

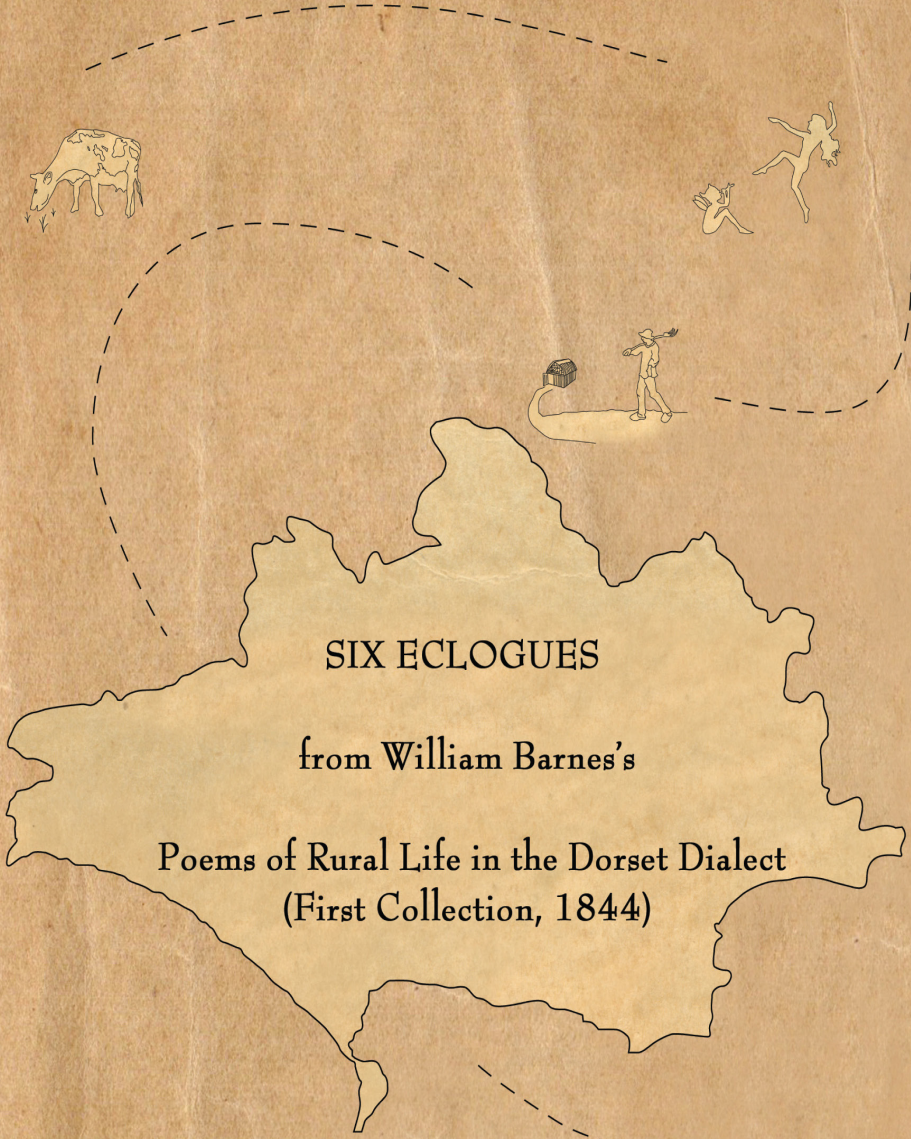
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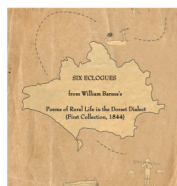
SIX ECLOGUES

from William Barnes's

Poems of Rural Life in the Dorset Dialect
(First Collection, 1844)

with Phonemic Transcripts by T. L. Burton
and

An Audio Recording from the 2010 Adelaide Fringe



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the Dorset Dialect
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When William Barnes began publishing poems in the *Dorset County Chronicle* in the 1830s in the dialect of his native Blackmore Vale, the first poems that appeared were in the form of eclogues — dialogues between country people on country matters. Although an immediate success, the eclogues were in time overshadowed by the many lyric poems that Barnes published in the dialect. They are now perhaps the most undervalued works by this brilliant but neglected poet.

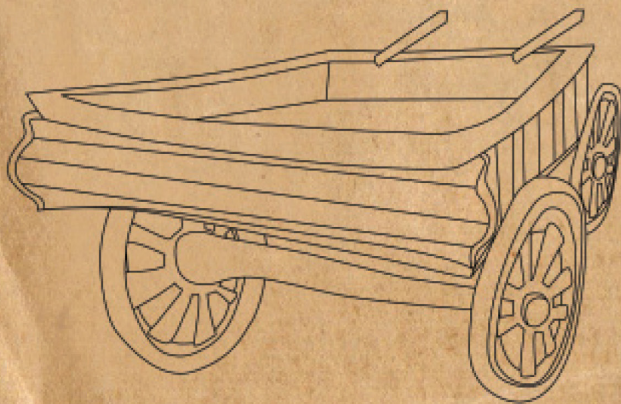
Each eclogue is, effectively, a one-scene play, demanding performance for its potential to be realized. The phonemic transcripts in this book, based on the findings in T. L. Burton's *William Barnes's Dialect Poems: A Pronunciation Guide* (2010), show what the poems would have sounded like in Barnes's own time; the accompanying audio recordings (made at the 2010 Adelaide Fringe) give living voice to the sounds noted in the transcripts.

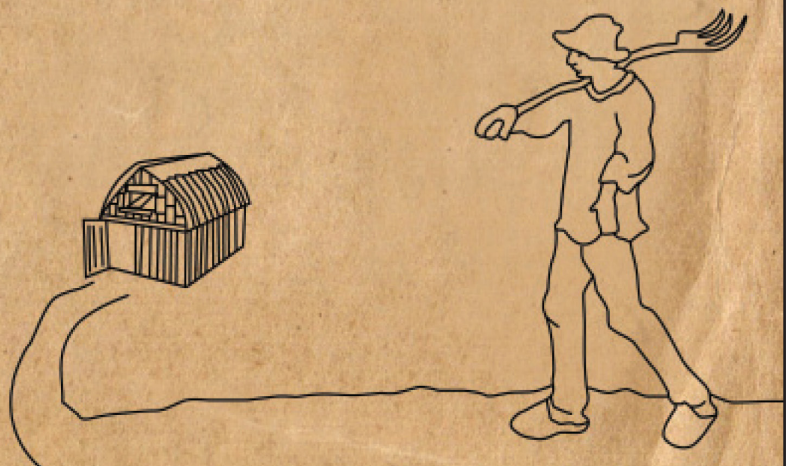
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Please use the electronic edition to serve as an index.

**Audio Recordings from the 2010
Adelaide Fringe**

This book is accompanied by an audio recording of each poem, available from the website.

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BARR SMITH PRESS

An imprint of
The University of Adelaide Press

Published in Adelaide by

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

in association with the Chaucer Studio
<http://creativeworks.byu.edu/chaucer>

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

Six Eclogues from William Barnes's *Poems of Rural Life in the Dorset Dialect* (First collection, 1844) / William Barnes ; edited and with phonemic transcripts by T. L. Burton, and an audio recording from the 2010 Adelaide Fringe.

I Barnes, William, 1801–1886.
II Burton, T. L. (Tom L.), 1944–
III Adelaide Fringe Inc.

ISBN (electronic) 978-0-9870730-8-2
ISBN (paperback) 978-0-9870730-9-9

Book design: T. L. Burton
Cover design: Emma Spoehr
Paperback printed by Griffin Press, South Australia

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ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

I am very grateful to the staff at the Adelaide Fringe Office, particularly Eugene Suleau and Michelle Wigg of the Artist Services team, for their advice and support; to my fellow readers, Ben McCann, Michael Pole, Kathryn Dineen, and Pru Pole, for their wholehearted commitment; to Ray Choate, the University of Adelaide's Librarian, for permission to hold the reading in the Ira Raymond Exhibition Room in the Barr Smith Library; and to Paul Wilkins, the Deputy Librarian, for his tireless help and encouragement in bringing the plan to fruition.

For his expertise in preparing the audio recording I owe thanks to Darren van Schaik of Radio Adelaide, and for his interest in the project and his care in the production of this booklet to John Emerson, Director of the University of Adelaide Press.

PREFACE

William Barnes (1801–1886) wrote poems in Standard English from an early age. Suddenly, in his early 30s, he began to write poems in the local dialect: “I wrote the first of my Dorset poems ... when I was kept to my room in an ailing from a chill. It was one of the dialogues called an eclogue, and was printed in the poet’s corner of the *Dorset County Chronicle* where almost all of them first came out,” he wrote in a notebook now at St John’s College, Cambridge. This is not the place for a detailed discussion of the eclogue as a literary form; suffice to say here that the word has come to denote a dialogue between country people, that it takes its form from the *Idylls* of Theocritus and its name from the *Eclogues* of Virgil, that it became progressively more artificial over time, moving away from its earthy roots and weighed down by the conventions of the pastoral tradition, and that Barnes restored it to its former vigour and naturalism.

