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The Sound of William Barnes's Dialect Poems

3. Poems of Rural Life in the Dorset Dialect,
third collection (1862)



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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Newton Whitehead (1853–1938)

The Sound of
William Barnes's Dialect Poems

3. Poems of Rural Life in the Dorset Dialect,
third collection

About this volume

This is the third 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*. Its 96 poems include some of those most loved and admired: poems of heart-wrenching grief at the untimely deaths of Barnes's wife, Julia ("Woak Hill"), and their young son, Julius ("The turnstile"); celebrations of love anticipated ("In the spring") and love fulfilled ("Don't ceäre"); protests against injustice and snobbery ("The love child"); struggles to accept God's will ("Grammer a-crippled"); comic poems ("John Bloom in Lon'on", "A lot o' maidens a-runnèn the vields"); and poems on numerous other subjects, with an emotional range stretching from the deepest of grief to the highest of joy. The metrical forms show astonishing versatility, from straightforward octosyllabic couplets to challenging rhyme-schemes and innovative stanzaic patterns, widely varied line-lengths, and skilful adaptations of rhetorical devices from other languages.

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

3. Poems of Rural Life in the Dorset Dialect,
third collection (1862)

as revised for the final collection (1879)

by

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PREFACE

This is the third 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>	jeə	as in <i>yair</i>
iə	as in <i>fear</i>	uə	combines /u/ with /ə/
eə	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>	əu	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')	sɔ:	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

Only three years elapsed between the publication of Barnes's second collection of *Poems of Rural Life in the Dorset Dialect* in 1859 and his third in 1862, but in those three years he made further changes in spelling beyond those he had already made in the second collection, almost all of them designed to bring the spelling still closer to that of StE. In several instances the StE spelling was itself adopted, as in *father*, *path*, *half*, and *last* in place of *faether*, *paeth*, *haef*, and *laste* or *laest* in 1859; *day* for 1859 *dae*; *ridge* and *bridge* for *rudge* and *brudge*; *over* for *auver* or *awver*; and *-ow* for *-or* in disyllabic words with unstressed final syllable, such as *fellow*, *hollow*, *pillow*, and *window*. In some other instances there was a partial move towards StE spelling, as in *drough* for 1859 *droo* ('through'); in others again, as in *woone* and *woonce* for *oone* and *oonce* ('one' and 'once'), the change appears to be designed to bring out the similarity with the initial sound of the words in RP rather than with the spelling of StE.

There were a few further changes in spelling in the second edition of the third collection (1869), 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; but I give below, in tabular form, a summary (repeated from Volume 2 of this series) 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.

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.¹ 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 published his last book of poems in dialect). For a detailed account of some of the major changes involved see *WBPG* ii, Appendix 3.

1844 spelling, pronunciation, & examples	1879 spelling, pronunciation, & examples	StE spelling, RP pronunciation & examples	WBPG ref
a /a/ agg, bag, drashel, lag, length, stratch	a /a/ agg, bag, drashel, lag, length, stratch	e /ε/ egg, beg, threshold, leg, length, stretch	7.2.3
abrode /əbro:d/	abrode, abroad /əbro:d/	abroad /əbrɔ:d/	7.13.7
ā'ter, āter /ε:tər/	after /ε:tər/	after /ɑ:ftər/	7.7.4
age /ε:dʒ/ cage, wages	age /ε:dʒ/ cage, wages	age /eɪdʒ/ cage, wages	7.11.13
agen, agiën, again /əgɛn/, /əgjen/	ageän /əgjen/	again /əgeɪn/, /əgen/	7.11.4

¹ 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.

agoo /əgu:/	agoo /əgu:/	ago /əgəu/	7.14.6
âi /æi/ afraid, hail, maïd, praïse, râin, strâight, tâil, trâin, wâit	aï /æi/ afraid, hail, maïd, praïse, râin, strâight, tâil, trâin, wâit	ai /ei/ afraid, hail, maid, praise, rain, straight, tail, train, wait	7.11.6
âi /æi/ nâighbour, âight, wâight, vâil	aï /æi/ nâighbour, âight, wâight, vâil	ei /ei/ neighbour, eight, weight, veil	7.11.6
âir /æir/	aïr /æir/	air /εə/	7.20.5 8.8.1
afe, âfe, âf /ε:f/ cafe, hafe, hâfe, lâf, lâfe, lafe	alf, augh /ε:f/ calf, half, laugh	alf, augh /ɑ:f/ calf, half, laugh	7.7.4
āk(e), ā’k(e) /ε:k/, /a:k/ chāk, stā’k, tā’k(e), ta’k(e), wā’k(e), wa’k(e)	alk /ε:k/ chalk, stalk, talk, walk	alk /ɔ:k/ chalk, stalk, talk, walk	7.13.2
al, al’, âl, āl, all, āll /a:l/, /ε:l/ al, al’, āl, cal, call, cāl, val, vall, vāl, hal, hall, smal, small, smāl, squal, sqâl, squāl	all /a:l/ all, call, fall, hall, small, squall	all /ɔ:l/ all, call, fall, hall, small, squall	7.13.1
always, ālwiz /a:lweiz/, /ε:lwiz/	always /a:lweiz/	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, dangger, strange(r)	ange /emdʒ/ ange, change, dangger, 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
ar /ɑ:r/ larn, sar, sarve, sarch	ar, ear /ɑ:r/ larn, learn, sar, sarve, sarch	er, ear /ɛ:/ learn, serve, search	7.9.2 8.8.1
ar, ear /ɑ:r/ cart, dark, farm, harm, heart	ar, ear /ɑ:r/ cart, dark, farm, harm, heart	ar, ear /ɑ:/ cart, dark, farm, harm, heart	7.21.1 8.8.1
are, ear /ɛər/ square, ware, bear, wear	are, ear /ɛər/ square, ware, bear, wear	are, ear /ɛə/ square, ware, bear, wear	7.20.1 8.8.1
ass /ɑ:s/ brass, glass, grass, pass	ass /ɑ:s/ brass, glass, grass, pass	ass /ɑ:s/ brass, glass, grass, pass	7.7.1
ass /ɑ(:)s/ ass, lass, cassen	ass /ɑ(:)s/ ass, lass, cassen	ass /æ:s/ ass, lass, canst not	7.7.2
āth, aeth /ɛ:ð/, /ɛ:θ/ fāther, faether, pāth	ath /ɛ:ð/, /ɛ:θ/ father, path	ath /ɑ:ð/, /ɑ:θ/ father, path	7.7.4

athirt /əðəɪrt/	athirt /əðəɪrt/	athwart /əθwɔ:t/	8.16.2 8.8.1
al, a'l, āl /a:l/, /ɛ:l/ bal, crāl, hal, hāl, ma'l, spra'l, sprāl	aul, awl /ɔ:l/ bawl, crawl, haul (hawl), mawl, sprawl	aul, awl /ɔ:l/ bawl, crawl, haul, maul, sprawl	7.13.1
ān, āen /ɛ:n/ flānt, hānt(e), sānter, māen	aun, awn, an /ɛ:n/ flant, haunt, saunter, mawn	aun, awn /ɔ:n/ flaunt, haunt, saunter, mawn (‘basket’)	7.13.3
ānt, an't /ɛ:nt/ ānt, cānt, can't, slānt	aunt, ant, an't /ɛ:nt/ aunt, can't, slant	aunt, ant, an't /ɑ:nt/ aunt, can't, slant	7.7.4
avore /əvuɔr/, /əvo:r/	avore /əvuɔr/, /əvo:r/	afore /əfɔ:/	7.23.4 8.8.1
awoy /əwɔi/	away (awoy) /əwe:/, /əwɔi/	away /əweɪ/	7.11.8
ax /a:ks/	ax /a:ks/	ask /ɑ:sk/	8.9.2
āy /æi/ bāy, gāy, hāy, māy, pāy, plāy, prāy(er), sprāy, stāy, swāy	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
beät /biət/, /bjɛt/	beät /biət/, /bjɛt/	beat /bi:t/	7.11.3
bekiaze, bekiaze /bikjɛz/	because /bikjɛz/	because /bikɔz/	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 /bijænd/	beyond (beyand) /bijænd/	beyond /bijɔnd/	7.4
blather /blɑðɚ/	blather /blɑðɚ/	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 /bre:k/, /brjɛk/	break /bre:k/	break /bre:k/	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 /bwɔɪ/	bwoy /bwɔɪ/	boy /bɔɪ/	7.17.4
cage /ke:dʒ/	cage /ke:dʒ/	cage /keɪdʒ/	7.11.13
car /kɑ:r/	car /kɑ:r/	carry /kæri/	7.3.4
kiard /kjɑrd/	ceärd /kjɑrd/	card /kɑ:d/	7.21.2 8.8.1
chammer /tʃamɚ/	chammer /tʃamɚ/	chamber /tʃembɚ/	7.11.12
cheäk /tʃiæk/	cheäk /tʃiæk/	cheek /tʃi:k/	7.10.13

cheem /tʃi:m/	cheem /tʃi:m/	chime /tʃaɪm/	7.10.2
chile, child /tʃəɪl/, /tʃəɪld/	child, chile /tʃəɪld/, /tʃəɪl/	child /tʃaɪld/	7.16.4
clavy /klavi/	clavy /klavi/	clavel /klævəl/	7.3.4
clim, clim' /klɪm/	clim' (climb) /klɪm/	climb /klaɪm/	7.16.4
clum (ppl.) /klʌm/	clom (ppl.) /klʌm/	climbed /klaɪmd/	7.16.10
clomb (past tense) /klʌm/	clomb (past tense) /klʌm/	climbed /klaɪmd/	7.16.10
cloas, cloaz /klo:z/	clothes /klo:z/	clothes /kləʊðz/	8.13.3
coose /ku:s/	coo'se /ku:s/	course /kɔ:s/	7.23.6b
curdle /kɜ:rdəl/	curl /kɜ:rdəl/, /kɜ:rl/	curl /kɜ:ɪl/	8.8.4 8.8.1
daeter, dāter, dā'ter /de:tər/	daughter (dā'ter) /de:tər/	daughter /dɔ:tə/	7.13.5 8.8.1
dā, dae, dāe, da', dāy /de:/, /dæɪ/	day (daÿ) /de:/	day /deɪ/	7.11.7
da (unstressed) /də/	do (unstressed) /də/	do /du:/	7.15.5
dont, don't /do:nt/	don't (dont) /do:nt/	don't /dəʊnt/	7.14.14
door /duər/, ?/də:uər/	door /duər/, ?/də:uər/	door /dɔ:/	7.23.2 8.8.1

<p>dr (<i>initial</i>) /dr/ drash, drashel, dreat, dree, droat, droo, drow</p>	<p>dr (<i>initial</i>) /dr/ drash, drashel, dreat, dree, droat, droo, drow</p>	<p>thr (<i>initial</i>) /θr/ thrash, threshold, threat, three, throat, through, throw</p>	8.14
<p>drëve /dre:v/ </p>	<p>dreve (drëve) /dre:v/ </p>	<p>drive /drarv/ </p>	7.10.6
<p>e /ɛ/ peck, het, spet, ef</p>	<p>e /ɛ/ peck, het, spet</p>	<p>i /ɪ/ pick, hit, spit, if</p>	7.1.4b
<p>ēa, ē /e:/, /i:/ dēal, drēm, ēat, rēach, strēam</p>	<p>ea /i:/, /e:/ deal, dream, eat, reach, stream</p>	<p>ea /i:/ deal, dream, eat, reach, stream</p>	7.10.4
<p>ya (<i>initial</i>) /jɛ/ yable, yacre, yache, yal(e), yapern</p>	<p>eä (<i>initial</i>) /jɛ/ eäble, eäcre, eäche, eäle, eäpern, eäpron</p>	<p>a (<i>initial</i>) /eɪ/ able, acre, ache, ale, apron</p>	7.11.5
<p>eä (<i>medial</i>) /iə/ beän, feäst, leäd, leäve, meäd</p>	<p>eä (<i>medial</i>) /iə/ beän, feäst, leäd, leäve, meäd</p>	<p>ea (<i>medial</i>) /i:/ bean, feast, lead, leave, mead</p>	7.10.8 7.11.2
<p>ia+C+e, ia+C+y /jɛ/ biake, griace, griave, liady, miake, niame, shiade, shiape, siake, siame, riace</p>	<p>eä+C+e, eä+C+y /jɛ/ beäke, greäce, greäve, leädy, meäke, neäme, sheäde, sheäpe, seäke, seäme, reäce</p>	<p>a+C+e, a+C+y /eɪ/ bake, grace, grave, lady, make name, shade, shape, sake, same, race</p>	7.11.1–2
<p>iair, iare /jeər/ fiair, hiair, piair, diairy, viairy, biare, bliare, miare, shiare</p>	<p>eäir, eäre /jeər/ feäir, heäir, peäir, deäiry, veäiry, beäre, bleäre, meäre, sheäre</p>	<p>air, are /eə/ fair, hair, pair, dairy, fairy, bare, blare, mare, share</p>	7.20.2 8.8.1

ear, yer (<i>final</i> or <i>medial</i>) /iər/, /jər/	ear (<i>final</i> or <i>medial</i>) /iər/	ear (<i>final</i> or <i>medial</i>) /iə/	7.19.3 8.5.5 8.8.1
yar (<i>initial</i>) /jɑːr/ yarn, yarest, yarbs	eär (<i>initial</i>) /jɑːr/ eärn, eärnest, eärbs	ear, (h)er (<i>initial</i>) /əːr/ earn, earnest, herbs	7.9.3
yer, ear (word) /jər/, /iər/	ear (word) /jər/, /iər/	ear (word) /iə/	7.19.3 8.5.5 8.8.1
ear, eer, ere /iər/ clear, dear, hear, near, beer, cheer, here	ear, eer, ere /iər/ clear, dear, hear, near, beer, cheer, here	ear, eer, ere /iə/ clear, dear, hear, near, beer, cheer, here	7.19.1 8.8.1
yarm /jɑːrm/	eärm /jɑːrm/	arm /ɑːm/	7.21.6 8.8.1
i, ee /ɪ/, /iː/ kip, mit, sim, swit, wik keep, meet, seem, sweet, week	ee /ɪ/, /iː/ keep, meet, seem, sweet, week	ee /iː/ keep, meet, seem, sweet, week	7.10.11
elem /ɛləm/	elem /ɛləm/	elm /ɛlm/	8.6
èn, en (<i>final</i>) /ən/ buildèn, doèn, veedèn, zettèn, zingèn, marnen, woaken	èn, en (<i>final</i>) /ən/ buildèn, doèn, veedèn, zettèn, zingèn, mornèn, woaken	ing, en (<i>final</i>) /ɪŋ/, /ən/ building, doing, feeding, setting, singing, morning, oaken	7.1.5 8.4.3
er+C /əːr/ herd, kern	er+C /əːr/ herd, kern	er+C /əː/ 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:vmɪŋ/	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 /gjem/	geäme /gjem/	game /gem/	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 /geit/	7.11.3 8.4.1
gi'e /gi:/	gi'e /gi:/	give /gɪv/	7.1.8 8.15.1
gilcup, gil'cup /gɪlkʌp/	gil'cup (gilcup) /gɪlkʌp/	gilt-cup /gɪltkʌp/	8.4.4
girt /gərt/	girt /gərt/	great /greit/	7.9.4 7.11.11 8.8.3
gnot /nat/	gnot (gnat) /nat/	gnat /næt/	7.3.2
goo, go /gu:/	goo (go) /gu:/ (/go:/)	go /gəu/	7.14.6
gookoo /guku:/	goocoo, gookoo /guku:/	cuckoo /kuku:/	8.1

gould /gu:ld/	gould /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 /grɛ:ndʒ/	7.11.12
gwain /gwæɪn/	gwain /gwæɪn/	going /gəʊɪŋ/	7.14.7
ha' /ha/	ha' /ha/	has, have /hæz/, /hæv/	8.15.1
'e (<i>unstressed</i>) /ə/, /i(:)/	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/, /hjɛərd/	heard /hɔ: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 /het/	het /het/	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
ī, 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 /ə:r/ bird, dirt, shirt, stir	ir+C /ə:r/ 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 /dʒʌn/	John (Jahn) /dʒʌn/	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>) /lik/	lik', like (<i>adv., past tense</i>) /lik/	like /laɪk/	7.16.5
lo'k, look /lʊk/	look, (lo'k) /lʊk/	look /lʊk/	7.6.5
meäd /miəd/, /mi:d/, /mjed/	meäd /miəd/, /mi:d/, /mjed/	mead /mi:d/	7.11.3
miaster /mja:stər/	meäster /mja:stər/	master /mɑ:stər/	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 /nʊʌn/, /nʊən/	nwone /nʊʌn/, /nʊən/	none /nʌn/	7.5.8
o' /ə/	o' /ə/	of /ɒv/, /əv/	8.3.2
a, o /ɑ/ drap, Jahn, John, beyand, beyond, yander	o, a /ɑ/, /ɒ/ drop (drap), John (Jahn), beyond (beyand), yonder (yander)	o /ɒ/ drop, John, beyond, yonder	7.4

<p>o, oa, o+C+e /o:/ broke, coal, hole, poll, stole, voke, vo'ke</p>	<p>o, oa, o+C+e /o:/ broke, coal, hole, poll, stole, vo'ke</p>	<p>o, oa, o+C+e /əu/ broke, coal, hole, poll, stole, folk</p>	7.14.1–2
<p>ō'm, ō'n, ō's, ō't /o:m/, /o:n/, /o:s/, /o:t/</p>	<p>o'm, o'n, o's, o't (ō'm, ō'n, ō's, ō't) /o:m/, /o:n/, /o:s/, /o:t/</p>	<p>of 'em, of 'im, of us, of it /ɒv əm/, /ɒv im/, /ɒv əs/, /ɒv it/</p>	8.3.3
<p>oben /o:bən/</p>	<p>oben, open /o:bən/, /o:pən/</p>	<p>open /əʊpən/</p>	8.7.3
<p>ar (<i>final</i>) /a:r/, /a:r/, /ə:r/ ar, var, nar</p>	<p>or (<i>final</i>) /a:r/, /a:r/, /ə:r/ or, vor (for), nor</p>	<p>or (<i>final</i>) /ɔ:/, /ə/ or, for, nor</p>	7.22.3 8.8.1
<p>ar (<i>medial</i>) /a:r/ carn, fark, lard, marnen, archet, shart, starm</p>	<p>or (<i>medial</i>) /a:r/ corn, fork, lord, mornèn, orcha'd, short, storm</p>	<p>or (<i>medial</i>) /ɔ:/ corn, fork, lord, morning, orchard, short, storm</p>	7.22.1 8.8.1
<p>or+C /ə:r/ word, work, worthy</p>	<p>or+C /ə:r/ word, work, worthy</p>	<p>or+C /ɔ:/ word, work, worthy</p>	7.9.1 8.8.1
<p>archet /a:rtʃət/</p>	<p>orcha'd /a:rtʃət/</p>	<p>orchard /ɔ:tʃəd/</p>	7.22.1 8.2.4 8.8.7
<p>ore, uore, our /uər/ bevore, bore, m(u)ore, court</p>	<p>ore, uore, our /uər/ bevore, bore, mwore, fourth</p>	<p>or, ore, our /ɔ:/ before, bore, more, court, fourth</p>	7.23.1 8.8.1
<p>ou, ow /ə:u/ bough, cloud, groun', house, out, cow, how, now, down</p>	<p>ou, ow /ə:u/ bough, cloud, groun(d), house, out, cow, how, now, down</p>	<p>ou, ow /aʊ/ bough, cloud, ground, house, out, cow, how, now, down</p>	7.18.1

our, ower, ow'r /ə:uər/ our, hour, flower, flow'r, shower, show'r, tower	our, ower, ow'r /ə:uər/ 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 /ə:ust/, /ʌst/ crust, dust, dust	oust (ust) /ə:ust/, /ʌst/ crust, dust, dust	ust /ʌst/ crust, dust	7.5.5
out /ə:ut/ rout, strout, astrout	out /ə:ut/ 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/ feller, holler, shaller, winder, yaller, yoller, zwaller	over /ɔ:vər/ fellow, hollow, shallow, window, yellow, yollow, zwallow	over /əʊvə/ fellow, hollow, shallow, window, yellow, swallow	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 /pʌŋk/ parrick	pank (pant) /pʌŋk/ parrock (parrick)	pant /pænt/ paddock	8.12.2 8.2.1
piart /pjɑ:t/ poor	peärt /pjɑ:t/ poor	part /pɑ:t/ poor	7.21.2 8.8.1 7.24.1 8.8.1

pirty /pɜ:rti/	pretty, perty (pirty) /pɜ:rti/	pretty /prɪti/	7.9.4 8.8.3
pwison /pwɜ:ɪzən/	pweison (pwoison) /pwɜ: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/, /kwərəl/	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) /rɪdʒ/	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 /sɑ:s/	sa's, sauce /sɑ:s/	sauce /sɔ:s/	7.13.3
sar /sɑ:r/	sar /sɑ:r/	serve /sɜ:v/	7.9.2 8.15.1
sheen /ʃi:n/	sheen /ʃi:n/	shine /ʃaɪn/	7.10.2

shoot /ʃʊt/, /ʃu:t/	shoot /ʃʊt/, /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 /sləʊ/	7.14.6
sloth /slɒθ/	sloth /slɒθ/	sloth /sləʊθ/	7.14.13
sate, soft /sɛ:t/, /sɒft/	soft /sɛ:t/, /sɒft/	soft /sɒft/	7.8.5
sarra /sa(:)rə/, /sarə/	sorrow /sa(:)rə/, /sarə/	sorrow /sɒrəʊ/	7.22.5
spiarde /spjɑ:rd/	speäde /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, strik' /strik/	strik, strik', strike /strik/	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>thorn, 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/ ther, their /ðær/, /ðæær/	theäse /ðias/ their (ther) /ðær/, /ðæær/	this /ðis/ their /ðæə/	7.10.9 7.20.3 8.8.1
vlee, vlees /vli:/, /vli:z/	vlee, vlees /vli:/, /vli:z/	fly, flies /flai/, /flaiz/	7.16.6
vlour /vluær/, ?/vlæuær/	vloor /vluær/	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 /we:dʒiz/	wages /we:dʒiz/	wages /weidʒiz/	7.11.13
way, woy /we:/, /wæi:/, /wæi/	way, way, woy /we:/, /wæi:/, /wæi/	way /wei/	7.11.8
wēak, weak /we:k/, /wi:k/	weak (weäk) /we:k/, /wi:k/	weak /wi:k/	7.10.14
weir /wæær/	weir /wæær/	weir /wiæ/	7.19.5 8.8.1
wher, where /(h)wær/, /(h)wæær/	wher, where /(h)wær/, /(h)wæær/	where /(h)wæə/	7.20.3 8.8.1
whirdle /(h)wæ:rdəl/	whirl /(h)wæ:rl/, / /(h)wæ:rdəl/	whirl /(h)wæ: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 (<i>initial</i>) /(w)uə/ wold, woak, woats, woath	wo, woa (<i>initial</i>) /(w)uə/ wold, woak, woats, woath	o, oa (<i>initial</i>) /əu/ old, oak, oats, oath	7.14.4
uo, uoa, uo+C+e /uə/ buold, cuomb, huome, luoad, luofaf, 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 /wɔ:st/	7.9.5c 8.8.5
wo'th /wɒθ/, /wɑθ/	wo'th /wɒθ/, /wɑθ/	worth /wɜ:θ/	7.9.5e 8.8.5
women /wəmin/, /wʊmin/	women /wəmin/, /wʊmin/	women /wimɪn/	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 /wɜ:s/	7.9.5b 8.8.5
wool /wʊl/, /wu:l/	wool /wʊl/, /wu: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 /wɜ:rdəl/	worold /wɜ:rdəl/	world /wɜ: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 /jiə/	7.19.3 8.8.1
yaller, yoller /jælər/	yollow (yollar, yellow) /jælər/	yellow /jeləu/	7.4 7.14.8 8.8.2
yander /jændər/	yonder /jændər/	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:/, /jʊə/, /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 /səʊ/	7.14.6
zot /zɒt/	zot /zɒt/	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.

“Zummer stream”: 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 Zummer stream
 zʌmər stri:m

Zummer-. (i) “*S* before a vowel often but not universally becomes in Dorset its smooth kinsletter *z*, making sand, *zand*; sap, *zeap*; send, *zend*; set, *zet*; ...” (1844 Dissertation, §36; [8.9.1]). Barnes consistently spells words or word-stems with *z*- when the initial sound is voiced, as in *zummer* here, *zides* (7), *zun* (10), *bezide* (24), etc., in contrast to those in which the /s/ remains voiceless, as in *stream* (title), *still* and *straj* (4), *sceäly* (7), etc. (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 *zummer* here, *year* (2), *over* (6), etc., or before a consonant, as in *warm* (2), *-dartèn* (8), *buttervlees* (12), etc., or when followed only by mute *e*, as in *there* (5), *gleäre* (7), *mwore* (18), etc. In such cases the *e* is often omitted from the spelling, as in *wer* (12, 15, 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].

1 AH! then the grassy-meäded Maÿ
a: ðen ðə gra:simiədɪd məɪ

Ah, grassy. (i) Long *a* in the dialect, as in both these words, *passèn* (2), *-dartèn* (8), etc. is generally /a:/, as in Australian *car park*, rather than /ɑ/ as in current RP [7.7.1], but a different vowel in some phonetic environments (cf. *path* in line 11). (ii) The vowel of the unstressed *-y* ending in *grassy*, *sceäly* (7), *giddy* (12), etc., is not /ɪ/ as in old-fashioned RP, but /i/ [7.1.2].

meäded. 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 *stream* (title and throughout), *gleam* (2), *leaves* (6), etc., or the diphthong /iə/ spelled *eä* in both the broad and the modified forms of the dialect, as in *meäd* here, *leän*, *leäve* (verb), etc. [7.10.8]. But the distinction is not always maintained: cf. *mead-grass* with no diaeresis (29).

Maj. 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, like *Maÿ* here, *straj* (4), *plaj* (6), *maïd* (16), etc. (sometimes *äi* or *äj*), replacing the *ái* and *áy* spellings of the broad form. The pronunciation in Barnes’s dialect

is /æɪ/ as in Australian *G'day* [7.11.6]. (For *day*, *say*, and other words spelled with *ay* in Barnes's poems as opposed to *aj* see *WBPG* 7.11.7.)

2 Did warm the passèn year, an' gleam
 dɪd wɑ:ɹm ðə pa:sən jɪər ən gli:m

warm. The vowel sound in words spelled with *ar* in StE representing /ɔ:(r)/ in RP (e.g. *warm*, *swarm*, *toward*), is /ɑ:ɹ/ in Barnes's dialect; hence the rhyme sound in *storm/warm* ("Don't Ceäre", 2/ 4) is not /ɔ:m/ as in RP but /ɑ:ɹm/ [7.22.2]. See also *or* (14).

passèn. (i) For the stressed vowel see *Ab* and *grasy* in line 1. (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, as in *a-runnèn* (5) and *a-slidèn* (9), 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].

an'. Final /d/ is frequently lost from the consonant cluster /nd/ [8.2.2], as shown by its omission from *and* here and in lines 7, 9, and 17. This allows words ending in *-nd* in StE to rhyme with words ending in either *n* or *nd*; hence *groun'* with final *d* lost rhymes with *down* in the first stanza of "Fall time" but *round* rhymes with *-brown'd* (with obligatory final *d* in the past participle) in the second.

year. Usually /jɪər/, much as in StE, but with a higher starting point for the diphthong and the final *r* always sounded; sometimes /jær/ [7.19.3].

3 Upon the yellow-grounded stream,
 əpən ðə jələgrə:un(d)ɪd stri:m

yellow. (i) The usual spelling in the modified form of the dialect is *yellow*, replacing *yaller* or *yoller* in the broad form. The vowel of the stressed syllable is /ɑ/, intermediate between /a/ and /ɒ/ [7.4]. (ii) The

unstressed second syllable in disyllables ending in *ow*, like *yellow* here, *shallow* (8), *window* (21), etc. is generally weakened to /ər/ or /ə/ [7.14.8].

grounded. (i) The diphthong of the first syllable, pronounced /au/ in RP, as also in *out-* (10), *brow* (15), *now* (18), *sound* (22), etc. is in Barnes's dialect /əu/, similar to that in RP *go*, *blow*, *hoe*, etc. [7.18.1]. (ii) the /d/ in *ground* is optional (see *an'* in line 2), perhaps more likely to be sounded here than not because of the inflexional ending that follows.

4 That still by beech-tree sheādes do strāy.

ðæt stɪl b(ə)ɪ bi:tstri: ʃjɛdz də stræɪ

by. Either /bɪ/ (unstressed) or /bəɪ/ (stressed) [7.16.9]. For the diphthong of the stressed form see *light* in line 5.

sheādes. The spelling 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 *weāves* (5), *sceāly* (7), *pleāce* (25), etc. 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 *lead* and *lean*, spelled with *eä* in both the broad and the modified forms of the dialect and pronounced /i:/ in RP (like *meāded* in line 1).

do. When used as an auxiliary, as here in the normal form of the present tense in the dialect, *do* is normally the unstressed /də/ [7.15.5]; when stressed, on the other hand, it is /du:/ as in RP. 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).

5 The light o' weāves, a-runnèn there,

ðə lə:t ə wjɛvz ərlənən ðeər

light. The usual pronunciation in Barnes's dialect of the diphthong pronounced /aɪ/ in current RP, as in *by* when stressed (4), *zides* (7), *-sliden* (9), *time* (10), etc. is /æɪ/ [7.16.1].

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

there. *Where*, *there*, and *their* are usually spelled *wher* and *ther* in 1844, suggesting pronunciation with /ər/, particularly when the word is unstressed; when stressed, however (as in the rhyme with *gleäre* in line 7), the pronunciation after the initial consonant sound is /ɛər/[7.20.3].

6 Did pläy on leaves up over head,
dɪd plæɪ ɒn li:vz ʌp ɔ:vər hɛd

over. The complete consistency of the spelling *auver* in 1844 shows that the preferred pronunciation in the dialect was /ɔ:vər/ [7.14.10].

7 An' vishes sceäly zides did gleäre,
ən vɪʃɪz skjɛli zə:ɪdz dɪd gljɛər

vishes. Initial /f/ is voiced in the dialect in most native English words or word-stems [8.3.1]. Barnes uses *v* to show this voicing, as in *vishes* for *fishes*' here, *-vlees* (12), *-vled* (20), *vrom* (21), etc. His spelling shows, however, that the initial /f/ is not normally voiced in words adopted from French, such as *feäve* (27), and that there are some native English words, such as *flight* (12), in which it is rarely or never voiced.

gleäre. The word ('glare') belongs with *mare*, *share*, *fair*, *pair*, etc., normally spelled with *-iare* or *-iair* in 1844 and *-äire* or *-äür* in the modified form of the dialect. The diphthong is pronounced as in RP /ɛə/ but with an introductory *i*-glide, creating the triphthong /jɛə/, followed by /r/ (see *Zummer* in the title), hence /jɛər/[7.20.2].

8 A-dartèn on the shallow bed,
əda:rtən ɒn ðə ʃalər bɛd

shallow. (i) Stressed short *a* in Barnes's dialect, as in the first syllable here and in *man* (16), *stand* (23), etc. is /a/ as opposed to old-fashioned RP /æ/ [7.3.1]. (ii) For the unstressed second syllable see *yellow* in line 3.

9 An' like the stream a-slidèn on,
 ən lɪk ðə stri:m əslə:ɪdən ɒn

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].

10 My zun-out-measur'd time's agone.
 mə:ɪ zʌnə:ʊtmɛzəd tɪ:mz əgɒn

11 There by the path, in grass knee-high,
 ðə b(ə):ɪ ðə pɛ:θ ɪn grɑ:s ni:hə:ɪ

path. Many words that have the vowel /ɑ:/ in RP have /ɛ:/ in Barnes's dialect, including *path* and *father*, *laugh*, *half*, *after*, *aunt*, *last*, etc. A variety of different spellings is used to indicate the pronunciation in the broad form of the dialect; most are repelled as in StE in the modified form [7.7.4].

12 Wer butternlees in giddy flight,
 wɜr bʌtərvli:z ɪn ɡɪdɪ flə:ɪt

vlees. (i) The vowel is probably to be explained by the long-standing confusion in English between between the verbs *fly* and *flee* and the nouns *fly* and *flea* [7.16.6]. (ii) For the voiced initial consonant see *wishes* in line 7.

13 All white above the deäisies white,
 a:l (h)wə:ɪt əbʌv ðə djɛzɪz (h)wə:ɪt

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

deäisies. As in StE, where the diphthong in the stressed syllable of *daisy* (/eɪ/) is the same as that in *shade*, the diphthong of the stressed syllable in *deäisies* (/jɛ/) is the same as that in *sheädes* (4).

14 Or blue below the deep blue sky.
ar blu: bɪlɔ: ðə di:p blu: skæɪ

Or. Words spelled with *or* in StE representing /ɔ:/ or /ɔ:r/ in RP, such as *or* here, *corn* and *storm* elsewhere, etc. are consistently spelled with *ar* in 1844, indicating the pronunciation /ar/ (cf. *warm* in line 2). 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].

below. (i) The first syllable is as in RP. (ii) Since the second syllable is stressed, its vowel is not reduced to /ə(r)/ as in *yellow* (3) and *shallow* (8); but that vowel, which has become the diphthong /əʊ/ in RP was in some words in Barnes's dialect the pure vowel /o:/, as here and in *glowèn* and *glow* (15, 17), etc., and in others the diphthong /uə/, spelled *wo* in the modified form of the dialect, as in *cwold*, *hwome*, *woak*, etc. [7.14, 7.14.1–3, 7.14.14].

15 Then glowèn warm wer ev'ry brow,
ðɛn glɔ:ən wɑ:rm wɛr ɛvri brəʊ

16 O' maïd, or man, in zummer het,
ə mæɪd ɔr mæn ɪn zʌmər hɛt

het. In both the broad and the modified forms of the dialect *heat* is spelled *het* and rhymed with words ending in /ɛt/; the vowel is thus clearly not the /i:/ of StE but /ɛ/ [7.10.10].

17 An' warm did glow the cheäks I met
ən wɑ:rm dɪd glɔ: ðə tʃiəks əɪ mɛt

cheäks. The vowel in words spelled with *ee* in StE is normally pronounced /i:/ as in RP (but cf. *meet* in line 18). The *eä* spelling in *cheek* (indicating /iə/) suggests that the dialect form is derived from the West Saxon *cēace* (as might be expected in the southwest), whereas the StE form is from Anglian *cēce*. [7.10.8, 7.10.13].

18 That time, noo mwore to meet em now.

ðat tə:ɪm nu: muər tə mi(:)t əm nə:u

noo. In both the broad and the modified forms of the dialect Barnes maintains a distinction between *no* (the opposite of *yes*), rhymed only with words ending in /o:/ and always spelled *no*, and *noo* ('not any'), always so spelled and evidently pronounced /nu:/ [7.14.6].

mwore. The pronunciation in Barnes's dialect of the vowel + *r* combination in most words with a stressed syllable spelled *or+C*, *ore*, *oar*, *oor*, or *our* that has the sound /ɔ:/ in RP (/ɔ:r/ when followed by a vowel) is /uər/ [7.23, 7.23.1]. See also *avore* (28).

meet. Like *keep*, *seem*, *sweet*, and *week*, the vowel in *meet* may be either /i:/ as in RP or /ɪ/, as shown in the broad form of the dialect by both spelling and rhyme. The transcription /i(:)/ allows for both possibilities [7.10.11].

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.

19 As brooks, a-slidèn on their bed,

az bruks əslə:ɪdən ɒn ðər bəd

20 My season-measur'd time's a-vled.

mə:ɪ si:zənmeɪzəd tə:ɪmz əvləd

21 Vrom yonder window, in the thatch,

vrəm jəndər wɪndər ɪn ðə ðatʃ

yonder. *Yond* (in *beyond* and *yonder*) belongs with a group of words in which the stressed vowel is sometimes spelled *o*, sometimes *a*. Since these words are rhymed sometimes on the sound /ɒ/, sometimes /ɑ/, the logical conclusion is that their stressed vowel is /ɑ/, intermediate between these two sounds [7.4].

thatch. StE voiceless *th* is often voiced in SW dialects, as in *thatch*, *thin*, *thistle* and a number of other words. In 1844 Barnes shows this voicing by italicizing the *th* and in 1847 by replacing it with *ð*; but in the modified form of the dialect—as in StE—there is nothing to indicate when *th* will be voiced and when it will not [8.13.1].

22 Did sound the maïdens' merry words,
dɪd sə:un(d) ðə məɪdənz məri wə:rdz

23 As I did stand, by zingèn birds,
əz əɪ dɪd stən(d) b(ə)ɪ zɪŋən bə:rdz

24 Bezide the elem-sheäded hatch.
bɪzə:ɪd ði ɛləmfjədɪd hətʃ

elem. “The liquids *lm* at the end of a word are sometimes parted by a vowel, as in *elem*, *elm*; *auverwhelem*, *overwhelm*; *helem*, *helm*” (1844 Diss., §32); accordingly *elm* is always disyllabic in Barnes’s poems whereas in *elmy*, where *lm* is not in final position, there is no epenthetic vowel separating the consonant cluster [8.6].

25 ’Tis good to come back to the pleäce,
tɪz gud tə kʌm bək tə ðə pljəs

26 Back to the time, to goo noo mwore;
bək tə ðə təɪm tə gu: nu: muər

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 *mwose/ nose/ goes* in “The shy man” (41–3), show /go:/ as a possible variant.

27 ’Tis good to meet the younger feäce
 tɪz gud tə mi(:)t ðə jʌŋgər fjes

28 A-mentèn others here avore.
 əmentən ʌðərz hiər əvʊər

avore. (i) 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. (ii) For the pronunciation of *-ore* see *mwore* (18). (iii) For the voicing of the StE *f* (in both words) see *wishes* (7).

29 As streams do glide by green mead-grass,
 az stri:mz də glə:ɪd b(ə)ɪ gri:n miədgrɑ:s

30 My zummer-brighten’d years do pass.
 mə:ɪ zʌmərbrə:ɪtənd jɪərz də pɑ:s

THIRD-COLLECTION POEMS

WITH

PHONEMIC TRANSCRIPTS



WOONE SMILE MWORE

one

O! MEÄRY, when the zun went down,
 Woone night in Spring, wi' vi'ry rim,
 Behind thik nap wi' woody crown,
 An' left your smilèn feäce so dim;
 Your little sister there, inside,
 Wi' bellows on her little knee,
 Did blow the vier, a-glearèn wide
 Drough window-peänes, that I could zee,—
 As you did stan' wi' me, avore
 The house, a-peärten,—woone smile mwore.

*fiery
that billock*

*fire
through*

The chatt'rèn birds, a-risèn high,
 An' zinkèn low, did swiftly vlee
 Vrom shrinkèn moss, a-growèn dry,
 Upon the leänèn apple tree.
 An' there the dog, a-whippèn wide
 His heäiry tail, an' comèn near,
 Did fondly lay ageän your zide
 His coal-black nose an' russet ear:
 To win what I'd a-won avore,
 Vrom your gay feäce, his woone smile mwore.

fly

An' while your mother bustled sprack,
 A-gettèn supper out in hall,
 An' cast her sheäde, a-whiv'rèn black
 Avore the vier, upon the wall;
 Your brother come, wi' easy peäce,
 In drough the slammèn geäte, along
 The path, wi' healthy-bloomèn feäce,
 A-whis'lèn shrill his last new zong;
 An' when he come avore the door,
 He met vrom you his woone smile mwore.

briskly

shadow, quivering

through

tunefully

(w)u:n smə:ɪl muər

o: mjɛəri (h)wɛn ðə zʌn wɛnt də:ʊn
 (w)u:n nə:ɪt ɪn sprɪŋ wi vɛ:əri rɪm
bɪhə:m(d) ðɪk nɑp wi wʊdi krə:ʊn
 ən lɛft jər smə:ɪlən fjes sə dɪm
jər lɪtəl sɪstər ðɛər ɪnsə:ɪd
 wi bɪlɪz ɒn (h)ər lɪtəl ni:
dɪd blɔ: ðə vɛ:ər əgljɛrən wə:ɪd
 dru: wɪndərpjɛnz ðət ə:ɪ kʊd zi:
az ju: dɪd stæn wi mi: əvuər
ðə hə:ʊs əpjɑ:rtən (w)u:n smə:ɪl muər

ðə tʃɑtrən bɛ:ɪdz ərə:ɪzən hɛ:ɪ
 ən zɪŋkən lɔ: dɪd swɪf(t)li vli:
vrəm frɪŋkən mɒs əgrɔ:ən drə:ɪ
 əpɒn ðə lɪənən apəl tri:
ən ðɛər ðə dɒg ə(h)wɪpən wə:ɪd
 (h)ɪz hjɛəri tæɪl ən kʌmən niər
dɪd fɒn(d)li le: əgjen jər zə:ɪd
 (h)ɪz kɔ:blak nɔ:z ən rʌsət iər
tə wɪn (h)wɒt ə:ɪd əwʌn əvuər
vrəm ju:(j)ər gæɪ fjes (h)ɪz (w)u:n smə:ɪl muər

ən (h)wə:ɪl jər mʌðər bʌsəld spræk
 əgetən sʌpər ə:ʊt ɪn ha:ɪl
ən kɑ:st (h)ər fjɛd ə(h)wɪvrən blæk
 əvuər ðə vɛ:ər əpɒn ðə wa:ɪl
jər brʌðər kʌm wi i:zi pjɛs
 ɪn dru: ðə slæmən gjet əlbŋ
ðə pɛ:θ wi hɛɪθɪblu:mən fjes
 ə(h)wɪslən fjɪl (h)ɪz lɛ:st nju: zɒŋ
ən (h)wɛn hi: kʌm əvuər ðə duər
hi: mɛt vrəm ju: (h)ɪz (w)u:n smə:ɪl muər

Now you that wer the daughter there,
 Be mother on a husband's vloor,
An' mid ye meet wi' less o' ceäre
 Than what your hearty mother bore;
An' if abroad I have to rue
 The bitter tongue, or wrongvul deed,
Mid I come hwome to sheäre wi' you
 What's needvul free o' pinchèn need:
An' vind that you ha' still in store,
My evenèn meal, an' woone smile mwore.

may

share

nə:u ju: ðət wər ðə de:tər ðeər
bi: mʌðər ʊn ə hʌzbən(d)z vluər
ən mɪd i: mi(:)t wi les ə kjeər
ðən (h)wɒt jər ha:rti mʌðər buər
ən ɪf əbro:d ə:ɪ hav tə ru:
ðə bɪtər tʌŋ ar rɒŋvʊl di:d
mɪd ə:ɪ kʌm huəm tə ʃjeər wi ju:
(h)wɒts ni:dvʊl fri: ə pɪntʃən ni:d
ən və:m(d) ðət ju: ha stɪl ɪn stuər
mə:ɪ i:vmen mi:l ən (w)u:n smə:ɪl muər

THE ECHO



ABOUT the tow'r an' churchyard wall,
Out nearly overright our door,
A tongue ov wind did always call
Whatever we did call avore.

opposite

The vaice did mock our neämes, our cheers,
Our merry laughs, our hands' loud claps,
An' mother's call "Come, come, my dears"
—*my dears*;
Or "Do as I do bid, bad chaps"
—*bad chaps*.

mimic

An' when o' Zundays on the green,
In frocks an' cwoats as gay as new,
We walk'd wi' shoes a-meäde to sheen
So black an' bright's a vull-ripe slooe
We then did hear the tongue ov äir
A-mockèn mother's vaice so thin,
"Come, now the bell do goo vor pray'r"
—*vor pray'r*;
"Tis time to goo to church; come in"
—*come in*.

shine

sloe

The night when little Anne, that died,
Begun to zickèn, back in Maÿ,
An' she, at dusk ov evenèn-tide,
Wer out wi' others at their play,
Within the churchyard that do keep
Her little bed, the vaice o' thin
Dark äir, mock'd mother's call "To sleep"
—*to sleep*;
"Tis bed time now, my love, come in"
— *come in*.

ði eko:

əbə:ut ðə tə:uər ən tʃə:rtʃjɑ:rd wɑ:l
ə:ut niərli ɔ:vərə:rt ə:uər duər
ə tʌŋ əv wɪn(d) dɪd a:lwe:z kɑ:l
(h)wɒtəvər wi: dɪd kɑ:l əvuər
ðə væ:z dɪd mʌk ə:uər nʃemz ə:uər tʃiə:z
ə:uər məri lɛ:fs ə:uər hən(d)z lə:ud klaps
ən mʌðə:z kɑ:l kʌm kʌm mə:i diə:z
mə:i diə:z
ar du: əz ə:i də bɪd bəd tʃaps
bəd tʃaps

ən (h)wen ə zʌnde:z ʌn ðə gri:n
ɪn frʌks ən kuəts əz gæ: əz nju:
wi: wɛ:kt wi ʃu:z əmjəd tə ʃi:n
sə blak ən brə:nts ə vʊlrə:ɪp slu:
wi: ðen dɪd hiər ðə tʌŋ əv æ:ɪr
əməkən mʌðə:z væ:z sə ðɪn
kʌm nə:u ðə bɛ:l də gu: vər præ:ɪr
vər præ:ɪr
tɪz tə:ɪm tə gu: tə tʃə:rtʃ kʌm ɪn
kʌm ɪn

ðə nə:ɪt (h)wen lɪtəl ən ðət də:ɪd
bɪɡʌn tə zɪkən bæk ɪn mə:ɪ
ən ʃi: ət dʌsk əv ɪ:vmentə:ɪd
wər ə:ut wi ʌðə:z ət ðər plæ:ɪ
(w)ɪðɪn ðə tʃə:rtʃjɑ:rd ðət də ki:p
(h)ər lɪtəl bəd ðə væ:z ə ðɪn
dɑ:rk æ:ɪr mʌkt mʌðə:z kɑ:l tə sli:p
tə sli:p
tɪz bəd tə:ɪm nə:u mə:i lʌv kʌm ɪn
kʌm ɪn

An' when our Jeäne come out so smart

A-married, an' we help'd her in

To Henry's newly-painted cart,

The while the wheels begun to spin,

An' her gäj nods, vor all she smil'd,

Did sheäke a tear-drop vrom each eye,

The vaice mock'd mother's call, "Dear child"

—*dear child;*

"God bless ye evermware; good bye"

—*good bye.*

mimicked

ən (h)wen əːuər dʒjən kʌm əːut sə smɑːt
əmarid ən wiː hɛlpt (h)ər m
tə hɛnriz njuːlipæmtɪd kɑːt
ðə (h)wəːɪl ðə (h)wiːlz bɪɡʌn tə spɪn
ən (h)ər gæɪ nɒdz vər aːl ʃiː sməːɪld
dɪd ʃjɛk ə tiərdrɒp vrəm iːtʃ əː
ðə væɪs mɒkt mʌðəz kɑːl diər tʃəːɪl(d)
diər tʃəːɪl(d)
gʊd blɛs iː ɛvərmuər gʊd bəː
gʊd bəː

VULL A MAN



NO, I'm a man, I'm vull a man,
You beät my manhood, if you can.
You'll be a man if you can teäke
All steätes that household life do meäke.
The love-toss'd child, a-croodlèn loud,
 The bwoy a-screamèn wild in play,
The tall grown youth a-steppèn proud,
 The father staïd, the house's staÿ.
 No; I can boast if others can,
 I'm vull a man.

cooing

mature

A young-cheäk'd mother's tears mid vall,
When woone a-lost, not half man-tall,
Vrom little hand, a-called vrom play,
Do leäve noo tool, but drop a taÿ,
An' die avore he's father-free
 To sheäpe his life by his own plan;
An' vull an angel he shall be,
 But here on e'th not vull a man,
 No; I could boast if others can,
 I'm vull a man.

may

one

toy

earth

I woonce, a child, wer father-fed,
An' I've a-vound my childern bread;
My eärm, a sister's trusty crook,
Is now a faïthvul wife's own hook;
An' I've a-gone where vo'k did zend,
 An' gone upon my own free mind,
An' of'en at my own wits' end,
 A-led o' God while I wer blind.
 No; I could boast if others can
 I'm vull a man.

once

arm

folk

vul ə man

no: ə:m ə man ə:m vul ə man
ju: biət mə:i manhʊd if jə kan
jəl bi: ə man if ju: kən tʃək
a:l stjɛts ðət hə:ʊshuəld lə:ɪf də mjæk
ðə lʊvtɔst tʃə:l(d) əkrʊdlən lə:ʊd
ðə bʊwə:i əskri:mən wə:ɪld ɪn plæɪ
ðə ta:lgrə:un ju:θ əstɛpən prə:ʊd
ðə fɛ:ðər stæɪd ðə hə:ʊsɪz stæɪ
no: ə:i kən bə:st if ʌðərz kan
ə:m vul ə man

ə jʌŋtʃiəkt mʌðərz tiərz mɪd va:l
(h)wɛn (w)u:n əlbɔst nɔt hɛ:f mantə:l
vrəm lɪtəl han(d) əka:ld vrəm plæɪ
də liəv nu: tu:l bət drɒp ə tæɪ
ən də:i əvuər hi:z fɛ:ðərfri:
tə ʃjɛp (h)ɪz lə:ɪf b(ə):ɪ (h)ɪz o:n plən
ən vul ən andʒəl hi: ʃəl bi:
bət hiər ɒn ɛθ nɔt vul ə man
no: ə:i kud bə:st if ʌðərz kan
ə:m vul ə man

ə:i (w)u:ns ə tʃə:l(d) wər fɛ:ðərfɛd
ən ə:ɪv əvə:un(d) mə:i tʃɪldərn brɛd
mə:i ja:ɪm ə sistərz trʌsti krʊk
ɪz nə:ʊ ə fæiθvʊl wə:ɪfs o:n hʊk
ən ə:ɪv əgɒn (h)wər vɔ:k dɪd zɛn(d)
ən gɒn əpɒn mə:i o:n fri: mə:m(d)
ən ɒfən ət mə:i o:n wɪts ɛn(d)
ələd ə gɒd (h)wə:ɪl ə:i wər blə:m(d)
no: ə:i kud bə:st if ʌðərz kan
ə:m vul ə man

An' still, ov all my tveil ha' won,
My lovèn maïd an' merry son,
Though each in turn's a jaÿ an' ceäre,
'Ve a-had, an' still shall have, their sheäre;
An' then, if God should bless their lives,
 Why I mid zend vrom son to son
My life, right on drough men an' wives,
 As long, good now, as time do run.
 No; I could boast if others can,
 I'm vull a man.

toil
daughter
joy
share

may
through

ən stɪl əv a:l mə:ɪ twə:ɪl hə wʌn
mə:ɪ lʌvən mə:ɪd ən mə:ɪ sʌn
ðo: ɪ:tʃ ɪn tə:rnz ə dʒæ:ɪ ən kjæər
v əhəd ən stɪl ʃal həv ðər ʃjæər
ən ðen ɪf ɡʊd ʃʊd blɛs ðər lə:ɪvz
 (h)wə:ɪ ə:ɪ mɪd zɛn(d) vrəm sʌn tə sʌn
mə:ɪ lə:ɪf rə:ɪt ɒn drʊ: mən ən wə:ɪvz
 əz lɒŋ ɡʊd nə:ɪ əz tə:ɪm də rʌn
 no: ə:ɪ kʊd bə:st ɪf ʌðərz kʌn
 ə:ɪm vʊl ə mʌn

NAÏGHBOR PLAYMEÄTES



O JAÿ betide the dear wold mill,
My naïghbour playmeätes' happy hwome,
Wi' rollèn wheel, an' leäpèn foam,
Below the overhangèn hill,
Where, wide an' slow,
The stream did flow,
An' flags did grow, an' lightly vlee
Below the grey-leav'd withy tree,
While clack, clack, clack, vrom hour to hour,
Wi' whirlèn stwone, an' streamèn flour,
Did goo the mill by cloty Stour.

joy, old

*fly
willow*

yellow water-lilied

An' there in geämes by evenèn skies,
When Meäry zot her down to rest,
The broach upon her pankèn breast,
Did quickly vall an' lightly rise,
While swans did zwim
In steätely trim.

*sat
panting*

An' swifts did skim the water, bright
Wi' whirlèn froth, in western light;
An' clack, clack, clack, that happy hour,
Wi' whirlèn stwone, an' streamèn flour,
Did goo the mill by cloty Stour.

Now mortery jeints, in streaks o' white,
Along the geärden wall do show
In Maÿ, an' cherry boughs do blow,
Wi' bloomèn tutties, snowy white,
Where rollèn round,
Wi' rumblèn sound,

joints

*bloom
bunches of blossom*

The wheel wonce drown'd the väice so dear
To me. I fäin would goo to hear

once

nærbær plæimjets

o: dzæi bitæ:ɪd ðə diær (w)uæld mɪl
mæ:i nærbær plæimjets hapi huəm
wi ro:lən (h)wi:l ən liəpən fə:m
bɪlo: ðə ɔ:vərhaŋən hɪl
(h)wær wæ:ɪd ən slo:
ðə stri:m dɪd flo:
ən flagz dɪd gro: ən læ:ɪtli vli:
bɪlo: ðə gre:li:vɔd wɪði tri:
(h)wæ:ɪl klak klak klak vrəm ə:uər tu ə:uər
wi (h)wæ:r(d)lən stuən ən stri:mən flə:uər
dɪd gu: ðə mɪl b(ə):ɪ klo:ti stə:uər

ən ðeər ɪn gjeɪmz b(ə):ɪ i:vɪmən skæ:ɪz
(h)wen mjeəri zət (h)ər də:un tə rest
ðə bro:tʃ əpən (h)ər paŋkən brɛst
dɪd kwɪkli va:l ən læ:ɪtli ræ:ɪz
(h)wæ:ɪl swɔnz dɪd zwɪm
ɪn stjeɪtli trɪm
ən swɪf(t)s dɪd skɪm ðə wɔ:tər bræ:ɪt
wi (h)wæ:r(d)lən frʊθ ɪn wɛstərn læ:ɪt
ən klak klak klak ðat hapi ə:uər
wi (h)wæ:r(d)lən stuən ən stri:mən flə:uər
dɪd gu: ðə mɪl b(ə):ɪ klo:ti stə:uər

nə:u mɑ:rtri dzə:ɪnts ɪn striəks ə (h)wæ:ɪt
əlɒŋ ðə gja:rdən wa:l də ʃo:
ɪn mæi ən tʃəri bæ:uz də blo:
wi blumən tʌtɪz sno:i (h)wæ:ɪt
(h)wær ro:lən rə:und
wi rʌmblən sə:und
ðə (h)wi:l (w)u:ns drə:und ðə væɪs sə diær
tə mi: ə:ɪ fæm wud gu: tə hiær

The clack, clack, clack, vor woone short hour,
Wi' whirlèn stwone, an' streamèn flour,
Beside the mill on cloty Stour.

one

But should I vind a-heavèn now
Her breast wi' àir o' thik dear pleâce?

that

Or zee dark locks by such a brow,

Or het o' play on such a feâce?

beat

No! She's now staïd,

grown up

An' where she play'd,

There's noo such maïd that now ha' took

The pleâce that she ha' long vorsook,

Though clack, clack, clack, vrom hour to hour,

Wi' whirlèn stwone an' streamèn flour,

Do goo the mill by cloty Stour.

An' still the pulley rwope do heist

hoist

The wheat vrom red-wheeled waggon beds.

An' ho'ses there wi' lwoads of grist,

Do stand an' toss their heavy heads;

But on the vloor,

Or at the door,

Do show noo mwore the kindly feâce

Her father show'd about the pleâce,

As clack, clack, clack, vrom hour to hour,

Wi' whirlèn stwone, an' streamèn flour,

Did goo his mill by cloty Stour.

ðə klak klak klak vər (w)u:n fɑ:rt ə:uər
wi (h)wər:(d)lən stuən ən stri:mən flə:uər
bɪzə:ɪd ðə mɪl ɒn klo:ti stə:uər

bət ʃʊd ə:ɪ və:m(d) əhi:vən nə:u
 (h)ər brɛst wi æɪr ə ðɪk diər pljɛs
ar zi: dɑ:rk lɔks b(ə):ɪ sɪʃ ə brə:u
 ar hɛt ə plæɪ ɒn sɪʃ ə fjɛs
 no: ʃi:z nə:u stæɪd
 ən (h)wər ʃi: plæɪd
ðərz nu: sɪʃ mæɪd ðət nə:u hə tʊk
ðə pljɛs ðət ʃi: hə lɒŋ vɑ:sʊk
ðo: klak klak klak vrəm ə:uər tə ə:uər
wi (h)wər:(d)lən stuən ən stri:mən flə:uər
də gu: ðə mɪl b(ə):ɪ klo:ti stə:uər

ən stɪl ðə pʊli ruəp də hə:ɪst
 ðə (h)wi:t vrəm rɛd(h)wi:ld wɑ:gən bɛdz
ən hɔsɪz ðər wi luədz əv grə:ɪst
 də stɑn(d) ən tɔs ðər hevi hɛdz
 bət ɒn ðə vlʊər
 ar at ðə duər
də ʃo: nu: muər ðə kə:m(d)li fjɛs
(h)ər fe:ðər ʃo:d əbə:ut ðə pljɛs
əz klak klak klak vrəm ə:uər tə ə:uər
wi (h)wər:(d)lən stuən ən stri:mən flə:uər
dɪd gu: (h)ɪz mɪl b(ə):ɪ klo:ti stə:uər

THE LARK



As I, below the mornèn sky,
Wer out a workèn in the lew
O' black-stemm'd thorns, a-springèn high,
Avore the worold-boundèn blue,
A-reäkèn, under woak tree boughs,
The orts a-left behin' by cows,

shelter

Above the grey-grow'd thistle rings,
An' deäisy-buds, the lark, in flight,
Did zing a-loft, wi' flappèn wings,
Tho' mwore in heären than in zight;
The while my bwoys, in plaÿvul me'th,
Did run till they wer out o' breath.

mirth

Then woone, wi' han'-besheäded eyes,
A-stoppèn still, as he did run,
Look'd up to zee the lark arise
A-zingèn to the high-gone zun;
The while his brother look'd below
Vor what the groun' mid have to show.

one

might

Zoo woone did watch above his head
The bird his hands could never teäke;
An' woone, below, where he did tread,
Vound out the nest within the breäke;
But, aggs be only woonce a-vound,
An' uncaught larks ageän mid sound.

so

eggs, once

ðə la:rk

az ə:ɪ bɪlo: ðə ma:rənən skə:ɪ
wər ə:ut ə wə:rkən ɪn ðə lu:
ə blakstɛmd ða:rɪnz əsprɪŋən hə:ɪ
əvuər ðə wə:rdəlbə:undən blu:
ərjekən ʌndər (w)uək tri: bə:uz
ði a:rts əlɛft bihə:m b(ə):ɪ kə:uz

əbʌv ðə gre:grə:ud ðɪsəl rɪŋz
ən djɛzɪbʌdz ðə la:rk ɪn flə:ɪt
dɪd zɪŋ əlbɔft wi flapən wɪŋz
ðo: muər ɪn hiərən ðən ɪn zə:ɪt
ðə (h)wə:ɪl mə:ɪ bwə:ɪz ɪn plæɪvʊl mɛθ
dɪd rʌn tɪl ðe: wər ə:ut ə brɛθ

ðen (w)u:n wi hanbɪʃjɛdəd ə:ɪz
əstɔpən stɪl əz hi: dɪd rʌn
lukt ʌp tə zi: ðə la:rk ərə:ɪz
əzɪŋən tə ðə hə:ɪgɔn zʌn
ðə (h)wə:ɪl (h)ɪz brʌðər lukt bɪlo:
vər (h)wɔt ðə grə:un mɪd hav tə ʃo:

zu: (w)u:n dɪd wɔtʃ əbʌv (h)ɪz hɛd
ðə bə:rd (h)ɪz han(d)z kʊd nəvər tjɛk
ən (w)u:n bɪlo: (h)wər hi: dɪd trɛd
və:un(d) ə:ut ðə nɛst (w)ɪðm ðə brɪjɛk
bət əgz bi: ɔnli (w)u:ns əvə:un(d)
ən ʌnkɔ:t la:rkz əgjen mɪd sə:un(d)

THE TWO CHURCHES



A HAPPY day, a happy year,
A zummer Zunday, dazzlèn clear,
I went athirt vrom Lea to Noke,
To goo to church wi' Fanny's vo'k:
The sky o' blue did only show
A cloud or two, so white as snow,
An' aïr did swaÿ, wi' softest strokes,
The eltrot roun' the dark-bough'd woaks.
O day o' rest when bells do toll!
O day a-blest to ev'ry soul!
How sweet the zwells o' Zunday bells.

