (h)wə:ɪl (w)u:nz wə:ɪf wi bɪzi hɑn(d)z
 əvuər (h)ər və:ɪər ə bə:ɪnən brɑn(d)z
 də pʌt əz best ʃi: kən əvuərd
 (h)ər bɪt ə dɪnər ʊn ðə buərd
 ən hiər (h)wen ə:ɪ də tʃek mə:ɪ ro:d
 ət brekfəst tə:ɪm əgwæm əbro:d
 (h)wə:ɪ ə:ɪ kən zi: ɪf eni plɒt
 ə grə:un də wɒnt ə hɑn(d) ər nɒt
 ən bɪd mə:ɪ tʃɪldərn (h)wen ðərz ni:d
 tə dre: ə tʃek ər pul ə wi:d
 ɑr hi:l ʃʌŋ biənz ər pi:z ɪn lə:ɪn
 ɑr tə:ɪ əm ʌp wi rɒdz ən twə:ɪn
 ɑr pi:l ə kə:m(d)li wɪði (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:un ə mə:ɪl vrəm huəm
 ə mɑn ət huəm ʃʊd hɑv ɪn vju:
 ðə dʒɒbz (h)ɪz tʃɪldərnz hɑn(d)z kən du:
 ən grə:un əbro:d mɪd tʃek əm ɑ:l
 bɪjɑnd ðər mʌðərz zə:ɪt ən kɑ:l
 tə get ə zo:kən ɪn ə stɑ:rm
 ɑr vɑ:l ɪ mə:ɪ bi: ɪntə hɑ:rm

JOHN

ɪ:s ɡjɑ:rdən grə:un əz ə:ɪv əzəd
 ɪz betər niər (w)u:nz buərd ən bəd

PENTRIDGE BY THE RIVER



PENTRIDGE!—oh! my heart's a-zwellèn

Vull o' jaÿ wi' vo'k a-tellèn

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.

*joy, folk
that old*

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?

Vor if a tree wer dear to me,

Oh! 'twer thik aspen by the river.

through

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 täils?

falling

clear

dairy-cows

drive

curved

pentriðz b(ə:)ɪ ðə rɪvər

pentriðz o: mə:ɪ hæ:ɪts 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 ðət də bə:ʊn(d) ɪt

wɪ (h)ɪz da:rk bət glɪsnən fjəs

var ðərz nu: lan(d) ʊn ə:ɪðər han(d)

tə mi: lɪk pentriðz b(ə:)ɪ ðə rɪvər

bi: ðər eni li:vz tə kwɪvər

ʊn ði aspən b(ə:)ɪ ðə rɪvər

du: hi: fʃjed ðə wɔ:tər stɪl

(h)wər ðə rʌfɪz bi: əgro:ən

(h)wər ðə sʌlən stə:uərz əflo:ən

dru: ðə miədʒ vrəm mɪl tə mɪl

var ɪf ə tri: wər diər tə mi:

o: twər ðɪk aspən b(ə:)ɪ ðə rɪvər

ðər ɪn i:græs nju: əʃʊtən

ə:ɪ dɪd rʌn ʊn i:vən vʊtən

hapi ɔ:vər nju: mo:d lan(d)

ar dɪd zɪŋ wɪ zɪŋən drʌfɪz

(h)wə:ɪl ə:ɪ plæ:ɪtɪd ə:ʊt ə rʌfɪz

ɪtəl bɑ:skɪts vər mə:ɪ han(d)

bɪzə:ɪd ðə klo:t ðət ðər dɪd flo:t

wɪ jælər blɒsəmz ʊn ðə rɪvər

(h)wen ðə westərn zʌnz əvɑ:lən

(h)wɒt ʃɪl væ:ɪs ɪz nə:u əkɑ:lən

huəm ðə dʒeəri tə ðə pæ:ɪlz

hu: də dre:v əm ʊn əflɪŋən

wə:ɪd bo:d hæ:ɪnz ar slo:lɪ zwɪŋən

rə:ɪt ən lefɪ ðər tʌftɪ tæ:ɪlz

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,
While the hall wer still in pleäce.
Stwones be looser in the wallèn;
Hollow trees be nearer vallèn;
Ev'ry thing ha' chang'd its feäce.
But still the neäme do bide the seäme—
'Tis Pentridge—Pentridge by the river.

once, footing

walls

falling

az ðe: də gu: əhʌdəld dru:
ðə ɡjet əliədən ʌp vrəm rɪvər

bljɛdɪd grɑ:s ɪz nə:u əʃʊtən
(h)wər ðə vluər wər (w)u:ns ə:uər vʊtən
 (h)wə:ɪl ðə ha:ɪ wər stɪl ɪn pljes
stuənz bi: lu:sər ɪn ðə wɑ:lən
hɒlər tri:z bi: niərər vɑ:lən
 ɛvri ðɪŋ hə tʃændʒd ɪts fjes
bət stɪl ðə nʃem də bæ:ɪd ðə sjem
tɪz pentɪdʒ pentɪdʒ 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 *weight*
 Seal'd down its lowly head,
Sprung sheäkèn drough the crumblèn mwold, *through, earth*
 Green-yollow, vrom below,
An' bent its bleädes, a-glitt'rèn cwold,
 At last in winter snow.
 Zoo luck betide *so*
 The upland zide,
 Where wheat do wride, *spread*
 In corn-vields wide,
By crowns o' Do'set Downs, O.

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, *horse*
Wi' thankvul heart, to zee his crop
 A-comèn up so feäir.
 As there awhile
 By geäte or stile,
 He gi'ed the chile *gave*
 A cheerèn smile,
By crowns o' Do'set Downs, O.

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)wɪ:t

m brə:unli:vð fa:l ðə (h)wɪ:t əleɪft
ɪðm ɪts dɑ:ksəm bɛd
(h)wɛr a:l ðə kri:kən rɔ:lɔ:z hæft
sɪ:ld də:ʊn ɪts lɔ:lɪ hæd
sprʌŋ ʃjɛkən dru: ðə krʌmblən muəld
grɪ:njələr vrəm bɪlɔ:
ən bɛnt ɪts bljɛdz əɡlɪtrən kuəld
ət lɛ:st m wɪntər sno:
zu: lʌk bɪtə:ɪd
ði ʌplən(d) zə:ɪd
(h)wɛr (h)wɪ:t də rə:ɪd
m kɑ:rnvi:l(d)s wə:ɪd
b(ə:ɪ)ɪ krə:ʊnz ə dɒsət də:ʊnz o:

ən (h)wə:ɪl ðə skri:mən bɛ:rdwɛ:ɪ ʃʊk
wi lɪtəl zʌnbɛ:rnt han(d)
(h)ɪz klakər ət ðə brɛ:ɪtwɪŋd ruk
əbɛ:ʊt ðə zɪ:dɪd lan(d)
(h)ɪz mja:stər ðər dɪd kʌm ən stɒp
(h)ɪz brɛ:ɪdɔltʃampən mjɛər
wi θaŋkʊl hɑ:rt tə zɪ: (h)ɪz krɒp
əkʌmən ʌp sə ʃjɛər
az ðər ə(h)wə:ɪl
b(ə:ɪ)ɪ gjet ər stə:ɪl
hi: ɡɪ:d ðə tʃə:ɪl
ə tʃɪərən smə:ɪl
b(ə:ɪ)ɪ krə:ʊnz ə dɒsət də:ʊnz o:

at lɛ:st wi ɪəz ə dɑ:ksəm rɛd
ðə ʒələr stɛ:ks dɪd plɛ:ɪ
əswærən slɔ: sə hevɪz lɛd
m æɪr əblo:ən bɛ:ɪ

An' then the busy reapers laid
 In row their russlèn grips, *handfuls of sheaves*
 An' sheäves, a-leänèn head by head,
 Did meäke the stitches tips. *sbocks (or stooks)*
 Zoo food's a-vound, *so*
 A-comèn round,
 Vrom zeed in ground,
 To sheaves a-bound,
 By crowns o' Do'set Downs, O.

An' now the wheat, in lofty lwoads,
 Above the meäres' broad backs, *horses'*
 Do ride along the cracklèn rwoads,
 Or dousty waggon-tracks. *dusty*
 An' there, mid every busy pick, *may, pitchfork*
 Ha' work enough to do;
 An' where, avore, we built woone rick, *one*
 Mid theäse year gi'e us two; *this, give*
 Wi' God our friend,
 An' wealth to spend,
 Vor zome good end,
 That times mid mend,
 In towns, an' Do'set Downs, O.

Zoo let the merry thatcher veel *so*
 Fine weather on his brow,
 As he, in happy work, do kneel
 Up roun' the new-built mow, *stack*
 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.