The poem was an immediate success, and became the first in a series of eight eclogues published within the next two years, each originally with a Latin title and an English subtitle:

1. *Rusticus Dolens*: Inclosures of Common, 2 January 1834
2. *Rusticus Gaudens*: The Allotment System, 9 January 1834
3. *Rusticus Narrans*: A Cousin down vrom Lonon, 3 April 1834
4. *Rusticus Emigrans*: Emigration, 20 November 1834
5. *Rusticus Rixans*: The Best Man in the Field, 25 December 1834
6. *Rusticus Domi*: Faether Come Huom, 5 February 1835
7. *Rusticus Procus*: A Bit o Sly Coortèn, 31 December 1835
8. *Rusticus Res Politicas Animadvertens*: The New Poor Laws, 21 January 1836

These poems cry out to be performed. This reading, in reconstructed 19th-century dialect pronunciation, features five from the original series of eight eclogues (numbers 1, 4, 5, 6, and 7), in the revised form in which they were subsequently republished in Barnes’s first collection of *Poems of Rural Life in the Dorset Dialect* (1844); and to these five is added a sixth, “Vairies”, from the same collection.

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 (the 'Received Pronunciation' of Standard English).¹ 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. 'GenAm' = General American pronunciation.

CONSONANTS

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

SHORT VOWELS

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

LONG VOWELS

a:	as in German <i>Tag</i> or Australian <i>car park</i>	ə:	as in <i>burn</i>
ɛ:	as in German <i>fährt</i>	ɔ:	as in <i>born, dawn</i>
e:	as in German <i>Schnee</i>	o:	as in German <i>Sohn</i>
i:	as in <i>bean</i>	u:	as in <i>boon</i>

DIPHTHONGS AND GLIDES

æɪ	as in Australian <i>g'day, mate</i>	jɛə	as in <i>yair</i>
iə	as in <i>fear</i>	uə	combines /u/ with /ə/
ɛə	as in <i>fair</i>	əɪ	between <i>buy</i> and <i>boy</i> , with a long first element
ja:	as in German <i>ja, Jahr</i>	ə:u	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 Standard English, 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 that follow the table.

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

ECLOGUES
WITH
PHONEMIC TRANSCRIPTS

ECLOGUE.

THE COMMON A-TOOK IN.

—
THOMAS AN' JOHN
—

THOMAS.

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

going

JOHN.

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

yes

worse

THOMAS.

How zoo, then, John? Why, what's the matter now?
What cãn't ye get along? B' ye run a-groun'?
An' cãn't pây twenty shillens var a poun'?
What cãn't ye put a luoaaf on shelf?

for

JOHN.

Ees, now;

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

enclose

this year

THOMAS.

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

sorry

ekløg

ðæ kōmæn ætøk in

tōmæs ən dʒan

THOMAS

gud mæ:rn tʃi: dʒan hæ:u bʃi: hæ:u bʃi:
zu: jə bi: gwæm tə mɑ:rkɪt ə:ɪ də zi:
(h)wæ:ɪ ju: bi: kwæ:ɪt əluədɪd wi jər gi:s

JOHN

i:s tōmæs i:s
ə:ɪ fiər ə:ɪ mæs(t) get rɪd əv evri gu:s
ən gɒzlm ə:ɪv əgɒt an (h)wɒt ɪz wu:s
ə:ɪ fiər ðæt ə:ɪ mæs(t) zəl mæ:ɪ lɪtəl kə:u

THOMAS

hæ:u zu: ðen dʒan (h)wæ:ɪ (h)wɒts ðə matər nə:u
(h)wɒt ke:nt i: get əlɒŋ bʃi: ræn əgrə:un
ən ke:nt pæɪ twenti ʃɪlənz vər ə pə:un
(h)wɒt ke:nt i: pæt ə luəf ɒn ʃelf

JOHN

i:s nə:u
bʌt ə:ɪ də fiər ə:ɪ ʃant ɪðə:ut mæ:ɪ kə:u
no: ðe: bi: gwæm tə kluəz ðə kōmæn ə:ɪ də hiər
an twɒl bi: su:n bɪɡʌn əpɒn
zu: ə:ɪ mæs(t) zəl mæ:ɪ bɪt ə stɒk tə jɪər
bɪkʃe:z ðe: wu:(j)nt hav eni grə:un tə ræn əpɒn

THOMAS

(h)wæ:ɪ (h)wɒt dʒi: tɛl o ə:ɪ bi: veri zari
tə hiər (h)wɒt ðe: bi: gwæm əbə:ut

But eet I s'pose there'll be a 'lotment var ye
When they da come to mark it out.

yet; an allotment

JOHN.

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

THOMAS.

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

orchard

JOHN.

Ees, that's the *thing* ya zee: now I da mow
My bit o' grass, an' miake a little rick,
An' in the zummer, while da grow,
My cow da run in common var to pick
A bliade ar two o' grass, if she can vind 'em,
Var t'other cattle don't leäve much behind 'em.

haystack

Zoo, in the evemen, we da put a lock
O' nice fresh grass avore the wicket;
An' she da come at vive ar zix o'clock,
As constant as the zun, to pick it.

gate

five or six

An' then besides the cow, why we da let
Our geese run out among the emmet hills;
An' then when we da pluck em, we da get
Zome veathers var to zell, an' quills;
An' in the winter we da fat 'em well
An' car 'em to the market var to zell
To gentlevo'ks, var we do'nt oft avvuord
To put a goose a-top ov ouer buoard;

ant-hills

carry

afford

table

bʌt i:t ə:i spɔ:z ðeərl bi: ə lɒtmənt var i:
(h)wen ðe: də kʌm tə mɑ:rk ɪt ə:ut

JOHN

nɔ: nɒt var ə:i ə:i fiər an ɪf ðər fʊd
(h)wə:i twʊdən bi: sə handi az tɪz nə:u
var tɪz ðə kɒmən ðat də du: ə:i gʊd
ðə rʌn vər mə:i vju: gi:s ar vər mə:i kə:u

THOMAS

i:s ðats ðə dʒɒb (h)wə:i tɪz ə handi ðɪŋ
tə hav ə bɪt ə kɒmən ə:i də nɔ:
tə pʌt ə litəl kə:u əpɒn ɪn sprɪŋ
ðə (h)wə:ɪl (w)u:nz bɪt əv ɑ:rtʃət gra:s də gro:

JOHN

i:s ðats ðə ðɪŋ jə zi: nə:u ə:i də mo:
mə:i bɪt ə gra:s an mjek ə litəl rɪk
an ɪn ðə zʌmər (h)wə:ɪl də gro:
mə:i kə:u də rʌn ɪn kɒmən var tə pɪk
ə blɛd ər tu: ə gra:s ɪf ʃi: kən və:m(d) əm
var tʌðər katəl do:nt liəv mʌtʃ bihə:m(d) əm
zu: ɪn ði i:vəmən wi: də pʌt ə lɒk
ə nə:s frɛʃ gra:s əvuər ðə wɪkɪt
ən ʃi: də kʌm ət və:ɪv ar zɪks əklɒk
az kɒnstənt əz ðə zʌn tə pɪk ɪt
an ðen bɪzə:ɪdz ðə kə:u (h)wə:i wi: də let
ə:uər gi:s rʌn ə:ut əmɒŋ ði emət hɪlz
an ðen (h)wen wi: də plʌk əm wi: də get
zəm vɛðərz var tə zɛl ən kwɪlz
an ɪn ðə wɪntər wi: də fat əm wɛl
ən kɑ:r əm tə ðə mɑ:rkɪt vər tə zɛl
tə dʒɛntəlvo:ks var wi: do:nt ɒft əvuərd
tə pʌt ə gu:s ətɒp əv ə:uər buərd

But we da get ouer feäst; var we be yable
To clap the giblets up a-top o' tiable.

able

THOMAS.

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

legs

JOHN.

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

furze (gorse)
beating
earn

THOMAS.

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

seen

from him

JOHN.

Well I da hope 'tis true, I'm zure,
An' I da hope that they wull do it here,
Ar I must goo to workhouse I da fear.

or

bʌt wi: də ɡet əːuər fiəst var wi: bi: jɛbəl
tə klap ðə dʒɪblɪts ʌp ətɒp ə tʃɛbəl

THOMAS

an ə:ɪ dɔ:nt no: ə meni betər ðɪŋs
ðən ɡi:sɪz hɛdz ən ɡɪzərdz lagz ən wɪŋs

JOHN

an ðɛn (h)wɛn ə:ɪ ɡɒt nʌθɛn ɛls tə du:
(h)wə:ɪ ə:ɪ kən tʃɛk mə:ɪ hʊk ən ɡlʌvz an ɡu:
tə kʌt ə lɒt ə vʌz ən brɛ:ɪərz
vər hɛtən ʌvənz ar vər lɛ:ɪtən və:ɪərz
an (h)wɛn ðə tʃɪldərn bi: tu: jʌŋ tə jɛ:rn
ə pɛni ðe: kən ɡu: ə:ut ɪn drɛ:ɪ wɛðər
an rʌn əbə:ut an ɡet təɡeðər
ə bag ə kə:u dʌŋ var tə bɛ:rn

THOMAS

tɪz handɪ tə lɪv niər ə kɒmən
bʌt ə:ɪv əzi:d an ə:ɪv əzɛd
ðət ɪf ə pu(:)ər man ɡɒt ə bɪt ə brɛd
ðe:l trɛ:ɪ tə tʃɛk ɪt vrɒm ən
bʌt ə:ɪ wər tuəld bak tʌðər de:
ðət ðe: bi: ɡɒt ɪntu ə we:
ə lɛtən bɪts ə ɡrɛ:un ə:ut tə ðə pu(:)ər

JOHN

wɛl ə:ɪ də ho:p tɪz tru: ə:ɪm fu(:)ər
an ə:ɪ də ho:p ðət ðe: wʊl du: ɪt hiər
ar ə:ɪ məs(t) ɡu: tə wɛ:rkhə:us ə:ɪ də fiər

ECLOGUE.