*across
folk*

cow-parsley, oaks

An' on the cowslip-knap at Creech,
Below the grove o' steätely beech,
I heärd two tow'rs a-cheemèn clear,
Vrom woone I went, to woone drew near,
As they did call, by flow'ry ground,
The bright-shod veet vrom housen round,
A-drownèn wi' their holy call,
The goocoo an' the water-vall.
Die off, O bells o' my dear pleäce,
Ring out, O bells avore my feäce,
Vull sweet your zwells, O ding-dong bells.

billock

*chiming
one*

cuckoo

Ah! then vor things that time did bring
My kinsvo'k, *Lea* had bells to ring;
An' then, ageän, vor what bevell
My wife's, why *Noke* church had a bell;
But soon wi' hopevul lives a-bound
In woone, we had woone tower's sound,
Vor our high jaÿs all vive bells rung,
Our losses had woone iron tongue.

kinsfolk

joys

ðə tu: tʃə:rtʃɪz

ə hapi de: ə hapi jɪər
ə zʌmər zʌnde: dazlən kliər
ə:ɪ went əðə:rt vrəm li: tə nɔ:k
tə gu: tə tʃə:rtʃ wi fənɪz vɔ:k
ðə skə:ɪ ə blu: dɪd ɔ:nli ʃo:
ə klə:ud ər tu: sə (h)wə:ɪt əz sno:
ən æɪr dɪd swæɪ wi sɒftɪst stro:kz
ði eltrɒt rə:un ðə da:rkbe:ud (w)uəks
o: de: ə rest (h)wen belz də tə:l
o: de: əblest tu evri so:l
hə:u swi(:)t ðə zwelz ə zʌnde: belz

ən ɒn ðə kə:uslɪp nap ət kri:tʃ
bɪlo: ðə gro:v ə stjetli bi:tʃ
ə:ɪ hiərd tu: tə:uərz ətʃi:mən kliər
vrəm (w)u:n ə:ɪ went tə (w)u:n dru: niər
əz ðe: dɪd ka:l b(ə):ɪ flə:uri grə:un(d)
ðə brə:ɪtʃɒd vi:t vrəm hə:uzən rə:un(d)
ədrə:unən wi ðər ho:li ka:l
ðə guku: ən ðə wɔ:tərva:l
də:ɪ ɒf o: belz ə mə:ɪ diər pljes
rɪŋ ə:ut o: belz əvuər mə:ɪ fjes
vul swi(:)t jər zwelz o: dɪŋdɒŋ belz

a: ðen vər ðɪŋz ðət tə:ɪm dɪd brɪŋ
mə:ɪ kɪnzvɔ:k li: had belz tə rɪŋ
ən ðen əgjen vər (h)wɒt bɪvel
mə:ɪ wə:ɪfs (h)wə:ɪ nɔ:k tʃə:rtʃ had ə bel
bət su:n wi ho:pʌl læ:ɪvz əbə:un(d)
ɪn (w)u:n wi: had (w)u:n tə:uərz sə:un(d)
vər ə:uər hə:ɪ dzæɪz a:l və:ɪv belz rʌŋ
ə:uər lɒsɪz had (w)u:n ə:ɪərɪn tʌŋ

Oh! ring all round, an' never mwoän
So deep an' slow woone bell alwone,
Vor sweet your swells o' vive clear bells.

o: rɪŋ a:l rə:ʊn(d) ən nevər muən
sə dɪ:p ən slo: (w)u:n bəl əluən
vər swi(:)t jər swelz ə və:ɪv klɪər bəlz



WOAK HILL

oak

WHEN sycamore leaves wer a-spreadèn,
Green-ruddy, in hedges,
Beside the red doust o' the ridges,
A-dried at Woak Hill;

dust

I packed up my goods all a-sheenèn
Wi' long years o' handlèn,
On dusty red wheels ov a waggon,
To ride at Woak Hill.

shining

The brown thatchen ruf o' the dwellèn,
I then wer a-leävèn,
Had shelter'd the sleek head o' Meäry,
My bride at Woak Hill.

roof

But now vor zome years, her light voot-vall
'S a-lost vrom the vloorèn.
Too soon vor my jaÿ an' my childern,
She died at Woak Hill.

floors

joy

But still I do think that, in soul,
She do hover about us;
To ho vor her motherless childern,
Her pride at Woak Hill.

care

Zoo—lest she should tell me hereafter
I stole off 'ithout her,
An' left her, uncall'd at house-riddèn,
To bide at Woak Hill—

so

moving house

I call'd her so fondly, wi' lippèns
All soundless to others,

lip-movements

(w)uæk hɪl

(h)wɛn sɪkəmuər lɪ:vz wɛr əsprɛdən
grɪ:nɾɑdɪ ɪn hɛdʒɪz
bɪzə:ɪd ðə rɛd də:ʊst ə ðə rʌdʒɪz
ədrə:ɪd ət (w)uæk hɪl

ə:ɪ pakt ʌp mə:ɪ gudz a:l əfɪ:mən
wi lɒŋ jɪərz ə handlən
ɒn də:ʊstɪ rɛd (h)wi:lz əv ə wɑgən
tə rə:ɪd ət (w)uæk hɪl

ðə brə:ʊn ðatʃən rʌf ə ðə dwɛlən
ə:ɪ ðɛn wɛr əliəvən
həd ʃɛltərd ðə sli:k hɛd ə mjɛəri
mə:ɪ brə:ɪd ət (w)uæk hɪl

bət nə:ʊ vɛr zʌm jɪərz (h)ər lə:ɪt vʊtvɑ:l
z əlɒst vrəm ðə vluərən
tu: su:n vɛr mə:ɪ dʒæɪ ən mə:ɪ tʃɪldərn
ʃi: də:ɪd ət (w)uæk hɪl

bət stɪl ə:ɪ də ðɪŋk ðat ɪn so:l
ʃi: də hɒvər əbə:ʊt əs
tə ho: vɛr (h)ər mʌðərlɪs tʃɪldərn
(h)ər prə:ɪd ət (w)uæk hɪl

zu: lɛst ʃi: ʃʊd tɛl mi: hiərə:tər
ə:ɪ sto:l ɒf ɪðə:ʊt hɛr
ən lɛft hɛr ʌnkɑ:lɪd ət hə:ʊsrɪdən
tə bə:ɪd ət (w)uæk hɪl

ə:ɪ kɑ:lɪd (h)ər sə fɒn(d)li wi lɪpənz
a:l sə:ʊn(d)lɛs tu ʌðərz

An' took her wi' aïr-reachèn hand,
To my zide at Woak Hill.

On the road I did look round, a-talkèn
To light at my shoulder,
An' then led her in at the door-way,
Miles wide vrom Woak Hill.

An' that's why vo'k thought, vor a season,
My mind wer a-wandren
Wi' sorrow, when I wer so sorely
A-trie'd at Woak Hill.

folk

But no; that my Meäry mid never
Behold herzelf slighted,
I wanted to think that I guided
My guide vrom Woak Hill.

may

ən tʊk (h)ər wi ærri:tʃən han(d)
tə mə:ɪ zə:ɪd ət (w)uək hɪl

ɒn ðə rɔ:d ə:ɪ dɪd lʊk rə:ʊn(d) ətɛ:kən
tə lə:ɪt ət mə:ɪ ʃo:ldər
ən ðen lɛd (h)ər ɪn ət ðə duərwə:ɪ
mə:ɪlz wə:ɪd vrəm (w)uək hɪl

ən ðats (h)wə:ɪ vɔ:k ðɔ:t vər ə si:zən
mə:ɪ mə:m(d) wər əwɒndrən
wi sərə(r) (h)wen ə:ɪ wər sə suərli
ətɹə:ɪd ət (w)uək hɪl

bət no: ðət mə:ɪ mjɛəri mɪd nəvər
bɪhuəld hɛrʒʌf slə:ɪtɪd
ə:ɪ wɒntɪd tə ðɪŋk ðət ə:ɪ gə:ɪdɪd
mə:ɪ gə:ɪd vrəm (w)uək hɪl

THE HEDGER



UPON the hedge theäse bank did bear, *this*
Wi' lwonesome thought untwold in words,
I woonce did work, wi' noo sound there *once*
But my own strokes, an' chirpèn birds;
As down the west the zun went wan,
An' days brought on our Zunday's rest,
When sounds o' cheemèn bells did vill *chiming*
The äir, an' hook an' axe wer still.

Along the wold town-path vo'k went, *old, folk*
An' met unknown, or friend wi' friend,
The maïd her busy mother zent, *daughter*
The mother wi' noo maïd to zend;
An' in the light the gleäzïer's glass,
As he did pass, wer dazzlèn bright,
Or woone went by wi' down-cast head, *one*
A-wrapp'd in blackness vor the dead.

An' then the bank, wi' risèn back,
That's now a-most a-troddèn down,
Bore thorns wi' rind o' sheeny black, *bark, shiny*
An' meäple stems o' ribby brown;
An' in the lewth o' theäse tree heads, *shelter, these*
Wer primrrose beds a-sprung in blooth, *bloom*
An' here a geäte, a-slammèn to,
Did let the slow-wheel'd plough roll drough. *wagon, through*

Ov all that then went by, but vew
Be now a-left behine', to beät
The mornèn flow'rs or evenèn dew,
Or slam the woakèn vive-bar'd geäte; *made of oak*

ðə hɛdʒər

əpən ðə hɛdʒ ðiəs bɑŋk dɪd bɛər
wi luənsəm ðɔ:t ʌntuəld ɪn wɜ:rdz
ə:ɪ (w)u:nz dɪd wɜ:rk wi nu: sə:un(d) ðeər
bət mə:ɪ ɔ:n stro:ks ən tʃɛ:rpən bɛ:rdz
əz də:un ðə west ðə zʌn went wɒn
ən de:z brɔ:t ɒn ə:uər zʌnde:z rest
(h)wen sə:un(d)z ə tʃi:mən bɛlz dɪd vɪl
ði æɪr ən hʊk ən aks wɜr stɪl

əlɒŋ ðə (w)uəld tə:unpe:θ vɔ:k went
ən met ʌno:n ar frɛn(d) wi frɛn(d)
ðə mə:ɪd (h)ər bɪzi mʌðər zent
ðə mʌðər wi nu: mə:ɪd tə zen(d)
ən ɪn ðə lɔ:t ðə gljɛzjɜ:z glɑ:s
əz hi: dɪd pa:s wɜr dazlən brɔ:t
ar (w)u:n went b(ə):ɪ wi də:unkɑ:st hɛd
ərəpt ɪn blaknəs vɜr ðə dɛd

ən ðen ðə bɑŋk wi rə:ɪzən bak
ðəts nə:u a:məst ətɾɒdən də:un
buər ðɑ:rnz wi rə:m(d) ə ʃi:ni blak
ən mjɛpəl stɛmz ə rɪbi brə:un
ən ɪn ðə lu:θ ə ðiəz tri: hɛdz
wɜr prɪmruəz bedz əsprʌŋ ɪn blu:θ
ən hiər ə gjɛt əsləmən tu:
dɪd lɛt ðə slə:u(h)wi:ld plə:u rɔ:l dru:

əv a:l ðət ðen went bə:ɪ bət vju:
bi: nə:u əlɛft bihə:m tə biət
ðə mɑ:rnən flə:uərz ər i:vmən dju:
ar slam ðə (w)uəkən və:ɪvbɑ:rd gjɛt

But woone, my wife, so litty-stepp'd,
That have a-kept my path o' life,
Wi' her vew errands on the road,
Where woonce she bore her mother's lwoad.

light-

once

bæt (w)u:n mə:n wə:ɪf sə lɪtɪstɛpt
ðæt hæv əkɛpt mə:n pɛ:θ ə lə:ɪf
wi (h)ər vju: ɛrən(d)z ɒn ðə ro:d
(h)wər (w)u:ns ʃi: buər (h)ər mʌðərz luəd

IN THE SPRING



MY love is the maïd ov all maïdens,
 Though all mid be comely,
Her skin's lik' the jessamy blossom
 A-spread in the Spring.

*may
jasmine*

Her smile is so sweet as a beäby's
 Young smile on his mother,
Her eyes be as bright as the dew drop
 A-shed in the Spring.

O grey-leafy pinks o' the geärden,
 Now bear her sweet blossoms;
Now deck wi' a rrose-bud, O briar,
 Her head in the Spring.

O light-rollèn wind blow me hither,
 The vaïce ov her talkèn,
Or bring vrom her veet the light doust,
 She do tread in the Spring.

dust

O zun, meäke the gil'cups all glitter,
 In goold all around her;
An' meäke o' the deäisys' white flowers
 A bed in the Spring.

buttercups

O whissle gaÿ birds, up bezide her,
 In drong-wajÿ, an' woodlands,
O zing, swingèn lark, now the clouds,
 Be a-vled in the Spring.

narrow lane

flown

in ðə sprɪŋ

mə:ɪ lʌv ɪz ðə məɪd əv a:l məɪdənz
ðo: a:l mɪd bi: kʌmli
(h)ər skɪnz lɪk ðə dʒesəmi blɒsəm
əspreɪd ɪn ðə sprɪŋ

(h)ər smə:ɪl ɪz sə swi(:)t əz ə bjɛbɪz
jʌŋ smə:ɪl ɒn (h)ɪz mʌðər
(h)ər ə:ɪz bi: əz brə:ɪt əz ðə dju: drɑp
əʃed ɪn ðə sprɪŋ

o: gre:lɪ:fɪ pɪŋks ə ðə ɡjɑ:rdən
nə:u beər (h)ər swi(:)t blɒsəmz
nə:u de:k wɪ ə ruəzbʌd o: brə:ɪər
(h)ər hed ɪn ðə sprɪŋ

o: læ:ɪtro:lən wɪn(d) blɔ: mi: hɪðər
ðə væɪs əv (h)ər te:kən
ər brɪŋ vrəm (h)ər vɪ:t ðə læ:ɪt də:ʊst
ʃi: də treɪd ɪn ðə sprɪŋ

o: zʌn mjɛk ðə ɡɪlkʌps a:l ɡlɪtər
ɪn ɡu:ld a:l ərə:ʊn(d) hər
ən mjɛk ə ðə dʒezɪz (h)wə:ɪt flə:uərz
ə bed ɪn ðə sprɪŋ

o: (h)wɪsəl ɡæɪ bæ:rdz ʌp bɪzə:ɪd hər
ɪn drɒŋwæɪ ən (w)ʊdlən(d)z
o: zɪŋ swɪŋən lɑ:k nə:u ðə klə:ʊdz
bi: əvləd ɪn ðə sprɪŋ

An' who, you mid ax, be my praïses
A-meäkèn so much o',
An' oh! 'tis the maïd I'm a-hopèn
To wed in the Spring.

may

ən hu: jə mɪd a:ks bi: mə:n præɪzəz
əmjəkən sə mʌtʃ ə
ən o: tɪz ðə məɪd ə:m əho:pən
tə wɛd ɪn ðə sprɪŋ

THE FLOOD IN SPRING



LAST night below the elem in the lew
Bright the sky did gleam
On water blue, while aär did softly blow
On the flowèn stream,

shelter

An' there wer gil'cups' buds untwold,
An' deäisies that begun to vwold
Their low-stemm'd blossoms vrom my zight
Ageän the night, an' evenèn's cwold.

*buttercups'
fold*

But, oh! so cwold below the darksome cloud
Soon the night-wind roar'd,
Wi' räiny storms that zent the zwollèn streams
Over ev'ry vword.

ford

The while the drippèn tow'r did tell
The hour, wi' storm-be-smother'd bell,
An' over ev'ry flower's bud
Roll'd on the flood, 'ithin the dell.

But when the zun arose, an' lik' a rwose
Shone the mornèn sky;
An' roun' the woak, the wind a-blowèn weak,
Softly whiver'd by.

*oak
trembled*

Though drown'd wer still the deäisy bed
Below the flood, its feäce instead
O' flow'ry grown', below our shoes
Show'd feäirest views o' skies o'er head.

An' zoo to try if all our fäith is true
Jaÿ mid end in tears,
An' hope, woonce feäir, mid saddèn into fear,
Here in e'thly years.

*so
joy may
once
earthly*

ðə flʌd ɪn sprɪŋ

lɛ:st nə:ɪt bɪlo: ði ɛləm ɪn ðə lu:
brə:ɪt ðə skə:ɪ dɪd gli:m
ʊn wɔ:tər blu: (h)wə:ɪl æɪr dɪd sɒf(t)li blo:
ʊn ðə flo:ən strɪ:m
ən ðeər wər ɡɪlkʌps bʌdz ʌntuəld
ən dʒe:zɪz ðət bɪɡʌn tə vuəld
ðər læ:ustemd blɒsəmz vrəm mə:ɪ zə:ɪt
əɡjɛn ðə nə:ɪt ən i:vmenz kuəld

bət o: sə kuəld bɪlo: ðə da:ɪksəm klə:ud
su:n ðə nə:ɪtwɪn(d) ruərd
wi ræmi stɑ:ɪrmz ðət zent ðə zwo:lən strɪ:mz
ɔ:vər evri vuərd
ðə (h)wə:ɪl ðə drɪpən tə:uər dɪd tel
ði ə:uər wi stɑ:ɪrmbi:smʌðərd bɛl
ən ɔ:vər evri flə:uərz bʌd
ro:ld ʊn ðə flʌd ɪðm ðə del

bət (h)wen ðə zʌn əro:z ən lɪk ə ruəz
ʃʊn ðə mə:ɪnən skə:ɪ
ən rə:un ðə (w)uək ðə wɪn(d) əblo:ən wi:k
sɒf(t)li (h)wɪvərd bə:ɪ
ðo: drə:und wər stɪl ðə dʒe:zi bɛd
bɪlo: ðə flʌd ɪts fjes ɪnstɛd
ə flə:ʊri ɡrə:un bɪlo: ə:uər ʃu:z
ʃo:d fjeərəst vju:z ə skə:ɪz ɔ:rhed

ən zu: tə trə:ɪ ɪf a:l ə:uər fæɪθ ɪz tru:
dʒæɪ mɪd ɛn(d) ɪn tɪərz
ən ho:p (w)u:ns fjeər mɪd sɑdən ɪntə fɪər
hɪər ɪn ɛθli ʒɪərz

But He that tried our soul do know
To meäke us good amends, an' show
Instead o' things a-took away,
Some higher jaÿ that He'll bestow.

joy

bæt hi: ðæt træ:ɪd æ:uər so:l də no:
tə mjek əs gʊd əmɛn(d)z ən ʃo:
ɪnstəd ə ðɪŋz ətʊk əwə:ɪ
sʌm hæ:ɪər dʒæ:ɪ ðæt hi:l bɪsto:

COMÈN HWOME



As clouds did ride wi' heästy flight,
An' woods did swäy upon the height,
An' bleädes o' grass did sheäke, below
The hedge-row bremble's swingèn bow,
I come back hwome where winds did zwell,
 In whirls along the woody gleädes,
 On primrrose beds, in windy sheädes,
To Burnley's dark-tree'd dell.

arc

There hills do screen the timber's bough,
The trees do screen the leäze's brow,
The timber-sheäded leäze do bear
A beäten path that we do wear.
The path do stripe the leäze's zide,
 To willows at the river's edge,
 Where hufflèn winds did sheäke the zedge,
An' sparklèn weäves did glide.

meadow's

gusty

An' where the river, bend by bend,
Do draïn our meäd, an' mark its end,
The hangèn leäze do teäke our cows,
An' trees do sheäde em wi' their boughs,
An' I the quicker beät the road,
 To zee a-comèn into view,
 Still greener vrom the sky-line's blue,
Wold Burnley our abode.

sloping

old

kʌmən huəm

az klə:udz did rə:ɪd wi hjesti flə:ɪt
ən wʊdz did swæɪ əpən ðə hæ:ɪt
ən bljɛdz ə grɑ:s did fjɛk bɪlɔ:
ðə hɛdzrɔ: brɛmbɛlz swɪŋən bɔ:
ə:ɪ kʌm bak huəm (h)wɛr wɪn(d)z did zwɛl
 ɪn (h)wɛ:rlz əlɔŋ ðə wʊdi gljɛdz
 ɒn prɪmruəz bɛdz ɪn wɪndi fjɛdz
tə bɛ:rnɪlz dɑ:rktri:d dɛl

ðeər hɪlz də skri:n ðə tɪmbɛrz bɛ:u
ðə tri:z də skri:n ðə liəzɪz brɛ:u
ðə tɪmbɛrfjɛdɪd liəz də bɛər
ə biətən pɛ:θ ðæt wi: də wɛər
ðə pɛ:θ də strə:ɪp ðə liəzɪz zə:ɪd
 tə wɪlɛrz ət ðə rɪvɛrz ɛdʒ
 (h)wɛr hʌflɛn wɪn(d)z did fjɛk ðə zɛdʒ
ən spɑ:rkɪlən wjɛvz did glɔ:ɪd

ən (h)wɛr ðə rɪvɛr bɛn(d) b(ə:ɪ)ɪ bɛn(d)
də dræm ə:uər miəd ən mɑ:rk ɪts ɛn(d)
ðə haŋən liəz də tjɛk ə:uər kə:uz
ən tri:z də fjɛd əm wi ðər bɛ:uz
ən ə:ɪ ðə kwɪkər biət ðə rɔ:d
 tə zi: əkʌmən ɪntə vju:
 stɪl grɪ:nər vrəm ðə skə:ɪlə:mz blu:
(w)uəld bɛ:rnɪli ə:uər əbɔ:d

GRAMMER A-CRIPPLED



“THE zunny copse ha’ birds to zing,
The leäze ha’ cows to low,
The elem trees ha’ rooks on wing,
The meäds a brook to flow,
But I can walk noo mwore, to pass
The drashel out abroad,
To wear a path in theäse year’s grass
Or tread the wheelworn road,”
Cried Grammer, “then adieu,
O runnèn brooks,
An’ vleèn rooks,
I can’t come out to you.
If ’tis God’s will, why then ’tis well,
That I should bide ’ithin a wall.”

meadow

*threshold, (to go) outside
this*

flying

An’ then the childern, wild wi’ fun,
An’ loud wi’ jaÿvul sounds,
Sprung in an’ cried, “We had a run,
A-playèn heäre an’ hounds;
But oh! the cowslips where we stopt
In Maÿcreech, on the knap!”
An’ vrom their little han’s each dropt
Some cowslips in her lap.
Cried Grammer, “Only zee!
I can’t teäke strolls,
An’ little souls
Would bring the vields to me.
Since ’tis God’s will, an’ mus’ be well
That I should bide ’ithin a wall.”

joyful

hillock

gramər əkrɪpəld

ðə zʌni kɒps ha bæ:rdz tə zɪŋ
ðə liəz hə kə:uz tə lo:
ði eləm tri:z ha rʊks ɒn wɪŋ
ðə miədz ə brʊk tə flo:
bət ə:ɪ kən we:k nu: muər tə pa:s
ðə draʃəl əʊt əbro:d
tə weər ə pɛ:θ ɪn ðiəs ʃiərz gra:s
ar tɾed ðə (h)wi:lwa:rn rɔ:d
krə:ɪd gramər ðen adju:
o: rʌnən brʊks
ən vli:ən rʊks
ə:ɪ kɛ:nt kʌm əʊt tə ju:
ɪf tɪz ɡɒdz wɪl (h)wə:ɪ ðen tɪz wɛl
ðat ə:ɪ ʃʊd bæ:ɪd ɪðm ə wa:l

ən ðen ðə ʃɪldərn wə:l(d) wi flʌ
ən lə:ʊd wi dʒærvʊl sə:ʊn(d)z
sprʌŋ ɪn ən krə:ɪd wi: had ə rʌn
əplæɪən hjeər ən hə:ʊn(d)z
bət o: ðə kə:ʊslɪps (h)wər wi: stɒpt
ɪn məɪkrɪ:tʃ ɒn ðə nʌp
ən vrəm ðər lɪtəl hanz ɪ:tʃ drʌpt
səm kə:ʊslɪps ɪn (h)ər lʌp
krə:ɪd gramər ɔ:nli zi:
ə:ɪ kɛ:nt tʃek stɒ:lz
ən lɪtəl sɔ:lz
wʊd brɪŋ ðə vi:l(d)z tə mi:
sɪns tɪz ɡɒdz wɪl ən mʌs bi: wɛl
ðat ə:ɪ ʃʊd bæ:ɪd ɪðm ə wa:l

“Oh! there be prison walls to hold
 The han’s o’ lawless crimes,
 An’ there be walls arear’d vor wold *raised, old*
 An’ zick in tryèn times;
 But oh! though low mid slant my ruf, *may, roof*
 Though hard my lot mid be,
 Though dry mid come my daily lwoaf,
 Mid mercy leäve me free!”
 Cried Grammer, “Or adieu
 To jaÿ; O grounds, *joy, fields*
 An’ birds’ gaÿ sounds
 If I mus’ gi’e up you, *give*
 Although ’tis well, in God’s good will,
 That I should bide ’ithin a wall.”

“Oh! then,” we answer’d, “never fret,
 If we shall be a-blest,
 We’ll work vull hard drough het an’ wet *through heat*
 To keep your heart at rest:
 The woaken chair’s vor you to vill, *oak*
 For you shall glow the coal,
 An’ when the win’ do whissle sh’ill *sbrilly*
 We’ll screen it vrom your poll.” *head*
 Cried Grammer, “God is true.
 I can’t but feel
 He smote to heal
 My wounded heart in you;
 An’ zoo ’tis well, if ’tis His will, *so*
 That I be here ’ithin a wall.”

o: ðær bi: prɪzən wa:lz tə huəld
ðə han(d)z ə lɛ:lɪs krə:ɪmz
ən ðær bi: wa:lz ərəərd var (w)uəld
ən zɪk ɪn trə:ɪən tə:ɪmz
bət o: ðo: lɔ: mɪd slɛ:nt mə:ɪ rʌf
ðo: hɑ:rd mə:ɪ lɒt mɪd bi:
ðo: drə:ɪ mɪd kʌm mə:ɪ de:lɪ luəf
mɪd mə:rsɪ liəv mi: fri:
krə:ɪd grɑ:mər ɑr ədʒu:
tə dʒæɪ o: grə:un(d)z
ən bə:rdz gæɪ sə:un(d)z
ɪf ə:ɪ mʌs gi: ʌp ju:
ɑ:lðo: tɪz wɛl ɪn ɡʊdʒ ɡʊd wɪl
ðæt ə:ɪ ʃʊd bə:ɪd ɪðm ə wa:l

o: ðæn wi: ɛ:nsərd nəvər fret
ɪf wi: ʃəl bi: əblɛst
wɪl wɜ:rk vʊl hɑ:rd drʊ: het ən wet
tə ki(:)p jər hɑ:rt ət rest
ðə (w)uəkən tʃɛərz var ju: tə vɪl
var ju: ʃəl ɡlɔ: ðə kɔ:l
ən (h)wɛn ðə wɪn(d) də (h)wɪsəl ʃɪl
wɪl skrɪ:n ɪt vrəm jər pɔ:l
krə:ɪd grɑ:mər ɡʊd ɪz tru:
ə:ɪ kɛ:nt bət vɪl
hi: smɔ:t tə hi:l
mə:ɪ wu:ndɪd hɑ:rt ɪn ju:
ən zu: tɪz wɛl ɪf tɪz (h)ɪz wɪl
ðæt ə:ɪ bi: hiər ɪðm ə wa:l

THE CASTLE RUINS



A HAPPY day at Whitsuntide,
As soon's the zun begun to vall,
We all stroll'd up the steep hill-zide
To Meldon, girt an' small;
Out where the castle wall stood high
A-mwoldrèn to the zunny sky.

great

mouldering

An' there wi' Jenny took a stroll
Her youngest sister, Poll, so gay,
Beside John Hind, ah! merry soul,
An' mid her wedlock fay;
An' at our zides did play an' run
My little maïd an' smaller son.

may, prosper

daughter

Above the beäten mwold upsprung
The driven doust, a-spreadèn light,
An' on the new-leav'd thorn, a-hung,
Wer wool a-quiv'rèn white;
An' corn, a sheenèn bright, did bow,
On slopèn Meldon's zunny brow.

earth

dust

shining, bend

There, down the rufless wall did glow
The zun upon the grassy vloor,
An' weakly-wandrèn winds did blow,
Unhinder'd by a door;
An' smokeless now avore the zun
Did stan' the ivy-girded tun.

roofless

chimney

My bwoy did watch the daws' bright wings
A-flappèn vrom their ivy bow'rs;
My wife did watch my maïd's light springs,
Out here an' there vor flow'rs;

jackdaw's

daughter's

ðə ka:səl ru:ɪnz

ə hapi de: ət (h)wɪtsəntə:ɪd
əz su:ɪnz ðə zʌn bɪɡʌn tə va:l
wi: a:l stro:lɪd ʌp ðə stɪ:p hɪlzə:ɪd
tə mældən gə:rt ən sma:l
ə:ʊt (h)wər ðə ka:səl wa:l stʊd hɛ:ɪ
əmuəldrən tə ðə zʌni skə:ɪ

ən ðeər wi dʒeni tʊk ə stro:l
(h)ər ʒʌŋɡɪst sɪstər pəl sə gæɪ
bɪzə:ɪd dʒʌn hɛ:m(d) a: mɛrɪ so:l
ən mɪd (h)ər wɛdlɒk fæɪ
ən at ə:ʊər zə:ɪdz dɪd plæɪ ən rʌn
mɛ:ɪ lɪtəl mæɪd ən sma:lər sʌn

əbʌv ðə biətən muəld ʌpsprʌŋ
ðə drɪvən də:ʊst əsprɛdən lɛ:ɪt
ən ʊn ðə ŋju:lɪ:vɪd ða:rn əhʌŋ
wər wʊl əkwɪvrən (h)wə:ɪt
ən ka:rn əʃɪ:nən brɛ:ɪt dɪd bɛ:ʊ
ʊn slɔ:pən mældənz zʌni brɛ:ʊ

ðeər də:ʊn ðə rʌflɪs wa:l dɪd glɔ:
ðə zʌn əpən ðə grɑ:sɪ vluər
ən wɪ:kliwɔndrən wɪn(d)z dɪd blɔ:
ʌnhɪndərd b(ə:ɪ) ə duər
ən smɔ:klɪs nə:ʊ əvʊər ðə zʌn
dɪd stʌn ðə ə:ɪvɪgə:rdɪd tʌn

mɛ:ɪ bwə:ɪ dɪd wɒtʃ ðə de:z brɛ:ɪt wɪŋz
əflapən vrəm ðər ə:ɪvɪ bɛ:ʊərz
mɛ:ɪ wə:ɪf dɪd wɒtʃ mɛ:ɪ mæɪdz lɛ:ɪt sprɪŋz
ə:ʊt hɪər ən ðeər vər flɛ:ʊərz

And John did zee noo tow'rs, the pleäce
Vor him had only Polly's feäce.

An' there, of all that pried about
The walls, I overlook'd em best,
An' what o' that? Why, I meäde out
Noo mwore than all the rest:
That there wer woonce the nest of zome
That wer a-gone avore we come,

once

When woonce above the tun the smoke
Did wreathy blue among the trees,
An' down below, the livèn vo'k,
Did tweil as brisk as bees;
Or zit wi' weary knees, the while
The sky wer lightless to their tweil.

chimney-top

folk

toil

ən(d) dʒən dɪd zi: nu: tə:uərz ðə plʒes
vər hɪm həd ɔ:nli pɒliz fjes

ən ðeər əv a:l ðət præɪd əbə:ut
ðə wa:lz ə:ɪ ɔ:vərʌkt əm best
ən (h)wɒt ə ðat (h)wə:ɪ ə:ɪ mjəd ə:ut
nu: muər ðən a:l ðə rest
ðət ðeər wər (w)u:ns ðə nest əv zʌm
ðət wər əgɒn əvuər wi: kʌm

(h)wen (w)u:ns əbʌv ðə tʌn ðə smɔ:k
dɪd ri:ði blu: əmɒŋ ðə tri:z
ən də:ʌn bɪlɔ: ðə lɪvən vɔ:k
dɪd twə:ɪl əz brɪsk əz bɪz
ər zɪt wi wiəri ni:z ðə (h)wə:ɪl
ðə skə:ɪ wər lə:ɪtlɪs tə ðər twə:ɪl

ECLOGUE



JOHN, JEALOUS AT SHROTON FEÄIR

Jeäne; her Brother; John, her Sweetheart; and Racketèn Joe

JEÄNE

I'M thankvul I be out o' that
Thick crowd, an' not asquot quite flat.
That ever we should plunge in where the vo'k do drunge
So tight's the cheese-wring on the veät!
I've sca'ce a thing a-left in pleäce.
'Tis all a-tore vrom pin an' leäce.
My bonnet's like a wad, a-beät up to a dod,
An' all my heäir's about my feäce.

*squashed
folk, crowd
vat*

heap

HER BROTHER

Here, come an' zit out here a bit,
An' put yourzelf to rights.

JOHN

No, Jeäne; no, no! Now you don't show
The very wo'st o' plights.

HER BROTHER

Come, come, there's little harm adone;
Your hoops be out so roun's the zun.

JOHN

An' there's your bonnet back in sheäpe.

HER BROTHER

An' there's your pin, and there's your ceäpe.

eklög

dʒan dʒeləs ət ʃʊdən ʃjɛər

dʒjɛn (h)ər brʌðər dʒan (h)ər swi(:)thɑ:rt ən(d) rakətən dʒo:

JEÄNE

ə:m θaŋkvʊl ə:i bi: ə:ut ə ðat

θik kræ:ud ən nɒt əskwɒt kwæ:ɪt flat

ðət evər wi: ʃʊd plʌndʒ ɪn (h)wər ðə vɔ:k də drʌndʒ

sə tɔ:ɪts ðə tʃi:zrɪŋ ɒn ðə vjət

ə:ɪv skjɛs ə ðɪŋ əleɪft ɪn pljɛs

tɪz a:l ətuər vrəm pɪn ən ljɛs

mə:i bɒnɪts lɪk ə wɒd əbiət ʌp tu ə dɒd

ən a:l mə:i hjɛərz əbɔ:ut mə:i ʃjɛs

HER BROTHER

hiər kʌm ən zɪt ə:ut hiər ə bɪt

ən pʌt jɔ:zʌf tɔ rɔ:ɪts

JOHN

nɔ: dʒjɛn nɔ: nɔ: nə:u jə dɔ:nt ʃo:

ðə veri wʌst ə plɔ:ɪts

HER BROTHER

kʌm kʌm ðərz lɪtəl hɑ:m ədʌn

jər hu:ps bi: ə:ut sə rɔ:rʌnz ðə zʌn

JOHN

ən ðərz jər bɒnɪt bʌk ɪn ʃjɛp

HER BROTHER

ən ðərz jər pɪn ən(d) ðərz jər kjɛp

JOHN

An' there your curls do match, an' there
'S the vittiest maïd in all the feàir.

properest

JEÄNE

Now look, an' tell us who's a-spied
Vrom Sturminster, or Manston zide.

HER BROTHER

There's rantèn Joe! How he do stalk,
An' zwang his whip, an' laugh, an' talk!

swing violently

JOHN

An' how his head do wag, avore his steppèn lag.
Jist like a pigeons' in a walk!

HER BROTHER

Heigh! there, then, Joey, ben't we proud!

JEÄNE

He can't hear you among the crowd.

HER BROTHER

Why, no, the thunder peals do drown the sound o' wheels.
His own pipe is a-pitched too loud.
What, you here too?

RACKETÈN JOE

Yes, Sir, to you.

All o' me that's a-left.

JOHN

ən ðeər jər kə:rlz də matʃ ən ðeər
z ðə vɪtɪst məɪd ɪn a:l ðə fjeər

JEÄNE

nə:u lʊk ən tɛl əs hu:z əspə:ɪd
vrəm stə:rmɪstər ər mɑnsən zə:ɪd

HER BROTHER

ðeərz rɛ:ntən dʒo: hə:u hi: də stɛ:k
ən zwaŋ (h)ɪz (h)wɪp ən le:f ən tɛ:k

JOHN

ən hə:u (h)ɪz hɛd də wɑg əvuər (h)ɪz stɛpən lɑg
dʒɪst lɪk ə pɪdʒənz ɪn ə we:k

HER BROTHER

hæɪ ðeər ðɛn dʒo:i beɪnt wi: prə:ud

JEÄNE

hi: keɪnt hiər ju: əmɒŋ ðə krə:ud

HER BROTHER

(h)wə:ɪ no: ðə θʌndər pi:lz də drə:ʊn ðə sə:ʊn(d) ə (h)wi:lz
(h)ɪz o:n pə:ɪp ɪz əpɪtʃt tu: lə:ud
(h)wɒt ju: hiər tu:

RACKETÈN JOE

i:s sə:r tə ju:

a:l ə mi: ðəts əleft

JEÄNE

A body plump's a goodish lump
Where reämes ha' such a heft.

a skeleton, weight

JOHN

Who lost his crown a-racèn?

RACKETÈN JOE

Who?

Zome silly chap a-backèn you.
Well, now, an' how do vo'k treat Jeäne?

folk

JEÄNE

Why not wi' feärèns.

gifts bought at a fair

RACKETÈN JOE

What d'ye meän,

When I've a-brought ye such a bunch
O' theäse nice ginger-nuts to crunch?
An' here, John, here! you teäke a vew.

these

JOHN

No, keep em all vor Jeäne an' you!

RACKETÈN JOE

Well, Jeäne, an' when d'ye meän to come
An' call on me, then, up at hwome.
You han't a-come athirt, since I'd my voot a-hurt,
A-slippèn vrom the tree I clomb.

*across
climbed*

JEÄNE

ə bɔdi plʌmp s ə gʊdɪʃ lʌmp
(h)wər rjɛmz hə sɪʃ ə heft

JOHN

hu: lɔst (h)ɪz krə:un ərjɛsən

RACKETÈN JOE

hu:

zʌm sɪli tʃʌp əbʌkən ju:
wəl nə:u ən hə:u də vɔ:k trɪ:t dʒjɛn

JEÄNE

(h)wə:ɪ nɒt wi fjɛərɛnz

RACKETÈN JOE

(h)wɒt dʒi: miən

(h)wɛn ə:ɪv əbrɔ:t i: sɪʃ ə blʌntʃ
ə ðiəz nə:ɪs dʒɪndʒərnlʌts tə krʌntʃ
ən hiər dʒʌn hiər ju: tjɛk ə vju:

JOHN

nɔ: ki(:)p əm a:l vər dʒjɛn ən ju:

RACKETÈN JOE

wəl dʒjɛn ən (h)wɛn dʒi: miən tə klʌm
ən ka:l ɒn mi: ðɛn ʌp ət huəm
jə hʌnt əklʌm əðə:rt sɪms ə:ɪd mə:ɪ vʊt əhə:rt
əslɪpən vrəm ðə trɪ: ə:ɪ klʌm

JEÄNE

Well, if so be that you be stout
On voot ageän, you'll vind me out.

JOHN

Aye, better chaps woont goo, not many steps vor you,
If you do hawk yourzelf about.

RACKETÈN JOE

Wull John, come too?

JOHN

No, thanks to you.

Two's company, dree's nwone.

three's

HER BROTHER

There don't be stung by his mad tongue,
'Tis nothèn else but fun.

JEÄNE

There, what d'ye think o' my new ceäpe?

JOHN

Why, think that 'tis an ugly sheäpe.

JEÄNE

Then you should buy me, now theäse feäir,
A mwore becomèn woone to wear.

*this
one*

JEÄNE

wel if so: bi: ðæt jə bi: stə:ut
ɒn vʊt əgʒen ju:l və:m(d) mi: ə:ut

JOHN

æi betər tʃaps wu(:)nt gu: nɒt məni steɪps vər ju:
if jə də he:k jəʀzɒf əbə:ut

RACKETÈN JOE

wʊl dʒən kɒm tu:

JOHN

no: θaŋks tə ju:
tu:z kɒmpəni dri:z nuən

HER BROTHER

ðeər do:nt bi: stɒŋ b(ə:ɪ) (h)ɪz mɒd tɒŋ
tɪz nɒθən els bət fɒn

JEÄNE

ðeər (h)wɒt dʒi: ðɪŋk ə mə:ɪ nju: kjɛp

JOHN

(h)wə:ɪ ðɪŋk ðæt tɪz ən ʌgli ʃjɛp

JEÄNE

ðen jə ʃʊd bə:ɪ mi: nə:u ðiəs fjeər
ə muər bɪkɒmən (w)u:n tə weər

JOHN

I buy your ceäpe! No; Joe wull screäpe
Up dibs enough to buy your ceäpe.
As things do look, to meäke you fine
Is long Joe's business mwore than mine.

coins

JEÄNE

Lauk, John, the mwore that you do pout
The mwore he'll glēne.

*Lord
sneer*

JOHN

A yelpèn lout.

JOHN

ə:ɪ bə:ɪ juər kjɛp no: dʒo: wʊl skrjɛp
ʌp dɪbz ɪnʌf tə bə:ɪ jər kjɛp
əz ðɪŋz də lʊk tə mjɛk ju: fə:ɪn
ɪz lɒŋ dʒo:z bɪznɪs muər ðən mə:ɪn

JEÄNE

lɔ:k dʒən ðə muər ðət ju: də pə:ʊt
ðə muər hi:l gle:n

JOHN

ə jɛlpən lə:ʊt

EARLY PLAYMEÄTE



AFTER many long years had a-run,
The while I wer a-gone vrom the pleäce,
I come back to the vields, where the zun
Ov her childhood did show me her feäce.
There her father, years wolder, did stoop.
An' her brother, wer now a-grow'd staid,
An' the apple tree lower did droop.
Out in the orcha'd where we had a-play'd,
There wer zome things a-seemèn the seäme,
But Meäry's a-married awäy.

*older
mature*

There wer two little childern a-zent,
Wi' a message to me, oh! so feäir
As the mother that they did zoo ment,
When in childhood she play'd wi' me there.
Zoo they twold me that if I would come
Down to Coomb, I should zee a wold friend,
Vor a playmeäte o' mine wer at hwome,
An' would stäy till another week's end.
At the dear pworchèd door, could I dare
To zee Meäry a-married awäy!

so take after

*so
old*

On the flower-not, now all a-trod
Stwony hard, the green grass wer a-spread,
An' the long-slighted woodbine did nod
Vrom the wall, wi' a loose-hangèn head.
An' the martin's clay nest wer a-hung
Up below the brown oves, in the dry,
An' the rooks had a-rock'd broods o' young
On the elems below the Maÿ sky;
But the bud on the bed, coulden bide,
Wi' young Meäry a-married awäy.

flower-bed

eaves

jærli plæimjet

ɛ:tər meni lɔŋ jærz had ərʌŋ

ðə (h)wə:ɪl ə:ɪ wər əgɒn vrəm ðə pljɛs
ə:ɪ kʌm bak tə ðə vi:l(d)z (h)wər ðə zʌŋ
əv (h)ər tʃə:ɪl(d)hʊd dɪd ʃo: mi: (h)ər fjɛs
ðeər (h)ər fɛ:ðər jærz (w)uəldər dɪd stu:p
ən (h)ər brʌðər wər nə:u əgrɔ:d stæɪd
ən ði apəl tri: lɔ:ər dɪd dru:p
ərut ɪn ði a:rtʃət (h)wər wi: had əplæɪd
ðeər wər sʌm ðɪŋz əsi:mən ðə sjɛm
bət mjɛərɪz əmarɪd əwæɪ

ðər wər tu: lɪtəl tʃɪldərn əzɛnt

wɪ ə mɛsɪdʒ tə mi: o: sə fjɛər
əz ðə mʌðər ðət ðe: dɪd zu: mɛnt
(h)wɛn ɪn tʃə:ɪl(d)hʊd ʃi: plæɪd wi mi: ðeər
zu: ðe: tuəld mi: ðət ɪf ə:ɪ wʊd kʌm
dərʊn tə ku:m ə:ɪ ʃʊd zi: ə (w)uəld frɛn(d)
vər ə plæimjet ə mæ:ɪn wər ət huəm
ən wʊd stæɪ tɪl ənʌðər wi(:)ks ɛn(d)
ət ðə diər puərtʃəd duər kuð ə:ɪ djɛər
tə zi: mjɛəri əmarɪd əwæɪ

ɒn ðə flə:uərnɒt nə:u a:l ətɾɒd

stuəni ha:rd ðə grɪ:n grɑ:s wər əsprɛd
ən ðə lɒŋslə:ɪtɪd wʊdbə:ɪn dɪd nɒd
vrəm ðə wɑ:l wi ə lu:ʃəŋən hɛd
ən ðə mɑ:rtɪnz kle: nɛst wər əhʌŋ
ʌp bɪlɔ: ðə brə:ʊn ɔ:vz ɪn ðə drɔ:ɪ
ən ðə ruks had ərɒkt bru:dz ə jʌŋ
ɒn ði eləməz bɪlɔ: ðə mæɪ skə:ɪ
bət ðə bʌd ɒn ðə bɛd kuðən bɔ:ɪd
wi jʌŋ mjɛəri əmarɪd əwæɪ

There the copse-wood, a-grow'd to a height,

Wer a-vell'd, an' the primrose in blooth,

bloom

Among chips on the ground a-turn'd white,

Wer a-quiv'rèn, all beäre ov his lewth.

bare, shelter

The green moss wer a-spread on the thatch,

That I left yollow reed, an' avore

The small green, there did swing a new hatch,

Vor to let me walk into the door.

wicket-gate

Oh! the rook did still rock o'er the rick,

But wi' Meäry a-married away.

ðeər ðə kɒpswʊd əgrəʊd tu ə hæ:ɪt
wər əvɛld ən ðə prɪmruəz ɪn blu:θ
əmɒŋ tʃɪps ɒn ðə grə:ʊn(d) ətə:rnd (h)wə:ɪt
wər əkwɪvrən a:l bjɛər əv (h)ɪz lu:θ
ðə grɪ:n mɒs wər əsprɛd ɒn ðə ðatʃ
ðət ə:ɪ lɛft jəlɛr rɪ:d ən əvuər
ðə smɑ:l grɪ:n ðər dɪd swɪŋ ə nju: hatʃ
vər tə lɛt mi: wɛ:k ɪntə ðə duər
o: ðə rʊk dɪd stɪl rʊk ɔ:r ðə rɪk
bət wi mɛjəri əmarɪd əwæɪ



PICKÈN O' SCROFF

loose waste sticks

OH! the wood wer a-vell'd in the copse,
 An' the moss-bedded primrose did blow;
 An' vrom tall-stemmèd trees' leafless tops,
 There did lie but slight sheädes down below.
 An' the sky wer a-showèn, in drough
 By the tree-stems, the deepest o' blue,
 Wi' a light that did vall on an' off
 The dry ground, a-strew'd over wi' scroff.

*bloom
 tall-trunked
 shadows
 through*

There the hedge that wer leätely so high,
 Wer a-plush'd, an' along by the zide,
 Where the waggon 'd a-haul'd the wood by,
 There did reach the deep wheelrouts, a-dried.
 An' the groun' wi' the sticks wer bespread,
 Zome a-cut off alive, an' zome dead.
 An' vor burnèn, well wo'th reäkèn off,
 By the childern a-pickèn o' scroff.

*with half-cut stems interlaced
 wheel-ruts*

In the tree-studded leäze, where the woak
 Wer a-spreadèn his head out around,
 There the scraggs that the wind had a-broke,
 Wer a-lyèn about on the ground.
 Or the childern, wi' little red hands,
 Wer a-tyèn em up in their bands;
 Vor noo squier or farmer turn'd off
 Little childern a-pickèn o' scroff.

*meadow, oak
 turned away*

There wer woone bloomèn child wi' a cloak
 On her shoulders, as green as the ground;
 An' another, as gray as the woak,
 Wi' a bwoy in a brown frock, a-brown'd.

one

pi:kən ə skrɔf

o: ðə wud wər əvæld in ðə kɔps
ən ðə mɔsbədɪd prɪmruəz dɪd blɔ:
ən vrəm tɑ:lstɛməd tri:z li:flɪs tɔps
ðər dɪd læɪ bət sləɪt ʃjɛdz dɑ:un bɪlɔ:
ən ðə skæɪ wər əʃo:ən in dru:
b(ə):ɪ ðə tri:stɛmz ðə di:pɪst ə blu:
wi ə læɪt ðæt dɪd vaɪl ɒn ən ɒf
ðə dræɪ grə:un(d) əstru:d ɔ:vər wi skrɔf

ðeər ðə hɛdz ðæt wər ljetli sə hæɪ
wər əplʌʃt ən əlɒŋ b(ə):ɪ ðə zæɪd
(h)wər ðə wɑ:gən d əhɑ:lɪd ðə wud bæɪ
ðər dɪd ri:tʃ ðə di:p (h)wi:lɹə:uts ədræɪd
ən ðə grə:un wi ðə stɪks wər bɪsprɛd
zʌm əkʌt ɒf əlɔ:ɪv ən zʌm dɛd
ən vər bæ:rnən wɛl wɒð rjɛkən ɒf
b(ə):ɪ ðə tʃɪldərn apɪkən ə skrɔf

in ðə tri:stʌdɪd liəz (h)wər ðə (w)uək
wər əsprɛdən (h)ɪz hɛd ə:ut ərə:un(d)
ðər ðə skragz ðæt ðə wɪn(d) hʌd əbrɔ:k
wər əlɔ:ɪən əbə:ut ɒn ðə grə:un(d)
ər ðə tʃɪldərn wi lɪtəl rɛd hʌn(d)z
wər ətə:ɪən əm ʌp in ðər bʌn(d)z
vər nu: skwə:ɪər ər fɑ:rmər tɑ:rnd ɒf
lɪtəl tʃɪldərn apɪkən ə skrɔf

ðər wər (w)u:n blɪ:mən tʃɔ:ɪl(d) wi ə kluək
ɒn (h)ər ʃɔ:ldərz əz grɪ:n əz ðə grə:und
ən ənʌðər əz gre: əz ðə (w)uək
wi ə bwəɪ in ə brə:un frɔk əbrə:und

An' woone got up, in play, vor to tait,
On a woak-limb, a-growèn out straight.
But she soon wer a-taited down off,
By her meätes out a-pickèn o' scroff.

play see-saw

When they childern do grow to staid vo'k,
An' goo out in the worold, all wide
Vrom the copse, an' the zummerleäze woak,
Where at last all their elders ha' died,
They wull then vind it touchèn to bring,
To their minds, the sweet springs o' their spring,
Back avore the new vo'k did turn off
The poor childern a-pickèn o' scroff.

adult folk

summer-pasture

ən (w)u:n gøt ʌp in plæi vər tə tæit
ɒn ə (w)uəkli:m əgro:ən ə:ut stræt
bət ʃi: su:n wər ətæitid də:un ɒf
b(ə):ɪ (h)ər mjets ə:ut apikən ə skrɒf

(h)wen ðe: tʃildərn də gro: tə stæid vɔ:k
ən gu: ə:ut in ðə wə:rdəl a:l wə:ɪd
vrəm ðə kɒps ən ðə zʌmərliəz (w)uək
(h)wər at le:st a:l ðər ɛldərz hə də:ɪd
ðe: wʊl ðen və:m(d) it tʌtʃən tə brɪŋ
tə ðər mə:m(d)z ðə swi(:)t sprɪŋz ə ðər sprɪŋ
bək əvuər ðə nju: vɔ:k did tə:rn ɒf
ðə pu(:)ər tʃildərn apikən ə skrɒf

GOOD NIGHT



WHILE down the meäds wound slow,
 Water vor green-wheel'd mills,
Over the streams bright bow,
 Win' come vrom dark-back'd hills.
Birds on the win' shot along down steep
Slopes, wi' a swift-swung zweep.
Dim weän'd the red streak'd west.
Lim'-weary souls "Good-rest."

arc

Up on the plough'd hill brow,
 Still wer the zull's wheel'd beam,
Still wer the red-wheel'd plough,
 Free o' the strong limb'd team,
Still wer the shop that the smith meäde ring,
Dark where the sparks did spring;
Low shot the zun's last beams.
Lim'-weary souls "Good dreams."

*plough's
wagon*

Where I vrom dark bank-sheädes
 Turn'd up the west hill road,
Where all the green grass bleädes
 Under the zunlight glow'd,
Startled I met, as the zunbeams play'd
Light, wi' a zunsmote mäid,
Come vor my day's last zight.
Zun-brighten'd mäid "Good night."

gently

gud næ:ɪt

(h)wə:ɪl də:un ðə miədʒ wə:un(d) slo:
wə:tər vər grɪ:n(h)wi:ld mɪlz
ɔ:vər ðə stri:mz brə:ɪt bə:
wɪn(d) kʌm vrəm da:rkbakt hɪlz
bæ:rdz ɒn ðə wɪn(d) ʃɒt əlɒŋ də:un sti:p
slo:ps wi ə swɪf(t)swʌŋ zwi:p
dɪm wjend ðə red stri:kt west
lɪmwɪəri so:lz gʊdrest

ʌp ɒn ðə plə:ud hɪl brə:u
stɪl wər ðə zʌlz (h)wi:ld bi:m
stɪl wər ðə red(h)wi:ld plə:u
fri: ə ðə strɒŋ lɪm(d) ti:m
stɪl wər ðə ʃɒp ðæt ðə smiθ mjed rɪŋ
da:rk (h)wər ðə spɑ:ks dɪd sprɪŋ
lə: ʃɒt ðə zʌnz lɛ:st bi:mz
lɪmwɪəri so:lz gʊd dri:mz

(h)wər ə:ɪ vrəm da:rk bʌŋksjɛdz
tə:rnd ʌp ðə west hɪl rɔ:d
(h)wər a:ɪ ðə grɪ:n grɑ:s bljɛdz
ʌndər ðə zʌnlə:ɪt glɔ:d
stɑ:rtɔld ə:ɪ met əz ðə zʌnbɪ:mz plæɪd
lə:ɪt wi ə zʌnsmɔ:t məɪd
kʌm vər mə:ɪ de:z lɛ:st zə:ɪt
zʌnbrə:ɪtænd məɪd gʊd næ:ɪt

WENT HWOME



UPON the slope, the hedge did bound
The vield wi' blossom-whited zide,
An' charlock patches, yollow-dyed,
Did reach along the white-soil'd ground;
An' vo'k, a-comèn up vrom meäd,
 Brought gil'cup meal upon the shoe;
Or went on where the road did leäd,
 Wi' smeechy doust from heel to tooe,
As noon did smite, wi' burnèn light,
The road so white, to Meldonley.

*folk
buttercup*

thick dust

An' I did tramp the zun-dried ground,
By hedge-climb'd hills, a-spread wi' flow'rs,
An' watershootèn dells, an' tow'rs,
By elem-trees a-hemm'd all round,
To zee a vew wold friends, about
 Wold Meldon, where I still ha' zome,
That bid me speed as I come out,
 An' now ha' bid me welcome hwome,
As I did goo, while skies wer blue,
Vrom view to view, to Meldonley.