ən ðen ðə bɪzi ri:pərz lɛd
 m 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 m 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 m lɔfti luədz
 əbʌv ðə mjɛərz brɔ:d baks
də rə:ɪd əlɒŋ ðə kraklən ruədz
 ər də:usti wəgəntraks
ən ðər mɪd evri bɪzi pɪk
 hə wə:rk ɪnʌf tə du:
ən (h)wər əvuər wi: bɪlt (w)u:n rɪk
 mɪd ðiəs ʃiər gi: əs tu:
 wi ɡʊd ə:uər frɛn(d)
 ən wɛlθ tə spɛn(d)
 vər zʌm ɡʊd ɛn(d)
 ðət tə:ɪmz mɪd mɛnd
m tə:unz ən dɒsət də:unz o:

zu: lɛt ðə mɛri ðatʃər vi:l
 fə:m wɛðər ɒn (h)ɪz brə:u
əz hi: m hapi wə:rk də ni:l
 ʌp rə:un ðə nju:bɪlt mə:u
ðət nə:u də zwɛl m sɪʃ ə sə:ɪz
 ən rə:ɪz tə sɪʃ ə hɛ:ɪt
ðət o: ðə mɪlɛrz wɪstfʊl ə:ɪz
 də spɑ:rkəl ət ðə zɛ: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 stɑn(d)
ə hɑpɪ bɑn(d)
tə tɪl ðə lɑn(d)
wɪ hɛd ən hɑn(d)
b(ə)ɪ krə:ʊnz ə dɒsət də:ʊnz 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 rains 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 butternvees 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 rain 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: hæ:u ðə lʊks ə skə:i ən grə:un(d)
də tʃændʒ wi mʌnθs əsti:lən rə:un(d)
(h)wen nairðərn win(d)z b(ə):i stɑ:ri nə:rt
də stɒp in ə:is ðə ri:vərz flə:rt
ar bruks in wintər ræmz də zwel
lik rɔ:lən si:z əðə:rt ðə del
ar trikəl ðɪn in zʌmɜ:tə:ɪd
əmɒŋ ðə mɒsi stuənz hɛ:f drə:ɪd
bət stɪl bɪlɔ: ðə zʌn ər mu:n
ðə fjeərist vi:l(d)z ðə miəd in dʒu:n

ən ə:i məst ɔ:n mə:i hæ:rt də bjət
wi prə:ɪd əvuər mə:i ɔ:n blu: gjet
(h)wər ə:i kən bɪd ðə stjetli tri:
bi: kɑ:st ət læŋθ əvuər mə:i ni:
ən klɔ:vər rɛd ən djɛziz fjeər
ən gɪlkʌps wi ðər jʌlər gljeər
bi: a:l əmɑ:tʃt əvuər mə:i zə:rt
b(ə):i (h)wi:lən bʌtərvli:z in flə:rt
ðə (h)wə:ɪl ðə bə:rnən zʌn ət nu:n
də ʃi:n əpən mə:i miəd in dʒu:n

ən ðər də ziŋ ðə swɪŋən læ:rk
sə gæ:ɪz əbʌv ðə fə:mɪst pɑ:rk
ən de: də ʃjed mə:i tri:z əz tru:
əz eni stjetli avənju:
ən ʃə:uri klə:udz ə sprɪŋ də pɑ:s
tə ʃed ðər ræm ɒn mə:i jʌŋ grɑ:s
ən æ:ɪr də blɔ: ðə huəl de: lɒŋ
tə brɪŋ mi: brɛθ ən tje:k mə:i zɒŋ
ən ə:i də mɪs nu: ni: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 hay 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 vields bezide;
 Vor all the zun above my ground
 'S a-zent vor all the naighbours 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)wɛn ðə blʊ:mən ruəz də rə:ɪd
 əpən ðə bə:ui hɛdʒɪz zə:ɪd
 wi: hæɪmjɛkərz ɪn sno:(h)wə:ɪt sli:vz
 də wə:rk ɪn ʃjɛdz ə kwɪvrən li:vz
 ɪn ɛ:tərnʊ:n əlɪftən hæ:ɪ
 ə:uər rjɛks əvuər ðə və:əri skə:ɪ
 ərjɛkən ʌp ðə hæ:ɪ ədrə:ɪd
 b(ə):ɪ de: ɪn lɒŋsəm wjɛlz tə bə:ɪd
 ɪn tʃɪli dju: bɪlo: ðə mu:n
 ə ʃa:rtənd 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 flɑʃ vrəm ʃo:lz ə dazlən lə:ɪt
 ən aɪldərz b(ə):ɪ ðə wɔ:tərz ɛdʒ
 də ʃjɛd ðə rɪbənbljɛdɪd zɛdʒ
 ən (h)wər bɪlo: ðə wɪðɪz hɛd
 ðə zwɪmən klo:tli:vz bi: əsprɛd
 ði ʌŋglər ɪz əzət ət nu:n
 əpən ðə flə:uri bɑŋk ɪn dʒu:n

vər a:l 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 a:l ʌðər vi:l(d)z bɪzə:ɪd
 vər a:l ðə zʌn əbʌv mə:ɪ grə:un(d)
 z əzɛnt vər a:l ðə nə:ɪbərz rə:un(d)
 ən ræm də va:l ən stri:mz də flo:
 vər lɑn(d)z əbʌv ən lɑn(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 feäir to view,
Is what do sheäke the grass-bleädes gray
At breäk o' day, in mornèn dew;
Vor vo'k that will be rathe abrode,
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:IZən

ði ær tə gi: jər tʃiəks ə hju:
ə ruəzi rəd sə fjeər tə vju:
IZ (h)wɒt də ʃjek ðə gra:sbljedz gre:
ət bre:k ə de: m mæ:rnən dju:
vər vɔ:k ðət wɪl bi: rjeð əbro:d
wɪl mi(:)t wi hælθ əpən ðər ro:d

bət bæ:ɪdən ʌp tɪl dɛd ə nə:ɪt
(h)wen hanz ə klɒks də stan ʌprə:ɪt
b(ə):ɪ kændəl læ:ɪt də su:n kɒnsju:m
ðə fjesɪz blu:m ən tə:rn ɪt (h)wə:ɪt
ən læ:ɪt əka:st vrəm mɪdnə:ɪt skə:ɪz
də blʌnt ðə spærklən əv ði ə:ɪz

vər hælθ də wjek vrəm nə:ɪtli dri:mz
bɪlo: ðə mæ:rnənz jærli bi:mz
ən liəv ðə dedæɪrd hə:usɪz i:vz
vər kwɪvrən li:vz ən bʌblən stri:mz
əglɪtrən bræ:ɪtli tə ðə vju:
bɪlo: ə skə:ɪ ə klə:ʊdlɪs 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 paj' 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 paj' 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 straïghten 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 hɔni
tə bə:i zɔmət swi(:)t

(h)wə:i (h)ɪz hɑ:rts lɪk ə pɒpəl sə hɑ:rd əz ə stuən
vər tɪz mɔni ən mɔnɪz (h)ɪz hɔ:
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 mɔni hi:d gi: ʌp (h)ɪz lagz ən bi: lʒem
ar wud pja:rt wi (h)ɪz zə:ɪt ən bi: blə:m(d)
ar wud lu:z vɔ:ks gʊd wɪl vər tə hav ə bad njem
ar (h)ɪz pi:s ən hav trɔbəl ə mə:m(d)
bət wi ɛvri gʊd ðɪŋ ðət (h)ɪz miənnɪs mɪd brɪŋ
hi:d pæi vər (h)ɪz mɔni
ən o:nli zɛl hɔni tə bə:i zɔmət swi(:)t

ə dɪd (h)wɪspər tə mi: ju: də no: ðət jə stʊd
b(ə):ɪ ðə skwə:ɪər wi ðə vɔ:t ðət jə hɔd
ju: kʊd a:ks ən tə help i: tə zɔmət əz gʊd
ar tə və:m(d) ə gʊd plʒes vər jər lad
æi æi bət ɪf ə:i wər bihuəldən vər brɛd
tu ənɔðər ə:i zɛd ə:i ʃʊd bə:m(d)
a:ɪ mə:i bɒdi ən so:l tə ðə nɒd 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 mɔni
ən o:nli zɛl hɔni tə bə:i zɔmət 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 stɔnpɔ:l (w)uək ðət də stan 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 bɪlɔ: ɪn ðə bɔ: ə ðə wɪðɪbə: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 rɒkʊŋfən wɔ:tər də pa:s
ðen wi ðe: dzæɪz əvleð ən zʌm gu:ld ɪn ðər stɛd
ə:ɪ ʃʊd pæɪ vər mə:ɪ mʌni
ən ɔ:nli zɛl hʌni tə bə:ɪ zʌmət swi(:)t

nɔ: bi: mə:ɪ lɒt gʊd wə:rk wi ðə lʌŋz wɛl ɪn plæɪ
ən gʊd rɛst (h)wɛn ðə bɒdi də tɛ:ər
vər ðə mə:m(d) ə gʊd kɒŋfəns wi ho:p ar wi dzæɪ
vər ðə bɒdi gʊd lu:θ ən gʊd vɛ:ər
ðərz nu: gʊd ə gu:ld bət tə bə:ɪ (h)wɒt ul mjɛk
vər ə:uər hʌpɪnɪs hiər əmɒŋ mɛn
ən hu: wʊd gi: hʌpɪnɪs ʌp vər ðə sjɛk
ə zʌm mʌni tə bə:ɪ ɪt əgʝɛn
vər twʊd si(:)m tə ði ə:ɪz əv ə mʌn ðət ɪz wə:ɪz
lɪk mʌni vər mʌni
ar zɛlən (w)u:nz hʌni tə bə:ɪ 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 length 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

døbin 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 əgɒn ən ðə ka:rts ɪn ðə ʃɛd
wi (h)ɪz (h)wi:lbnɒn(d)z ərɒstən ən ə:ɪm ə:ut ə brɛd
vər (h)wɒt bi: mə:ɪ hanz vər tə ja:rn mi: ə krə:ust
wi nu: mjɛərz və:uər lagz vər tə trɒmpəl ðə də:ust