VIAIRIES.

—
SIMON AN' SAMEL.
—

SIMON.

THERE'S what the vo'kes da cal a viairy ring,
Out *ther* lo'k zee. Why 'tis an oddish *thing*.

*folks; fairy
look*

SAMEL.

Ees 'tis to I. I wunder how da come.
What is it that da miake it, I da wunder.

yes

SIMON.

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

*say
that
or
feet*

SAMEL.

An' who d'ye *think* da work the fiddlestick,
A little viairy too, ar else wold Nick?

SIMON.

Why they da zae that at the viairies' bal
Ther's nar a fiddle that's a-heär'd at al:
But tha da plây upon a little pipe
A-miade o' kexas ar o' strā's, dead ripe,

*never
hemlock stalks;² straws*

eklög

vjeæriz

sə:imən ən saməl

SIMON

ðeærz (h)wɔt ðə vɔ:ks də ka:l ə vjeæri rɪŋ
ə:ut ðər lʊk zi: (h)wə:i tɪz ən ɒdɪʃ ðɪŋ

SAMEL

i:s tɪz tu ə:i ə:i wʌndər hə:u də kʌm
(h)wɔt ɪz ɪt ðət də mʃek ɪt ə:i də wʌndər

SIMON

bi: haŋd ɪf ə:i kən tɛl ə:ɪm ʃu(:)ər bət zʌm
də ze: də kʌm b(ə):ɪ lə:ɪtnən (h)wɛn də θʌndər
an zʌm də ze: sɪʃ rɪŋz əz ðɪk rɪŋ ðeær ɪz
də gro: ɪn dɛ:nsən traks ə lɪtəl vjeæriz
ðat ɪn ðə nə:ɪts ə zʌmər ar ə sprɪŋ
də kʌm b(ə):ɪ mu:nlə:ɪt (h)wɛn nu: ʌðər vɪt
də tɹɛd ðə dju:i gra:s bʌt ðeærz an mɪt
ən dɛ:ns əwə:i tægɪðər ɪn ə rɪŋ

SAMEL

an hu: dʒi: ðɪŋk də wɔ:rk ðə fɪdəlstɪk
ə lɪtəl vjeæri tu: ar els (w)uəld nɪk

SIMON

(h)wə:i ðe: də ze: ðət at ðə vjeæriz ba:l
ðərz na:r ə fɪdəl ðəts əhiərd ət a:l
bət ðe: də plæɪ əpɒn ə lɪtəl pə:ɪp
əmʃəd ə keksɪz ar ə stre:z dɛd rə:ɪp

A-stuck in row, (zome shart an' longer zome),
Wi' slime o' snâils, ar bits o' plum-tree gum.
An' miake sich music that to hear it sound
You'd stick so still's a pollard to the ground.

short

beheaded tree³

SAMEL.

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

they; these

they; three-hand

for; this; great

SIMON.

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

have; feet

three; four; sprawl

SAMEL.

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

these

SIMON.

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

SAMEL.

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

SIMON.

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

places; found

grandfather

estak in ro: zam fart en lǫngør zam
wi slæim ə snærlz ar bits ə plamtri: gam
an mjek srtʃ mju:zɪk ðat tə hiær it sə:un(d)
jæd stɪk sə stɪlz ə pɔlɑ:d tə ðə græ:un(d)

SAMEL

(h)wɔt du: əm de:ns tɪz plæm b(ə):ɪ ðiæz gri:n (h)wi:lz
ðe: do:nt frɪsk in ən ə:ut in dri:han(d) ri:lz
var els insted ə ðiæs hiær gæ:rt rə:un o:
ðe:d kɑt əs ə:ut ə figərɪv ært dʒi: no:

SIMON

o: ðe: ha dʒɪgz tə fit ðær litəl vi:t
ðe: wudən de:ns jə no: ət ðær fə:m ba:l
ðə dri: ən və:uər han ri:lz ðæt wi: də sprɑ:l
ən kɪk əbə:ut in (h)wen wi: men də mi:t

SAMEL

an hav zam fælərz in ðær mɪdnə:ɪt rambəlz
əkɑtʃt ðə vjæərɪz ðen in ðiæzəm gambəlz

SIMON

(h)wə:ɪ i:s bɑt ðe: bi: ɒf lɪk eni ʃɔt
sə su:nz ə manz əkɑmən niær ðə spɔt

SAMEL

bɑt in ðə de:tə:ɪm (h)wær də vjæərɪz hæ:ɪd
(h)wær bi: ðær huəmz ðen (h)wær də vjæərɪz bæ:ɪd

SIMON

o: ðe: də grɪt əwə:ɪ də:un ʌndər græ:un
in hɔlær pljɛzən (h)wær ðe: kɛ:nt bi: və:un
bæt stɪl mə:ɪ gramfər meni jɪərz əgu:

(’E liv’d at Grenley farm, an’ milk’d a diairy,
If what the vo’kes da tell is true,
Oone marnen yerly voun’ a viairy.

morning; early

SAMEL.

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

he/she/it

SIMON.

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

said

fire

floor

draw; narrow

fly through; arrow

thron

window

brick hearth

keg

one of them; remember

say

confused

half

saw

i: lɪvd ət grɛnli fɑ:rm ən mɪlkt ə djɛəri
ɪf (h)wɒt ðə vɔ:ks də tɛl ɪz tru:
(w)u:n mɑ:rənən jɛ:rli vɛ:un ə vjɛəri

SAMEL

an dɪd ɛr stɒp ðɛn wi ðə gʊd (w)uəld bwɛ:ɪ
ar dɪd ɛr su:n kɛntrɛ:ɪv tɔ slɪp əwɛ:ɪ

SIMON

(h)wɛ:ɪ (h)wɛn ðə vɔ:ks wɛr a:l əsli:p əbɛd
ðə vjɛərɪz ju:st tɔ kʌm az tɪz əzɛd
əvuər ðə vɛ:ɪər wɛr kuəld ən dɛ:ns ən ə:uər
ar tu: ət dɛd ə nɛ:ɪt əpɒn ðə vlɛ:uər
vɑr ðe: b(ə):ɪ ɔ:nli ʌtərən ə wɛ:rd
ɛr tʃɑ:rm kən kʌm dɛ:un tʃɪmli lɪk ə bɛ:rd
ar drɛ: ðɛr bɒdɪz ə:ut sɔ lɒŋ ən nɑrə
ðat ðe: kən vli: dru: ke:hɔ:lz lɪk ən arə
an zu: (w)u:n mɪdnɛ:ɪt (h)wɛn ðə mu:n dɪd dro:
hɪz lɛ:ɪt dru: wɪndər rɛ:un ðə vlɛ:uər bɪlɔ:
an krɪkɪts rɛ:un ðə brɪkən hɛθ dɪd zɪŋ
ðe: kʌm ən dɛ:ɪnst əbɛ:ut ðə haɪl ɪn rɪŋ
ən tɑpt dru: lɪtəl hɔ:lz nu: ə:ɪz kʊd spɛ:ɪ
ə kɑg ə pu(:)ər ɛ:ɪnts mɪəd əstənən bɛ:ɪ
an (w)u:n ɔ:m drɪŋkt sɔ mʌtʃ ə kʊdən mɛ:m(d)
ðə wɛ:rd ə wɛr tɔ ze: tɔ mjɛk ən smɑ:l
ə gɒt ədɑðərd zu: ðat ɛ:tər a:l
ə:ut ʌðɛrz wɛnt an lɛft ən bɑk bɪhɛ:m(d)
an ɛ:tər hɪ:d əbɪət əbɛ:ut hɪz hɛd
ɑgɛn ðə ke:hɔ:l tɪl ə wɛr hɛ:f dɛd
ə lɛd dɛ:un a:l əlɒŋ əpɒn ðə vlɛ:uər
tɪl grɑnfɛr kʌmən dɛ:un ʌnlɒkt ðə du(:)ər
an(d) ðɛn ə zɪ:d ən twɛr ɪnʌf tɔ frɛ:ɪtən ən
bɔ:lt ə:ut ə duər ən dɛ:un ðə rɔ:d lɪk lɛ:ɪtənən

ECLOGUE.

FAETHER COME HUOME.

—
JOHN, WIFE, AN' CHILE.
—

CHILE.

O MOTHER, mother, be the tiaties done?
Here's faether now a-comèn down the track.
'E got his nitch o' wood upon his back,
An' sich a spyeker in en! I'll be boun'
E's long enough to reach vrom groun'
Up to the top ov ouer tun!
Tis jist the very *thing* var Jack an' I
To goo a colepecksen wi' by an' by.

child
potatoes
*bundle*⁴
long pole
*chimney-top*⁵
for
*beating down unpicked apples*⁶

WIFE.

The tiaties must be ready pirty nigh;
Do tiake oone up upon the fark, an' try.
The kiake upon the vier too 's a-burnen
I be afeärd: do run an' zee; an' turn en.

pretty nearly
fork
fire
it

JOHN.

Well, mother, here I be a-come oonce muore.

WIFE.

Ah! I be very glad ya be, I'm sure;
Ya be a-tired, an' cuold enough, I s'pose.
Zit down, an' ease yer buones, an' warm yer nose.