*old
wished me success*

An' there wer timber'd knaps, that show'd
Cool sheädes, vor rest, on grassy ground,
An' thatch-brow'd windows, flower-bound,
Where I could wish wer my abode.
I pass'd the maïd avore the spring,
 An' shepherd by the thornèn tree;
An' heärd the merry dréver zing,
 But met noo kith or kin to me,
Till I come down, vrom Meldon's crown
To rufs o' brown, at Meldonley.

hillocks

roofs

went huəm

əpən ðə slo:p ðə hedʒ dɪd bə:un(d)
ðə vi:l(d) wi blɒsəm(h)wə:ɪtɪd zə:ɪd
ən tʃa:rlɒk patʃɪz ʤələrdə:ɪd
dɪd ri:tʃ əlɒŋ ðə (h)wə:ɪtswə:ɪld grə:un(d)
ən vɔ:k əkʌmən ʌp vrəm miəd
brɔ:t ɡɪlkʌp mi:l əpən ðə ʃu:
ar went ɒn (h)wər ðə ro:d dɪd liəd
wi smi:tʃi də:ʊst vrəm hi:l tə tu:
az nu:n dɪd smə:ɪt wi bə:rnən lə:ɪt
ðə ro:d sə (h)wə:ɪt tə məldənli:

ən ə:ɪ dɪd trɑmp ðə zʌndrə:ɪd grə:un(d)
b(ə):ɪ hedʒklɪmd hɪlz əsprɛd wi flə:uərz
ən wɔ:tərʃʊtən delz ən tə:uərz
b(ə):ɪ eləmtri:z əhemd a:l rə:un(d)
tə zi: ə vju: (w)uəld frɛn(d)z əbə:ʊt
(w)uəld məldən (h)wər ə:ɪ stɪl ha zʌm
ðət bɪd mi: spi:d əz ə:ɪ kʌm ə:ʊt
ən nə:ʊ hə bɪd mi: wɛlkəm huəm
əz ə:ɪ dɪd gu: (h)wə:ɪl skə:ɪz wər blu:
vrəm vju: tə vju: tə məldənli:

ən ðeər wər tɪmbərd naps ðət ʃo:d
ku:l ʃjedz vər rɛst ɒn gra:si grə:un(d)
ən ðatʃbrə:ʊd wɪndərz flə:uərbə:un(d)
(h)wər ə:ɪ kud wɪʃ wər mə:ɪ əbo:d
ə:ɪ pɑ:st ðə məɪd əvʊər ðə sprɪŋ
ən ʃepərd b(ə):ɪ ðə ðɑ:rnən tri:
ən hiərd ðə məri drevər zɪŋ
bət met nu: kɪθ ər kɪn tə mi:
tɪl ə:ɪ kʌm də:ʊn vrəm məldənz krə:ʊn
tə rʌfs ə brə:ʊn ət məldənli:



THE HOLLOW WOAK

oak

THE woaken tree, so hollow now,
To souls ov other times wer sound,
An' reach'd on ev'ry zide a bough
Above their heads, a-gather'd round,
But zome light veet
That here did meet
In friendship sweet, vor rest or jaÿ,
Shall be a-miss'd another Maÿ.

oak

joy

My childern here, in playvul pride
Did zit 'ithin his wooden walls,
A-mentèn steätely vo'k inside
O' castle towers an' lofty halls.
But now the vloor
An' mossy door

*its
imitating, folk*

That woonce they wore would be too small
To teäke em in, so big an' tall.

once

Theäse year do show, wi' snow-white cloud,
An' deäsies in a sprinkled bed,
An' green-bough birds a-whislèn loud,
The looks o' zummer days a-vled;
An' grass do grow,
An' men do mow,
An' all do show the wold times' feäce
Wi' new things in the wold things' pleäce.

this

flown by

old

ðə hɒləɹ (w)uək

ðə (w)uəkən tri: sə hɒləɹ nə:u
tə so:lz əv ʌðər tə:ɪmz wər sə:un(d)
ən ri:tʃd ɒn evri zə:ɪd ə bə:u
əbʌv ðər hɛdz əgəðərd rə:un(d)
bət zʌm lə:ɪt vi:t
ðət hiər dɪd mi:t
ɪn frɛn(d)ʃɪp swi:t vər rɛst ər dʒæɪ
ʃəl bi: əmɪst ənʌðər məɪ

mə:ɪ tʃɪldərn hiər ɪn plæɪvʊl prə:ɪd
dɪd zɪt ɪðm (h)ɪz wʊdən wə:lz
əmentən stɛtli vɔ:k ɪnsə:ɪd
ə kə:səl tə:uəɹz ən lɒfti hə:lz
bət nə:u ðə vluər
ən mɒsi duər
ðət (w)u:ns ðe: wuər wʊd bi: tu: smɑ:l
tə tʃɛk əm ɪn sə bɪg ən ta:l

ðiəs jiər də ʃo: wi sno:(h)wə:ɪt klə:ud
ən dʒɛzɪz ɪn ə sprɪŋkəld bɛd
ən grɪnbə:u bə:ɪrdz ə(h)wɪslən lə:ud
ðə lʊks ə zʌmər de:z əvlɛd
ən grɑ:s də gro:
ən mɛn də mo:
ən a:l də ʃo: ðə (w)uəld tə:ɪmz fʃɛs
wi nju: ðɪŋz ɪn ðə (w)uəld ðɪŋz plʃɛs

CHILDERN'S CHILDERN



OH! if my ling'rèn life should run,
Drough years a-reckoned ten by ten,
Below the never-tirèn zun,
Till beäbes ageän be wives an' men;
An' stillest deafness should ha' bound
My ears, at last, vrom ev'ry sound;
Though still my eyes in that sweet light,
Should have the zight o' sky an' ground:
Would then my steäte
In time so leäte,
Be jaÿ or päin, be päin or jaÿ?

through

joy

When Zunday then, a-weänèn dim,
As theäse that now's a-clwosèn still,
Mid lose the zun's down-zinkèn rim,
In light behind the vier-bound hill;
An' when the bells' last peal's a-rung,
An' I mid zee the wold an' young
A-vlockèn by, but shoulden hear,
However near, a voot or tongue:
Mid zuch a zight,
In that soft light
Be jaÿ or päin, be päin or jaÿ?

*waning
this one, closing
might
fire-*

old

If I should zee among em all,
In merry youth, a-glidèn by,
My son's bwold son, a-grown man-tall,
Or daughter's daughter, woman-high;
An' she mid smile wi' your good feäce,
Or she mid walk your comely peäce,
But seem, although a-chattèn loud,
So dumb's a cloud, in that bright pleäce:

ʃʏldərnz ʃʏldərn

o: ɪf mə:ɪ lɪŋgrən lə:ɪf ʃʊd rʌn
dru: ʤiərz ərekænd ten b(ə):ɪ ten
bɪlo: ðə nevərtə:ɪrən zʌn
tɪl bjɛbz əgʤən bi: wə:ɪvz ən mən
ən stɪlɪst dəfnɪs ʃʊd hə bə:ʊn(d)
mə:ɪ iərz ət lɛ:st vrəm evri sə:ʊn(d)
ðo: stɪl mə:ɪ əɪz ɪn ðat swi(:)t lə:ɪt
ʃʊd hav ðə zə:ɪt ə skə:ɪ ən grə:ʊn(d)
wʊd ðen mə:ɪ stʃet
ɪn tə:ɪm sə lʃet
bi: dʒæɪ ər pæɪm bi: pæɪm ər dʒæɪ

(h)wɛn zʌnde: ðen əwʤenən dɪm
əz ðiəs ðət nə:ʊz əklʊəzən stɪl
mɪd lu:z ðə zʌnz də:ʊnzɪŋkən rɪm
ɪn lə:ɪt bihə:m(d) ðə və:ɪrbə:ʊn(d) hɪl
ən (h)wɛn ðə bɛlz lɛ:st pi:lz ərʌŋ
ən ə:ɪ mɪd zi: ðə (w)uəld ən ʤʌŋ
əvlɔkən bə:ɪ bət ʃʊðən hiər
hə:uevər niər ə vʊt ar tʌŋ
mɪd zʌtʃ ə zə:ɪt
ɪn ðat sɔft lə:ɪt
bi: dʒæɪ ər pæɪm bi: pæɪm ər dʒæɪ

ɪf ə:ɪ ʃʊd zi: əmɔŋ əm a:l
ɪn mɛɪɪ ju:θ əglə:ɪdən bə:ɪ
mə:ɪ sʌnz buəld sʌn əgrə:n mantʌ:l
ar də:tərz də:tər wʊmənəhə:ɪ
ən ʃi: mɪd smə:ɪl wi ju(:)ər gud fʃɛs
ər ʃi: mɪd wɛ:k ju(:)ər kʌmli pʃɛs
bət si(:)m a:lðo: ətʃatən lə:ʊd
sə dʌmz ə klə:ʊd ɪn ðat brə:ɪt pʃɛs

Would youth so feäir,
A-passèn there,
Be jaÿ or päin, be päin or jaÿ?

'Tis seldom strangth or comeliness
Do læve us long. The house do show
Men's sons wi' mwore, as they ha' less,
An' daughters brisk, vor mothers slow.
A dawn do clear the night's dim sky,
Woone star do zink, an' woone goo high,
An' livèn gifts o' youth do vall,
Vrom girt to small, but never die:
An' should I view,
What God mid do,
Wi' jaÿ or päin, wi' päin or jaÿ?

one

great

may

wʊd ju:θ sə fjeə
əpa:sən ðeə
bi: dʒæɪ ər pæm bi: pæm ər dʒæɪ

tɪz səldəm straŋθ ər kʌmlɪnəs
də liəv əs lɒŋ ðə hæ:ʊs də ʃo:
menz sʌnz wi muər əz ðe: hɑ les
ən de:tərz brɪsk vər mʌðərz slo:
ə de:n də kliər ðə nə:ɪts dɪm skə:ɪ
(w)u:n stɑ:r də zɪŋk ən (w)u:n gu: hæ:ɪ
ən lɪvən gɪfts ə ju:θ də vaɪl
vrəm gə:ɪt tə sma:l bət nəvər də:ɪ
ən ʃʊd əɪ vju:
(h)wɒt gɒd mɪd du:
wi dʒæɪ ər pæm wi pæm ər dʒæɪ

THE RWOSE IN THE DARK



IN zummer, leäte at evenèn tide,

I zot to spend a moonless hour

sat

'Ithin the window, wi' the zide

A-bound wi' rwozes out in flow'r,

Bezide the bow'r, vorsook o' birds,

An' listen'd to my true-love's words.

A-risèn to her comely height,

She push'd the swingèn ceäsement round;

And I could hear, beyond my zight,

The win'-blow'd beech-tree softly sound,

On higher ground, a-swayèn slow,

On drough my happy hour below.

tbrough

An' tho' the darkness then did hide

The dewy rwose's blushèn bloom,

He still did cast sweet äir inside

it

To Jeäne, a-chattèn in the room;

An' though the gloom did hide her feäce,

Her words did bind me to the pleäce.

An' there, while she, wi' rinnèn tongue,

Did talk unzeen 'ithin the hall,

I thought her like the rwose that flung

His sweetness vrom his darken'd ball,

'Ithout the wall, an' sweet's the zight

Ov her bright feäce by mornèn light.

ðə ruəz ɪn ðə da:rk

ɪn zʌmər ljet ət i:vən tə:ɪd
əɪ zət tə spɛn(d) ə mu:nlɪs ə:uər
ɪðm ðə wɪndər wi ðə zə:ɪd
əbə:un(d) wi ruəzɪz ə:ut ɪn flə:uər
bɪzə:ɪd ðə bə:uər vɑ:suk ə bə:rdz
ən lɪsənd tə mə:ɪ tru:lʌvz wə:rdz

ərə:ɪzən tu (h)ər kʌmli hə:ɪt
ʃi: pʊft ðə swɪŋən kjɛsmənt rə:un(d)
ən(d) əɪ kud hɪər bɪjənd mə:ɪ zə:ɪt
ðə wɪnblo:d bɪ:tʃtri: sɒf(t)li sə:un(d)
ən hə:ɪər grə:un(d) əswæ:ɪən slo:
ən dru: mə:ɪ hɑ:pɪ ə:uər bɪlo:

ən ðo: ðə da:rknɪs ðɛn dɪd hə:ɪd
ðə dʒu:ɪ ruəzɪz blʌʃən blu:m
hi: stɪl dɪd kɑ:st swi(:)t æɪr ɪnsə:ɪd
tə dʒjən ətʃatən ɪn ðə ru:m
ən ðo: ðə glʌ:m dɪd hə:ɪd (h)ər fjes
(h)ər wə:rdz dɪd bə:ɪn(d) mi: tə ðə pljes

ən ðər (h)wə:ɪl ʃi: wi rʌnən tʌŋ
dɪd tɛ:k ʌnzi:n ɪðm ðə ha:l
ə:ɪ ðɔ:t (h)ər lɪk ðə ruəz ðət flʌŋ
(h)ɪz swi(:)tnɪs vrəm (h)ɪz da:rkənd ba:l
ɪðə:ut ðə wa:l ən swi(:)ts ðə zə:ɪt
əv (h)ər brə:ɪt fjes b(ə)ɪ mɑ:ɪnən lə:ɪt

COME



WULL ye come in eärly Spring,
Come at Easter, or in Mäy?
Or when Whitsuntide mid bring
Longer light to show your wäy?
Wull ye come, if you be true,
Vor to quicken love anew?
Wull ye call in Spring or Fall?
Come now soon by zun or moon?
Wull ye come?

may

Come wi' väice to väice the while
All their words be sweet to hear;
Come that feäce to feäce mid smile,
While their smiles do seem so dear;
Come within the year to seek
Woone you have sought woonce a week?
Come while flow'rs be on the bow'rs,
And the bird o' zong's a-heärd.
Wull ye come?

one, once

Ees come *to* ye, an' come *vor* ye, is my word,
I wull come.

yes

kAM

wul i: kAM in jə:ri sprɪŋ
kAM ət i:stər ar in mæi
ar (h)wen (h)wɪtsəntə:ɪd mɪd brɪŋ
lɒŋgər læ:ɪt tə ʃo: jər wæi
wul i: kAM ɪf ju: bi: tru:
vər tə kwɪkən lʌv ənju:
wul i: kɑ:l in sprɪŋ ar fa:l
kAM nəu su:n b(ə:)ɪ zʌn ar mu:n
wul i: kAM

kAM wi væɪs tə væɪs ðə (h)wə:ɪl
ɑ:l ðər wə:rdz bi: swi(:)t tə hiər
kAM ðət fjes tə fjes mɪd smə:ɪl
(h)wə:ɪl ðər smə:ɪlz də si(:)m sə diər
kAM (w)ɪðm ðə jɪər tə si:k
(w)u:n jə hav sɔ:t (w)u:ns ə wi(:)k
kAM (h)wə:ɪl flə:uərz bi: ɒn ðə bə:uərz
ən(d) ðə bə:rd ə zɒŋz əhjɛ:rd
wul i: kAM

i:s kAM tu: i: ən kAM vər i: ɪz mæ:i wə:rd
ə:i wul kAM

ZUMMER WINDS



LET me work, but mid noo tie
Hold me vrom the oben sky,
When zummer winds, in playsome flight,
Do blow on vields in noon-day light,
Or ruslèn trees, in twilight night.

may

Sweet's a stroll,
By flow'ry knowl, or blue-feäc'd pool
That zummer win's do ruffle cool.

When the moon's broad light do vill
Plaïns, a-sheenèn down the hill;
A-glitterèn on window glass,
O then, while zummer win's do pass
The rippled brook, an' swajèn grass,
Sweet's a walk,
Where we do talk, wi' feäces bright,
In whispers in the peacevul night.

shining

When the swajèn men do mow
Flow'ry grass, wi' zweepèn blow,
In het a-most enough to dry
The flat-spread clote-leaf that do lie
Upon the stream a-stealèn by,

beat

yellow water-lily

Sweet's their rest,
Upon the breast o' knap or mound
Out where the goocoo's vaïce do sound.

hillock

cuckoo's

Where the sleek-heäir'd maïd do zit
Out o' door to zew or knit,
Below the elem where the spring
'S a-runnèn, an' the road do bring
The people by to hear her zing,

zʌmər wɪn(d)z

lɛt mi: wɜ:rk bət mɪd nu: tɔ:ɪ
huəld mi: vrəm ði o:bən skɔ:ɪ
(h)wɛn zʌmər wɪn(d)z ɪn plæɪsəm flə:ɪt
də blɔ: ɒn vi:l(d)z ɪn nu:nde: lə:ɪt
ar rʌslən tri:z ɪn twə:ɪlə:ɪt nɔ:ɪt
swi(:)ts ə stro:l
b(ə:ɪ)ɪ flə:uri nɔ:l ar blu:fjɛst pu:l
ðət zʌmər wɪn(d)z də rʌfəl ku:l

(h)wɛn ðə mu:nz bro:d lə:ɪt də vɪl
plæɪnz əʃi:nən də:ʊn ðə hɪl
əʒlɪtərən ɒn wɪndər gla:s
o: ðɛn (h)wə:ɪl zʌmər wɪn(d)z də pa:s
ðə ɪpəld brʊk ən swæɪən gra:s
swi(:)ts ə wɛ:k
(h)wər wi: də tɛ:k wi fjɛsɪz brɛ:ɪt
ɪn (h)wɪspɜ:z ɪn ðə pi:svʊl nɔ:ɪt

(h)wɛn ðə swæɪən mɛn də mo:
flə:uri gra:s wi zwi:pən blɔ:
ɪn hɛt a:məst ɪnʌf tə drɔ:ɪ
ðə flatspɛd klo:tli:f ðət də lə:ɪ
əpɒn ðə stri:m əsti:lən bɔ:ɪ
swi(:)ts ðər rɛst
əpɒn ðə brɛst ə nɑp ər mə:ʊn(d)
ə:ʊt (h)wər ðə gʊku:z vɛɪs də sə:ʊn(d)

(h)wər ðə sli:khjɛərd məɪd də zɪt
ə:ʊt ə duər tə zo: ər nɪt
bɪlo: ði ɛləm (h)wər ðə sprɪŋ
z ərəʌnən ən ðə ro:d də brɪŋ
ðə pi:pəl bɔ:ɪ tə hiər (h)ɛr zɪŋ

On the green,
Where she's a-zeen, an' she can zee,
O gay is she below the tree.

Come, O zummer wind, an' bring
Sounds o' birds as they do zing,
An' bring the smell o' bloomèn maÿ,
An' bring the smell o' new-mow'd haÿ;
Come fan my feâce as I do straÿ,

Fan the heär
O' Jessie feär; fan her cool,
By the weäves o' stream or pool.

ðn ðə grɪn
(h)wər ʃiːz əziːn ən ʃiː kən ziː
oː ɡæɪ ɪz ʃiː bɪloː ðə triː

kʌm oː zʌmər wɪn(d) ən brɪŋ
səːun(d)z ə bəːrdz əz ðeː də zɪŋ
ən brɪŋ ðə smɛl ə blʊːmən mæɪ
ən brɪŋ ðə smɛl ə ŋjuː moːd hæɪ
kʌm fən məːɪ fʃes əz əːɪ də stræɪ
fən ðə hjɛər
ə dʒesi fʃɛər fən (h)ər kuːl
b(əː)ɪ ðə wjɛvz ə striːm ər puːl

THE NEÄME LETTERS



WHEN high-flown larks wer on the wing,
A warm-air'd holiday in Spring,
We stroll'd, 'ithout a ceäre or frown,
 Up roun' the down at Meldonley;
An' where the hawthorn-tree did stand
Alwone, but still wi' mwore at hand,
We zot wi' sheädes o' clouds on high
 A-flittèn by, at Meldonley.

sat, shadows

An' there, the while the tree did sheäde
Their gigglèn heads, my knife's keen bleäde
Carved out, in turf avore my knee,
 J. L., * T. D., at Meldonley.
'Twer Jessie Lee J. L. did meän,
T. D. did stan' vor Thomas Deäne;
The "L" I scratch'd but slight, vor he
 Mid soon be D, at Meldonley.

might

An' when the vields o' wheat did spread
Vrom hedge to hedge in sheets o' red,
An' bennets wer a-sheäkèn brown,
 Upon the down at Meldonley,
We stroll'd ageän along the hill,
An' at the hawthorn-tree stood still,
To zee J. L. vor Jessie Lee,
 An' my T. D., at Meldonley.

grass-stalks

The grey-poll'd bennet-stems did hem
Each half-hid letter's zunken rim,
By leädy's-vingers that did spread
 In yollow red, at Meldonley.

grey-beaded

kidney vetches

ðə njəm lətərz

(h)wɛn hæ:flə:n lɑ:ks wɛr ɒn ðə wiŋ
ə wɑ:rmæɪrd hɒlɪde: ɪn sprɪŋ
wi: stro:ld ɪðə:ut ə kjɛər ər frə:un
 ʌp rə:un ðə də:un ət mɛldənli:
ən (h)wɛr ðə he:ðɑ:rntri: dɪd stɑn(d)
əluən bət stɪl wi muər ət hɑn(d)
wi: zɑt wi ʃjɛdz ə klə:udz ɒn hæ:
 əflɪtən bə:ɪ ət mɛldənli:

ən ðər ðə (h)wə:ɪl ðə tri: dɪd ʃjɛd
ðər ɡɪɡlən hɛdz mə:ɪ nə:ɪfs ki:n bljɛd
kɑ:rvd ə:ut ɪn tɔ:rf əvuər mə:ɪ ni:
 dʒe: ɛl ti: di: ət mɛldənli:
twɛr dʒɛsi li: dʒe: ɛl dɪd miən
ti: di: dɪd stɑn vɛr tɔməs diən
ði ɛl ə:ɪ skratʃt bət slə:ɪt vɛr hi:
 mɪd su:n bi: di: ət mɛldənli:

ən (h)wɛn ðə vi:l(d)z ə (h)wi:t dɪd spred
vrəm hɛdz tə hɛdz ɪn ʃi:ts ə rɛd
ən bɛnɪts wɛr əʃjɛkən brə:un
 əpɒn ðə də:un ət mɛldənli:
wi: stro:ld əɡjɛn əlɒŋ ðə hɪl
ən ət ðə he:ðɑ:rntri: stʊd stɪl
tə zi: dʒe: ɛl vɛr dʒɛsi li:
 ən mə:ɪ ti: di: ət mɛldənli:

ðə ɡre:pə:ld bɛnɪtstɛmz dɪd hɛm
ɪ:tʃ he:fhɪd lətərz zʌŋkən rɪm
b(ə):ɪ ljɛdɪzvɪŋɡərz ðət dɪd spred
 ɪn ʒəlɔr rɛd ət mɛldənli:

An' heärebells there wi' light blue bell
Shook soundless on the letter L,
To ment the bells when L vor Lee
 Become a D at Meldonley.

imitate

Vor Jessie, now my wife, do strive
Wi' me in life, an' we do thrive;
Two sleek-heäired meäres do sprackly pull
 My waggon vull, at Meldonley;
An' small-hoofd sheep, in vleece white,
Wi' quickly-pankèn zides, do bite
My thymy grass, a-mark'd vor me
 In black, T.D., at Meldonley.

horses, briskly

panting

ən hjeərbelz ðər wi læ:ɪt blu: bəl
ʃuk sə:un(d)les ɒn ðə letər el
tə mənt ðə belz (h)wen el vər li:
bɪkʌm ə di: ət məldənli:

vər dʒesi nə:u mə:i wə:ɪf də strə:ɪv
wi mi: ɪ læ:ɪf ən wi: də θrə:ɪv
tu: sli:khjeərd mjeərz də sprakli pʊl
mə:i wəgən vʊl ət məldənli:
ən smɑ:lɦʌft ʃi:p ɪ vli:sɪz (h)wə:ɪt
wi kwɪklɪpʌŋkən zə:ɪdz də bə:ɪt
mə:i tə:ɪmi grɑ:s əmɑ:rkt vər mi:
ɪ blak ti: di: ət məldənli:



THE NEW HOUSE A-GETTÈN WOLD

old

AH! when our wedded life begun,
Theäse cleän-wall'd house of ours wer new;
Wi' thatch as yollor as the zun
Avore the cloudless sky o' blue;
The sky o' blue that then did bound
The blue-hilled worold's flow'ry ground.

*this
yellow*

An' we've a-vound it weather-brown'd,
As Spring-tide blossoms oben'd white,
Or Fall did shed, on zunburnt ground,
Red apples from their leafy height:
Their leafy height, that Winter soon
Left leafless to the cool-feäced moon.

An' rain-bred moss ha' stäin'd wi' green
The smooth-feäced wall's white-morter'd streaks,
The while our childern zot between
Our seats avore the fleäme's red peaks:
The fleäme's red peaks, till axan white
Did quench em vor the long-sleep'd night.

*sat
ashes*

The bloom that woonce did overspread
Your rounded cheäk, as time went by,
A-shrinkèn to a patch o' red,
Did feäde so soft's the evenèn sky:
The evenèn sky, my faithful wife,
O' days as feäir's our happy life.

once

ðə nju: hə:us əgetən (w)uəld

a: (h)wɛn ə:uər wɛdɪd lə:ɪf bɪgʌn
ðɪəs klɪ:nwa:ld hə:us əv ə:uərz wɜr nju:
wɪ ðɑtʃ əz ʤʌlə ʌz ðə zʌn
əvuər ðə klə:udlɪs skə:ɪ ə blu:
ðə skə:ɪ ə blu: ðət ðɛn dɪd bə:un(d)
ðə blu:hɪld wə:rdəlz flə:urɪ grə:un(d)

ən wɪ:v əvə:un(d) ɪt wɛðərbrə:und
əz sprɪŋtə:ɪd blɒsəmz o:bənd (h)wə:ɪt
ɑr fɑ:l dɪd ʃɛd ɒn zʌnbə:rnt grə:und
rɛd ɑpəlz vrəm ðər li:fi hə:ɪt
ðər li:fi hə:ɪt ðət wɪntər su:n
lɛft li:flɪs tə ðə ku:lʃjɛst mu:n

ən ræmbred mɒs hə stæmd wɪ grɪ:n
ðə smu:ðʃjɛst wa:lz (h)wə:ɪtmɑ:rtərd strɪ:ks
ðə (h)wə:ɪl ə:uər tʃɪldərn zɑt bɪtwɪ:n
ə:uər sɪ:ts əvuər ðə fljɛmz rɛd pi:kz
ðə fljɛmz rɛd pi:kz tɪl ɑksən (h)wə:ɪt
dɪd kwɛntʃ əm vɜr ðə lɒŋslɪ:pt nə:ɪt

ðə blu:m ðət (w)u:ns dɪd ɔ:vərsprɛd
ʤər rə:undɪd tʃɪək əz tə:ɪm wɛnt bə:ɪ
əʃrɪŋkən tu ə pɑtʃ ə rɛd
dɪd ʃjɛd sə sɒf(t)s ðɪ i:v mən skə:ɪ
ðɪ i:v mən skə:ɪ mə:ɪ fæ:θvul wə:ɪf
ə de:z əz ʃjɛərz ə:uər hɑpɪ lə:ɪf



ZUNDAY

IN zummer, when the sheädes do creep *shadows*
 Below the Zunday steeple, round
 The mossy stwones, that love cut deep
 Wi' neämes that tongues noo mwore do sound,
 The læne do lose the stalkèn team,
 An' dry-rimm'd waggon-wheels be still,
 An' hills do roll their down-shot stream
 Below the restèn wheel at mill.
 O holy day, when tweil do ceäse, *toil*
 Sweet day o' rest an' greäce an' peäce!

The eegrass, vor a while unwrung *grass regrown after mowing*
 By hoof or shoe, 's a sheenèn bright, *shining*
 An' clover flowers be a-sprung
 On new-mow'd knaps in beds o' white, *hillocks*
 An' sweet wild rwoses, up among
 The hedge-row boughs, do yield their smells,
 To äier that do bear along
 The loud-rung peals o' Zunday bells,
 Upon the day o' days the best,
 The day o' greäce an' peäce an' rest.

By brightshod veet, in peäir an' peäir,
 Wi' comely steps the road's a-took
 To church, an' work-free han's do bear
 Woone's walkèn stick or sister's book; *one's*
 An' there the bloomèn niece do come
 To zee her aunt, in all her best;
 Or married daughter do bring hwome
 Her vu'st sweet child upon her breast, *first*
 As she do seek the holy pleäce,
 The day o' rest an' peäce an' greäce.

zΛnde:

m zΛmər (h)wɛn ðə ʃjɛdz də kri:p
bɪlo: ðə zΛnde: sti:pəl rə:ʊn(d)
ðə mɒsi stuənz ðət lʌv kʌt di:p
wi njɛmz ðət tʌŋz nu: muər də sə:ʊn(d)
ðə ljɛn də lu:z ðə stɛ:kən ti:m
ən drɛ:ɪrɪmd wɑgən(h)wi:lz bi: stɪl
ən hɪlz də rɔ:l ðər də:ʊnʃɒt stri:m
bɪlo: ðə rɛstən (h)wi:l ət mɪl
o: hɔ:li de: (h)wɛn twɔ:ɪl də siəs
swi(:)t de: ə rɛst ən grjɛs ən piəs

ði i:grɑ:s vər ə (h)wɔ:ɪl ʌnrʌŋ
b(ə:)ɪ hʌf ər ʃu: z ə ʃi:nən brɛ:ɪt
ən klɔ:vər flə:uərz bi: əsprʌŋ
ʊn nju: mɔ:d naps m bɛdz ə (h)wɔ:ɪt
ən swi(:)t wɔ:ɪl(d) ruəzɪz ʌp əmɒŋ
ðə hɛdzrɔ: bə:uz də ji:l(d) ðər smɛlz
tu æɪər ðət də bɛər əlbŋ
ðə lə:ʊdrʌŋ pi:lz ə zΛnde: bɛlz
əpɒn ðə de: ə de:z ðə bɛst
ðə de: ə grjɛs ən piəs ən rɛst

b(ə:)ɪ brɛ:ɪtʃɒd vi:t m pjɛər ən pjɛər
wi kʌmli stɛps ðə rɔ:dz ətɒk
tə ʃjɛ:ɪtʃ ən wɛ:rɪkfrɪ: hanz də bɛər
(w)u:nz wɛ:kən stɪk ər sistərz buk
ən ðər ðə blu:mən ni:s də kʌm
tə zi: (h)ər ɛ:nt m a:l (h)ər bɛst
ər mɑrɪd dɛ:tər də brɪŋ huəm
(h)ər vʌst swi(:)t ʃjɛ:ɪl(d) əpɒn (h)ər brɛst
əz ʃi: də si:k ðə hɔ:li pljɛs
ðə de: ə rɛst ən piəs ən grjɛs

THE PILLAR'D GEÄTE



As I come by, zome years agoo,
A-burnt below a sky o' blue,
'Ithin the pillar'd geäte there zung
A vaice a-soundèn sweet an' young,
That meäde me veel awhile to zwim
In weäves o' jaÿ to hear its hymn;
Vor all the zinger, angel-bright,
Wer then a-hidden vrom my zight,
 An' I wer then too low
To seek a meäte to match my steäte
'Ithin the lofty-pillar'd geäte,
Wi' stwonèn balls upon the walls:
 Oh, no! my heart, no, no.

joy

Another time as I come by
The house, below a dark-blue sky,
The pillar'd geäte wer oben wide,
An' who should be a-show'd inside,
But she, the comely maïd whose hymn
Woonce meäde my giddy braïn to zwim,
A-zittèn in the sheäde to zew,
A-clad in robes as white as snow.
 What then? could I so low
Look out a meäte ov higher steäte
So gay 'ithin a pillar'd geäte,
Wi' high walls round the smooth-mow'd ground?
 Oh, no! my heart, no, no.

once

Long years stole by, a-glidèn slow,
Wi' winter cwold an' zummer glow,
An' she wer then a widow, clad
In grey; but comely, though so sad;

ðə pɪlərd ɡjɛt

əz ə:ɪ kʌm bæ:ɪ zʌm ʤiərz əɡu:
əbɔ:rnɪt bɪlo: ə skə:ɪ ə blu:
ɪðm ðə pɪlərd ɡjɛt ðər zʌŋ
ə væɪs əsə:ʊn(d)ən swi(:)t ən ʤʌŋ
ðət mʤəd mi: vi:l ə(h)wə:ɪl tə zwɪm
ɪn wʤevz ə dzæ:ɪ tə hiər its hɪm
vər a:l ðə zɪŋər ʌndzəlbrə:ɪt
wər ðən əhɪdən vrəm mə:ɪ zə:ɪt
 ən ə:ɪ wər ðən tu: lo:
tə si:k ə mʤet tə matʃ mə:ɪ stʤet
ɪðm ðə lɔftɪpɪlərd ɡjɛt
wi stʊənən ba:lz əpɔn ðə wə:lz
 o: nɔ: mə:ɪ hɑ:ɪt nɔ: nɔ:

ənʌðər tə:ɪm əz ə:ɪ kʌm bæ:ɪ
ðə hə:ʊs bɪlo: ə dɑ:rkblu: skə:ɪ
ðə pɪlərd ɡjɛt wər ɔ:bən wə:ɪd
ən hu: ʃʊd bi: əʃɔ:d ɪnsə:ɪd
bət ʃi: ðə kʌmli mə:ɪd hu:z hɪm
(w)u:ns mʤəd mə:ɪ ɡɪdi bræɪm tə zwɪm
əzɪtən ɪn ðə ʃʤəd tə zɔ:
əkʌd ɪn rɔ:bz əz (h)wə:ɪt əz snɔ:
 (h)wɔt ðən kʊd ə:ɪ sə lo:
lʊk ə:ʊt ə mʤet əv hə:ɪər stʤet
sə ɡæ:ɪ ɪðm ə pɪlərd ɡjɛt
wi hə:ɪ wə:lz rə:ʊn(d) ðə smu:ðmɔ:d ɡrə:ʊn(d)
 o: nɔ: mə:ɪ hɑ:ɪt nɔ: nɔ:

lɔŋ ʤiərz stɔ:l bæ:ɪ əɡlɔ:ɪdən slɔ:
wi wɪntər kuəld ən zʌmər ɡlɔ:
ən ʃi: wər ðən ə wɪdər klɑd
ɪn ɡrɛ: bət kʌmli ðɔ: sə sɑd

Her husband, heartless to his bride,
Spent all her store an' wealth, an' died;
Though she noo mwore could now rejaice,
Yet sweet did sound her zongless vaice.

But had she, in her woe,
The higher steäte she had o' leäte
'Ithin the lofty pillar'd geäte,
Wi' stwonèn balls upon the walls?

Oh, no! my heart, no, no.

But while she vell, my Meäker's greäce
Led me to teäke a higher pleäce,
An' lighten'd up my mind wi' lore,
An' bless'd me wi' a worldly store;
But still noo winsome feäce or vaice,
Had ever been my wedded chaice;
An' then I thought, why do I mwope
Alwone without a jäy or hope?

joy

Would she still think me low?
Or scorn a meäte, in my feäir steäte,
In here 'ithin a pillar'd geäte,
A happy pleäce wi' her kind feäce?

Oh, no! my hope, no, no.

I don't stand out 'tis only feäte
Do gi'e to each his wedded meäte;
But eet there's woone above the rest,
That every soul can like the best.
An' my wold love's a-kindled new,
An' my wold dream's a-come out true;
But while I had noo soul to sheäre
My good an' ill, an' jäy an ceäre,
Should I have bliss below,

maintain

give

yet, one

old

share

joy

(h)ər hʌzbən(d) hɑ:rtlɪs tu (h)ɪz brə:ɪd
spɛnt a:l (h)ər stuər ən wɛlθ ən dɑ:ɪd
ðo: ʃi: nu: muər kud nəu rɪdʒæɪs
ɪ:t swi:(t) dɪd sə:ʊn(d) (h)ər zɒŋlɪs væɪs
bət had ʃi: ɪn (h)ər wɔ:
ðə hæ:ɪər stʃet ʃi: had ə lʃet
ɪðm ðə lɒftɪ pɪlərd gʃet
wi stuənən ba:lz əpɒn ðə wa:lz
o: nɔ: mə:ɪ hɑ:rt nɔ: nɔ:

bət (h)wə:ɪl ʃi: vɛl mə:ɪ mjɛkərz grʃɛs
lɛd mi: tə tʃɛk ə hæ:ɪər plʃɛs
ən lɑ:ɪtənd ʌp mə:ɪ mə:m(d) wi luər
ən blest mi: wi ə wə:rdli stuər
bət stɪl nu: wɪnsəm fʃɛs ər væɪs
had evər bɪn mə:ɪ wɛdɪd tʃæɪs
ən ðɛn ə:ɪ ðɔ:t (h)wə:ɪ du: ə:ɪ muəp
əluən (w)ɪðə:ʊt ə dʒæɪ ar hɔ:p
wʊd ʃi: stɪl ðɪŋk mi: lo:
ar skɑ:rn ə mjɛt ɪn mə:ɪ fʃɛər stʃet
ɪn hɪər ɪðm ə pɪlərd gʃet
ə hɑpɪ plʃɛs wi (h)ər kə:m(d) fʃɛs
o: nɔ: mə:ɪ hɔ:p nɔ: nɔ:

ə:ɪ dɔ:nt stɑn(d) ə:ʊt tɪz ɔ:nli fʃɛt
də gi: tu ɪ:tʃ (h)ɪz wɛdɪd mjɛt
bət ɪ:t ðərz (w)u:n əbʌv ðə rɛst
ðæt evri so:l kən lɑ:ɪk ðə bɛst
ən mə:ɪ (w)uəld lʌvz əkɪndəld nju:
ən mə:ɪ (w)uəld dri:mz əkʌm ə:ʊt tru:
bət (h)wə:ɪl ə:ɪ had nu: so:l tə fʃɛər
mə:ɪ gʊd ən ɪl ən dʒæɪ ən kjɛər
ʃʊd ə:ɪ hav blɪs bɪlo:

In gleämèn pleäte an' lofty steäte
'Tthin the lofty pillar'd geäte,
Wi' feäirest flow'rs, an' ponds an' tow'rs?
 Oh, no! my heart, no, no.

in gliəmən pljet ən lɔfti stjɛt
iðm ðə lɔfti pɪlɔrd gjɛt
wi fjɛərɛst flə:uɔrz ən pɒn(d)z ən tə:uɔrz
o: nɔ: mə:i hɑ:t nɔ: nɔ:

ZUMMER STREAM



AH! then the grassy-meäded Maÿ
Did warm the passèn year, an' gleam
Upon the yellow-grounded stream,
That still by beech-tree sheädes do straÿ.
The light o' weäves, a-runnèn there,
 Did play on leaves up over head,
An' vishes sceäly zides did gleäre,
 A-dartèn on the shallow bed,
An' like the stream a-slidèn on,
My zun-out-measur'd time's agone.

shadows

scaly

There by the path, in grass knee-high,
Wer butternveles in giddy flight,
All white above the deäisies white,
Or blue below the deep blue sky.
Then glowèn warm wer ev'ry brow,
O' maïd, or man, in zummer het,
An' warm did glow the cheäks I met
That time, noo mwore to meet em now.
As brooks, a-slidèn on their bed,
My season-measur'd time's a-vled.

butterflies

heat

flown by

Vrom yonder window, in the thatch,
Did sound the maïdens' merry words,
As I did stand, by zingèn birds,
Beside the elem-sheäded hatch.
'Tis good to come back to the pleäce,
 Back to the time, to goo noo mwore;
'Tis good to meet the younger feäce
 A-mentèn others here avore.
As streams do glide by green mead-grass,
My zummer-brighten'd years do pass.

wicket-gate

taking after

ZAMƏR stri:m

a: ðen ðə gra:simiədɪd mæɪ
dɪd wɑ:ɪm ðə pa:sən jɪər ən gli:m
əpən ðə jalərgɾə:un(d)ɪd stri:m
ðæt stɪl b(ə)ɪ bi:tʃtri: ʃjɛdz də stræɪ
ðə lə:ɪt ə wjɛvz ərʌnən ðeər
 dɪd plæɪ ɒn li:vz ʌp ɔ:vər hɛd
ən vɪʃɪz skjɛli zə:ɪdz dɪd gljɛər
 ədɑ:rtən ɒn ðə ʃalər bɛd
ən lɪk ðə stri:m əslə:ɪdən ɒn
mə:ɪ zʌnə:utmeɜərd tə:ɪmz əgən

ðər b(ə)ɪ ðə pɛ:θ ɪn gra:s ni:hə:ɪ
wər bʌtərvli:z ɪn ɡɪdi flə:ɪt
a:l (h)wə:ɪt əbʌv ðə djɛzɪz (h)wə:ɪt
ar blu: bɪlo: ðə di:p blu: skə:ɪ
ðen glo:ən wɑ:ɪm wər ɛvri brə:u
ə mæɪd ər man ɪn zʌmər hɛt
ən wɑ:ɪm dɪd glo: ðə ʃjɛks ə:ɪ mɛt
ðat tə:ɪm nu: muər tə mi(:)t əm nə:u
az brʉks əslə:ɪdən ɒn ðər bɛd
mə:ɪ si:zənmeɜərd tə:ɪmz əvlɛd

vɾəm jændər wɪndər ɪn ðə ðatʃ
dɪd sə:un(d) ðə mæɪdɛnz mɛri wə:rdz
əz ə:ɪ dɪd stan(d) b(ə)ɪ zɪŋgən bə:rdz
bɪzə:ɪd ði eləmʃjɛdɪd hatʃ
tɪz ɡud tə kʌm bak tə ðə pljɛs
 bak tə ðə tə:ɪm tə gu: nu: muər
tɪz ɡud tə mi(:)t ðə jʌŋgər fjɛs
 əmentən ʌðərz hiər əvuər
az stri:mz də glə:ɪd b(ə)ɪ ɡri:n miədɡra:s
mə:ɪ zʌmərbrə:ɪtənd jɪərz də pa:s

LINDA DEÄNE



THE bright-tunn'd house, a-risèn proud,
Stood high avore a zummer cloud,
An' windy sheädes o' tow'rs did vall
Upon the many-window'd wall;
An' on the grassy terrace, bright
Wi' white-bloom'd zummer's deäisy beds,
An' snow-white lilies' noddèn heads,
Sweet Linda Deäne did walk in white;
But ah! avore too high a door,
Wer Linda Deäne ov Ellendon.

-chimneyed

shadows

When sparklèn brooks an' grassy ground,
By keen-äir'd Winter's vrost wer bound,
An' star-bright snow did streak the forms
O' beäre-lim'd trees in darksome storms,
Sweet Linda Deäne did lightly glide,
Wi' snow-white robe an' rwosy feäce,
Upon the smooth-vloor'd hall, to treäce
The merry dance o' Chris'mas tide;
But oh! not mine be balls so fine
As Linda Deäne's at Ellendon.

bare-limbed

Sweet Linda Deäne do match the skies
Wi' sheenèn blue o' glisnèn eyes,
An' feärest blossoms do but show
Her forehead's white, an' feäce's glow;
But there's a winsome jaÿ above,
The brightest hues ov e'th an' skies.
The dearest zight o' many eyes,
Would be the smile o' Linda's love;
But high above my lowly love
Is Linda Deäne ov Ellendon.

shining

*joy
earth*

lində diən

ðə brə:ɪt tʌnd hæ:ʊs ərə:ɪzən prə:ʊd
stʊd hæ:ɪ əvʊər ə zʌmər klə:ʊd
ən wɪndi ʃjɛdz ə tə:ʊərz dɪd va:l
əpən ðə meniwindərd wai:l
ən ɒn ðə gra:si tərəs brə:ɪt
wi (h)wə:ɪtblu:md zʌmərz djɛzi bɛdz
ən sno:(h)wə:ɪt lɪlɪz nɒdən hɛdz
swi(:)t lində diən dɪd wɛ:k ɪn (h)wə:ɪt
bət a: əvʊər tu: hæ:ɪ ə duər
wər lində diən əv ɛləndən

(h)wɛn spɑ:rkɫən brʊks ən gra:si grə:un(d)
b(ə):ɪ ki:næɪrd wɪntərz vrʊst wər bə:un(d)
ən stɑ:rbrə:ɪt sno: dɪd stri:k ðə fɑ:rmz
ə bjɛərlɪmd tri:z ɪn dɑ:ksəm stɑ:rmz
swi(:)t lində diən dɪd lə:ɪtli glə:ɪd
wi sno:(h)wə:ɪt rə:b ən ruəzi fjes
əpən ðə smu:ðvlʊərd hɑ:l tə trjɛs
ðə mɛri dɛ:ns ə krɪsməs tə:ɪd
bət o: nɒt mə:ɪn bi: baɪlz sə fə:ɪn
ɛz lində diənz ət ɛləndən

swi(:)t lində diən də matʃ ðə skə:ɪz
wi ʃi:nən blu: ə glɪsnən ə:ɪz
ən fjɛərɛst blɒsəmz də bət ʃo:
(h)ər fɔ:ɪdz (h)wə:ɪt ən fjesɪz glo:
bət ðərz ə wɪnsəm dzɛɪ əbʌv
ðə brə:ɪtɪst hjʊ:z əv ɛθ ən skə:ɪz
ðə diəɪst zə:ɪt ə meni ə:ɪz
wʊd bi: ðə smə:ɪl ə lindəz lʌv
bət hæ:ɪ əbʌv mə:ɪ lə:li lʌv
ɪz lində diən əv ɛləndən

ECLOGUE

COME AND ZEE US IN THE ZUMMER



John; William; William's Bwoy; and William's Maïd at Feäir

son, daughter

JOHN

Zoo here be your childern, a-sheären
Your feäir-day, an' each wi' a feäirèn.

*so, sharing
gift bought at the fair*

WILLIAM

Aye, well, there's noo peace 'ithout comèn
To stannèn an' show, in the zummer.

stall

JOHN

An' how is your Jeäne? still as merry
As ever, wi' cheäks lik' a cherry?

WILLIAM

Still merry, but beauty's as feädesome
'S the rän's glowèn bow in the zummer.

rainbow

JOHN

Well now, I do hope we shall vind ye
Come soon, wi' your childern behind ye,
To Stowe, while o' bwoth zides o' hedges,
The zunsheen do glow in the zummer.

sunshine

WILLIAM

Well, aye, when the mowèn is over,
An' ee-grass do whiten wi' clover.
A man's a-tired out, vor much walken,
The while he do mow in the zummer.

grass regrown after mowing

ekløg

kʌm ən(d) zi: əs in ðə zʌmər

dʒən wɪləm wɪləmz bʷə:ɪ ən(d) wɪləmz məɪd ət fjɛər

JOHN

zu: hiər bi: jər tʃɪldərn əʃjɛərən

jər fjɛərde: ən i:tʃ wi ə fjɛərən

WILLIAM

æɪ wɛl ðərz nu: pi:s ɪðə:ʊt kʌmən

tə stanən ən ʃo: in ðə zʌmər

JOHN

ən hə:ʊ ɪz jər dʒjɛn stɪl əz məɪri

əz evər wi tʃiəks lɪk ə tʃɛri

WILLIAM

stɪl məɪri bət bjʊ:tɪz əz fjɛdsəm

z ðə ræɪnz glɔ:ən bɔ: in ðə zʌmər

JOHN

wɛl nə:ʊ ə:ɪ də hɔ:p wi: ʃəl və:m(d) i:

kʌm su:n wi jər tʃɪldərn bihə:m(d) i:

tə sto: (h)wə:ɪl ə buəd zə:ɪdʒ ə hɛdʒɪz

ðə zʌnʃi:n də glɔ: in ðə zʌmər

WILLIAM

wɛl æɪ (h)wɛn ðə mo:ən ɪz ɔ:vər

ən i:græs də (h)wə:ɪtən wi klɔ:vər

ə manz ətə:ɪərd əʊt vər mʌtʃ wɛ:kən

ðə (h)wə:ɪl hi: də mo: in ðə zʌmər

WILLIAM'S BWOY

son

I'll goo, an' we'll zet up a wicket,
An' have a good innèns at cricket;
An' teäke a good plounce in the water,
Where clote-leaves do grow in the zummer.

*plunge
yellow water-lily*

WILLIAM'S MAÏD

daughter

I'll goo, an' we'll play "Thread the needle"
Or "Huntèn the slipper," or wheedle
Young Jemmy to fiddle, an' reely
So brisk to an' fro in the zummer.

JOHN

An' Jeäne. Mind you don't come 'ithout her,
My wife is a-thinkèn about her;
At our house she'll find she's as welcome
'S the rrose that do blow in the zummer.

bloom

WILLIAM'S BWOY

ə:l gu: ən wi:l zət ʌp ə wɪkɪt
ən hav ə gud mənz ət krɪkɪt
ən tʃek ə gud plə:ʊns ɪn ðə wɔ:tər
(h)wər klo:tli:vz də gro: ɪn ðə zʌmər

WILLIAM'S MAID

ə:l gu: ən wi:l plæɪ drɛd ðə ni:dəl
ar hʌntən ðə slɪpər ar (h)wi:dəl
jʌŋ dʒɛmi tə fɪdəl ən ri:li
sə brɪsk tu ən fro: ɪn ðə zʌmər

JOHN

ən dʒjɛn mə:m(d) jə do:nt kʌm ɪðə:ut hɜr
mə:r wɜ:ɪf ɪz əðŋkən əbə:ut hɜr
ət ə:uər hə:ʊs ʃi:l vɜ:m(d) ʃi:z əz wɛlkəm
z ðə ruəz ðət də blo: ɪn ðə zʌmər

LINDENORE



AT Lindenore upon the steep,
 Bezide the trees a-reachèn high,
The while their lower limbs do zweep
 The river-stream a-flowèn by;
By grægle bells in beds o' blue,
Below the tree-stems in the lew,
Calm air do vind the rwose-bound door,
Ov Ellen Dare o' Lindenore.

*bluebell
shelter*

An' there noo foam do hiss avore
 Swift bwoats, wi' water-plowèn keels,
An' there noo broad high-road's a-wore
 By vur-brought trav'lers' cracklèn wheels;
Noo crowd's a-passèn to and fro,
Upon the bridge's high-sprung bow:
An' vew but I do seek the door
Ov Ellen Dare o' Lindenore.

from afar

arch

Vor there the town, wi' zun-bright walls,
 Do sheen vur off by hills o' grey,
An' town-vo'k ha' but seldom calls
 O' business there, from day to day:
But Ellen didden leäve her ruf
To be admir'd, an' that's enough—
Vor I've a-vound 'ithin her door,
Feair Ellen Dare o' Lindenore.

shine

-folk

didn't, roof

lindənuər

ət lindənuər əpən ðə sti:p
 bɪzə:ɪd ðə tri:z əri:tʃən hæ:ɪ
ðə (h)wə:ɪl ðər lo:ər lɪnz də zwi:p
 ðə rɪvərstri:m əflo:ən bæ:ɪ
b(ə):ɪ gre:gəl bɛlz ɪn bɛdz ə blu:
bɪlo: ðə tri:stɛmz ɪn ðə lu:
ka:m æɪr də və:m(d) ðə ruəzbə:un(d) duər
əv elən dʒeər ə lindənuər

ən ðər nu: fo:m də hɪs əvuər
 swɪf(t) b(w)uəts wi wə:təpɫə:uən ki:lz
ən ðər nu: bro:d hæ:ɪro:dz əwuər
 b(ə):ɪ vərbro:t travlərz kraklən (h)wi:lz
nu: kræ:udz əpə:sən tu: ən(d) fro:
əpən ðə brʌdʒɪz hæ:ɪsprʌŋ bo:
ən vju: bət ə:ɪ də si:k ðə duər
əv elən dʒeər ə lindənuər

vər ðər ðə tə:un wi zʌnbɹə:ɪt wə:lz
 də ʃɪ:n vər ɒf b(ə):ɪ hɪlz ə gre:
ən tə:unvo:k ha bət səldəm kə:lz
 ə bɪznɪs ðər vrəm de: tə de:
bət elən dɪdən liəv (h)ər rʌf
tə bi: ədmə:ɪrd ən ðats ɪnʌf
vər ə:ɪv əvə:un(d) ɪðm (h)ər duər
fʒeər elən dʒeər ə lindənuər



ME'TH BELOW THE TREE

mirth

O WHEN theäse elems' crooked boughs,
 A'most too thin to sheäde the cows,
 Did slowly swing above the grass
 As winds o' Spring did softly pass,
 An' zunlight show'd the shiftèn sheäde,
 While youthful me'th wi' laughter loud,
 Did twist his lim's among the crowd
 Down there below; up there above
 Wer bright-ey'd me'th below the tree.

this

Down there the merry vo'k did vill
 The stwonèn doorway, now so still;
 An' zome did joke, wi' ceäsement wide,
 Wi' other vo'k a-stood outside,
 Wi' words that head by head did heed.
 Below blue sky an' blue-smok'd tun,
 'Twer jaÿ to zee an' hear their fun,
 But sweeter jaÿ up here above
 Wi' bright-ey'd me'th below the tree.

folk

chimney-top

joy

Now unknown veet do beät the vloor,
 An' unknown han's do shut the door,
 An' unknown men do ride abrode,
 An' hwome ageän on thik wold road,
 Drough geätes all now a-hung anew.
 Noo mind but mine ageän can call
 Wold feäces back around the wall,
 Down there below, or here above,
 Wi' bright-ey'd me'th below the tree.

out and about

that old

through

Aye, pride mid seek the crowded pleäce
 To show his head an' frownèn feäce,

may

mεθ bɪlo: ðə tri:

o: (h)wɛn ðiəz ɛləmz krʊkɪd bə:uz
a:məst tu: ðɪn tə ʃjɛd ðə kə:uz
dɪd slo:li swɪŋ əbʌv ðə gra:s
az wɪn(d)z ə sprɪŋ dɪd sɒf(t)li pa:s
ən zʌnlə:ɪt ʃo:d ðə ʃɪftən ʃjɛd
(h)wə:ɪl ju:θfʊl mεθ wi lɛ:ftər lə:ud
dɪd twɪst (h)ɪz lɪmz əmɒŋ ðə krə:ud
də:un ðər bɪlo: ʌp ðər əbʌv
wər brə:ɪtə:ɪd mεθ bɪlo: ðə tri:

də:un ðər ðə mɛrɪ vɔ:k dɪd vɪl
ðə stuənən duərwə:ɪ nə:u sə stɪl
ən zʌm dɪd dʒo:k wi kjɛsmənt wə:ɪd
wi ʌðər vɔ:k əstud ə:utsə:ɪd
wi wə:rdz ðət hɛd b(ə)ɪ hɛd dɪd hi:d
bɪlo: blu: skə:ɪ ən blu:smo:kt tʌn
twər dʒæɪ tə zi: ən hiər ðər fʌn
bət swi(:)tər dʒæɪ ʌp hiər əbʌv
wi brə:ɪtə:ɪd mεθ bɪlo: ðə tri:

nə:u ʌno:n vɪt də biət ðə vluər
ən ʌno:n hanz də ʃʌt ðə duər
ən ʌno:n mɛn də rə:ɪd əbro:d
ən huəm əgjen ɒn ðɪk (w)uəld ro:d
dru: gjɛts a:l nə:u əhʌŋ ənju:
nu: mə:m(d) bət mə:m əgjen kən ka:l
(w)uəld ʃjɛsɪz bak ərə:un(d) ðə wa:l
də:un ðər bɪlo: ər hiər əbʌv
wi brə:ɪtə:ɪd mεθ bɪlo: ðə tri:

æɪ prə:ɪd mɪd si:k ðə krə:udɪd pljɛs
tə ʃo: (h)ɪz hɛd ən frə:unən ʃjɛs

An' pleasure vlee, wi' goold in hand,
Vor zights to zee vrom land to land,
Where winds do blow on seas o' blue:—
Noo wealth wer mine to travel wide
Vor jaÿ, wi' Pleasure or wi' Pride:
My happiness wer here above
The feäst, wi' me'th below the tree.

fly

The wild rrose now do hang in zight,
To mornèn zun an' evenèn light,
The bird do whissle in the gloom,
Avore the thissle out in bloom,
But here alwone the tree do leän.
The twig that woonce did whiver there
Is now a limb a-wither'd beäre:
Zoo I do miss the sheäde above
My head, an' me'th below the tree.

once, tremble

bare

so

ən plɛzər vli: wi gu:ld ɪn hən(d)
vər zə:ɪts tə zi: vrəm lən(d) tə lən(d)
(h)wər wɪn(d)z də blɔ: ɒn si:z ə blu:
nu: wɛlθ wər mə:ɪn tə trævəl wə:ɪd
vər dʒæɪ wi plɛzər ɑr wi prə:ɪd
mə:ɪ hɑpɪnɪs wər hiər əbʌv
ðə fiəst wi mɛθ bɪlɔ: ðə tri:

ðə wə:ɪl(d) ruəz nə:u də haŋ ɪn zə:ɪt
tə mə:ɪnən zʌn ən i:vɪmən lə:ɪt
ðə bə:ɪd də (h)wɪsəl ɪn ðə glɪ:m
əvuər ðə ðɪsəl ə:ut ɪn blu:m
bət hiər əluən ðə tri: də liən
ðə twɪg ðət (w)u:ns dɪd (h)wɪvər ðɛər
ɪz nə:u ə lɪm əwɪðərd bjeər
zu: ə:ɪ də mɪs ðə ʃjɛd əbʌv
mə:ɪ hɛd ən mɛθ bɪlɔ: ðə tri:

TREAT WELL YOUR WIFE



No, no, good Meäster Collins cried,
Why you've a good wife at your zide;
Zoo do believe the heart is true
That gi'ed up all bezide vor you,
An' still beheäve as you begun
To seek the love that you've a-won
 When woonce in dewy June,
In hours o' hope soft eyes did flash,
Each bright below his sheädy lash,
 A-glisenèn to the moon.