2. wɛl hə:u dɪd ɪt hɒpən 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 rɒn ən ə ʃʊk (h)ɪz (w)uəld mjɛn
ən ə rɒnbəld 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 wɒst ə ðə slo:p
ðo: ə:ɪ ʃʊd hə ðɔ:t (h)ɪz (w)uəld hɛd wʊd hə no:d
ðət 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 guət vər ə bljɛd ət ðə rɪsk əv ə lɪm

1. no: bət ðər ə:ɪm ətuəld hi: dɪd klɪm ən dɪd slɛ:ɪd
ən dɪd skrjɛp ən dɪd slɪp ɒn ðə ʃɛlvən bɒŋkzə:ɪd
ən ət laŋθ lɒst (h)ɪz vʊtən ən ro:ld vrəm ðə tɒp
də:un θɒmp kɪk ən hɪɡəldli pɪɡəldli flɒp

2. diər mi: ðət ɪz bəd ə:ɪ də vi:l vər jər lɒs
vər ə vju: jɪərz əgu: 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 agone, 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. hæ:u wært if ə:ɪ hiərd it ə:ɪ nə:u hæ vɛrgɔt
wɛr ðə pu(:)ər ðɪŋ biwɪtʃt ar əpwə:ɪzənd ər (h)wɔt

2. hi: wɛr ə:ut ən əmjɛkən (h)ɪz we: tə ðə brɪŋk
ə ðə stri:m ət ði ɛn(d) ə tʃə:rtʃ lʃɛn vɛr tə drɪŋk
ən hi: mɛt wi zəm ju:twɪgz ðə mɛn hɑd əkɑ:st
vrəm ðə ju:tri: m tʃə:rtʃjɑ:d ðə rɔ:d ðət hi: pɑ:st
hi: wɛr pwə:ɪzənd (1.) ɔ: diər tɪz ə hɑ:rd lɔ:s tə beər
vɛr ə trɑntərz huəl brɛd ɪz əlɔ:st wi (h)ɪz mjɛər
bət əv a:l tʃə:rtʃɪz ju:tri:z ə:ɪ nəvər zɛt ə:ɪz
ɔn ə tri: ðət wʊd klɑm ʌp tə ðɪk (w)u:n vɛr sə:ɪz

2. nɔ: tɪz lɔŋ jɪərz əgɔn bət də lɪŋgər əz kliər
m mə:ɪ mə:m(d) ðo: əz if ə:ɪd əhiərd it tə jɪər
(h)wɛn kɪŋ dʒɑ:rdʒ wɛr m dɔ:sət ən ʃɔ:d əs (h)ɪz fɛs
b(ə):ɪ ə:uər vɛri ɔ:n duərz ət ə:uər vɛri ɔ:n plʃɛs
ðət ə lʊkt ət ðɪk ju:tri: ən nɔ:ɪd (h)ɪz hɛd
ən ə zɛd ən ə:ɪl tɛl i: ðə wɛ:rdz ðət ə zɛd
ə:ɪl bi: bə:un(d) if jəl sɑ:rtʃ mə:ɪ dɛmɪnjənz a:l dru:
ðət jə wu(:)nt vɛ:m(d) ðə fɛlɛr tə ðɪk ðɛər (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 eləmro:z ər klɑmpz ə bi:tʃ
ər (h)wər ðə ko:tʃ də stan(d) əvuər
ðə twelvʌnd hə:usɪz lɒfti duər
ər men kən rə:ɪd bihə:m ðər hə:un(d)z
vər mə:ɪlz əðə:rt ðər o:n wə:ɪd grə:un(d)z
 ən seldəm wi ðə lɔ:li
əpən ðə gri:n ðət wi: də tred
bɪlo: ðə wɛlʃnʌts wə:ɪdlɪnd hɛd
ər gra:s (h)wər apəl tri:z də spred
no: so:z no: no: nɒt hə:i nɑr lo:
 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 ka:st ɪn hə:ɪrʌft ha:lz
(h)ɪz lə:ɪt dru: lɒfti wɪndərd wɑ:lz
ən waks(h)wə:ɪt hanz də nevər tə:ɪər
wi stro:ks əv hevi wə:rk vər hə:ɪər
ən a:l ðət mʌni kən əvuərd
də luəd ðə zɪlvərbre:ɪtənd buərd
 ər mɪd bi: wi ðə lɔ:li
(h)wər tə:ɪfs əsmuəldərən əvuər
ðə bak tə wɑ:ɪm ðə stuənən vluər
ən lʌvz ət huəm ɪðm ðə duər
no: so:z no: no: nɒt hə:i nɑr lo:
 tɪz (h)wər ðə ha:rt ɪz ho:li

ən kjeər kən kʌm ɪðm ə rɪŋ
ə suərdɪd 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 huæld iðm (h)IZ han(d)z
ðə zwa:rmən vo:k ə meni lan(d)z
ar gu: m dru: ðə ə:iərnqjet
əvuər ðə hə:us ə lɔfti stjət
ar ri:tʃ ðə mə:IZər ðət də smə:ɪl
əbɪldən ʌp (h)IZ gu:ldən pə:ɪl
 ar els mid smə:ɪt ðə lo:li
ðət hav nu: pə:uər tə lus ər bə:m(d)
ənʌðərz bɔdi ər (h)IZ mə:m(d)
bət ɔ:nli han(d)z tə help mankə: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 räin, 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 vloor,
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*

grǫfmúdi grím

æi ə sad læ:ɪf (h)ɪz wə:ɪf mʌst hæ led
vər so: snapɪʃ hi:z ljetli əkʌm
ðæt ðærz nʌθən bæt aŋgər ər drəd
(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: ar də kra:l
hi: də kwærəl wi stɔks ən wi stuənz
ən ðə ræm ɪf də huəld ʌp ər va:l
ðər ɪz nʌθən vrəm ma:rnən tɪl nə:ɪt
də kʌm rə:ɪt tə grǫfmúdi grím

(w)u:n nə:ɪt ɪn (h)ɪz aŋgər ə zwuər
ət ðə və:ɪər ðæt drɪdən bæ:rn fri:
ən ə het zʌm o:t ə:ut ɒn ðə vluər
vər ə vʌŋkər ɪt ka:st ɒn (h)ɪz ni:
ðen ə kɪkt ɪt vər bæ:rnən ðə tʃə:ɪl(d)
ən het ɪt əmɒŋ ðə kats hjeərz
ən ðen biət ðə kat ərʌn wə:ɪl(d)
wi ə spɑ:rk ɒn (h)ər bak ʌp ðə stjeərz
vər ɪ:vən ðə və:ɪər ən fljem
bi: tə bljem wi grǫfmúdi grím

ðen ə snɑ:rlɔd ət ðə te: ɪn (h)ɪz kʌp
vər twər a:l əgɒt kuəld ɪn ðə pɒt
bæt twər wu:s (h)wen (h)ɪz wə:ɪf vɪld ɪt ʌp
vrəm ðə və:ɪər vər twər ðen ska:ldən hɒt
ðen ə grə:uld ðæt ðə brəd wər sɪʃ stʌf
əz nu: hamər ɪn pɑ:ɪʃ kʊd krak
ən flʌŋ də:un ðə nə:ɪf ɪn ə hʌf
vər ði ɛdʒ ɒn wər θɪkərn ðə bak
vər bjekərz ən mjekərz ə tu:lz
bi: a:l fu:lz wi grǫfmúdi grím

