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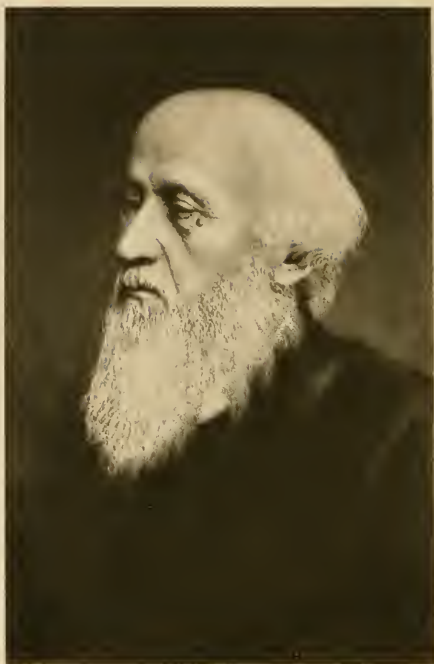
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Henry Walker

William Barnes
1801-1886

SELECT POEMS OF
WILLIAM BARNES

CHOSEN AND EDITED
WITH A PREFACE AND GLOSSARIAL NOTES

BY
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PREFACE

THIS volume of verse includes, to the best of my judgement, the greater part of that which is of the highest value in the poetry of William Barnes. I have been moved to undertake the selection by a thought that has overridden some immediate objections to such an attempt,—that I chance to be (I believe) one of the few living persons having a practical acquaintance with letters who knew familiarly the Dorset dialect when it was spoken as Barnes writes it, or, perhaps, who know it as it is spoken now. Since his death, education in the west of England as elsewhere has gone on with its silent and inevitable effacements, reducing the speech of this country to uniformity, and obliterating every year many a fine old local word. The process is always the same: the word is ridiculed by the newly taught; it gets into disgrace; it is heard in holes and corners only; it dies; and, worst of all, it leaves no synonym. In the villages that one recognizes to be the scenes of these pastorals the poet's nouns, adjectives, and idioms daily cease to be understood by

the younger generation, the luxury of four demonstrative pronouns, of which he was so proud, vanishes by their compression into the two of common English, and the suffix to verbs which marks continuity of action is almost everywhere shorn away.

To cull from a dead writer's whole achievement in verse portions that shall exhibit him is a task of no small difficulty, and of some temerity. There is involved, first of all, the question of right. A selector may say: These are the pieces that please me best; but he may not be entitled to hold that they are the best in themselves and for everybody. This opens the problem of equating the personality—of adjusting the idiosyncrasy of the chooser to mean pitch. If it can be done in some degree—one may doubt it—there are to be borne in mind the continually changing taste of the times. But, assuming average critical capacity in the compiler, that he represents his own time, and that he finds it no great toil to come to a conclusion on which in his view are the highest levels and the lowest of a poet's execution, the complete field of the work examined almost always contains a large intermediate tract where the accomplishment is of nearly uniform merit throughout, selection from which must be by a process of sampling rather than of gleaning; many a poem, too, of indifferent achievement in its wholeness may contain

some line, couplet, or stanza of great excellence; and contrariwise, a bad or irrelevant verse may mar the good remainder; in each case the choice is puzzled, and the balance struck by a single mind can hardly escape being questioned here and there.

A word may be said on the arrangement of the poems as 'lyrical and elegiac'; 'descriptive and meditative'; 'humorous'; a classification which has been adopted with this author in the present volume for the first time. It is an old story that such divisions may be open to grave objection, in respect, at least, of the verse of the majority of poets, who write in the accepted language. For one thing, many fine poems that have lyric moments are not entirely lyrical; many largely narrative poems are not entirely narrative; many personal reflections or meditations in verse hover across the frontiers of lyricism. To this general opinion I would add that the same lines may be lyrical to one temperament and meditative to another; nay, lyrical and not lyrical to the same reader at different times, according to his mood and circumstance. Gray's *Elegy* may be instanced as a poem that has almost made itself notorious by claiming to be a lyric in particular humours, situations, and weathers, and waiving the claim in others.

One might, to be sure, as a smart impromptu, narrow down the definition of lyric to the safe boun-

dary of poetry that has all its nouns in the vocative case, and so settle the question by the simple touchstone of the grammar-book, adducing the *Benedicite* as a shining example. But this qualification would be disconcerting in its stringency, and cause a fluttering of the leaves of many an accepted anthology.

A story which was told the writer by Mr. Barnes himself may be apposite here. When a pupil of his was announced in the *Times* as having come out at the top in the Indian Service examination-list of those days, the schoolmaster was overwhelmed with letters from anxious parents requesting him at any price to make their sons come out at the top also. He replied that he willingly would, but that it took two to do it. It depends, in truth, upon the other person, the reader, whether certain numbers shall be raised to lyric pitch or not ; and if he does not bring to the page of these potentially lyric productions a lyrical quality of mind, they must be classed, for him, as non-lyrical.

However, to pass the niceties of this question by. In the exceptional instance of a poet like Barnes who writes in a dialect only, a new condition arises to influence considerations of assortment. Lovers of poetry who are but imperfectly acquainted with his vocabulary and idiom may yet be desirous of learning something of his message ; and the most elementary guidance is of help to such students, for they are

liable to mistake their author on the very threshold. For some reason or none, many persons suppose that when anything is penned in the tongue of the country-side, the primary intent is burlesque or ridicule, and this especially if the speech be one in which the sibilant has the rough sound, and is expressed by Z. Indeed, scores of thriving story-tellers and dramatists seem to believe that by transmuting the flattest conversation into a dialect that never existed, and making the talkers say 'be' where they would really say 'is', a Falstaffian richness is at once imparted to its qualities.

But to a person to whom a dialect is native its sounds are as consonant with moods of sorrow as with moods of mirth: there is no grotesqueness in it as such. Nor was there to Barnes. To provide an alien reader with a rough clue to the taste of the kernel that may be expected under the shell of the spelling has seemed to be worth while, and to justify a division into heads that may in some cases appear arbitrary.

In respect of the other helps—the glosses and paraphrases given on each page—it may be assumed that they are but a sorry substitute for the full significance the original words bear to those who read them without translation, and know their delicate ability to express the doings, joys and jests, troubles, sorrows, needs and sicknesses of life in the rural world as

elsewhere. The Dorset dialect being—or having been—a tongue, and not a corruption, it is the old question over again, that of the translation of poetry; which, to the full, is admittedly impossible. And further; gesture and facial expression figure so largely in the speech of husbandmen as to be speech itself; hence in the mind's eye of those who know it in its original setting each word of theirs is accompanied by the qualifying face-play which no construing can express.

It may appear strange to some, as it did to friends in his lifetime, that a man of insight who had the spirit of poesy in him should have persisted year after year in writing in a fast-perishing language, and on themes which in some not remote time would be familiar to nobody, leaving him pathetically like

A ghostly cricket, creaking where a house was
burned;

—a language with the added disadvantage by comparison with other dead tongues that no master or books would be readily available for the acquisition of its finer meanings. He himself simply said that he could not help it, no doubt feeling his idylls to be an extemporization, or impulse, without prevision or power of appraisal on his own part.

Yet it seems to the present writer that Barnes,

despite this, really belonged to the literary school of such poets as Tennyson, Gray, and Collins, rather than to that of the old unpremeditating singers in dialect. Primarily spontaneous, he was academic closely after ; and we find him warbling his native wood-notes with a watchful eye on the predetermined score, a far remove from the popular impression of him as the naif and rude bard who sings only because he must, and who submits the uncouth lines of his page to us without knowing how they come there. Goethe never knew better of his ; nor Milton ; nor, in their rhymes, Poe ; nor, in their whimsical alliterations here and there, Langland and the versifiers of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries.

In his aim at closeness of phrase to his vision he strained at times the capacities of dialect, and went wilfully outside the dramatization of peasant talk. Such a lover of the art of expression was this penman of a dialect that had no literature, that on some occasions he would allow art to overpower spontaneity and to cripple inspiration ; though, be it remembered, he never tampered with the dialect itself. His ingenious internal rhymes, his subtle juxtaposition of kindred lippings and vowel-sounds, show a fastidiousness in word-selection that is surprising in verse which professes to represent the habitual modes of language among the western peasantry.

We do not find in the dialect balladists of the seventeenth century, or in Burns (with whom he has sometimes been measured), such careful finish, such verbal dexterities, such searchings for the most cunning syllables, such satisfaction with the best phrase. Had he not begun with dialect, and seen himself recognized as an adept in it before he had quite found himself as a poet, who knows that he might not have brought upon his muse the disaster that has befallen so many earnest versifiers of recent time, have become a slave to the passion for form, and have wasted all his substance in whittling at its shape.

From such, however, he was saved by the conditions of his scene, characters, and vocabulary. It may have been, indeed, that he saw this tendency in himself, and retained the dialect as a corrective to the tendency. Whether or no, by a felicitous instinct he does at times break into sudden irregularities in the midst of his subtle rhythms and measures, as if feeling rebelled against further drill. Then his self-consciousness ends, and his naturalness is saved.

But criticism is so easy, and art so hard: criticism so flimsy, and the life-seer's voice so lasting. When we consider what such appreciativeness as Arnold's could allow his prejudice to say about the highest-soaring among all our lyricists; what strange criticism Shelley himself could indulge in now and then; that

the history of criticism is mainly the history of error, which has not even, as many errors have, quaintness enough to make it interesting, we may well doubt the utility of such writing on the sand. What is the use of saying, as has been said of Barnes, that compound epithets like 'the blue-hill'd worold', 'the wide-horn'd cow,' 'the grey-topp'd heights of Paladore,' are a high-handed enlargement of the ordinary ideas of the field-folk into whose mouths they are put? These things are justified by the art of every age when they can claim to be, as here, singularly precise and beautiful definitions of what is signified; which in these instances, too, apply with double force to the deeply tinged horizon, to the breed of kine, to the aspect of Shaftesbury Hill, characteristic of the Vale within which most of his revelations are enshrined.

Dialect, it may be added, offered another advantage to him as the writer, whatever difficulties it may have for strangers who try to follow it. Even if he often used the dramatic form of peasant speakers as a pretext for the expression of his own mind and experiences—which cannot be doubted—yet he did not always do this, and the assumed character of husbandman or hamleteer enabled him to elude in his verse those dreams and speculations that cannot leave alone the mystery of things,—possibly an unworthy mystery and disappointing if

solved, though one that has a harrowing fascination for many poets,—and helped him to fall back on dramatic truth, by making his personages express the notions of life prevalent in their sphere.

As by the screen of dialect, so by the intense localization aforesaid, much is lost to the outsider who by looking into Barnes's pages only revives general recollections of country life. Yet many passages may shine into that reader's mind through the veil which partly hides them; and it is hoped and believed that, even in a superficial reading, something more of this poet's charm will be gathered from the present selection by persons to whom the Wessex R and Z are uncouth misfortunes, and the dying words those of an unlamented language that need leave behind it no grammar of its secrets and no key to its tomb.

T. H.

September, 1908.

The poems entitled 'The Lost Little Sister', 'Winter a-comèn', 'The Wind at the Door', 'White an' Blue', and 'The Fall' are printed by permission of the Rev. W. Miles Barnes, son of the poet. The four poems 'Melhill Feast', 'The Bars on the Landridge', 'Joy Passing By', and 'The Morning Moon'—which are among the few written by Barnes in other than dialect—are taken by the kind permission of Messrs. Macmillan from *Poems of Rural Life in Common English* published by them in 1868. These permissions are gratefully acknowledged by editor and publisher.

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I

LYRIC AND ELEGIAC

THE SPRING

WHEN wintry weather's all a-done,
 An' brooks do sparkle in the zun,
 An' nâisy-buildèn rooks do vlee
 Wi' sticks toward their elem tree;
 When birds do zing, an' we can zee
 Upon the boughs the buds o' spring,—
 Then I'm as happy as a king,
 A-vield wi' health an' zunsheen.

Vor then the cowslip's hangèn flow'r
 A-wetted in the zunny show'r, 10
 Do grow wi' vi'lets, sweet o' smell,
 Beside the wood-screen'd grægle's bell;
 Where drushes' aggs, wi' sky-blue shell,
 Do lie in mossy nests among
 The thorns, while they do zing their zong
 At evenèn in the zunsheen.

3 nâisy] noisy. vlee] fly. 4 elem] elm. 8 A-vield]
 afield. 12 grægle's] wild hyacinth's. 13 drushes' aggs]
 thrushes' eggs.