*so
gave*

once

Think how her girlhood met noo ceäre
To peäle the bloom her feäce did weär,
An' how her glossy temple prest
Her pillow down, in still-feäced rest,
While sheädes o' window bars did vall
In moonlight on the gloomy wall,
 In cool-äir'd nights o' June;
The while her lids, wi' bendèn streäks
O' lashes, met above her cheäks,
 A-bloomèn to the moon.

shadows

Think how she left her childhood's pleäce,
An' only sister's long-knownn feäce,
An' brother's jokes so much a-miss'd,
An' mother's cheäk, the last a-kiss'd;
An' how she lighted down avore
Her new abode, a husband's door,
 Your weddèn night in June;
Wi' heart that beät wi' hope an' fear,
While on each eye-lash hung a tear,
 A-glisenèn to the moon.

trɪ:t wəl jər wə:ɪf

no: no: gʊd mja:stər kɒlɪnz kræ:ɪd
(h)wə:ɪ ju:v ə gʊd wə:ɪf ət jər zə:ɪd
zu: du: bɪlɪ:v ðə hæ:rt ɪz tru:
ðæt gi:d ʌp aɪl bɪzə:ɪd vər ju:
ən stɪl bɪhjɛv əz jə bɪɡʌn
tə sɪ:k ðə ʌv ðæt jəv əwʌn
 (h)wɛn (w)ʊns ɪn dʒu:ɪ dʒu:n
ɪn ə:uərz ə ho:p sɒft ə:ɪz dɪd flʌʃ
ɪ:tʃ brə:ɪt bɪlə: (h)ɪz ʃjɛdɪ lʌʃ
 əɡlɪsnən tə ðə mu:n

ðɪŋk hə:u (h)ər gə:rlhʊd mɛt nu: kjɛər
tə pʃɛl ðə blʊ:m (h)ər fʃɛs dɪd wɛər
ən hə:u (h)ər ɡlɒsɪ tɛmpəl prɛst
(h)ər pɪlər də:ʊn ɪn stɪlfjɛst rɛst
(h)wə:ɪl ʃjɛdz ə wɪndər bɑ:rz dɪd va:ɪ
ɪn mu:nlə:ɪt ɒn ðə ɡlʊ:mi wa:ɪ
 ɪn ku:læ:ɪrd nə:ɪts ə dʒu:n
ðə (h)wə:ɪl (h)ər lɪdz wɪ bɛndən strɪəks
ə lʌʃɪz mɛt əbʌv (h)ər tʃɪəks
 əblʊ:mən tə ðə mu:n

ðɪŋk hə:u ʃɪ: lɛft (h)ər tʃə:ɪl(d)hʊdz pljɛs
ən ɔ:nli sɪstərz lɒŋno:n fʃɛs
ən brʌðərz dʒo:ks sə mʌtʃ əmɪst
ən mʌðərz tʃɪəks ðə lɛ:st əkɪst
ən hə:u ʃɪ: lə:ɪtɪd də:ʊn əvuər
(h)ər nju: əbo:d ə hʌzbən(d)z duər
 jər wɛdən nə:ɪt ɪn dʒu:n
wɪ hæ:rt ðæt bɪət wɪ ho:p ən fɪər
(h)wə:ɪl ɒn ɪ:tʃ ə:ɪlʌʃ hʌŋ ə tɪər
 əɡlɪsnən tə ðə mu:n

Think how her father zot all dum', *sat*
 A-thinkèn on her, back at hwome,
 The while grey axan gather'd thick, *ashes*
 On dyèn embers, on the brick;
 An' how her mother look'd abrode, *out*
 Drough window, down the moon-bright road, *through*
 Thik cloudless night o' June, *that*
 Wi' tears upon her lashes big
 As räin-drops on a slender twig,
 A-glismèn to the moon.

Zoo don't zit thoughtless at your cup *so*
 An' keep your wife a-wäitèn up,
 The while the clock's a-tickèn slow
 The chilly hours o' vrost an' snow,
 Until the zinkèn candle's light
 Is out avore her drowsy sight,
 A-dimm'd wi' grief too soon;
 A-leävèn there alwone to mourn *mourn*
 The feädèn cheäk that woonce did burn, *fading, once*
 A-bloomèn to the moon.

ðɪŋk hæ:u (h)ər fɛ:ðər zɪt a:l dʌm
əðɪŋkən ɒn hər bak ət huəm
ðə (h)wə:ɪl gre: aksən gɑðərd θɪk
ɒn də:ɪən ɛmbərz ɒn ðə brɪk
ən hæ:u (h)ər mʌðər lukt əbro:d
dru: wɪndər də:ʌn ðə mu:nbrə:ɪt ro:d
ðɪk klə:udlɪs nə:ɪt ə dʒu:n
wi tiərz əpɒn (h)ər laʃɪz bɪg
əz ræɪndrəps ɒn ə slendər twɪg
əglɪsnən tə ðə mu:n

zu: do:nt zɪt θɔ:tlɪs ət jər kʌp
ən ki(:)p jər wə:ɪf əwæɪtən ʌp
ðə (h)wə:ɪl ðə klɒks ətɪkən slo:
ðə tʃɪli ə:uərz ə vrɒst ən sno:
ʌntɪl ðə zɪŋkən kændəlz lə:ɪt
ɪz ə:ut əvuər (h)ər drə:uzɪ zə:ɪt
ədɪmɪd wi grɪ:f tu: su:n
əliəvən ðər əluən tə mə:rn
ðə fʃedən tʃɪæk ðət (w)u:ns dɪd bə:rn
əblu:mən tə ðə mu:n

THE CHILD AN' THE MOWERS



O, AYE! they had woone child beside,
An' a finer your eyes never met,
'Twer a dear little fellow that died
In the zummer that come wi' such het;
By the mowers, too thoughtless in fun,
He wer then a-zent off vrom our eyes,
Vrom the light ov the dew-dryèn zun,—
Aye! vrom days under blue-hollow'd skies.

one

beat

He went out to the mowers in meäd,
When the zun wer a-rose to his height,
An' the men wer a-swingèn the sneäd,
Wi' their eärms in white sleeves, left an' right;
An' out there, as they rested at noon,
O! they drench'd en vrom eäle-horns too deep,
Till his thoughts wer a-drown'd in a swoon;
Aye! his life wer a-smother'd in sleep.

scythe handle

arms

gave him drink

[ale-horns

Then they laid en there-right on the ground,
On a grass-heap, a-zweltrèn wi' het,
Wi' his heär all a-wetted around
His young feäce, wi' the big drops o' zweet;
In his little left palm he'd a-zet,
Wi' his right hand, his vore-vinger's tip,
As for zome'hat he woulden vorget,—
Aye! zome thought that he woulden let slip.

him

Then they took en in hwome to his bed,
An' he rose vrom his pillow noo mwore,
Vor the curls on his sleek little head
To be blown by the wind out o' door.

ðə tʃə:ɪl(d) ən ðə mo:ərz

o: æɪ ðe: had (w)u:n tʃə:ɪl(d) bɪzə:ɪd
ən ə fə:mər jər əɪz nəvər mət
twər ə diər lɪtəl fɛlər ðət də:ɪd
ɪn ðə zʌmər ðət kʌm wi sɪtʃ hət
b(ə):ɪ ðə mo:ərz tu: θɔ:tlɪs ɪn flʌ
hi: wər ðen əzɛnt ɒf vrəm ə:uər əɪz
vrəm ðə lə:ɪt əv ðə dju:drə:ɪən zʌn
æɪ vrəm de:z ʌndər blu:hɒlərd skə:ɪz

hi: wɛnt ə:ut tə ðə mo:ərz ɪn miəd
(h)wɛn ðə zʌn wər ərə:z tə (h)ɪz hæ:ɪt
ən ðə mɛn wər əswɪŋən ðə sniəd
wi ðər jɑ:rmz ɪn (h)wə:ɪt sli:vz lɛft ən rə:ɪt
ən ə:ut ðər əz ðe: rɛstɪd ət nu:n
o: ðe: drɛntʃt ən vrəm jɛlhɑ:rnz tu: di:p
tɪl (h)ɪz ðɔ:ts wər ədrə:ʌnd ɪn ə swu:n
æɪ (h)ɪz lə:ɪf wər əsmʌðərd ɪn sli:p

ðen ðe: lɛd ən ðɛər rə:ɪt ɒn ðə grə:ʌn(d)
ɒn ə grɑ:ʃi:p əzwɛltrɛn wi hət
wi (h)ɪz hjɛər a:l əwɛtɪd ərə:ʌn(d)
(h)ɪz jʌŋ fjɛs wi ðə bɪg draps ə zwɛt
ɪn (h)ɪz lɪtəl lɛft pɑ:m hi:d əzɛt
wi (h)ɪz rə:ɪt hɑ:(d) (h)ɪz vuərviŋgərz tɪp
əz vər zʌmət hi: (w)ʊdən vərget
æɪ zʌm ðɔ:t ðət hi: (w)ʊdən lɛt slɪp

ðen ðe: tʊk ən ɪn huəm tu (h)ɪz bɛd
ən hi: rɔ:z vrəm (h)ɪz pɪlər nu: muər
vər ðə kɛ:rlz ɒn (h)ɪz sli:k lɪtəl hɛd
tə bi: blɔ:n b(ə):ɪ ðə wɪn(d) ə:ut ə duər

Vor he died while the häy russled grey
On the staddle so leätely begun:
Lik' the mown-grass a-dried by the day,—
Aye! the zwath-flow'r's a-killed by the zun.

haystack-base

vər hi: də:ɪd (h)wə:ɪl ðə hæɪ rʌsəld gre:
ɒn ðə stɑdəl sə ljetli bɪɡʌn
lɪk ðə mo:nɡra:s ədrə:ɪd b(ə):ɪ ðə de:
æɪ ðə zwɒθflə:uərz əkɪld b(ə):ɪ ðə zʌn

THE LOVE CHILD



WHERE the bridge out at Woodley did stride,
Wi' his wide arches' cool sheäded bow,
Up above the clear brook that did slide
By the popples, befoam'd white as snow:
As the gilcups did quiver among
The white deäisies, a-spread in a sheet,
There a quick-trippèn maïd come along,—
Aye, a girl wi' her light-steppèn veet.

span

*pebbles
buttercups*

An' she cried "I do praÿ, is the road
Out to Lincham on here, by the meäd?"
An' "oh! ees," I meäde answer, an' show'd
Her the way it would turn an' would leäd:
"Goo along by the beech in the nook,
Where the childern do play in the cool,
To the steppèn stwones over the brook,—
Aye, the grey blocks o' rock at the pool."

yes

Then, "You don't seem a-born an' a-bred,"
I spoke up, "at a place here about;"
An' she answer'd wi' cheäks up so red
As a pi'ny but leäte a-come out,
"No, I liv'd wi' my uncle that died
Back in Eäpril, an' now I'm a-come
Here to Ham, to my mother, to bide,—
Aye, to her house to vind a new hwome."

peony

I'm asheämed that I wanted to know
Any mwore of her childhood or life,
But then, why should so feäir a child grow
Where noo father did bide wi' his wife;

ðə lʌv tʃə:ɪl(d)

(h)wær ðə brʌdʒ ə:ʊt ət wʊdli dɪd strə:ɪd
wi (h)ɪz wə:ɪd a:rtʃɪz ku:l ʃje:dɪd bo:
ʌp əbʌv ðə kliər brʊk ðət dɪd slə:ɪd
b(ə):ɪ ðə pɒpəlz bɪfə:mɪd (h)wə:ɪt əz snə:
əz ðə ɡɪlkʌps dɪd kwɪvər əmɒŋ
ðə (h)wə:ɪt dʒe:zɪz əsprɛd ɪn ə ʃɪ:t
ðər ə kwɪktrɪpən məɪd kʌm əlɒŋ
æɪ ə ɡə:ɪl wi (h)ər lə:ɪtstɛpən vɪt

ən ʃɪ: krə:ɪd ə:ɪ də præɪ ɪz ðə ro:d
ə:ʊt tə ɪntʃəm ɒn hiər b(ə):ɪ ðə miəd
ən o: ɪ:s ə:ɪ mɪd ɛ:nsər ən ʃo:d
(h)ər ðə we: ɪt wʊd tə:ɪn ən wʊd liəd
ɡu: əlɒŋ b(ə):ɪ ðə bɪ:tʃ ɪn ðə nʊk
(h)wær ðə tʃɪldərn də plæɪ ɪn ðə ku:l
tə ðə stɛpən stuənz ɔ:vər ðə brʊk
æɪ ðə ɡre: blɒks ə rʊk ət ðə pu:l

ðɛn jə do:nt si(:)m əba:ɪn ən əbrɛd
ə:ɪ spə:k ʌp ət ə pljɛs hiər əbə:ʊt
ən ʃɪ: ɛ:nsərd wi tʃiəks ʌp sə red
əz ə pə:ɪni bət ljet əkʌm ə:ʊt
no: ə:ɪ lɪvd wi mə:ɪ ʌŋkəl ðət də:ɪd
bʌk ɪn jɛprəl ən nə:u ə:ɪm əkʌm
hiər tə hʌm tə mə:ɪ mʌðər tə bə:ɪd
æɪ tə (h)ər hə:ʊs tə və:m(d) ə nju: huəm

ə:ɪm əʃjɛmd ðət ə:ɪ wɒntɪd tə no:
ɛni muər əv (h)ər tʃə:ɪl(d)hʊd ər lə:ɪf
bət ðɛn (h)wə:ɪ ʃʊd so: ʃjɛər ə tʃə:ɪl(d) ɡro:
(h)wær nu: fɛ:ðər dɪd bə:ɪd wi (h)ɪz wə:ɪf

Then wi' blushes of zunrisèn morn,

She replied "that it midden be known,

mightn't

Oh! they zent me awaÿ to be born,—*

Aye, they hid me when zome would be shown."

Oh! it meäde me a'most teary-ey'd,

An' I vound I a'most could ha' groan'd—

What! so winnèn, an' still cast a-zide—

What! so lovely, an' not to be own'd;

Oh! a God-gift a-treated wi' scorn,

Oh! a child that a squier should own;

An' to zend her awaÿ to be born!—

Aye, to hide her where others be shown!

* Words once spoken to the writer.

ðen wi blʌʃɪz əv zʌnrəɪzən mɑ:rn
ʃi: rɪplə:ɪd ðat ɪt mɪdən bi: nɔ:n
o: ðe: zent mi: əwə:ɪ tə bi: bɑ:rn
æɪ ðe: hɪd mi: (h)wɛn zʌm wʊd bi: ʃo:n

o: ɪt mjəd mi: a:məst tɪəriə:ɪd
ən ə:ɪ və:ʊn(d) ə:ɪ a:məst kʊd hə grəʊnd
(h)wɒt so: wɪnən ən stɪl kɑ:st əzə:ɪd
(h)wɒt so: lʌvli ən nɒt tə bi: o:nd
o: ə ɡʊdɡɪft ətri:tɪd wi skɑ:rn
o: ə tʃə:ɪl(d) ðət ə skwɛ:ɪər ʃʊd o:n
ən tə zen(d) (h)ər əwə:ɪ tə bi: bɑ:rn
æɪ tə hə:ɪd (h)ər (h)wər ʌðəz bi: ʃo:n

HAWTHORN DOWN



ALL up the down's cool brow
I work'd in noontide's gleäre,
On where the slow-wheel'd plow
'D a-wore the grass half bare.
An' gil'cups quiver'd quick,
As air did pass,
An' deäisies huddled thick
Among the grass.

wagon

buttercups

The while my eärms did swing
Wi' work I had on hand,
The quick-wing'd lark did zing
Above the green-tree'd land,
An' bwoys below me chafed
The dog vor fun,
An' he, vor all they laef'd,
Did meäke em run.

arms

laughed

The south zide o' the hill,
My own tun-smoke rose blue,—
In North Coomb, near the mill,
My mother's wer in view—
Where woonce her vier vor all
Ov us did burn,
As I have childern small
Round mine in turn.

chimney-

once, fire

An' zoo I still wull cheer
Her life wi' my small store,
As she do drop a tear
Bezide her lwonesome door.

so

hɛ:ðɑ:rn də:un

a:l ʌp ðə də:unz ku:l brə:u
ə:ɪ wə:rkt ɪn nu:ntə:ɪdz gljɛər
ɒn (h)wər ðə sle:u(h)wi:ld plə:u
d əwʊər ðə grɑ:s hɛ:f bjɛər
ən gɪlkʌps kwɪvərd kwɪk
əz æɪr dɪd pa:s
ən djɛzɪz hʌdɔld θɪk
əmɒŋ ðə grɑ:s

ðə (h)wə:ɪl mə:ɪ jɑ:ɪmz dɪd swɪŋ
wɪ wə:rk ə:ɪ hʌd ɒn hʌn(d)
ðə kwɪkwɪŋd lɑ:rk dɪd zɪŋ
əbʌv ðə grɪ:ntri:d lʌn(d)
ən bwə:ɪz bɪlo: mɪ: tʃɛ:ft
ðə dɒg vər fʌn
ən hi: vər a:l ðe: lɛ:ft
dɪd mjɛk əm rʌn

ðə sə:uθ zə:ɪd ə ðə hɪl
mə:ɪ o:n tʌnsmo:k rɔ:z blu:
ɪn nɒθ ku:m nɪər ðə mɪl
mə:ɪ mʌðərz wər ɪn vju:
(h)wər (w)u:ns (h)ər və:ɪər vər a:l
əv əs dɪd bə:rn
əz ə:ɪ hʌv tʃɪldərn smɑ:l
rə:un(d) mə:ɪn ɪn tɔ:rn

ən zu: ə:ɪ stɪl wʊl tʃɪər
(h)ər lə:ɪf wɪ mə:ɪ smɑ:l stuər
əz ʃɪ: də drɒp ə tɪər
bɪzə:ɪd (h)ər luənsəm duər

The love that I do owe
Her ruf, I'll päy,
An' then zit down below
My own wi' jaÿ.

roof

joy

ðə lʌv ðæt ə:ɪ du: o:
(h)ər rʌf ə:ɪl pæɪ
ən ðen zɪt də:ʊn bɪlo:
mə:ɪ o:n wi dʒæɪ

OBEN VIELDS



WELL, you mid keep the town an' street,
Wi' grassless stwones to beät your veet,
An' zunless windows where your brows
Be never cooled by swayèn boughs;
An' let me end, as I begun,
My days in oben äir an' zun,
Where zummer win's a-blowèn sweet,
Wi' blooth o' trees as white's a sheet;
Or swayèn boughs, a-bendèn low
Wi' rip'nèn apples in a row,
An' we a-risèn rathe do meet
The bright'nèn dawn wi' dewy veet,
An' leäve, at night, the vootless groves,
To rest 'ithin our thatchen oves.
An' here our childern still do bruise
The deäisy buds wi' tiny shoes,
As we did meet avore em, free
Vrom ceäre, in play below the tree.
An' there in me'th their lively eyes
Do glissen to the zunny skies,
As äir do blow, wi' leäzy peäce
To cool, in sheäde, their burnèn feäce.
Where leaves o' spreadèn docks do hide
The zawpit's timber-lwoaded zide,
An' trees do lie, wi' scraggy limbs,
Among the deäisy's crimson rims.
An' they, so proud, wi' eärms a-spread
To keep their balance good, do tread
Wi' ceäreful steps o' tiny zoles
The narrow zides o' trees an' poles.

may

blossom

early

eaves

mirth

arms

o:bən vi:l(d)z

wel jə mɪd ki(:)p ðə tə:ʊn ən stri:t
wi gra:slɪs stuənz tə biət jər vi:t
ən zʌnlɪs wɪndərz (h)wər jər brə:uz
bi: nəvər ku:ld b(ə:)ɪ swæɪən bə:uz
ən let mi: ɛn(d) əz ə:ɪ biɡʌn
mə:ɪ de:z ɪn o:bən æɪr ən zʌn
(h)wər zʌmər wɪn(d)z əblo:ən swi:t
wi blu:θ ə tri:z əz (h)wə:ɪts ə ʃi:t
ər swæɪən bə:uz əbendən lo:
wi rə:ɪpnən apəlz ɪn ə ro:
ən wi: ərə:ɪzən rjɛð də mi:t
ðə brə:ɪtnən de:n wi dju:ɪ vi:t
ən liəv ət nə:ɪt ðə vʊtlɪs grə:vz
tə rest ɪðm ə:uər ðətʃən o:vz
ən hiər ə:uər tʃɪldərn stɪl də bru:z
ðə djezi bʌdz wi tə:mi ʃu:z
əz wi: dɪd mi(:)t əvuər əm fri:
vrəm kjæər ɪn plæɪ bɪlo: ðə tri:
ən ðər ɪn mɛθ ðər lə:ɪvli ə:ɪz
də glɪsən tə ðə zʌni skə:ɪz
əz æɪr də blo: wi ljezi pjɛs
tə ku:l ɪn ʃjɛð ðər bə:ɪnən fjɛs
(h)wər li:vz ə sprɛdən dɒks də hə:ɪd
ðə zɛ:pɪts tɪmbərluədɪd zə:ɪd
ən tri:z də lə:ɪ wi skrɑɡi lɪmz
əməŋ ðə djezɪz krɪmzən rɪmz
ən ðe: sə prə:ʊd wi jɑ:ɪmz əsprɛd
tə ki(:)p ðər bələns ɡʊd də tɹɛd
wi kjæərvʊl stɛps ə tə:mi zə:lz
ðə nɑ:rə(r) zə:ɪdz ə tri:z ən pɔ:lz

An' zoo I'll leäve vor your light veet
The peävment o' the zunless street,
While I do end, as I begun,
My days in oben äir an' zun.

50

ən zu: ə:l liəv vər ju:r lə:ɪt vi:t
ðə pjevmənt ə ðə zʌnlɪs stri:t
(h)wə:l ə:l du: ɛn(d) əz ə:l biɡʌn
mə:l de:z ɪn o:bən ær ən zʌn



WHAT JOHN WER A-TELLÈN HIS MIS'ESS
OUT IN THE CORN GROUND

field

AH! mam! you woonce come here the while

once

The zun, long years agoo, did shed

His het upon the wheat in hile,

beat, stook²

Wi' yollow hau'm an' ears o' red,

stalk

Wi' little shoes too thin vor walks

Upon the scratchèn stubble-stalks;

You hardly reach'd wi' glossy head,

The vore wheel's top o' dusty red.

dusty

How time's a-vled! How years do vlee!

flown by, fly

An' there you went an' zot inzide

sat

A hile, in àir a-streamèn cool,

As if 'ithin a room, vull wide

An' high, you zot to guide an' rule.

You leäz'd about the stubbly land,

gleaned

An' soon vill'd up your small left hand

Wi' ruddy ears your right hand vound,

An' trail'd the stalks along the ground.

How time's a-gone! How years do goo!

Then in the waggon you did teäke

A ride, an' as the wheels vell down

Vrom ridge to vurrow, they did sheäke

On your small head your poppy crown,

An' now your little maïd, a dear,

daughter

Your childhood's very daps, is here,

spitting image

Zoo let her staÿ, that her young feäce

so

Mid put a former year in pleäce.

may

How time do run! How years do roll!

² Hile: "Ten sheaves of corn set up in the field, four on each side and one at each end, and forming a kind of roof" (1844 Glossary).

(h)wɒt dʒən wɜr ətɛlən (h)ɪz mɪsɪs
ə:ʊt ɪn ðə kɑ:rn grə:ʊn(d)

a: mɑm ju: (w)u:ns kʌm hiər ðə (h)wə:ɪl
ðə zʌn lɒŋ jɪərz əgu: dɪd ʃɛd
(h)ɪz hɛt əpɒn ðə (h)wɪ:t ɪn hæ:ɪl
wi jʌlər hɑ:m ən iərz ə rɛd
wi lɪtəl ʃu:z tu: ðɪm vɜr wɛ:ks
əpɒn ðə skratʃən stʌbəlste:ks
jə hɑ:rdli rɪ:tʃd wi glɒsi hɛd
ðə vuər(h)wɪ:lz tɒp ə də:ʊsti rɛd
hə:ʊ tə:ɪmz əvlɛd hə:ʊ jɪərz də vli:

ən ðər jə went ən zɑt ɪnzə:ɪd
ə hæ:ɪl ɪn ær əstri:mən ku:l
əz ɪf ɪðm ə ru:m vʊl wə:ɪd
ən hæ:ɪ jə zɑt tə gə:ɪd ən ru:l
jə liəzd əbə:ʊt ðə stʌbli lɑn(d)
ən su:n vɪld ʌp jər smɑ:l lɛft hɑn(d)
wi rʌdi iərz jər rə:ɪt hɑn(d) və:ʊn(d)
ən træɪld ðə ste:ks əlɒŋ ðə grə:ʊn(d)
hə:ʊ tə:ɪmz əgɒn hə:ʊ jɪərz də gu:

ðɛn ɪn ðə wɑgən jə dɪd tʃɛk
ə rə:ɪd ən əz ðə (h)wɪ:lz vɛl də:ʊn
vrəm rʌdʒ tə vlərə ðe: dɪd ʃjɛk
ɒn jər smɑ:l hɛd jər pɒpi krə:ʊn
ən nə:ʊ jər lɪtəl məɪd ə diər
jər tʃə:ɪl(d)hʊdz vɛrɪ dʌps ɪz hiər
zu: lɛt (h)ər stæɪ ðət (h)ər jʌŋ fʃɛs
ɪnd pʌt ə fɑ:rmər jɪər ɪn plʃɛs
hə:ʊ tə:ɪm də rʌn hə:ʊ jɪərz də rɒ:l

SHEÄDES



COME here an' zit a while below
Theäse tower, grey and ivy-bound,
In sheäde, the while the zun do glow
So hot upon the flow'ry ground;
An' winds in flight,
Do briskly smite
The blossoms bright, upon the gleäde,
But never stir the sleepèn sheäde.

this

As when you stood upon the brink
O' yonder brook, wi' back-zunn'd head,
Your zunny-grounded sheäde did zink
Upon the water's grav'lly bed,
Where weäves could zweep
Away, or keep,
The gravel heap that they'd a-meäde,
But never wash away the sheäde.

shadow

An' zoo, when you can woonce vulvil
What's feäir, a-tried by heaven's light,
Why never fear that evil will
Can meäke a wrong o' your good right.
The right wull stand,
Vor all man's hand,
Till streams on zand, an' wind in gleädes,
Can zweep away the zuncast sheädes.

so, once fulfil

ſjedz

kʌm hiər ən zɪt ə (h)wə:ɪl bɪlo:
ðɪəs tə:uər gre: ən(d) ə:ɪvɪbə:ʊn(d)
ɪn ſjed ðə (h)wə:ɪl ðə zʌn də glo:
sə hɒt əpɒn ðə flə:ʊri grə:ʊn(d)
ən wɪn(d)z ɪn flə:ɪt
də brɪskli smə:ɪt
ðə blɒsəmz brə:ɪt əpɒn ðə gljed
bət nevər stə:r ðə sli:pən ſjed

az (h)wen ju: stʊd əpɒn ðə brɪŋk
ə jʌndər brʊk wi bʌkzʌnd hɛd
jər zʌnɪgrə:ʊndɪd ſjed dɪd zɪŋk
əpɒn ðə wɔ:tərz grʌvli bɛd
(h)wər wjevz kud zwi:p
əwə:ɪ ər ki(:)p
ðə grʌvəl hi:p ðət ðe:ɪd əmjɛd
bət nevər wɒf əwə:ɪ ðə ſjed

ən zu: (h)wen ju: kən (w)u:ns vʊlvɪl
(h)wɒts fjeər ətrə:ɪd b(ə:)ɪ hevənz lə:ɪt
(h)wə:ɪ nevər fiər ðət i:vəl wɪl
kən mjɛk ə rɒŋ ə ju:r gud rə:ɪt
ðə rə:ɪt wʊl stʌn(d)
vər a:ɪ mʌnz hʌn(d)
tɪl stri:mz ɒn zʌn(d) ən wɪn(d) ɪn gljedz
kən zwi:p əwə:ɪ ðə zʌnkʌ:st ſjedz

TIMES O' YEAR



HERE did swäy the eltrot flow'rs,
When the hours o' night wer vew,
An' the zun, wi' eärly beams
Brighten'd streams, an' dried the dew,
An' the goocoo there did greet
Passers by wi' dousty veet.

cow-parsley

cuckoo

dusty

There the milkmaid hung her brow
By the cow, a-sheenèn red;
An' the dog, wi' upward looks,
Watch'd the rooks above his head,
An' the brook, vrom bow to bow,
Here went swift, an' there wer slow.

shining

bend

Now the cwolder-blowèn blast,
Here do cast vrom elems' heads
Feäded leaves, a-whirlèn round,
Down to ground, in yollow beds,
Ruslèn under milkers' shoes,
When the day do dry the dews.

Soon shall grass, a-vrosted bright,
Glisten white instead o' green,
An' the wind shall smite the cows,
Where the boughs be now their screen.
Things do change as years do vlee;
What ha' years in store vor me?

fly

tə:mz ə jiər

hiər did swæi ði eltrət flə:uərz
(h)wɛn ði ə:uərz ə nə:ɪt wər vju:
ən ðə zʌn wi jə:rlɪ bi:mz
brə:ɪtənd stri:mz ən drə:ɪd ðə dju:
ən ðə gʊku: ðər did grɪ:t
pə:sərz bæ:ɪ wi də:usti vi:t

ðər ðə mɪlkmæɪd hʌŋ (h)ər brə:u
b(ə):ɪ ðə kə:u əʃi:nən rɛd
ən ðə dɒg wi ʌpərd lʊks
wɒtʃt ðə rʊks əbʌv (h)ɪz hɛd
ən ðə brʊk vrəm bɔ: tə bɔ:
hiər wɛnt swɪft ən ðeər wər slo:

nə:u ðə kuəldərblo:ən bla:st
hiər də ka:st vrəm eləmz hɛdz
fjɛdɪd li:vz ə(h)wə:r(d)lən rə:ʊn(d)
də:ʊn tə grə:ʊn(d) ɪn jʌlər bɛdz
rʌslən ʌndər mɪlkərz ju:z
(h)wɛn ðə de: də drə:ɪ ðə dju:z

sʊ:n fjəl grɑ:s əvrɒstɪd brə:ɪt
glɪsən (h)wə:ɪt ɪnstɛd ə grɪ:n
ən ðə wɪn(d) fjəl smə:ɪt ðə kə:uz
(h)wər ðə bæ:uz bi: nə:u ðər skri:n
ðɪŋz də tʃʌndz əz jiərz də vli:
(h)wɒt hɑ jiərz ɪn stuər vər mi:



ECLOGUE

RACKETÈN JOE

Racketèn Joe; his Sister; his Cousin Fanny; and the Dog

RACKETÈN JOE

HEIGH! heigh! here. Who's about?

HIS SISTER

Oh! lauk! Here's Joe, a rantèn lout,
A-meäkèn his wild randy-rout.

*Lord
racket*

RACKETÈN JOE

Heigh! Fanny! How d'ye do? (*slaps her.*)

FANNY

Oh! fie; why all the woo'se vor you
A-slappèn o' me, black an' blue,
My back!

worse

HIS SISTER

A whack! you loose-cärm'd chap,
To gi'e your cousin sich a slap!

*-armed
give*

FANNY

I'll pull the heäir o'n, I do vow;

his hair

HIS SISTER

I'll pull the ears o'n. There.

THE DOG

Wowh! wowh!

eklɔg

rakətən dʒo:

rakətən dʒo: (h)ɪz sɪstər (h)ɪz kʌzən fəni ən(d) ðə dɒg

RACKETÈN JOE

hæɪ hæɪ hiər hu:z əbə:ut

HIS SISTER

o: lɔ:k hiərz dʒo: ə re:ntən lə:ut
əmʃekən (h)ɪz wə:ɪl(d) rændirə:ut

RACKETÈN JOE

hæɪ fəni hæ:u dʒi: du: (*slaps her.*)

FANNY

o: fə:ɪ (h)wə:ɪ a:l ðə wu:s vər ju:
əslapən ə mi: blak ən blu:
mə:ɪ bæk

HIS SISTER

ə (h)wæk jə lu:sjɑ:ɪrmd tʃap
tə gi: jər kʌzən sɪtʃ ə slap

FANNY

ə:ɪl pʊl ðə hjɛər o:n ə:ɪ də və:u

HIS SISTER

ə:ɪl pʊl ði iərz o:n ðɛər

THE DOG

wə:u wə:u

FANNY

A-comèn up the drong,
How he did smack his leather thong,
A-zingèn, as he thought, a zong;

lane

HIS SISTER

An' there the pigs did scote
Azide, in fright, wi' squeakèn droat,
Wi' geese a pitchèn up a note.
Look there.

*race
throat*

FANNY

His chair!

HIS SISTER

He thump'd en down,
As if he'd het en into ground.

*it
bit it*

RACKETÈN JOE

Heigh! heigh! Look here! the vier is out.

fire

HIS SISTER

How he do knock the tongs about!

FANNY

Now theäre's his whip-nob, plum
Upon the teäble vor a drum;

HIS SISTER

An' there's a dent so big's your thumb.

FANNY

əkʌmən ʌp ðə drɒŋ
hə:u hi: dɪd smɑk (h)ɪz leðər ðɒŋ
əzɪŋgən əz hi: ðə:t ə zɒŋ

HIS SISTER

ən ðər ðə pɪgz dɪd skə:ʊt
əzə:ɪd ɪn frə:t wi skwi:kən dro:t
wi gi:s ə pɪtʃən ʌp ə no:t
lʊk ðeər

FANNY

(h)ɪz tʃeər

HIS SISTER

ə θʌmpt ən də:ʊn
əz ɪf əd het ən ɪntə grə:ʊn(d)

RACKETÈN JOE

hæɪ hæɪ lʊk hiər ðə və:iər ɪz ə:ʊt

HIS SISTER

hə:u hi: də nɒk ðə tɒŋz əbə:ʊt

FANNY

nə:u ðeərz (h)ɪz (h)wɪpɒnb plʌm
əpɒn ðə tʃeɪbəl vər ə drʌm

HIS SISTER

ən ðərz ə dent sə bɪgz jər ðʌm

RACKETÈN JOE

My hat's awore so quaer.

HIS SISTER

'Tis quaer enough, but not wi' wear;
But dabs an' dashes he do bear.

knocks and blows it receives

RACKETÈN JOE

The zow!

HIS SISTER

What now?

RACKETÈN JOE

She's in the plot.

A-routèn up the flower knot.

bed

Ho! Towzer! Here, rout out the zow,

Heigh! here, hie at her. 'Tiss!

THE DOG

Wowh! wow!

HIS SISTER

How he do rant and roar,

An' stump an' stamp about the vloor,

An' swing, an' slap, an' slam the door!

He don't put down a thing,

But he do dab, an' dash, an' ding

thump and throw and smash

It down, till all the house do ring.

RACKETÈN JOE

mæ:ɪ hats əwuər sə kwæər

HIS SISTER

tɪz kwæər ɪnʌf bət nɒt wi wæər
bət dabz ən daʃɪz hi: də beər

RACKETÈN JOE

ðə zə:u

HIS SISTER

(h)wɒt nə:u

RACKETÈN JOE

ʃi:z ɪn ðə plɒt
ərə:utən ʌp ðə flə:uər nɒt
hɔ: tə:uzər hiər rə:ut ə:ut ðə zə:u
hæɪ hiər hə:ɪ at hər tɪs

THE DOG

wə:u wə:u

HIS SISTER

hə:u ə də rant ən(d) ruər
ən stʌmp ən stʌmp əbə:ut ðə vluər
ən swɪŋ ən slʌp ən slʌm ðə duər
ə do:nt pʌt də:ʌn ə ðɪŋ
bət ə də dab ən daʃ ən dɪŋ
ɪt də:ʌn tɪl a:l ðə hə:ʌs də rɪŋ

RACKETÈN JOE

She's out.

FANNY

Noo doubt.

HIS SISTER

Athirt the bank,
Look! how the dog an' he do pank.

across
pant

FANNY

Stäy out, an' heed her now an' then,
To zee she don't come in ageän.

RACKETÈN JOE

ʃi:z ə:ut

FANNY

nu: də:ut

HIS SISTER

əðə:rt ðə bɑŋk

lʊk hə:u ðə dɒg ən hi: də pɑŋk

FANNY

stæɪ ə:ut ən hi:d (h)ər nə:u ən ðen

tə zi: ʃi: dɔ:nt kʌm ɪn əgjen

ZUMMER AN' WINTER



WHEN I led by zummer streams

The pride o' Lea, as nāighbours thought her,
While the zun, wi' evenèn beams,

Did cast our sheādes athirt the water;

Winds a-blowèn,

Streams a-flowèn,

Skies a-glowèn,

Tokens ov my jāy zoo fleetèn,

Heighten'd it, that happy meetèn.

shadows across

joy so

Then, when maïd an' man took pleāces,

Gāy in winter's Chris'mas dances,

Showèn in their merry feāces

Kindly smiles an' glisnèn glances;

Stars a-winkèn,

Day a-shrinkèn,

Sheādes a-zinkèn,

Brought anew the happy meetèn,

That did meāke the night too fleetèn.

zʌmər ən wɪntər

(h)wɛn əːɪ lɛd b(əː)ɪ zʌmər strɪːmz
ðə prəːɪd ə liː əz nəɪbərz ðɔːt hɜː
(h)wɜːɪl ðə zʌn wi iːvmən biːmz
dɪd kɑːst əːuər ʃjɛdz əðəːrt ðə wɔːtər
wɪn(d)z əbloːən
strɪːmz əfloːən
skəːɪz əgloːən
toːkənz əv məːɪ dʒæɪ zuː flɪːtən
həːtənd ɪt ðat hapi miːtən

ðɛn (h)wɛn məɪd ən man tʊk pljɛsɪz
gæɪ ɪn wɪntərz krɪsməs dɛːnsɪz
ʃoːən ɪn ðɜː mɛɪ fjɛsɪz
kəːm(d)li sməːɪlz ən glɪsnən glɛːnsɪz
stɑːɪz əwɪŋkən
deː əʃrɪŋkən
ʃjɛdz əzɪŋkən
brɔːt ənjuː ðə hapi miːtən
ðət dɪd mʃɛk ðə nəːɪt tuː flɪːtən

TO ME



AT night, as drough the meäd I took my way,
In air a-sweeten'd by the new-meäde hay,
A stream a-vallèn down a rock did sound,
Though out o' zight wer foam an' stwone to me.

through

Behind the knap, above the gloomy copse,
The wind did russle in the trees' high tops,
Though evenèn darkness, an' the risèn hill,
Kept all the quiv'rèn leaves unshown to me.

hillock

Within the copse, below the zunless sky,
I heard a nightèngeäle, a-warblèn high
Her lwoansome zong, a-hidden vrom my zight,
An' showèn nothèn but her mwoan to me.

An' by a house, where rwoses hung avore
The thatch-brow'd window, an' the oben door,
I heard the merry words, an' hearty laugh
O' zome feäir maïd, as eet unknown to me.

yet

High over head the white-rimm'd clouds went on,
Wi' woone a-comèn up, vor woone a-gone;
An' feäir they floated in their sky-back'd flight,
But still they never meäde a sound to me.

one

An' there the miller, down the stream did float
Wi' all his childern, in his white-sail'd bwoat,
Vur off, beyond the stragglèn cows in meäd,
But zent noo vaïce, athirt the ground, to me.

*far
across*

An' then a butternlee, in zultry light,
A-wheelèn on about me, vier-bright,

*butterfly
fire-*

tə mi:

at nə:ɪt əz dru: ðə miəd ə:ɪ tʊk mə:ɪ wæɪ
ɪn æɪr əswi:tənd b(ə):ɪ ðə nju:mjɛd hæɪ
ə stri:m əvɑ:lən də:ʊn ə rɒk dɪd sə:ʊn(d)
ðo: ə:ʊt ə zə:ɪt wɛr fɔ:m ən stuən tə mi:

bɪhə:m(d) ðə nɑp əbʌv ðə glu:mi kɒps
ðə wɪn(d) dɪd rʌsəl ɪn ðə tri:z hæ:ɪ tɒps
ðo: i:v mən dɑ:rknɪs ən ðə rə:ɪzən hɪl
kɛpt a:l ðə kwɪvrən li:vz ʌnʃo:n tə mi:

(w)ɪðɪn ðə kɒps bɪlo: ðə zʌnlɪs skə:ɪ
ə:ɪ hiərd ə nə:ɪtəngjɛl əwɑ:ɪblən hæ:ɪ
(h)ɛr luənsəm zɒŋ əhɪdən vrəm mə:ɪ zə:ɪt
ən ʃo:ən nʌθən bət (h)ɛr muən tə mi:

ən b(ə):ɪ ə hæ:ʊs (h)wɛr ruəzɪz hʌŋ əvʊər
ðə ðɑtʃbrə:ʊd wɪndər ən ði o:bən duər
ə:ɪ hiərd ðə mɛrɪ wɛ:rdz ən hɑ:rtɪ lɛ:f
ə zʌm fjɛər məɪd əz i:t ʌnnɔ:n tə mi:

hæ:ɪ ɔ:vər hɛd ðə (h)wɛ:ɪrɪm d klə:ʊdz went ɒn
wi (w)u:n əklɑmən ʌp vɛr (w)u:n əgɒn
ən fjɛər ðe: flɔ:tɪd ɪn ðɛr skə:ɪbakt flɔ:ɪt
bət stɪl ðe: nəvər mjɛd ə sə:ʊn(d) tə mi:

ən ðɛr ðə mɪlɛr də:ʊn ðə stri:m dɪd flɔ:t
wi a:l (h)ɪz tʃɪldərn ɪn (h)ɪz (h)wɛ:ɪtsæɪld b(w)uət
vɛ:r ɒf bɪjənd ðə straglən kə:ʊz ɪn miəd
bət zɛnt nu: vɛɪs əðɛ:ɪt ðə grə:ʊn(d) tə mi:

ən ðɛn ə bʌtərvli: ɪn zʌltri lə:ɪt
ə(h)wi:lən ɒn əbə:ʊt mi: vɛ:ɪrbrɛ:ɪt

Did show the gajest colors to my eye,
But still did bring noo vaice around to me.

I met the merry laugher on the down,
Beside her mother, on the path to town,
An' oh! her sheäpe wer comely to the zight,
But wordless then wer she a-vound to me.

Zoo, sweet ov unzeen things mid be the sound,
An' feäir to zight mid soundless things be vound,
But I've the laugh to hear, an' feäce to zee,
Vor they be now my own, a-bound to me.

so, may

did ʃo: ðə ɡæɪnst kʌlərz tə məɪ əɪ
bət stɪl did brɪŋ nu: væs ərə:un(d) tə mi:

əɪ met ðə meri leɪfər ʊn ðə də:un
bɪzə:ɪd (h)ər mʌðər ʊn ðə pe:θ tə tə:un
ən o: (h)ər ʃjɛp wər kʌmli tə ðə zə:ɪt
bət wɛ:rdlɪs ðen wər ʃi: əvə:un(d) tə mi:

zu: swi(:)t əv ʌnzi:n ðɪŋz mɪd bi: ðe sə:un(d)
ən fjɛər tə zə:ɪt mɪd sə:un(d)les ðɪŋz bi: və:un(d)
bət əɪv ðə leɪf tə hiər ən fjɛs tə zi:
vər ðe: bi: nə:u məɪ o:n əbə:un(d) tə mi:

TWO AN' TWO



THE zun, O Jessie, while his feäce do rise

In vi'ry skies, a-sheddèn out his light

fiery

On yollow corn a-weävèn down below

His yollow glow, is gaÿ avore the zight.

By two an' two,

How goodly things do goo,

A-matchèn woone another to fulvill

one

The goodness ov their Meäkèr's will.

How bright the spreadèn water in the lew

shelter

Do catch the blue, a-sheenèn vrom the sky;

shining

How true the grass do teäke the dewy bead

That it do need, while dusty roads be dry.

dusty

By peäir an' peäir

Each thing's a-meäde to sheäre

share

The good another can bestow,

In wisdom's work down here below.

The lowest lim's o' trees do seldom grow

A-spread too low to gi'e the cows a sheäde;

give

The äir's to bear the bird, the bird's to rise;

Vor light the eyes, vor eyes the light's a-meäde.

'Tis gi'e an' teäke,

An' woone vor others' seäke;

In peäirs a-workèn out their ends,

Though men be foes that should be friends.

tu: ən tu:

ðə zʌn o: dʒesi (h)wə:ɪl (h)ɪz fjes də rə:ɪz
ɪn və:ɪəri skə:ɪz əʃɛdən ə:ut (h)ɪz lə:ɪt
ɒn jʌlər kɑ:rn əwʒevən də:ʌn bɪlɔ:
(h)ɪz jʌlər glɔ: ɪz gæɪ əvuər ðə zə:ɪt
b(ə:ɪ)ɪ tu: ən tu:
hə:u gudli ðɪŋz də gu:
əmatʃən (w)u:n ənʌðər tə fʊlvɪl
ðə gudnɪs əv ðər mʒekərz wɪl

hə:u brə:ɪt ðə sprɛdən wɔ:tər ɪn ðə lu:
də kʌtʃ ðə blu: əʃi:nən vrəm ðə skə:ɪ
hə:u tru: ðə grɑ:s də tʃek ðə dju:ɪ bɪ:d
ðət ɪt də ni:d (h)wə:ɪl də:ʌsti rɔ:dz bi: drə:ɪ
b(ə:ɪ)ɪ pʒeər ən pʒeər
ɪ:tʃ ðɪŋz əmjɛd tə ʃʒeər
ðə gud ənʌðər kən bɪstɔ:
ɪn wɪsdəmz wə:rk də:ʌn hiər bɪlɔ:

ðə lɔ:ɪst lɪmz ə tri:z də seldəm grɔ:
əsprɛd tu: lɔ: tə gi: ðə kə:ʌz ə ʃʒɛd
ði æɪrɪz tə beər ðə bæ:rd ðə bæ:rdz tə rə:ɪz
vər lə:ɪt ði ə:ɪz vər ə:ɪz ðə lə:ɪts əmjɛd
tɪz gi: ən tʃek
ən (w)u:n vər ʌðərz sjek
ɪn pʒeərz əwə:rkən ə:ut ðər en(d)z
ðo: mɛn bi: fo:z ðət ʃʌd bi: frɛn(d)z



THE LEW O' THE RICK

shelter

AT eventide the wind wer loud

By trees an' tuns above woone's head,
An' all the sky wer woone dark cloud,

chimneys, one's

Vor all it had noo raïn to shed;
An' as the darkness gather'd thick,

I zot me down below a rick,

sat

Where straws upon the win' did ride

Wi' giddy flights, along my zide,

Though unmolestèn me a-restèn,

Where I laj 'ithin the lew.

My wife's bright vier indoors did cast

fire

Its fleäme upon the window peänes
That screen'd her teäble, while the blast

Vled on in music down the leänes;

flew

An' as I zot in vaïceless thought

Ov other zummer-tides, that brought

The sheenèn grass below the lark,

shining

Or left their ricks a-wearèn dark,

My childern voun' me, an' come roun' me,

found

Where I laj 'ithin the lew.

The rick that then did keep me lew

sheltered

Would be a-gone another Fall,

An' I, in zome years, in a vew,

Mid läve the childern, big or small;

might

But He that meäde the wind, an' meäde

The lewth, an' zent wi' het the sheäde,

shelter, beat

Can keep my childern, all alwone

Or under me, an' though vull grown

Or little lispers, wi' their whispers,

There a-lyèn in the lew.

ðə lu: ə ðə rɪk

ət i:vəntə:ɪd ðə wɪn(d) wɜr lə:ud
b(ə):ɪ tri:z ən tʌnz əbʌv (w)u:nz hɛd
ən a:l ðə skə:ɪ wɜr (w)u:n dɑ:rk klə:ud
vɜr a:l ɪt hʌd nu: ræm tə ʃɛd
ən əz ðə dɑ:rknis gəðɜrd θɪk
ə:ɪ zʌt mi: də:un bɪlɔ: ə rɪk
(h)wɜr stre:z əpɒn ðə wɪn(d) dɪd rə:ɪd
wi ɡɪdi flə:ɪts əlɒŋ mə:ɪ zə:ɪd
ðɔ: ʌnmələstən mi: ərestən
(h)wɜr ə:ɪ læɪ ɪðm ðə lu:

mə:ɪ wə:ɪfs brə:ɪt vɜ:ɪər ɪnduərz dɪd kɑ:st
ɪts fljɛm əpɒn ðə wɪndər pjenz
ðət skri:nd (h)ɜr tʃɛbəl (h)wə:ɪl ðə blɑ:st
vlɛd ɒn ɪn mju:zɪk də:un ðə ljɛnz
ən əz ə:ɪ zʌt ɪn vɛɪslɪs ðɔ:t
əv ʌðər zʌmɜrtə:ɪdz ðət brɔ:t
ðə ʃɪnən ɡrɑ:s bɪlɔ: ðə lɑ:rk
ɑr lɛft ðɜr rɪks əwɛərən dɑ:rk
mə:ɪ tʃɪldɜrn vɜ:un(d) mi: ən kʌm rə:un mi:
(h)wɜr ə:ɪ læɪ ɪðm ðə lu:

ðə rɪk ðət ðɛn dɪd ki(:)p mi: lu:
wud bi: əɡɒn ənʌðər fa:l
ən ə:ɪ ɪn zʌm ʃɪərz ɪn ə vju:
mɪd liəv ðə tʃɪldɜrn bɪɡ ɜr smɑ:l
bət hi: ðət mjɛd ðə wɪn(d) ən mjɛd
ðə lu:θ ən zɛnt wi hɛt ðə ʃjɛd
kən ki(:)p mə:ɪ tʃɪldɜrn a:l əluən
ɜr ʌndər mi: ən ðɔ: vʌl ɡrə:un
ɑr lɪtəl lɪspɜrz wi ðɜr (h)wɪspɜrz
ðɜr əlɜ:rən ɪn ðə lu:



one's

THE WIND IN WOONE'S FEÄCE

THERE lovely Jenny past,
While the blast did blow
On over Ashknowle Hill
To the mill below;
A-blinkèn quick, wi' lashes long,
Above her cheäks o' red,
Ageän the wind, a-beätèn strong,
Upon her droopèn head.

Oh! let dry win' blow bleäk,
On her cheäk so heäle,
But let noo räin-shot chill
Meäke her ill an' peäle;
Vor healthy is the breath the blast
Upon the hill do yield,
An' healthy is the light a cast
Vrom lofty sky to vield.

bale

An' mid noo sorrow-pang
Ever hang a tear
Upon the dark lash-heäir
Ov my feärest dear;
An' mid noo unkind deed o' mine
Spweil what my love mid gäin,
Nor meäke my merry Jenny pine
At last wi' dim-ey'd päin.

may

ðə wɪn(d) ɪn (w)u:nz fjes

ðeər lʌvli dʒeni pɑ:st
(h)wə:ɪl ðə blɑ:st dɪd blə:
ɒn ɔ:vər əʃnə:l hɪl
tə ðə mɪl bɪlə:
əblɪŋkən kwɪk wi lɑ:fɪz lɒŋ
əbʌv (h)ər tʃiəks ə red
əgjɛn ðə wɪn(d) əbiətən strɒŋ
əpɒn (h)ər dru:pən hɛd

o: lɛt drə:ɪ wɪn(d) blə: bliək
ɒn (h)ər tʃiək sə hjɛl
bət lɛt nu: ræmʃɒt tʃɪl
mjɛk (h)ər ɪl ən pjɛl
vər hɛlθi ɪz ðə brɛθ ðə blɑ:st
əpɒn ðə hɪl də dʒi:l(d)
ən hɛlθi ɪz ðə lə:ɪt əkɑ:st
vrəm lɒfti skə:ɪ tə vi:l(d)

ən mɪd nu: sɔ:rə(r)pɑŋ
ɛvər haŋ ə tiər
əpɒn ðə da:rk lɑʃhjeər
əv mə:ɪ fjeərɛst diər
ən mɪd nu: ʌnkə:m(d) di:d ə mə:m
spwə:ɪl (h)wɒt mə:ɪ lʌv mɪd gæm
nɑr mjɛk mə:ɪ mɛri dʒeni pə:m
ət lɛ:st wi dɪmə:ɪd pæm

TOKENS



GREEN mwold on zummer bars do show
That they've a-dripp'd in Winter wet;
The hoof-worn ring o' groun' below
The tree, do tell o' storms or het;
The trees in rank along a ledge
Do show where woonce did bloom a hedge;
An' where the vurrow-marks do stripe
The down, the wheat woonce rustled ripe.
Each mark ov things a-gone vrom view—
To eyezight's woone, to soulzight two.

mould

beat

once

one

The grass ageän the mwoldrèn door
'S a tóken sad o' vo'k a-gone,
An' where the house, bwoth wall an' vloor,
'S a-lost, the well mid linger on.
What tokens, then, could Meäry gi'e
That she'd a-liv'd, an' liv'd vor me,
But things a-done vor thought an' view?
Good things that nwone ageän can do,
An' every work her love ha' wrought,
To eyezight's woone, but two to thought.

mouldering

folk

may

give

to:kənz

grɪ:n muəld ɒn zʌmər bɑ:z də ʃo:
ðət ðe:v ədript ɪn wɪntər wet
ðə hʌfwɑ:rn rɪŋ ə grə:un bɪlo:
ðə tri: də tel ə stɑ:rmz ər het
ðə tri:z ɪn rɑŋk əlbŋ ə lɛdʒ
də ʃo: (h)wər (w)u:ns dɪd blu:m ə hedʒ
ən (h)wər ðə vʌrəmɑ:rkz də strə:ɪp
ðə dɑ:un ðə (h)wi:t (w)u:ns rʌsəld rə:ɪp
i:tʃ mɑ:rk əv ðɪŋz əgɒn vrəm vju:
tu ə:ɪzə:ɪts (w)u:n tə so:lzə:ɪt tu:

ðə grɑ:s əgjen ðə muəldrən duər
z ə to:kən sɑd ə vɔ:k əgɒn
ən (h)wər ðə hə:us buəd wɑ:l ən vluər
z əlbst ðə wɛl mɪd lɪŋgər ɒn
(h)wɒt to:kənz ðen kʊd mjeəri gi:
ðət ʃi:d əlɪvd ən lɪvd vər mi:
bət ðɪŋz ədʌn vər ðɔ:t ən vju:
gʊd ðɪŋz ðət nuən əgjen kən du:
ən evri wə:rk (h)ər lʌv hə rɔ:t
tu ə:ɪzə:ɪts (w)u:n bət tu: tə ðɔ:t



TWEIL

toil

THE rick ov our last zummer's haulèn
 Now vrom grey's a-feäded dark,
 An' off the barken räil's a-vallèn,
 Day by day, the rottèn bark.—
 But short's the time our works do stand,
 So feäir's we put em out ov hand.
 Vor time a-passèn, wet an' dry,
 Do spweil em wi' his changèn sky,
 The while wi' strivèn hope, we men,
 Though a-ruèn time's undoèn,
 Still do tweil an' tweil ageän.

farmyard, falling

finished them

In wall-zide sheädes, by leafy bowers,
 Underneath the swajèn tree,
 O' leäte, as round the bloomèn flowers,
 Lowly humm'd the giddy bee,
 My children's small left voot did smite
 Their tiny speäde, the while the right
 Did trample on a deäisy head,
 Bezide the flower's dousty bed,
 An' though their work wer idle then,
 They a-smilèn, an' a-tweilèn,
 Still did work an' work ageän.

dusty

Now their little limbs be stronger,
 Deeper now their vaice do sound;
 An' their little veet be longer,
 An' do tread on other ground;
 An' rust is on the little bleädes
 Ov all the broken-hafted speädes,
 An' flow'rs that wer my hope an' pride
 Ha' long agoo a-bloom'd an' died,

twə:l

ðə rɪk əv ə:uər le:st zʌmərz ha:lən
nə:u vrəm gre:z əfjɛdɪd dɑ:rk
ən ɒf ðə bɑ:rkən ræɪlz əvɑ:lən
de: b(ə):ɪ de: ðə rɒtən bɑ:rk
bət fɑ:rts ðə tə:ɪm ə:uər wə:rks də stan(d)
sə fjɛərz wi: plʌt əm ə:ut əv han(d)
vər tə:ɪm əpɑ:sən wɛt ən drə:ɪ
də spwə:l əm wi (h)ɪz tʃʌndʒən skə:ɪ
ðə (h)wə:l wi strə:ɪvən ho:p wi: mɛn
ðo: əru:ən tə:ɪmz ʌndu:ən
stɪl də twə:l ən twə:l əgjen

ɪn wɑ:lzə:ɪd ʃjɛdz b(ə):ɪ li:fi bə:uərz
ʌndərne:θ ðə swæ:ɪən tri:
ə ljet əz rə:un(d) ðə blumən flə:uərz
lə:li hʌmd ðə gɪdi bi:
mə:ɪ tʃɪldərnz smɑ:l left vʊt dɪd smə:ɪt
ðər tə:ɪni spjɛd ðə (h)wə:l ðə rə:ɪt
dɪd trɑmpəl ɒn ə djezi hɛd
bɪzə:ɪd ðə flə:uərz də:ɪsti bɛd
ən ðo: ðər wə:rk wər ə:ɪdəl ðɛn
ðe: əsmə:ɪlən ən ətwə:ɪlən
stɪl dɪd wə:rk ən wə:rk əgjen

nə:u ðər lɪtəl lɪmz bi: strɒŋgər
di:pər nə:u ðər væ:ɪs də sə:un(d)
ən ðər lɪtəl vi:t bi: lɒŋgər
ən də tɹɛd ɒn ʌðər grə:un(d)
ən rʌst ɪz ɒn ðə lɪtəl bljɛdz
əv ɑ:l ðə brɒ:kənhe:ftɪd spjɛdz
ən flə:uərz ðət wər mə:ɪ ho:p ən prə:ɪd
hə lɒŋ əgu: əblu:md ən də:ɪd

But still as I did leäbor then

Vor love ov all them childern small,
Zoo now I'll tweil an' tweil ageän.

so

When the smokeless tun's a-growèn

chimney's

Cwold as dew below the stars,
An' when the vier noo mwore's a-glowèn

fire

Red between the window bars,
We then do laÿ our weary heads

In peace upon their nightly beds,
An' gi'e woone sock, wi' heavèn breast,
An' then breathe soft the breath o' rest,
Till day do call the sons o' men

give one sigh

Vrom night-sleep's blackness, vull o' sprackness,
Out abroad to tweil ageän.

energy

Where the vaïce o' the winds is mildest,

In the pläin, their stroke is keen;
Where their dreatnèn vaïce is wildest,

threatening

In the grove, the grove's our screen.
An' where the worold in their strife
Do dreatèn mmost our tweilsome life,
Why there Almighty ceäre mid cast
A better screen ageän the blast.

may

Zoo I woon't live in fear o' men,

so

But, man-neglected, God-directed,
Still wull tweil an' tweil ageän.

bət stɪl əz əɪ dɪd lʃebər ðen
vər lʌv əv aɪ ðem tʃɪldərn smɑ:l
zu: nə:u ə:l twə:l ən twə:l əgjen

(h)wen ðə smo:kɪs tʌnz əgro:ən
kuəld əz dju: bɪlo: ðə stɑ:z
ən (h)wen ðə və:rər nu: muərz əglo:ən
rəd bɪtwɪ:n ðə wɪndər bɑ:z
wɪ: ðen də le: ə:uər wɪəri hɛdz
ɪn pi:s əpən ðər nə:ɪtli bɛdz
ən gi: (w)u:n sɒk wɪ hi:vən brɛst
ən ðen brɪ:ð sɒft ðə brɛθ ə rɛst
tɪl de: də ka:l ðə sʌnz ə mɛn
vrəm nə:ɪtsli:ps blaknəs vʊl ə spraknɪs
ə:ut əbro:d tə twə:l əgjen