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 zwoore 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 nɑk
(h)ɪz lɒŋ lə:m ən (h)ɪz hæ:vlɪ:ən hʊk
wər əhɪftɪn m zəm bræ:rə:z ət (h)ɪz bak
ðen ə zwuər ət ðə brɛmbəlz ən prɪkt
(h)ɪz bjɛər han(d) əz ə pʊld ðə hʊk fri:
ən əgʒən m ə rɛ:dʒ əz ə kɪkt
ət ðə bræ:rə:z wər əskrɑftɪn ðn ðə ni:
ən ə wɪft ɛvri brɛmbəl ən bræ:rə:
wər ə vɛ:rɪər dɪd grɑfmʊdi grɪm

o: hɪ:z wɛlkəm vər mi: tə brɪ:d drɛd
(h)wərəvər (h)ɪz ʃjɛd mɪd ələ:ɪt
ən tə lɪv wi nu: mɛθ rə:ʊn(d) (h)ɪz hɛd
ən nu: ʃjɛs 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 o:n lɔgz də bɛ:rɪn
ən lɛt ʌŋgə:z wə:ɪl(d) vɪst nəvər swɪŋ
m (h)wər ə:ɪ həv ə duər ðn (h)ɪz də:rɪn
vər ə:ɪl bi: ə hɑpɪər mɑn
(h)wə:ɪl ə:ɪ kɑn ðən grɑfmʊdi grɪm

tə zɪt də:ʊn b(ə:ɪ) ðə vɛ:rɪər ət nə:ɪt
ɪz mə:ɪ dzæ:ɪ vər ə:ɪ wu:(:ɪ)nt kɑ:l ɪt prɛ:ɪd
wi ə brɑn(d) ðn ðə brɪks a:l ələ:ɪt
ən ə pə:ɪl ə zəm muər ət ðə zə:ɪd
ðen tɛl mi: ə zʌmət ðəts drɔ:l
ən ə:ɪl lɛ:f tɪl mə:ɪ tu: zə:ɪdz də jɛk
ɑr ə nærbə:z m sɑrə(r) ə so:l
ən ə:ɪl twə:ɪl a:l ðə nə:ɪt vər ðər sjɛk
ən ʃo: ðət tɛ tʃɛk ðɪŋz əmɪs
ɪðən blɪs tɛ grɑfmʊdi 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

ən ðen læt mə:ɪ tʃə:ɪl(d) klɪm mə:ɪ lag
ən ə:ɪl lɪft ən wɪ lʌv tə mə:ɪ tʃɪn
ar mə:ɪ mə:ɪd kʌm ən kə:ks mi: tə bag
vər ə frɒk ən ə frɒk ʃi: ʃəl wɪn
ar ðen ɪf mə:ɪ wə:ɪf də mjæk læ:ɪt
ə (h)wɒtɛvər ðə bwə:ɪz mɪd hə brɒ:k
ɪt wʊl si(:)m bət sə smɑ:l ɪn mə:ɪ zə:ɪt
əz ə li:f əhet də:un vrəm ə (w)uæk
ən nɒt mjæk mi: kjɛpər ən frʊθ
vʊl ə rʊθ lɪk grɑ:fmʊdi 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 räin, 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 straìght 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 tɜːrn ə ðə deːz

oː ðə wɪŋz ə ðə rʊk wɜː əɡlɪtərən 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 tɜːrn ə ðə deːz
ən əlɒŋ ɒn ðə slɔːp wɜː ðə bjɛərtɪmbɜːd kɔːps
wi ðə drɛɪ wʊd əʃjɛkən wi rɛdtwɪɡɪd tɔːps
wɜː ðə drɛɪfloːən wɪn(d) hʌd əblɔːd ɒf ðə drʌps
ə ðə ræm ət ðə tɜːrn ə ðə deːz

ðɜː ðə strɪːm dɪd rʌn ɒn ɪn ðə ʃjɛd ə ðə hɪl
sə smuːð ɪn (h)ɪz floːən əz ɪf ə stʊd stɪl
ən brɛɪt wi ðə skɛɪlɔːɪt dɪd slɛɪd tə ðə mɪl
b(ə)ɪ ðə miədz ət ðə tɜːrn ə ðə deːz
ən ʌp b(ə)ɪ ðə kɔːps dɜːun əlɒŋ ðə hɪl brɛɪt
wɜː vʌrə(r)z əkʌt dɜːun b(ə)ɪ mɛn əʊt ət plɛɪt
sə strɛɪt əz ðə zʌnbɪːmz əʃhɔːt drʊː ðə bɜːt
ə ðə trɪː ət ðə tɜːrn ə ðə deːz

ðɛn ðə buːmən (w)uəld klɒk ɪn ðə tɜːuər dɪd mɑːrk
(h)ɪz vɜːɪv əʊəz əʊuər ðə kuːl iːvmən wɜː dɑːrk
ən əɪvɪ dɪd ɡlɪtər əklʌŋ rɜːun(d) ðə bɑːrk
ə ðə trɪː ət ðə tɜːrn ə ðə deːz
ən wʊmɪn əfræɪd ə ðə rɔːd ɪn ðə nɛɪt
wɜː əhjesənən ɒn tə rɪːtʃ huəm b(ə)ɪ ðə læɪt
əkɑːstən lɒŋ ʃjɛdz ɒn ðə rɔːd ədrɛɪd (h)wɛɪt
dɜːun ðə hɪl ət ðə tɜːrn ə ðə deːz

ðə fɛːðər ən mʌðər dɪd wɛɪk əʊt tə vjuː
ðə mɔːsbɛdɪd snoːdrʌp əsprʌŋ ɪn ðə luː
ən hɪər ɪf ðə bɜːrdz wɜː əzɪŋən ənjuː
ɪn ðə bɜːuz ət ðə tɜːrn 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

ən jʌŋ vɔ:k əle:fən wi smu:ð glɒsi fjes
dɪd hæ:ɪ ɔ:vər vi:l(d)z wi ə læ:tvʊtɪd pjɛs
tə frɛn(d)z (h)wər ðə tə:uər dɪd bito:kən ə pljɛs
əmʊŋ tri:z ət ðə tɔ:rn ə ðə de:z

THE SPARROW CLUB



LAST night the merry farmers' sons,
 Vrom biggest down to leäst, min, *mate*
Gi'ed in the work of all their guns, *gave*
 An' had their sparrow feäst, min.
An' who vor woone good merry soul *one*
 Should goo to sheäre their me'th, min, *mirth*
But Gammon Gaÿ, a chap so droll,
 He'd meäke ye laugh to death, min.

Vor heads o' sparrows they've a-shot
 They'll have a prize in cwein, min, *coin*
That is, if they can meäke their scot, *tally*
 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.

Zoo when they took away the cloth, *so*
 In middle of their din, min,
An' cups o' eäle begun to froth, *ale*
 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.

Zong.

If you'll but let your clackers rest *tongues*
 Vrom jabberèn an' hootèn,
I'll teäke my turn, an' do my best,
 To zing o' sparrow shootèn.

ðə sparə(r) klʌb

le:st nə:ɪt ðə məri fɑ:rmərz sʌnz
vrəm bɪgɪst də:ʊn tə liəst mɪn
gɪ: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 ʃjɛər ðər mɛθ mɪn
bət ɡamən ɡæɪ ə tʃʌp sə dro:l
hi:d mjek i: le:f tə deθ mɪn

vər hɛdz ə sparə(r)z ðe:v əshɒt
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:m mɪn
ən a:l ðə mʌni ðe: kən tʃek
s əɡaðərd ʌp ðeər rə:ɪt mɪn
ən spɛnt ɪn mi:t ən drɪŋk tə mjek
ə sʌpər vər ðə nə:ɪt mɪn

zu: (h)wɛn ðe: tʊk əwə:ɪ ðə klɒθ
ɪn mɪdəl əv ðər dɪn mɪn
ən klʌps ə jəl bɪɡʌn tə frɒθ
bɪlo: ðər məri tʃɪn mɪn
ən (h)wɛn ðə zɒŋ b(ə):ɪ tə:ɪn ər tʃæɪs
wɛnt rə:ʊn vrəm tʌŋ tə tʌŋ mɪn
ðɛn ɡamən pɪtʃt (h)ɪz məri væɪs
ən hiərz ðə zɒŋ ə zʌŋ mɪn

zɒŋ

ɪf jəl bət lɛt jər klakərz rɛst
vrəm dʒʌbərən ən hʊtən
ə:ɪl 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 spwortsmen 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. *first 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*).

sms evri (w)u:n mæs pɪf (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

wi:l zɛn(d) əbro:d ə:uər və:əri hæɪl
tɪl evri fo:z əvlɛd lɑdz
ən ðo: ðə rɔ:gz mɪd a:l tə:rn tæɪl
wi:l kwɪkli ʃo: ðər hɛd lɑdz
ɪn kɑ:rn ɑr ə:ut ɒn o:bən grə:un(d)
ɪn buʃ ɑr ʌp ɪn tri: lɑdz
ɪf wi: dɔ:nt kɪl əm ə:l bi: bə:un(d)
wi:l mʃɛk ðər vɛðərz vli: lɑdz

zu: lɛt ðə bɛltɪd spuərtsmən brɑg
(h)wɛn ðe:v əwʌn ə nʃɛm so:z
ðæt ðe: də və:m(d) ɑr ðe: də bɑg
zu: mɛni hɛd ə gʃɛm so:z
vɑr (h)wɛn ə:uər kwə:m ɪz (w)u:ns əwʌn
b(ə):ɪ hɛdz ə sʌndri sə:ɪzɪz
(h)wə:ɪ hu: kən slə:ɪt (h)wɒt wi:v ədʌn
wi:v a:l əwʌn hɛd prə:ɪzɪz

ðɛn tʃɛk ə drɑp vər hɑ:rnɪs flʌn
bət nɒt ɪnʌf tə kwərəl
ðo: (h)wər ə mæn də lə:ɪk ðə gʌn
hi: kɛ:nt bət nɪ:d ðə bərəl
ə gʊdli fʃɛər əvuər wi:l stɑrt
wi:l zɪt ən tʃɛk ə:uər vɪl mɪn
ə:uər sʌpərbɪl kən bi: bət ʃɑ:rt
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 heär,
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 peär 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*