THE WOODLANDS

O SPREAD ageän your leaves an' flow'rs,
 Lwonesome woodlands! zunny woodlands!
 Here underneath the dewy show'rs
 O' warm-air'd spring-time, zunny woodlands!
 As when in drong or open ground,
 Wi' happy bwoyish heart I vound
 The twitt'rèn birds a-buildèn round
 Your high-bough'd hedges, zunny woodlands!

You gie'd me life, you gie'd me jaÿ,
 Lwonesome woodlands! zunny woodlands! 10
 You gie'd me health, as in my play
 I rambled through ye, zunny woodlands!
 You gie'd me freedom, vor to rove
 In äiry meäd or sheädy grove;
 You gie'd me smilèn Fannèy's love,
 The best ov all o't, zunny woodlands!

My vu'st shrill skylark whiver'd high,
 Lwonesome woodlands! zunny woodlands!
 To zing below your deep-blue sky
 An' white spring-clouds, O zunny woodlands! 20
 An' boughs o' trees that woonce stood here,
 Wer glossy green the happy year
 That gie'd me woone I lov'd so dear,
 An' now ha' lost, O zunny woodlands!

O let me rove ageän unspied,
 Lwonesome woodlands! zunny woodlands!
 Along your green-bough'd hedges' zide,
 As then I rambled, zunny woodlands!
 An' where the missèn trees woonce stood,
 Or tongues woonce rung among the wood, 30
 My memory shall meäke em good,
 Though you've a-lost em, zunny woodlands!

THE BLACKBIRD

Ov all the birds upon the wing
 Between the zunny show'rs o' spring,—
 Vor all the lark, a-swingèn high,
 Mid zing sweet ditties to the sky,
 An' sparrows, clust'rèn roun' the bough,
 Mid chatter to the men at plough,—
 The blackbird, whisslén in among
 The boughs, do zing the gäjest zong.

Vor we do hear the blackbird zing
 His sweetest ditties in the spring, 10
 When nippèn win's noo mwore do blow
 Vrom northern skies, wi' sleet or snow,
 But drëve light dust along between
 The læane-zide hedges, thick an' green;
 An' zoo the blackbird in among
 The boughs do zing the gäjest zong.

3 Vor all] although. 4 Mid] may. 11 win's] winds.
 13 drëve] drive. dust] dust.

'Tis blithe, wi' newly-wakèn eyes,
 To zee the mornèn's ruddy skies;
 Or, out a-haulèn frith or lops
 Vrom new-plēsh'd hedge or new-vell'd copse, 20
 To have woone's nammet down below
 A tree where primrwosen do grow.
 But there's noo time, the whole dāy long,
 Lik' evenèn wi' the blackbird's zong.

THE MILK-MAID O' THE FARM

O Poll's the milk-maid o' the farm!
 An' Poll's so happy out in groun'
 Wi' her white pail below her eärm
 As if she wore a golden crown.

An' Poll don't zit up half the night,
 Nor lie vor half the day a-bed:
 An' zoo her eyes be sparklèn bright,
 An' zoo her cheäks be always red.

In zummer mornèns, when the lark
 Do rouse the eärly lad an' lass 10
 To work, then she's the vu'st to mark
 Her steps upon the dewy grass.

An' in the evenèn, when the zun
 Do sheen upon the western brows
 O' hills, where bubblèn brooks do run,
 There she do zing beside her cows.

19 frith or lops] brushwood or boughs. 20 plēsh'd] plashed. vell'd] felled. 21 nammet] noon or afternoon meal.

An' ev'ry cow of hers do stand,
An' never overzet her pail,
Nor try to kick her nimble hand,
Nor switch her wi' her heavy tail. 20

Noo leädy wi' her muff an' vail
Do walk wi' sich a steätely tread
As she do, wi' her milkèn pail
A-balanc'd on her comely head.

An' she at mornèn an' at night
Do skim the yollow cream, an' mould
An' wring her cheeses red an' white,
An' zee the butter vetch'd an' roll'd.

Zoo Poll's the milk-maid o' the farm!
An' Poll's so happy out in groun' 30
Wi' her white pail below her eärm
As if she wore a golden crown.

28 vetch'd] churned.

THE GRE'T WOAK TREE THAT 'S IN THE
DELL

THE gre't woak tree that 's in the dell!
 There's noo tree I do love so well;
 Vor times an' times when I wer young
 I there've a-climb'd, an' there've a-zwung,
 An' pick'd the eäcorns green, a-shed
 In wrestlèn storms from his broad head,
 An' down below's the cloty brook
 Where I did vish with line an' hook,
 An' beät, in playsome dips and zwims,
 The foamy stream, wi' white-skinnd lim's. 10
 An' there my mother nimbly shot
 Her knittèn-needles, as she zot
 At evenèn down below the wide
 Woak's head, wi' father at her zide.
 An' I've a-played wi' many a bwoy,
 That's now a man an' gone away;
 Zoo I do like noo tree so well
 'S the gre't woak tree that 's in the dell.

An' there, in leäter years, I roved
 Wi' thik poor maid I fondly lov'd,— 20
 The maid too feäir to die so soon,—
 When evenèn twilight, or the moon,
 Cast light enough 'ithin the pleäce
 To show the smiles upon her feäce,

1 gre't woak] great oak. 7 cloty] water-lilied. 20 Wi'
 thik] with that.

Wi' eyes so clear's the glassy pool,
 An' lips an' cheäks so soft as wool.
 There han' in han', wi' bosoms warm
 Wi' love that burn'd but thought noo harm,
 Below the wide-bough'd tree we past
 The happy hours that went too vast; 30
 An' though she'll never be my wife,
 She's still my leäden star o' life.
 She's gone: an' she've a-left to me
 Her token in the gre't woak tree;
 Zoo I do love noo tree so well
 'S the gre't woak tree that's in the dell.

An' oh! mid never ax nor hook
 Be brought to spweil his steätely look;
 Nor ever roun' his ribby zides
 Mid cattle rub ther heäiry hides; 40
 Nor pigs rout up his turf, but keep
 His lwonesome sheüde vor harmless sheep;
 An' let en grow, an' let en spread,
 An' let en live when I be dead.
 But oh! if men should come an' vell
 The gre't woak tree that's in the dell,
 An' build his planks 'ithin the zide
 O' zome gre't ship to plough the tide,
 Then, life or death! I'd goo to sea,
 A-sailèn wi' the gre't woak tree: 50
 An' I upon his planks would stand,
 An' die a-fightèn vor the land,—

The land so dear,—the land so free,—
 The land that bore the gre't woak tree;
 Vor I do love noo tree so well
 'S the gre't woak tree that's in the dell.

MAY

COME out o' door; 'tis Spring! 'tis Maÿ!
 The trees be green, the vields be gaÿ:
 The weather's warm, the winter blast,
 Wi' all his train o' clouds, is past;
 The zun do rise while vo'k do sleep,
 To teäke a higher daily zweep,
 Wi' cloudless feäce a-flingèn down
 His sparklèn light upon the groun'.
 The äir's a-streamèn soft,—come drow
 The windor open; let it blow 10
 In drough the house, where vire, an' door
 A-shut, kept out the cwold avore.
 Come, let the vew dull embers die,
 An' come below the open sky;
 An' wear your best, vor fear the groun'
 In colours gaÿ mid sheäme your gown:
 An' goo an' rig wi' me a mile
 Or two up over geäte an' stile,
 Drough zunny parrocks that do leäd,
 Wi' crooked hedges, to the meäd, 20
 Where elems high, in steätely ranks,
 Do rise vrom yollow cowslip-banks,

9 drow] throw. 11 vire] fire. 13 vew] few. 19 par-
 rocks] paddocks.

An' birds do twitter vrom the spray
 O' bushes deck'd wi' snow-white may;
 An' gil'cups, wi' the deäisy bed,
 Be under ev'ry step you tread.

We'll wind up roun' the hill, an' look
 All down the thickly-timber'd nook,
 Out where the squier's house do show
 His grey-wall'd peaks up drough the row 30
 O' sheädy elems, where the rook
 Do build her nest; an' where the brook
 Do creep along the meäds, an' lie
 To catch the brightness o' the sky;
 An' cows, in water to their knees,
 Do stan' a whiskèn off the vrees.

Mother o' blossoms, and ov all
 That's feäir a-vield vrom Spring till Fall,
 The gookoo over white-weäv'd seas
 Do come to zing in thy green trees, 40
 An' butternvrees, in giddy flight,
 Do gleäm the mmost by thy gay light.
 Oh! when, at last, my fleshly eyes
 Shall shut upon the vields an' skies,
 Mid zummer's zunny days be gone,
 An' winter's clouds be comèn on:
 Nor mid I draw upon the e'th
 O' thy sweet air my leättest breath;
 Alassen I mid want to stay
 Behind for thee, O flow'ry May! 50

HOPE IN SPRING

In happy times a while agoo,
 My lively hope, that's now a-gone
 Did stir my heart the whole year drough,
 But mmost when green-bough'd spring come on ;
 When I did rove, wi' litty veet,
 Drough deäisy-beds so white's a sheet,
 But still avore I us'd to meet
 The blushèn cheäks that bloom'd vor me !

An' afterward in lightsome youth,
 When zummer wer a-comèn on, 10
 An' all the trees wer white wi' blooth,
 An' dippèn zwallows skimm'd the pon' ;
 Sweet hope did vill my heart wi' jäy,
 An' tell me, though thik spring wer gay,
 There still would come a brighter May,
 Wi' blushèn cheäks to bloom vor me !

An' when, at last, the time come roun',
 An' brought a lofty zun to sheen
 Upon my smilèn Fanny, down
 Drough nēsh young leaves o' yollow green ; 20
 How charmèn wer the het that glow'd,
 How charmèn wer the sheäde a-drow'd,
 How charmèn wer the win' that blow'd
 Upon her cheäks that bloom'd vor me !

5 litty veet] light feet. 11 blooth] blossom. 13 jäy] joy.
 20 nēsh] tender. 22 a-drow'd] thrown.

THE SHEPHERD O' THE FARM

OH! I be shepherd o' the farm,
 Wi' tinklèn bells an' sheep-dog's bark,
 An' wi' my crook a-thirt my eärm,
 Here I do rove below the lark.

An' I do bide all day among
 The bleäten sheep, an' pitch their vwold ;
 An' when the evenen sheädes be long,
 Do zee em all a-penn'd an' twold.

An' I do zee the friskèn lam's,
 Wi' swingèn tails an' woolly lags, 10
 A-playèn roun' their veedèn dams,
 An' pullèn o' their milky bags.

An' I bezide a hawthorn tree,
 Do' zit upon the zunny down,
 While sheädes o' zummer clouds do vlee
 Wi' silent flight along the groun'.

An' there, among the many cries
 O' sheep an' lambs, my dog do pass
 A zultry hour, wi' blinkèn eyes,
 An' nose a-strach'd upon the grass ; 20

But, in a twinklèn, at my word,
 He's all awake, an' up, an' gone
 Out roun' the sheep lik' any bird,
 To do what he's a-zent upon.

3 a-thirt] athwart. 6 vwold] fold. 8 twold] counted.
 11 veedèn] feeding. 15 vlee] fly. 20 a-strach'd] stretched
 out.

An' I do goo to washèn pool,
 A-sousèn over head an' ears
 The shaggy sheep, to cleän their wool
 An' meäke em ready for the sheärs.

An' when the shearèn time do come,
 Then we do work vrom dawn till dark ; 30
 Zome shearèn o' the sheep, and zome
 A-markèn o'm wi' meäster's mark.

An' when the shearèn's all a-done,
 Then we do eat, an' drink, an' zing,
 In meäster's kitchen till the tun
 Wi' merry sounds do sheäke an' ring.

Oh! I be shepherd o' the farm,
 Wi' tinklèn bells an' sheep-dog's bark,
 An' wi' my crook a-thirt my eärm
 Here I do rove below the lark. 40

WOODLEY

SWEET Woodley! oh! how fresh an' gay
 Thy leänes an' vields be now in Maÿ,
 The while the broad-leav'd clotes do zwim
 In brooks wi' gil'cups at the brim:
 An' yollow cowslip-beds do grow
 By thorns in blooth so white as snow;
 An' win' do come vrom copse wi' smells
 O' grægles wi' their hangèn bells!

35 tun] chimney-top. 3 clotes] water-lilies. 4 gil'cups]
 buttercups. 6 blooth] bloom. 8 grægles] wild hyacinths.

Though time do dreve me on, my mind
 Do turn in love to thee behind, 10
 The seäime 's a bulrush that 's a-shook
 By wind a blowèn up the brook ;
 The curlèn stream would dreve en down,
 But playsome air do turn en roun',
 An meäike en seem to bend wi' love
 To zunny hollows up above.