(h)wər ðə væs ə ðə wɪn(d)z ɪz mə:ɪldɪst
ɪn ðə plæm ðər stro:k ɪz ki:n
(h)wər ðər dretnən væs ɪz wə:ɪldɪst
ɪn ðə gro:v ðə gro:vz ə:uər skrɪ:n
ən (h)wər ðə wə:ɪdəl ɪn ðər strə:ɪf
də dretnən muəst ə:uər twə:ɪlsəm lə:ɪf
(h)wə:ɪ ðeər a:lmə:ɪti kjɛər mɪd kɑ:st
ə bɛtər skrɪ:n əgjen ðə blɑ:st
zu: ə:ɪ wu:(j)nt lɪv ɪn fiər ə mɛn
bət mæn nɪgɪlektɪd ɡɒd dərektɪd
stɪl wʊl twə:l ən twə:l əgjen

FANCY



IN stillness we ha' words to hear,
An' sheäpes to zee in darkest night,
An' tongues a-lost can häil us near,
An' souls a-gone can smile in zight;
When Fancy now do wander back
To years a-spent, an' bring to mind
Zome happy tide a-left behind
In weästèn life's slow-beätèn track.

wasting

When feädèn leaves do drip wi' räin,
Our thoughts can ramble in the dry;
When Winter win' do zweep the pläin
We still can have a zunny sky.
Vor though our limbs be winter-wrung,
We still can zee, wi' Fancy's eyes,
The brightest looks ov e'th an' skies,
That we did know when we wer young.

fading

earth

In päin our thoughts can pass to eäse,
In work our souls can be at play,
An' leäve behind the chilly leäse
Vor warm-äir'd meäds o' new mow'd hay,
When we do vlee in Fancy's flight
Vrom daily ills avore our feäce,
An' linger in zome happy pleäce
Ov me'th an' smiles, an' warmth an' light.

meadow

fly

mirth

fansi

m stɪlnɪs wi: hɑ wə:rdz tə hiər
ən ʃjɛps tə zi: m dɑ:rkɪst nə:ɪt
ən tʌŋz əlbɔst kən hæɪl əs niər
ən so:lz əgɒn kən smə:ɪl m zə:ɪt
(h)wɛn fɑnsi nə:u də wɒndər bɑk
tə jiərz əspɛnt ən brɪŋ tə mə:m(d)
zʌm hɑpi tə:ɪd əlɛft bihə:m(d)
m wjɛstən lə:ɪfs slɔ:biətən trɑk

(h)wɛn fjɛdən li:vz də drɪp wi ræm
ə:uər ðɔ:ts kən rɑmbəl m ðə drə:ɪ
(h)wɛn wɪntər wɪn(d) də zwɪ:p ðə plæm
wi: stɪl kən hɑv ə zʌni skə:ɪ
vɑr ðɔ: ə:uər lɪmz bi: wɪntər rʌŋ
wi: stɪl kən zi: wi fɑnsɪz ə:ɪz
ðə brɛ:ɪtɪst lʊks əv ɛθ ən skə:ɪz
ðət wi: dɪd no: (h)wɛn wi: wər jʌŋ

m pæm ə:uər ðɔ:ts kən pa:s tu iəz
m wɜ:rk ə:uər so:lz kən bi: ət plæɪ
ən liəv bihə:m(d) ðə tʃɪli liəz
vər wɑ:rmæɪrd miədz ə nju: mo:d hæɪ
(h)wɛn wi: də vli: m fɑnsɪz flə:ɪt
vrəm de:li ɪlz əvuər ə:uər fjɛs
ən lɪŋgər m zʌm hɑpi pljɛs
əv mɛθ ən smə:ɪlz ən wɑ:rmθ ən lə:ɪt

THE BROKEN HEART



NEWS o' grief had overteäken
Dark-ey'd Fanny, now vorseäken;
There she zot, wi' breast a-heavèn,
While vrom zide to zide, wi'grievèn,
Vell her head, wi' tears a-creepèn
Down her cheäks, in bitter weepèn.
There wer still the ribbon-bow
She tied avore her hour ov woe,
An' there wer still the han's that tied it
 Hangèn white,
 Or wringèn tight,
In ceäre that drown'd all ceäre bezide it.

sat

When a man, wi'heartless slightèn,
Mid become a mäiden's blightèn,
He mid ceärlessly vorseäke her,
But must answer to her Meäker;
He mid slight, wi' selfish blindness,
All her deeds o' lovèn-kindness,
God wull waigh em wi' the slightèn
That mid be her love's requitèn;
He do look on each deceiver,
 He do know
 What weight o' woe
Do breäk the heart ov ev'ry griever.

may

ðə bro:kən ha:rt

nju:z ə gri:f had ɔ:vərtjekən
da:rkə:ɪd fəni nə:u vɑ:rsjekən
ðər ʃi: zɑ:t wi brɛst əhi:vən
(h)wə:ɪl vrəm zə:ɪd tə zə:ɪd wi gri:vən
vɛl (h)ər hɛd wi tiərz əkri:pən
də:ʊn (h)ər tʃiəks ɪn bi:tər wi:pən
ðər wər stɪl ðə ri:bənbo:
ʃi: tə:ɪd əvuər (h)ər ə:uər əv wo:
ən ðər wər stɪl ðə hɑ:nz ðət tə:ɪd ɪt
 hɑ:nən (h)wə:ɪt
 ɑ: rɪŋɡən tə:ɪt
ɪn kjɛər ðət drə:ʊnd ɑ:l kjɛər bi:zə:ɪd ɪt

(h)wɛn ə mɑ:n wi ha:rtlɪs slə:ɪtən
mɪd bi:kɑ:m ə mə:ɪdɛnz blə:ɪtən
hi: mɪd kjɛərlɪsli vɑ:rsjek hər
bʌt məst ɛ:nsər tu (h)ər mjekər
hi: mɪd slə:ɪt wi sɛlfɪʃ blə:m(d)nɪs
ɑ:l (h)ər di:dz ə lʌvənke:m(d)nɪs
gʊd wʊl wəri əm wi ðə slə:ɪtən
ðət mɪd bi: (h)ər lʌvz rɪkwə:ɪtən
hi: də lʊk ɒn ɪ:tʃ di:si:vər
 hi: də no:
 (h)wɒt wə:ɪt ə wo:
də brɛ:k ðə ha:rt əv ɛvri gri:vər

EVENÈN LIGHT



THE while I took my bit o' rest,
 Below my house's eastern sheäde,
 The things that stood in vield an' gleäde
Wer bright in zunsheen vrom the west.
 There bright wer east-ward mound an' wall,
 An' bright wer trees, arisèn tall,
An' bright did break 'ithin the brook,
 Down rocks, the watervall.

sunshine

There deep 'ithin my pworches bow
 Did hang my heavy woaken door,
 An' in beyond en, on the vloor,
The evenèn dusk did gather slow;
 But bright did gleäre the twinklèn spwokes
 O' runnèn carriage wheels, as vo'ks
Out east did ride along the road,
 Bezide the low-bough'd woaks,

arch

oak

it

folk

oaks

An' I'd a-lost the zun vrom view,
 Until ageän his feäce mid rise,
 A-sheenèn vrom the eastern skies
To brighten up the rwose-borne dew;
 But still his lingrèn light did gi'e
 My heart a touchèn jaÿ, to zee
His beams a-shed, wi' stratchèn sheäde,
 On east-ward wall an' tree.

might

shining

give

joy

When jaÿ, a-zent me vrom above,
 Vrom my sad heart is now agone,
 An' others be a-walkèn on,
Amid the light ov Heavèn's love,

i:vmən læ:t

ðə (h)wə:l ə:i tuk mə:i bɪt ə rɛst
bɪlɔ: mə:i hæ:usɪz i:stɔ:rn ʃjɛd
ðə ðɪŋz ðət stʊd ɪn vi:l(d) ən gljɛd
wɛr brɛ:ɪt ɪn zʌŋʃi:n vrəm ðə wɛst
ðɛr brɛ:ɪt wɛr i:stwɔ:rd mə:un(d) ən wɑ:l
ən brɛ:ɪt wɛr tri:z ɛrə:ɪzən tɑ:l
ən brɛ:ɪt dɪd brɛ:k ɪðm ðə brʊk
dɛ:un rɔks ðə wɔ:tɔ:rvɑ:l

ðɛr di:p ɪðm mə:i puɔ:rtʃɪz bɔ:
dɪd hæŋ mə:i hævi (w)uɔ:kən duɛr
ən ɪn bɪjʌnd ən ɒn ðə vluɛr
ði i:vmən dʌsk dɪd gɑðɛr slɔ:
bət brɛ:ɪt dɪd gljɛər ðə twɪŋklɔ:n spuɔks
ə rʌnən kɑrɪdʒ (h)wi:lz əz vɔ:ks
ə:ʊt i:st dɪd rɛ:ɪd əlɔŋ ðə rɔ:d
bɪzɛ:ɪd ðə lɔ:bɛ:ʊd (w)uɔks

ən ə:ɪd əlɔst ðə zʌn vrəm vju:
ʌntɪl əgjen (h)ɪz ʃjɛs mɪd rɛ:ɪz
əʃi:nən vrəm ði i:stɔ:rn skɛ:ɪz
tɛ brɛ:ɪtən ʌp ðə ruɔzba:rn dju:
bət stɪl (h)ɪz lɪŋgrən læ:t dɪd gi:
mə:i hæ:ɪt ə tʌtʃən dzæɪ tɛ zi:
(h)ɪz bi:mz əʃjɛd wi strɑtʃən ʃjɛd
ɒn i:stwɔ:rd wɑ:l ən tri:

(h)wɛn dzæɪ əzɛnt mi: vrəm əbʌv
vrəm mə:i sɑd hæ:ɪt ɪz nɛ:ʊ əgɒn
ən ʌðɛrz bi: əwɛ:kən ɒn
əmɪd ðə læ:t əv hævɛnz lʌv

Oh! then vor lovèn-kindness seäke,
Mid I rejäice that zome do teäke
My hopes a-gone, until ageän
My happy dawn do breäk.

may

o: ðen vər lʌvənkə:m(d)nɪs sjək
mɪd ə:ɪ rɪdʒæɪs ðət zʌm də tjək
mə:ɪ ho:ps əgɒn ʌntɪl əgjen
mə:ɪ hɑ:pɪ de:n də bre:k

VIELDS BY WATERVALLS



WHEN our downcast looks be smileless,
Under others' wrongs an' slightens,
When our daily deeds be guileless,
An' do meet unkind requitens,
You can meäke us zome amends
Vor wrongs o' foes, an' slights o' friends;—
O flow'ry-gleäded, timber-sheäded
Vields by flowèn watervalls!

Here be softest äirs a-blowèn
Drough the boughs, wi' zingèn drushes,
Up above the streams, a-flowèn
Under willows, on by rushes.
Here below the bright-zunn'd sky
The dew-bespangled flow'rs do dry,
In woody-zided, stream-divided
Vields by flowèn watervalls.

through, thrushes

Waters, wi' their giddy rollens;
Breezes wi' their play'some wooens;
Here do heal, in soft consolens,
Hearts a-wrung wi' man's wrong doens.
Day do come to us as gay
As to a king ov widest sway,
In deäisy-whitèn'd, gil'cup-brightèn'd
Vields by flowèn watervalls.

buttercup-

Zome feäir buds mid outlive blightens,
Zome sweet hopes mid outlive sorrow,
After days of wrongs an' slightens
There mid break a happy morrow.

may

vi:l(d)z b(ə)ɪ wɔ:tərva:lz

(h)wɛn ə:uər də:ʊnkɑ:st lʊks bi: smə:ɪllɪs
 ʌndər ʌðərz rɒŋz ən slə:ɪtənz
(h)wɛn ə:uər de:li di:dz bi: gə:ɪllɪs
 ən də mi(:)t ʌnkə:m(d) rɪkwə:ɪtənz
ju: kən mʃɛk əs zʌm əmən(d)z
vər rɒŋz ə fo:z ən slə:ɪts ə frɛn(d)z
o: flə:uəriɡljɛdɪd tɪmbərʃjɛdɪd
vi:l(d)z b(ə)ɪ flo:ən wɔ:tərva:lz

hiər bi: sɒftɪst æɪrz əblo:ən
 dru: ðə bə:uz wi zɪŋɡən drʌʃɪz
ʌp əbʌv ðə stri:mz ə flo:ən
 ʌndər wɪlərz ɒn b(ə)ɪ rʌʃɪz
hiər bɪlo: ðə brə:ɪtzʌnd skə:ɪ
ðə dju:bɪspɑŋɡəld flə:uərz də drɛ:ɪ
m wʊdɪzə:ɪdɪd stri:mɪvə:ɪdɪd
vi:l(d)z b(ə)ɪ flo:ən wɔ:tərva:lz

wɔ:tərz wi ðər ɡɪdɪ rɔ:lənz
 brɪ:zɪz wi ðər plæɪsəm wu:ənz
hiər də hi:l m sɒft kənso:lənz
 hɑ:ɪts ərəʊ wi mɑnz rɒŋ du:ənz
de: də kʌm tu ʌs əz ɡæɪ
əz tu ə kɪŋ əv wə:ɪdɪst swæɪ
m dʒezi(h)wə:ɪtənd ɡɪlkʌpbrə:ɪtənd
vi:l(d)z b(ə)ɪ flo:ən wɔ:tərva:lz

zʌm fʃɛər bʌdz mɪd ə:ʊtlɪv blə:ɪtənz
 zʌm swi(:)t ho:ps mɪd ə:ʊtlɪv sərə(r)
ɛ:tər de:z əv rɒŋz ən slə:ɪtənz
 ðər mɪd brɛ:k ə hɑpi mərə(r)

We mid have noo e'thly love;
But God's love-tokens vrom above
Here mid meet us, here mid greet us.
In the vields by watervalls.

earthly

wi: mɪd hæv nu: eθli lʌv
bət ɡɒdz lʌvto:kənz vrəm əbʌv
hiər mɪd mi:t əs hiər mɪd gri:t əs
ɪn ðə vi:l(d)z b(ə)ɪ wɔ:tərva:lz



THE WHEEL ROUTS

ruts

'Tis true I brought noo fortune hwome
 Wi' Jenny, vor her honey-moon,
But still a goodish hansel come
 Behind her perty soon,
Vor stick, an' dish, an' spoon, all vell
To Jeäne, vrom Aunt o' Camwy dell.

wedding present

Zoo all the lot o' stuff a-tied
 Upon the plow, a tidy tod,
On gravel-crunchèn wheels did ride,
 Wi' ho'ses, iron-shod,
That, as their heads did nod, my whip
Did guide along wi' lightsome flip.

*so
wagon, load*

An' there it rod 'ithin the rwope,
 Asträin'd athirt, an' sträin'd along,
Down Thornhay's evenèn-lighted slope
 An' up the beech-tree drong;
Where wheels a-bound so strong, cut out
On either zide a deep-zunk rout.

*rode
across
lane
rut*

An' when at Fall the trees wer brown,
 Above the bennet-bearèn land,
When beech-leaves slowly whiver'd down,
 By evenèn winds a-fann'd;
The routs wer each a band o' red,
A-vill'd by drifted beech-leaves dead.

*grass-stalk
fluttered*

An' when, in Winter's leafless light,
 The keener eastern wind did blow,
An' scatter down, avore my zight,
 A chilly cwoat o' snow;

ðə (h)wi:l rə:ʊts

tɪz tru: ə:ɪ bro:t nu: fɑ:tʃu:n huəm
wi dʒɛni vər (h)ər hʌnimu:n
bət stɪl ə ɡʊdɪʃ hʌnsəl kʌm
bihə:m(d) (h)ər pə:rti su:n
vər stɪk ən dɪʃ ən spu:n a:l vəl
tə dʒjɛn vrəm ɛ:nt ə kʌmwi dɛl

zu: a:l ðə lɒt ə stʌf ətə:ɪd
əpən ðə plə:u ə tə:ɪdi tɒd
ɒn ɡrævəlkrʌntʃən (h)wi:lz dɪd rə:ɪd
wi hɒsɪz ə:ɪərɪʃɒd
ðət əz ðər hedz dɪd nɒd mə:ɪ (h)wɪp
dɪd ɡə:ɪd əlɒŋ wi lə:ɪtsəm flɪp

ən ðər ɪt rɒd ɪðm ðə ruəp
əstræɪnd əðə:rt ən stræɪnd əlɒŋ
də:un ðɑ:rnhæɪz i:vmənle:ɪtɪd slɒ:p
ən ʌp ðə bi:tʃtri: drɒŋ
(h)wər (h)wi:lz əbə:un(d) sə strɒŋ kʌt ə:ʊt
ɒn ə:ɪðər zə:ɪd ə di:pzʌŋk rə:ʊt

ən (h)wɛn ət fa:l ðə tri:z wər brə:un
əbʌv ðə beɪtbeərən lʌn(d)
(h)wɛn bi:tʃli:vz slɒ:li (h)wɪvərd də:un
b(ə):ɪ i:vmən wɪn(d)z əfʌnd
ðə rə:ʊts wər i:tʃ ə bʌn(d) ə rɛd
əvɪld b(ə):ɪ drɪftɪd bi:tʃli:vz dɛd

ən (h)wɛn ɪn wɪntərz li:flɪs lə:ɪt
ðə ki:nər i:stərn wɪn(d) dɪd blɒ:
ən skatər də:un əvuər mə:ɪ zə:ɪt
ə tʃɪli kuət ə sno:

The routs ageân did show vull bright,
In two long streaks o' glitt'rèn white.

But when, upon our weddèn night,
The cart's light wheels, a-rollèn round,
Brought Jenny hwome, they run too light
To mark the yieldèn ground;
Or welcome would be vound a peàir
O' green-vill'd routs a-runnèn there.

Zoo let me never bring 'ithin
My dwellèn what's a-won by wrong,
An' can't come in 'ithout a sin;
Vor only zee how long
The waggon marks in drong, did show
Wi' leaves, wi' grass, wi' groun' wi' snow.

so

lane

ðə rə:ʊts əgjen dɪd ʃo: vʊl brə:ɪt
ɪn tu: lɒŋ stri:kz ə glɪtrən (h)wə:ɪt

bət (h)wen əpən ə:uər wədən nə:ɪt
ðə kɑ:rtz lə:ɪt (h)wi:lz əro:lən rə:ʊn(d)
brɔ:t dʒeni huəm ðe: rʌn tu: lə:ɪt
tə mɑ:rk ðə ji:lðən grə:ʊn(d)
ɑr wɛlkəm wʊd bi: və:ʊn(d) ə pjɛər
ə grɪnvi:ld rə:ʊts ərʌnən ðeər

zu: lɛt mi: nəvər brɪŋ ɪðm
mə:ɪ dwelən (h)wɒts əwʌn b(ə):ɪ rɒŋ
ən kɛ:nt kʌm ɪn ɪðə:ʊt ə sm
vər ɔ:nli zi: hə:u lɒŋ
ðə wɑgən mɑ:ks ɪn drɒŋ dɪd ʃo:
wi li:vz wi grɑ:s wi grə:ʊn wi snɔ:

NANNY'S NEW ABODE



NOW day by day, at lofty height,

O zummer noons, the burnèn zun
'Ve a-show'd avore our eastward zight,
The sky-blue zide ov Hameldon,
An' shone ageän, on new-mow'd ground,
Wi' hay a-piled up grey in pook,
An' down on leäzes, bennet-brown'd,
An' wheat a-vell avore the hook;
Till, under elems tall,
The leaves do lie on leänèn lands,
In leäter light o' Fall.

*a cone
meadows, dead grass-stalks
fallen
sloping*

An' last year, we did zee the red

O' dawn vrom Ash-knap's thatchen oves,
An' walk on crumpled leaves a-laid
In grassy rook-trees' timber'd groves,
Now, here, the cooler days do shrink
To vever hours o' zunny sky,
While zedge, a-weävèn by the brink
O' shallow brooks, do slowly die.
An' on the timber tall,
The boughs, half beäre, do bend above
The bulgèn banks in Fall.

eaves

bare

There, we'd a spring o' water near,

Here, water's deep in wink-drain'd wells,
The church 'tis true, is nigh out here,
Too nigh wi' vive loud-boomèn bells.
There, naighbours wer vull wide a-spread,
But vo'k be here too clwose a-stow'd.

winch-

folk

naniz nju: əbo:d

nə:u de: b(ə:): de: ət lɔfti hæ:ɪt
ə zʌmər nu:nz ðə bə:rnən zʌn
v əfo:d əvuər ə:uər i:stwɔrd zə:ɪt
ðə skə:ɪblu: zə:ɪd əv haməldən
ən ʃɒn əgjen ɒn nju: mo:d grə:ʊnd
wi hæi əpə:ɪld ʌp gre: ɪn pʊk
ən də:ʊn ɒn liəzɪz benɪtbrə:ʊnd
ən (h)wi:t əvel əvuər ðə hʊk
tɪl ʌndər eləmz ta:l
ðə li:vz də læi ɒn liənən lan(d)z
ɪn ljetər læ:ɪt ə fa:l

ən læ:st jɪər wi: dɪd zi: ðə red
ə de:n vrəm əʃnaps ðatʃən o:vz
ən we:k ɒn krʌmpəld li:vz əled
ɪn grɑ:si rʊktri:z tɪmbərd grɔ:vz
nə:u hiər ðə ku:lər de:z də ʃrɪŋk
tə vju:ər ə:uərz ə zʌni skə:ɪ
(h)wə:ɪl zedʒ əwjevən b(ə:): ðə brɪŋk
ə ʃalər brʊks də slo:li də:ɪ
ən ɒn ðə tɪmbər ta:l
ðə bə:uz hæ:f bjæər də ben(d) əblʌv
ðə bʌldʒən bɑŋks ɪn fa:l

ðeər wi:d ə sprɪŋ ə wɔ:tər niər
hiər wɔ:tərz di:p ɪn wɪŋkdræɪnd wɛlz
ðə tʃə:ɪtʃ tɪz tru: ɪz nə:ɪ ə:ʊt hiər
tu: nə:ɪ wi və:ɪv læ:ʊdbu:mən bɛlz
ðeər næɪbərz wər vʊl wə:ɪd əsprɛd
bət vo:k bi: hiər tu: kluəs əsto:d

Vor childern now do stun woone's head,

one's

Wi' näisy play beside the road,

Where big so well as small,

The little lad, an' lump'rèn lout,

lumbering

Do leäp an' laugh theäse Fall.

this

vər tʃɪldərn nə:u də stʌn (w)u:nz hɛd
wi næɪzi plæɪ bɪzə:ɪd ðə ro:d
(h)wər bɪg sə wɛl əz smɑ:l
ðə lɪtəl lɑd ən lʌmpɾən lə:ʊt
də liəp ən lɛ:f ðiəs fa:l



LEAVES A-VALLÈN

falling

THERE the ash-tree leaves do vall
 In the wind a-blowèn cwolder,
 An' my childern, tall or small,
 Since last Fall be woone year wolder.
 Woone year wolder, woone year dearer,
 Till when they do læve my he'th,
 I shall be noo mwore a hearer
 O' their vaices or their me'th.

one, older

hearth

mirth

There dead ash leaves be a-toss'd
 In the wind, a-blowèn stronger,
 An' our life-time, since we lost
 Souls we lov'd, is woone year longer.
 Woone year longer, woone year wider,
 Vrom the friends that death ha' took,
 As the hours do teäke the rider
 Vrom the hand that last he shook.

No. If he do ride at night
 Vrom the zide the zun went under,
 Woone hour vrom his western light
 Needen meäke woone hour asunder;
 Woone hour onward, woone hour nigher
 To the hopeful eastern skies,
 Where his mornèn rim o vier
 Soon ageän shall meet his eyes.

fire

Leaves be now a-scatter'd round
 In the wind, a-blowèn bleaker,
 An' if we do walk the ground
 Wi' our life-strangth woone year weaker.

li:vz əva:lən

ðær ði aʃtri: li:vz də va:l
 m ðə wɪn(d) əblo:ən kuældər
ən mə:i tʃɪldərn ta:l ər sma:l
 sɪns læ:st fa:l bi: (w)u:n jɪər (w)uældər
(w)u:n jɪər (w)uældər (w)u:n jɪər diərər
 tɪl (h)wɛn ðe: də liəv mə:i hæθ
ə:i ʃəl bi: nu: muər ə hiərər
 ə ðær væɪsɪz ar ðær mæθ

ðær dɛd əʃ li:vz bi: ətɒst
 m ðə wɪn(d) əblo:ən strɒŋgər
ən ə:uər læ:ftə:ɪm sɪns wi: lɒst
 so:lz wi: lʌvd ɪz (w)u:n jɪər lɒŋgər
(w)u:n jɪər lɒŋgər (w)u:n jɪər wə:ɪdər
 vrəm ðə frɛn(d)z ðæt dæθ hæ tuk
az ði ə:uərz də tjæk ðə rə:ɪdər
 vrəm ðə han(d) ðæt læ:st hi: ʃʊk

nə: ɪf hi: də rə:ɪd ət nə:ɪt
 vrəm ðə zə:ɪd ðə zʌn wɛnt ʌndər
(w)u:n ə:uər vrəm (h)ɪz wɛstərn læ:ɪt
 ni:dən mʃjæk (w)u:n ə:uər əsʌndər
(w)u:n ə:uər ɒn(w)ərd (w)u:n ə:uər nə:ɪər
 ə ðə ho:pful i:stərn skə:ɪz
(h)wər (h)ɪz mɑ:rnən rɪm ə və:ɪər
 su:n əgʃən ʃəl mi(:)t (h)ɪz ə:ɪz

li:vz bi: nə:u əskatərd rə:un(d)
 m ðə wɪn(d) əblo:ən bli:kər
ən ɪf wi: də wɛ:k ðə grə:un(d)
 wi ə:uər læ:ɪfstrəŋθ (w)u:n jɪər wi:kər

Woone year weaker, woone year nigher
To the pleâce where we shall vind
Woone that's deathless vor the dier,
Voremost they that dropp'd behind.

(w)u:n jɪər wi:kər (w)u:n jɪər nə:ɪər
tə ðə plʒəs (h)wər wi: ʃəl və:m(d)
(w)u:n ðəts dɛθlɪs vər ðə də:ɪər
vuərmə:st ðe: ðət drəpt bihə:m(d)

LIZZIE



O LIZZIE is so mild o' mind,
Vor ever kind, an' ever true;
A-smilèn, while her lids do rise
To show her eyes as bright as dew.
An' comely do she look at night,
A-dancèn in her skirt o' white,
An' blushèn wi' a rrose o' red
Beside her glossy head.

Feäir is the rrose o' blushèn hue,
Behung wi' dew, in mornèn's hour,
Feäir is the rrose, so sweet below
The noontide glow, beside the bow'r.
Vull feäir, an' eet I'd rather zee
The rrose a-gather'd off the tree,
An' bloomèn still with blossom red,
By Lizzie's glossy head.

yet

Mid peace droughout her e'thly day,
Betide her waj, to happy rest,
An' mid she, all her weanèn life,
Or maïd or wife, be loved and blest.
Though I mid never zing anew
To neâme the maïd so feäir an' true,
A-blushèn, wi' a rrose o' red,
Beside her glossy head.

may, throughout, earthly

waning

lizi

o: lizi iz sə mə:ɪld ə mə:m(d)
vər evər kə:m(d) ən evər tru:
əsmə:ɪlən (h)wə:ɪl (h)ər lɪdz də rə:ɪz
tə ʃo: (h)ər ə:ɪz əz brə:ɪt əz dju:
ən kʌmli də ʃi: lʊk ət nə:ɪt
ədɛ:nsən m (h)ər skə:ɪt ə (h)wə:ɪt
ən blʌʃən wi ə ruəz ə rɛd
bɪzə:ɪd (h)ər glɔsi hɛd

fjɛər iz ðə ruəz ə blʌʃən hju:
bihʌŋ wi dju: m mɑ:rnənz ə:uər
fjɛər iz ðə ruəz sə swi(:)t bɪlo:
ðə nu:ntə:ɪd glo: bɪzə:ɪd ðə bə:uər
vʊl fjɛər ən ɪt ə:ɪd rɛ:ðər zi:
ðə ruəz əgəðərd ɒf ðə tri:
ən blu:mən stɪl wi(ð) blɔsəm rɛd
b(ə:ɪ) lɪzɪz glɔsi hɛd

mɪd pi:s drʊ:ə:ut (h)ər ɛθli de:
bitə:ɪd (h)ər we: tə hapi rɛst
ən mɪd ʃi: a:l (h)ər wjɛnən lə:ɪf
ar məɪd ar wə:ɪf bi: lʌvd ən(d) blɛst
ðo: ə:ɪ mɪd nəvər zɪŋ əŋju:
tə nʃɛm ðə məɪd sə fjɛər ən tru:
əblʌʃən wi ə ruəz ə rɛd
bɪzə:ɪd (h)ər glɔsi hɛd

BLESSÈNS A-LEFT



LIK' souls a-toss'd at sea I bore
 Sad strokes o' trial, shock by shock,
An' now, lik' souls a-cast ashore
 To rest upon the beäten rock,
I still do seem to hear the sound
O' weäves that drove me vrom my track,
An' zee my strugglèn hopes a-drown'd,
An' all my jaÿs a-floated back.
By storms a-toss'd, I'll gi'e God praise,
Wi' much a-lost I still ha' jaÿs.
My peace is rest, my fäith is hope,
An' freedom's my unbounded scope.

joys

give

Vor fäith mid blunt the sting o' fear,
 An' peace the pangs ov ills a-vound,
An' freedom vlee vrom evils near,
 Wi' wings to vwold on other ground.
Wi' much a-lost, my loss is small,
Vor though ov e'thly goods bereft,
A thousand times well worth em all
Be they good blessèns now a-left.
What e'th do own, to e'th mid vall,
But what's my own my own I'll call,
My fäith, an' peäce, the gifts o' greäce,
An' freedom still to shift my pleäce.

may

fly

fold

earthly

earth

When I've a-had a tree to screen
 My meal-rest vrom the high zunn'd-sky,
Or ivy-holdèn wall between
 My head an' win's a-rustlèn by,

blesənz ələft

lɪk so:lz ətɒst ət si: əɪ buər
səd stro:ks ə trə:ɪəl ʃɒk b(ə)ɪ ʃɒk
ən nə:u lɪk so:lz əka:st əʃuər
tə rest əpən ðə biətən rɒk
əɪ stɪl də si:(j)m tə hiər ðə sə:und
ə wjɛvz ðət drɔ:v mi: vrəm mə:ɪ trak
ən zi: mə:ɪ strʌglən hɔ:pz ədrə:und
ən a:l mə:ɪ dzæɪz əflo:tɪd bak
b(ə)ɪ stɑ:ɪmz ətɒst əɪl gi: gɒd præɪz
wi mʌtʃ əlbɒst əɪ stɪl hə dzæɪz
mə:ɪ pi:s ɪz rest mə:ɪ fæɪθ ɪz hɔ:p
ən frɪ:dəmz mə:ɪ ʌnbə:undɪd skɔ:p

vər fæɪθ mɪd blʌnt ðə stɪŋ ə fiər
ən pi:s ðə pʌŋz əv ɪlz əvə:un(d)
ən frɪ:dəm vli: vrəm i:vəlz niər
wi wɪŋz tə vuəld ɒn ʌðər grə:un(d)
wi mʌtʃ əlbɒst mə:ɪ lɒs ɪz smɑ:l
vər ðo: əv ɛθli gudz bɪrɛft
ə θə:uzən(d) tə:ɪmz wɛl wɒθ əm a:l
bi: ðe: gɒd blesənz nə:u ələft
(h)wɒt ɛθ du o:n tu ɛθ mɪd vɑ:l
bət (h)wɒts mə:ɪ o:n mə:ɪ o:n əɪl kɑ:l
mə:ɪ fæɪθ ən piəs ðə gɪfts ə grjɛs
ən frɪ:dəm stɪl tə ʃɪft mə:ɪ pljɛs

(h)wɛn əɪv əhad ə tri: tə skrɪ:n
mə:ɪ mi:lrest vrəm ðə hə:ɪ zʌndskə:ɪ
ər əɪvihuəldən wɑ:l bitwi:n
mə:ɪ hɛd ən wɪn(d)z ərəslən bə:ɪ

I had noo call vor han's to bring
Their seäv'ry daïnties at my nod,
But stoop'd a-drinkèn vrom the spring,
An' took my meal, wi' thanks to God,
Wi' fäith to keep me free o' dread,
An' peäce to sleep wi' steadvast head,
An' freedom's hands, an' veet unbound
To woone man's work, or woone seäme ground.

savoury

one

ə:ɪ had nu: ka:l vər hanz tə brɪŋ
ðər sjɛvri dæmtɪz ət mə:ɪ nɒd
bət stu:pt ədrɪŋkən vrəm ðə sprɪŋ
ən tʊk mə:ɪ mi:l wi θaŋks tə gɒd
wi fæɪθ tə ki(:)p mi: fri: ə drɛd
ən piəs tə sli:p wi stɛdvɑ:st hɛd
ən fri:dəmz han(d)z ən vi:t ʌnbə:un(d)
tə (w)u:n manz wɜ:rk ər (w)u:n sjɛm grə:un(d)

FALL TIME



THE gather'd clouds, a-hangèn low,
Do meäke the woody ridge look dim;
An' räin-vill'd streams do brisker flow,
Arisèn higher to their brim.
In the tree, vrom lim' to lim',
Leaves do drop
Vrom the top, all slowly down,
Yollow, to the gloomy groun'.

The rick's a-tipp'd an' weather-brown'd,
An' thatch'd wi' zedge a-dried an' dead;
An' orcha'd apples, red half round,
Have all a-happer'd down, a-shed
Underneath the trees' wide head.
Ladders long,
Rong by rong, to clim' the tall
Trees, be hung upon the wall.

rain-proofed³

dropped heavily

rung, climb

The crumpled leaves be now a-shed
In mornèn winds a-blowèn keen;
When they wer green the moss wer dead,
Now they be dead the moss is green.
Low the evenèn zun do sheen
By the boughs,
Where the cows do swing their tails
Over the merry milkers' pails.

shine

³ “‘To tip a rick,’ to make its top conical and sharp so as to shoot the wet, by raking and pulling loose hay from its side and undercutting it and putting the hay gotten from these operations on the top’ (1844 Glossary).

fa:l tə:m

ðə ɡaðərd klə:udz əhaŋən lo:
də mjek ðə wudi rʌdʒ lək dɪm
ən ræmvi:ld stri:mz də brɪskər flo:
ərə:ɪzən hæ:rər tə ðər brɪm
m ðə tri:vrəm lɪm tə lɪm
li:vz də drəp
vrəm ðə tɒp a:l slo:li də:un
jʌlər tə ðə ɡlu:mi ɡrə:un

ðə rɪks ətɪpt ən wɛðərbrə:und
ən ðatʃt wi zedʒ ədrə:ɪd ən dɛd
ən a:rtʃət apəlz rɛd hæ:f rə:und
həv a:l əhəpərd də:un əʃɛd
ʌndərne:θ ðə tri:z wə:ɪd hɛd
ləðərz lɒŋ
rɒŋ b(ə):ɪ rɒŋ tə klɪm ðə ta:l
tri:z bi: hʌŋ əpɒn ðə wa:l

ðə krʌmpəld li:vz bi: nə:u əʃɛd
ɪn mə:rnən wɪn(d)z əblo:ən ki:n
(h)wɛn ðe: wər ɡri:n ðə mʌs wər dɛd
nə:u ðe: bi: dɛd ðə mʌs ɪz ɡri:n
lo: ði i:vmən zʌn də ʃi:n
b(ə):ɪ ðə bə:uz
(h)wər ðə kə:uz də swɪŋ ðər tæɪlz
ɔ:vər ðə mə:ri mɪlkərz pæɪlz

FALL



NOW the yollow zun, a-runnèn

Daily round a smaller bow,

Still wi' cloudless sky's a-zunnèn

All the sheenèn land below.

Vewer blossoms now do blow,

But the fruit's a-showèn

Reds an' blues, an' purple hues,

By the leaves a-glowèn.

arc

shining

bloom

Now the childern be a-pryèn

Roun' the berried bremble-bow,

Zome a-laughèn, woone a-cryèn

Vor the slent her frock do show.

Bwoys be out a-pullèn low

Slooe-boughs, or a-runnèn

Where, on zides of hazzle-wrides,

Nuts do hang a-zunnèn.

one

tear

sloe-

hazel-clumps

Where do reach roun' wheat-ricks yollow

Oves o' thatch, in long-drawn ring,

There, by stubbly hump an' hollow,

Russet-dappled dogs do spring.

Soon my apple-trees wull fling

Bloomèn balls below em,

That shall hide, on ev'ry zide

Ground where we do drow em.

eaves

throw

fa:l

nə:u ðə ʤələɹ zʌn əɹʌnən
de:li rə:un(d) ə sma:ləɹ bo:
stɪl wi klə:udlɪs skə:ɪz əzʌnən
a:l ðə ʃi:nən lan(d) bɪlo:
vju:əɹ blɒsəmz nə:u də blo:
bət ðə fru:ts əʃo:ən
redz ən blu:z ən pə:ɹpəl hju:z
b(ə):ɪ ðə li:vz əglo:ən

nə:u ðə tʃɪldəɹn bi: əprə:ɪən
rə:un ðə berɪd brɛmbəlbo:
zʌm əle:fən (w)u:n əkrə:ɪən
vər ðə slɛnt (h)ər frɒk də ʃo:
bwə:ɪz bi: ə:ut əpʊlən lo:
slu:bə:uz ar əɹʌnən
(h)wər ʊn zə:ɪdz əv hazəlɹə:ɪdz
nʌts də haŋ əzʌnən

(h)wər də ri:tʃ rə:un (h)wi:trɪks ʤələɹ
o:vz ə ðatʃ ɪn lɒŋdɹe:n rɪŋ
ðər b(ə):ɪ stʌbli hʌmp ən hɒləɹ
ɹʌsətɒpələd dɒgz də sprɪŋ
su:n mə:ɪ apəltri:z wʊl flɪŋ
blu:mən ba:lz bɪlo: əm
ðət ʃəl hə:ɪd ʊn evri zə:ɪd
grə:un(d) (h)wər wi: də dro: əm



THE ZILVER-WEED

goose-grass

THE zilver-weed upon the green,
Out where my sons an' daughters play'd,
Had never time to bloom between
The litty steps o' bwoy an' maïd.
But rwose-trees down along the wall,
That then wer all the maïdens' ceäre,
An' all a-trimm'd an' traïn'd, did bear
Their bloomèn buds vrom Spring to Fall.

light

But now the zilver leaves do show
To zummer day their goolden crown,
Wi' noo swift shoe-zoles' litty blow,
In merry play to beät em down.
An' where vor years zome busy hand
Did traïn the rwoses wide an' high;
Now woone by woone the trees do die,
An' vew of all the row do stand.

one by one

ðə zɪlvərwi:d

ðə zɪlvərwi:d əpən ðə gri:n
əʊt (h)wər mə:n sʌnz ən de:tərz plæɪd
həd nəvər tə:ɪm tə blu:m bitwi:n
ðə lɪti steɪps ə bwə:n ən məɪd
bət ruəztri:z də:ʊn ələŋ ðə wa:l
ðət ðen wər a:l ðə məɪdɒnz kjɛər
ən a:l ətrɪnd ən trænd dɪd beər
ðər blu:mən bʌdz vrəm sprɪŋ tə fa:l

bət nə:ʊ ðə zɪlvər li:vz də ʃo:
tə zʌməɪ de: ðər gu:ldən krə:ʊn
wi nu: swɪft ʃu:zɔ:lz lɪti blɔ:
ɪn məɪni plæɪ tə biət əm də:ʊn
ən (h)wər vər ʃiərz zʌm bɪzi hən(d)
dɪd træɪn ðə ruəzɪz wə:ɪd ən hə:n
nə:ʊ (w)u:n b(ə):ɪ (w)u:n ðə tri:z də də:n
ən vju: əv a:l ðə rɔ: də stən(d)

THE WIDOW'S HOUSE



I WENT hwome in the dead o' the night,
When the vields wer all empty o' vo'k,
An' the tuns at their cool-winded height
Wer all dark, an' all cwold 'ithout smoke;
An' the heads o' the trees that I pass'd
Wer a-swa'yèn wi' low-ruslèn sound,
An' the doust wer a-whirl'd wi' the blast,
Aye, a smeech wi' the wind on the ground.

*folk
chimney-tops*

*dust
thick dust*

Then I come by the young widow's hatch,
Down below the wold elem's tall head,
But noo vinger did lift up the latch,
Vor the vo'k wer so still as the dead;
But inside, to a tree a-meäde vast,
Wer the childern's light swing, a-hung low,
An' a-rock'd by the brisk-blowèn blast,
Aye, a-swung by the win' to an' fro.

*wicket-gate
old*

fast

Vor the childern, wi' pillow-borne head,
Had vorgotten their swing on the lawn,
An' their father, asleep wi' the dead,
Had vorgotten his work at the dawn;
An' their mother, a vew stilly hours,
Had vorgotten where he slept so sound,
Where the wind wer a-sheäkèn the flow'rs,
Aye, the blast the feäir buds on the ground.

quiet

shaking

Oh! the moon, wi' his peäle lighted skies,
Have his sorrowless sleepers below.
But by day to the zun they must rise
To their true lives o' tweil an' ov ho.

toil, care

ðə wɪdərz hə:ʊs

ə:ɪ wɛnt huəm ɪn ðə dɛd ə ðə nə:ɪt
(h)wɛn ðə vi:l(d)z wɛr a:l ɛm(p)ti ə vɔ:k
ən ðə tʌnz ət ðər ku:lwɪndɪd hə:ɪt
wɛr a:l dɑ:rk ən a:l kuəld ɪðə:ʊt smɔ:k
ən ðə hɛdz ə ðə tri:z ðət ə:ɪ pɑ:st
wɛr əswæ:ɪən wi lo:ɪrʌslən sə:ʊn(d)
ən ðə dɑ:ʊst wɛr ə(h)wɛ:ɪld wi ðə blɑ:st
æ:ɪ ə smɪ:tʃ wi ðə wɪn(d) ɒn ðə grə:ʊn(d)

ðɛn ə:ɪ kʌm b(ə):ɪ ðə ʤʌŋ wɪdərz hɑ:tʃ
dɑ:ʊn bɪlɔ: ðə (w)uəld ɛlɛmz tɑ:l hɛd
bət nu: vɪŋgər dɪd lɪft ʌp ðə lɑ:tʃ
vɛr ðə vɔ:k wɛr sə stɪl əz ðə dɛd
bət ɪnsə:ɪd tu ə tri: əmʃɛd vɑ:st
wɛr ðə tʃɪldərnz lɑ:ɪt swɪŋ əhʌŋ lo:
ən ərəʊkt b(ə):ɪ ðə brɪskblɔ:ən blɑ:st
æ:ɪ əswʌŋ b(ə):ɪ ðə wɪn(d) tu: ən fro:

vɑr ðə tʃɪldərn wi pɪləbɑ:rn hɛd
hɑd vɛrgɒtən ðər swɪŋ ɒn ðə lɛ:n
ən ðər fɛ:ðər əslɪ:p wi ðə dɛd
hɑd vɛrgɒtən (h)ɪz wɛ:rk ət ðə dɛ:n
ən ðər mʌðər ə vju: stɪli ə:ʊərz
hɑd vɛrgɒtən (h)wɛr hi: slɪ:pt sə sə:ʊn(d)
(h)wɛr ðə wɪn(d) wɛr əʃjɛkən ðə flə:ʊərz
æ:ɪ ðə blɑ:st ðə fʃɛər bʌdz ɒn ðə grə:ʊn(d)

o: ðə mu:n wi (h)ɪz pʃɛl lɑ:ɪtɪd skɛ:ɪz
hɑv (h)ɪz sɑrə(r)lɪs slɪ:pərz bɪlɔ:
bət b(ə):ɪ dɛ: tə ðə zʌn ðɛ: məst rɛ:ɪz
tə ðər tru: lɑ:ɪvz ə twɛ:ɪl ən əv ho:

Then the childern wull rise to their fun,
An' their mother mwore sorrow to veel,
While the air is a-warm'd by the zun,
Aye, the win' by the day's vi'ry wheel.

fiery

ðen ðə tʃɪldərn wʊl rəɪz tə ðər fʌn
ən ðər mʌðər muər sɜrə(r) tə vi:l
(h)wəɪl ði æɪr ɪz əwaɪrmd b(ə)ɪ ðə zʌn
æɪ ðə wɪn(d) b(ə)ɪ ðə deɪz vəɪəri (h)wi:l

THE CHILD'S GREÄVE



AVORE the time when zuns went down
On zummer's green a-turn'd to brown,
When sheädes o' swajèn wheat-ears vell
Upon the scarlet pimpernel;
The while you still mid goo, an' vind
 'Ithin the geärden's mossy wall,
 Sweet blossoms, low or risèn tall,
To meäke a tutty to your mind,
In churchyard heav'd, wi' grassy breast,
The greäve-mound ov a beäby's rest.

shadows

might

nosegay

An' when a high day broke, to call
A throng 'ithin the churchyard wall,
The mother brought, wi' thoughtvul mind,
The feärest buds her eyes could vind,
To trim the little greäve, an' show
 To other souls her love an' loss,
 An' meäde a Seävior's little cross
O' brightest flow'rs that then did blow,
A-droppèn tears a-sheenèn bright,
Among the dew, in mornèn light.

*bloom
shining*

An' woone sweet bud her han' did pleäce
Up where did droop the Seävior's feäce;
An' two she zet a-bloomèn bright,
Where reach'd His hands o' left an' right;
Two mwore feäir blossoms, crimson dyed,
 Did mark the pleäces ov his veet,
 An' woone did lie, a-smellèn sweet,
Up where the spear did wound the zide
Ov Him that is the life ov all
Greäve sleepers, whether big or small.

one

ðə tʃə:ɪl(d)z grjɛv

əvʊər ðə tə:ɪm (h)wɛn zʌnz wɛnt də:ʊn
ɒn zʌmərz grɪ:n ətə:rnd tə brə:ʊn
(h)wɛn ʃjɛdz ə swæ:ɪən (h)wɪ:tɪəz vɛl
əpɒn ðə ska:rlɪt pɪmpərnɛl
ðə (h)wə:ɪl jə stɪl mɪd gu: ən və:m(d)
 ɪðm ðə gja:rdənz mɒsi wa:l
 swi(:)t blɒsəmz lə: ər rə:ɪzən ta:l
tə mjɛk ə tʌtɪ tə jər mə:m(d)
ɪn tʃə:rtʃjɑ:rd hi:vɪd wi grɑ:sɪ brɛst
ðə grjɛvmə:ʊn(d) əv ə bjɛbɪz rɛst

ən (h)wɛn ə hæ:ɪ de: brɒ:k tə ka:l
ə θrɒŋ ɪðm ðə tʃə:rtʃjɑ:rd wa:l
ðə mʌðər brɒ:t wi θɔ:tvʊl mə:m(d)
ðə fjeərɛst bʌdz (h)ər ə:ɪz kʊd və:m(d)
tə trɪm ðə lɪtəl grjɛv ən ʃo:
 tu ʌðər so:lz (h)ər lʌv ən lɒs
 ən mjɛd ə sjɛvjərz lɪtəl krɒs
ə brə:ɪtɪst flə:uərz ðət ðɛn dɪd blɒ:
ədɾəpən tɪəz əʃi:nən brə:ɪt
əmpɒŋ ðə dju: ɪn mɑ:rnən lə:ɪt

ən (w)ʊ:n swi(:)t bʌd (h)ər hæn dɪd pljɛs
ʌp (h)wər dɪd drʊ:p ðə sjɛvjərz fjes
ən tu: ʃi: zɛt əblu:mən brə:ɪt
(h)wər rɪ:tʃd (h)ɪz hæn(d)z ə lɛft ən rə:ɪt
tu: muər fjeər blɒsəmz krɪmzən də:ɪd
 dɪd mɑ:rk ðə pljɛsɪz əv (h)ɪz vɪ:t
 ən (w)ʊ:n dɪd lə:ɪ əsmɛlən swɪ:t
ʌp (h)wər ðə spɪər dɪd wə:ʊn(d) ðə zə:ɪd
əv hɪm ðət ɪz ðə lə:ɪf əv a:l
grjɛv slɪ:pərz (h)wɛðər bɪg ər smɑ:l

The mother that in faith could see
The Saviour on the high cross tree
Mid be a-vound a-grievèd sore,
But not to grieve vor evermore,
Vor He shall show her faithful mind,
 His choice is all that she should choose,
 An' love that here do grieve to lose,
Shall be, above, a joy to vind,
Wi' Him that evermore shall keep
The souls that He do lay asleep.

might

joy

ðə mʌðər ðæt ɪn fæiθ kʊd zi:
ðə sjeɪnjər ɒn ðə hə:ɪ krɒs tri:
mɪd bi: əvə:ʊn(d) əgri:vən suər
bæt nɒt tə gri:v vər evərmuər
vər hi: ʃəl ʃo: (h)ər fæiθvʊl mə:m(d)
 (h)ɪz tʃæɪs ɪz a:l ðæt ʃi: ʃʊd tʃu:z
 ən lʌv ðæt hiər də gri:v tə lu:z
ʃəl bi: əbʌv ə dʒæɪ tə və:m(d)
wi hɪm ðæt evərmuər ʃəl ki:p
ðə so:lz ðæt hi: də le: əsli:p

WENT VROM HWOME



THE stream-be-wander'd dell did spread
 Vrom height to woody height,
An' meäds did lie, a grassy bed,
 Vor elem-sheädèn light.
The milkmaïd by her white-horn'd cow,
 Wi' pail so white as snow,
Did zing below the elem bough
 A-swayèn to an' fro.

An' there the evenèn's low-shot light
 Did smite the high tree-tops,
An' rabbits vrom the grass, in fright,
 Did leäp 'ithin the copse.
An' there the shepherd wi' his crook,
 An' dog beside his knee,
Went whisslèn by, in air that shook
 The ivy on the tree.

An' on the hill, ahead, wer bars
 A-showèn dark on high,
Avore, as eet, the evenèn stars
 Did twinkle in the sky,
An' then the last sweet evenèn-tide
 That my long sheäde vell there,
I went down Brindon's thymy zide,
 To my last sleep at Ware.

yet

shadow

went vrəm huəm

ðə stri:mbi:wɒndərd dɛl dɪd sprɛd
vrəm hə:ɪt tə wʊdi hə:ɪt
ən miədʒ dɪd lə:ɪ ə grɑ:si bɛd
vɑr ɛləmfjɛdən lə:ɪt
ðə milkmæɪd b(ə):ɪ (h)ər (h)wə:ɪθa:rnd kə:u
wi pæɪl sə (h)wə:ɪt əz snə:
dɪd zɪŋ bɪlə: ði ɛləm bæ:u
əswæɪən tu: ən frə:

ən ðər ði i:vmənz lə:ʃɒt lə:ɪt
dɪd smə:ɪt ðə hə:ɪ tri:tɒps
ən ræbɪts vrəm ðə grɑ:s ɪn frɛ:ɪt
dɪd liəp ɪðm ðə kɒps
ən ðər ðə ʃepərd wi (h)ɪz krʊk
ən dɒg bɪzə:ɪd (h)ɪz ni:
went (h)wɪslən bæ:ɪ ɪn æɪr ðət ʃʊk
ði ə:ɪvi ɒn ðə tri:

ən ɒn ðə hɪl əhed wɛr bɑ:z
əʃə:ən dɑ:k ɒn hə:ɪ
əvuər əz ɪ:t ði i:vmen stɑ:z
dɪd twɪŋkəl ɪn ðə skə:ɪ
ən ðen ðə lɛ:st swi(:)t i:vmentə:ɪd
ðət mə:ɪ lɒŋ ʃjɛd vɛl ðeər
ə:ɪ went də:un brɪndənz tə:ɪmi zə:ɪd
tə mə:ɪ lɛ:st slɪ:p ət weər

THE FANCY FEÄIR AT MAÏDEN NEWTON



THE Frome, wi' ever-water'd brink,
Do run where shelvèn hills do zink:
Wi' housen all a-cluster'd roun'

sloping

The parish tow'rs below the down.
An' now, vor woonce, at leäst, ov all
The pleäcen where the stream do vall,
There's woone that zome to-day mid vind,
Wi' things a-suited to their mind.

one, may

An' that's out where the Fancy Feäir
Is on at Mäiden Newton.

An' vo'k, a-smarten'd up, wull hop
Out here, as ev'ry train do stop,
Vrom up the line, a longish ride,
An' down along the river-zide.
An' zome do beät, wi' heels an' tooes,
The lænes an' paths, in nimble shoes,
An' bring, bezides, a biggish knot,
Ov all their childern that can trot,

folk

A-vlockèn where the Fancy Feäir
Is here at Mäiden Newton.

If you should goo, to-day, avore
A *Chilfrome* house or *Downfrome* door,
Or *Frampton's* park-zide row, or look
Drough quiet *Wraxall's* slopy nook,
Or elbow-streeted *Catt's stock*, down
By *Castlebill's* cwold-winded crown,
An' zee if vo'k be all at hwome,
You'd vind em out—they be a-come

through

Out hither, where the Fancy Feäir
Is on at Mäiden Newton.

ðə fansi fjɛər ət məɪdən nju:tən

ðə fru:m wi ɛvərwɔ:tərd brɪŋk
də rʌn (h)wər ʃɛlvən hɪlz də zɪŋk
wi hæ:uzən a:l əklʌstərd rə:un
ðə pɑ:ɪʃ tə:uərz bɪlo: ðə də:un
ən nə:u vər (w)u:ns ət liəst əv a:l
ðə pljɛzən (h)wər ðə stri:m də va:l
ðərz (w)u:n ðət zʌm tæde: mɪd və:m(d)
wi ðɪŋz əsu:tɪd tə ðər mə:m(d)
 ən ðats ə:ut (h)wər ðə fansi fjɛər
 ɪz ɒn ət məɪdən nju:tən

ən vɔ:k əsmɑ:tənd ʌp wʊl hɒp
ə:ut hiər əz ɛvri træm də stɒp
vrəm ʌp ðə læ:m ə lɒŋɪʃ rə:ɪd
ən də:un əlɒŋ ðə rɪvərzə:ɪd
ən zʌm də biət wi hi:lz ən tu:z
ðə ljɛnz ən pɛ:ðz ɪn nɪmbəl ʃu:z
ən brɪŋ bɪzə:ɪdz ə bɪŋɪʃ nɒt
əv a:l ðər tʃɪldərn ðət kən trɒt
 əvlɒkən (h)wər ðə fansi fjɛər
 ɪz hiər ət məɪdən nju:tən

ɪf ju: ʃʊd gu: tæde: əvuər
ə tʃɪlfru:m hæ:us ər də:unfru:m duər
ər frʌmptənz pɑ:rkzə:ɪd ro: ər lʊk
dru: kwə:rət rʌksa:lz slɒ:pi nʊk
ər ɛlbə(r)stri:tɪd kʌtstɒk də:un
b(ə:): kɑ:səlhlɪlz kuəldwɪndɪd krə:un
ən zi: ɪf vɔ:k bi: a:l ət huəm
jæd və:m(d) əm ə:ut ðe: bi: əklʌm
 ə:ut hɪðər (h)wər ðə fansi fjɛər
 ɪz ɒn ət məɪdən nju:tən

Come, young men, come, an' here you'll vind
A gift to please a maiden's mind;
Come, husbands, here be gifts to please
Your wives, an' meäke em smile vor days;
Come, so's, an' buy at Fancy Feär
A keepseäke vor your friends elsewhere;
You can't but stop an' spend a cwein
Wi' leädies that ha' goods so fine;
 An' all to meäke, vor children's seäke,
 The School at Maiden Newton.

kʌm jʌŋ mɛn kʌm ɛn hiər jəl və:m(d)
ə ɡɪft tə ple:z ə məɪdɔnz mə:m(d)
kʌm hʌzbən(d)z hiər bi: ɡɪfts tə ple:z
jər wə:ɪvz ɛn mjek əm smə:ɪl vər de:z
kʌm so:z ɛn bə:ɪ ət fɑnsi fjeər
ə ki(:)psjek vər jər frɛn(d)z ɛls(h)wɛər
jə ke:nt bət stɒp ɛn spɛn(d) ə kwə:m
wi lʒɛdiz ðət hə ɡʊdz sə fə:m
 ɛn a:l tə mjek vər tʃɪldərnz sjek
 ðə sku:l ət məɪdɔn nju:tən

THINGS DO COME ROUND



ABOVE the leafless hazzle-wride
The wind-drove raïn did quickly vall,
An' on the meäple's ribby zide
Did hang the raïn-drop's quiv'rèn ball;
Out where the brook o' foamy yollow
Roll'd along the meäd's deep hollow,
An' noo birds wer out to beät,
Wi' flappèn wings, the vleèn wet
O' zunless clouds on flow'rless ground.
How time do bring the seasons round!

hazel-clump

flying

The moss, a-beät vrom trees, did lie
Upon the ground in ashen droves,
An' western wind did huffle high,
Above the sheds' quick-drippèn oves.
An' where the ruslèn straw did sound
So dry, a-shelter'd in the lew,
I staied alwone, an' weather-bound,
An' thought on times, long years agoo,
Wi' water-floods on flow'rless ground.
How time do bring the seasons round!