'tisn't

old

gaməni gæi

o: ðik gaməni gæi ɪz sə dro:l
ðæt ɪf hi:z ət huəm b(ə):ɪ ðə hɛθ
ar wi vo:k ə:ut ə duər hi:z ðə so:l
ə ðə mi:tən vər antɪks ən mɛθ
hi: də ka:st ɒf ðə ðɔ:ts əv ɪl lɒk
əz ðə wɔ:tərz əshɒt vrəm ə dɒk
hi: də zɪŋ (h)wər (h)ɪz nærbərz wud krə: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 flɒni 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 bilo: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 pjeər ə gɛ:rt pɒkɪts lɪk bagz
ðæt də swɪŋ ən də bɒb ət (h)ɪz lagz
(h)wə:ɪl mɛθ də wɛ:k ə:ut 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 lɒk 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)wə:ɪl tɪdən vər wɒnt əv ə dzo:k
ɪf ə do:nt zen(d) əm ɒn vrəm ðə pljes
wi ə smə:ɪl ar ə grɪn ɒn ðər fjes
ən ðə jʌŋ wi ðə (w)uəld həv əhjɛ:rd
ə kə:m(d) wɛ:rd vrəm gaməni gæi

An' when he do whissel or hum,
 'Thout 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 praïse 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 grievè 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)wɛn hi: də (h)wɪsəl ər hʌm
ɪðə:ut ðɪŋkən ə (h)wɒt hi:z ədu:ən
hi:l biət (h)ɪz o:n lagz vər ə drʌm
ən bɒb (h)ɪz gæɪ hɛd tə ðə tju:ən
ən ðɛn jə mɪd zi: ətwi:n (h)wə:ɪlz
(h)ɪz fjes 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:ut əv (h)ɪz ə:ɪz
ən at le:st tə hav præ:ɪz ər hav bljɛm
ɪz ðə sjɛm tə gaməni gæɪ

(h)wɛn ə dro:v (h)ɪz (w)uəld ka:rt ə:ut 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)wɛn ə tɪpt ə:vər ə luəd
əv (h)ɪz ri:dʃi:vz (w)u:n de: ʊn ðə ruəd
ðɛn ə spɛt ɪn (h)ɪz hanz ə:ut ə sli:vz
ən (h)wɪsəld ən flʌŋ ʌp (h)ɪz ʃi:vz
əz vɛri vju: ʌðərz kən wag
jɑ:ɪm ər lag bət gaməni gæɪ

hi: wər wi əs (w)u:n nə:ɪt (h)wɛn ðə ban(d)
wər əkʌm vər tə gi: əs ə hɒp
ən hi: pʊld græmər ə:ut b(ə):ɪ ðə han(d)
a:l də:ʊn dru: ðə de:ns vrəm ðə tɒp
ən græmər dɪd hɒbəl 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 dɪdɛlɪdi:
ən wi: le:ft ə:uərzʌvz a:l ə:ut 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 Gäy.

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 Gäy.

*horses
whinny to see him*

doves

(h)wɛn ə:uər tʌn wər ə və:iər ə rɒd
ə:ʊt tə hɛlp əs ən mɪd əs sɪtʃ fʌn
vər ə klʌm ʌp tə drevɪn ɪn ə wɒd
ə wɛt ðɑ:rnz tə ðə hɛθ vrəm ðə tʌn
ən ðər ə dɪd stʌmp wi (h)ɪz vʊt
tə pʊʃ də:ʊn ðə ðɑ:rnz ən ðə zʊt
tɪl ət lɛ:st də:ʊn ðə tʃɪmlɪz blak wɑ:l
wɛnt ðə wɒd ən pu(:)ər gʌmən ən a:l
ən ʃjɛf ɒn ðə hɛθ wi ə grɪn
ɒn (h)ɪz tʃɪn prɪʃt gʌməni gæɪ

a:l ðə hə:ʊsdɒgz də wʌgəl ðər tæɪlz
ɪf ðe: du: bət kʌtʃ zə:ɪt əv (h)ɪz fjɛs
ən ðə hɒsɪz də lʊk ɔ:vər ræɪlz
ən də (h)wɪkər tə zɪ:n ət ðə pljɛs
ən hi:l a:lwe:z bɪstə: ə gʊd wə:rd
ɒn ə kʌt ər ə (h)wɪsələn bɛ:rd
ən i:vən ɪf kʌlvɔ:z də ku:
ər ən ə:ʊl ɪz əkrə:ɪən hu: hu:
(h)wər hi: ɪz ðərz a:lwe:z ə dʒo:k
tə bi: spə:k b(ə)ɪ gʌməni gæɪ



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
Ha' got noo corns, inside o' hobnaïl shoes. *isn't, toes*
- (1) He's geäme a-runnèn 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 ətɛ:kən o:t)

- (1) ðər bi: ðə gre:hə:un(d)z luk ən ðərz ðə hjeər
(2) (h)wɒt hə:unz ðə skwə:iərz tɒməs (h)wɛər ðen (h)wɛər
(1) (h)wə:i ə:ut in 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:i də zi: əm ɔ:vərə:ɪt ðɪk kə:u
(3) ðə rɛd (w)u:n (1) no: ə mə:iɪl bijənd (h)ər nə:u
(3) o: ðərz ðə hjeər əmjekən vər ðə drɒŋ
(2) mə:i gudnɪs hə:u ðə dɒgz də zwi:p əlɒŋ
əpɔ:kən ə:ut ðər pʰwə:ɪntɪd no:zɪz tɪps
(3) ə ke:nt ələ:u hɪzɪf mɪtʃ tə:ɪm vər slɪps
(1) ðe:ɪl hɒbən ɛ:tər a:l ə:ɪl bet ə krə:un
(2) dʌn vər ə krə:un ðe: wu:(ɪ)nt əz gwæm tə grə:un
(3) hi: ɪz (1) hi: ɪdən (3) a: tɪz wɛl (h)ɪz tu:z
hə gɒt nu: kɑ:rnz ɪnsə:ɪd ə hɒbnæɪl fu:z
(1) hi:z gjem ərlənən tu: (h)wə:i 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 və:rnɪ hɪl ə tʌðər zə:ɪd
ðe:ɪl hɒv ən ðeər (3) o: no: ə vju: gud hɒps
wʊl tjek ən ɒn tə nɒptən lo:ər kɒps
(2) ən ðɒts ə me:ʃ ðət hi:v ətʊk əvuər
(3) i:s ðɒts (h)ɪz huəm (1) hi:l nəvər rɪ:tʃ (h)ɪz duər
(2) hi: wʊl (1) hi: wu:(ɪ)nt (3) nə:u hɑ:rk dʒi: hiər əm nə:u
(2) o: hiərz ə bwə:i əklɪm əðə:ɪt ðə brə:u
ə nɒptən hɪl wi:l a:ks ən (1) hiər mə:i bwə:i
kənst tɛl əs (h)wə:z ðə hjeər (4) hi:z gɒt əwə:i

- (2) Ees, got away, in coo'se, I never zeed *of course, saw*
 A heäre a-scotèn on wi' half his speed. *scooting*
- (1) Why, there, the dogs be wold, an' half a-done. *old*
 They can't catch anything wi' lags to run.
- (2) Vrom vu'st to last they had but little chance *first*
 O' catchèn o'n. (3) They had a perty dance. *him*
- (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 *feed*
 On rabbits till his hounds do catch thik heäre. *that*

- (2) i:s gʊt əwə:i m ku:s ə:i nəvər zi:d
 ə hjeər əsko:tən ɒn wi hɛ:f (h)ɪz spi:d
- (1) (h)wə:i ðeər ðə dɒgz bi: (w)uəld ən hɛ:f ədʌn
 ðe: kɛ:nt kʌtʃ eniðɪŋ wi lagz tə rʌn
- (2) vrəm vʌst tə le:st ðe: had bət litəl tʃe:ns
 ə kʌtʃən o:n (3) ðe: had ə pɛ:rti dɛ:ns
- (1) no: kʌtʃ ən no: ə:i litəl ðɔ:t ðe: wʊd
 hi: no:d (h)ɪz rɔ:d tu: wɛl tə nʌptən wʊd
- (3) no: no: ə:i wɪʃ ðə skwə:rər wʊd lɛt mi: fjeər
 ɒn rʌbɪts tɪl (h)ɪz hə:ʊn(d)z də kʌtʃ ðɪk hjeər