Thy tower still do overlook
 The woody knaps an' windèn brook,
 An' leänes' wi' here an' there a hatch, 20
 An' house wi' elem-sheäded thatch,
 An' vields where chaps do vur outdo
 The Zunday sky, wi' cwoats o' blue ;
 An' mäiden's frocks do vur surpass
 The whitest deäsies in the grass.

What peals to-day from thy wold tow'r
 Do strike upon the zummer flow'r,
 As all the club wi' dusty lags,
 Do walk wi' poles an' flappèn flags,
 An' wind, to music, roun' between
 A zwarm o' vo'k upon the green ! 30
 Though time do dreve me on, my mind
 Do turn wi' love to thee behind.

13 dreve en] drive it. 18 knaps] hillocks. 19 hatch]
 small gate. 21 vur] far. 25 wold] old. 27 dusty lags]
 dusty legs.

MEAKEN UP A MIFF

VORGI'E me, Jenny, do! an' rise
 Thy hangèn head an' teary eyes,
 An' speak, vor I've a-took in lies,
 An' I've a-done thee wrong;
 But I wer twold,—an' thought 'twer true,—
 That Sammy down at Coome an' you
 Wer at the feäir, a-walkèn drough
 The pleäce the whole day long.

An' tender thoughts did melt my heart,
 An' zwell's o' viry pride did dart 10
 Lik' lightnèn drough my blood; a-peärt
 Ov your love I should scorn,
 An' zoo I vow'd, however sweet
 Your looks mid be when we did meet,
 I'd trample ye down under veet,
 Or let ye goo forlorn.

But still thy neäme would always be
 The sweetest, an' my eyes would zee
 Among all maidens nwone lik' thee
 Vor ever any mwore; 20
 Zoo by the walks that we've a-took
 By flow'ry hedge an' zedgy brook,
 Dear Jenny, dry your eyes, an' look
 As you've a-look'd avore.

Look up, an' let the evenèn light
 But sparkle in thy eyes so bright,
 As they be open to the light
 O' zunzet in the west ;
 An' let's stroll here vor half an hour,
 Where hangèn boughs do meäke a bow'r 30
 Above theäse bank, wi' eltrot flow'r
 An' robinhoods a-drest.

THE CLOTE

(Water-lily.)

O ZUMMER clote ! when the brook's a-glidèn
 So slow an' smooth down his zedgy bed,
 Upon thy broad leaves so seäfe a-ridèn
 The water's top wi' thy yollow head,
 By alder sheädes, O,
 An' bulrush beds, O,
 Thou then dost float, goolden zummer clote !

 The grey-bough'd withy's a-leänèn lowly
 Above the water thy leaves do hide ;
 The bèndèn bulrush, a-swayèn slowly, 10
 Do skirt in zummer thy river's zide ;
 An' perch in shoals, O,
 Do vill the holes, O,
 Where thou dost float, goolden zummer clote !

31 theäse] this. eltrot] wild parsnip. 32 robinhoods]
 ragged-robins.

3 seäfe] safely.

Oh! when thy brook-drinkèn flow'r's a-blowèn,
 The burnèn zummer's a-zettèn in;
 The time o' greenness, the time o' mowèn,
 When in the hay-vield, wi' zunburnt skin,
 The vo'k do drink, O,
 Upon the brink, O, 20
 Where thou dost float, goolden zummer clote!

Wi' eärms a-spreadèn, an' cheäks a-blowèn,
 How proud wer I when I vu'st could zwim
 Athirt the deep pleäce where thou bist growèn,
 Wi' thy long more vrom the bottom dim;
 While cows, knee-high, O,
 In brook, wer nigh, O,
 Where thou dost float, goolden zummer clote!

Ov all the brooks drough the meäds a-windèn,
 Ov all the meäds by a river's brim, 30
 There's nwone so feäir o' my own heart's vindèn
 As where the mäidens do zee thee zwim,
 An' stan' to teäke, O,
 Wi' long-stemm'd reäke, O,
 Thy flow'r afloat, goolden zummer clote!

24 Athirt] athwart. 25 long more] long root. 31 vindèn]
 finding.

BE'MI'STER

SWEET Be'mi'ster, that bist a-bound
 By green an' woody hills all round,
 Wi' hedges, reachèn up between
 A thousan' vields o' zummer green,
 Where elems' lofty heads do drow
 Their sheädes vor haj-meäkers below,
 An' wild hedge-flow'rs do charm the souls
 O' maidens in their evenèn strolls.

When I o' Zunday nights wi' Jeäne
 Do saunter drough a vield or leäne, 10
 Where elder-blossoms be a-spread
 Above the eltrot's milk-white head,
 An' flow'rs o' blackberries do blow
 Upon the brembles, white as snow,
 To be outdone avore my zight
 By Jeän's gay frock o' dazzlèn white;

Oh! then there's nothèn that's 'ithout
 Thy hills that I do ho about,—
 Noo bigger pleäce, noo gayjer town,
 Beyond thy sweet bells' dyèn soun', 20
 As they do ring, or strike the hour,
 At evenèn vrom thy wold red tow'r.
 No: shelter still my head, an' keep
 My bwones when I do vall asleep!

1 a-bound] bounded. 12 eltrot's] wild parsnip's. 17 'ithout]
 outside. 18 I do ho about] I long for.

A ZONG OV HARVEST HWOME

THE ground is clear. There's nar a ear
 O' stannèn corn a-left out now,
 Vor win' to blow or rain to drow ;
 'Tis all up seäife in barn or mow.
 Here's health to them that plough'd an' zow'd ;
 Here's health to them that reap'd an' mow'd,
 An' them that had to pitch an' lwoad,
 Or tip the rick at Harvest Hwome.

The happy zight,—the merry night,
The men's delight,—the Harvest Hwome! 10

An' mid noo harm o' vire or storm
 Bevall the farmer or his corn ;
 An' ev'ry zack o' zeed gi'e back
 A hunderd-vwold so much in barn.
 An' mid his Meäker bless his store,
 His wife an' all that she've a-bore,
 An' keep all evil out o' door,
 Vrom Harvest Hwome to Harvest Hwome.

Mid nothèn ill betide the mill,
 As day by day the Miller's wheel 20
 Do dreve his clacks, an' heist his zacks,
 An' vill his bins wi' show'rèn meal ;
 Mid's water never overflow
 His dusty mill, nor zink too low,
 Vrom now till wheat ageän do grow,
 An' we've another Harvest Hwome.

1 nar a] never an. 3 drow] beat down. 11 mid noo]
 may no. vire] fire. 12 Bevall] befall. 21 heist] hoist.

Drough cisterns wet an' malt-kil's het,
 Mid barley paj the malter's pains;
 An' mid noo hurt bevall the wort,
 A-bweilèn vrom the brewer's grains. 30
 Mid all his beer keep out o' harm
 Vrom bu'sted hoop or thunder storm,
 That we mid have a mug to warm
 Our merry hearts nex' Harvest Hwome.

Mid luck an' jaj the beäker paj,
 As he do hear his vier roar,
 Or nimbly catch his hot white batch,
 A-reekèn vrom the oven door.
 An' mid it never be too high
 Vor our vew zixpences to buy, 40
 When we do hear our childern cry
 Vor bread, avore nex' Harvest Hwome.
The happy zight,—the merry night,
The men's delight,—the Harvest Hwome!

THE WELSHNUT TREE

WHEN in the evenèn the zun's a-zinkèn,
 A-drowèn sheädes vrom the yollow west,
 An' mother, weary, 's a-zot a-thinkèn,
 Wi' vwolded eärms by the vire at rest,
 Then we do zwarn, O,
 Wi' such a charm, O,
 So vull o' glee by the welshnut tree.

30 A-bweilèn] boiling. 35 beäker] baker.

Welshnut] walnut. 2 A-drowèn sheädes] throwing shadows.
 3 's a-zot] is sitting. 5 zwarn] crowd together. 6 charm] chorus.

A-leivèn father in-doors, a-leinèn
 In his gre't chair in his easy shoes,
 Or in the settle so high behine en, 10
 While down beside en the dog do snooze,
 Our tongues do run, O,
 Enough to stun, O,
 Your head wi' glee by the welshnut tree.

An' when, at last, at the drashel, mother
 Do call us, smilèn, in-door to rest,
 Then we do cluster by woone another,
 To see hwome them we do love the best :
 An' then do sound, O,
 'Good-night,' all round, O, 20
 To end our glee by the welshnut tree.

JENNY OUT VROM HWOME

O WILD-REÄVÈN west winds! as you do roar on,
 The elems do rock an' the poplars do ply,
 An' weäve do dreve weäve in the dark-water'd
 pon',—

Oh! where do ye rise vrom, an' where do ye die?

O wild-reävèn winds! I do wish I could vlee
 Wi' you, lik' a bird o' the clouds, up above
 The ridge o' the hill an' the top o' the tree,
 To where I do long vor, an' vo'k I do love.

8 a-leinèn] leaning. 9 gre't] great. 15 drashel] threshold.
 1 reävèn] raving. 2 ply] bend. 3 weäve] wave.

Or else that in under theäse rock I could hear,
 In the soft-zwellèn sounds you do leäve in your
 road, 10
 Zome words you mid bring me, vrom tongues that
 be dear,
 Vrom friends that do love me, all scatter'd abroad.

O wild-reävèn winds! if you ever do roar
 By the house an' the elems vrom where I'm
 a-come,
 Breathe up at the window, or call at the door,
 An' tell you've a-voun' me a-thinkèn o' hwome.

THE LOST LITTLE SISTER

O' ZUMMER night, as day did gleam,
 Wi' weänèn light, vrom red to wan,
 An' we did play above the stream
 Avore our house a-windèn on,
 Our little sister, light o' tooe,
 Did skip about in all her pride
 O' snow-white frock an' sash o' blue,
 A sheäpe that night wer slow to hide,
 Bezide the brook a-tricklèn thin
 Among the poppies, out an' in. 10

9 theäse] this. 11 mid] might. 16 a-voun'] found.
 2 weänèn] waning.

If periwinkles' buds o' blue
 By lilies' hollow cups do wind,
 What then can their two colours do
 But call our sister back to mind?
 She wore noo black—she wore her white;
 She wore noo black—she wore her blue;
 She never murn'd another's flight,
 Vor she's avore us all to goo
 Vrom where our litty veet did tread
 Vrom stwone to stwone the water's bed. 20

A WOLD FRIEND

OH! when the friends we us'd to know
 'V a-been a-lost vor years; an' when
 Zome happy day do come, to show,
 Their feäzen to our eyes ageän,
 Do meäke us look behind, John,
 Do bring wold times to mind, John,
 Do meäke hearts veel, if they be steel,
 All warm, an' soft, an' kind, John.
 When we do lose, all gay an' young,
 A vaice that us'd to call woone's neäme, 10
 An' after years ageän, his tongue
 Do sound upon our ears the seäme,
 Do kindle love anew, John,
 Do wet woone's eyes wi' dew, John,
 As we do sheäke, vor friendship's seäke,
 His vist an' vind en true, John.

19 litty veet] nimble feet.

4 feäzen] faces. 6 wold] old.

What tender thoughts do touch woone's soul,
 When we do zee a meäd or hill
 Where we did work, or play, or stroll,
 An' talk wi' vaices that be still; 20
 'Tis touchèn vor to treäce, John,
 Wold times drough ev'ry pleäce, John;
 But that can't touch woone's heart so much,
 As zome wold long-lost feäce, John.

JEÄNE

WE now mid hope vor better cheer,
 My smilèn wife o' twice vive year.
 Let others frown, if thou bist near
 Wi' hope upon thy brow, Jeäne;
 Vor I vu'st lov'd thee when thy light
 Young sheäpe vu'st grew to woman's height;
 I loved thee near, an' out o' zight,
 An' I do love thee now, Jeäne.

An' we've a-trod the sheenèn bleäide
 Ov eegrass in the zummer sheäide, 10
 An' when the läives begun to feäide
 Wi' zummer in the weäne, Jeäne;
 And we've a-wander'd drough the groun'
 O' swayèn wheat a-turnèn brown,
 An' we've a-stroll'd together roun'
 The brook an' drough the lääne, Jeäne.

1 mid| may.

10 eegrass] aftermath.

12 weäne] wane.

An' nwone but I can ever tell
 Ov all thy tears that have a-vell
 When trials meäde thy bosom zwell,
 An' nwone but thou o' mine, Jeäne ;
 An' now my heart, that heav'd wi' pride
 Back then to have thee at my zide,
 Do love thee mwore as years do slide,
 An' leäve them times behine, Jeäne.