*ash-wood
blow in gusts
eaves*

shelter

We then, in childhood play, did seem
In work o' men to teäke a peärt,
A-drevèn on our wild bwoy team,
Or lwoadèn o' the tiny cart.
Or, on our little refters, spread
The zedgen ruf above our head,
But coulden tell, as now we can,
Where each would goo to tweil a man.
O jaÿs a-lost, an' jaÿs a-vound,
How Providence do bring things round!

driving

roof of sedges

*toil
joÿs*

ðɪŋz də klʌm rə:ʊn(d)

əbʌv ðə li:flɪs hazəlre:ɪd

ðə wɪnddrə:v ræm dɪd kwɪkli va:l

ən ɒn ðə mɪjəpəlz rɪbi zə:ɪd

dɪd haŋ ðə ræmdrʌps kwɪvrən ba:l

ə:ʊt (h)wər ðə brʊk ə fə:mɪ jʌlə

rə:ld əlŋ ðə miədz dɪ:p hʊlə

ən nu: bæ:rdz wər ə:ʊt tə bjet

wɪ flapən wɪŋz ðə vli:ən wət

ə zʌnlɪs klə:ʊdz ɒn flə:ʊərlɪs grə:ʊn(d)

hə:ʊ tə:ɪm də brɪŋ ðə si:zənz rə:ʊn(d)

ðə mɒs əbiət vrəm trɪz dɪd lə:ɪ

əpɒn ðə grə:ʊn(d) ɪn əfən drə:vz

ən westərn wɪn(d) dɪd hʌfəl hə:ɪ

əbʌv ðə ʃɛdz kwɪkdrɪpən o:vz

ən (h)wər ðə rʌslən stre: dɪd sə:ʊn(d)

sə drə:ɪ əfɛltərd ɪn ðə lu:

ə:ɪ stæɪd əluən ən wɛðərbə:ʊn(d)

ən ðɔ:t ɒn tə:ɪmz lŋ jɪəz əgu:

wɪ wɔ:tərflʌdz ɒn flə:ʊərlɪs grə:ʊn(d)

hə:ʊ tə:ɪm də brɪŋ ðə si:zənz rə:ʊn(d)

wɪ: ðɛn ɪn tʃə:ɪl(d)hʊd plæɪ dɪd si:m

ɪn wɔ:rk ə mɛn tə tʃɛk ə pjɑ:rt

ədre:vən ɒn ə:ʊər wə:ɪl(d) bɔwə:ɪ tɪ:m

ər luədən ə ðə tə:ɪmi kɑ:rt

ər ɒn ə:ʊər lɪtəl rɛ:ftərz sprɛd

ðə zɛdʒən rʌf əbʌv ə:ʊər hɛd

bət kʊdən tɛl əz nə:ʊ wɪ: kən

(h)wər ɪ:tʃ wʊd gu: tə twə:ɪl ə mæn

o: dʒæɪz əlɒst ən dʒæɪz əvə:ʊn(d)

hə:ʊ prɒvɪdəns də brɪŋ ðɪŋz rə:ʊn(d)

Where woonce along the sky o' blue
The zun went roun' his longsome bow,
An' brighten'd, to my soul, the view
About our little farm below,
There I did play the merry geäme,
Wi' childern ev'ry holidide,
But coulden tell the vaice or neäme
That time would vind to be my bride.
O hwome a-left, O wife a-vound,
How Providence do bring things round!

once

arc

An' when I took my manhood's pleäce,
A husband to a wife's true vow,
I never thought by neäme or feäce
O' childern that be round me now.
An' now they all do grow vrom small,
Drough life's feäir sheäpes to big an' tall,
I still be blind to God's good plan,
To pleäce em out as wife, or man.
O thread o' love by God unwound,
How He in time do bring things round!

tbrough

(h)wær (w)u:ns əlɔŋ ðə skə:i ə blu:
ðə zʌn went rə:un (h)ɪz lɔŋsəm bo:
ən bræ:ɪtænd tə mə:i so:l ðə vju:
əbə:ut ə:uər litəl fa:ɪm bɪlo:
ðər ə:i dɪd plæi ðə mə:ri gjem
wi tʃɪldərn ɛvri ho:lɪtə:ɪd
bət kudən tel ðə væ:ɪs ər njem
ðət tə:ɪm wʊd və:m(d) tə bi: mə:i brə:ɪd
o: huəm əleɪft o: wə:ɪf əvə:un(d)
hə:u prɒvɪdəns də brɪŋ ðɪŋz rə:un(d)

ən (h)wen ə:i tʊk mə:i mənɦudz pljes
ə hʌzbən(d) tu ə wə:ɪfs tru: və:u
ə:i nevər ðɔ:t b(ə):ɪ njem ər fjes
ə tʃɪldərn ðət bi: rə:un(d) mi: nə:u
ən nə:u ðe: a:l də gro: vrəm sma:l
dru: lə:ɪfs fjeər ʃjeps tə bɪg ən ta:l
ə:i stɪl bi: blə:m(d) tə ɡɒdz ɡʊd plæn
tə pljes əm ə:ut əz wə:ɪf ər mæn
o: dɪred ə lʌv b(ə):ɪ ɡʊd ʌnwə:un(d)
hə:u hi: ɪn tə:ɪm də brɪŋ ðɪŋz rə:un(d)

ZUMMER THOUGHTS IN WINTER TIME



WELL, aye, last evenèn, as I shook
My locks ov haÿ by Leecombe brook,
The yollow zun did weakly glance
Upon the winter meäd askance,
A-castèn out my narrow sheäde
Athirt the brook, an' on the meäd.
The while ageän my lwonesome ears
Did russle weatherbeäten spears,
Below the withy's leafless head
That overhung the river's bed;
I there did think o' days that dried
The new-mow'd grass o' zummer-tide,
When white-sleev'd mowers' whetted bleädes
Rung sh'ill along the green-bough'd gleädes,
An' maïdens gaÿ, wi' playsome chaps,
A-zot wi' dinners in their laps,
Did talk wi' merry words that rung
Around the ring, vrom tongue to tongue;
An' welcome, when the leaves ha' died,
Be zummer thoughts in winter-tide.

shadow

across

willow's

clearly

siting down

ZAMƏR ðo:ts in wintər tə:im

wəl æi lɛ:st i:vmən əz ə:i fʊk
mə:i lɔks əv hæi b(ə):i li:ku:m brʊk
ðə jələr zʌn dɪd wi:kli glɛ:ns
əpən ðə wintər miəd əskɛ:ns
əkɑ:stən əut mə:i narə(r) fʃjɛd
ədðə:rt ðə brʊk ən ʊn ðə mjɛd
ðə (h)wə:ɪl əgʃjən mə:i luənsəm iərz
dɪd rʌsəl wɛðərbɪətən spɪərz
bɪlɔ: ðə wɪðɪz li:flɪs hɛd
ðət ɔ:vərhaŋ ðə rɪvərz bɛd
ə:i ðər dɪd ðɪŋk ə de:z ðət drɔ:ɪd
ðə nju: mo:d grɑ:s ə zʌmɛrtə:ɪd
(h)wɛn (h)wə:ɪtsli:vɔd mo:ərz (h)wɛtɪd bljɛdz
rʌŋ fɪl əlɔŋ ðə grɪnbə:ud gljɛdz
ən mæɪdənz gæi wi plæɪsəm tʃɑps
əzət wi dɪnərz ɪn ðər lɑps
dɪd tɛ:k wi mɛri wə:rdz ðət rʌŋ
ərə:ʊn(d) ðə rɪŋ vrəm tʌŋ tɔ tʌŋ
ən wɛlkəm (h)wɛn ðə li:vz hɛ də:ɪd
bi: zʌmər ðo:ts in wɪntərtə:ɪd

I'M OUT O' DOOR



I'M out, when, in the Winter's blast,
The zun, a-runnèn lowly round,
Do mark the sheädes the hedge do cast
At noon, in hoarvrost, on the ground.
I'm out when snow's a-lyèn white
In keen-äir'd vields that I do pass,
An' moonbeams, vrom above, do smite
On ice an' sleeper's window-glass.
I'm out o' door,
When win' do zweep,
By hangèn steep,
Or hollow deep,
At Lindenore.

shadows

slope

O welcome is the lewth a-vound
By rustlèn copse, or ivied bank,
Or by the häj-rick, weather-brown'd
By barken-grass, a-springèn rank;
Or where the waggon, vrom the team
A-freed, is well a-housed vrom wet,
An' on the dusty cart-house beam
Do hang the cobweb's white-lin'd net.
While storms do roar,
An' win' do zweep,
By hangèn steep,
Or hollow deep,
At Lindenore.

shelter

farmyard-

dusty

An' when a good day's work 's a-done
An' I do rest, the while a squall
Do rumble in the hollow tun,
An' ivy-stems do whip the wall,

chimney

ə:ɪm ə:ʊt ə duər

ə:ɪm ə:ʊt (h)wen ɪn ðə wɪntərz blɑ:st
ðə zʌn əʀʌnən lə:lɪ rə:ʊn(d)
də mɑ:k ðə ʃjɛdz ðə hɛdz də kɑ:st
ət nu:n ɪn huərvrɔst ɒn ðə grə:ʊn(d)
ə:ɪm ə:ʊt (h)wen snəʊz ələ:ɪən (h)wə:ɪt
ɪn kɪnæɪrd vɪ:l(d)z ðət ə:ɪ də pɑ:s
ən mu:nbi:mz vrəm əbʌv də smə:ɪt
ɒn ə:ɪs ən sli:pərz wɪndərglɑ:s
ə:ɪm ə:ʊt ə duər
(h)wen wɪn(d) də zwi:p
b(ə):ɪ haɪən sti:p
ɑr hɔləʀ di:p
at ɪndənuər

o: wɛlkəm ɪz ðə lu:θ əvə:ʊnd
b(ə):ɪ rʌslən kɔps ɑr ə:ɪvɪd bɑŋk
ɑr b(ə):ɪ ðə hæɪrɪk wɛðərbrə:ʊnd
b(ə):ɪ bɑ:kəŋgrɑ:s əsprɪŋən rɑŋk
ɑr (h)wər ðə wɑgən vrəm ðə ti:m
əfrɪ:d ɪz wɛl əhə:ʊzd vrəm wɛt
ən ɒn ðə də:ʊsti kɑ:θə:ʊs bi:m
də haɪ ðə kɔbwebz (h)wə:ɪtlə:ɪnd net
(h)wə:ɪl stɑ:ɪmz də ruər
ən wɪn(d) də zwi:p
b(ə):ɪ haɪən sti:p
ɑr hɔləʀ di:p
at ɪndənuər

ən (h)wen ə gʊd de:z wə:ɪrks ədʌn
ən ə:ɪ də rest ðə (h)wə:ɪl ə skwɑ:l
də rʌmbəl ɪn ðə hɔləʀ tʌn
ən ə:ɪvɪstəmz də (h)wɪp ðə wɑ:l

Then in the house do sound about

My ears, dear vaïces vull or thin,

A prayèn vor the souls vur out

At sea, an' cry wi' bibb'rèn chin—

Oh! shut the door.

What soul can sleep,

Upon the deep,

When storms do zweep

At Lindenore.

far
shaking with cold

ðen in ðə hœ:us də sə:ʊn(d) əbœ:ʊt
mœ:ɪ iə:z diə: vœ:isɪz vʊl ər ðɪn
əpræ:ɪən vər ðə so:lz vœ:ɪ əʊt
ət si: ən krœ:ɪ wi bɪbrən tʃɪn
o: ʃʌt ðə duər
(h)wɒt so:l kæn sli:p
əpɒn ðə di:p
(h)wen stɑ:ɪmz də zwi:p
at lɪndənuər

GRIEF AN' GLADNESS



“CAN all be still, when win’s do blow?
Look down the grove an’ zee
The boughs a-swingèn on the tree,
An’ beäten weäves below.
Zee how the tweilèn vo’k do bend
Upon their windward track,
Wi’ ev’ry string, an’ garment’s end,
A-flutt’rèn at their back,”
I cried, wi’ sorrow sore a-tried,
An’ hung, wi’ Jenny at my zide,
My head upon my breast.
Wi’ strokes o’ grief so hard to bear,
’Tis hard vor souls to rest.

toiling folk

Can all be dull, when zuns do glow?
Oh! no; look down the grove,
Where zides o’ trees be bright above;
An’ weäves do sheen below;
An’ neäked stems o’ wood in hedge
Do gleäm in streäks o’ light,
An’ rocks do gleäre upon the ledge
O’ yonder zunny height,
“No, Jeäne, wi’ trials now withdrawn,
Lik’ darkness at a happy dawn,”
I cried, “Noo mwore despair;
Wi’ our lost peace ageän a-vound,
’Tis wrong to harbour ceäre.”

shine

grɪ:f ən glɑdnɪs

kan a:l bi: stɪl (h)wɛn wɪn(d)z də blɔ:
lʊk də:ʊn ðə grɔ:v ən zi:
ðə bə:ʊz əswɪŋən ɒn ðə tri:
ən biətən wjɛvz bɪlɔ:
zi: hə:u ðə twə:ɪlən vɔ:k də bɛn(d)
əpɒn ðər wɪn(d)wərd træk
wi evri strɪŋ ən gɑ:mənts ɛn(d)
əflɑtrən ət ðər bæk
ə:ɪ kræ:ɪd wi sərə(r) suər ətræ:ɪd
ən hʌŋ wi dʒɛni ət mə:ɪ zə:ɪd
mə:ɪ hɛd əpɒn mə:ɪ brɛst
wi stro:ks ə grɪ:f sə hɑ:rd tə bɛər
tɪz hɑ:rd vər so:lz tə rɛst

kan a:l bi: dʌl (h)wɛn zʌnz də glɔ:
o: nɔ: lʊk də:ʊn ðə grɔ:v
(h)wər zə:ɪdz ə tri:z bi: brə:ɪt əbʌv
ən wjɛvz də ʃi:n bɪlɔ:
ən nʃɛkɪd stɛmz ə wʊd ɪn hɛdʒ
də gliəm ɪn strɪəks ə lə:ɪt
ən rɒks də gljɛər əpɒn ðə lɛdʒ
ə jʌndər zʌni hɛ:ɪt
nɔ: dʒjɛn wi trə:ɪəlz nə:u wɪðdrɛ:n
lɪk dɑ:rknɪs ət ə hɑ:pi dɛ:n
ə:ɪ kræ:ɪd nu: muər dɪspɛər
wi ə:uər lɒst pi:s əgʒɛn əvə:ʊn(d)
tɪz rɒŋ tə hɑ:rbər kjɛər

SLIDÈN



WHEN wind wer keen,
Where ivy-green
Did clwosely wind
Roun' woak-tree rind,
An' ice shone bright,
An' meäds wer white, wi' thin-spread snow
Then on the pond, a-spreadèn wide,
We bwoys did zweep along the slide,
A-strikèn on in merry row.

oak-tree bark

There ruddÿ-feäced,
In busy heäste,
We all did wag
A spankèn lag,
To win good speed,
When we, straight-knee'd, wi' foreright tooes,
Should shoot along the slipp'ry track,
Wi' grindèn sound, a-gettèn slack,
The slower went our clumpèn shoes.

move

pointing straight forward

Vor zome slow chap,
Did teäke mishap,
As he did veel
His hinder heel
A-het a thump,
Wi' zome big lump, o' voot an' shoe.
Down vell the voremst wi' a squall,
An' down the next went wi' a sprawl,
An' down went all the laughèn crew.

hit

slə:ɪdən

(h)wen wɪn(d) wər ki:n

(h)wər ə:ɪvɪgri:n

dɪd kluəsli wə:m(d)

rə:un (w)uəktri: rə:m(d)

ən ə:ɪs ʃɒn brə:ɪt

ən miədz wər (h)wə:ɪt wi ðɪmsprəd sno:

ðen ɒn ðə pɒn(d) əsprədən wə:ɪd

wi: bwə:ɪz dɪd zwi:p əlɒŋ ðə slə:ɪd

əstri:kən ɒn ɪn məri ro:

ðər rʌdɪfjest

ɪn bɪzi hjest

wi: a:l dɪd wɑg

ə spɑŋkən lag

tə wɪn gʊd spi:d

(h)wen wi: stræɪtni:d wi vuərrə:ɪt tu:z

ʃʊd ʃʊt əlɒŋ ðə slɪpri trak

wi grə:m(d)ən sə:un(d) əgetən slak

ðə slə:ər went ə:uər klʌmpən ʃu:z

vər zʌm slo: tʃɑp

dɪd tʃek mɪʃɑp

əz hi: dɪd vi:l

(h)ɪz hə:ɪndər hi:l

əhet ə θʌmp

wi zʌm bɪg lʌmp ə vʊt ən ʃu:

də:un vəl ðə vuərmə:st wi ə skwa:l

ən də:un ðə nek(s)t went wi ə sprɑ:l

ən də:un went a:l ðə le:fən kru:

As to an' fro,
In merry row,
We all went round
On ice, on ground
The maïdens nigh
A-stannèn shy, did zee us slide,
An' in their eäprons small, did vwold
Their little hands, a-got red-cwold,
Or slide on ice o' two veet wide.

fold

By leafless copse,
An' beäre tree-tops,
An' zun's low beams,
An' ice-boun' streams,
An' vrost-boun' mill,
A-stannèn still, come wind, blow on,
An' gi'e the bwoys, this Chris'mas tide,
The glitt'rèn ice to meäke a slide,
As we had our slide, years ago.

bare

give

az tu: ən fro:
in məri rɔ:
wi: a:l went rə:un(d)
ɒn ə:ɪs ɒn grə:un(d)
ðə məɪdənz nə:ɪ
əstanən ʃə:ɪ dɪd zi: əs slə:ɪd
ən in ðər ʃepərnz smɑ:l dɪd vuəld
ðər lɪtəl han(d)z əgɒt rɛdkuəld
ar slə:ɪd ɒn ə:ɪs ə tu: vi:t wə:ɪd

b(ə):ɪ li:flɪs kɒps
ən bjɛər tri:tɒps
ən zʌnz lo: bi:mz
ən ə:ɪsbə:un stri:mz
ən vrɒs(t)bə:un mɪl
əstanən stɪl kʌm wɪn(d) blɔ: ɒn
ən gi: ðə bwə:ɪz ðɪs krɪsməs tə:ɪd
ðə glɪtrən ə:ɪs tə mjɛk ə slə:ɪd
əz wi: hɑd ə:uər slə:ɪd ʃiərz əgɒn

LWONESOMENESS



As I do zew, wi' nimble hand,
 In here avore the window's light,
How still do all the housegear stand
 Around my lwonesome zight.
How still do all the housegear stand
Since Willie now 've a-left the land.

The rwose-tree's window-sheädèn bow
 Do hang in leaf, an' win'-blow'd flow'rs,
Avore my lwonesome eyes do show
 Theäse bright November hours.
Avore my lwonesome eyes do show
Wi' nwone but I to zee em blow.

arch

these

The sheädes o' leafy buds, avore
 The peänes, do sheäke upon the glass,
An' stír in light upon the vloor,
 Where now vew veet do pass,
An' stír in light upon the vloor,
Where there's a-stírrèn nothèn mwore.

shadows

This win' mid dreve upon the maïn,
 My brother's ship, a-plowèn foam,
But not bring mother, cwold, nor räin,
 At her now happy hwome.
But not bring mother, cwold, nor räin,
Where she is out o' päin.

may drive

Zoo now that I'm a-mwopèn dumb,
 A-keepèn father's house, do you
Come ofen wi' your work vrom hwome,
 Vor company. Now do.

so

luənsənmnis

az ə:i də zo: wi nimbəl han(d)
in hiər əvuər ðə windərz lə:ɪt
hə:u stɪl du: a:l ðə hə:usgiər stan(d)
ərə:un(d) mə:i luənsəm zə:ɪt
hə:u stɪl du: a:l ðə hə:usgiər stan(d)
sɪns wɪli nə:u v əleɪft ðə lan(d)

ðə ruəztri:z windərfjɛ:dən bo:
də haŋ in li:f ən wɪmblo:d flə:uərz
əvuər mə:i luənsəm ə:ɪz də ʃo:
ðiəz brə:ɪt no:vembər ə:uərz
əvuər mə:i luənsəm ə:ɪz də ʃo:
wi nuən bət ə:i tə zi: əm blo:

ðə ʃjɛdz ə li:fi bɒdz əvuər
ðə pjenz də ʃjɛk əpən ðə gla:s
ən stə:r in lə:ɪt əpən ðə vluər
(h)wər nə:u vju: vɪt də pa:s
ən stə:r in lə:ɪt əpən ðə vluər
(h)wər ðərz əstə:rən nɒθən muər

ðɪs wɪn(d) mɪd dre:v əpən ðə məɪn
mə:i brɒðərz ʃɪp əplə:uən fə:m
bət nɒt brɪŋ mɒðər kuəld nər ræɪn
ət (h)ər nə:u hapi huəm
bət nɒt brɪŋ mɒðər kuəld nər ræɪn
(h)wər ʃi: ɪz ə:ut ə pæɪn

zu: nə:u ðət ə:m əmuəpən dɒm
əkɪ(:)pən fe:ðərz hə:us də ju:
kɒm vɒfən wi jər wə:rk vrəm huəm
vər kɒmpəni nə:u du:

Come of en wi' your work vrom hwome,
Up here a-while. Do come.

kʌm ɒfən wi jər wɔːrk vrəm huəm
ʌp hiər ə(h)wɔːl duː kʌm

A SNOWY NIGHT



'TWER at night, an' a keen win' did blow
 Vrom the east under peäle-twinklèn stars,
All a-zweepèn along the white snow;
 On the groun', on the trees, on the bars,
Vrom the hedge where the win' russled drough,
 There a light-russlèn snow-doust did vall;
An' noo pleäce wer a-vound that wer lew,
 But the shed, or the ivy-hung wall.

*through
-dust
sheltered*

Then I knock'd at the wold passage door
 Wi' the win'-driven snow on my locks;
Till, a-comèn along the cwold vloor,
 There my Jenny soon answer'd my knocks.
Then the wind, by the door a-swung wide,
 Flung some snow in her clear-bloomèn feäce,
An' she blink'd wi' her head all a-zide,
 An' a-chucklèn, went back to her pleäce.

old

An' in there, as we zot roun' the brands,
 Though the talkers wer mainly the men,
 Bloomèn Jeäne, wi' her work in her hands,
 Did put in a good word now an' then.
An' when I took my leave, though so bleäk
 Wer the weather, she went to the door,
Wi' a smile, an' a blush on the cheäk
 That the snow had a-smitten avore.

sat, fire

ə sno:i nə:ɪt

twær ət nə:ɪt ən ə ki:n wɪn(d) dɪd blɔ:
vrəm ði i:st ʌndər pʃeltwɪŋklən stɑ:rz
a:l əzwɪ:pən əlɔŋ ðə (h)wə:ɪt sno:
vɒn ðə grə:ʊn(d) vɒn ðə tri:z vɒn ðə bɑ:rz
vrəm ðə hɛdʒ (h)wær ðə wɪn(d) rʌsəld dru:
ðər ə lə:ɪrʌslən sno:də:ʊst dɪd vɑ:l
ən nu: plʃes wær əvə:ʊn(d) ðət wær lu:
bət ðə ʃɛd ar ði ə:ɪvɪhʌŋ wɑ:l

ðɛn ə:ɪ nɒkt ət ðə (w)uəld pɑ:sɪdʒ duər
wi ðə wɪndrɪvən sno: vɒn mə:ɪ lɒks
tɪl əkʌmən əlɔŋ ðə kuəld vlʊər
ðər mə:ɪ dʒɛni su:n ɛ:nsərd mə:ɪ nɒks
ðɛn ðə wɪn(d) b(ə):ɪ ðə duər əswʌŋ wə:ɪd
flʌŋ səm sno: ɪn (h)ər kliərblu:mən fʃɛs
ən ʃi: bliŋkt wi (h)ər hɛd a:l əzə:ɪd
ən ətʃʌklən went bak tu (h)ər plʃes

ən ɪn ðeər əz wi: zɑt rə:ʊn ðə brɑn(d)z
ðo: ðə tɛ:kərz wær məɪnli ðə mɛn
blu:mən dʒʒɛn wi (h)ər wə:rk ɪn (h)ər hɑn(d)z
dɪd pʌt ɪn ə gud wə:rd nə:u ən ðɛn
ən (h)wɛn ə:ɪ tʊk mə:ɪ li:v ðo: sə bliək
wær ðə wɛðər ʃi: went tə ðə duər
wi ə smə:ɪl ən ə blʌʃ vɒn ðə tʃiək
ðət ðə sno: hɑd əsmɪtən əvʊər

THE YEAR-CLOCK



WE zot beside the leäfy wall,
Upon the bench at evenfall,
While aunt led off our minds vrom ceäre
Wi' veäiry teäles, I can't tell where:
An' vound us woone among her stock
O' feäbles, o' the girt Year-clock.
His feäce wer blue's the zummer skies,
An' wide's the zight o' lookèn eyes,
For hands, a zun wi' glowèn feäce,
An' peäler moon wi' swifter peäce,
Did wheel by stars o' twinklèn light,
By bright-wall'd day, an' dark-treed night;
An' down upon the high-sky'd land,
A-reachèn wide, on either hand,
Wer hill an' dell wi' win'-sway'd trees,
An' lights a-zweepèn over seas,
An' gleamèn cliffs, an' bright-wall'd tow'rs,
Wi' sheädes a-markèn on the hours;
An' as the feäce, a-rollèn round,
Brought comely sheäpes along the ground,
The Spring did come in winsome steäte
Below a glowèn rainbaw geäte;
An' fan wi' äir a-blowèn weak,
Her glossy heäir, an' rwozy cheäk,
As she did shed vrom oben hand,
The läpèn zeed on vurrow'd land;
The while the rook, wi' heästy flight,
A-floatèn in the glowèn light,
Did bear avore her glossy breast
A stick to build her lofty nest,

sat

fairy

one

great

ðə ʝiərklɔk

wi: zɑt bɪzə:ɪd ðə li:fi wɑ:l
əpən ðə bentʃ ət i:vənfa:l
(h)wə:ɪl ɛ:nt lɛd ɒf ə:uər mə:m(d)z vrəm kjɛər
wi vjɛəri tjɛlz ə:ɪ kɛ:nt tɛl (h)wɛər
ən və:ʊn(d) əs (w)u:n əmɒŋ (h)ər stɔk
ə fjɛbɔlz ə ðə gə:rt ʝiərklɔk
(h)ɪz fjɛs wər bluz ðə zʌmər skə:ɪz
ən wə:ɪdz ðə zə:ɪt ə lʊkən ə:ɪz
vər han(d)z ə zʌn wi glɔ:ən fjɛs
ən pjɛlər mu:n wi swɪftər pjɛs
dɪd (h)wi:l b(ə):ɪ stɑ:r:z ə twɪŋklən lə:ɪt
b(ə):ɪ brə:ɪtwɑ:ld de: ən dɑ:rktri:d nə:ɪt
ən də:ʊn əpən ðə hə:ɪskə:ɪd lɑn(d)
əri:tʃən wə:ɪd ɒn ə:ɪðər han(d)
wər hɪl ən dɛl wi wɪnswɛ:ɪd tri:z
ən lə:ɪts əzwi:pən ɔ:vər si:z
ən gli:mən klɪfs ən brə:ɪtwɑ:ld tə:uərz
wi ʃjɛdz əmɑ:rkən ɒn ði ə:uərz
ən əz ðə fjɛs ərə:lən rə:ʊn(d)
brɔ:t kʌmli ʃjɛps əlɒŋ ðə grə:ʊn(d)
ðə sprɪŋ dɪd kʌm ɪn wɪnsəm stjɛt
bɪlɔ: ə glɔ:ən ræmbo: gjet
ən fɑn wi æɪr əblo:ən wi:k
(h)ər glɔ:si hjɛər ən ruəzi tʃiək
əz ʃi: dɪd ʃɛd vrəm ɔ:bən han(d)
ðə liəpən zi:d ɒn vʌrə(r)d lɑn(d)
ðə (h)wə:ɪl ðə rʊk wi hjɛsti flə:ɪt
əflo:tən ɪn ðə glɔ:ən lə:ɪt
dɪd bɛər əvuər (h)ər glɔ:si brɛst
ə stɪk tə bɪld (h)ər lɔfti nɛst

An' strong-limb'd T'weil, wi' steady hands, *toil*
 Did guide along the vallow lands
 The heavy zull, wi' bright-sheär'd beam, *plough*
 Avore the weary oxen team.
 Wi' Spring a-gone there come behind
 Sweet Zummer, jaÿ ov ev'ry mind, *joy*
 Wi' feäce a-beamèn to beguile
 Our weary souls ov ev'ry tweil.
 While birds did warble in the dell
 In softest air o' sweetest smell;
 An' she, so winsome-feäir did vwold *fold*
 Her comely limbs in green an' goold,
 An' wear a rwozy wreath, wi' studs
 O' berries green, an' new-born buds,
 A-fring'd in colours vier-bright, *fire-*
 Wi' sheäpes o' butternlees in flight. *butterflies*
 When Zummer went, the next ov all
 Did come the sheäpe o' brown-feäc'd Fall,
 A-smilèn in a comely gown
 O' green, a-shot wi' yellow-brown,
 A-border'd wi' a goolden stripe
 O' fringe, a-meäde o' corn-ears ripe,
 An' up ageän her comely zide,
 Upon her rounded eärm, did ride *arm*
 A perty basket, all a-twin'd
 O' slender stems wi' leaves an' rind,
 A-vill'd wi' fruit the trees did shed,
 All ripe, in purple, goold, an' red;
 An' busy Leäbor there did come
 A-zingèn zongs ov harvest hwome,
 An' red-ear'd dogs did briskly run
 Roun' cheervul Leisure wi' his gun,
 Or stan' an' mark, wi' stedvast zight,
 The speckled pa'tridge rise in flight.

ən strɔŋlɪm d twə:ɪl wi stɛdi hɑn(d)z
 dɪd gə:ɪd əlɔŋ ðə vɑlə(r) lɑn(d)z
 ðə hɛvi zʌl wi brɛ:ɪtʃjɛərd bi:m
 əvuər ðə wiəri ɒksən ti:m
 wi sprɪŋ əgɔn ðər kʌm bihə:m(d)
 swi(:)t zʌmər dʒæɪ əv ɛvri mə:m(d)
 wi fjɛs əbi:mən tə biɡə:ɪl
 ə:uər wiəri so:lz əv ɛvri twə:ɪl
 (h)wə:ɪl bə:ɪdz dɪd wɑ:rbəl ɪn ðə dɛl
 ɪn sɔftɪst æɪr ə swi(:)tɪst smɛl
 ən ʃi: sə wɪnsəm fjɛər dɪd vuəld
 (h)ər kʌmli lɪmz ɪn grɪ:n ən gu:l d
 ən wɛər ə ruəzi ri:θ wi stʌdz
 ə bɛrɪz grɪ:n ən nju:bɑ:rn bʌdz
 əfrɪndʒd ɪn kʌlɔ:z və:ɪərbrɛ:ɪt
 wi ʃjɛps ə bɑ:tərvli:z ɪn flə:ɪt
 (h)wɛn zʌmər wɛnt ðə nɛks(t) əv a:l
 dɪd kʌm ðə ʃjɛp ə brɛ:ʊnfjɛst fa:l
 əsmə:ɪlən ɪn ə kʌmli gə:ʊn
 ə grɪ:n əshɔt wi jʌlərbɛ:ʊn
 əbɑ:rdərd wi ə gu:l dən strə:ɪp
 ə frɪndʒ əmjɛd ə kɑ:rnɪərz rə:ɪp
 ən ʌp əgjen (h)ər kʌmli zə:ɪd
 əpɔn (h)ər rə:ʊndɪd jɑ:rn dɪd rə:ɪp
 ə pɛ:rti bɑ:skɪt a:l ətwə:m(d)
 ə slɛndər stɛmz wi li:vz ən rə:m(d)
 əvɪld wi fru:t ðə tri:z dɪd ʃɛd
 a:l rə:ɪp ɪn pɛ:rpəl gu:l d ən rɛd
 ən bɪzi ljɛbər ðər dɪd kʌm
 əzɪŋgən zɔŋz əv hɑ:rvɪst huəm
 ən rɛdiərd dɔgʒ dɪd brɪskli rʌn
 rə:ʊn tʃiərvul lɛzər wi (h)ɪz gʌn
 ɑr stɑn ən mɑ:rk wi stɛdvɑ:st zɛ:ɪt
 ðə spɛkəld pɛ:trɪdʒ rə:ɪz ɪn flə:ɪt

An' next ageän to mild-feäc'd Fall
Did come peäle Winter, last ov all,
A-bendèn down, in thoughtvul mood,
Her head 'ithin a snow-white hood
A-deck'd wi' icy-jewels, bright
An' cwold as twinklèn stars o' night;
An' there wer weary Leäbor, slack
O' veet to keep her vrozen track,
A-lookèn off, wi' wistful eyes,
To reefs o' smoke, that there did rise
A-meltèn to the peäle-feäc'd zun,
Above the houses' lofty tun.
An' there the girt Year-clock did goo
By day an' night, vor ever true,
Wi' mighty wheels a-rollèn round
'Ithout a beät, 'ithout a sound.

chimney-top
great

ən nɛks(t) əgjen tə mə:ɪl(d)fjɛst fa:l
dɪd kʌm pjɛl wɪntər lɛ:st əv a:l
əbɛndən də:ʊn ɪn θɔ:tvʊl mʊd
(h)ər hɛd ɪðm ə snɔ:(h)wə:ɪt hʊd
ədəkt wi ə:ɪsi dʒu:əlz brə:ɪt
ən kuəld əz twɪŋklən stɑ:rz ə nə:ɪt
ən ðər wər wiəri ljɛbər slak
ə vi:t tə ki(:)p (h)ər vrɔ:zən trak
əlʊkən ɒf wi wɪstfʊl ə:ɪz
tə ri:fs ə smɔ:k ðət ðər dɪd rə:ɪz
əmɛltən tə ðə pjɛlfjɛst zʌn
əbʌv ðə hə:ʊzɪz lɒfti tʌn
ən ðər ðə gə:ɪt jɪərklɒk dɪd gu:
b(ə):ɪ de: ən nə:ɪt vər evər tru:
wi mə:ɪti (h)wi:lz ərə:lən rə:ʊn(d)
ɪðə:ʊt ə biət ɪðə:ʊt ə sə:ʊn(d)

NOT GOO HWOME TO-NIGHT



No, no, why you've noo wife at hwome
Abidèn up till you do come,
Zoo læve your hat upon the pin,
Vor I'm your wäiter. Here's your inn,
Wi' chair to rest, an' bed to roost;
You have but little work to do
This vrosty time at hwome in mill,
Your vrozen wheel's a-stannèn still,
The sleepèn ice woont grind vor you.
No, no, you woont goo hwome to-night,
Good Robin White, o' Craglin mill.

so, peg

As I come by, to-day, where stood
Wi' neäked trees, the purple wood,
The scarlet hunter's ho'ses veet
Tore up the sheäkèn ground, wind-fleet,
Wi' reachèn heads, an' pankèn hides;
The while the flat-wing'd rooks in vlock,
Did zwim a-sheenèn at their height;
But your good river, since last night,
Wer all a-vroze so still's a rock.
No, no, you woont goo hwome to-night,
Good Robin White, o' Craglin mill.

*as swift as wind
panting*

shining

Zee how the hufflèn win' do blow,
A-whirlèn down the giddy snow:
Zee how the sky's a-weärèn dim,
Behind the elem's neäked lim'
That there do leän above the leäne;
Zoo teäke your pleäce bezide the dogs,
An' sip a drop o' hwome-brew'd eäle,
An' zing your zong or tell your teäle,
While I do bäit the vier wi' logs.

gusty

*so, fire-dogs
ale*

stoke, fire

nɔt gu: huəm tənə:ɪt

no: no: (h)wə:ɪ jəv nu: wə:ɪf ət huəm
əbə:ɪdən ʌp tɪl ju: də kʌm
zu: liəv jər hat əpɔn ðə pɪn
vɑr ə:ɪm jər wæɪtər hiərz jər ɪn
wi tʃeər tə rɛst ən bɛd tə ru:st
jə hav bət lɪtəl wə:rk tə du:
ðɪs vrɔsti tə:ɪm ət huəm ɪn mɪl
jər vrɔ:zən (h)wi:lz əstænən stɪl
ðə slɪ:pən ə:ɪs wu:(ɪ)nt grə:ɪn(d) vər ju:
no: no: jə wu:(ɪ)nt gu: huəm tənə:ɪt
gud rɔbm (h)wə:ɪt ə kraglɪm mɪl

az ə:ɪ kʌm b(ə:ɪ) tæde: (h)wər stʊd
wi njekɪd tri:z ðə pə:rpəl wʊd
ðə skɑ:rlɪt hʌntərz hɔsɪz vi:t
tuər ʌp ðə ʃjekən grə:ɪn(d) wɪn(d) flɪt
wi ri:tʃən hɛdz ən pʌŋkən hə:ɪdz
ðə (h)wə:ɪl ðə flat wɪŋgd rʊks ɪn vlɔk
dɪd zwɪm əʃi:nən ət ðər hə:ɪt
bət ju:(ɪ)ər gud rɪvər sɪns leɪs(t) nə:ɪt
wər aɪ əvrɔ:z sə stɪlz ə rɔk
no: no: jə wu:(ɪ)nt gu: huəm tənə:ɪt
gud rɔbm (h)wə:ɪt ə kraglɪm mɪl

zi: hə:u ðə hʌflən wɪn(d) də blɔ:
ə(h)wə:r(d)lən də:un ðə ɡɪdɪ sno:
zi: hə:u ðə skə:ɪz əwɛərən dɪm
bɪhə:m(d) ðɪ ɛləmz njekɪd lɪm
ðət ðər də liən əbʌv ðə ljen
zu: tjek jər pljes bɪzə:ɪd ðə dɔgz
ən sɪp ə drʌp ə huəm brʊ:d jel
ən zɪŋ jər zɔŋ ɑr tɛl jər tjel
(h)wə:ɪl ə:ɪ də bæɪt ðə və:ɪər wi lɔgz

No, no, you woont goo hwome to-night,
Good Robin White, o' Craglin mill.

Your meäre's in steäble wi' her hocks
In straw above her vetterlocks,
A-reachèn up her meäney neck,
An' pullèn down good haÿ vrom reck,
A-meäkèn slight o' snow an' sleet;
She don't want you upon her back,
To vall upon the slippery stwones
On Hollyhill, an' break your bwones,
Or miss, in snow, her hidden track.
No, no, you woont goo hwome to-night,
Good Robin White, o' Craglin mill.

*covered with mane
rack*

Here, Jenny, come pull out your key
An' hansel, wi' zome tidy tea,
The zilver pot that we do owe
To your prize butter at the show,
An' put zome bread upon the bboard.
Ah! he do smile; now that 'ull do,
He'll staÿ. Here, Polly, bring a light,
We'll have a happy hour to-night,
I'm thankvul we be in the lew.
No, no, he woont goo hwome to-night,
Not Robin White, o' Craglin mill.

wedding present

shelter

no: no: jə wu(:)nt gu: huəm tənə:ɪt
gud rɒbm (h)wə:ɪt ə kraglɪm mɪl

jər mjɛərz ɪn stjɛbəl wi (h)ər hɒks
ɪn stre: əbʌv (h)ər vɛtərlɒks
əri:tsən ʌp (h)ər mjɛni nɛk
ən pulən də:ʊn gud hæɪ vrəm rɛk
əmjkən slə:ɪt ə sno: ən slɪt
ʃi: do:nt wɒnt ju: əpɒn (h)ər bak
tə va:l əpɒn ðə slɪpri stʊənz
ɒn hɒli hɪl ən brɛ:k jər buənz
ar mɪs ɪn sno: (h)ər hɪdən trak
no: no: jə wu(:)nt gu: huəm tənə:ɪt
gud rɒbm (h)wə:ɪt ə kraglɪm mɪl

hiər dʒɛni kʌm pul ə:ʊt jər ke:
ən hansəl wi zəm tə:ɪdi te:
ðə zɪlvər pɒt ðət wi: də o:
tə juər prə:ɪz bʌtər ət ðə ʃo:
ən pʌt zəm brɛd əpɒn ðə buərd
a: hi: də smə:ɪl nə:ʊ ðat ʊl du:
hi:l stæɪ hiər pɒli brɪŋ ə lə:ɪt
wi:l hav ə hapi ə:ʊər tənə:ɪt
ə:ɪm θɑŋkvʊl wi: bi: ɪn ðə lu:
no: no: hi: wu(:)nt gu: huəm tənə:ɪt
nɒt rɒbm (h)wə:ɪt ə kraglɪm mɪl

THE HUMSTRUM



WHY woonce, at Chris'mas-tide, avore
The wold year wer a-reckon'd out,
The humstrums here did come about,
A-soundèn up at ev'ry door.

once

old

But now a bow do never screäpe
 A humstrum, any where all round,
An' zome can't tell a humstrum's sheäpe,
 An' never heärd his jinglèn sound.
As *ing-an-ing* did ring the string,
As *ang-an-ang* the wires did clang.

The strings a-tighten'd lik' to crack
Athirt the canister's tin zide,
Did reach, a glitt'rèn, zide by zide,
Above the humstrum's hollow back.
An' there the bwoy, wi' bended stick,

across

 A-strung wi' heäir, to meäke a bow,
Did dreve his elbow, light'nèn quick,
 Athirt the strings from high to low.
As *ing-an-ing* did ring the string,
As *ang-an-ang* the wires did clang.

drive

The mother there did stan' an' hush
Her child, to hear the jinglèn sound,
The merry maïd, a-scrubbèn round
Her white-steäv'd pail, did stop her brush.

-booped

The mis'ess there, vor wold time's seäke,
 Had gifts to gi'e, and smiles to show,
An' meäster, too, did stan' an' sheäke

old

give

 His two broad zides, a-chucklèn low,
While *ing-an-ing* did ring the string,
While *ang-an-ang* the wires did clang.

ðə hʌmstrʌm

(h)wə:ɪ (w)u:ns ət krɪsməstə:ɪd əvʊər
ðə (w)uəld jɪər wər ərəkænd ə:ʊt
ðə hʌmstrʌmz hɪər dɪd kʌm əbə:ʊt
əsə:ʊn(d)ən ʌp ət evri duər
bət nə:ʊ ə bo: də nəvər skrjɛp
 ə hʌmstrʌm eni (h)wər a:l rə:ʊn(d)
ən zʌm ke:nt tɛl ə hʌmstrʌmz ʃjɛp
 ən nəvər hɪərd (h)ɪz dʒɪŋglən sə:ʊn(d)
əz ɪŋənɪŋ dɪd rɪŋ ðə strɪŋ
əz aŋənəŋ ðə wə:ɪərz dɪd kləŋ

ðə strɪŋz ətə:ɪtənd lɪk tə krak
ədə:rt ðə kənɪstərz tɪn zə:ɪd
dɪd rɪ:tʃ ə glɪtrən zə:ɪd b(ə):ɪ zə:ɪd
əbʌv ðə hʌmstrʌmz hɒlər bak
ən ðər ðə bwə:ɪ wi bændɪd stɪk
 əstrʌŋ wi hjɛər tə mjɛk ə bo:
dɪd dre:v (h)ɪz ɛlbo: lə:ɪtnən kwɪk
 ədə:rt ðə strɪŋz vrəm hə:ɪ tə lo:
əz ɪŋənɪŋ dɪd rɪŋ ðə strɪŋ
əz aŋənəŋ ðə wə:ɪərz dɪd kləŋ

ðə mʌðər ðeər dɪd stæn ən hʌʃ
(h)ər tʃə:ɪl(d) tə hɪər ðə dʒɪŋglən sə:ʊn(d)
ðə mɛrɪ məɪd əskrʌbən rə:ʊn(d)
(h)ər (h)wə:ɪtstjɛvd pæɪl dɪd stɒp (h)ər brʌʃ
ðə mɪsɪs ðeər vər (w)uəld tə:ɪmz sjɛk
 həd grɪfts tə gi: ən(d) smə:ɪlz tə ʃo:
ən mja:stər tu: dɪd stæn ən ʃjɛk
 (h)ɪz tu: brɔ:d zə:ɪdz ətʃʌklən lo:
(h)wə:ɪl ɪŋənɪŋ dɪd rɪŋ ðə strɪŋ
(h)wə:ɪl aŋənəŋ ðə wə:ɪərz dɪd kləŋ

The playèrs' pockets wer a-strout,
Wi' wold brown pence, a-rottlèn in,
Their zwangèn bags did soon begin,
Wi' brocks an' scraps, to plim well out.
The childern all did run an' poke

 Their heads vrom hatch or door, an' shout
A-runnèn back to wolder vo'k.

 Why, here! the humstrums be about!
As *ing-an-ing* did ring the string,
As *ang-an-ang* the wires did clang.

stretched out

swinging violently
broken pieces of food, fill

wicket-gate
older folk

ðə plæɪərz pɔ:kɪts wɜː əstrəʊt
wi (w)uəld brəʊn pens ɜːptlən ɪn
ðɜː zwaŋən bagz dɪd suːn bɪgm
wi brɔks ən skraps tə plɪm wɛl əʊt
ðə tʃɪldərn a:l dɪd rʌn ən pɔ:k
 ðɜː hɛdz vrəm hatʃ ɜː duər ən ʃəʊt
ɜːrʌnən bak tə (w)uəldə vɔ:k
 (h)wəɪ hiər ðə hʌmstrʌmz bi: əbəʊt
əz ɪŋənɪ dɪd rɪŋ ðə strɪŋ
əz aŋənɪ ðə wə:ɪərz dɪd klɪŋ

SHAFTESBURY FEÄIR



WHEN hillborne Paladore did show
So bright to me down miles below,
As woonce the zun, a-rollèn west,
Did brighten up his hill's high breast,
Wi' walls a-lookèn dazzlèn white,
Or yollow, on the grey-topp'd height
Of Paladore, as peäle day wore
 Away so feäir,
Oh! how I wish'd that I wer there.

once
its

The pleäce wer too vur off to spy
The livèn vo'k a-passèn by;
The vo'k too vur vor äir to bring
The words that they did speak or zing.
All dum' to me wer each abode,
An' empty wer the down-hill road
Vrom Paladore, as peäle day wore
 Away so feäir;
But how I wish'd that I wer there.

far
folk

But when I clomb the lofty ground
Where livèn veet an' tongues did sound,
At feäir, bezide your bloomèn feäce,
The pertiest in all the pleäce,
As you did look, wi' eyes as blue
As yonder southern hills in view,
Vrom Paladore—O Polly dear,
 Wi' you up there,
How merry then wer I at feäir.

climbed

fɑ:sbri fjeər

(h)wen hɪlba:rn pələduər dɪd ʃo:
sə brə:ɪt tə mi: də:ʊn mə:lz bɪlɔ:
əz (w)u:ns ðə zʌn əro:lən wɛst
dɪd brə:ɪtən ʌp (h)ɪz hɪlz hə:ɪ brɛst
wi wɑ:lz əlɔkən dazlən (h)wə:ɪt
ɑr ʤælər ɒn ðə gre:tɒpt hə:ɪt
əv pələduər əz pʤel de: wuər
əwə:ɪ sə fjeər
o: hə:u ə:ɪ wɪʃt ðət ə:ɪ wər ðeər

ðə pljes wər tu: vər ɒf tə spə:ɪ
ðə lɪvən vɔ:k əpɑ:sən bæ:ɪ
ðə vɔ:k tu: vər vər æɪr tə brɪŋ
ðə wə:ɪdz ðət ðe: dɪd spi:k ər zɪŋ
ɑ:l dʌm tə mi: wər ɪ:ʃ əbo:d
ən ɛm(p)ti wər ðə də:ʊnhɪl ro:d
vrəm pələduər əz pʤel de: wuər
əwə:ɪ sə fjeər
bət hə:u ə:ɪ wɪʃt ðət ə:ɪ wər ðeər

bət (h)wen ə:ɪ klʌm ðə lɒftɪ grə:ʊn(d)
(h)wər lɪvən vɪ:t ən tʌŋz dɪd sə:ʊn(d)
ət fjeər bɪzə:ɪd ʤər blu:mən fjes
ðə pə:ɪtɪst ɪn ɑ:l ðə pljes
əz ju: dɪd lɔk wi ə:ɪz əz blu:
əz ʤændər sʌðərn hɪlz ɪn vju:
vrəm pələduər o: pɒli diər
wi ju: ʌp ðeər
hə:u mə:ɪ ðen wər ə:ɪ ət fjeər

Since vu'st I trod thik steep hill-zide
My grievèn soul 'v a-been a-ried
Wi' pain, an' loss o' worldly gear,
An' souls a-gone I wanted near;
But you be here to goo up still,
An' look to Blackmwore vrom the hill
O' Paladore. Zoo, Polly dear,
 We'll goo up there,
An' spend an hour or two at feäir.

first, that

so

The wold brown meäre's a-brought vrom grass,
An' rubb'd an' cwomb'd so bright as glass;
An' now we'll hitch her in, an' start
To feäir upon the new green cart,
An' teäke our little Poll between
Our zides, as proud's a little queen,
To Paladore. Aye, Poll a dear,
 Vor now 'tis feäir,
An' she's a-longèn to goo there.

old

While Paladore, on watch, do strain
Her eyes to Blackmwore's blue-hill'd plain,
While Duncliffe is the traveller's mark,
Or cloty Stour's a-rollèn dark;
Or while our bells do call, vor greäce,
The vo'k avore their Seävior's feäce,
Mid Paladore, an' Poll a dear,
 Vor ever know
O' peäce an' plenty down below.

yellow water-lilied

folk

may

sins vʌst ə:ɪ trəd ðɪk stɪ:p hɪlzə:ɪd
mæ:ɪ grɪ:vən so:l v əbɪn ətrə:ɪd
wi pæm ən lɒs ə wə:rdli giər
ən so:lz əgɒn ə:ɪ wɒntɪd niər
bət ju: bi: hiər tə gu: ʌp stɪl
ən lʊk tə blakmuər vrəm ðə hɪl
ə paləduər zu: pɒli diər
 wi:l gu: ʌp ðeər
ən spɛn(d) ən ə:uər ər tu: ət fjeər

ðə (w)uəld brə:ʊn mjɛərz əbro:t vrəm gra:s
ən rʌbd ən kuəmd sə brə:ɪt əz gla:s
ən nə:u wi:l hɪtʃ (h)ər ɪn ən stɑ:rt
tə fjeər əpɒn ðə nju: grɪ:n kɑ:rt
ən tjɛk ə:uər lɪtəl pɒl bitwi:n
ə:uər zə:ɪdz əz prə:ʊdz ə lɪtəl kwɪ:n
tə paləduər æɪ pɒl ə diər
 vər nə:u tɪz fjeər
ən ʃi:z əlɒŋən tə gu: ðeər

(h)wə:ɪl paləduər ɒn wɒtʃ də stræm
(h)ər ə:ɪz tə blakmuərz blu:hɪld plæm
(h)wə:ɪl dʌŋklɪf ɪz ðə travələrz mɑ:rk
ər klo:ti stə:uərz ərə:lən dɑ:rk
ər (h)wə:ɪl ə:uər belz də kɑ:ɪl vər grjɛs
ðə vo:k əvuər ðər sjɛvjərz fjes
mɪd paləduər ən pɒl ə diər
 vər evər nɔ:
ə piəs ən plenti də:ʊn bɪlɔ:

THE BEÄTEN PATH



THE beäten path where vo'k do meet

A-comèn on vrom vur an' near;

How many errands had the veet

That wore en out along so clear!

Where eegrass bleädes be green in meäd,

Where bennets up the leäze be brown,

An' where the timber bridge do leäd

Athirt the cloty brook to town,

Along the path by mile an' mile,

Athirt the vield, an' brook, an' stile,

folk

far

it

grass regrown after mowing

grass-stalks, meadow

across, yellow water-lilied

There runnèn childern's hearty laugh

Do come an' vlee along—win' swift:

The wold man's glossy-knobbèd staff

Do help his veet so hard to lift;

The maïd do bear her basket by,

A-hangèn at her breäthèn zide;

An' ceäreless young men, straight an' spry,

Do whissle hwome at eventide,

Along the path, a-reachèn by

Below tall trees an' oben sky.

fly

old

There woone do goo to jaÿ a-head;

Another's jaÿ's behind his back.

There woone his vu'st long mile do tread,

An' woone the last ov all his track.

An' woone mid end a hopevul road,

Wi' hopeless grief a-teäkèn on,

As he that leätely vrom abroad

Come hwome to seek his love a-gone,

Noo mwore to tread, wi' comely eäse,

The beäten path athirt the leäze.

one, joy

first

may

across the meadow

ðə biətən pɛ:θ

ðə biətən pɛ:θ (h)wər vo:k də mi(:)t
əkʌmən ɒn vrəm vɛ:r ən niər
hə:u meni ɛrən(d)z həd ðə vi:t
ðət wuər ən ə:ut əlɒŋ sə kliər
(h)wər i:grɑ:s bljɛdz bi: gri:n ɪn miəd
(h)wər beɪnɪts ʌp ðə liəz bi: brə:ʊn
ən (h)wər ðə tɪmbər brʌdz də liəd
ədɔ:rt ðə klo:ti brʊk tə tə:ʊn
əlɒŋ ðə pɛ:θ b(ə):ɪ mə:ɪl ən mə:ɪl
ədɔ:rt ðə vi:l(d) ən brʊk ən stə:ɪl

ðeər rʌnən tʃɪldərnz hɑ:ti le:f
də kʌm ən vli: əlɒŋ wɪn(d) swɪft
ðə (w)uəld mɑ:nz glɒsɪnɒbɪd stɛ:f
də hɛlp (h)ɪz vi:t sə hɑ:rd tə lɪft
ðə mə:ɪd də beər (h)ɛr bɑ:skɪt bə:ɪ
əhɑ:ŋən ət (h)ɛr brɪ:ðən zə:ɪd
ən kjeərles jʌŋ mɛn stræt ən sprɛ:ɪ
də (h)wɪsəl huəm ət i:vɛntə:ɪd
əlɒŋ ðə pɛ:θ ɛrɪ:tʃən bə:ɪ
bɪlo: tɑ:l tri:z ən ɔ:bən skə:ɪ

ðeər (w)u:n də gu: tə dʒæɪ əhɛd
ənʌðərz dʒæ:ɪz bihə:m(d) (h)ɪz bɑ:k
ðeər (w)u:n (h)ɪz vʌst lɒŋ mə:ɪl də tɹɛd
ən (w)u:n ðə le:st əv a:l (h)ɪz trɑ:k
ən (w)u:n mɪd ɛn(d) ə ho:pvʊl rɔ:d
wi ho:plɪs grɪ:f ətʃɛkən ɒn
az hi: ðət ljetli vrəm əbro:d
kʌm huəm tə si:k (h)ɪz lʌv əgɒn
nu: muər tə tɹɛd wi kʌmli iəz
ðə biətən pɛ:θ ədɔ:rt ðə liəz

In twelsome hardships, year by year,	<i>toilsome</i>
He drough the worold wander'd wide,	<i>through</i>
Still bent, in mind, both vur an near	<i>far</i>
To come an' meäke his love his bride.	
An' passèn here drough evenèn dew	
He heästen'd, happy, to her door,	
But vound the wold vo'k only two,	<i>old folk</i>
Wi' noo mwore vootsteps on the vloor,	
To walk ageän below the skies,	
Where beäten paths do vall an' rise;	
Vor she wer gone vrom e'thly eyes	<i>earthly</i>
To be a-kept in darksome sleep,	
Until the good ageän do rise	
A jaÿ to souls they left to weep.	<i>joy</i>
The rwose wer doust that bound her brow;	<i>dust</i>
The moth did eat her Zunday ceäpe;	
Her frock wer out o' fashion now;	
Her shoes wer dried up out o' sheäpe—	
The shoes that woonce did glitter black	<i>once</i>
Along the leäzes beäten track.	<i>meadow's</i>

in twæ:lsəm ha:rdʃɪps jɪər b(ə):ɪ jɪər
hi: dru: ðə wæ:rdəl wɒndərd wæ:ɪd
stɪl bent in mə:m(d) buəd vɛ:r ən niər
tə kʌm ən mjæk (h)ɪz lʌv (h)ɪz brə:ɪd
ən pa:sən hiər dru: i:vɪmən dju:
hi: hjəsənd hapi tu (h)ər duər
bət və:un(d) ðə (w)uəld vɔ:k ɔ:nli tu:
wi nu: muər vʊtstɛps ɒn ðə vluər
tə wɛ:k əgjen bɪlɔ: ðə skə:ɪz
(h)wər biətən pɛ:ðz də va:l ən rə:ɪz

var ʃi: wər gɒn vrəm ɛθli ə:ɪz
tə bi: əkɛpt in da:ɪksəm sli:p
ʌntɪl ðə gud əgjen də rə:ɪz
ə dʒæɪ tə so:lz ðe: lɛft tə wi:p
ðə ruəz wər də:ɪst ðət bə:un(d) (h)ər brə:u
ðə mʊθ dɪd i:t (h)ər zʌnde: kjɛp
(h)ər frɒk wər əʊt ə faʃən nə:u
(h)ər ʃu:z wər drə:ɪd ʌp əʊt ə ʃjɛp
ðə ʃu:z ðət (w)u:ns dɪd glɪtər blak
əlvŋ ðə liəzɪz biətən trak

RUTH A-RIDÈN



Ov all the roads that ever bridge
Did bear athirt a river's feäce,
Or ho'ses up an' down the ridge
Did wear to doust at ev'ry peäce,
I'll teäke the Stalton leäne to tread,
By banks wi' primrwose-beds bespread,
An' steätely elems over head,
Where Ruth do come a-ridèn.

across

dust

An' I would rise when yields be grey
Wi' mornèn dew, avore 'tis dry,
An' beät the doust droughout the day
To bluest hills ov all the sky;
If there, avore the dusk o' night,
The evenèn zun, a-sheenèn bright,
Would pay my leäbors wi' the zight
O' Ruth—o' Ruth a-ridèn.

throughout

shining

Her healthy feäce is rwozy feäir,
She's comely in her gäit an' lim',
An' sweet's the smile her feäce do wear,
Below her cap's well-rounded brim;
An' while her skirt's a-spreädèn wide,
In vwolds upon the ho'se's zide,
He'll toss his head, an' snort wi' pride,
To trot wi' Ruth a-ridèn.

folds

An' as her ho'se's rottlèn peäce
Do slacken till his veet do beät
A slower trot, an' till her feäce
Do bloom avore the tollman's geäte;

ru:θ ərə:ɪdən

əv a:l ðə ro:ɪdz ðət evər brʌdʒ
dɪd beər əðə:ɪt ə rɪvərz fjes
ər hɒsɪz ʌp ən də:ʊn ðə rʌdʒ
dɪd weər tə də:ʊst ət evri pjəs
ə:l tjek ðə stɑ:ltn ljen tə tɾed
b(ə):ɪ bɑŋks wi pɪmruəzbedz bɪspɾed
ən stjɛtli eləmz ɔ:vər hed
(h)wər ru:θ də kʌm ərə:ɪdən

ən ə:ɪ wʊd rə:ɪz (h)wɛn vi:l(d)z bi: gre:
wi mɑ:ɪnən dju: əvuər tɪz drə:ɪ
ən biət ðə də:ʊst dru:ə:ʊt ðə de:
tə blu:ɪst hɪlz əv a:l ðə skə:ɪ
ɪf ðər əvuər ðə dʌsk ə nə:ɪt
ði ɪvmən zʌn əʃi:nən brə:ɪt
wʊd pæi mə:ɪ ljebərz wi ðə zə:ɪt
ə ru:θ ə ru:θ ərə:ɪdən

(h)ər hɛlθi fjes ɪz ruəzi fjeər
ʃi:z kʌmli ɪn (h)ər gæɪt ən lɪm
ən swi(:)ts ðə smə:ɪl (h)ər fjes də weər
bɪlo: (h)ər kaps wɛlrə:ʊndɪd brɪm
ən (h)wə:ɪl (h)ər skə:ɪts əspɾədən wə:ɪd
ɪn vuəldz əpən ðə hɒsɪz zə:ɪd
hi:l tɒs (h)ɪz hed ən snɑ:ɪt wi pɾə:ɪd
tə tɾɒt wi ru:θ ərə:ɪdən

ən az (h)ər hɒsɪz rɒtlən pjəs
də slakən tɪl (h)ɪz vi:t də biət
ə slo:ər tɾɒt ən tɪl (h)ər fjes
də blu:m əvuər ðə to:lmənz gjet

Oh! he'd be glad to oben wide
His high-back'd geäte, an' stand azide,
A-givèn up his toll wi' pride,
Vor zight o' Ruth a-ridèn.