JOHN.

Why I be peckish: what is ther to eat?

eklɔg

fɛ:ðər kʌm huəm

dʒən wə:ɪf ən tʃə:ɪl

CHILE

o: mʌðər mʌðər bi: ðə tʃetiz dʌn
hiərz fɛ:ðər nə:u əkʌmən də:un ðə trak
ə ɡɒt hɪz nɪtʃ ə wʊd əpən hɪz bak
ən sɪtʃ ə spjekər ɪn ən ə:ɪl bi: bə:un
əz lɔŋ mʌf tə ri:tʃ vrəm ɡrə:un
ʌp tə ðə tɒp əv ə:uər tʌn
tɪz dʒɪst ðə veri ðɪŋ vər dʒak ən ə:ɪ
tə ɡu: ə kɔ:lpeksən wi bə:ɪ ən bə:ɪ

WIFE

ðə tʃetiz mʌst bi: redi pər:ti nə:ɪ
du: tʃek (w)u:n ʌp əpən ðə fɑ:k ən trə:ɪ
ðə kʃek əpən ðə və:ɪər tu:z əbə:rnən
ə:ɪ bi: əfɪərd du: rʌn ən zi: an tə:rn ən

JOHN

wel mʌðər hiər ə:ɪ bi: əkʌm (w)u:nz muər

WIFE

a: ə:ɪ bi: veri ɡlad jə bi: ə:ɪm ʃu(:)ər
jə bi: ətə:ɪərd ən kuəld mʌf ə:ɪ spo:z
zɪt də:un ən i:z jər buənz an wɑ:rm jər no:z

JOHN

(h)wə:ɪ ə:ɪ bi: pekiʃ (h)wɒt ɪz ðər tu i:t

WIFE.

Yer supper's nearly ready; I've a-got
Some tiaties here a-doèn in the pot;
I wish wi' al my heart I had some meat.
I got a little kiake too here, a-biakèn ò'n
Upon the vier. 'Tis done by this time though.
'E's nice an' moist; var when I wer a-miakèn ò'n,
I stuck some bits ov apple in the dough.

of it

CHILE.

Well, faether, what d'ye *think*? 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!

morning; saw or

JOHN.

Now what d'ye *think* o' that! You must contrive
To keep en in, ar else 'e'll never thrive.

CHILE.

An' faether, what d'ye *think*? I voun' to-day
The nest wher *thik* wold hen ov our's da lay:
'Twer out in archet hedge, an' had vive aggs.

*that old
orchard; five eggs*

WIFE.

Lok there! how wet ya got yer veet an' lags!
How did ye git in sich a pickle, Jahn?

feet and legs

JOHN.

I broke my hoss, an' ben a-fuossed to stan'
Right in the mud an' water var to dig,
An' miade myzelf so watshod as a pig.

hedger's platform;⁷ forced

wet-shod

WIFE

jær sʌpærz niærli rædi æ:ɪv ægʊt
sæm tjetiz hiær ɛdu:ən in ðə pʊt
æ:ɪ wɪf wi aɪl mæ:ɪ hært æ:ɪ hæd sæm mi:t
æ:ɪ gʊt ə lɪtəl kjæk tu: hiær əbjækən o:n
æpʊn ðə væ:ɪær tɪz dʌn b(ə:ɪ) ðɪs tæ:ɪm ðo:
æz næ:s ən mæ:ɪst vɑr (h)wɛn æ:ɪ wɛr əmjækən o:n
æ:ɪ stʌk sæm bɪts əv apəl in ðə do:

CHILE

wɛl fɛ:ðær (h)wʊt dʒi: ðɪŋk ðə pɪg gʊt æ:ut
ðɪs mɑ:ɪnən ən əvuær wi: zɪ:d ər hiærd ən
ə rʌnd əbæ:ut ən gʊt æ:ut ɪntə giærdən
ən ræ:utɪd ʌp ðə græ:un zu: wi hɪz snæ:ut

JOHN

næ:u (h)wʊt dʒi: ðɪŋk ə ðæt jə mʌst kəntre:ɪv
tə ki:p ən in ɑr els əl nəvər θræ:ɪv

CHILE

ən fɛ:ðær (h)wʊt dʒi: ðɪŋk æ:ɪ væ:un tæde:
ðə nɛst (h)wɛr ðɪk (w)uəld hɛn əv æ:uærz də le:
twɛr æ:ut in ɑ:rtʃət hɛdʒ ən hæd væ:ɪv ægz

WIFE

lʊk ðeær hæ:u wɛt jə gʊt jær vɪ:t ən lægz
hæ:u dɪd i: gɪt in sɪtʃ ə pɪkəl dʒən

JOHN

æ:ɪ brɔ:k mæ:ɪ hɒs ən bɪn əfʊst tə stæn
ræ:ɪt in ðə mʌd ən wɔ:tər vɑr tə dɪg
ən mjɛd mæ:ɪzɛlf sɛ wɑtʃɒd æz ə pɪg

CHILE.

Faether, tiake off yer shoes, an' gi'e 'em to I:
Here be yer wold oones var ye, nice an' dry.

WIFE.

An' have ye got much hedgèn muore to do?

JOHN.

Enough to lēste var dree weeks muore ar zoo.

last; three

WIFE.

An' when y'ave done the job ya be about,
D'ye *think* ya'll have another vound ye out?

JOHN.

O ees, there'll be some muore: when I done that
I got a job o' trenchèn to goo at:
An' then zome trees to shroud, an' wood to vell;
Zoo I da hope to rub on pirty well
Till Zummer time; an' then I be to cut
The wood an' do the trenchèn by the tut.

yes

prune; fell

as piece-work⁸

CHILE.

An' nex' week, faether, I be gwâin to goo
A-pickèn stuones, ya know, var Farmer True.

going

WIFE.

An' little Jack, ya know, is gwâin to yarn
A penny keepèn birds off vrom his carn.

earn

JOHN.

O brave! What wages do er meän to gi'e?

he; give

CHILE

fɛ:ðər tjɛk ɒf jər fu:z an gi: əm tu ə:ɪ
hiər bi: jər (w)uəld (w)u:nz vər i: nə:ɪs ən drə:ɪ

WIFE

ən hav i: gʊt mʌtʃ hɛdʒən muər tə du:

JOHN

mʌf tə lɛ:st vər dri: wi:(j)ks muər ər zu:

WIFE

an (h)wɛn jəv dʌn ðə dʒɒb jə bi: əbə:ut
dʒi: ðɪŋk jəl hav ənʌðər və:ʊn(d) i: ə:ut

JOHN

o: i:s ðərl bi: səm muər (h)wɛn ə:ɪ dʌn ðat
ə:ɪ gʊt ə dʒɒb ə trɛntʃən tə gu: at
an ðɛn zəm tri:z tə frə:ud ən wʊd tə vɛl
zu: ə:ɪ də hɔ:p tə rʌb ɒn pə:rti wɛl
tɪl zʌmər tə:ɪm an ðɛn ə:ɪ bi: tə kʌt
ðə wʊd ən du: ðə trɛntʃən b(ə:ɪ) ðə tʌt

CHILE

an nɛks wi:(j)k fɛ:ðər ə:ɪ bi: gwæm tə gu:
apɪkən stʊənz jə no: vər fɑ:rmər tru:

WIFE

an litəl dʒʌk jə no: ɪz gwæm tə jɑ:rn
ə pɛni ki:(j)pən bə:rdz ɒf vrəm hɪz kɑ:rn

JOHN

o: brjɛv (h)wɒt wjɛdʒɪz du: ər miən tə gi:

WIFE.

She dreppence var a day, an' twopence he.

threepence

JOHN.

Well, Polly, thee must work a little spracker
When thee bist out, ar else thee wu'ten pick
A dungpot luoad o' stuones not very quick.

*more quickly
won't*

CHILE.

O ees I shall: but Jack da want a clacker.
An' faether, wull ye tiake an' cut
A stick ar two to miake his hut.

rattle⁹

JOHN.

Ya little wench, why thee bist always baggèn!
I be too tired now to-night, I'm sure,
To zet a-doèn any muore;
Zoo I shall goo up out o' the woy o' the waggon.

begging

i.e., to bed¹⁰

WIFE

ʃi: drɛpəns vər ə de: ən tʌpəns hi:

JOHN

wəl pɒli ði: məst wə:rk ə lɪtəl sprakər
(h)wɛn ði: bɪst ə:ut ar əls ði: wʊtən pɪk
ə dʌŋpɒt luəd ə stuənz nɒt veri kwɪk

CHILE

o: i:s əɪ ʃʊl bʌt dʒak də wɒnt ə klakər
an fe:ðər wʊl i: tʃɛk an kʌt
ə stɪk ər tu: tə mjek hɪz hʌt

JOHN

jə lɪtəl wɛntʃ (h)wə:ɪ ði: bɪst a:lwe:z bagən
əɪ bi: tu: tə:ɪərd nə:u tənə:ɪt ə:ɪm ʃu(:)ər
tə zɛt ədu:ən ɛni muər
zu: əɪ ʃəl gu: ʌp ə:ut ə ðə wə:ɪ ə ðə wagən

ECLOGUE.

THE BEST MAN IN THE FIELD.

SAM AND BOB.

[For Barnes's explanation of the technical terms of haymaking used in this eclogue—*pook, wiale, ted, roller, tip, ground the pick, skim(my), etc.*— see note 11, p. 51 below.]