20

JEÄNE O' GRENLEY MILL.

WHEN in happy times we met,
 Then by look an' deed I show'd
 How my love wer all a-zet
 In the smiles that she bestow'd.
 She mid have, o' left an' right,
 Maidens feäirest to the zight ;
 I'd a-chose among em still,
 Pretty Jeäne o' Grenley Mill.

She wer feäirer, by her cows
 In her work-day frock a-drest,
 Than the rest wi' scornvul brows
 All a-flantèn in their best.
 Gäy did seem, at feäst or feäir,
 Zights that I had her to sheäre ;
 Gäy would be my own heart still,
 But vor Jeäne o' Grenley Mill.

10

22 Back then] at that time,

3 a-zet] set,

Jeäne—a-checkèn ov her love—

Leän'd to woone that, as she guess'd,
Stood in worldly wealth above

Me she know'd she lik'd the best. 20

He wer wild, an' soon run drough
All that he'd a-come into,
Heartlessly a-treatèn ill
Pretty Jeäne o' Grenley Mill.

Oh! poor Jenny! thou'st a-tore

Hopèn love vrom my poor heart,
Losèn vrom thy own small store

All the better, sweeter peärt.

Hearts a-slighted must vorseäike
Slighters, though a-doom'd to break; 30

I must scorn, but love thee still,
Pretty Jeäne o' Grenley Mill.

Oh! if ever thy soft eyes

Could ha' turned vrom outward show,
To a lover born to rise

When a higher woone wer low;
If thy love, when zoo a-tried,
Could ha' stood ageän thy pride,
How should I ha' lov'd thee still,
Pretty Jeäne o' Grenley Mill! 40

BLACKMWORE MAÏDENS

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

If you could zee their comely gait,
 An' pretty feïces' smiles, 10
 A-trippèn on so light o' waïght,
 An' steppèn off' the stiles ;
 A-gwain to church, as bells do swing
 An' ring within the tow'r,
 You'd own the pretty maïdens' pleäice
 Is Blackmwore by the Stour.

If you vrom Wimborne took your road,
 To Stower or Paladore,
 An' all the farmers' housen show'd
 Their daughters at the door ; 20
 You'd cry to bachelors at hwome—
 'Here, come : 'ithin an hour
 You'll vind ten maïdens to your mind,
 In Blackmwore by the Stour.'

An' if you look'd 'ithin their door,
 To zee em in their pleâce,
 A-doèn housework up avore
 Their smilèn mother's feâce ;
 You'd cry—' Why, if a man would wive
 An' thrive, 'ithout a dow'r, 30
 Then let en look en out a wife
 In Blackmwore by the Stour.'

As I upon my road did pass
 A school-house back in Maÿ,
 There out upon the beäten grass
 Wer maïdens at their play ;
 An' as the pretty souls did tweil
 An' smile, I cried, 'The flow'r
 O' beauty, then, is still in bud
 In Blackmwore by the Stour.' 40

MY ORCHA'D IN LINDEN LEA

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

37 tweil] exert themselves.

2 moot] base of the trunk.

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

10

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

20

DAY'S WORK A-DONE

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

1 jay] joy. 7 tweils] toils.

An' under skies that glitter'd white,
 The while our smoke, arisèn blue, 10
 Did melt in aiër, out o' zight,
 Above the trees that kept us lew ;
 Wer birds a-zingèn,
 Tongues a-ringèn,
 Childern springèn, vull o' jaÿ,
 A-finishèn the day in play.

An' back behind, a-stannèn tall,
 The cliff did feâce the western light ;
 Avore us wer the water-fall,
 A-rottlèn loud, an' foamèn white. 20
 An' leaves did quiver,
 Gnots did whiver,
 By the river, where the pool,
 In evenèn aiër did glissen cool.

An' childern there, a-runnèn wide,
 Did play their geämes along the grove,
 Vor though 'twèr ouer jaÿ to bide
 A-zot at rest, 'twèr theirs to move.
 The while my smilèn
 Jeäine, beguilèn,
 All my tweilen, wi' her ceäre,
 Did call me to my evenèn feäre.

12 lew] sheltered.
 gnats. whiver] dance.

17 a-stannèn] standing.

22 Gnots]

WINTER A-COMÈN

I'm glad we have wood in store awhile,
 Avore all the ground's a-vroze awhile ;
 Vor soon we must shut the door awhile
 Vrom wind that's a-whirlèn snow.

The zwallows have all a-hied away,
 The flowers have now a-died away,
 An' boughs, wi' their leaves a-dried away,
 In wind do goo to and fro.

Noo rrose is a-bloomèn red to-day,
 Noo pink vor your breast or head to-day, 10
 A-deckèn the geärden bed to-day,
 Do linger a-noddèn low.

Zoo now gi'e your cheäks a bloom to-night,
 Where vier do het the room to-night,
 A-drevèn away the gloom to-night,
 While winterly wind do blow.

ELLEN BRINE OV ALLENBURN

Noo soul did hear her lips complain,
 An' she's a-gone vrom all her pain,
 An' others' loss to her is gain
 For she do live in heaven's love ;
 Vull many a longsome day an' week
 She bore her ailèn, still, an' meek ;

A-workèn while her strangth held on,
 An' guidèn housework when 'twèr gone.
 Vor Ellen Brine ov Allenburn,
 Oh! there be souls to murn. 10

The last time I'd a-cast my zight
 Upon her feäce, a-feäded white,
 Wer in a zummer's mornèn light
 In hall avore the smwold'rèn vire,
 The while the childern beät the vloor,
 In play, wi' tiny shoes they wore,
 An' call'd their mother's eyes to view
 The feäts their little limbs could do.
 Oh! Ellen Brine ov Allenburn,
 They childern now mus' murn. 20

Then woone, a-stoppèn vrom his reäce,
 Went up, an' on her knee did pleäce
 His hand, a-lookèn in her feäce,
 An' wi' a smilèn mouth so small,
 He zaid, 'You promised us to goo
 To Shroton feäir, an' teäke us two!'
 She heärd it wi' her two white ears,
 An' in her eyes there sprung two tears,
 Vor Ellen Brine ov Allenburn
 Did veel that they mus' murn. 30

September come, wi' Shroton feäir,
 But Ellen Brine wer never there!
 A heavy heart wer on the meäre
 Their father rod his hwomeward road.

'Tis true he brought zome feärèns back,
 Vor them two childern all in black ;
 But they had now, wi' playthings new,
 Noo mother vor to shew em to,
 Vor Ellen Brine ov Allenburn
 Would never mwore return.

40

THE MOTHERLESS CHILD

'THE zun'd a-zet back t'other night,
 But in the zettèn pleäce
 The clouds, a-redden'd by his light,
 Still glow'd avore my feäce.
 An' I've a-lost my Meäry's smile,
 I thought; but still I have her chile,
 Zoo like her, that my eyes can treäce
 The mother's in her daughter's feäce.

O little feäce so near to me,
 An' like thy mother's gone; why need I zay 10
 Sweet night cloud, wi' the glow o' my lost day,
 Thy looks be always dear to me!

The zun'd a-zet another night;
 But, by the moon on high,
 He still did zend us back his light
 Below a cwolder sky.
 My Meäry's in a better land
 I thought, but still her chile's at hand,

35 feärèns] presents.

1 zun'd a-zet] sun had set. back] whilom.

An' in her chile she'll zend me on
 Her love, though she herself's a-gone. 20
 O little chile so near to me,
 An' like thy mother gone; why need I zay,
 Sweet moon, the messenger vrom my lost day,
 Thy looks be always dear to me.

THE MAÏD O' NEWTON

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

She bore a basket that did ride
 So light, she didden leän azide; 10
 Her feäce wer oval, an' she smil'd
 So sweet's a child, but walk'd wi' pride.
 I spoke to her, but what I zaid
 I didden know; wi' thoughts a-vled,
 I spoke by heart, an' not by head,
 Avore the maïd o' Newton.

1 knaps] hillocks.

6 athirt] across.

I call'd her, oh! I don't know who,
 Twer by a neäme she never knew;
 An' to the heel she stood upon,
 She then brought on her hinder shoe, 20
 An' stopp'd avore me, where we met,
 An' wi' a smile woone can't vorget,
 She zaid, wi' eyes a-zwimmèn wet,
 'No, I be woone o' Newton.'

Then on I rambled to the west,
 Below the zunny hangèn's breast,
 Where, down athirt the little stream,
 The brudge's beam did lie at rest:
 But all the birds, wi' lively glee,
 Did chirp an' hop vrom tree to tree, 30
 As if it wer vrom pride, to zee
 Goo by the maïd o' Newton.

By fancy led, at evenèn's glow,
 I woonce did goo, a-rovèn slow,
 Down where the elèms, stem by stem,
 Do stan' to hem the grove below;
 But after that, my veet vorzook
 The grove, to seek the little brook
 At Coomb, where I mid zometimes look,
 To meet the maïd o' Newton. 40

26 hangèn's] slope's.
 bridge's.

27 athirt] athwart.

28 brudge's]

MEÄRY'S SMILE

WHEN mornèn winds, a-blowèn high,
 Do zweep the clouds vrom all the sky,
 An' laurel-leaves do glitter bright,
 The while the newly broken light
 Do brighten up, avore our view,
 The vields wi' green, an' hills wi' blue ;
 What then can highten to my eyes
 The cheerful feïce ov e'th an' skies,
 But Meäry's smile, o' Morey's Mill,
 My rwose o' Mowy Lea! 10

An' when, at last, the evenèn dew
 Do now begin to wet our shoes ;
 An' night's a-ridèn to the west,
 To stop our work, an' gi'e us rest,
 Oh! let the candle's ruddy gleäre
 But brighten up her sheenèn heäir ;
 Or else, as she do walk abroad,
 Let moonlight show, upon the road,
 My Meäry's smile, o' Morey's Mill,
 My rwose o' Mowy Lea. 20

An' O! mid never tears come on,
 To wash her feïce's blushes wan,
 Nor kill her smiles that now do play
 Like sparklèn weäves in zunny Maÿ ;
 But mid she still, vor all she's gone
 Vrom souls she now do smile upon,

Show others they can vind woone jay
To turn the hardest work to play.

My Meäry's smile, o' Morey's Mill,
My rwose o' Mowy Lea!

30

MEÄRY WEDDED

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

10

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

20

27 woone jay] one joy.

1 mid] may.

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

30

FAIR EMILY OV YARROW MILL

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

But thy wold house an' elmy nook,
 An' wall-screen'd geärden's mossy zides, 10
 Thy grassy meäds an' zedgy brook,
 An' high-bank'd leänes, wi' sheädy rides,
 Wer all a-knownn to me by light
 Ov eärly days, a-quench'd by night,
 Avore they met the younger zight
 Ov Emily ov Yarrow Mill.

5 be vound] found to be. 7 at vu'st] in infancy. 12 rides] bushes (usually spelt 'wrides' by Barnes).

An' now my heart do leäp to think
 O' times that I've a-spent in playä,
 Bezide thy river's rushy brink,
 Upon a deäizy bed o' Maÿ; 20
 I lov'd the friends thy land ha' bore,
 An' I do love the paths they wore,
 An' I do love thee all the mwore,
 Vor Emily ov Yarrow Mill.

When bright above the e'th below
 The moon do spread abroad his light,
 An' air o' zummer nights do blow
 Athirt the vields in play'some flight,
 'Tis then delightsome under all 30
 The sheädes o' boughs by path or wall,
 But mmostly thine when they do vall
 On Emily ov Yarrow Mill.

MINDÈN HOUSE

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

The air 'ithin the geärden wall
 Wer deadly still, unless the bee 10
 Did hummy by, or in the hall
 The clock did ring a-hettèn dree,
 An' there, wi' busy hands, inside
 The iron ceäsement, open'd wide,
 Did zit an' pull wi' nimble twitch
 Her tiny stitch, young Fanny Deäne.

As there she zot she heärd two blows
 A-knock'd upon the rumblèn door,
 An' laid azide her work, an' rose,
 An' walk'd out feäir, athirt the vloor; 20
 An' there, a-holdèn in his hand
 His bridled meäre, a youth did stand,
 An' mildly twold his neäme an' pleäce
 Avore the feäce o' Fanny Deäne.

He twold her that he had on hand
 Zome business on his father's zide,
 But what she didden understand;
 An' zoo she ax'd en if he'd ride
 Out where her father mid be vound,
 Bezide the plow, in Cowslip Ground; 30
 An' there he went, but left his mind
 Back there behind, wi' Fanny Deäne.