An' oh! that Ruth could be my bride,
An' I had ho'ses at my will,
That I mid teäke her by my zide,
A-ridèn over dell an' hill;
I'd zet wi' pride her litty tooe
'Thin a stirrup, sheenèn new,
An' leäve all other jajs to goo
Along wi' Ruth a-ridèn.

might

*light
shining
joys*

If mäidens that be weäk an' peäle
A-mwopèn in the house's sheäde,
Would wish to be so blithe and heäle
As you did zee young Ruth a-meäde;
Then, though the zummer zun mid glow,
Or though the Winter win' mid blow,
They'd leäp upon the saddle's bow,
An' goo, lik' Ruth, a-ridèn.

bale

While evenèn light do softly gild
The moss upon the elem's bark,
Avore the zingèn bird's a-still'd,
Or woods be dim, or day is dark,
Wi' quiv'rèn grass avore his breast,
In cowslip beds, do lie at rest,
The ho'se that now do goo the best
Wi' rwozy Ruth a-ridèn.

o: hi:d bi: glad tu o:bən wə:ɪd
(h)ɪz hə:ɪbakt gjet ən stan(d) əzə:ɪd
əgrɪvən ʌp (h)ɪz to:l wi prə:ɪd
vər zə:ɪt ə ru:θ ərə:ɪdən

ən o: ðæt ru:θ kud bi: mə:ɪ brə:ɪd
ən ə:ɪ had hɒsɪz ət mə:ɪ wɪl
ðæt ə:ɪ mɪd tjæk (h)ər b(ə:ɪ) mə:ɪ zə:ɪd
ərə:ɪdən ɔ:vər dɛl ən hɪl
ə:ɪd zɛt wi prə:ɪd (h)ər lɪti tu:
ɪðm ə stə:rəp ʃi:nən nju:
ən liəv a:l ʌðər dʒæ:ɪz tə gu:
əlŋ wi ru:θ ərə:ɪdən

ɪf mæ:ɪdɛnz ðæt bi: wi:k ən pjɛl
əmuəpən ɪn ðə hə:usɪz ʃjed
wud wɪʃ tə bi: sə blə:ɪð ən(d) hjɛl
əz jə dɪd zi: jʌŋ ru:θ əmjɛd
ðɛn ðo: ðə zʌmər zʌn mɪd glɔ:
ar ðo: ðə wɪntər wɪn(d) mɪd blɔ:
ðe:d liəp əpən ðə sɑdəlz bo:
ən gu: lɪk ru:θ ərə:ɪdən

(h)wə:ɪl ɪ:vɪmən lə:ɪt də sɒfli gɪld
ðə mɒs əpən ði eləmz bɑ:rk
əvuər ðə zɪŋgən bə:rdz əstɪld
ər wudz bi: dɪm ər de: ɪz dɑ:rk
wi kwɪvrən grɑ:s əvuər (h)ɪz brɛst
ɪn kə:uslɪp bɛdz də lə:ɪ ət rɛst
ðə hɒs ðæt nə:u də gu: ðə bɛst
wi ruəzi ru:θ ərə:ɪdən

BEAUTY UNDECKED



THE grass mid sheen when wat'ry beäds
O' dew do glitter on the meäds,
An' thorns be bright when quiv'rèn studs
O' räin do hang upon their buds—
As jewels be a-meäde by art
To zet the pläinest vo'k off smart.

may shine

But sheäkèn ivy on its tree,
An' low-bough'd laurel at our knee,
Be bright all däy, without the gleäre,
O' drops that duller leäves mid weär—
As Jeäne is feäir to look upon
In pläinest gear that she can don.

folk

bjurti andekt

ðə gra:s mid ʃi:n (h)wen wə:tri biədz
ə dju: də glɪtər ɒn ðə miədz
ən ða:rnz bi: brə:ɪt (h)wen kwɪvrən stɑdz
ə ræm də haŋ əpən ðər bɑdz
əz dʒu:əlz bi: əmjəd b(ə)ɪ a:rt
tə zet ðə plæmɪst vɔ:k ɒf smɑ:rt

bət ʃjekən ə:vi ɒn its tri:
ən lɔ:bərəud lɔrəl et ə:uər ni:
bi: brə:ɪt a:l de: (w)ɪðə:ut ðə gljɛər
ə drɑps ðət dʌlər li:vz mid wɛər
əz dʒen ɪz fjɛər tə lʊk əpən
ɪn plæmɪst gjər ðət ʃi: kən dɒn

MY LOVE IS GOOD



My love is good, my love is feär,
 She's comely to behold, O,
In ev'rything that she do wear,
 Altho' 'tis new or wold, O.
My heart do leäp to see her walk,
 So straüght do step her veet, O,
My tongue is dum' to hear her talk,
 Her vaice do sound so sweet, O.
The flow'ry groun' wi' floor o' green
Do bear but vew, so good an' true.

old

When she do zit, then she do seem
 The feärest to my zight, O,
Till she do stan' an' I do deem,
 She's feärest at her height, O.
An' she do seem 'ithin a room
 The feärest on a floor, O,
Till I ageän do zee her bloom
 Still feäirer out o' door, O.
Where flow'ry groun' wi' floor o' green
Do bear but vew, so good an' true.

An' when the deäisies be a-press'd
 Below her vootsteps wäight, O,
Do seem as if she look'd the best
 Ov all in walkèn gäit, O.
Till I do zee her zit upright
 Behind the ho'ses neck, O,
A-holdèn wi' the räin so tight
 His tossèn head in check, O,
Where flow'ry groun' wi' floor o' green
Do bear but vew, so good an' true.

mæ:i lʌv ɪz gʊd

mæ:i lʌv ɪz gʊd mæ:i lʌv ɪz fjeə
ʃi:z kʌmli tə bihuəld o:
ɪn ɛvriðɪŋ ðæt ʃi: də wɛər
a:lðo: tɪz nju: ər (w)uəld o:
mæ:i hɑ:t də liəp tə zi: (h)ər wɛ:k
sə stræt də stɛp (h)ər vɪt o:
mæ:i tʌŋ ɪz dʌm tə hiər (h)ər tɛ:k
(h)ər vɛɪs də sə:un(d) sə swɪ:t o:
ðə flə:uri grə:un wi fluər ə gri:n
də beər bət vju: sə gʊd ən tru:

(h)wɛn ʃi: də zɪt ðɛn ʃi: də si:m
ðə fjeərəst tə mæ:i zɛ:ɪt o:
tɪl ʃi: də stʌn ən ə:i də di:m
ʃi:z fjeərəst ət (h)ər hɛ:ɪt o:
ən ʃi: də si:(:)m iðm ə ru:m
ðə fjeərəst ɒn ə fluər o:
tɪl ə:i əgʃɛn də zi: (h)ər blu:m
stɪl fjeərə ər:ut ə duər o:
(h)wɛr flə:uri grə:un wi fluər ə gri:n
də beər bət vju: sə gʊd ən tru:

ən (h)wɛn ðə dʒɛzɪz bi: əprɛst
bi:lɔ: (h)ər vʊtstɛps wɛɪt o:
də si:(:)m əz ɪf ʃi: lʊkt ðə bɛst
əv a:l ɪn wɛ:kən gæɪt o:
tɪl ə:i də zi: (h)ər zɪt ʌprɛ:ɪt
bi:hə:m(d) ðə hɒsɪz nek o:
əho:ldən wi ðə ræm sə tɛ:ɪt
(h)ɪz tɒsən hɛd ɪn tʃɛk o:
(h)wɛr flə:uri grə:un wi fluər ə gri:n
də beər bət vju: sə gʊd ən tru:

I wish I had my own free land
 To keep a ho'se to ride, O,
I wish I had a ho'se in hand
 To ride en at her zide, O.
Vor if I wer as high in rank
 As any duke or lord, O,
Or had the goold the richest bank
 Can shovel from his horde, O,
I'd love her still, if even then
She wer a leäser in a glen.

it

gleaner

ə:ɪ wɪʃ ə:ɪ hɑd mə:ɪ o:n frɪ: lɑn(d)
tə ki(:)p ə hʌs tə rə:ɪd o:
ə:ɪ wɪʃ ə:ɪ hɑd ə hʌs ɪn hɑn(d)
tə rə:ɪd ən ət (h)ər zə:ɪd o:
vɑr ɪf ə:ɪ wər əz hə:ɪ ɪn rɑŋk
əz ɛnɪ dju:k ər lɑ:rd o:
ɑr hɑd ðə gu:ld ðə rɪʃɪst bɑŋk
kən ʃʌvəl vrəm (h)ɪz hɑ:rd o:
ə:ɪd lʌv (h)ər stɪl ɪf ɪ:vən ðen
ʃɪ: wər ə li:zər ɪn ə glen

HEEDLESS O' MY LOVE



first

Oh! I vu'st know'd o' my true love,
As the bright moon up above,
Though her brightness wer my pleasure,
She wer heedless o' my love.
Tho' 'twer all gay to my eyes,
Where her feäir feäce did arise,
She noo mwore thought upon my thoughts,
Than the high moon in the skies.

Oh! I vu'st heärd her a-zingèn,
As a sweet bird on a tree,
Though her zingèn wer my pleasure,
'Twer noo zong she zung to me.
Though her sweet vaïce that wer nigh,
Meäde my wild heart to beat high,
She noo mwore thought upon my thoughts,
Than the birds would passers by.

Oh! I vu'st know'd her a-weepèn,
As a räin-dimm'd mornèn sky,
Though her teär-draps dimm'd her blushes,
They wer noo draps I could dry.
Ev'ry bright tear that did roll,
Wer a keen päin to my soul,
But noo heärt's pang she did then veel,
Wer vor my words to console.

But the wold times be a-vanish'd,
An' my true love is my bride.
An' her kind heart have a-meäde her
As an angel at my zide;

old

hi:dlis ə mə:i lʌv

o: ə:i vʌst no:d ə mə:i tru: lʌv
az ðə brə:ɪt mu:n ʌp əbʌv
ðo: (h)ər brə:ɪtnɪs wər mə:i plɛzər
ʃi: wər hi:dlis ə mə:i lʌv
ðo: twər a:l gæi tə mə:i ə:ɪz
(h)wər (h)ər fjeər fjes dɪd ərə:ɪz
ʃi: nu: muər ðo:t əpən mə:i ðo:ts
ðən ðə hə:i mu:n ɪn ðə skə:ɪz

o: ə:i vʌst hiərd (h)ər əzɪŋən
az ə swi(:)t bə:rd ɒn ə tri:
ðo: (h)ər zɪŋən wər mə:i plɛzər
twər nu: zɒŋ ʃi: zʌŋ tə mi:
ðo: (h)ər swi(:)t væɪs ðat wər nə:i
mʃed mə:i wə:ɪl(d) ha:rt tə biət hə:i
ʃi: nu: muər ðo:t əpən mə:i ðo:ts
ðən ðə bə:rdz wʊd pa:sə:z bə:i

o: ə:i vʌst no:d (h)ər əwi:pən
az ə ræɪndɪmd mə:ɪnən skə:i
ðo: (h)ər tiərdraps dɪmd (h)ər blʌʃɪz
ðe: wər nu: draps ə:i kʊd drə:i
evri brə:ɪt tiər ðət dɪd ro:l
wər ə ki:n pæɪn tə mə:i so:l
bət nu: ha:rts paŋ ʃi: dɪd ðen vi:l
wər vər mə:i wə:rdz tə kənso:l

bət ðə (w)uəld tə:ɪmz bi: əvənɪʃt
ən mə:i tru: lʌv ɪz mə:i brə:ɪd
ən (h)ər kə:ɪn(d) ha:rt hav əmʃed hə:r
az ən andʒəl ət mə:i zə:ɪd

I've her best smiles that mid play,
I've her me'th when she is gay,
When her tear-drops be a-rollèn,
I can now wipe em away.

may
mirth

ə:ɪv (h)ər bɛst smə:ɪlz ðæt mɪd plæɪ
ə:ɪv (h)ər mɛθ (h)wɛn ʃi: ɪz gæɪ
(h)wɛn (h)ər tɪərdraps bi: ərə:lən
ə:ɪ kən nə:ɪ wə:ɪp əm əwə:ɪ

THE DO'SET MILITIA



HURRAH! my lads, vor Do'set men!
A-muster'd here in red ageän;
All welcome to your ranks, a-spread
Up zide to zide, to stand, or wheel,
An' welcome to your files, to head
The steady march wi' tooe to heel;
Welcome to marches slow or quick!
Welcome to gath'rèns thin or thick;
God speed the Colonel on the hill,
An' Mrs Bingham, off o' drill.

When you've a-handled well your lock,
An' flung about your rifle stock
Vrom han' to shoulder, up an' down;
When you've a-lwoaded an' a-vired,
Till you do come back into town,
Wi' all your loppèn limbs a-tired,
An' you be dry an' burnèn hot,
Why here's your tea an' coffee pot
At Mister Greenèn's penny till,
Wi' Mrs Bingham off o' drill.

drooping

Last year John Hinley's mother cried,
"Why my bwoy John is quite my pride!
Vor he've a-been so good to-year,
An' han't a-mell'd wi' any squabbles,
An' han't a-drown'd his wits in beer,
An' han't a-been in any hobbles.
I never thought he'd turn out bad,
He always wer so good a lad;
But now I'm sure he's better still,
Drough Mrs Bingham, off o' drill."

got involved in

awkward situations

through

ðə dɒsət mɪlɪʃə

hɔːrə: mə:ɪ lɑːdz vɜː dɒsət mɛn
əməʌstərd hiə rɪn rɛd əgʃən
a:l wɛlkəm tə jɜː rɑːŋks əsprɛd
ʌp zə:ɪd tə zə:ɪd tə stɑːn(d) ɜː (h)wi:l
ən wɛlkəm tə jɜː fɔːɪlz tə hɛd
ðə stɛdi mə:rtʃ wi tu: tə hi:l
wɛlkəm tə mə:rtʃɪz slɔː ɜː kwɪk
wɛlkəm tə gɑːdrɛnz ðɪn ɜː θɪk
gʊd spi:d ðə kɜːrnəl ɒn ðə hi:l
ən mɪsɪz bɪŋəm ɒf ə drɪl

(h)wɛn jɛv əhɑːndɔːld wɛl jɜː lɒk
ən flɑːŋ əbɔːt jɜː rɔːfəl stɒk
vrɛm hɑːn tə ʃɔːldɜː ʌp ən dɔːn
(h)wɛn jɛv əluədɪd ən əvɔːɪərd
tɪl jə dɛ kʌm bɑːk ɪntə tɔːn
wi a:l jɜː lɒpən ɪmz ətɔːɪərd
ən jə bi: drɔːɪ ən bɜːrnən hɒt
(h)wɔːɪ hiəz jɜː tɛ: ən kɒfi pɒt
ət mɪstɜː grɪ:nɛnz pɛni tɪl
wi mɪsɪz bɪŋəm ɒf ə drɪl

lɛ:st jɪə dʒɑːn hɔːɪmlɪz mʌðɜː krɔːɪd
(h)wɔːɪ mə:ɪ bɔːwɔːɪ dʒɑːn ɪz kwɔːɪt mə:ɪ prɔːɪd
vɜː hi:v əbɪn sɛ gʊd tɛjɪə
ən hɑːnt əmɛld wi ɛni skwɒbɛlz
ən hɑːnt ədrɔːʊnd (h)ɪz wɪts ɪn biə
ən hɑːnt əbɪn ɪn ɛni hɒbɛlz
ɜːɪ nɛvɜː ðɔːt hi:d tɔːɪn ɜːt bɑːd
hi: a:lweɪz wɜː sɛ gʊd ə lɑːd
bɛt nɔːu ɜːɪm ʃu:(j)ɜː hi:z bɛtɜː stɪl
drɜː mɪsɪz bɪŋəm ɒf ə drɪl

Jeäne Hart, that's Joey Duntley's chaice,
Do praise en up wi' her sweet vaice,
Vor he's so strait's a hollyhock
(Vew hollyhocks be up so tall),
An' he do come so true's the clock
To Mrs Bingham's coffee-stall;
An' Jeäne do write, an' bag o' Joe
To teäke the young recruits in tow,
An' try, vor all their good, to bring em,
A-come from drill, to Mrs Bingham.

him

beg

God speed the Colonel, toppèn high,
An' officers wi' sworded thigh,
An' all the sargeants that do bawl
All day enough to split their droats,
An' all the corporals, and all
The band a-playèn up their notes,
An' all the men vrom vur an' near,
We'll gi'e em all a hearty cheer,
An' then another cheerèn still
Vor Mrs Bingham, off o' drill.

throats

*far
give*

dʒjɛn ha:rt ðəts dʒo:i dʌntli:z tʃæis
də præiz ən ʌp wi (h)ər swi(:)t væis
vər hi:z sə stræits ə hɒlihɒk
vju: hɒlihɒks bi: ʌp sə ta:l
ən hi: də kʌm sə tru:z ðə klɒk
tə mɪsɪz biŋəmz kɒfista:l
ən dʒjɛn də rə:ɪt ən bag ə dʒo:
tə tʃek ðə ʃʌŋ rikru:ts ɪn tɔ:
ən trə:ɪ vər a:l ðər gud tə brɪŋ əm
əkʌm vrəm drɪl tə mɪsɪz biŋəm

gʊd spi:d ðə kə:rnəl tɒpən hɔ:ɪ
ən ɒfɪsərz wi suədɪd θə:ɪ
ən a:l ðə sa:rdʒənts ðət də ba:l
a:l de: ɪnʌf tə splɪt ðər dro:ts
ən a:l ðə ka:rpərəlz ən(d) a:l
ðə ban(d) əplæɪən ʌp ðər no:ts
ən a:l ðə mɛn vrəm vɔ:ɪr ən niər
wi:l gi: əm a:l ə ha:rti tʃjɔ:
ən ðɛn ənʌðər tʃjɔ:rən stɪl
vər mɪsɪz biŋəm ɒf ə drɪl

A DO'SET SALE



WITH A MISTAKE

(*Thomas and Mr Auctioneer.*)

T. Well here, then, Mister auctioneer,
Be theäse the virs, I bought, out here?

these

A. The firs, the fir-poles, you bought? Who?
'Twas *furze*, not *firs*, I sold to you.

T. I bid vor *virs*, and not vor *vuzzen*,
Vor vir-poles, as I thought, two dozen.

furzes

A. Two dozen faggots, and I took
Your bidding for them. Here's the book.

T. I wont have what I diddèn buy.
I don't want *vuzzen*, now. Not I.
Why *firs* an *furze* do sound the seäme.
Why don't ye gi'e a thing his neäme?
Aye, *firs* and *furze*! Why, who can tell
Which 'tis that you do meän to zell?
No, no, be kind enough to call
Em *virs*, and *vuzzen*, then, that's all.

give

ə dɒsət sjəl

wi(ð) ə mɪstʃek

(tɒməs ən(d) mɪstər ɒkʃənɪər)

T. wɛl hɪər ðen mɪstər ɒkʃənɪər
bi: ðiəz ðə vɛ:rz əɪ bɔ:t əʊt hɪər

A. ðə fɛ:rz ðə fɛ:rpɔ:lz jə bɔ:t hu:
twəz fɛ:rz nɒt fɛ:rz əɪ so:ld tə ju:

T. əɪ bɪd vɛr vɛ:rz ən(d) nɒt vɛr vɔ:zən
vɛr vɛ:rpɔ:lz əz əɪ ðɔ:t tu: dɔ:zən

A. tu: dɔ:zən fagəts ən(d) əɪ tʊk
jər bɪdɪŋ vɛr ðem hɪərz ðə bʊk

T. əɪ wu(:)nt hav (h)wɒt əɪ dɪdən bæɪ
əɪ do:nt wɒnt vɔ:zən nə:u nɒt əɪ
(h)wəɪ fɛ:rz ən fɛ:rz də səʊn(d) ðə sjem
(h)wəɪ do:nt i: ɡi: ə ðɪŋ (h)ɪz njem
æɪ fɛ:rz ən(d) fɛ:rz (h)wəɪ hu: kən tel
(h)wɪʃ tɪz ðət jə də mɪən tə zel
nɔ: nɔ: bi: kə:m(d) ɪnɒf tə ka:l
əm vɛ:rz ən(d) vɔ:zən ðen ðats a:l

DON'T CEÄRE



AT the feäst, I do mind very well, all the vo'ks
 Wer a-took in a happerèn storm,
But we chaps took the maïdens, an' kept em wi' clokes
 Under shelter, all dry an' all warm;
An' to my lot vell Jeäne, that's my bride,
That did titter, a-hung at my zide;
Zaid her aunt, "Why the vo'k 'ull talk finely o' you,"
An', cried she, "I don't ceäre if they do."

*folk
pelting like hail*

When the time o' the feäst wer ageän a-come round,
 An' the vo'k wer a-gather'd woonce mwore,
Why she guess'd if she went there, she'd soon be a-vound
 An' a-took seäfely hwome to her door.
Zaid her mother, "'Tis sure to be wet."
Zaid her cousin, "'T'ull räin by zunzet."
Zaid her aunt, "Why the clouds there do look black an' blue,"
An' zaid she, "I don't ceäre if they do."

once

An' at last, when she own'd I mid meäke her my bride,
 Vor to help me, an' sheäre all my lot,
An' wi' faïthvulness keep all her life at my zide,
 Though my way mid be happy or not,
Zaid her näighbours, "Why wedlock's a clog,
An' a wife's a-tied up lik' a dog."
Zaid her aunt, "You'll vind trials enough vor to rue,"
An', zaid she, "I don't ceäre if I do."

might

Now she's married, an' still in the midst ov her tweils
 She's as happy's the daylight is long,
She do goo out abroad wi' her feäce vull o' smiles,
 An' do work in the house wi' a zong.

toils

do:nt kjæ̀r

at ðə fiəst ə:ɪ də mə:m(d) vəri wɛl a:l ðə vo:kz
wər ətuk ɪn ə hapərən stɑ:m
bət wi: tʃaps tuk ðə mə:ɪdɒnz ən kept əm wi klo:kz
ʌndər ʃeltər a:l drə:ɪ ən a:l wɑ:m
ən tə mə:ɪ lɒt vɛl dʒjən ðəts mə:ɪ brə:ɪd
ðat dɪd tɪtər əhʌŋ ət mə:ɪ zə:ɪd
zɛd (h)ər ɛ:nt (h)wə:ɪ ðə vo:k ul tɛ:k fə:mli ə ju:
ən krə:ɪd ʃi: ə:ɪ do:nt kjæ̀r ɪf ðe: du:

(h)wɛn ðə tə:ɪm ə ðə fiəst wər əgjen əkʌm rə:un(d)
ən ðə vo:k wər əgəðərd (w)u:nz muər
(h)wə:ɪ ʃi: gɛst ɪf ʃi: wɛnt ðər ʃi:d su:n bi: əvə:un(d)
ən ətuk sjɛfli huəm tu (h)ər duər
zɛd (h)ər mʌðər tɪz ʃu:(:)ər tə bi: wɛt
zɛd (h)ər kʌzən tʊl ræɪn b(ə:)ɪ zʌnzɛt
zɛd (h)ər ɛ:nt (h)wə:ɪ ðə klə:udz ðər də lʊk blak ən blu:
ən zɛd ʃi: ə:ɪ do:nt kjæ̀r ɪf ðe: du:

ən at lɛ:st (h)wɛn ʃi: ɔ:nd ə:ɪ mɪd mjek (h)ər mə:ɪ brə:ɪd
var tə hɛlp mi: ən ʃjɛər a:l mə:ɪ lɒt
ən wi fæ:θvʊlnɪs ki:(:)p a:l (h)ər lə:ɪf ət mə:ɪ zə:ɪd
ðo: mə:ɪ wæ:ɪ mɪd bi: hapi ar nɒt
zɛd (h)ər næ:ɪbərz (h)wə:ɪ wɛdlɒks ə klɒg
ən ə wə:ɪfs ətə:ɪd ʌp lɪk ə dɒg
zɛd (h)ər ɛ:nt ju:l və:m(d) trə:ɪəlz ɪnʌf var tə ru:
ən zɛd ʃi: ə:ɪ do:nt kjæ̀r ɪf ə:ɪ du:

nə:u ʃi:z marɪd ən stɪl ɪn ðə mɪdst əv (h)ər twə:ɪlz
ʃi:z əz hapi z ðə de:lə:ɪt ɪz lɒŋ
ʃi: də gu: ə:tʊt əbro:d wi (h)ər fjes vʊl ə smə:ɪlz
ən də wə:rk ɪn ðə hə:us wi ə zɒŋ

An', zays woone, "She don't grieve, you can tell."
Zays another, "Why, don't she look well!"
Zays her aunt, "Why the young vo'k do envy you two,"
An', zays she, "I don't ceäre if they do."

one

Now vor me I can zing in my business abrode,
 Though the storm do beät down on my poll,
There's a wife-brighten'd vier at the end o' my road,
 An' her love vor the jaÿ o' my soul.
Out o' door I wi' rogues mid be tried:
Out o' door be brow-beäten wi' pride;
Men mid scowl out o' door, if my wife is but true—
Let em scowl, "I don't ceäre if they do."

out and about

head

fire

joy

may

ən zɛz (w)u:n ʃi: do:nt gri:v jə kən tɛl
zɛz ənlɔðər (h)wə:ɪ do:nt ʃi: lʊk wɛl
zɛz (h)ər ɛ:nt (h)wə:ɪ ðə ʤʌŋ vo:k du ɛnvi ju: tu:
ən zɛz ʃi: ə:ɪ do:nt kjɛər ɪf ðe: du:

nə:u vɑr mi: ə:ɪ kən zɪŋ ɪn mə:ɪ bɪznɪs əbro:d
ðo: ðə stɑ:ɪm də biət də:un ɒn mə:ɪ po:l
ðərz ə wə:ɪfbre:ɪtənd və:ɪər ət ði ɛn(d) ə mə:ɪ ro:d
ən (h)ər lʌv vɑr ðə dzæ:ɪ ə mə:ɪ so:l
ə:ut ə duər ə:ɪ wi ro:gz mɪd bi: trə:ɪd
ə:ut ə duər bi: brə:u biətən wi prə:ɪd
mɛn mɪd skə:ul ə:ut ə duər ɪf mə:ɪ wə:ɪf ɪz bət tru:
lɛt əm skə:ul ə:ɪ do:nt kjɛər ɪf ðe: du:

CHANGES [I]



BY time's a-brought the mornèn light,
By time the light do weäne;
By time's a-brought the young man's might,
By time his might do weäne;
The Winter snow do whitèn grass,
The zummer flow'rs do brightèn grass,
Vor zome things we do lose wi' pàin,
We've mwore that mid be jaÿ to gain,
An' my dear life do seem the seäme
While at my zide
There still do bide
Your welcome feäce an' hwomely neäme.

wane

may, joy

Wi' ev'ry day that woonce come on
I had to choose a jaÿ,
Wi' many that be since a-gone
I had to lose a jaÿ.
Drough longsome years a-wanderèn,
Drough lwonesome rest a-ponderèn,
Woone peaceful daytime wer a-bro't
To heal the heart another smote;
But my dear life do seem the seäme
While I can hear,
A-soundèn near,
Your answ'rèn vaice an' long-call'd neäme.

once

through

one, brought

An' oh! that hope, when life do dawn,
Should rise to light our way,
An' then, wi' weänèn het withdrawn,
Should soon benight our way.

heat

tʃandʒɪz

b(ə:)ɪ tə:ɪmz əbro:t ðə ma:ɪnən lə:ɪt
b(ə:)ɪ tə:ɪm ðə lə:ɪt də wjen
b(ə:)ɪ tə:ɪmz əbro:t ðə ʃʌŋ manz mə:ɪt
b(ə:)ɪ tə:ɪm (h)ɪz mə:ɪt də wjen
ðə wɪntər sno: də (h)wə:ɪtən gra:s
ðə zʌmər flə:uərz də brə:ɪtən gra:s
vər zʌm ðɪŋz wi: də lu:z wi pæm
wi:v muər ðət mɪd bi: dzæɪ tə gæm
ən mə:ɪ diər lə:ɪf də si(:)m ðə sjem
(h)wə:ɪl ət mə:ɪ zə:ɪd
ðər stɪl də bə:ɪd
ju(:)ər wɛlkəm fʃɛs ən huəmli njem

wɪ ɛvri de: ðət (w)u:ns kʌm ɒn
ə:ɪ had tə tʃu:z ə dzæɪ
wɪ mɛni ðət bi: sɪms əgɒn
ə:ɪ had tə lu:z ə dzæɪ
dru: lɒŋsəm ʃiərz əwɒndərən
dru: luənsəm rɛst əpɒndərən
(w)u:n pi:sfʊl de:tə:ɪm wər əbro:t
tə hi:l ðə ha:rt ənʌðər smɔ:t
bət mə:ɪ diər lə:ɪf də si(:)m ðə sjem
(h)wə:ɪl ə:ɪ kən hiər
əsə:ʊn(d)ən niər
j(u:)ər ɛ:nsrən væɪs ən lɒŋka:ld njem

ən o: ðət ho:p (h)wɛn lə:ɪf də de:m
ʃʊd rə:ɪz tə lə:ɪt ə:uər wæɪ
ən ðɛn wi wjenən hɛt wɪðdrɛ:n
ʃʊd su:n bɪmə:ɪt ə:uər wæɪ

Whatever mid beval me still,
Wherever chance mid call me still,
Though leäte my evenèn tweil mid cease,
An' though my night mid lose its peace,
My life will seem to me the seäme
 While you do sheäre
 My daily ceäre,
An' answer to your long-call'd neäme.

may

toil

(h)wɔtɛvər mɪd bɪvɑ:l mi: stɪl
(h)wɔrɛvər tʃɛ:ns mɪd kɑ:l mi: stɪl
ðo: ljet mə:ɪ i:vɪmən twə:ɪl mɪd si:s
ən ðo: mə:ɪ nə:ɪt mɪd lu:z ɪts pi:s
mə:ɪ lə:ɪf wɪl si(:)m tə mi: ðə sjem
 (h)wə:ɪl ju: də ʃjɛər
 mə:ɪ de:li kjɛər
ən ɛ:nsər tə jər lɔŋkɑ:lɔd nʃem

KINDNESS



GOOD Meäster Collins heärd woone day
A man a-talkèn, that did zay
It woulden answer to be kind,
He thought, to vo'k o' grov'lèn mind,
Vor they would only teäke it wrong,
That you be weak an' they be strong.
“No,” cried the goodman, “never mind,
Let vo'k be thankless,—you be kind;
Don't do your good for e'thly ends
At man's own call vor man's amends.
Though souls befriended should remain
As thankless as the sea vor rain,
On them the good's a-lost 'tis true,
But never can be lost to you.
Look on the cool-feäced moon at night
Wi' light-vull ring, at utmost height,
A-castèn down, in gleamèn strokes,
His beams upon the dim-bough'd woaks,
To show the cliff a-risèn steep,
To show the stream a-vallèn deep,
To show where windèn roads do leäd,
An' prickly thorns do ward the meäd.
While sheädes o' boughs do flutter dark
Upon the woak-trees' moon-bright bark,
There in the lewth, below the hill,
The nightengeäle, wi' ringèn bill,
Do zing among the soft-air'd groves,
While up below the house's oves
The maïd, a-lookèn vrom her room
Drough window, in her youthvul bloom,
Do listen, wi' white ears among
Her glossy heäirlocks, to the zong.

one

folk, base

earthly

oaks

shadows

shelter

eaves

through

kə:ɪndnɪs

gud mja:stər kɔlmz hiərd (w)u:n de:
ə man ətɛ:kən ðæt dɪd ze:
ɪt (w)ʊdən ɛ:nsər tə bi: kə:m(d)
hi: ðɔ:t tə vɔ:k ə grɒvlən mə:m(d)
vər ðe: wud ɔ:nli tʃek ɪt rɒŋ
ðæt ju: bi: wi:k ən ðe: bi: strɒŋ
nɔ: kræ:ɪd ðə gudmən nəvər mə:m(d)
let vɔ:k bi: θaŋklɪs ju: bi: kə:m(d)
dɔ:nt du: jər gud vər ɛθli ɛn(d)z
ət manz ɔ:n ka:l vər manz əmən(d)z
ðo: sɔ:lz bɪfrɛndɪd ʃʊd rɪmæm
əz θaŋklɪs əz ðə si: vər ræm
ɒn ðem ðə gudz əlɒst tɪz tru:
bət nəvər kən bi: lɒst tə ju:
lʊk ɒn ðə ku:lʃjɛst mu:n ət nə:ɪt
wi læ:ɪtvʊl rɪŋ ət ʌtmə:st hæ:ɪt
əkɑ:stən də:un ɪn glɪ:mən strɔ:kz
(h)ɪz bi:mz əpɒn ðə dɪmbə:ud (w)uəks
tə ʃo: ðə klɪf ərə:ɪzən sti:p
tə ʃo: ðə stri:m əvɑ:lən di:p
tə ʃo: (h)wər wə:m(d)ən rɔ:dz də liəd
ən prɪkli ðɑ:rnz də wɑ:rd ðə miəd
(h)wə:ɪl ʃjɛdz ə bə:uz də flætər dɑ:rk
əpɒn ðə (w)uəktri:z mu:nbrɔ:ɪt bɑ:rk
ðər ɪn ðə lu:θ bɪlɔ: ðə hɪl
ðə nə:ɪtəŋgjel wi rɪŋən bɪl
də zɪŋ əmɒŋ ðə sɒftæ:ɪrd grɔ:vz
(h)wə:ɪl ʌp bɪlɔ: ðə hæ:usɪz ɔ:vz
ðə mə:ɪd əlɒkən vrəm (h)ər ru:m
dru: wɪndər ɪn (h)ər ju:θvʊl blu:m
də lɪsən wi (h)wə:ɪt iərz əmɒŋ
(h)ər glɒsi hjɛərlɒks tə ðə zɒŋ

If, then, the while the moon do light
The lonesome zinger o' the night,
His cold-beam'd light do seem to show
The prowlen owls the mouse below,
What then? Because an evil will,
Ov his sweet good, mid meake zome ill,
Shall all his feace be kept behind
The dark-brow'd hills to leäve us blind?"

may

if ðen ðə (h)wə:l ðə mu:n də lə:ɪt
ðə luənsəm zɪŋər ə ðə nə:ɪt
(h)ɪz kuəldbi:m d lə:ɪt də si(:)m tə ʃo:
ðə prə:ulən ə:ulz ðə mə:us bɪlo:
(h)wɒt ðen bɪkjɛ:z ən i:vəl wɪl
əv (h)ɪz swi(:)t gud mɪd mjɛk zʌm ɪl
ʃal a:l (h)ɪz fjɛs bi: kɛpt bihə:m(d)
ðə da:rkbrə:ud hɪlz tə liəv əs blə:m(d)



WITHSTANDERS

opponents

WHEN weakness now do strive wi' might
In struggles ov an e'thly trial,
Might mid overcome the right,
An' truth be turn'd by might's denial;
Withstanders we ha' mmost to feär,
If selfishness do wring us here,
Be souls a-holdèn in their hand,
The might an' riches o' the land.

earthly
may

But when the wicked, now so strong,
Shall stan' vor judgment, peäle as ashes,
By the souls that rued their wrong,
Wi' tears a-hangèn on their lashes—
Then withstanders they shall deäre
The læst ov all to meet wi' there,
Mid be the helpless souls that now
Below their wrongvul might mid bow.

Sweet childern o' the dead, bereft
Ov all their goods by guile an' forgèn;
Souls o' driven sleäves that left
Their weäry limbs a-mark'd by scourgèn;
They that God ha' call'd to die
Vor truth ageän the worold's lie,
An' they that groan'd an' cried in väin,
A-bound by foes' unrighteous chain.

The mäid that selfish craft led on
To sin, an' left wi' hope a-blighted;
Starvèn workmen, thin an' wan,
Wi' hopeless leäbour ill requited;

wiðstandærz

(h)wen wi:knis næ:u də stræ:iv wi mə:it
in strʌgəlz əv ən eθli træ:iəl
mə:it mid ɔ:vərkʌm ðə rə:it
ən tru:θ bi: tæ:rnd b(ə):i mə:its dɪnæ:iəl
wiðstandærz wi: ha muəst tə fiər
if selfiʃnis də rɪŋ əs hiər
bi: so:lz əho:ldən in ðər han(d)
ðə mə:it ən rɪtʃɪz ə ðə lan(d)

bæt (h)wen ðə wɪkɪd næ:u sə strɒŋ
ʃəl stan vər dʒʌdʒmənt pʃel əz əʃɪz
b(ə):i ðə so:lz ðæt ru:d ðər rɒŋ
wi tiərz əhæŋən ɒn ðər laʃɪz
ðen wiðstandærz ðe: ʃəl dʒeər
ðə liəst əv a:l tə mi(:)t wi ðeər
mɪd bi: ðə helplɪs so:lz ðæt næ:u
bɪlo: ðər rɒŋvul mə:it mɪd bæ:u

swi(:)t tʃɪldərn ə ðə dɛd bɪrɛft
əv a:l ðər gʊdz b(ə):i gə:ɪl ən fuərdʒən
so:lz ə drɪvən sljevz ðæt left
ðər wiəri lɪmz əmɑ:rkt b(ə):i skuərdʒən
ðe: ðæt gʊd hə kɑ:ld tə də:i
vər tru:θ əgjen ðə wə:rdəlz læ:i
ən ðe: ðæt grə:nd ən kræ:ɪd in væm
əbə:un(d) b(ə):i fo:z ʌnræ:ɪtʃəs tʃæm

ðə mə:ɪd ðæt selfɪʃ kra:ft led ɒn
tə sɪn ən left wi ho:p əblə:ɪtɪd
stɑ:rven wə:rkmen ðɪn ən wɒn
wi ho:plɪs ljebər ɪl rɪkwə:ɪtɪd

Souls a-wrong'd, an' call'd to vill
Wi' dread, the men that us'd em ill.
When might shall yield to right as pliant
As a dwarf avore a giant.

When there, at last, the good shall glow
 In starbright bodies lik' their Seäviour,
Vor all their flesh noo mwore mid show,
 The marks o' man's unkind beheäviour:
Wi' speechless tongue, an' burnèn cheak,
The strong shall bow avore the weäk,
An' vind that helplessness, wi' right,
Is strong beyond all e'thly might.

may

earthly

so:lz ərɒŋd ən ka:lɪd tə vɪl
wi drɛd ðə mɛn ðət ju:zd əm ɪl
(h)wɛn mə:ɪt ʃəl ji:l(d) tə rə:ɪt əz plə:ɪənt
əz ə dwa:ɪf əvuər ə dʒə:ɪənt

(h)wɛn ðeər at lɛ:st ðə guð ʃəl glo:
 ɪn stɑ:rbrə:ɪt bɒdɪz lɪk ðər ʃjɛvjər
vər a:l ðər flɛʃ nu: muər mɪd ʃo:
 ðə mɑ:ɪks ə mɑ:nz ʌnkə:m(d) bɪhʃɛvjər
wi spi:tʃlɪs tʌŋ ən bɛ:rnən tʃiæk
ðə strɒŋ ʃəl bə:u əvuər ðə wiæk
ən və:m(d) ðət hɛlplɪsnɪs wi rə:ɪt
ɪz strɒŋ bɪjənd a:l ɛθli mə:ɪt

DANIEL DWITTHEN, THE WISE CHAP



DAN DWITTHEN wer the chap to show
His naighbours mwore than they did know,
Vor he could zee, wi' half a thought,
What zome could hardly be a-taught;

An' he had never any doubt
Whatever 'twere, but he did know't,
An' had a-reach'd the bottom o't,
Or soon could meäke it out.

of it

Wi' narrow feäce, an' nose so thin
That light a'most shone drough the skin,
As he did talk, wi' his red peäir
O' lips, an' his vull eyes did steäre,

What nippy looks friend Daniel wore,
An' how he smiled as he did bring
Such reasons vor to clear a thing,

As dather'd vo'k the mwore!

through

clever

confused folk

When woonce there come along the road
At night, zome show-vo'k, wi' a lwoad
Ov half the wild outlandish things
That crawl'd, or went wi' veet, or wings;

Their elephant, to stratch his knees,
Walk'd up the road-zide turf, an' left
His tracks a-zunk wi' all his heft

As big's a vinny cheese.

blue vinny (made from skimmed milk)

once

weight

An' zoo next mornèn zome vo'k vound
The girt round tracks upon the ground,
An' view'd em all wi' stedvast eyes,
An' wi' their vingers spann'd their size,

so

great

danəl dwiðən ðə wə:ɪz tʃap

dan dwiðən wər ðə tʃap tə ʃo:
(h)ɪz næɪbərz muər ðən ðe: dɪd no:
vər hi: kʊd zi: wi hɛ:f ə ðɔ:t
(h)wɒt zʌm kʊd hɑ:rdli bi: ətɔ:t
ən hi: hɑd nəvər eni dərʊt
(h)wɒtɛvər twər bət hi: dɪd nɔ:t
ən hɑd ərɪ:tʃt ðə bɒtəm o:t
ar su:n kʊd mʃɛk ɪt ərʊt

wi narə(r) ʃjɛs ən no:z sə ðɪn
ðət læɪt a:məst ʃɒn dru: ðə skɪn
ɛz hi: dɪd tɛ:k wi (h)ɪz rɛd pjɛər
ə lɪps ən (h)ɪz vʊl ə:ɪz dɪd stjɛər
(h)wɒt nɪpi lʊks frɛn(d) danəl wuər
ən hɔ:u hi: smə:ɪld ɛz hi: dɪd brɪŋ
sɪtʃ rɪ:zənz vər tə kliər ə ðɪŋ
ɛz dɑðərd vɔ:k ðə muər

(h)wɛn (w)u:ns ðər kʌm əlɒŋ ðə rɔ:d
ət nə:ɪt zʌm ʃɔ:vɔ:k wi ə luəd
ən hɛ:f ðə wə:ɪl(d) ə:ʊtlændɪʃ ðɪŋz
ðət kra:ld ər wɛnt wi vɪ:t ər wɪŋz
ðər ɛɪfənt tə stratʃ (h)ɪz ni:z
wɛ:kt ʌp ðə rɔ:dzə:ɪd tɔ:rf ən lɛft
(h)ɪz traks əzʌŋk wi a:l (h)ɪz hɛft
ɛz bɪgz ə vɪni tʃi:z

ən zu: nɛks(t) mɑ:rən zʌm vɔ:k vɔ:ʊn(d)
ðə gɔ:ɪrt rɔ:ʊn(d) traks əpɒn ðə grɔ:ʊn(d)
ən vju:d əm a:l wi stɛdvɑ:st ə:ɪz
ən wi ðər vɪŋgərz spænd ðər sə:ɪz

An' took their depth below the brink:
An' whether they mid be the tracks
O' things wi' witches on their backs,
Or what, they coulden think.

might

At last friend Dan come up, an' brought
His wit to help their dizzy thought,
An' lookèn on an' off the ea'th,
He cried, a-drawèn a vull breath,
“Why, I do know; what, can't ye zee 't?
I'll bet a shillèn 'twèr a deer
Broke out o' park, an' sprung on here,
Wi' quoits upon his veet.”

earth

ən tuk ðər dəpθ bɪlɔː ðə brɪŋk
ən (h)wɛðər ðeː mɪd biː ðə traks
ə ðɪŋz wi wɪtʃɪz ɒn ðər baks
ar (h)wɒt ðeː kʊdən ðɪŋk

ət leːst frɛn(d) dən klʌm ʌp ən brɔːt
(h)ɪz wɪt tə help ðər dɪzi ðɔːt
ən lʊkən ɒn ən ɒf ði ɛθ
hiː krəːɪd ədɹeːən ə vʊl brɛθ
(h)wəːɪ əːɪ də noː (h)wɒt keːnt iː zɪt
əːɪl bet ə ʃɪlən twɔː ə diər
brɔːk əʊt ə pɑːrk ən sprʌŋ ɒn hiər
wi kwɛrts əpɒn (h)ɪz vɪt



TURNÈN THINGS OFF

giving things a different turn

UPZIDES wi' Polly! no, he'd vind
That Poll would soon leäve him behind.
To turn things off! oh! she's too quick
To be a-caught by ev'ry trick.

even with

Woone day our Jimmy stole down steäirs
On merry Polly unaweäres,
The while her nimble tongue did run
A-tellèn, all alive wi' fun,
To sister Anne, how Simon Heäre
Did hanker after her at feäir.

one

“He left,” cried Polly, “cousin Jeäne,
An' kept wi' us all down the leäne,
An' which way ever we did leäd
He vollow'd over hill an' meäd;
An' wi' his head o' shaggy heäir,
An' sleek brown cwoat that he do weäre,
An' collar that did reach so high
'S his two red ears, or perty nigh,
He swung his täil, wi' steps o' pride,
Back right an' left, vrom zide to zide,
A-walkèn on, wi' heavy strides
A half behind, an' half upzides.”

alongside

“Who's that?” cried Jimmy, all agog;
An' thought he had her now han'-pat,
“That's Simon Heäre,” but no, “Who's that?”

in his grasp

Cried she at woonce, “Why Uncle's dog,
Wi' what have you a-been misled
I wonder. Tell me what I zaid.”

once

Woone evenèn as she zot bezide
The wall the ranglèn vine do hide,
A-prattlèn on, as she did zend
Her needle, at her vinger's end,

*sat
climbing*

tə:rən ðɪŋz ɒf

ʌpzeɪdz wi pɒli no: hi:d və:m(d)
ðæt pɒl wʊd su:n liəv hɪm bihə:m(d)
tə tə:rən ðɪŋz ɒf o: ʃi:z tu: kwɪk
tə bi: əkə:t b(ə):ɪ evri trɪk
(w)u:n de: əuər dʒɪmi sto:l də:ʊn stjeərz
ɒn məri pɒli ʌnəweərz
ðə (h)wə:ɪl (h)ər nɪmbəl tʌŋ dɪd rʌn
ətɛlən a:l ələ:ɪv wi fʌn
tə sɪstər ən hə:u sə:ɪmən hjeər
dɪd haŋkər ɛ:tər (h)ər ət fjeər
hi: lef t krə:ɪd pɒli kʌzən dʒjən
ən kept wi ʌs a:l də:ʊn ðə ljen
ən (h)wɪtʃ wæɪ evər wi: dɪd liəd
hi: vɒlɪd ɔ:vər hɪl ən miəd
ən wi (h)ɪz hɛd ə ʃaɡɪ hjeər
ən sli:k brə:ʊn kuət ðət hi: də weər
ən kɒlər ðət dɪd ri:tʃ sə hə:ɪ
z (h)ɪz tu: red iərz ar pə:rtɪ nə:ɪ
hi: swʌŋ (h)ɪz tæɪl wi stɛps ə prə:ɪd
bʌk rə:ɪt ən lef t vrəm zə:ɪd tə zə:ɪd
əwe:kən ɒn wi həvi strə:ɪdz
ə he:f bihə:m(d) ən he:f ʌpze:ɪdz
hu:z ðət krə:ɪd dʒɪmi a:l əɡɒɡ
ən ðɔ:t hi: həd (h)ər nə:u hənpat
ðats sə:ɪmən hjeər bət no: hu:z ðət
krə:ɪd ʃi: ət (w)u:ns (h)wə:ɪ ʌŋkəlz dɒɡ
wi (h)wɒt həv ju: əbɪn mɪslɛd
ə:ɪ wʌndər tɛl mi: (h)wɒt ə:ɪ zɛd
(w)u:n i:vmən əz ʃi: zʌt bɪzə:ɪd
ðə wə:l ðə rəŋɡlən və:m də hə:ɪd
əpratlən ɒn əz ʃi: dɪd zɛn(d)
(h)ər nɪdəl ət (h)ər vɪŋɡərz ɛn(d)

On drough the work she had in hand,
Zome bran-new thing that she'd a-plann'd,
Jim overheärd her talk ageän
O' Robin Hine, ov Ivy Leäne,
“Oh! no, what he!” she cried in scorn,
“I wouldèn gie a penny vor'n;
The best ov him's outzide in view;
His cwoat is gay enough, 'tis true,
But then the wold vo'k didden bring
En up to know a single thing,
An' as vor zingèn,—what do seem
His zingèn's nothèn but a scream.”
“So ho!” cried Jim, “Who's that, then, Meäry,
That you be now a-talkèn o'?”
He thought to catch her then, but, no,
Cried Polly, “Oh! why Jeäne's caneäry,
Wi' what have you a-been misled,
I wonder. Tell me what I zaid.”

through

for him

*old folk didn't
him*

ʊn dru: ðə wɛ:rk ʃi: had ɪn han(d)
 zʌm brannju: ðɪŋ ðət ʃi:d əplænd
 dʒɪm ɔ:vərhiərd (h)ər tɛ:k əgjen
 ə rɒbɪn hɛ:m əv ə:ɪvi ljen
 o: nɔ: (h)wɒt hi: ʃi: krə:ɪd ɪn ska:rn
 ə:ɪ (w)ʊdən gi: ə pɛni vɑ:rn
 ðə bɛst əv hɪmz ə:ʊtzə:ɪd ɪn vju:
 (h)ɪz kuət ɪz gæɪ ɪnʌf tɪz tru:
 bət ðɛn ðə (w)uəld vɔ:k dɪdən brɪŋ
 ən ʌp tə nɔ: ə sɪŋgəl ðɪŋ
 ən əz vɛr zɪŋgən (h)wɒt də si:m
 (h)ɪz zɪŋənz nʌθən bət ə skri:m
 sɔ: hɔ: krə:ɪd dʒɪm hu:z ðət ðɛn mjeəri
 ðət jə bi: nɛ:u ətɛ:kən o:
 hi: ðɔ:t tə kʌtʃ (h)ər ðɛn bət nɔ:
 krə:ɪd pɒli o: (h)wə:ɪ dʒjɛnz kənɛəri
 wi (h)wɒt hæv ju: əbɪn mɪslɛd
 ə:ɪ wʌndər tɛl mi: (h)wɒt ə:ɪ zɛd

THE GIANTS IN TREÄDES



GRAMFER'S FEÄBLE

(How the steam engine come about.)

Vier, Aïr, E'th, Water, wer a-meäde *fire, earth*
Good workers, each o'm in his treäde,
An' *Aïr* an' *Water* wer a match
Vor woone another in a mill; *one*
The giant *Water* at a hatch,
An' *Aïr* on the windmill hill.
Zoo then, when *Water* had a-meäde *so*
Zome money, *Aïr* begrudg'd his treäde,
An' come by, unaweäres woone night,
An' vound en at his own mill-head, *him*
An' cast upon en, iron-tight,
An icy cwoat so stiff as lead.
An' there he wer so good as dead
Vor grindèn any corn vor bread.
Then *Water* cried to *Vier*, "Alack!
Look, here be I, so stiff's a log,
Thik fellor *Aïr* do keep me back *that*
Vrom grindèn. I can't wag a cog. *move*
If I, dear *Vier*, did ever souse
Your nimble body on a house,
When you wer on your merry pranks
Wi' thatch or refters, beams or planks,
Vorgi'e me, do, in pity's neäme, *forgive*
Vor 'twerden I that wer to bleäme,
I never wagg'd, though I be'nt cringèn,
Till men did dreve me wi' their engine. *drive*
Do zet me free vrom theäse cwold jacket, *this*
Vor I myzelf shall never crack it."

ðə dzə:ɪənts ɪn trɪjɛdz

gramfərz fɪjəbəl

(hə:u ðə sti:m ɪndʒən klʌm əbərʊt)

və:ɪər æɪr ɛθ wɔ:tər wər əmjɛd
gud wə:rkərz ɪtʃ o:m ɪn (h)ɪz trɪjɛd
ən æɪr ən wɔ:tər wər ə mətʃ
vər (w)u:n ənlɔðər ɪn ə mɪl
ðə dzə:ɪənt wɔ:tər ət ə hatʃ
ən æɪr ɒn ðə wɪn(d)mɪl hɪl
zu: ðen (h)wɛn wɔ:tər hʌd əmjɛd
zəm mʌni æɪr bɪgrʌdʒd (h)ɪz trɪjɛd
ən klʌm bə:ɪ ʌnəwɛərz (w)u:n nə:ɪt
ən və:ʊn(d) ən ət (h)ɪz o:n mɪlhɛd
ən kɑ:st əpɒn ən ə:ɪəntə:ɪt
ən ə:ɪsi kuət sə stɪf əz lɛd
ən ðər hi: wər sə gud əz dɛd
vər grə:m(d)ən eni kɑ:rn vər brɛd
ðen wɔ:tər kræ:ɪd tə və:ɪər əlʌk
lʊk hiər bi: ə:ɪ sə stɪfs ə lɒg
ðɪk fɛlər æɪr də ki:(j)p mi: bʌk
vrəm grə:m(d)ən ə:ɪ kɛ:nt wʌg ə kɒg
ɪf ə:ɪ diər və:ɪər dɪd evər sə:ʊs
jər nɪmbəl bɒdi ɒn ə hə:ʊs
(h)wɛn ju: wər ɒn jər mɛri prʌŋks
wi ðʌtʃ ər rɛ:ftərz bi:mz ər plʌŋks
vɑ:gi: mi: du: ɪn pɪtɪz nɪjəm
vər twə:rdən ə:ɪ ðət wər tə blɪjəm
ə:ɪ nəvər wʌgd ðo: ə:ɪ be:nt krɪndʒən
tɪl mɛn dɪd drɛ:v mi: wi ðər ɪndʒən
du: zɛt mi: frɪ: vrəm ðiəs kuəld dzʌkɪt
vər ə:ɪ m(ə):ɪzʌf ʃəl nəvər krʌk ɪt

“Well come,” cried *Vier*, “My vo’k ha’ meäde *folk*
 An engine that ’ull work your treäde.
 If *E’th* is only in the mood,
 While I do work, to gi’e me food, *give*
 I’ll help ye, an’ I’ll meäke your skill
 A match vor Mister *Air*’s wold mill.” *old*
 “What food,” cried *E’th*, “’ull suit your bboard?”
 “Oh! trust me, I ben’t over nice,”
 Cried *Vier*, “an’ I can eat a slice
 Ov any thing you can avword.” *afford*
 “I’ve lots,” cried *E’th*, “ov coal an’ wood.”
 “Ah! that’s the stuff,” cried *Vier*, “that’s good.”
 Zoo *Vier* at woonce to *Water* cried, *so, once*
 “Here, *Water*, here, you get inside
 O’ theäse girt bwoiler. Then I’ll show *this great*
 How I can help ye down below,
 An’ when my work shall woonce begin
 You’ll be a thousand times so strong,
 An’ be a thousand times so long
 An’ big as when you vu’st got in. *first*
 An’ I wull meäke, as sure as death,
 Thik fellor *Air* to vind me breath, *that*
 An’ you shall grind, an’ pull, an’ dreve, *drive*
 An’ zaw, an’ drash, an’ pump, an’ heave, *thrash*
 An’ get vrom *Air*, in time, I’ll lay
 A pound, the drevèn ships at sea.”
 An’ zoo ’tis good to zee that might *so*
 Wull help a man a-wrong’d, to right.

wæl kʌm kræ:ɪd və:iər mə:i vɔ:k hæ mjed
ən ɪndʒən ðæt ul wə:rk jər trjed
ɪf ɛθ ɪz ɔ:nli ɪn ðə mʊd
(h)wə:ɪl ə:i də wə:rk tə gi: mi: fʊd
ə:ɪl help ɪ: ən ə:ɪl mjek jər skɪl
ə matʃ vər mɪstər æɪrɪz (w)uəld mɪl
(h)wɒt fʊd kræ:ɪd ɛθ ul su:t jər buərd
o: trʌst mi: ə:i be:ɪnt ɔ:vər nə:ɪs
kræ:ɪd və:iər ən ə:i kæn ɪ:t ə slə:ɪs
əv eni ðɪŋ jə kæn əvuərd
ə:ɪv lɒts kræ:ɪd ɛθ əv kɔ:l ən wʊd
a: ðats ðə stʌf kræ:ɪd və:iər ðats gud
zu: və:iər ət (w)u:ns tə wɔ:tər kræ:ɪd
hiər wɔ:tər hiər ju: get ɪnsə:ɪd
ə ðiəs gə:ɪt bwə:ɪlər ðen ə:ɪl ʃɔ:
hə:u ə:i kæn help ɪ: də:ʊn bɪlɔ:
ən (h)wen mə:i wə:rk ʃəl (w)u:ns bɪgm
jəl bi: ə θə:uzən(d) tə:ɪmz sə strɒŋ
ən bi: ə θə:uzən(d) tə:ɪmz sə lɒŋ
ən bɪg əz (h)wen jə vʌst gʊt ɪn
ən ə:i wʊl mjek əz ʃu:(:ər əz dɛθ
ðɪk fɛlər æɪr tə və:m(d) mi: brɛθ
ən ju: ʃəl grə:m(d) ən pʊl ən dre:v
ən zɛ: ən draʃ ən plʌmp ən he:v
ən get vrəm æɪr ɪn tə:ɪm ə:ɪl le:
ə pə:ʊn(d) ðə dre:vən ʃɪps ət si:
ən zu: tɪz gud tə zi: ðæt mə:ɪt
wʊl help ə man ɛrɒŋd tə rə:ɪt

THE LITTLE WOROLD



MY hwome wer on the timber'd ground
O' Duncombe, wi' the hills a-bound:
Where vew from other peärts did come,
An' vew did travel vur from hwome,
An' small the worold I did know;
But then, what had it to bestow
But Fanny Deäne so good an' feäir?
'Twer wide enough if she wer there.

far

In our deep hollow where the zun
Did eärly läve the smoky tun,
An' all the meäds a-growèn dim,
Below the hill wi' zunny rim;
Oh! small the land the hills did bound,
But there did walk upon the ground
Young Fanny Deäne so good an' feäir:
'Twer wide enough if she wer there.

chimney-top

O' leäte upon the misty pläin
I stay'd vor shelter vrom the räin,
Where sharp-leav'd ashes' heads did twist
In hufflèn wind, an' driftèn mist,
An' small the worold I could zee;
But then it had below the tree
My Fanny Deäne so good an' feäir:
'Twer wide enough if she wer there.

gusty

An' I've a house wi' thatchen ridge,
Below the elems by the bridge:
Wi' small-peän'd windows, that do look
Upon a knap, an' ramblèn brook;

hillock

ðə litəl wə:rdəl

mə:i huəm wər ɒn ðə tɪmbərd grə:un(d)
ə dʌŋkʊ:m wi ðə hɪlz əbə:un(d)
(h)wər vju: vrəm ʌðər pja:rts dɪd kʌm
ən vju: dɪd travəl və:r vrəm huəm
ən smɑ:l ðə wə:rdəl ə:i dɪd nɔ:
bət ðen (h)wɒt həd ɪt tə bɪstɔ:
bət fəni diən sə gud ən fjeər
twər wə:ɪd ɪnʌf ɪf ʃi: wər ðeər

ɪn ə:uər di:p hɒlə (h)wər ðə zʌn
dɪd jə:rlɪ liəv ðə smɔ:ki tʌn
ən aɪl ðə miədz əgrə:ən dɪm
bɪlɔ: ðə hɪl wi zʌni rɪm
o: smɑ:l ðə lʌn(d) ðə hɪlz dɪd bə:un(d)
bət ðər dɪd wɜ:k əpɒn ðə grə:un(d)
jʌŋ fəni diən sə gud ən fjeər
twər wə:ɪd ɪnʌf ɪf ʃi: wər ðeər

ə ljet əpɒn ðə mɪsti plæm
ə:i stæɪd wər ʃeltər vrəm ðə ræm
(h)wər ʃa:rplɪ:vɔd əʃɪz hɛdz dɪd twɪst
ɪn hʌflən wɪn(d) ən drɪftən mɪst
ən smɑ:l ðə wə:rdəl ə:i kʊd zi:
bət ðen ɪt həd bɪlɔ: ðə tri:
mə:i fəni diən sə gud ən fjeər
twər wə:ɪd ɪnʌf ɪf ʃi: wər ðeər

ən ə:ɪv ə hæ:ʊs wi ðətʃən rʌdʒ
bɪlɔ: ði ɛləmz b(ə):ɪ ðə brʌdʒ
wi smɑ:lɔpjend wɪndərz ðət də lʊk
əpɒn ə nɑp ən rʌmblən brʊk

An' small's my house, my ruf is low,
But then who mid it have to show
But Fanny Deäne so good an' feäir?
'Tis fine enough if peace is there.

roof
may

ən sma:lz mə:n hə:us mə:n rʌf ɪz lo:
bət ðen hu: mɪd ɪt hav tə ʃo:
bət fəni diən sə ɡʊd ən fjeər
tɪz fə:m ɪnʌf ɪf pi:s ɪz ðeər

BAD NEWS



I DO mind when there broke bitter tidèns,
 Woone day, on their ears,
An' their souls wer a-smote wi' a stroke
As the lightnèn do vall on the woak,
An' the things that wer bright all around em
 Seem'd dim drough their tears.

one

oak

through

Then unheeded wer things in their vingers,
 Their grief wer their all.
All unheeded wer zongs o' the birds,
All unheeded the child's perty words,
All unheeded the kitten a-rollèn
 The white-threaded ball.