SAM.

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

very quickly

BOB.

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

day

you are

lay (bet)

warrant

SAM.

Now 'dhang thee, Bob, don't tell sich woppèn lies.
My wiale is biggest, if da come to size.
'Tis jist the siame whatever bist about;
Why when bist teddèn grass, ya liazy sloth,
Zomebody is a-fuoss'd to tiake thy zwath
An' ted a hafe woy back to help thee out.
An' when bist riakèn rollers, bist so slack,
That thee dost kip the buoys an' women back.

forced; swath

half way

keep

ekløg

ðə best man in ðə vi:l(d)

sam ən(d) bɒb

SAM

ðats slo:ɪʃ wɜ:rk bɒb (h)wɒts əbɪn əbə:ʊt
ðə:ɪ pʊkən do:nt gu: ɒn nɒt ə:vər sprak
(h)wə:ɪ ə:ɪv əpʊkt mə:ɪ wjəl lʊk zi: kliər ə:ʊt
an hiər ə:ɪ gɒt ənʌðər tə:rnən bak

BOB

ə:ɪl wɜ:rk wi ði: ðen sami eni de:
ət eni wɜ:rk bɪst mə:ɪndɪd tə gu: at
vər eni mʌni ði: dəst lɜ:k tə le:
nə:ɪ mɪstər sami (h)wɒt dəst ðɪŋk ə ðat
mə:ɪ gɜ:rt wjəl hiər ɪz twə:ɪs sə bɪg əz ðə:ɪm
ar els ə:ɪ wɑ:rnd ə:ɪ ʃʊdən bi: bihə:ɪm

SAM

nə:ɪ daɪ ði: bɒb do:nt tel sɪʃ wɒpən lə:ɪz
mə:ɪ wjəl ɪz bɪgɪst ɪf də kʌm tə sə:ɪz
tɪz dʒɪst ðə sjem (h)wɒtevər bɪst əbə:ʊt
(h)wə:ɪ (h)wen bɪst tɛdən grɑ:s jə ljezi sləθ
zʌmbɒdi ɪz əfʊst tə tjek ðə:ɪ zwɒθ
ən tɛd ə he:f wə:ɪ bak tə help ði: ə:ʊt
an (h)wen bɪst rjekən rɒlərz bɪst sə slak
ðat ði: dəst kɪp ðə bwə:ɪz ən wʊmɪn bak

An' if dost *think* that thee canst challenge I,
At any thing then, Bob, we'll tiake a pick apiece,
An' oonce theös zummer, goo an' try
To miake a rick apiece.
A rick o' thine wull look a little funny,
When thee's a-done en, I'll bet any money.

pitchfork
this

it

BOB.

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

blockhead
prop it up
*tipped*¹²
on top of it
have finished it
with it upon him

SAM.

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

week
haul it
have it bound

saw it was falling

*shapeless mass*¹³

BOB.

Do shut thy lyèn chops. What dosten mind
Thy pitchèn to me out in Gully-plot?
A-miakèn o' me wâit (wast zoo behind)
A hafe an hour var ev'ry pitch I got.

an if dæst ðɪŋk ðæt ði: kænst tʃalɪndʒ ə:
æt eni ðɪŋ ðen bʊb wi:l tʃek ə pɪk əpɪ:s
ən (w)u:ns ðiəs zʌmər gu: ən trə:
tə mjek ə rɪk əpɪ:s
ə rɪk ə ðə:m wʊl lʊk ə lɪtəl fʌni
(h)wen ði:z ədʌn ən ə:l bet eni mʌni

BOB

jə nʊgərhed læ:st jɪər ði: mjedst ə rɪk
an wi: wər fʊrst tə tɹɪg ən wi ə stɪk
an (h)wɒt dɪd dʒʌn ðæt tɹɪpt ən ze: (h)wə:ɪ zed
ə stʊd ətɒp o:n ə:l ðə (h)wə:ɪl m dɹed
əðɪŋkən ðat əvuər ə ʃʊd ədʌn ən
əd tʌmbəl ɔ:vər sləp wi hi: əpɒn ən

SAM

jə læ:ɪən ljezi ði:f ə:ɪ wɑ:rnd mə:ɪ rɪk
wər betər ðən ðə:ɪ luəd ə hæɪ læ:st wɪk
ðe: hadən gʊt ə hʌndərd jɑ:rdz tə hɑ:l ən
ən ðen ðe: wər əfʊrst tə hʌb ən bə:un
vər if ðe: hadən twʊd ə tʌmbəld də:un
ən ɛ:tər ðat ə:ɪ zi:d ə wər əvɑ:lən
ən pʊʃt əgeɪn ən wi mə:ɪ pɪtʃən pɪk
tə kɪp ən ʌp dʒɪst tɪl wi: gʊt tə rɪk
an (h)wen ðə hʌmptɪdʌmptɪ wər ʌnbə:un
ə vel tə pi:sɪz də:un əpɒn ðə grə:un

BOB

du: ʃʌt ðə:ɪ læ:ɪən tʃɒps (h)wɒt dʌsən mə:m(d)
ðə:ɪ pɪtʃən tə mi: əʊt m ɡʌlɪplɒt
əmjekən ə mi: wæɪt wɒst zu: bihə:m(d)
ə he:f ən əvuər vər evri pɪtʃ ə:ɪ gʊt

An' then how thee didst groun' thy pick, an' blow,
An' quirk to get en up on end, dost know;
To rise a pitch that wer about so big
'S a goodish crow's nest, or a wold man's wig.
Why bist so weak, dost know, as any roller.
Zome o' the women vō'kes wull beät thee holler.

*puff*¹⁴
raise (lift) a forkful
old
hollow

SAM.

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

filthy-face
didn't see me
bundle

BOB.

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

carry

SAM.

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

legs

BOB.

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

couldn't
can't sharpen (a scythe)

an ðen hæ:u ði: dɪdst grə:un ðə:ɪ pɪk an blɔ:
ən kwær:k tə get ən ʌp ɒn end dʌst no:
tə rə:ɪz ə pɪtʃ ðæt wɜr əbə:ut sə bɪg
z ə ɡʊdɪʃ kro:z nəst ər ə (w)uəld mənʒ wɪɡ
(h)wə:ɪ bɪst sə wɪ:k dʌst no: əz enɪ rɒlə
zʌm ə ðə wʊmɪn vɔ:ks wʊl biət ði: hʊlə

SAM

jə snʌbno:zd flɒbɜrtʃɒps ə:ɪ pɪtʃt sə kwɪk
ðæt ði: dɛst no: ði: hɛdʃt ə hɑ:rdɪʃ dʒɒb
tə tʃek ðə pɪtʃɪz ɪn vrəm mə:ɪ slɔ: pɪk
ən dɪsən zi: ə:ɪ grə:un ən nʌðər bɒb
ən ði: bɪst strɒŋgər ði: dɛst ðɪŋk ðən ə:ɪ
ɡə:ɪt bændɪlɑgz ə:ɪ dʒɪst ʃʊd lə:ɪk tə trə:ɪ
wɪ:l ɡu: ɪf ði: dɛst lə:ɪk ən dʒɪst zi: (h)wɪtʃ
kən hi:v ðə muəst ər kɑ:ɪ ðə bɪɡɪst nɪtʃ

BOB

ðər sɑm də mjek ə:ɪ zɪk tə hɪər ðə:ɪ brɑɡən
(h)wə:ɪ bɪsən strɒŋ mʌf tə kɑ:ɪ ə flɑɡən

SAM

jə ɡrɪnən fu:l ə:ɪ wɑ:ɪnd ə:ɪd zet ði: blɔ:ən
ɪf ði: wɛst wɪ mi: vɑr ə de: əmɔ:ən
ə:ɪd wɛər mə:ɪ kuət ən ði: ʃʊst pul ðə:ɪ rɑgz ɒf
ən ɪn ten mɪnɪts (h)wə:ɪ ə:ɪd mo: ðə:ɪ lɑgz ɒf

BOB

ði: mo: wɪ ə:ɪ (h)wə:ɪ kʊsən ki:(i)p ʌp wɪ mi:
(h)wə:ɪ bɪsən fɪt tə ɡu: əvɪ:l(d) tə skɪmɪ
ər mo: ðə dɒks ən ðɪsəlz (h)wə:ɪ ə:ɪl bet
ə ʃɪlən sɑməl ðæt ði: kɑsən (h)wɛt

SAM.

Now don't thee zae much muore than what'st a-zaid
Or else I'll knock thee down, heels auver head.

BOB.

Thee knock I down, ya fool; why cassen hit
A blow hafe hard enough to kill a nit.

SAM.

Well thee sha't veel upon thy chops and snout.

you'll feel (it)

BOB.

Come on then, Samel, let's jist have oone bout.

SAM

nə:u do:nt ði: ze: mʌtʃ muər ðan (h)wɒtst əzəd
ar els ə:l nɒk ði: də:ʊn hi:lz ɔ:vər həd

BOB

ði: nɒk ə:ɪ də:ʊn jə fu:l (h)wə:ɪ kasən hɪt
ə blo: hɛ:f ha:rd mʌf tə ki:l ə nɪt

SAM

wel ði: ʃat vi:l əpən ðə:ɪ tʃɒps ən(d) snə:ʊt

BOB

kʌm ən ðen saməl lets dʒɪst hav (w)u:n bə:ʊt

ECLOGUE.