11 hummy] keep up a humming. 12 a-hettèn drec] striking
 three. 20 feäir] fully. athirt] across. 30 plow] wagon.

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

40

THE LOVELY MAÏD OV ELWELL MEÄD

A MAÏD wi' many gifts o' greäce,
 A maïd wi' ever-smilèn feäce,
 A child o' yours my childhood's pleäce,
 O leänèn lawns ov Allen,
 'S a-walkèn where your stream do flow,
 A-blushèn where your flowers do blow,
 A-smilèn where your zun do glow,
 O leänèn lawns ov Allen.

An' good, however good's a-waïgh'd,
 'S the lovely maïd ov Elwell Meäd.

10

An' oh! if I could teäme an' guide
 The winds above the e'th, an' ride
 As light as shootèn stars do glide,
 O leänèn lawns ov Allen,
 To you I'd teäke my daily flight,
 Drough dark'nèn air in evenèn's light,

37 en dim] him dimly.

39 thik] that.

9 a-waïgh'd] defined.

12 e'th] earth.

An' bid her every night 'Good night',
 O leänèn lawns ov Allen.
 Vor good, however good's a-waigh'd,
 'S the lovely maïd ov Elwell Meäd. 20

An' when your hedges' slooes be blue
 Wi' blackberries o' dark'nèn hue,
 An' spiders' webs be hung wi' dew,
 O leänèn lawns ov Allen,
 Avore the winter air's a-chill'd,
 Avore your winter brook's a-vill'd,
 Avore your zummer flow'rs be kill'd,
 O leänèn lawns ov Allen;
 I there would meet, in white array'd,
 The lovely maïd ov Elwell Meäd. 30

For when the zun, as birds do rise,
 Do cast their sheädes vrom autum' skies
 A-sparklèn in her dewy eyes,
 O leänèn lawns ov Allen;
 Then all your mossy paths below
 The trees, wi' leaves a-vallèn slow
 Like zinkèn fleäkes o' yollow snow,
 O leänèn lawns ov Allen,
 Would be mwore teäkèn where they stray'd
 The lovely maïd ov Elwell Meäd. 40

THE WINDOW FREÄM'D WI' STWONE

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

A clavy-beam o' sheenèn woak
 Did span the he'th wi' twistèn smoke, 10
 Where fleämes did shoot in yollow streaks,
 Above the brands, their flashèn peaks;
 An' aunt did pull, as she did stand
 O'-tip-tooe, wi' her lifted hand,
 A curtain feäded wi' the zun,
 Avore the window freäm'd wi' stwone.

O evenèn zun, a-ridèn drough
 'The sky, vrom Sh'oton Hill o' blue,
 'To leäve the night a-broodèn dark
 At Stalbridge, wi' its grey-wall'd park; 20
 Small jaÿ to me the vields do bring,
 Vor all their zummer birds do zing,
 Since now thy beams noo mwore do fleäme
 In drough the window's stwonèn freäme!

9 clavy-beam] mantel.
 although.

10 he'th] hearth.

22 Vor all]

THE WATER-SPRING IN THE LEANE

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

Nwone the drier,

Nwone the higher,

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

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

10

Maidens dippèn,

Childern sippèn,

Water drippèn, at the cool
 Dark wallèn ov the little pool.

THE LINDEN ON THE LAWN

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

1 leäne] lane.

5 meshy] mossy.

An' now ov all the trees wi' sheädes
 A-wheelèn round in Blackmwore gleädes, 10
 There's noo tall poplar by the brook,
 Nor elem that do rock the rook,
 Nor ash upon the shelvèn ledge,
 Nor low-bough'd woak beside the hedge,
 Nor withy up above the zedge,
 So dear's thik linden on the lawn.

Vor there, o' zummer nights, below
 The wall, we zot when air did blow,
 An' sheäke the dewy rwose a-tied
 Up roun' the window's stwonèn zide; 20
 An' while the carter rod' along
 A-zingèn, down the dusky drong,
 There you did zing a sweeter zong
 Below the linden on the lawn.

An' while your warbled ditty wound
 Drough playsome flights o' mellow sound,
 The nightengeäle's sh'ill zong, that broke
 The stillness ov the dewy woak,
 Rung clear along the grove, an' smote
 To sudden stillness ev'ry droat; 30
 As we did zit, an' hear it float
 Below the linden on the lawn.

But now, as Dobbin, wi' a nod
 Vor ev'ry heavy step he trod,
 Did bring me on, to-night, avore
 'The geäbled house's pworchèd door,
 Noo laughèn child a-cloth'd in white,
 Look'd drough the stwonèn window's light,
 An' noo vaice zung, in dusky night,
 Below the linden on the lawn. 40

OUR ABODE IN ARBY WOOD

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

An' there, though we mid hear the timber
 Creake avore the windy raïn ; 10
 An' climèn ivy quiver, limber,
 Up ageän the window peäne ;
 Our merry vaïces then do sound,
 In rollèn glee, or dree-vaïce round ;
 Though wind mid roar, 'ithout the door,
 Ov our abode in Arby Wood.

5 he'th] hearth. 7 mid] may. 11 limber] limp.
 14 dree-vaïce] three-voice.

MELHILL FEAST

AYE, up at the feast, by Melhill's brow,
 So softly below the clouds in flight,
 There swept on the wood, the shade and light,
 Tree after tree, and bough by bough.

And there, among girls on left and right,
 On one with a winsome smile I set
 My looks; and the more, the more we met
 Glance upon glance, and sight by sight.

The road she had come by then was soon
 The one of my paths that best I knew, 10
 By glittering gossamer and dew,
 Evening by evening, moon by moon.

Sweet were the hopes I found to cheer
 My heart as I thought on time to come,
 With one that would bless my happy home,
 Moon upon moon, and year by year.

THE VIER-ZIDE

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

An' zoo, when winter skies do lour,
 An' when the Stour's a-rollèn wide,
 Drough bridge-voot rails, a-painted white,
 To be at night the traveller's guide, 10
 Gi'e me a pleâce that's warm an' dry,
 A-zittèn nigh my vier-zide.

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

As I've a-zeed how vast do vall
 The mwold'rèn hall, the wold vo'ks pride, 20
 Where merry hearts wer woonce a-ved
 Wi' daily bread, why, I've a-sigh'd
 To zee the wall so green wi' mwold,
 An' vind so cwold the vier-zide.

An' Chris'mas still mid bring his me'th
 To ouer he'th, but if we tried
 To gather all that woonce did wear
 Gay feäces there! Ah! zome ha' died,
 An' zome be gone to leäve wi' gaps
 O' missèn laps, the vier-zide. 30

15 op'nèn] opening.
 26 he'th] hearth.

18 me'th] mirth.

25 mid] may.

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

KNOWLWOOD

I DON'T want to sleep abroad, John,
 I do like my hwomeward road, John;
 An' like the sound o' Knowlwood bells the best
 Zome would rove vrom pleâce to pleâce, John,
 Zome would goo vrom feáce to feáce, John,
 But I be happy in my hwomely nest;
 An' slight's the hope vor any pleáce bezide,
 To læve the plain abode where love do bide.

Where the shelvèn knap do vall, John,
 Under trees a-springèn tall, John; 10
 'Tis there my house do show his sheenèn zide,
 Wi' his walls vor ever green, John,
 Under ivy that's a screen, John,
 Vrom wet an' het, an' ev'ry changèn tide,
 An' I do little ho vor goold or pride,
 To læve the plain abode where love do bide.

33 het] heat.

9 knap] hillock. do vall] declines. 15 ho] wish.

There the bendèn stream do flow, John,
 By the mossy bridge's bow, John;
 An' there the road do wind below the hill;
 There the miller, white wi' meal, John, 20
 Deafen'd wi' his foamy wheel, John,
 Do stan' o' times a-lookèn out o' mill:
 The while 'ithin his lightly-sheäkèn door,
 His wheaten flour do whiten all his floor.

By a windor in the west, John,
 There upon my fiddle's breast, John,
 The strings do sound below my bow's white heäir;
 While a zingèn drush do swaj, John,
 Up an' down upon a spraj, John,
 An' cast his sheäde upon the window square; 30
 Vor birds do know their friends, an' build their
 nest,
 An' love to roost, where they can live at rest.

Out o' town the win' do bring, John,
 Peals o' bells when they do ring, John,
 An' roun' me here, at hand, my ear can catch
 The maïd a-zingèn by the stream, John,
 Or carter whislèn wi' his team, John,
 Or zingèn birds, or water at the hatch;
 An' zoo wi' sounds o' vaïce, an' bird an' bell,
 Noo hour is dull 'ithin our rwoisy dell. 40

28 drush] thrush.

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

HALLOWED PLEÄCES

At Woodcombe farm, wi' ground an' tree
 Hallow'd by times o' youthvul glee,
 At Chris'mas time I spent a night
 Wi' feäces dearest to my zight;
 An' took my wife to tread, woonce mwore,
 Her maïden hwome's vorseäkèn vloor,
 An' under stars that slowly wheel'd
 Aloft, above the keen-äir'd vield,
 While night bedimm'd the rus'lèn copse,
 An' darken'd all the ridges' tops, 10
 The hall, a-hung wi' holly, rung
 Wi' many a tongue o' wold an' young.

There, on the he'th's well-hetted ground,
 Hallow'd by times o' zittèn round,
 The brimvul mug o' cider stood
 An' hiss'd avore the bleäzèn wood;

44 vor] in lieu of. 47 culvers] woodpigeons.

13 he'th's] hearth's. hetted] heated.

An' zome, a-zittèn knee by knee,
 Did tell their tcäles wi' hearty glee,
 An' others gamboll'd in a roar
 O' laughter on the stwonèn vloor; 20
 An' while the moss o' winter-tide
 Clung chilly roun' the house's zide,
 The hall, a-hung wi' holly, rung
 Wi' many a tongue o' wold an' young.

There at the geäte that woonce wer blue,
 Hallowed by times o' passèn drough,
 Light strawmotes rose in flaggèn flight,
 A-floated by the winds o' night,
 Where leafy ivy-stems did crawl
 In moonlight on the wind-blown wall, 30
 An' merry maïdens' voices vled
 In echoes sh'ill, vrom wall to shed,
 As shivrèn in their frocks o' white
 They come to bid us there 'Good night',
 Vrom hall, a-hung wi' holm, that rung
 Wi' many a tongue o' wold an' young.

WHEN BIRDS BE STILL

Vor all the zun do leäve the sky,
 An' all the zounds o' day do die,
 An' noo mwore veet do walk the dim
 Vield-path to clim' the stiel's bars,
 Yet out below the rizèn stars,

34 come] came.

4 stiel's bars] stile-rails.

The dark'nèn day mid leäve behind
 Woone tongue that I shall always vind,
 A-whisperèn kind, when birds be still.

Zoo let the day come on to spread
 His kindly light above my head, 10
 Wi' zights to zee, an' sounds to hear,
 That still do cheer my thoughtvul mind;
 Or let en goo, an' leäve behind
 An' hour to stroll along the gleädes,
 Where night do drown the beeches' sheädes,
 On grasses' bleädes, when birds be still.

Vor when the night do lull the sound
 O' cows a-bleärèn out in ground,
 The sh'ill-vaïc'd dog do stan' an' bark
 'Ithin the dark, beside the road; 20
 An' when noo cracklèn waggon's lwoad
 Is in the leäne, the wind do bring
 The merry peals that bells do ring,
 O ding-dong-ding, when birds be still.

ZUN-ZET

- WHERE the western zun, unclouded,
 Up above the grey hill-tops,
 Did sheen drough ashes, lofty sh'ouDED,
 On the turf beside the copse,

6 mid] may. 18 in ground] in the field.

3 sh'ouDED] boughed.

In zummer weather,
 We together,
 Sorrow-slightèn, work-vorgettèn,
 Gambol'd wi' the zun a-zettèn.

There, by flow'ry bows o' bramble,
 Under hedge, in ash-tree sheädes, 10
 The dun-heair'd ho'se did slowly ramble
 On the grasses' dewy bleädes,
 Zet free o' lwoads,
 An' stwony rwoads,
 Vorgetvul o' the lashes frettèn,
 Grazèn wi' the zun a-zettèn.

There wer rooks a-beätèn by us
 Drough the air, in a vlock,
 An' there the lively blackbird, nigh us,
 On the meäple bough did rock, 20
 Wi' ringèn droat,
 Where zunlight smote
 The yollow boughs o' zunny hedges
 Over western hills' blue edges.

Waters, drough the meäds a-purlèn,
 Glissen'd in the evenèn's light,
 An' smoke, above the town a-curlèn,
 Melted slowly out o' zight ;
 An' there, in glooms
 Ov unzunn'd rooms, 30
 To zome, wi' idle sorrows frettèn,
 Zuns did set avore their zettèn.