Oh! vor their minds the daylight around em
 Had nothèn to show.
Though it brighten'd their tears as they vell,
An' did sheen on their lips that did tell,
In their vaïces all thrillèn an' mwoansome,
 O' nothèn but woe.

shine

shuddering

But they vound that, by Heavenly mercy,
 The news werden true;
An' they shook, wi' low laughter, as quick
As a drum when his blows do vall thick,
An' wer eärnest in words o' thanksgivèn,
 Vor mercies anew.

wasn't

bad nju:z

ə:ɪ də mə:m(d) (h)wɛn ðər brɔ:k bɪtər tə:ɪdɛnz
 (w)u:n de: ɒn ðər iərz
ən ðər so:lz wər əsmo:t wi ə stro:k
az ðə lə:ɪtnən də va:l ɒn ðə (w)uæk
ən ðə ðɪŋz ðət wər brə:ɪt a:l ərə:un(d) əm
 si(:)md dɪm dru: ðər tiərz

ðɛn ʌnhi:dɪd wər ðɪŋz ɪn ðər vɪŋgərz
 ðər grɪ:f wər ðər a:l
a:l ʌnhi:dɪd wər zɒŋz ə ðə bə:rdz
a:l ʌnhi:dɪd ðə tʃə:ɪl(d)z pə:rtɪ wə:rdz
a:l ʌnhi:dɪd ðə kɪtən ərɔ:lən
 ðə (h)wə:ɪtdrɛdɪd ba:l

o: vər ðər mə:m(d)z ðə de:lə:ɪt ərə:un(d) əm
 had nʌθən tə ʃo:
ðo: ɪt brə:ɪtənd ðər tiərz əz ðe: vɛl
ən dɪd ʃi:n ɒn ðər lɪps ðət dɪd tɛl
ɪn ðər væ:ɪsɪz a:l θɪrlən ən muənsəm
 ə nʌθən bət wɔ:

bət ðe: və:un(d) ðət b(ə):ɪ hevənli mə:rsɪ
 ðə nju:z wə:rdən tru:
ən ðe: ʃʊk wi lo: le:ftər əz kwɪk
əz ə drʌm (h)wɛn (h)ɪz blɔ:z də va:l θɪk
ən wər jɑ:rnɪst ɪn wə:rdz ə θɑŋksɡɪvən
 vər mə:rsɪz ənju:

THE TURNSTILE



AH! sad wer we as we did peäce
The wold church road, wi' downcast feäce, *old*
The while the bell, that mwoan'd so deep
Above our child a-left asleep,
Wer now a-zingèn all alive
Wi' tother bells to meäke the vive.
But up at woone pleäce we come by, *one*
'Twer hard to keep woone's two eyes dry;
On Steän-cliff road, 'ithin the drong, *lane*
Up where, as vo'k do pass along, *folk*
The turnèn stile, a-painted white,
Do sheen by day an' show by night. *shine*
Vor always there, as we did goo
To church, thik stile did let us drough, *that, through*
Wi' spreadèn eärms that wheel'd to guide *arms*
Us each in turn to tother zide.
An' vu'st ov all the traïn he took *first*
My wife, wi' winsome gäit an' look;
An' then zent on my little maïd, *daughter*
A-skippenøn onward, overjäy'd
To reach ageän the pleäce o' pride,
Her comely mother's left han' zide.
An' then, a-wheelèn roun', he took
On me, 'ithin his third white nook.
An' in the fourth, a-sheäkèn wild,
He zent us on our giddy child. *son*
But eesterday he guided slow
My downcast Jenny, vull o' woe,
An' then my little maïd in black,
A-walkèn softly on her track;

ðə tɜːrnstəɪl

a: sad wɜː wi: əz wi: dɪd pjɛs
ðə (w)uəld tʃɜːrtʃ roːd wi dɜːunkɑːst fjɛs
ðə (h)wəɪl ðə bɛl ðət muənd sə di:p
əbʌv əuər tʃɜːɪl(d) əlɛft əsli:p
wɜː nɜːu əzɪŋən a:l əlɜːɪv
wi tʌðər bɛlz tə mʃɛk ðə vɜːɪv
bət ʌp ət (w)u:n pljɛs wi: kʌm bæɪ
twɜːr hɑːrd tə ki(:)p (w)u:nz tu: əɪz drɜːɪ
ɒn stiŋklɪf roːd iðm ðə drɒŋ
ʌp (h)wɜːr əz vɔːk də pa:s əlɒŋ
ðə tɜːrnən stəɪl əpæmtɪd (h)wɜːɪt
də ʃi:n b(ə):ɪ de: ən ʃo: b(ə):ɪ nɜːɪt
vɜːr a:lweɪz ðɛər əz wi: dɪd gu:
tə tʃɜːrtʃ ðɪk stəɪl dɪd lɛt əs dru:
wi spredən jɑːrmz ðət (h)wi:ld tə gɜːɪd
əs i:tʃ m tɜːrn tə tʌðər zɜːɪd
ən vʌst əv a:l ðə trɛm hi: tʌk
mɜːɪ wɜːɪf wi wɪnsəm gæɪt ən lʊk
ən ðɛn zɛnt ɒn mɜːɪ lɪtəl mæɪd
əskɪpən ɒn(w)ɜːrd ɔːvɜːrdzæɪd
tə ri:tʃ əgʃɛn ðə pljɛs ə prɜːɪd
(h)ɜːr kʌmli mʌðərz lɛft hən zɜːɪd
ən ðɛn ə(h)wi:lən rɜːun hi: tʌk
ɒn mi: iðm (h)ɪz ðɜːrd (h)wɜːɪt nuk
ən m ðə fuərθ əʃjɛkən wɜːɪl(d)
hi: zɛnt əs ɒn əuər ɡɪdi tʃɜːɪl(d)
bət iːstɜːde: hi: gɜːɪdɪd slo:
mɜːɪ dɜːunkɑːst dʒɛni vʊl ə wo:
ən ðɛn mɜːɪ lɪtəl mæɪd m blak
əwɛ:kən sɒf(t)li ɒn (h)ɜːr trak

An' after he'd a-turn'd ageän,
To let me goo along the leäne,
He had noo little bwoy to vill
His last white eärms, an' they stood still.

arms

ən ɛ:tər hi:d ətə:rnd əgjen
tə let mi: gu: əlɒŋ ðə ljen
hi: had nu: lɪtəl bwə:ɪ tə vl
(h)ɪz lɛ:st (h)wə:ɪt jɑ:rmz ən ðe: stʊd stɪl



THE BETTER VOR ZEÈN O' YOU

seeing

'TWER good what Meäster Collins spoke
 O' spite to two poor spitevul vo'k,
 When woone twold tother o' the two
 "I be never the better vor zeèn o' you."
 If soul to soul, as Christians should,
 Would always try to do zome good,
 "How vew," he cried, "would zee our feäce
 A-brighten'd up wi' smiles o' greäce,
 An' tell us, or could tell us true,
 I be never the better vor zeèn o' you."

folk
one

A man mus' be in evil ceäse
 To live 'ithin a land o' greäce,
 Wi' nothèn that a soul can read
 O' goodness in his word or deed;
 To still a breast a-heav'd wi' sighs,
 Or dry the tears o' weepèn eyes;
 To staÿ a vist that spite ha' wrung,
 Or cool the het ov anger's tongue:
 Or bless, or help, or gi'e, or lend;
 Or to the friendless stand a friend,
 An' zoo that all could tell en true,
 "I be never the better vor zeèn o' you."

case (plight)

fist, clenched
beat
give

so, him

Oh! no, mid all o's try to spend
 Our passèn time to zome good end,
 An' zoo vrom day to day teäke heed,
 By mind, an' han', by word or deed;
 To lessen evil, and increase
 The growth o' righteousness an' peäce,
 A-speakèn words o' lovèn-kindness,
 Openèn the eyes o' blindness;

may

ðə bɛtər vər zi:ən ə ju:

twər ɡʊd (h)wɒt mja:stər kɔlnz spɔ:k
ə spə:ɪt tə tu: pu(:)ər spə:ɪtvʊl vɔ:k
(h)wɛn (w)u:n tuəld tʌðər ə ðə tu:
ə:ɪ bi: nɛvər ðə bɛtər vər zi:ən ə ju:
ɪf so:l tə so:l əz krɪstʃənz ʃʊd
wʊd a:lweɪz trə:ɪ tə du: zʌm ɡʊd
hə:u vju: hi: krə:ɪd wʊd zi: ə:uər fjes
əbrɛ:ɪtənd ʌp wi smə:ɪlz ə grjɛs
ən tɛl əs ar kʊd tɛl əs tru:
ə:ɪ bi: nɛvər ðə bɛtər vər zi:ən ə ju:

ə man mʌs bi: ɪn ɪ:vəl kjɛs
tə lɪv ɪðɪn ə lɑn(d) ə grjɛs
wi nʌθən ðət ə so:l kən ri:d
ə ɡʊdnɪs ɪn (h)ɪz wɔ:rd ər di:d
tə stɪl ə brɛst əhi:vɔd wi sə:ɪz
ar drə:ɪ ðə tiərz ə wi:pən ə:ɪz
tə stæ:ɪ ə vɪst ðət spə:ɪt hə ruŋ
ar ku:l ðə hɛt əv ʌŋgərz tʌŋ
ar blɛs ar hɛlp ar ɡi: ar lɛn(d)
ar tə ðə frɛn(d)lɪs stɑn(d) ə frɛn(d)
ən zu: ðət a:l kʊd tɛl ən tru:
ə:ɪ bi: nɛvər ðə bɛtər vər zi:ən ə ju:

o: nɔ: mɪd a:l o:s trə:ɪ tə spɛn(d)
ə:uər pa:sən tə:ɪm tə zʌm ɡʊd ɛn(d)
ən zu: vrəm de: tə de: tjɛk hi:d
b(ə):ɪ mə:m(d) ən hɑn b(ə):ɪ wɔ:rd ər di:d
tə lɛsən ɪ:vəl ən(d) ɪnkri:s
ðə ɡrɔ:θ ə rɛ:ɪtʃəsɪs ən piəs
əspi:kən wɔ:rdz ə lʌvənkə:m(d)nɪs
o:bənən ði ə:ɪz ə blə:m(d)nɪs

Helpèn helpless strivers' weakness,
Cheerèn hopeless grievèrs' meekness,
Meäken friends at every meetèn,
Veel the happier vor their greetèn;
Zoo that vew could tell us true,
"I be never the better vor zeèn o' you."

so

No, let us even try to win
Zome little good vrom sons o' sin,
An' let their evils warn us back
Vrom teäkèn on their hopeless track,
Where we mid zee so clear's the zun
That harm a-done is harm a-won,
An' we mid cry an' tell em true,
"I be even the better vor zeèn o' you."

may

hɛlpən hɛlpɪs strə:vərz wi:knis
tʃiərən ho:plɪs gri:vərz mi:knis
mjekən frɛn(d)z ət evri mi:tən
vi:l ðə hapɪər vər ðər gri:tən
zu: ðət vju: kʊd tel əs tru:
ə:i bi: nəvər ðə betər vər zi:ən ə ju:

nə: let əs i:vən trə:i tə win
zʌm lɪtəl gʊd vrəm sʌnz ə sɪn
ən let ðər i:vəlz wɑ:rn əs bak
vrəm tjekən ɒn ðər ho:plɪs trak
(h)wər wi: mɪd zi: sə kliərz ðə zʌn
ðət hɑ:rm ədʌn ɪz hɑ:rm əwʌn
ən wi: mɪd krə:i ən tel əm tru:
ə:i bi: i:vən ðə betər vər zi:ən ə ju:

PITY



Good Meäster Collins! aye, how mild he spoke
Woone day o' Mercy to zome cruel vo'k.

one, folk

“No, no. Have Mercy on a helpless head,
An' don't be cruel to a zoul,” he zaid.

“When Babylon's king woonce cast 'ithin

once

The viery furnace, in his spite,
The vetter'd souls whose only sin

fiery

Wer präyer to the God o' might,
He vound a fourth, 'ithout a neäme,
A-walkèn wi' em in the fleäme.

An' zoo, whenever we mid hurt,

so, may

Vrom spite, or vrom disdäin,
A brother's soul, or meäke en smert

him

Wi' keen an' needless päin,
Another that we midden know
Is always wi' en in his woe.

may not

Vor you do know our Lord ha' cried,

'By fäith my bretheren do bide

In me the livèn vine,

As branches in a livèn tree;
Whatever you've a-done to mine

Is all a-done to me.'

Oh! when the new-born child, the e'th's new guest,

earth's

Do lie an' heave his little breast,

In pillow'd sleep, wi' sweetest breath

O' sinless days drough rwozy lips a-drawn;

through

Then, if a han' can smite en in his dawn

O' life to darksome death,

Oh! where can Pity ever vwold

fold

Her wings o' swiftness vrom their holy flight,

To leäve a heart o' flesh an' blood so cwold

At such a touchèn zight?

piti

gud mja:stær kolumz ær hœru mæ:ild hi: spok
(w)u:n de: ə mæ:rsi tə zəm kru:əl vo:k
no: no: hav mæ:rsi ɒn ə hɛlplɪs hɛd
ən do:nt bi: kru:əl tu ə so:l hi: zɛd
(h)wɛn babilɒnz kɪŋ (w)u:ns ka:st ɪðm
ðə vœ:iəri fœ:rnis in (h)ɪz spœ:ɪt
ðə vɛtərd so:lz hu:z o:nli sɪn
wɛr præiər tə ðə gud ə mæ:ɪt
hi: vœ:un(d) ə fuərθ ɪðœ:ut ə njɛm
əwɛ:kən wi əm in ðə fljɛm
ən zu: (h)wɛnɛvər wi: mid hœ:rt
vrəm spœ:ɪt ər vrəm dɪsdæm
ə brʌðərz so:l ər mjɛk ən smœ:rt
wi ki:n ən ni:dɪs pæm
ɛnʌðər ðət wi: midən no:
ɪz a:lwe:z wi ən in (h)ɪz wɔ:
vər ju: də no: ə:uər lɑ:rd hə krœ:ɪd
b(ə:ɪ) fæiθ mæ:i brɛðərən də bæ:ɪd
in mi: ðə lɪvən vœ:m
əz bra:ntʃɪz in ə lɪvən tri:
(h)wɒtɛvər jəv ədʌn tə mœ:m
ɪz a:l ədʌn tə mi:
o: (h)wɛn ðə nju:bærn tʃœ:ɪl(d) ði ɛθs nju: gɛst
də lœ:i ən hœ:v (h)ɪz litəl brɛst
in pɪlərd sli:p wi swi:(:ɪ)tɪst brɛθ
ə sɪmlɪs de:z dru: ruəzi lɪps ədrɛ:n
ðɛn ɪf ə hæn kæn smœ:ɪt ən in (h)ɪz dœ:n
ə lœ:ɪf tə dɑ:rkɪsəm dɛθ
o: (h)wɛr kæn piti ɛvər vuəld
(h)ɛr wɪŋz ə swɪf(t)nɪs vrəm ðər ho:li flœ:ɪt
tə liəv ə hɑ:rt ə flɛʃ ən blʌd sə kuəld
ət sɪʃ ə tʌtʃən zœ:ɪt

An' zoo mid meek-soul'd Pity still
Be zent to check our evil will,
An' keep the helpless soul from woe,
 An' hold the hardened heart vrom sin,
Vor they that can but mercy show
 Shall all their Father's mercy win."

so may

ən zu: mɪd mi:kso:ld pɪti stɪl
bi: zɛnt tə tʃɛk ə:uər i:vəl wɪl
ən ki(ː)p ðə hɛlplɪs so:l vrəm wo:
 ən huəld ðə ha:rdənd ha:rt vrəm sm
vər ðe: ðət kan bət mə:rsi ʃo:
 ʃəl a:l ðər fɛ:ðərz mə:rsi wɪn

JOHN BLOOM IN LON'ON



(All true.)

JOHN BLOOM he wer a jolly soul,
A grinder o' the best o' meal,
Beside a river that did roll,
Vrom week to week, to push his wheel.
His flour wer all a-meäde o' wheat;
An' fit for bread that vo'k mid eat;
Vor he would starve avore he'd cheat.
"Tis pure," woone woman cried;
"Aye, sure," woone mwore replied;
"You'll vind it nice. Buy woonce, buy twice,"
Cried worthy Bloom the miller.

folk may

one

once

Athirt the chest he wer so wide
As two or dree ov me or you,
An' wider still vrom zide to zide,
An' I do think still thicker drough.
Vall down, he coulden, he did lie
When he wer up on-zide so high
As up on-end or perty nigh.
"Meäke room," woone naighbour cried;
"Tis Bloom," woone mwore replied;
"Good morn t'ye all, bwoth girt an' small,"
Cried worthy Bloom the miller.

across

three

through

great

Noo stings o' conscience ever broke
His rest, a-twitèn o'n wi' wrong,
Zoo he did sleep till mornèn broke,
An' birds did call en wi' their zong.

reproaching him

so

him

dʒan blu:m m lʌnən

a:l tru:

dʒan blu:m hi: wər ə dʒɒli so:l
ə græ:m(d)ər ə ðə best ə mi:l
bɪzə:ɪd ə rɪvər ðət dɪd ro:l
vrəm wi:(j)k tə wi:(j)k tə pʊʃ (h)ɪz (h)wi:l
(h)ɪz flə:uər wər a:l əmjəd ə (h)wi:t
ən fit vər brəd ðət vo:k mɪd ɪ:t
vər hi: wʊd stɑ:rɪv əvuər hi:d tʃi:t
tɪz pju:(j)ər (w)u:n wʊmən kræ:ɪd
æɪ ju:(j)ər (w)u:n muər rɪplə:ɪd
jəl və:m(d) ɪt nəɪs bə:ɪ (w)u:ns bə:ɪ twəɪs
kræ:ɪd wə:rði blu:m ðə mɪlər

ədə:rt ðə tʃest hi: wər sə wə:ɪd
əz tu: ər dri: əv mi: ər ju:
ən wə:ɪdər stɪl vrəm zə:ɪd tə zə:ɪd
ən ə:ɪ də ðɪŋk stɪl θɪkər dru:
vɑ:l də:ʊn hi: kʊðən hi: dɪd lə:ɪ
(h)wɛn hi: wər ʌp ɒnzə:ɪd sə hə:ɪ
əz ʌp ɒnɛn(d) ər pə:rtɪ nə:ɪ
mjek ru:m (w)u:n næɪbər kræ:ɪd
tɪz blu:m (w)u:n muər rɪplə:ɪd
gʊd mɑ:rn tʃi: a:l buəd gə:rt ən smɑ:l
kræ:ɪd wə:rði blu:m ðə mɪlər

nu: stɪŋz ə kɒŋʃəns evər bro:k
(h)ɪz rest ətwə:ɪtən o:n wi rɒŋ
zu: hi: dɪd sli:p tɪl mɑ:rnən bro:k
ən bə:rdz dɪd kɑ:l ən wi ðər zɒŋ

But he did love a harmless joke,
 An' love his evenèn whiff o' smoke,
 A-zittèn in his cheäir o' woak. *oak*
 "Your cup," his daughter cried;
 "Vill'd up," his wife replied;
 "Aye, aye; a drap avore my nap,"
 Cried worthy Bloom the miller.

When Lon'on vok did meäke a show
 O' their girt glassen house woone year, *great, one*
 An' people went, bwoth high an' low,
 To zee the zight, vrom vur an' near, *far*
 "O well," cried Bloom, "why I've a right
 So well's the rest to zee the zight;
 I'll goo, an' teäke the rail outright." *forthwith*
 "Your feäre," the booker cried; *fare*
 "There, there," good Bloom replied;
 "Why this June het do meäke woone zweet," *heat*
 Cried worthy Bloom the miller.

Then up the guard did whissle sh'ill, *sbrilly*
 An' then the engine pank'd a-blast, *blew out*
 An' rottled on so loud's a mill,
 Avore the traïn, vrom slow to vast. *fast*
 An' oh! at last how they did spank
 By cuttèn deep, an' high-cast bank
 The while their iron ho'se did pank. *pant*
 "Do whizzy," woone o'm cried;
 "I'm dizzy," woone replied;
 "Aye, here's the road to hawl a lwoad,"
 Cried worthy Bloom the miller.

bæt hi: dɪd lʌv ə ha:ɹmlɪs dʒo:k
ən lʌv (h)ɪz i:vmən (h)wɪf ə smo:k
əzɪtən ɪn (h)ɪz tʃeər ə (w)uək
jər kʌp (h)ɪz de:tər kræ:ɪd
vɪld ʌp (h)ɪz wə:ɪf rɪplə:ɪd
æɪ æɪ ə drɒp əvuər mə:ɪ nɒp
kræ:ɪd wə:rði blu:m ðə mɪlər

(h)wen lʌnən vo:k dɪd mjek ə ʃo:
ə ðər gə:rt glɑ:sən hæ:us (w)u:n jɪər
ən pi:pəl went buəd hæ:ɪ ən lo:
tə zi: ðə zə:ɪt vrəm və:r ən niər
o: wɛl kræ:ɪd blu:m (h)wə:ɪ ə:ɪv ə rə:ɪt
sə wɛlz ðə rest tə zi: ðə zə:ɪt
ə:ɪl gu: ən tʃek ðə ræɪl ə:utrə:ɪt
jər fjeər ðə bukər kræ:ɪd
ðeər ðeər gʊd blu:m rɪplə:ɪd
(h)wə:ɪ ðɪs dʒu:n het də mjek (w)u:n zwet
kræ:ɪd wə:rði blu:m ðə mɪlər

ðen ʌp ðə gɑ:ɪd dɪd (h)wɪsəl ʃɪl
ən ðen ðɪ ɪndʒən pɑŋkt ə blɑ:st
ən rɒtəld ɒn sə læ:udz ə mɪl
əvuər ðə træɪn vrəm slo: tə va:st
ən o: ət læ:st hæ:u ðe: dɪd spɑŋk
b(ə):ɪ kʌtən di:p ən hæ:ɪkɑ:st bɑŋk
ðə (h)wə:ɪl ðər ə:ɪərɪn hʌs dɪd pɑŋk
də (h)wɪzi (w)u:n o:m kræ:ɪd
ə:ɪm dɪzi (w)u:n rɪplə:ɪd
æɪ hiərz ðə ro:d tə ha:l ə luəd
kræ:ɪd wə:rði blu:m ðə mɪlər

In Lon'on John zent out to call

A tidy trap, that he mid ride

might

To zee the glassen house, an' all

The lot o' things a-stow'd inside.

"Here, Boots, come here," cried he, "I'll dab

A sixpence in your han' to nab

Down street a tidy little cab."

"A feäre," the boots then cried;

fare (passenger)

"I'm there," the man replied.

"The glassen pleäce, your quickest peäce,"

Cried worthy Bloom the miller.

The steps went down wi' rottlèn slap,

The zwingèn door went open wide:

Wide? no; vor when the worthy chap

Stepp'd up to teäke his pleäce inside,

Breast-foremost, he wer twice too wide

Vor thik there door. An' then he tried

that

To edge in woone an' tother zide.

one

"'Twont do," the drever cried;

driver

"Can't goo," good Bloom replied;

"That you should bring theäse vooty thing!"

this paltry

Cried worthy Bloom the miller.

"Come," cried the drever. "Pay your feäre.

fare

You'll teäke up all my time, good man."

"Well," answer'd Bloom, "to meäke that square,

You teäke up me, then, if you can."

"I come at call," the man did nod.

"What then?" cried Bloom, "I han't a-rod,

ridden

An' can't in thik there hodmadod."

contraption

"Girt lump," the drever cried;

great

"Small stump," good Bloom replied;

"A little mite, to meäke so light,

O' jolly Bloom the miller."

m lʌnən dʒən zent ə:ut tə ka:l
ə tə:ɪdi trɑp ðət hi: mɪd rə:ɪd
tə zi: ðə glɑ:sən hərəus ən a:l
ðə lɒt ə ðɪŋz əsto:d ɪnsə:ɪd
hiər bu:ts klɑm hiər krə:ɪd hi: ə:ɪl dɑb
ə sɪkspəns ɪn jər hɑn tə nɑb
də:un strɪt ə tə:ɪdi lɪtəl kɑb
ə fjeər ðə bu:ts ðen krə:ɪd
ə:ɪm ðeər ðə mɑn rɪplə:ɪd
ðə glɑ:sən pljes jər kwɪkɪst pjəs
krə:ɪd wə:rði blu:m ðə mɪlər

ðə steɪps went də:un wi rɒtlən slɑp
ðə zwɪŋən duər went ɔ:bən wə:ɪd
wə:ɪd no: vər (h)wen ðə wə:rði tʃɑp
stept ʌp tə tjeɪk (h)ɪz pljes ɪnsə:ɪd
brɛst fuərmə:st hi: wər twə:ɪs tu: wə:ɪd
vər ðɪk ðeər duər ən ðen hi: trə:ɪd
tu edʒ ɪn (w)u:n ən tʌðər zə:ɪd
twu(:)nt du: ðə dre:vər krə:ɪd
ke:nt gu: gʊd blu:m rɪplə:ɪd
ðət ju: ʃʊd brɪŋ ðiəs vʊti ðɪŋ
krə:ɪd wə:rði blu:m ðə mɪlər

klɑm krə:ɪd ðə dre:vər pæɪ jər fjeər
jəl tjeɪk ʌp a:l mə:ɪ tə:ɪm gʊd mɑn
wel ɛ:nsərd blu:m tə mjek ðət skweər
ju: tjeɪk ʌp mi: ðen ɪf jə kɑn
ə:ɪ klɑm ət ka:l ðə mɑn dɪd nɒd
(h)wɒt ðen krə:ɪd blu:m ə:ɪ hɑnt ərɒd
ən ke:nt ɪn ðɪk ðeər hʊdmədɒd
gə:ɪt lɑmp ðə dre:vər krə:ɪd
smɑ:l stɑmp gʊd blu:m rɪplə:ɪd
ə lɪtəl mə:ɪt tə mjek sə lə:ɪt
ə dʒɒli blu:m ðə mɪlər

“You’d best be off now perty quick,”
Cried Bloom, “an’ vind a lighter lwoad,
Or else I’ll vetch my voot, an’ kick
The vooty thing athirt the road.”
“Who is the man?” they cried, “meäke room.”
“A halfstarv’d Do’set man,” cried Bloom;
“You be?” another cried;
“Hee! Hee!” woone mwore replied.
“Aye, shrunk so thin, to bwone an’ skin,”
Cried worthy Bloom the miller.

across

one

ju:d best bi: ɒf nə:u pə:rti kwɪk
krə:ɪd blu:m ən və:m(d) ə læ:tər luəd
ar els ə:l vetʃ mə:ɪ vʊt ən kɪk
ðə vʊti ðɪŋ əðə:rt ðə rɔ:d
hu: ɪz ðə man ðe: krə:ɪd mjæk ru:m
ə he:fsta:rvd dɒsət man krə:ɪd blu:m
jə bi: ənɒðər krə:ɪd
hi: hi: (w)u:n muər rɪplə:ɪd
æɪ ʃrʌŋk sə ðɪn tə buən ən skɪn
krə:ɪd wə:rði blu:m ðə mɪlər



A LOT O' MAÏDENS A-RUNNÈN THE VIELDS

going about in

“COME on. Be sprack, a-laggèn back.”

hurry up

“Oh! be there any cows to hook?”

gore

“Lauk she’s afraïd, a silly maïd.”

Lord

“Cows? No, the cows be down by brook.”

“O here then, oh! here is a lot.”

“A lot o’ what? what is it? what?”

“Why blackberries, as thick

As ever they can stick.”

“I’ve dewberries, oh! twice

low-growing blackberries

As good as they; so nice.”

“Look here. Theäse boughs be all but blue

these

Wi’ snags.”

sloes

“Oh! gi’e me down a vew.”

give

“Come here, oh! do but look.”

“What’s that? what is it now?”

“Why nuts a-slippèn shell.”

“Hee! hee! pull down the bough.”

“I wish I had a crook.”

“There zome o’m be a-vell.”

of them, fallen

(One sings)

“I wish I was on Bimport Hill

I would zit down and cry my vill.”

“Hee! hee! there’s Jenny zomewhere nigh,

A-zingèn that she’d like to cry.”

(Jenny sings)

“I would zit down and cry my vill

Until my tears would dreve a mill.”

drive

“Oh! here’s an ugly crawlèn thing,

A sneäke.” “A slooworm; he wont sting.”

slow-worm (snake-like lizard)

“Hee! hee! how she did squal an’ hop,

A-spinnèn roun’ so quick’s a top.”

ə lɒt ə məɪdənz ərʌnən ðə vi:l(d)z

kʌm ɒn bi: sprak əlagən bak
o: bi: ðər eni kə:uz tə hʊk
lə:k ʃi:z əfræɪd ə sɪli məɪd
kə:uz nɔ: ðə kə:uz bi: də:ʊn b(ə)ɪ brʊk
o: hiər ðen o: hiər ɪz ə lɒt
ə lɒt ə (h)wɒt (h)wɒt ɪz ɪt (h)wɒt
(h)wə:ɪ blakbərɪz əz θɪk
əz evər ðe: kən stɪk
ə:ɪv dju:bərɪz o: twə:ɪs
əz gʊd əz ðe: sɔ: nə:ɪs
lʊk hiər ðiəs bə:uz bi: a:l bət blu:
wi snagz

o: gi: mi: də:ʊn ə vju:

kʌm hiər o: du: bət lʊk
(h)wɒts ðat (h)wɒt ɪz ɪt nə:ɪ
(h)wə:ɪ nʌts əslɪpən ʃel
hi: hi: pʊl də:ʊn ðə bə:ɪ
ə:ɪ wɪʃ ə:ɪ had ə krʊk
ðeər zʌm o:m bi: əvel
(*One sings*)

ə:ɪ wɪʃ ə:ɪ wəz ɒn bɪmpa:rt hɪl
ə:ɪ wʊd zɪt də:ʊn ən(d) krə:ɪ mə:ɪ vɪl
hi: hi: ðeərz dʒeni zʌm(h)wər nə:ɪ
əzɪŋən ðət ʃi:d lə:ɪk tə krə:ɪ
(*Jenny sings*)

ə:ɪ wʊd zɪt də:ʊn ən(d) krə:ɪ mə:ɪ vɪl
ʌntɪl mə:ɪ tɪəz wʊd dre:v ə mɪl
o: hiərz ən ʌgli kre:lən ðɪŋ
ə snjek ə slu:wə:ɪm hi: wu:(ɪ)nt stɪŋ
hi: hi: hə:ɪ ʃi: dɪd skwa:l ən hɒp
əspɪnən rə:ʊn sə kwɪks ə tɒp

“Look here, oh! quick, be quick.”
 “What is it? what then? where?”
 “A rabbit.” “No, a heäre.”
 “Ooh! ooh! the thorns do prick.”
 “How he did scote along the ground *race*
 As if he wer avore a hound.”
 “Now mind the thistles.” “Hee, hee, hee,
 Why they be knapweeds.” “No.” “They be.”
 “I’ve zome’hat in my shoe.”
 “Zit down, an’ sheäke it out.”
 “Oh! emmets, oh! ooh, ooh, *ants*
 A-crawlèn all about.”
 “What bird is that, O harken, hush.
 How sweetly he do zing.”
 “A nightingäle.” “La! no, a drush.” *thrush*
 “Oh! here’s a funny thing.”
 “Oh! how the bull do hook,
 An’ bleäre, an’ fling the dirt.” *bellow*
 “Oh! wont he come athirt?” *across*
 “No, he’s beyond the brook.”
 “O lauk! a hornet rose *Lord*
 Up clwose avore my nose.”
 “Oh! what wer that so white
 Rush’d out o’ thik tree’s top?” *that*
 “An owl.” “How I did hop,
 How I do sheäke wi’ fright.”
 “A musherroom.” “O lau!
 A twoadstool! Pwoison! Augh.”
 “What’s that, a mouse?”
 “O no,
 Teäke ceäre, why ’tis a shrow.” *shrew*
 “Be sure dont let en come *it*
 An’ run athirt your shoe:

He'll meäke your voot so numb
That you wont veel a tooe."
"Oh! what wer that so loud
A-rumblèn?" "Why a clap
O' thunder. Here's a cloud
O' räin. I veel a drap."
"A thunderstorm. Do räin.
Run hwome wi' might an' mäin."
"Hee! hee! oh! there's a drop
A-trickled down my back. Hee! hee!"
"My head's as wet's a mop."
"Oh! thunder," "there's a crack. Oh! Oh!"
"Oh! I've a-got the stitch, Oh!"
"Oh! I've a-lost my shoe, Oh!"
"There's Fanny into ditch, Oh!"
"I'm wet all drough an' drough, Oh!"

through and through

hi:l mjæk jær vut sə nɑ:m
ðæt jə wu(:)nt vi:l ə tu:
o: (h)wɒt wær ðat sə lə:ud
əɾɑ:mlən (h)wə:i ə klɑ:p
ə θʌndər hiərz ə klə:ud
ə ræm ə:i vi:l ə drɑ:p
ə θʌndərsta:ɾm də ræm
rʌn huəm wi mə:t ən məm
hi: hi: o: ðərz ə drɑ:p
ətrikəld də:un mə:i bɑ:k hi: hi:
mə:i hɛdz əz wɛts ə mɒp
o: θʌndər ðərz ə krɑ:k o: o:
o: ə:i v əgɒt ðə stɪʃ o:
o: ə:i v əlɒst mə:i ʃu: o:
ðərz fɑ:ni mtə dɪʃ o:
ə:ɪm wɛt a:l dru: ən dru: o:

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.

VULL A MAN

40/28 An' of'en at my own wits' end,
end,] ~. *1879*

NAÏGHBOR PLAÿMEÄTES

44/25 Along the geärden wall do show
geärden] geärdèn *1879*

THE LARK

48/7 The orts a-left behin' by cows,
cows,] ~. *1879*

THE TWO CHURCHES

50/4 Nøke,] ~. *1879*

GRAMMER A-CRIPPLED

74/11 An' birds' gaÿ sounds
birds'] bird's *1879*

74/19 The woaken chair's vor you to vill,
The] To *1879*

THE CASTLE RUINS

78/8 That wer a-gone avore we come,
come,] ~. *1879*

ECLOGUE: JOHN, JEALOUS AT SHROTON FEÄIR

82/14 Heigh! there, then, Joey, ben't we proud!
proud!] *no punctuation 1879*

GOOD NIGHT

98/21 Under the zunlight glow'd,
glow'd,] ~. 1879

WENT HWOME

100/9 Wi' smeechy doust from heel to tooe,
tooe,] ~. 1879

CHILDERN'S CHILDERN

104/23 Be jaÿ or päin, be päin or jaÿ?
jaÿ?] ~. 1879

106/3 Be jaÿ or päin, be päin or jaÿ?
jaÿ?] ~. 1879

COME

110/7 Vor to quicken love anew?
anew?] ~. 1879

THE PILLAR'D GEÄTE

124/16 The house, below a dark-blue sky,
sky,] ~. 1879

126/2 Spent all her store an' wealth, an' died;
died,] ~, 1879

ZUMMER STREAM

130/11 My zun-out-mesur'd time's agone.
zun-out-mesur'd] zun out-mesur'd 1879

LINDA DEÄNE

132/8 An' snow-white lilies' noddèn heads,
lilies'] lilies 1879

THE LOVE CHILD

152/7 The white deäisies, a-spread in a sheet,
sheet,] ~. 1879

152/18 Then "You don't seem a-born an' a-bred,"
Then "You] "Then you 1879

WHAT JOHN WER A-TELLÈN HIS MIS'ESS . . .

164/*last line* How time do run! How years do roll!
roll!] *no punctuation* 1879

ECLOGUE: RACKETÈN JOE

170/*last line* Wowh! wow!
wow!] *no punctuation* 1879

TO ME

180/9 Kept all the quiv'rèn leaves unshown to me.
me.] ~, 1879

182/7 Zoo, sweet ov unzeen things mid be the sound,
the] *omitted* 1879

THE LEW O' THE RICK

186/29 Or under me, an' though vull grown
Or] O' 1879

TOKENS

190/17 That she'd a-liv'd, an' liv'd vor me,
That] Thät 1879

TWEIL

194/20 Do dreatèn mmost our tweilsome life,
dreaten] dreatèn 1879

FANCY

196/9 In weästèn life's slow-beatèn track.
In] In' 1879

196/21 Vor warm-äir'd meäds o' new mow'd häj,
häj,] ~. 1879

196/*last line* Ov me'th an' smiles, an' warmth an' light.
meth] mè'th 1879

THE ZILVER-WEED

230/7 That then wer all the mäidens' ceäre,
mäidens'] mäiden's 1879

THE FANCY FEÄIR AT MAÏDEN NEWTON

244/9 An' all to meäke, vor childern's seäke,
meäke] meake 1879

THINGS DO COME ROUND

246/5 Did hang the räin-drop's quiv'rèn ball;
drop's] drops 1879

246/19 An' thought on times, long years agoo,
agoo,] ~. 1879

248/4 About our little farm below,
below,] ~. 1879

248/*last line* How He in time do bring things round!
round!] ~; 1879

I'M OUT O' DOOR

252/*last line* An' ivy-stems do whip the wall,
wall,] ~. 1879

GRIEF AN' GLADNESS

256/9 A-flutt'rèn at their back,"
back,] ~. 1879

256/24 Lik' darkness at a happy dawn,"
dawn,] ~. 1879

SLIDÈN

260/15 A-stannèn still, come wind, blow on,
still,] ~. 1879

NOT GOO HWOME TO-NIGHT

274/27 Behind the elem's neäked lim'
lim'] lim'. 1879

SHAFTESBURY FEÄIR

282/3 So bright to me down miles below,
below,] ~. 1879

282/5 Did brighten up his hill's high breast,
breast,] ~. 1879

282/9 Awayä so feäir,
feäir,] ~. 1879

THE BEÄTEN PATH

288/14 A jaÿ to souls they left to weep
A jaÿ] A-jaÿ 1879

MY LOVE IS GOOD

296/19 Still feäirer out o' door, O,
O,] ~. 1879

THE DO'SET MILITIA

306/7 An' Jeäne do write, an' bag o' Joe
bag] brag 1879

KINDNESS

320/4 The prowlèn owls the mouse below,
below,] ~. 1879

DANIEL DWITTHEN, THE WISE CHAP

326/20 Ov half the wild outlandish things
outlandish] outlandish 1879

TURNÈN THINGS OFF

330/*last line* Her needle, at her vinger's end,
end,] ~. 1879

THE GIANTS IN TREÄDES

334/6 An' *Air* an' *Water* wer a match
Water] ~, 1879
a match] a-match 1879

THE LITTLE WOROLD

338/20 Where sharp-leav'd ashes' heads did twist
ashes'] ashès' 1879

THE TURNSTILE

344/4 The while the bell, that mwoan'd so deep
bell] bells 1879

THE BETTER VOR ZEÈN O' YOU

350/1 Helpèn helpless strivers' weakness,
strivers'] striver's 1879

350/7 No, let us even try to win
No stanza break before this line 1879

JOHN BLOOM IN LON'ON

356/15 As two or dree ov me or you,
you,] ~. 1879

358/18 Cried worthy Bloom the miller.
miller.] ~, 1879

360/23 "Come," cried the drever. "Pay your feäre.
feäre.] *no punctuation 1879*

362/5 "Who is the man?" they cried, "meäke room."
room.] ~, 1879

A LOT O' MAÏDENS A-RUNNÈN 'THE VIELDS

364/4 "Lauk she's afraïd, a silly maïd."
maïd.] ~, 1879

366/4 "Ooh! ooh! the thorns do prick."
prick.] ~, 1879

366/8 Why they be knapweeds." "No." "They be."
Two lines, divided after knapweeds 1879

366/*last line* An' run athirt your shoe:
shoe:] *no punctuation 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 ...
ɜː	ɜr	9.	NURSE ⁴	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 ...

⁴ Wells's symbols for this set are in fact /ɜː/ and /ɜr/. In order to use as few symbols as possible I have substituted /ɜ/ for /ɜː/, 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 /ən/, with /ɪn/ and possibly /ɛn/ as an occasional variant.

7.1.6 I take the word *min* to mean ‘man’ or ‘mate’ or ‘friend’ and the pronunciation to be /mɪn/.

7.1.7 Loss of final /ð/ in *with* (shown by the frequent spelling *wi*’) leads to raising of /ɪ/ to /i/ and possibly lengthening to /i:/ (see 8.13.2).

7.1.8 Loss of /v/ in *give* (shown by the spelling *gi’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 /dʒist/. {Similarly *such* is always spelled *sich* in 1844 (apart from two occurrences of *such* in “Ānt's tantrums”); and in “Bees a-zwarmen” it is

rhymed with *ditch* and *pitch*, showing that the preferred pronunciation was /sɪʃ/. In later editions, however, *such* is also frequently used, suggesting that /sʌʃ/ was an acceptable alternative.}

7.5.7 Spelling and rhyme suggest three possible pronunciations for *one* (and for the pre-final element of *once*) in Barnes's poems: /u:n/, /wu:n/, and (as in RP) /wʌn/. The word *arn*, which occurs only in "The witch" in 1844 and 1847, is not another form of *one*, but a contraction of the phrase *ever a one*.

7.5.8 Although *none* is descended from the same OE root as *one*, its spelling (*nuone* in 1844, *mwone* in the modified form of the dialect) and its use in rhyme suggest different development in the dialect, the likely pronunciation being /nuʌn/ or /nuən/. As with *arn* (see 7.5.7) so with *narn*: it is a contraction of *never a one* (not entered in the 1844 Glossary), pronounced /nɑ:n/.

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 /ərɹ/.

7.9.2 The survival of the /ərɹ/ 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 /ərɹ/ in *earn* as an acceptable alternative to /ər/, in spite of the 1844 spelling *yarn*. {Similarly both rhyme and spelling in *hurt* / *smert* in “Pity”, 11–13, suggest /ərɹ/ rather than /ər/ in *smert* ‘smart’ (v).}

7.9.3 Words from 7.9.2 with initial *er-* or *ear-* are consistently spelled with initial *yar-* in 1844, clearly indicating a pronunciation with initial /j/, thus *yarn*, *yarnèn*, *yarnest*, *yarbs* ('earn, earning, earnest, herbs'); the initial combination is less helpfully respelled in later editions as *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 /iə:r/ (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*, *drem*...” 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 *leäzε* (a stocked pasture “in distinction from a mead which is mowed,” 1844 Glossary), *leäst*, *leäve*, *leäzεr* (gleaner), *meäd(s)*, *meän(èn)*, and *sheärs*. I transcribe this sound throughout as /iə/. (On the similarity between this diphthong and that in words belonging to the FACE set see 7.11.2; on the instability of the diphthong in *beat* and *mead* see 7.11.3.)

7.10.9 The rhyme with *leäzε* 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 *zeed* 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*, *neighbour*, 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 *burrah*.

7.12.1 There is no reason to suppose that the stressed vowel in *palm*, *calm*, *hab*, and *burrah* does not have the same pronunciation in Barnes's poems as that of the majority of words in the BATH set, i.e. /ɑ:/ (see 7.7.1).

7.12.2 For a discussion of the stressed vowel in *father* see 7.7.4.

7.13 The THOUGHT set

The THOUGHT set (Wells, 2.2.13) contains words with a stressed syllable that has the vowel /ɔ:/ in RP and /ɔ/ or /ɑ/ in GenAm, excluding those that belong with NORTH (7.22), or FORCE (7.23), or CLOTH (7.8). The StE spellings of words in this set include *ought* (*taught, caught, daughter*, etc.), *aw+C* (*cause, haul, haunt, sauce*, etc.), *aw* alone and *aw+C* (*draw, law, saw, crawl*, etc.), *all* and *al* (*all, fall, appal*, etc.), *alk* (*chalk, talk, walk*, etc.), *al+C* and *aul+C* (*salt, false, fault*, etc., also pronounced /ɒ/ in RP, and *bald*), *ought* (*ought, bought, fought*, etc.), and assorted other words (*broad, abroad, water*).

Of this set of words Barnes says, “The second long [back] sound, as of *a* in *fall* and of *aw* in *jaw*, is sometimes turned into the third [front] one *ā*, as *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* (*hal*, *spra'l*, etc.); occasionally he uses the spelling *âl* (as in *squâl* / *crâl* in the 1844 version of “Hây-miakèn”); sometimes he indicates the alternative pronunciation with *ā* noted in 7.13 above. I take the *ā* spelling to denote /ɛ:/ as in *fāther*, etc. (see 7.7.4); but what is meant by the reduction of *-ll* to *-l*, the omission of *u* or *w*, and the occasional use of the spelling *âl*, on which Barnes makes no comment other than that *fall* is “in some parts *val*”? Assuming that the pronunciation in proto-RP was /ɔ:l/, the likelihood must be that Barnes’s spellings with *al*, *a'l*, and *âl* indicate the unrounded pronunciation /a:l/. Accordingly I transcribe the sound in this group as /ɔ:l/ where Barnes uses the StE spelling in 1844, as /a:l/ where the spelling is *al* or *a'l* (as normally in 1844), and as /ɛ:l/ where this pronunciation is suggested by the spelling with *ā* or by rhyme. *Almost* is normally spelled *a'most* in both early and late editions; I take the *a'* to represent a reduction from /a:l/ to /a:/, the whole word being pronounced /a: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 *ā'ke*, *ā'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 *bekiazɛ* 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 *föüght*; 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*, *biuot*, *ciuot*” (Diss., §27). Several questions, discussed in turn below, arise from this statement: Does this diphthongization affect all words with long *o* all the time? If not, what are the rules (if any) governing which words will or will not have diphthongization? What is the sound of the diphthong described? Does it have the same sound initially as internally?

7.14.1 The wording of Barnes’s statement above may imply either that long *o* is always diphthongized in the Blackmore Vale in the way described and that the words listed are merely offered as examples, or, on the contrary, that there are certain words in the Blackmore Vale—words such as those listed—in which long *o* is diphthongized, whereas in other words it remains the monophthong /o:/. An examination of Barnes’s spelling practice in 1844 shows that long *o* is not diphthongized in all words, and that the same word may sometimes have a monophthong, sometimes a diphthong—assuming, that is, that Barnes consistently indicates the diphthongal pronunciation by inserting *u* or *w* before the *o*. Barnes’s later comments in the 1863 *Grammar*

show beyond doubt that long *o* is not diphthongized in all words: “Dorset is, in many cases, more distinctive than our book-speech, inasmuch as it has many pairs of words, against single ones of our books, and gives sundry sounds to other pairs, that, in English, are of the same sound; so that it withholds from the punster most of his chances of word-play. ‘The people *told* the sexton and the sexton *toll’d* the bell’ is in Dorset ‘The people *twold* the sex’on, an’ the sex’on *toll’d* the bell’” (p. 31, repeated more or less verbatim in the 1886 *Glossary*, p. 29).

7.14.2 But is it possible to predict when long *o* will be diphthongized and when it will not? The current spelling in StE appears to be irrelevant: many words with *oa* are diphthongized but others are not; many with *o* alone are not diphthongized, but some are. The only fixed rule governing diphthongization that I have been able to detect is that, except in *gold* (see 7.14.5 below), the vowel in *-old* is always a diphthong (*buold*, *cuold*, *wold*, etc.). Elsewhere the phonetic environment evidently has some effect: after syllable-initial *m-* or *l-* the sound is normally a diphthong (but not necessarily so after *cl-*). Etymology appears to have little or no influence. In these circumstances the only safe course is to trust Barnes’s spelling; accordingly I show a diphthong when the *o* is preceded by *u* or *w* and a monophthong when it is not.

7.14.3 As for the sound of the diphthong, when it occurs, Barnes’s description (quoted above) suggests that it is a combination of /ʊ/ as in *crook* and /ʌ/ as in *lull*, i.e. /ʊʌ/. Rhymes such as those of *coat* with *cut*, *shut*, and *strut* and of *bone*, *stone*, and *alone* with words ending in /ʌn/ suggest that this is an accurate description. But other rhymes, such as those of *bold* and *rolled* with *old*, *cold*, *mould* and other words spelled with *uo* or *wo* suggest rather that the second element of the diphthong is /o(:)/, 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, /gø: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 /vɔlid/ and /hɔlid/.}

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*), *ny*, *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 /əuəɪ/, which, like *fire* etc. (see 7.16.2), may be treated as one syllable or two as the metre demands.

7.18.3 As pointed out in 7.13.8c, Barnes's comments on *fought* (Diss., §24) and his rhyming of it with *about*, *out*, and *stout* (see Key-Rhymes 111) show that in his poems it has the diphthong /əu/.

7.18.4 A few words with the vowel /ʌ/ in StE have instead the /əu/ diphthong of words in the MOUTH set in Barnes's poems, either always, as in the case of *rut* (*n.*), and *strut* (*v.*, and in the *adv.* *a-strut* 'sticking out') (see 7.5.4), or usually, as in the case of *dust* and *crust* (see 7.5.5).

7.19 The NEAR set

The NEAR set (Wells, 2.2.19) contains words with a stressed syllable that has the diphthong /iə/ in RP (with or without a following /r/) and /ɪr/ in GenAm. The StE spellings of words in this set include *eer* (*beer*, *peer*, etc.), *ere* (*here*, *mere*, etc.), *ier* (*bier*, *pier*, etc.), *eir* (*weir*, *weird*, etc.), and *ear* (*fear*, *year*, etc.), but spellings are not a reliable guide: *here* belongs with NEAR, but *there* and *where* with SQUARE; and the *tears* in one's eyes are with NEAR, but the *tears* in one's clothes are with SQUARE.

It is not entirely clear at what point the vowels in the NEAR and SQUARE sets developed into diphthongs under the influence of the following /r/, either in proto-RP or in the SW. In the absence of conclusive evidence to the contrary, I treat all words in these sets in Barnes's Blackmore Vale poems as diphthongs (except where noted below), but (in contrast to RP) without loss of the following /r/ (see 8.8.1).

7.19.1 There is no evidence to suggest that the majority of words in the NEAR set do not have a diphthong very similar to RP /iə/ in Barnes's poems. In Barnes's contribution to *EEP* Ellis's transcription shows the same diphthong, with a slightly higher starting point (/iər/), in *here*, *bear*, and *near* (cwl 365). I follow Barnes's contribution to *EEP* in using /iər/, except where noted below.

7.19.2 As noted earlier, rhyme evidence shows that *spire* has /iər/ in Barnes's poems, as opposed to RP /aɪə/ (see 7.16.3).

7.19.3 In popular caricatures of west-country accents *ear*, *bear*, *here*, and *year* are homophones, all with the vowel sequence of the NURSE set (7.9 above), and all with initial /j/ (for which see 8.5.5 below), thus /jəɪr/. The spelling *yers* for *ears* in the 1844 version of "Uncle an' ānt" and the rhyming of *year* with *stir* and *Hazelbur* (/hɑːzəlɔːr/, 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 *-cäir* and *-cäre* (later editions), thus *fäir* or *fäire*, *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, *ëär* in later editions, thus *g(h)iarden*, *kiard*, *piart*, and *geärden*, *ceärd*, *peärt*), shows that they form a subset in which an introductory *i*-glide gives rise to the sequence /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 *carn, var, barn, marnen, starm*” (Diss., §25). The persistence of this feature up to the present time is shown by Wells’s comment, “There is a large patch of Wessex where (in old-fashioned rural dialect, at least) we find the vowels of NORTH and START merged” (4.3.7, p. 347). We may accordingly expect that all words in the NORTH set (apart from those noted in 7.22.4) will have the START sequence, /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, /a:r/, 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 /a:r/ is reduced to /a:r/ or /ə:r/, 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 /ɔ:rs/, /ɔ:rθ/ 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 /a:r/ 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 /a:r/ or /ə:r/ rather than /a:r/ for /ɔ:(: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:rnɪn/) belonging to the NORTH set (see 7.22.1), as in the “marnen zun” of “The Spring” (1844), the latter (/muərɪn/) 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 vields,” 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 /kʊ:s/.

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 /uɛr/ 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:ɛr/ for *sure* in Barnes’s contribution to *EEP* (cs clause 4), and would make an exact rhyme with *do er* (/dʊ: ɛr/); but since the difference is insufficient to prevent the rhyme with *more* (/muɛr/), it makes sense to use for CURE words the transcription /u(:)ɛr/.

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 /jɛr/, 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 “*lather*” that plays such an important part in “What Dick an’ I done” and the “*blathers*” hanging round the walls in “The settle an’ the girt wood vire”); but StE spelling is usually restored in later editions.

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

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 / $\epsilon l\grave{a}m$ / (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 / $v(\grave{a})n$ / may develop into the consonant cluster / bm / via the intermediate stage / $v(\grave{a})m$ /: “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: $\grave{b}\epsilon m$ /) from *even* via *ev(e)m* (/i: $\acute{v}\epsilon m$ /), 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*, *vuɣz*, *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*, *won’d*, *wood*, *woo’d*, *'ood*, or *'od*, so that /wud/ and /ud/ are evidently both possible, even though the spellings without initial *w*- are abandoned in later editions. Where, on the other hand, Barnes never uses spellings without *w*- in his poems (as with *woman*, *women*,

wood, and *wool*), I assume that he wished initial /w/ to be retained. For *one* and *once*, both of which have initial /w/ in RP, see 7.5.7.

8.16.2 Loss of medial /w/ in words such as *upward* is common in regional dialects throughout England and sometimes reflected in Barnes's spelling. *Athwart* is always *athirt* (the italicized *th* in the spelling of 1844, "athirt," showing that loss of /w/ is accompanied by voicing of the preceding /θ/ to /ð/, hence /əðə:rt/, see 8.13.1); *somewhat* is variously *zome'bat*, *zome'at*, or *zummat*, all of which I take to be /zʌmæt/.

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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