EMIGRATION.

—
ROBERT AND RICHARD.
—

ROBERT.

Well Richat, zoo 'tis true what I do hear
That you be guoin to Dieman's Land to-year.

Van Diemen's Land

RICHARD.

Ees, I shall never eat another pound
O' zalt in England here, where I wer barn;
Nor dig another spit o' English ground;
Nor cut a bit moore English grass or carn.
Ees, we must get to Lon'on now next Zunday
Abuoard the Ship that is to car us,
Vor if the weather should be rightish var us
We shall put out to Sea o' Monday,
Zoo our vew tools and clothes (for we must car all
That we can get by buyen, or by baggen),
Here t'other day I packed up in a barrel
And zent 'em on to Lon'on by the waggon.

yes
salt; born
*spade's worth*¹⁶
corn

carry

few
begging

ROBERT.

And how d'ye zend your children and your women?

RICHARD.

We got a lightish waggon to clap them in.

ROBERT.

And how d'ye get up yourzelves, you men?

ekløg

emigræisþan

røbærd ən(d) rrtʃæt¹⁵

ROBERT

wel rrtʃæt zu: tɪz tru: (h)wɔt ə:ɪ də hiər
ðæt ju: bi: gwæm tə di:mənz lan(d) tæjɪər

RICHARD

i:s ə:ɪ ʃəl nəvər i:t ənlðər pə:un(d)
ə zɔlt m ɪŋɡland hiər (h)wər ə:ɪ wər bɑ:rɪn
nɑr dɪɡ ənlðər spɪt ə ɪŋɡlɪʃ grə:un(d)
nɑr kɑt ə bɪt muər ɪŋɡlɪʃ grɑ:s ər kɑ:rɪn
i:s wi: məs(t) get tə lɑnən nə:u nəks(t) zʌnde:
əbuərd ðə ʃɪp ðæt ɪz tə kɑ:r əs
vɑr ɪf ðə wɛðər ʃʊd bi: rə:ɪtʃ vɑ:r əs
wi: ʃəl pʌt ə:ut tə si: ə mʌnde:
zu: ə:uər vju: tu:lz ənd klo:z vər wi: məst kɑ:r aɪl
ðæt wi: kən get b(ə:ɪ) bə:ɪən ɑr b(ə:ɪ) bɑɡən
hiər tʌðər de: ə:ɪ pakt ʌp m ə bɑrəl
ən(d) zent əm ɒn tə lɑnən b(ə:ɪ) ðə wɑɡən

ROBERT

ən(d) hə:u dʒi: zænd jər tʃɪldərn ən(d) jər wʊmɪn

RICHARD

wi: ɡʊt ə lə:ɪtʃ wɑɡən tə klap (ð)əm m

ROBERT

ən(d) hə:u dʒi: get ʌp jərzelvz ju: mɛn

RICHARD.

O we shall walk and ride oonce now and then
When we do meet wi' any driv[è]n lads
Wi' lightish luoads to tiake us up vor cads.

*driving*¹⁷
*unbooked passengers*¹⁸

ROBERT.

And how d'ye veel now Richat in your mind,
To leave your bethpleace and your friends behind?

birthplace

RICHARD.

Why very queer, I do, I cant deny:
When I do think o' be'en piarted
Vrom al my friends var ever, I could cry
But var the shiame o' be'en so softhearted.
Here be the trees that I did use to clim in,
Here is the brook that I did use to zwim in,
Here be the ground where I've a worked and played;
Here is the hut that I wer barn and bred in;
Here is the little church where we've a prayed,
And churchyard that my kinsvolk's buones be laid in;
And I myzelf, you know, should like to lie
Among 'em too when I do come to die;
But 'tis noo use to have zich foolish wishes;
I shall be tossed, i' may be, to the vishes.

climb

such

ROBERT.

'Tis hard a man can't get a luof to veed 'en
Upon the pliace wher life wer vust a gied 'en;
'Tis hard that if he'd work, there's noo work var'n,
Or that his work woon't bring enough o' money
To keep en, though the land is vull a carn
And cattle; and do flow wi' milk and honey.

feed himself
first given to him
for him

RICHARD

o: wi: ʃəl wɛ:k ən(d) rə:ɪd (w)u:nz nə:u ən(d) ðen
(h)wen wi: də mi:t wi eni drevən lɑ:dz
wi lə:ɪtʃ luədz tə tʃɛk əs ʌp vər kɑ:dz

ROBERT

an(d) hə:u dʒi: vi:l nə:u rɪtʃət m jər mə:m(d)
tə li:v jər beθpljes ənd jər frɛn(d)z bihə:m(d)

RICHARD

(h)wə:ɪ vɛri kwɪ:r ə:ɪ du: ə:ɪ kɛ:nt dɪnə:ɪ
(h)wen ə:ɪ də ðɪŋk ə bi:ən pjɑ:rtɪd
vrəm a:l mə:ɪ frɛn(d)z vər evər ə:ɪ kud krə:ɪ
bʌt vər ðə ʃjɛm ə bi:ən so: sɒft hɑ:rtɪd
hiər bi: ðə tri:z ðət ə:ɪ dɪd ju:z tə klɪm m
hiər ɪz ðə brʊk ðət ə:ɪ dɪd ju:z tə zwɪm m
hiər bi: ðə grɛ:ʊn(d) (h)wər ə:ɪv əwə:ɪkt ən(d) plæɪd
hiər ɪz ðə hʌt ðət ə:ɪ wər bɑ:rn ən(d) brɛd m
hiər ɪz ðə lɪtəl tʃɛ:ɪtʃ (h)wər wi:v əpræɪd
an(d) tʃɛ:ɪtʃjɑ:rd ðət mə:ɪ kɪnzvɔ:ks buənz bi: lɛd m
an(d) ə:ɪ m(ə:ɪ)zɛlf jə nɔ: ʃʊd lə:ɪk tə lə:ɪ
əmpɒŋ əm tu: (h)wen ə:ɪ də kʌm tə də:ɪ
bət tɪz nu: ju:s tə hav zɪtʃ fu:lɪʃ wɪʃɪz
ə:ɪ ʃəl bi: tɒst ɪ mə:ɪ bi: tə ðə vɪʃɪz

ROBERT

tɪz hɑ:rd ə mæn kɛ:nt get ə luəf tə vi:d ən
əpɒn ðə pljes (h)wər lə:ɪf wər vʌst ə gi:d ən
tɪz hɑ:rd ðət ɪf hi:d wə:ɪk ðərz nu: wə:ɪk vɑ:rn
ər ðət hi:z wə:ɪk wu:(:nt) brɪŋ mʌf ə mʌni
tə ki:(:p) ən ðo: ðə lɑ:n(d) ɪz vʊl ə kɑ:rn
ən(d) kətəl an(d) də flo: wi mɪlk ən(d) hʌni

RICHARD.

Why ees, 'tis rather hardish, oone ca'nt doubt it,
But 'tis'n any use to tak about it;
There's noo work here at huome that I can come at,
And zoo I'll goo abroad and try var some'hat.

talk

ROBERT.

But you'll be zome time out upon the ocean;
You woon't get ovver very quick;
And if the Sea is rough, the vessel's motion,
I s'puose, wull miake ye rather zick.

over

RICHARD.

Eees 'twull be voorteen weeks, I s'puose, or muore,
'Forever we shall stretch our lags ashore.

*fourteen
stretch our legs*

ROBERT.

And then, i' may be, you mid come to land
Down at the bottom, in the mud or zand;
You mident goo to Dieman's Land at all,
Var you mid get a drownded in a squall.

RICHARD.

I don't mind that, var a'ter I be dead
I shan't be zoo a puzzled to get bread.
They that 'ave got the wordle's goods, noo doubt on't,
Do like it, and ben't willing to goo out on't:
There's nothin here var I but want and zorrow,
Zoo I don't mind o' leaven it to-morrow.
If 'twerden var my children and my wife,
I wou'dent gi' a zixpence var my life.

world's

RICHARD

(h)wæ:ɪ i:s tɪz re:ðər ha:rdɪʃ (w)u:n kɛ:nt də:ut ɪt
bʌt tɪdən enɪ ju:s tə tɛ:k əbə:ut ɪt
ðərz nu: wɛ:rk hiər ət huəm ðət ə:ɪ kən kʌm ət
an(d) zu: ə:ɪl gu: əbro:d ən(d) trə:ɪ vər zʌmət

ROBERT

bʌt ju:l bi: zʌm tə:ɪm ə:ut əpən ði o:ʃən
jə wu:(j)nt get ɔ:vər vɛ:ri kwɪk
an(d) ɪf ðə si: ɪz rʌf ðə vesəlz mo:ʃən
ə:ɪ spuəz wʊl mjek ɪ: re:ðər zɪk

RICHARD

ɪ:s twʊl bi: və:uərti:n wi:(j)ks ə:ɪ spuəz ar muər
vuər evər wi: ʃəl stratʃ ə:uər lagz əʃuər

ROBERT

an(d) ðen ɪ mæɪ bi: jə mɪd kʌm tə lan(d)
də:un ət ðə bʊtəm ɪn ðə mʌd ər zʌn(d)
jə mɪdən(t) gu: tə di:mənz lan(d) ət a:ɪ
vər jə mɪd get ədrə:undɪd ɪn ə skwa:l

RICHARD

ə:ɪ do:nt mæ:m(d) ðat vər ɛ:tər ə:ɪ bi: dɛd
ə:ɪ ʃʌnt bi: zu: əpʌzəld tə get brɛd
ðe: ðat əv gʊt ðə wɛ:rdəlz gʊdz nu: də:ut ɒnt
də lə:ɪk ɪt ənd be:nt wɪləŋ tə gu: ə:ut ɒnt
ðərz nʌθən hiər vər ə:ɪ bət wɒnt ən(d) zɑ:(j)rə
zu: ə:ɪ do:nt mæ:m(d) əli:vən ɪt təmɑ:(j)rə
ɪf twɛ:rdən vər mæ:ɪ tʃɪldərn ən(d) mæ:ɪ wɛ:ɪf
ə:ɪ wʊdən(t) gi: ə zɪkspəns vər mæ:ɪ lə:ɪf

ROBERT.