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

40

SPRING

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

10

Zoo come along, noo longer heedvul
 Ov the viër, leätely needvul,
 Over grass o' slopèn leäzes,
 Zingèn zongs in zunny breäzes;

34 me'th] mirth. 36 Leäpèn] leaping. e'th] earth.

38 Wer tin'd] Were lit.

10 sh'oud] boughs. 13 leäzes] pastures.

Out to work in copse, a-mootèn,
 Where the primrrose is a-shootèn,
 An' in gladness,
 Free o' sadness,
 In the warmth o' spring vorget
 Leafless winter's cwold an' wet.

20

THE WATER CROWVOOT

O SMALL-FEÄC'D flow'r that now dost bloom
 To stud wi' white the shallow Frome,
 An' leäve the clote to spread his flow'r
 On darksome pools o' stwoneless Stour,
 When sof'ly-rizèn äirs do cool
 The water in the sheenèn pool,
 Thy beds o' snow-white buds do gleam
 So feäir upon the sky-blue stream
 As whitest clouds a-hangèn high
 Avore the blueness o' the sky ;
 An' there, at hand, the thin-heäir'd cows,
 In äiry sheädes o' withy boughs,
 Or up beside the mossy rails,
 Do stan' an' zwing their heavy tails,
 The while the ripplèn stream do flow
 Below the dusty bridge's bow ;
 An' quiv'rèn water-gleams do mock
 The weäves, upon the sheäded rock ;

10

15 a-mootèn] hacking out roots of felled trees or bushes.
 3 clote] water-lily.

An' up athirt the copèn stwone
 The laitrèn bwoy do leän alwone, 20
 A-watchèn, wi' a stedvast look,
 The vallèn waters in the brook,
 The while the zand o' time do run
 An' leäve his errand still undone.
 An' oh! as long's thy buds would gleam
 Above the softly-slidèn stream,
 While sparklèn zummer-brooks do run
 Below the lofty-climèn zun,
 I only wish that thou could'st stay
 Vor noo man's harm, an' all men's jaÿ. 30
 But no, the waterman 'ull weäde
 Thy water wi' his deadly bleäde,
 To slaÿ thee even in thy bloom,
 Fair small-feäccd flower o' the Frome!

THE LILAC

DEAR lilac-tree, a-spreadèn wide
 Thy purple blooth on ev'ry zide,
 As if the hollow sky did shed
 Its blue upon thy flow'ry head;
 Oh! whether I mid sheäre wi' thee
 Thy open air, my bloomèn tree,
 Or zee thy blossoms vrom the gloom,
 'Ithin my zunless workèn-room,

My heart do leäp, but leäp wi' sighs,
 At zight o' thee avore my eyes, 10
 For when thy grey-blue head do swaj
 In cloudless light, 'tis Spring, 'tis Majä.

'Tis Spring, 'tis Majä, as Majä woonce shed
 His glowèn light above my head—
 When thy green boughs, wi' bloomy tips,
 Did sheäde my childern's laughèn lips;
 A-screenèn vrom the noonday gleäre
 Their rwoisy cheäks an' glossy heäir;
 The while their mother's needle sped,
 Too quick vor zight, the snow-white thread, 20
 Unless her han', wi' lovèn ceäre,
 Did smooth their little heads o' heäir;
 Or wi' a sheäke, tie up anew
 Vor zome wild voot, a slippèn shoe;
 An' I did leän bezide thy mound
 Ageän the deäsy-dappled ground,
 The while the woaken clock did tick
 My hour o' rest away too quick,
 An' call me off to work anew,
 Wi' slowly-ringèn strokes, woone, two. 30

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

THE MAÿ-TREE

I'VE a-come by the Maÿ-tree all times o' the year,
 When leaves wer a-springèn,
 When vrost wer a-stingèn,
 When cool-winded mornèn did show the hills clear,
 When night wer bedimmèn the vields vur an' near.

When, in zummer, his head wer as white as a sheet,
 Wi' white buds a-zwellèn,
 An' blossom, sweet-smellèn,
 While leaves wi' green leaves on his boughzides
 did meet,
 A-sheädèn the deäisies down under our veet. 10

When the zun, in the Fall, wer a-wanderèn wan,
 An' haws on his head
 Did sprinkle en red,
 Or bright drops o' rain wer a-hung loosely on
 'To the tips o' the sprigs when the scud wer a-gone.

An' when, in the winter, the zun did goo low,
 An' keen win' did huffle,
 But never could ruffle
 The hard vrozen feäce o' the water below,
 His limbs wer a-fringed wi' the vrost or the snow. 20

LYDLINCH BELLS

WHEN skies wer peäle wi' twinklèn stars,
 An' whislèn air a-risèn keen ;
 An' birds did leäve the icy bars
 To vind, in woods, their mossy screen ;
 When vrozen grass, as white's a sheet,
 Did scrunchy sharp below our veet,
 An' water, that did sparkle red
 At zun-zet, wer a-vrozen dead ;
 The ringers then did spend an hour
 A-ringèn changes up in tow'r ; 10
 Vor Lydlinch bells be good vor sound,
 An' liked by all the naighbours round.

An' while along the leafless boughs
 O' ruslèn hedges, win's did pass,
 An' orts ov hay, a-left by cows,
 Did russle on the vrozen grass,
 An' maïdens' pails, wi' all their work
 A-done, did hang upon their vurk,
 An' they, avore the fleämèn brand, 20
 Did teäke their needle-work in hand,
 The men did cheer their heart an hour
 A-ringèn changes up in tow'r ;
 Vor Lydlinch bells be good vor sound,
 An' liked by all the naighbours round.

1 peäle] pale.
15 orts] remains.

3 bars] railings.
18 vurk] fork (of a pail-stand).

6 scrunchy] crunch.

'There sons did pull the bells that rung
 Their mothers' weddèn peals avore,
 The while their fathers led em young
 An' blushèn vrom the church's door,
 An' still did cheem, wi' happy sound,
 As time did bring the Zundays round, 30
 An' call em to the holy pleâce
 Vor heav'nly gifts o' peace an' greâce ;
 An' vo'k did come, a-streamèn slow
 Along below the trees in row,
 While they, in merry peals, did sound
 The bells vor all the naìghbours round.

An' when the bells, wi' changèn peal,
 Did smite their own vo'ks' window-peänes,
 Their sof'en'd sound did often steal
 Wi' west winds drough the Bagber lænes ; 40
 Or, as the win' did shift, mid goo
 Where woody Stock do nessle lew,
 Or where the risèn moon did light
 'The walls o' Thornhill on the height ;
 An' zoo, whatever time mid bring
 To meäke their vive clear vaices zing,
 Still Lydlinch bells wer good vor sound,
 An' liked by all the naìghbours round.

29 cheem] chime. 38 own vo'ks] people of the same parish.

41 mid goo] even went. 42 lew] in shelter.

TREES BE COMPANY

WHEN zummer's burnèn het's a-shed
 Upon the droopèn grasses head,
 A-drevèn under sheädy leaves
 The workvo'k in their snow-white sleeves,
 We then mid yearn to clim' the height,
 Where thorns be white, above the vern;
 An' air do turn the zunsheen's might
 To softer light too weak to burn—
 On woodless downs we mid be free,
 But lowland trees be company. 10

Though downs mid show a wider view
 O' green a-reachèn into blue
 Than roads a-windèn in the glen,
 An' ringèn wi' the sounds o' men;
 The thistle's crown o' red an' blue
 In Fall's ewold dew do wither brown,
 An' larks come down 'ithin the lew,
 As storms do brew, an' skies do frown—
 An' though the down do let us free,
 The lowland trees be company. 20

Where birds do zing, below the zun,
 In trees above the blue-smok'd tun,
 An' sheädes o' stems do overstratch
 The mossy path 'ithin the hatch;

4 workvo'k] field-labourers as distinguished from artisans, &c.
 5 mid] may. 17 lew] shelter. 22 tun] chimney. 23 over-
 stratch] stretch across. 24 hatch] garden-gate.

If leaves be bright up over head,
 When Maÿ do shed its glitt'rèn light;
 Or, in the blight o' Fall, do spread
 A yollow bed avore our zight—
 Whatever season it mid be,
 The trees be always company. 30

When dusky night do nearly hide
 The path along the hedge's zide,
 An' dailight's hwomely sounds be still
 But sounds o' water at the mill;
 Then if noo feäce we long'd to greet
 Could come to meet our lwonesome treäce;
 Or if noo peäce o' weary veet,
 However fleet, could reach its pleäce—
 However lwonesome we mid be,
 The trees would still be company. 40

THE WINTER'S WILLOW

THERE Liddy zot bezide her cow,
 Upon her lowly seat, O;
 A hood did overhang her brow,
 Her pail wer at her veet, O;
 An' she wer kind, an' she wer feäir,
 An' she wer young, an' free o' ceäre;
 Vew winters had a-blown her heäir,
 Bezide the Winter's Willow.

Above the coach-wheels' rollèn rims
 She never rose to ride, O, 10
 Though she do zet her comely lim's
 Above the mare's white zide, O ;
 But don't become too proud to stoop
 An' scrub her milkèn-pail's white hoop,
 Or zit a-milkèn where do droop
 The wet-stemm'd Winter's Willow.

An' I've a cow or two in leäze,
 Along the river-zide, O,
 An' pails to zet avore her knees,
 At dawn, an' evenèn-tide, O ; 20
 An' there she still mid zit, an' look
 Athirt upon the woody nook
 Where vu'st I zeed her by the brook
 Beside the Winter's Willow.

Zoo, who would heed the treeless down,
 A-beät by all the storms, O,
 Or who would heed the busy town,
 Where vo'k do goo in zwarms, O,
 If he wer in my house below
 The elems, where the vire did glow 30
 In Liddy's feäce, though winds did blow
 Ageän the Winter's Willow ?

17 in leäze] at pasture. 21 mid zit] may sit. 22 athirt]
 across. 32 Ageän] against.

JESSIE LEE

ABOVE the timber's bendèn sh'ouds,
 The western wind did softly blow ;
 An' up avore the knap, the clouds
 Did ride as white as driven snow.
 Vrom west to east the clouds did zwim,
 Wi' wind that plied the elem's lim' ;
 Vrom west to east the stream did glide,
 A-sheenèn wide, wi' windèn brim.

How feäir, I thought, avore the sky
 The slowly-zwimmèn clouds do look ; 10
 How soft the win's a-streamèn by ;
 How bright do roll the weävy brook :
 When there, a-passèn on my right,
 A-walkèn slow, an' treadèn light,
 Young Jessie Lee come by, an' there
 Took all my ceäre, an' all my zight.

Vor lovely wer the looks her feäce
 Held up avore the western sky :
 An' comely wer the steps her peäce
 Did meäke a-walkèn slowly by : 20
 But I went east, wi' beätèn breast,
 Wi' wind, an' cloud, an' brook, vor rest,
 Wi' rest a-lost, vor Jessie gone
 So lovely on, toward the west.

1 sh'ouds] branches. 3 knap] rising ground. 6 plied]
 bent. 11 win] wind. 19 peäce] pace. 23 vor] on account of.

Blow on, O winds, athirt the hill ;
 Zwim on, O clouds ; O waters vall,
 Down maeshy rocks, vrom mill to mill !

I now can overlook ye all.
 But roll, O zun, an' bring to me
 My day, if such a day there be, 30
 When zome dear path to my abode
 Shall be the road o' Jessie Lee.

TRUE LOVE

As evenèn air, in green-treed spring,
 Do sheäke the new-sprung pa'sley bed,
 An' wither'd ash-tree keys do swing
 An' vall a-flutt'rèn roun' our head :
 There, while the birds do zing their zong
 In bushes down the ash-tree drong,
 Come Jessie Lee, vor sweet's the pleäce
 Your vaice an' feäce can meäke vor me !

Below the buddèn ashes' height
 We there can linger in the lew, 10
 While boughs, a-gilded by the light,
 Do sheen avore the sky o' blue :
 But there by zettèn zun, or moon
 A-risèn, time will vlee too soon
 Wi' Jessie Lee, vor sweet's the pleäce
 Her vaice an' feäce can meäke vor me.

25 athirt] across.

27 maeshy] mossy.

Down where the darksome brook do flow,
 Below the bridge's archèd wall,
 Wi' alders dark, a-leänèn low,
 Above the gloomy watervall; 20
 There I've a-led ye hwome at night,
 Wi' noo feäce else 'ithin my zight
 But yours so feäir, an' sweet's the pleäce
 Your vaice an' feäce ha' meäde me there.