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:un 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 p wə:ɪnt ən suərdz dɪd ɡljɛər
əfə:ɪtən fo:z ðət wə:rdən ðɛər

pu(:)ər nani gyl dɪd gu: tə zɛl
ɪn tə:un (h)ər ɡlɪtrən makərəl
əpakt wɪ kjɛər ɪn i:vən lɒts
əhɒsbak ɪn ə pjɛər ə pɒts
 ən zu: (h)wɛn ʃi: dɪd rə:ɪd
 bɪtwɪ:n (h)ər pənʒərz wə:ɪd
 rɛdklo:kt ɪn a:l (h)ər prə:ɪd
(h)wə:ɪ hu: bət ʃi: ən hu: bət bro:k
ðə ro:ɪd əvuər (h)ər skɑ:rlɪt klo:k

bət nanɪz hɒs ðət ʃi: dɪd rə:ɪd
(w)u:ns kɑ:ɪd ə suərd əgʝɛn (h)ɪz zə:ɪd
ən həd tə prɪk ən ɪntə ræŋk
ə so:dʒərz spə:ɪz əgʝɛn (h)ɪz flæŋk
 ən zu: (h)wɛn hi: ɡʊt zə:ɪt
 ə suərdz əɡli:mən brə:ɪt
 ən mɛn əɡwæɪn tə fə:ɪt
hi: sɛt (h)ɪz ə:ɪz əðə:ɪt ðə ɡrə:un(d)
ən prɪkt (h)ɪz iərz tə kɑ:tʃ ðə sə:un(d)

ðɛn nani ɡi:d (h)ɪz zə:ɪd ə kɪk
ən hɛt ən wɪ (h)ər ɪmbər 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 raiins 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 play sham fight.

fast

folk

bæt sʌdənli ə ha:rn dɪd sə:un(d)
ən zɛn(d) ðə hɒsmən ɒn vʊl bæ:un(d)
ən (h)ər hɒs ət ðə zə:ɪt
went ɛ:tər əm vʊl flə:ɪt
wi nani ɪn ə frə:ɪt
əpʊlən wi ə skrɪ:m ən grɪm
(h)ər (w)uəld brə:un ræɪnz tə huəld ən ɪn

bæt nɔ: hi: went əwə:ɪ vʊl bæ:un(d)
əz vɑ:st əz hi: kʊd tɛər ðə grə:un(d)
ən tʊk ɪn lə:ɪm ə sɔ:dzərz plʃɛs
vər nanɪz klɔ:k ən frə:ɪtənd fʃɛs
(h)wə:ɪl vɔ:k dɪd lɛ:f ən ʃə:ut
tə zi: (h)ər klɔ:k strɪ:m ɔ:ut
əz ʃi: dɪd (h)wi:l əbə:ut
əkɹe: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 väin, vor heedless men,
The road, the vield, the work in hand,

mu:nlə:ɪt ɒn ðə duər

əswæɪən slo: ðə pʊplərz hɛd
əbʌv ðə slo:pən ðætʃ dɪd pləɪ
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 a:l 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 məɪdɛnz gest
ət i:v mən (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:v mən 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

bʌt 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:dɪs mən
ðə ro:d ðə vi:l(d) ðə wə: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)wɛn kɛrtɛnz bi: əhʌŋ əvuər
ðə glɪtrən wɪndərz snə:i (h)wə:ɪt
ən və:mli:f ʃjɛdz də ʃjɛk ɪn lə:ɪt
ə mu:nlə:ɪt ɒn ðə duər

mæ:i lʌvz gɑ:rdiən andʒəl

az in ðə ku:læ:ɪrd ro:d ə:i kʌm bæ:i
in ðə nə:iɪt
ʌndəɪ ðə mu:nklɪmd hæ:iɪt ə ðə skə:i
in ðə nə:iɪt
ðər b(ə):ɪ ðə læ:ɪmz bro:d lɪmz əz ə:i stæ:ɪd
dɑ:rk in ðə mu:nlæ:ɪt bæ:uz ʃadə:z plæ:ɪd
ʌp ɒn ðə wɪndə:rglɑ:s ðət dɪd ki:p
lu: vrəm ðə wɪn(d) mæ:i tru: lʌv əsli:p
in ðə nə:iɪt

(h)wə:ɪl in ðə gre:wɑ:ld hæ:iɪt ə ðə tæ:uər
in ðə nə:iɪt
sə:ʌn(d)ɪd ðə mɪdnə:iɪt bəl wɪ ði ə:uər
in ðə nə:iɪt
ðər lo: ə brə:ɪthjɛərd andʒəl ðət ʃɛd
læ:ɪt vrəm (h)ər (h)wə:ɪt ro:bz zɪlvəri dɾɛd
pʌt (h)ər vuərviŋgər ʌp vər tə mjɛk
sə:ɪləns ə:ə:ʌn(d) lɛst sli:pə:z mɪd wjɛk
in ðə nə:iɪt

o: ðɛn ə:i (h)wɪspə:rd du: ə:i bihuəld
in ðə nə:iɪt
lɪndə mæ:i tru:lʌv hiər in ðə kuəld
in ðə nə:iɪt
nə: ʃi: mjɛd ɛ:nsər ju: də mɪstjɛk
ʃi: ɪz əsli:p bʌt ə:i ðət də wjɛk
hiər bi: ɒn wɒtʃ ən andʒəl əblest
ɔ:vər (h)ər slʌmbər (h)wə:ɪl ʃi: də rest
in ðə nə:iɪt

zi: hæ:u ðə wɪn(d)z (h)wə:ɪl hiər b(ə):ɪ ðə bæ:u
in ðə nə:iɪt

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.”

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,
Bezide 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' räin,

gusty

li:bə:rn mɪl

əv a:l ðə miədz wi ʃo:lz ən pu:lz
(h)wər stri:mz dɪd ʃjek ðə lɪmbər zɛdʒ
ən mɪlkən vɔ:k dɪd tjek ðər stu:lz
m i:vmən zʌnlə:ɪt ʌndər hɛdʒ
əv a:l ðə wɛərz ðə brʊk dɪd vɪl
ar a:l ðə hɑtʃɪz (h)wər ə ʃɪt
ə fɔ:m dɪd liəp bɪlɔ: (w)u:nz vɪt
ðə pljɛs vər mi: wər li:bə:rn mɪl

ən (h)wə:ɪl bɪlɔ: ðə mɔ:si (h)wi:l
a:l de: ðə fɔ:mən stri:m dɪd ruər
ən ʌp ɪn mɪl ðə flɔ:tən mi:l
dɪd pɪtʃ əpɔ:n ðə ʃjekən vluər
wi: ðen kud və:m(d) bət vju: hanz stɪl
ar vɪt ərəstən ɒf ðə grə:ʊn(d)
ən seldəm hiər ðə mɛri sə:ʊn(d)
ə ɡjɛmz əplæɪd ət li:bə:rn mɪl

bət (h)wɛn ðe: lɛt ðə stri:m gu: fri:
bɪzə:ɪd ðə drɪpən (h)wi:l ət rɛst
ən li:vz əpɔ:n ðə pɔplərtri:
wər da:rk əvuər ðə glɔ:ən wɛst
ən (h)wɛn ðə klɔk ərəɪŋən ʃɪl
dɪd slɔ:li biət zʌm i:vmən ə:uər
ɔ: ðen ɪðm ðə li:fi bə:uər
ə:uər tʌŋz dɪd rʌn ət li:bə:rn mɪl

ən (h)wɛn nɔ:vɛmbərz wɪn dɪd blɔ:
wi hʌflən stɑ:rmz əlɔŋ ðə plæm
ən blækənd li:vz dɪd lə:ɪ bɪlɔ:
ðə njekɪd tri: əzɔ: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 fʃɛsɪz 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 pleâce;

An' we've zome women not uncomely;

Nor asheäm'd to show their feâce:

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 ə'uər pljɛs
ən wi:v zəm wʊmɪn nɒt ʌnkʌmli
nɑr əʃjɛmd tə ʃo: ðər fjɛs
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 sɪstərz brʌðərz
hapi hapi bi: ðər læɪf
vər dɒsət diər
ðen gi: (w)u:n tʃiər
dʒi: hiər (w)u:n tʃiər

ɪf ju: ɪn dɒsət bi: əro:mən
ən hɑ bɪznɪs ət ə fɑ:rm
ðen wu:(ɪ)nt i: zi: jər jɛl əfo:mən
ər jər sɛɪdər də:ʊn tə wɑ:rm
wu:(ɪ)nt i: hɑv 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:(ɪ)nt i: hɑv ɪn ʃɑ:rt jər vɪl
əgi:əd wi ə rə:ɪt gud wɪl
frɛn(d) ən wə:ɪf
fɛ:ðərz mʌðərz sɪstərz brʌðərz
hapi hapi bi: ðər læɪf
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, *worth*
 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.
 An' so comely,
 An' so hwomely,
 Be the mäidens, if your son
 Took woone o'm, then you'd cry "Well done!" *one of them*
 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!

If you do zee our good men travel,
 Down a-voot, or on their meäres, *horses*
 Along the windèn leänes o' gravel, *lanes*
 To the markets or the feäirs,—
 Though their ho'ses cwoats be ragged, *horses'*
 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.
 Friend an' wife,
 Fathers, mothers, sisters, brothers,
 Happy, happy, be their life!
 Vor Do'set dear,
 Then gi'e woone cheer; *give*
 D'ye hear? woone cheer!