Ah! we must stay till GOD is pleased to tiake us;
If we do do our best he woon't forsiake us.
Good bye, and if I shou'dent zee ye agaen,
GOD bless you, Richat, drough your life.

through

RICHARD.

Amen.

ROBERT

a: wi: mæs(t) stæi til gʊd ɪz plɪəzd tə tʃæk əs
ɪf wi: də du: ə:uər bɛst hi: wu(:)nt vɔ:rsjɛk əs
gʊd bɛ:ɪ ən(d) ɪf ə:ɪ sʊdən(t) zi: i: əgɛn
gʊd blɛs ju: rɪtʃət dru: jər lə:ɪf

RICHARD

a:mɛn

ECLOGUE

A BIT O' SLY COORTÈN

—
JOHN AND FANNY.
—

JOHN.

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

FANNY.

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

JOHN.

I *thought* ya mid be out wi' *Jemmy Bliake*.

FANNY.

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

JOHN.

Ya wā'k'd o' Zunday evemen wi'n d'ye know. *walked; with him*
Ya went vrom Church a-hitch'd up in his yarm.

eklög

ə brɪ ə sləɪ kuərtən

dʒən ən(d) fəni

JOHN

nə:u fəni tɪz tu: bəd jə te:zən məɪd
hə:u ljet jə bi: əkʌm (h)wər həv i: stæɪd
hə:u lɒŋ jə hæv əmjəd mi: wæɪt əbə:ut
əɪ ðɔ:t jə wə:rdən gwæɪn tə kʌm əgen
əɪ həd ə mə:m(d) tə gu: bək huəm əgen
ðɪs ɪdən (h)wɛn jə prəmɪst tə kʌm ə:ut

FANNY

nə:u tɪdən eni ju:s tə mjæk ə rə:u
vər pɒn mə:ɪ wə:rd əɪ kʊdən kʌm tɪl nə:u
əɪ bɪn əkeɪpt ɪn a:l ðə de: b(ə:ɪ)ɪ mʌðər
ət wə:rk əbə:ut (w)u:n lɪtəl dʒɒb ən tʌðər
ɪf ju: də wɒnt tə gu: ðo: do:nt i: stæɪ
vər əɪ ə mɪnɪt lɒŋgər əɪ də præɪ

JOHN

əɪ ðɔ:t jə mɪd bi: ə:ut wi dʒemi bljæk

FANNY

(h)wə:ɪ ʃʊd əɪ bi: wi hi: vər gʊdnɪs sjæk

JOHN

jə wɛ:kt ə zʌnde: ɪ:vɪmən wi ən dʒi: nɔ:
jə went vrəm tʃə:rtʃ əhɪtʃt ʌp ɪn hɪz jɑ:ɪm

FANNY.

Well, if I did, that werden any harm;
Lauk! that *is* zome'hat to tiake nodice o'.

JOHN.

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

FANNY.

'Ees, at the stile, bekiase I shooden val, *yes*
'E took me hold to help me down, that's al;
An' I cān't zee what very mighty harm
'E cood ha' done a-lenden me his yarm. *arm*
An' var his kissèn o' me, if 'e did
I didden ax en to, nar zæ 'e mid; *ask; say; might*
An' if 'e kiss'd me dree times ar a dozen, *three*
What harm wer it? Why idden er my cousin? *isn't he*
An' I cānt zee, then, what ther is amiss
In cousin Jem's jist gi'èn I a kiss. *giving me*

JOHN.

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

FANNY.

Well, John, I'm sure I little *thought* to vind
That you had sich a nasty jealous mind.
What, then! I s'pose that I must be a dummy,
An' mussen goo about, nar wag my tongue

FANNY

wel if ə:ɪ dɪd ðat wə:rdən eni hæ:rm
lə:k ðat ɪz zʌmət tə tʃek no:ɪs o:

JOHN

i: tʊk i: rə:un ðə mɪdəl ət ðə stə:ɪl
ən kɪst i: twə:ɪs ɪðm ðə hæ:f ə mə:ɪl

FANNY

ɪs at ðə stə:ɪl bɪkjɛz ə:ɪ ʃʊdən vɑ:l
i: tʊk mi: hɔ:ld tə hɛlp mi: də:un ðats a:l
ən ə:ɪ kɛ:nt zi: (h)wɒt vɛri mə:ɪti hæ:rm
ə kʊd hɑ dʌn əlɛndən mi: hɪz jɑ:rm
ən vɑ hɪz kɪsən ə mi: ɪf ə dɪd
ə:ɪ dɪdən a:ks ən tu nɑr ze: ə mɪd
ən ɪf ə kɪst mi: dri: tə:ɪmz ɑr ə dʌzən
(h)wɒt hæ:rm wɛr ɪt (h)wə:ɪ ɪdən ər mə:ɪ kʌzən
ən ə:ɪ kɛ:nt zi: ðɛn (h)wɒt ðɛr ɪz əmɪs
ɪn kʌzən dʒɛmz dʒɪst gi:ən ə:ɪ ə kɪs

JOHN

wel hi: ʃɑnt kɪs i: ðɛn jə ʃɑnt bi: kɪst
bɛ:ɪ hɪz gɛ:ɪrt ʌgɪli tʃɒps ə lɑŋki hæ:un
ɪf ə:ɪ də zi: ən ə:ɪl dʒɪst rɪŋ ʌp mə:ɪ vɪst
ən nɒk ən də:un
ə:ɪl skwɒt hɪz gɛ:ɪrt pʌg no:z ɪf ə:ɪ do:nt mɪs ən
ə:ɪl wɑ:rnd ə:ɪl spwə:ɪl hɪz pɛ:ɪti lɪps vɛr kɪsən

FANNY

wel dʒɔn ə:ɪm ʃu(:)ər ə:ɪ lɪtəl ðɔ:rt tə və:m(d)
ðat ju: hɑd sɪtʃ ə nɑsti dʒɛləs mə:m(d)
(h)wɒt ðɛn ə:ɪ spo:z ðat ə:ɪ məs(t) bi: ə dʌmi
ən mʌsən gu: əbɛ:ut nɑr wɑg mə:ɪ tʌŋ

To any soul, if he's a man, an young;
Ar else you'll put yerself up in a passion,
An' ta'k away o' gi'en vo'ke a drashèn,
An' breakèn buones, an' beàtèn heads to pummy.
If you've a-got sich jealous woys about ye,
I'm sure I shoo'd be better off 'ithout ye.

*thrashing
crushed apples¹⁹*

JOHN.

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

FANNY.

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

say (talk)

story

JOHN.

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

that

this

FANNY.

Now goo away, ya nasty jealous chap,
Ya shon't kiss I: ya shon't: I'll gi' ye a slap.

tu eni so:l if hi:z ə man ən jʌŋ
ar els ju:l pʌt jərzelf ʌp m ə pʌʃən
an tɛ:k əwəɪ ə gi:ən vɔ:k ə draʃən
ən bre:kən buənz ən biətən hɛdz tə pʌmi
if ju:v əgɒt sɪtʃ dʒeləs wə:ɪs əbəʊt i:
ə:m ju(:)ər əɪ ʃʊd bi: bɛtər ɒf ɪðəʊt i:

JOHN

wel if gə:rt dʒɛmi həv əwɪnd jər hɑ:rt
wi:d bɛtər bre:k ðə kuərtʃɪp ɒf an pja:rt

FANNY

hi: wɪnd mə:ɪ hɑ:rt ðeər dʒən do:nt tɛ:k sɪtʃ stʌf
do:nt tɛ:k nu: muər var jəv əzɛd mʌf
if əɪd əlɪkt ənʌðər muər ðən ju:
ə:m ju(:)ər əɪ ʃʊdən kʌm tə mi:t i: zu:
var əɪv ətuəld tə fɛ:ðər meni ə stɑ:ri
ən tʊk ə mʌðər meni ə skuəldən vɑ:r i:

[Weeping]

bʌt twʊl bi: ɔ:vər nə:u var ju: ʃʌnt zi: mi:
ə:ʊt wi i: nu: muər tə pɪk ə kwɑ(:)rəl wi mi:

JOHN

wel fani əɪ wu(:)nt ze: nu: muər mə:ɪ diər
lets mjɛk ɪt ʌp kʌm wə:ɪp ɒf ðɪk ðeər tiər
lets gu: an zɪt ətɒp ə ðiəs hiər stə:ɪl
an(d) rest ən(d) lʊk əbəʊt ə litəl (h)wə:ɪl

FANNY

nə:u gu: əwə:ɪ jə nɑ:sti dʒeləs tʃʌp
jə ʃʌnt kɪs əɪ jə ʃʌnt əɪl gi: i: ə slʌp

JOHN.