An' oh! when other years do come,
 An' zettèn zuns, wi' yollow gleäre,
 Drough western window-peänes, at hwome,
 Do light upon my evenèn chair:
 While day do weüne, an' dew do vall,
 Be wi' me then, or else in call, 30
 As time do vlee, vor sweet's the pleäce
 Your vaice an' feäce do meäke vor me!

IVY HALL

IF I've a-stream'd below a storm,
 An' not a-velt the rain,
 An' if I ever velt me warm
 In snow upon the plain,
 'Twer when, as evenèn skies wer dim,
 An' vields below my eyes wer dim,
 I went alwone at evenèn-fall,
 Athirt the vields to Ivy Hall.

§ Athirt] across.

I voun' the wind upon the hill,
 Last night, a-roarèn loud, 10
 An' rubbèn boughs a-creakèn sh'ill
 Upon the ashes' sh'oud ;
 But oh ! the reelèn copse mid groan,
 An' timber's lofty tops mid groan ;
 The hufflèn winds be music all,
 Bezide my road to Ivy Hall.

A sheädy grove o' ribbèd woaks
 Is Wootton's shelter'd nest,
 An' woaks do keep the winter's strokes
 Vrom Knapton's evenèn rest. 20
 An' woaks ageän wi' bossy stems,
 An' elems wi' their mossy stems,
 Do rise to screen the leafy wall
 An' stwonèn ruf ov Ivy Hall.

The darksome clouds mid fling their sleet,
 An' vrost mid pinch me blue,
 Or snow mid cling below my veet,
 An' hide my road vrom view.
 The winter's only jay ov heart,
 An' storms do meäke me gay ov heart, 30
 When I do rest, at evenèn-fall,
 Bezide the he'th ov Ivy Hall.

11 sh'ill] shrilly. 12 sh'oud] branches. 13 mid]
 may. 15 hufflèn] blustering. 24 ruf] roof. 32 he'th]
 hearth.

There leafy stems do clim' around
 The mossy stwonèn eaves ;
 An' there be window-zides a-bound
 Wi' quiv'rèn ivy-leaves.
 But though the sky is dim 'ithout,
 An' feäces mid be grim 'ithout,
 Still I ha' smiles when I do call,
 At evenèn-tide, at Ivy Hall.

40

THE WIFE A-LOST

SINCE I noo mwore do zee your feäce,
 Up steäirs or down below,
 I'll zit me in the lwonesome pleäce
 Where flat-bough'd beech do grow :
 Below the beeches' bough, my love,
 Where you did never come,
 An' I don't look to meet ye now,
 As I do look at hwome.

Since you noo mwore be at my zide,
 In walks in zummer het,
 I'll goo alwone where mist do ride,
 Drough trees a-drippèn wet :
 Below the rain-wet bough, my love,
 Where you did never come,
 An' I don't grieve to miss ye now,
 As I do grieve at hwome.

10

Since now bezide my dinner-bwoard
 Your vaice do never sound,
 I'll eat the bit I can avword
 A-vield upon the ground ;
 Below the darksome bough, my love,
 Where you did never dine,
 An' I don't grieve to miss ye now,
 As I at hwome do pine.

20

Since I do miss your vaice an' feïce
 In praÿer at eventide,
 I'll praÿ wi' woone sad vaice vor greïce
 To goo where you do bide ;
 Above the tree an' bough, my love,
 Where you be gone avore,
 An' be a waitèn vor me now,
 To come vor evermwore.

30

ANGELS BY THE DOOR

OH ! there be angels evermwore,
 A-passèn onward by the door,
 A-zent to teäke our jaÿs, or come
 To bring us zome—O Meärianne.
 Though doors be shut, an' bars be stout,
 Noo bolted door can keep em out ;
 But they wull leäve us ev'ry thing
 They have to bring—My Meärianne.

An' zoo the days a-stealèn by,
 Wi' zuns a-ridèn drough the sky, 10
 Do bring us things to leäve us sad,
 Or meäke us glad—O Meärienne.
 The day that's mild, the day that's stern,
 Do teäke, in stillness, each his turn;
 An' evils at their worst mid mend,
 Or even end—My Meärienne.

PENTRIDGE BY THE RIVER

PENTRIDGE!—oh! my heart's a-zwellèn
 Vull o' jaÿ wi' vo'k a-tellèn
 Any news o' thik wold pleäce,
 An' the boughy hedges round it,
 An' the river that do bound it
 Wi' his dark but glis'nèn feäce.
 Vor there's noo land, on either hand,
 To me lik' Pentridge by the river.

Be there any leaves to quiver
 On the aspen by the river? 10
 Doo he sheäde the water still,
 Where the rushes be a-growèn,
 Where the sullen Stour's a-flowèn
 Drough the meäds vrom mill to mill?
 Vor if a tree wer dear to me,
 Oh! 'twer thik aspen by the river.

10 a-ridèn drough] riding through. 15 mid] may.
 3 thik wold] that old.

There, in eegrass new a-shootèn,
I did run on even vootèn,

Happy, over new mown land ;
Or did zing wi' zingèn drushes 20
While I plaited, out o' rushes,
Little baskets vor my hand ;
Beside the clote that there did float,
Wi' yollow blossoms, on the river.

When the western zun's a vallèn,
What shrill vaïce is now a-callèn

Hwome the deäiry to the pails ;
Who do dreve em on, a-flingèn
Wide-bow'd horns, or slowly zwingèn
Right an' left their tufty tails? 30
As they do goo a-huddled drough
The geäte a-leädèn up vrom river.

Bleäded grass is now a-shootèn

Where the vloor wer woonce our vootèn,

While the hall wer still in pleäce.

Stwones be looser in the wallèn ;

Hollow trees be nearer vallèn ;

Ev'ry thing ha' chang'd its feäce.

But still the neäme do bide the seäme—

'Tis Pentridge—Pentridge by the river. 40

17 eegrass] the aftermath. 20 drushes] thrushes. 23
clote] water-lily. 27 the deäiry] the dairy-cows. 33 Bleäded]
bladed.

THE TURN O' THE DAYS

O, THE wings o' the rook wer a-glitterèn bright,
 As he wheel'd on above, in the zun's evenèn light,
 An' noo snow wer a-left, but in patches o' white,
 On the hill at the turn o' the days.

An' along on the slope wer the beäre-timber'd copse,
 Wi' the dry wood a-sheäkèn, wi' red-twiggèd tops.
 Vor the dry-flowèn wind had a-blown off' the drops
 O' the räin, at the turn o' the days.

There the stream did run on, in the sheäde o' the
 hill,

So smooth in his flowèn, as if he stood still, 10
 An' bright wi' the sky light, did slide to the mill,
 By the meäds, at the turn o' the days.

An' up by the copse, down along the hill brow,
 Wer vurrows a-cut down, by men out at plough,
 So straìght as the zunbeams, a-shot drough the
 bough

O' the tree at the turn o' the days.

Then the boomèn wold clock in the tower did mark
 His vive hours, avore the cool evenèn wer dark,
 An' ivy did glitter a-elong round the bark

O' the tree, at the turn o' the days. 20

An' womèn a-fraïd o' the road in the night,
 Wer a-heästenèn on to reach hwome by the light,
 A-eastèn long sheädes on the road, a-dried white,
 Down the hill, at the turn o' the days.

The father an' mother did walk out to view
 The moss-bedded snow-drop, a-sprung in the lew,
 An' hear if the birds wer a-zingèn anew,

In the boughs, at the turn o' the days.
 An' young vo'k a-laughèn wi' smooth glossy feäce,
 Did hie over vields, wi' a light-vooted peäce, 30
 To friends where the tow'r did betoken a pleäce
 Among trees, at the turn o' the days.

MOONLIGHT ON THE DOOR

A-SWAÏÈN slow, the poplar's head
 Above the slopèn thatch did ply,
 The while the midnight moon did shed
 His light below the spangled sky.
 An' there the road did reach avore
 The hatch, all vootless down the hill;
 An' hands, a-tired by day, wer still,
 Wi' moonlight on the door.

A-boomèn deep, did slowly sound
 The bell, a-tellèn middle night; 10
 The while the quiv'rèn ivy, round
 The tree, did sheäke in softest light.
 But vootless were the stwone avore
 The house where I, the maiden's guest,
 At evenèn, woonce did zit at rest
 By moonlight on the door.

26 lew] shelter. 30 peäce] pace.
 6 hatch] gate. all vootless] untrodden.

‘Zee how the winds, while brisk by the bough,
 —in the night,
 They do pass on, don't smite on her brow, 30
 —in the night;
 Zee how the cloud-sheädes näiseless do zweep
 Over the house-top where she's asleep.
 You, too, goo by, though times mid be near,
 When you, wi' me, mid speäk to her ear
 —in the night.’

LEEBURN MILL

Ov all the meäds wi' shoals an' pools,
 Where streams did sheäke the limber zedge,
 An' milkèn vo'k did teäke their stools,
 In evenèn zun-light under hedge:
 Ov all the wears the brooks did vill,
 Or all the hatches where a sheet
 O' foam did leäp below woone's veet,
 The pleäce vor me wer Leeburn Mill.

An' while below the mossy wheel
 All day the foamèn stream did roar, 10
 An' up in mill the floatèn meal
 Did pitch upon the sheäkèn vloer,
 We then could vind but vew han's still,
 Or veet a-restèn off the ground,
 An' seldom hear the merry sound
 O' geämes a-play'd at Leeburn Mill.

But when they let the stream goo free,
 Bezide the drippèn wheel at rest,
 An' leaves upon the poplar-tree
 Wer' dark avore the glowèn west ; 20
 An' when the clock, a-ringèn sh'ill,
 Did slowly beät zome evenèn hour,
 Oh ! then 'ithin the leafy bow'r
 Our tongues did run at Leeburn Mill.
 An' when November's win' did blow,
 Wi' hufflèn storms along the plaïn,
 An' blacken'd leaves did lie below
 The neäked tree, a-zoak'd wi' rain,
 I werden at a loss to vill
 The darkest hour o' räiny skies, 30
 If I did vind avore my eyes
 The feäces down at Leeburn Mill.

WOONE SMILE MWORE

O ! MEÄRY, when the zun went down,
 Woone night in spring, wi' vi'ry rim,
 Behind the knap wi' woody crown,
 An' left your smilèn feäce so dim ;
 Your little sister there, inside,
 Wi' bellows on her little knee,
 Did blow the vire, a-glearèn wide
 Drough window-peänes, that I could zee,—
 As you did stan' wi' me, avore
 The house, a-peärtèn,—woone smile mwore. 10

21 sh'ill] shrill. 26 hufflèn] gusty. 29 werden] was not.
 2 vi'ry] fiery. 3 knap] hillock. 10 a-peärtèn] in parting.

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 low-bow'd tail, an' comèn near,
 Did fondly lay ageän your zide
 His coal-black nose an' russet eär:
 To win what I'd a-won avore,
 Vrom your gay feäce, his woone smile mwore. 20

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 heärty 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 meäl, an' woone smile mwore. 30

NAÏGHBOUR PLAÿMEÄTES

O JAÿ betide the dear wold mill,
 My naighbour playmeätes' happy hwome,
 Wi' rollèn wheel, an' leäpèn foam,
 Below the overhangèn hill,
 Where, wide an' slow,
 The stream did flow,

23 mid] may.

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, 10
 Did goo the mill by cloty Stour.

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

An' zwallows skim the water, bright
 Wi' whirlèn froth, in western light;
 An' clack, clack, clack, that happy hour, 20
 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,
 The wheel woonce drown'd the vaïce so dear
 To me. I fäin would goo to hear 30
 The clack, clack, clack, vor woone short hour,
 Wi' whirlèn stwone, an' streamèn flour,
 Bezide the mill on cloty Stour.

11 cloty] water-lilied. 14 pankèn] panting. 26 bloomèn
 tutties] bunches of flowers.

But should I vind a-heavèn now

Her breast wi' air o' thik dear pleäce?

Or zee dark locks by such a brow,

Or het o' play on such a feäce?

No! She's now staïd,

An' where she play'd

There's noo such maïd that now ha' took 40

The pleäce 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

The wheat vrom red-wheel'd waggon beds,

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

Do stand an' toss their heavy heads;

But on the vloor,

Or at the door,

50

Do show noo mwore the kindly feäce

Her father show'd about the pleäce,

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

Wi' whirlèn stwone, an' streamèn flour,

Did goo his mill by cloty Stour.

34 a-heavèn] heaving. 35 thik] that. 37 het o' play] heat of play.
38 staïd] elderly. 45 heist] hoist.