ən wu(:)nt i: hav vər evri ʃilən
 ʃilənz wɒð ət eni ʃɒp
 ðo: dɒsət tʃaps bi: ʌp tə zelən
 ən kən mjæk ə tə:ɪdi swɒp
 ju:z əm wəl ðe:l ju:z ju: bətər
 ɪn gʊd 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 kræ:ɪ wəl dʌn
 frɛn(d) ən wə:ɪf
 fɛ:ðərz mʌðərz sɪstərz 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 gʊd mɛn trævəl
 də:ʊn əvʊt ər ʊn ðər mjɛərz
 əlbŋ ðə wə:m(d)ən lʒɛnz ə gravəl
 tə ðə mɑ:rkɪts ər ðə ʃjɛərz
 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 stæn(d)
 b(ə):ɪ (h)wɒt ɪz rə:ɪt wi hɑ:rt ən hæn(d)
 frɛn(d) ən wə:ɪf
 fɛ:ðərz mʌðərz sɪstərz 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-rottlèn 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 teäkèn 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] -zeten 1879

SPRING

220/11 High above the ashes' sh'oud.
ashes'] ashes 1879

THE WATER CROWFOOT

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 yieid 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 vield, 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	No	KEYWORD	Examples
	Am			
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	ʊ(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 *-èn* 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 /əɪn/, 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’è*) 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 /wʊmm/.

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), *watsbod* (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 *zot* for *sat*. *OED* notes, however, that *rattle* and *rottle* have different origins, the first “related to Dutch *ratelen* to chatter, babble, to make a rattling or clacking sound,” the second “to Middle Dutch *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 /kɑ:r/, 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 *a*.” 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 *yellow* 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 *buzzom* in 1844), *self* (frequently spelled *zuf*, especially in *myzuf*, etc.). {I have assumed that the stressed syllables in *butcher* and *hovel* (for which see 7.4.2) likewise have /ʌ/. Occasional rhymes between words with /ʌ/ and words from Wells's GOAT set suggest that the second element of that diphthong would have been /ʌ/ or /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 /dʒɪst/. {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 /nʊʌn/ or /nʊʌn/. 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 /nɑ:rn/.

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 /jɑ:/ 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 /jɑː/ (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; *lafē*, 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. *annt*, *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 /ɛː/ (see Section 4 above).

7.8 The CLOTH set

The CLOTH set (Wells, 2.2.8) contains those words with short *o* in their stressed syllable that do not belong in the LOT set (7.4 above): in RP they have the vowel /ɒ/ (like those in the LOT set); in GenAm they have the vowel /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 /hɔs/.

7.8.5 The word *soft* belongs in this set, with (presumably) the normal pronunciation /sɔft/. 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 /ə:r/.

7.9.2 The survival of the /a:r/ 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 /ə:r/ in *earn* as an acceptable alternative to /a:r/, in spite of the 1844 spelling *yarn*. {Similarly both rhyme and spelling in *hurt* / *smert* in “Pity”, 11–13, suggest /ə:r/ rather than /a:r/ 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 *eär*.

7.9.4 Metathesis of *r* + vowel brings some words into this set in Barnes's dialect that would not otherwise belong here; thus *girt* and *pirty* or *perty* (often standardized to *pretty* in later editions), both with /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'se*);
- b) /ə:rs/ becomes /u:s/ in *worse* (spelled *woose* or *woo'se*);
- c) /ə:rst/ becomes /ʌst/ in *burst*, *first*, *nursed*, *worst* (spelled *bust*, *vust* or *vus't*, *nuss'd*, *wust*);
- d) /ə:rθ/ beomes /ɛθ/ in *earth*, *birth*, *mirth* (spelled *eth*, *beth*, *meth* or *e'th*, *be'th*, *me'th*);
- e) /ə:rθ/ beomes /ɒθ/ (or /ʌθ/) in *worth* (usually spelled *woth* or *wo'th*, though entered as *wuth* in the expanded Glossary of 1847);
- f) /ə:rz/ becomes /ʌz/ in *furze* (spelled *vuʒz*).

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)*, *mashy* (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*, *cheäk(s)*, *cleän*, *deäl*, *feäst*, *geät(e)* (gate), *beärd*, *Jeän*, *leäd*, *leän*, *leäp*, *leäse* or *leäzē* (a stocked pasture “in distinction from a mead which is mowed,” 1844 Glossary), *leäst*, *leäve*, *leäzē* (gleaner), *meäd(s)*, *meän(ēn)*, 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 *leäzē* 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 /sim/ when the spelling is *sim*. Similarly *sweet*, spelled with *i* in *swithearts* in the second stanza of "The woody holler" (1844), but elsewhere always with *ee*, and rhymed with *meet*, *veet*, and *sheet*.}

7.10.12 The current pronunciation of *key*, *sea*, and *tea* in StE makes them members of the FLEECE set; historically, however, they belong with the FACE set. They are discussed in 7.11.7 and 7.11.9 below.

7.10.13 In Barnes's dialect poems *cheek* is never spelled with *ee* as in StE but almost always with *eä*, suggesting that the dialect form is derived from the West Saxon *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 \bar{e} (see 7.10.4), /wi:k/, as in the rhymes with *cheäk*, 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 /pi:ni/, 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:ni/ (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, /əgen/ and /əgem/. But the rhymes with words in *-ane* are on /jen/ (see 7.11.1–2); *again* is not rhymed with words ending in *-ain*, which would have the sound /æin/. The possible pronunciations of *again* in Barnes’s dialect are /əgen/ and /əgjen/ (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 *Máy*, *háy*, *máid*, *páid*, *váin*, *náighbour*, *práy*.” In later editions *ai* and *aj* are substituted for *ái* and *áy* (*May*, *haj*, *maid*, *paid*, *vain*, *naighbour*, 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 /æi/ of Cockney *mate* or Australian *G’day*. I transcribe the diphthong in this group, accordingly, as /æi/.

The inclusion of *plait* in this subset, as implied by the spelling *plaited* (/plæitɪd/) 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 *paj* 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 *whey*, in all of which the *ay* or *ey* is descended from OE *æg* or *eg*, with the vowel long or short. (The final *g* in these words in OE was pronounced not /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 vary rare instances they are not spelled with *áy* (1844) or *aj* (later editions) and do not rhyme with words so spelled, discussed in 7.11.6. Barnes notes that *day* and *whey* 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 *zed*, *zaid*, or *zäid*) 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 *key*, 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 \bar{e} , /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 *áj*, *ajj*, 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 *álmwiz̥* 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 \bar{e} (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 \bar{e} (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 /stjæk/ (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*, *channgge*, *dannnger*, *strannnge(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 /grændʒ/ (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 \bar{a} , as *vāl*, 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* (*bal*, *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 \bar{a} noted in 7.13 above. I take the \bar{a} spelling to denote /ɛ:/ as in *fäther*, 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 \bar{a} 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:mɔ: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 $\bar{a}'k$, $\bar{a}'ke$, or *a'ke*, implying /ɛ:k/, but occasionally with *a'k*, implying /ak/, 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 *bekiazε* 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 *laught* and *draught*, which belong in the BATH set, 7.7). The sole occurrence of *-auht* in rhyme that I know of (*a-tauht* / *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:tɔ:/, 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 *aight*: 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 /o: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 /ə:ʊ/ (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*, *biüot*, *ciüot*” (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(:)/, 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 /u:/ as in *food* and /o:/ 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 /u:/ as in *food* and /ə:/ 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. /gwæim/ (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 rwose, / An' when he come wi' her, an' show'd his poor nose, / All the little bwoys shouted, an' cried 'There he goes,' / 'There he goes.'" Here the rhyme with *nose* indicates standard proto-RP pronunciation, /gɔ: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 *auver* in “The feair market maid.” In the word’s only occurrence in rhyme, in the eclogue “Come and zee us in the Zummer” (“Well, aye, when the mowen is over, / An’ ee-grass do whiten wi’ clover, / A man’s a-tired out,”), the rhyme with *clover* suggests that proto-RP /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 *woon’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 *dev, few, new*, etc. that have /ju:/ in RP. This might perhaps be taken to imply that "yod dropping," as Wells calls it (pp. 147–48) was a feature in the Blackmore Vale (i.e. loss of /j/, so that *new* is pronounced /nu:/, as in GenAm, as opposed to /nju:/, as in RP). But rhymes between /u:/ and /ju:/ are common in StE, as in *moon / tune* in Wordsworth's "The world is too much with us" (5–8), *gloom / perfume* in Tennyson's "In memoriam" (95.53–56), or *fool / mule* in Robert Browning's "My last duchess" (27–28). In the absence of concrete evidence of yod dropping, therefore, I have assumed that words with /ju:/ in RP have it also in Barnes's poems.

7.15.2 *Tune* is always spelled *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 /ə:ɪ/, 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 *strick* 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, /ə:ɪ/). 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 /bɔːɪ/) 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 /klʌm/.

7.16.11 Since the vowel in *grist* is short in RP, the apparent rhyme between *hoist* and *grist* in the opening lines of the last stanza of “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 /græ:st/ 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, pwison*) point up the similarity. It follows that the pronunciation of the CHOICE diphthong in Barnes's dialect will normally be the same as that of the PRICE diphthong, i.e. /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, /æi/ (see 7.11.6).