Then you look smilèn; don't you pout an' toss
Yer head at I, an' look so very cross.

FANNY.

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

JOHN.

Then don't ye zae that I be jealous, *Fanny*.

FANNY.

I wull: var you *be* jealous, Mister *Jabunny*.

JOHN.

If I be jealous you be rather fickle-ish.

FANNY.

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

field

JOHN.

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

JOHN

ðen ju: lʊk smæ:ɪlən do:nt ju: pə:ut ən tʊs
jər hed ət ə:ɪ an lʊk sə veri krɒs

FANNY

nə:u dʒan do:nt skwi:z mi: rə:un ðə mɪdəl zu:
ə:ɪ wu:(j)nt stɒp hiər nu: lɒŋgər ɪf jə du:
(h)wə:ɪ dʒan bi: kwə:ɪət wʊl i: fə:ɪ əpɒn ɪt
nə:u zi: hə:u ju:v əɾʌmpələd ʌp mə:ɪ bɒnɪt
mʌðər əl zi: ɪt ɛ:tər ə:ɪm ət huəm
ən gi: ə gues dərek(t)li hə:u ɪt kʌm

JOHN

ðen do:nt i: ze: ðət ə:ɪ bi: dʒeləs fəni

FANNY

ə:ɪ wʊl var jə bi: dʒeləs mɪstər dʒəni

JOHN

ɪf ə:ɪ bi: dʒeləs ju: bi: re:ðər fiklɪʃ

FANNY

dʒan liəv əluən mə:ɪ nek ə:ɪ bi: sə tɪklɪʃ
ðərz sʌmbədi əkʌmən də:un ðə grə:un
təwə:ɾdz ðiəs stə:ɪl hu: ɪz ɪt kʌm gɪt də:un
ə:ɪ məs(t) rɪn huəm əpɒn mə:ɪ wə:ɾd ðen nə:u
ɪf ə:ɪ də stæɪ ðe:ɪl kɪk ʌp sɪʃ ə rə:u
gʊd nə:ɪt ə:ɪ ke:ɪnt stæɪ nə:u

JOHN

ðen gʊd nə:ɪt fəni
kʌm ə:ut ə bɪt təmərər ɪ:v mən kan i:

Notes

A. S. = Anglo-Saxon; F. = French.

¹ For a detailed account of the sounds of Barnes's dialect see T. L. Burton, *William Barnes's Dialect Poems: A Pronunciation Guide*, Adelaide & Provo: The Chaucer Studio Press, 2010.

² 'Kecks or Kex. A dead stalk of hemlock or cow parsley.' (Quoted from the 1844 Glossary. Other definitions given in these notes are from the same source, unless otherwise stated.)

³ 'Pollard (poll, to shear). A tree having its head polled or shorn off.'

⁴ 'Nitch. A burthen, as much as one can carry of wood, hay, or straw, and sometimes of drink. Hedgers are sometimes allowed to carry home every night a nitch of wood which they put on the end of a pole called a "Speäker"' [spelled *spyeker* in the next line of the poem].

⁵ 'Tun. A. S. Tun, a tower. The chimney top from the ridge of the house.'

⁶ 'Colepexy. In Somerset *Pixyhording* from *pixy* or *colepixy*, a fairy? To beat down the few apples that may be left on the trees after the crop has been taken in; to take as it were the fairies' horde.'

⁷ 'Hoss ... A horse. Also a plank or faggot to stand upon in digging in wet ditches, moved forwards by a knobbed stick inserted through it.'

⁸ 'Tut. To do work by the *tut* is by the *piece* or lump, not by the day.'

⁹ 'Clacker or Bird-clacker. A kind of rattle to frighten away birds from a corn-field.'

¹⁰ Not glossed in 1844, but the 1847 Glossary explains, in a new entry, "Where the waggon cān't goo auver me." Upstairs; in bed.'

¹¹ 'Haymaking consists of several operations which, with fine weather, commonly follow each other, in Dorsetshire, thus: The mown grass—in *zmath*—is thrown abroad—*tedded*—and afterwards turned once or twice and in the evening raked up into little ridges,—*rollers*,—single or double as they may be formed by one raker or by two raking against each other; and sometimes put up into small cones or heaps, called *cocks*. On the following morning the rollers or cocks are thrown abroad into—*passels*—parcels; which, after being turned, are in the evening put up into large ridges,—*niales*,—and the wales are sometimes *pooked*, put up into larger cones,—*pooks*,—in which the hay is loaded. In raking grass into double rollers, or

pushing hay up into wiales, the fore raker or pickman is said to *riake in* or *push in*, and the other to *cluose*.⁷

To these comments may be added some further notes, appended to the first published version of the poem, printed in *DCC*:

“To ground the pick.” To put the end of the pitchfork on the ground, as a fulcrum to raise the pitch. Young men, proud of their strength, would scorn such a mechanical aid.

To skimmy. To skim. To mow the tufts and patches of long grass in a summer leaze.

“Cassen whet.” Canst not whet a scythe. There is a false notion among many who do not understand rural matters, that in the field of work of the labourer there is no skill. Let them try to make a rick, build a load of hay, or strike a stroke in mowing; or let them whet a scythe, and see how long they will rub before they bring up the test of good whetting, the thread on the edge. A London apprentice should not laugh at a rustic because he cannot dance a quadrille, and knows nothing of the drama; since he of the town knows nothing of crops, cattle, and correctives of soil; and would be as awkward in a field as the other in a ball-room. “Non omnia possumus omnes.” We cannot all do everything: city folks are superior to rustics in many things, and rustics to them in others.

¹² ‘Tip. “To tip a rick,” to make its top conical and sharp so as to shoot the wet, by raking and pulling loose hay from its side and undercutting it and putting the hay gotten from these operations on the top.’

¹³ ‘Humpty-dumpty ... A humpy and dumpy or shapeless mass.’

¹⁴ ‘Quirk. To emit the breath forcibly after retaining it in violent exertion.’

¹⁵ These pronunciations are confirmed by the spellings *Roberd* (the preferred form in 1844) and *Richat* (3 times in this poem; cf. *archet* for *orchard*, pp. 8 and 20 above). The text of this poem (not printed in 1844) is from *DCC*.

¹⁶ ‘Spit. A. S. Spad, a spade. As much as is turned at once by a spade in digging.’

¹⁷ drivèn] driveeñ *DCC*.

¹⁸ Cad: ‘An unbooked passenger whom the driver of a coach took up for his own profit on the way’ (*OED*, *cad*², sense †1, one quotation only).

¹⁹ ‘Pummy, Pummice. F. Pomme, an apple. The dry substance of apples after the cider is expressed from it.’



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Cast (in order of appearance in the eclogues)

Ben McCann is Chair of the University of Adelaide Theatre Guild. Last year, he directed David Mamet's *Oleanna*, and has recently acted in *Marat/Sade*, *The Real Inspector Hound*, and *What the Butler Saw*. At the 2008 Adelaide Fringe, he appeared in *Abelard and Heloise: The Lost Love Letters and the Music They Inspired*.

Michael Pole has performed professionally both in Australia and England. His most recent production was *Vanity Fair* for Independent Theatre, playing various roles ranging from Jos Sedley to Napoleon. He is currently directing the SA premiere of the Monty Python musical *Spamalot!* for this year's Fringe opening on March 12 and he urges everyone to see it!

Kathryn Dineen graduated in 1980 from the University of Adelaide with a BMus (Hons) in Vocal Performance. She was a soloist with the Australian Opera (1983–87) before continuing her operatic career in Germany (1989–2003). Since 2000 Kathryn has been a concert soloist with the Symphony Orchestras in Sydney, Perth, Darwin and Brisbane.

Prudence Pole is currently a Bachelor of Arts and Teaching student at the University of Adelaide. She has worked with many theatre companies around Adelaide and also with the Leicester Drama Society in the UK. Her most recent production was a son, who started his own acting career at the top playing Baby Jesus last December.

Tom Burton is Founding Director of the Chaucer Studio, author of *William Barnes's Dialect Poems: A Pronunciation Guide*, and Co-Editor (with K. K. Ruthven) of *The Complete Poems of William Barnes* (3 volumes, in preparation for Oxford University Press). He has directed *The Merchant of Venice* and *King Lear* for the University of Adelaide Theatre Guild.

Casting of the individual eclogues

Numbers in parentheses give the order of publication in the *Dorset County Chronicle*, followed by the page numbers of the text in the 1844 collection.

1. *The Common A-Took In* (DCC, 1; 1844, pp. 172–75)

Thomas: Ben McCann

John: Mike Pole

2. *Viairies* (not from the original series; 1844, pp. 134–37)

Simon: Kathryn Dineen

Samel: Pru Pole

3. *Faether Come Huome* (DCC, 6; 1844, pp. 209–12)

Chile: Pru Pole

Wife: Kathryn Dineen

John: Tom Burton

4. *The Best Man in the Vield* (DCC, 5; 1844, pp. 109–13)

Sam: Ben McCann

Bob: Mike Pole

5. *Emigration* (DCC, 4; not reprinted in 1844)

Robert: Tom Burton

Richard: Ben McCann

6. *A Bit o' Sly Coortèn* (DCC, 7; 1844, pp. 76–80)

John: Mike Pole

Fanny: Pru Pole

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