7.17.3 The spelling of *joy* and its derivatives varies between *oy*, as in StE, and *áy* 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 /əi/ and /æi/.

7.17.4 Unlike Jennings, who spells *boys* with *ay* (in *bmays*, 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 /əi/, as described in 7.17.1), whereas that of the rhyme words in *ay*, *áy* or *aj* varies. (For the intrusive /w/ in *bmoy* 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 /əuəɹ/, 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 /jəɪr/. The spelling *yers* for *ears* in the 1844 version of "Uncle an' ānt" and the rhyming of *year* with *stir* and *Hazelbur* (/hɑːzəlbəɪr/, 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 *fäir* or *fïare*, *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 *äir* (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 *äier* 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 *-äir* and/or *-äir* also occurs occasionally in *fair*, *chair* and *stair*. Since, however, the forms *chäir* (in “The vierzide chairs”) and *feäir* (in “The surprise”) both rhyme with *there*, we may reasonably take it that the spellings with *-äir* and *-äir* 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 /wær/, 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 /ɑː/ in RP in final position or followed by a consonant (/ɑːr/ 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 /ɑːr/ (see 7.7.1 and 8.8.1).

7.21.2 Barnes’s spelling of the words *card* (but not *cart*), *garden*, and *part* (*iar* in 1844, *äir* 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 /jɑːr/. The dialect word *spiarde* (‘spade’, replaced by *speäde* in

later editions) appears to belong to the same set. Rhyme confirms that the stress is on the second element. It may seem odd that Barnes distinguishes the opening sequence in *card* (/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 *car*n*, 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, /ar/, 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: *cardrây, 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 /a:r/.

{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 (/uər/).}

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 /ar/ 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, /aɪr/, 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 /aɪr/ 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:tθ/ 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 /aɪr/ 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 /dɑ: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 /aɪr/ rather than /aɪr/ 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 (/ɔ:r/ 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 *vover* 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 /ə:uər/, like *flower*, *hour*, etc. (see 7.18.2). This accords with Barnes’s report for Winterborne Came in *EEP*, where *four* is transcribed as /və:uər/ (cwl 420). It is not clear whether *four* has an alternative pronunciation, /vuər/, or *door* an alternative, /də:uər/, 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’sse” 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 *fiel'd* 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* / *crow'n'd* ("The shepherd o' the farm") and *fiel'd* / *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 “*blathers*” hanging round the walls in “The settle an’ the girt wood vire”); but StE spelling is usually restored in later editions.

8.2.4 In 1844 both spelling (always *archet*) and rhyme (*archet* / *sarch it*, “The welshnut tree”) show that the final consonant of *orchard* is not /d/ as in RP but voiceless /t/. (For the pronunciation of the first syllable in *orchard* see 7.22.1.) In later editions the spelling is usually *orcha’d* (which is likely to mislead present-day readers into thinking the pronunciation is /ɔ:tʃəd/, 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 /ɑ:rtʃət/.

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 *ghiame*, *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 Giltycup. Giltcup; the buttercup, (*ranunculus bulbosus*); so called from the gold-like gloss of its petals.”

8.5 H

8.5.1 “In the working-class accents of most of England, H Dropping prevails. That is to say, the [h] of standard accents is absent: words such as *hit*, *happy*, *hammer*, *hedge*, begin with a vowel” (Wells, 3.4.1, p. 253). But Somerset and parts of Wiltshire and Dorset “are traditionally ‘/h/-areas’, i.e. areas where strong aspiration is retained, as distinct from most other dialect areas, where it is lost” (Wakelin I.4.2, p. 31). Since there is no mention of H Dropping in Barnes’s grammars, and no sign of it in either his earlier or his later spelling system (except in the unstressed personal pronouns ’e, ’er, etc., where loss of initial /h/ is as common in StE as in any class or regional dialect), we may reasonably deduce that the Dorset represented in Barnes’s poems is a traditional /h/-area, where the /h/ is retained in *hit*, *happy*, etc.

8.5.2 In contrast to the H Dropping that is common elsewhere, Barnes points out that initial /h/ from OE is often retained in his dialect in words that have lost it in StE, and introduced in others that did not have it in OE. In the 1886 *Glossary* he gives a list of some two dozen words beginning with *r-* in which the initial consonant is “hard breathed” in Dorset, i.e. words which begin with the combination /hr/ rather than simply /r/ (pp. 9–10). After the list Barnes supplies a specimen sentence containing a whole series of aspirated *rs*: “He hrode by hroughest hroads, and hrugged hrocks where hrobbers hroamed.” But there is no mention of aspirated initial *r* in the Diss., and Barnes does not use the spelling *hr-* for initial *r-* in any edition of his poems. Since it appears that aspirated initial *r-* was a feature of the dialect that Barnes chose not to portray in his poems, I do not use the combination /hr/ in my phonemic transcripts of the poems.

8.5.3 If there is aspiration in the dialect Barnes describes in sounds that are not aspirated in StE, it is reasonable to suppose that initial *wb-* (from OE *hw-*) is aspirated in the dialect in words such as *what*, *when*, *where*, *which*, *why*, etc. that were formerly pronounced with /hw/ in RP, and are still so

pronounced in Scotland, Ireland, and parts of the north of England. Barnes consistently spells such words with *wb-* in his poems; but it is not clear whether the spelling is merely conventional, or whether it confirms the pronunciation with /hw/. Barnes does not comment on *wb-* in the Diss., but in the 1886 *Glossary*, immediately after his list of words with aspirated initial *r-*, he writes: “So Dorset has kept the hard breathed W, in some words from which it is often dropped, as *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 *wb-*; and the inclusion of *wing*, always spelled with *w-* in the poems (as in “The blackbird,” “The sky a-clearèn,” etc.), never with *hw-* or *wb-*, which suggests that (as with initial *r-*) Barnes did not wish to show this aspiration in his poems. The only safe transcription appears to be /**(h)**w/, showing that aspiration is possible but not obligatory.

8.5.4 *Who* and *whole* are of course excluded from the preceding discussion, since their pronunciation in StE is with /h/ as opposed to /hw/ or /w/. I transcribe both words with /h/ as in StE.

8.5.5 A well-known feature of west-country dialects to this day is the substitution of /j/ for /h/ in *bear* (and its derivatives) and *here*, (as well as the introduction of initial /j/ in *ear*), making these words homophones of *year*. But Barnes makes no mention of this feature in his grammars; his cs for Winterborne Came in *EEP* has /h/ in *here* (clause 1) as well as in *bear* and *heard* (clauses 4 and 13); and in his poems he normally spells these words with *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 / $\epsilon l\text{əm}$ / (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 “Fair 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 / ϵlm /. 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 air 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 / $v(\text{ə})n$ / may develop into the consonant cluster / bm / via the intermediate stage / $v(\text{ə})m$ /: “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: $b\text{əm}$ /) from *even* via *ev(e)m* (/i: $v\text{əm}$ /), 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*, *bear*, and *birds* (to take some examples only from the first stanza of the first poem in Barnes's first dialect collection, "The Spring"); conversely, rhymes such as *arm* / *calm* and *four* / *flaw*, which have become normal in RP, are impossible for Barnes. Commentators have had a field day with the precise quality of this /r/ sound; for the purposes of this guide, however, I note merely that the /r/ in Barnes's dialect poems will always be distinctly heard.

8.8.2 Full rhoticity has a tendency to spill over into hyper-rhoticity, i.e. the insertion of an /r/ sound where there is no etymological justification for it. This is especially likely to happen in words ending in unstressed *-ow* (*yellow*, *hollow*, *window*, etc., which become *yeller*, *holler*, *winder*, etc.: see 7.14.8).

8.8.3 “*r* in great, pretty, undergoes metathesis, making *gbirt* and *pirty*” (Diss., §34; see 7.9.4). The spelling *gbirt* (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 *-/ɔ: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 change 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’ mäidens out at door”). It seems clear, then, that Barnes decided not to portray the characteristic SW *-/ɔ:rdəl/* for *-/ɔ:rl/* in later editions of his poems. We are left, then, with several possible pronunciations for words in this subset: *-/ɔ:rdəl/* (as in 1844), *-/ɔ:rl/* (as in StE), and *-/ɹ:ɹəl/* or *-/ɔ:ɹəl/* (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*, *vuɣɣ*, *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 *ɣ*, making *sand*, *ɣand*; *sap*, *ɣeap*; *send*, *ɣend*; *set*, *ɣet*; *sick*, *ɣick*; *some*, *ɣome*; *sop*, *ɣop*; and *sun*, *ɣun*” (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 *ɣw*-spellings—*ɣwath*, *ɣweat*, *ɣwell*, *ɣwing*, etc.), together with the plurals of *face* and *place* (-*ɣen* 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 *ɣ*-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* (/aks/). 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 *tbik* tree."

8.9.3

The voiced *s* (/z/) in *isn't* and *'tisn'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 *zsure* 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 *sb'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 *sb'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 *sb'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 *dron* 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*; *ha’*, *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 *wull* but occasionally *will*, *'ool*, or *'ul(l)*, so that /wul/, /wil/, and /ul/ are all possible; *would* is variously *would*, *woud*, *wou’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

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