WOAK HILL.

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

I pack'd up my traps, all a-sheenèn
 Wi' long years o' handlèn,
 On dowsty red wheels ov a waggon,
 To ride at Woak Hill.

The brown thatchen rwof o' the dwellèn
 I then wer a-leävèn, 10
 Vu'st shelter'd the sleek head o' Meäry,
 My bride at Woak Hill.

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

But still I do think that, in soul,
 She do hover about us;
 To ho vor her motherless childern,
 Her pride at Woak Hill. 20

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

Woak] oak. 3 dowst] dust. 15 jaÿ] joy. 19 To ho
 vor] in anxious care for. 23 house-riddèn] moving house.

I call'd her so fondly, wi' lippèns
 All soundless to others,
 An' took her wi' air-reachèn hand
 To my zide at Woak Hill.

On the road I did look round, a-talkèn
 To light at my shoulder, 30
 An' then led her in at the door,
 Open wide at Creech Mill.

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

But no; that my Meäry mid never
 Behold herzelf slighted,
 I wanted to think that I guided
 My guide vrom Woak Hill. 40

IN THE SPRING

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

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.

25 lippèns] lip-movements.

30 To light] to vacancy.

37 mid] might. 2 mid] may.

O grey-leafy pinks o' the geärden,
 Now bear her sweet blossoms ; 10
 Now deck wi' a rrose bud, O briar,
 Her head in the Spring.

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

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. 20

O whistle, gay birds, up bezide her,
 In drong-waj an' woodlands,
 O zing, swingèn lark, now the clouds
 Be a-vled in the Spring!

14 vaice] voice. 15 dowst] dust. 22 drong-waj] hedged
 track. 24 Be a-vled] have flown.

EARLY PLAYMEÄTE

A'TER 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-grown stäid,
 An' the apple tree lower did droop
 Out in orcha'd where we had a-play'd.
 There wer zome things a-seemèn the seäme,
 But Meäry's a-married awäj. 10

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 stäj till another week's end.
 At the dear pworchèd door, could I dare,
 To zee Meäry a-married awäj! 20

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.

6 stäid] grave and elderly.

13 zoo ment] so resemble.

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. 30

There the copse-wood, a-grown to a height,
 Wer a-vell'd, an' the primrrose in blooth,
 Among chips on the ground a-turn'd white,
 Wer a quiv'rèn, all beäre o' their lewth.
 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 in to the door.
 Oh! the rook did still rock o'er the rick,
 But wi' Meäry a-married awäy. 40

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;

26 oves] eaves. 32 blooth] bloom. 34 beäre o' their lewth]
 deprived of their shelter. 36 yollow reed] new-drawn straw.
 37 hatch] gate.

An' vo'k a-comèn up vrom meäd
 Brought gil'cup meal upon the shoe;
 Or went on where the road did leäd,
 Wi' smecchy dowst vrom heel to tooe,
 As noon did smite, wi' burnèn light,
 The road so white to Meldonley. 10

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 bad 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. 20

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 driver zing,
 But met noo kith or kin to me,
 Till I come down, vrom Meldon's crown
 To rwofs o' brown, at Meldonley. 30

6 gil'cup meal] buttercup pollen. 8 smecchy dowst] soiling
 dust. 21 knaps] eminences. 30 rwofs] roofs.

CHILDERN'S CHILDERN

OH! if my ling'rèn life should run
 Drough years a-reckon'd 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

10

Be jäy or päin, be päin or jäy?

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 vire-bound hill ;
 An' when the bells' last peal's a-rung,
 An' I mid zee the wold an' young
 A-vlockèn by, but shouldeñ hear,
 However near, a voot or tongue :

Mid zuch a zight

20

In that soft light

Be jäy or päin, be päin or jäy?

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 still's a cloud, in that bright pleäce: 30
 Would youth so feäir
 A-passèn there
 Be jäy or päin, be päin or jäy?

THE BARS ON THE LANDRIDGE

THE bars on the timber'd ridge outspan
 The gap where the shining skies may show
 The people that clamber to and fro,
 Woman by woman, man by man.

To strangers that once may reach the gap,
 How fair is the dell beyond the ridge,
 With houses and trees, and church and bridge,
 Wood upon wood, and knap by knap.

When under the moon, the bars' smooth ledge,
 Rubb'd up to a gloss, is bright as glass, 10
 And shadows outmark, on dewy grass,
 Rail upon rail, and edge by edge,

Then there is my way, where nightwinds sound
 So softly on boughs, where lights and shades
 Are playing on slopes, by hills and glades,
 Tree upon tree, and mound by mound!

28 peäce] pace.

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-windor'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.

10

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' rwoisy feäce
 Upon the smooth-vloor'd hall, to treäce
 The merry dance o' Christmas-tide;
 But oh! not mine be balls so fine
 As Linda Deäne's at Ellendon.

20

Sweet Linda Deäne do match the skies
 Wi' sheenèn blue o' glisnèn eyes,
 An' feäirest blossoms do but show
 Her forehead's white, an' feäce's glow;

1 tunn'd] chimneyed.

But there's a winsome jay 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 !

30

LINDENORE

At Lindenore upon the steep,
 Beside the trees a-reachèn high,
 The while their lower limbs do zweep
 The river-stream a-flowèn by ;
 By greygle 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.

An' there noo foam do hiss avore
 Swift bwoats, wi' water-plowèn keels, 10
 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.

5 greygle bells] wild hyacinth.
 12 vur-brought] brought from far.

6 lew] shelter from wind.
 14 bow] 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: 20
 But Ellen didden læve her rwof
 To be admir'd, an' that's enough—
 Vor I've a-found 'ithin her door
 Feäir Ellen Dare o' Lindenore.

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' dowsty veet.

There the milkmäid hung her brow
 By the cow, a-sheenèn red;
 An' the dog, wi' upward looks,
 Watch'd the rooks above his head, 10
 An' the brook, vrom bow to bow,
 Here went swift, an' there wer slow.

21 didden] did not. rwof] roof.

1 eltrot] wild parsnip. 5 goocoo] cuckoo. 6 dowsty]
 dusty. 11 bow to bow] bend to bend.

Now the cwolder-b'lowèn 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 dew.

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?

20

ZUMMER AN' WINTER

WHEN I led by zummer streams
 The pride o' Lea, as naìghbours thought her,
 While the zun, wi' evenèn beams,
 Did cast our sheädes athirt the water;
 Winds a-blowèn,
 Streams a-flowèn,
 Skies a-glowèn,
 Tokens ov my jay zoo fleetèn,
 Heighten'd it, that happy meetèn!

4 athirt] across. 8 jay zoo fleetèn] joy so fleeting.

Then, when maïd an' man took pleäces, 10
 Gaÿ in winter's Chris'mas dances,
 Showèn in their merry feäces
 Kindly smiles an' glisnèn glances;
 Stars a-winkèn,
 Day a-shrinkèn,
 Sheädes a-zinkèn,
 Brought anew the happy meetèn
 That did meäke the night too fleetèn!

THE LEW O' THE RICK

At even-tide the wind wer loud
 By trees an' tuns above woone's head,
 An' all the sky wer woone dark cloud,
 Vor all it had noo räin to shed;
 An' as the darkness gather'd thick
 I zot me down below a rick,
 Where straws upon the win' did ride
 Wi' giddy flights, along my zide,
 Though unmolestèn me a-resten,
 Where I lay 'ithin the lew. 10

My wife's bright vier indoors did cast
 Its fleäme upon the window peänes
 That screen'd her teäble, while the blast
 Vled on in music down the leänes;

Lew] shelter from wind. 2 tuns] chimneys. 4 Vor all]
 although.

An' as I zot in vaiceless thought
 Ov other zummer tides, that brought
 The sheenèn grass below the lark,
 Or left their ricks a-wearèn dark,
 My childern voun' me, an' come roun' me,
 Where I laj 'ithin the lew. 20

The rick that then did keep me lew
 Would be a-gone another fall,
 An' I, in zome years, in a vew,
 Mid læve the childern, big or small;
 But He that meäde the wind, an' meäde
 The lewth, an' zent wi' het the sheäde,
 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. 30

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.

22 fall] autumn.

24 Mid] may.

26 lewth] shelter.

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.

10

An' mid noo sorrow-pang
 Ever hang a tear
 Upon the dark lash-heäir
 Ov my feäirest 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.

20

LEAVES A-VALLÈN

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 leäve my he'th,
 I shall be noo mwore a hearer
 O' their vaices or their me'th.

10 heäle] hale. 22 Spweil] spoil. mid] may.

4 Fall] autumn. 6 he'th] hearth. 8 me'th] mirth.

'There dead ash leaves be a-toss'd
 In the wind, a-blowèn stronger, 10
 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.

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. 20
 Woone year weaker, woone year nigher
 'To the pleäce where we shall vind
 Woone that's deathless vor the dier,
 Voremst they that dropp'd behind.

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-swayèn wi' low ruslèn sound,
 An' the doust wer a-whirl'd wi' the blast,
 Aye, a smeech wi' the wind on the ground.

Then I come by the young widow's hatch,
 Down below the wold elem's tall head, 10
 But noo vingers did lift up the latch,
 Vor they all 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.

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 ; 20
 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.

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.
 Then the childern wull rise to their fun,
 An' their mother mwore sorrow to veel, 30
 While the air is a-warm'd by the zun,
 Aye, the win' by the day's viry wheel.

9 come] came. hatch] gate. 26 Have his] has its.
 28 tweil] toil. ho] care. 32 viry] fiery.

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-air'd vields that I do pass,
 An' moonbeams, vrom above, do smite
 On ice an' sleepers' window-glass.

I'm out o' door,

When win' do zweep

10

By hangèn steep

Or hollow deep,

At Linden-ore.

O welcome is the lewth a-vound
 By rustlèn copse or ivied bank,
 Or by the hay-rick weather-brown'd,
 By barkèn-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

20

Do hang the cobweb's white-lin'd net.

While storms do roar,

An' win' do zweep

By hangen steep

Or hollow deep,

At Linden-ore.

14 lewth] shelter from wind.
 grass. 20 dusty] dusty.

17 barkèn-grass] cow-yard

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; 30
 Then in the house do sound about

My ears, dear vaices vull or thin,
 A-prayèn vor the souls vur out

At sea, an' cry wi' biv'rèn chin—

Oh! shut the door.

What soul can sleep

Upon the deep,

When storms do zweep

At Linden-ore!

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'-blown flow'rs
 Avore my lwonesome eyes do show

Theäse bright November hours. 10

Avore my lwonesome eyes do show,

Wi' nwone but I to zee em blow.

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

This wind mid dreve upon the main
 My brother's ship, a-plowèn foam, 20
 But not bring mother cwold nor rain,
 At her now happy hwome.
 But not bring mother cwold nor rain,
 Where she is out o' päin.

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 droo,
 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.

Then I knock'd at the wold passage door
 Wi' the win'-driven snow on my locks; 10
 Till, a-comèn along the cwold vloor,
 There my Jenny soon answer'd my knocks.

19 wind mid dreve] wind may drive.

4 bars] railings. 7 lew] sheltered.

Then the wind, by the door a-swung wide,
 Flung some snow in her clear-bloomèn feïce,
 An' she blink'd, wi' her head all a-zide,
 An' a-chucklèn, went back to her pleâce.

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. 20
 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.

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 yollor, on the grey-topp'd height
 Of Paladore, as peäle day wore
 Away so feäir,
 Oh! how I wish'd that I wer there!

The pleâce wer too vur off to spy 10
 The livèn vo'k a-passèn by;
 The vo'k too vur vor äir to bring
 The words that they did speak or zing.

17 zot] sat. 4 his] its. 12 vur vor] far for.

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 !

MY LOVE IS GOOD

My love is good, my love is feäir,
 She's comely to behold, O,
 In ev'ry thing that she do wear,
 Altho' 'tis new or wold, O.
 My heart do leäp to see her walk,
 So straight 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. 10

When she do zit, then she do seem
 'The feäirest to my zight, O,
 'Till she do stan' an' I do deem
 She's feäirest at her height, O.
 An' she do seem 'ithin a room
 'The feäirest 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. 20

An' when the deäisies be a-press'd
 Below her vootsteps waight, O,
 Do seem as if she look'd the best
 Ov all in walkèn gaît, O.
 Till I do zee her zit upright
 Behind the ho'se's neck, O,
 A-holdèn wi' the raïn so tight
 His tossèn head in check, O.
 Where flow'ry groun' wi' floor o' green
 Do bear but vew so good an' true.

30

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 vrom his horde, O,
 I'd love her still, if even then
 She wer a læiser in a glen.

40

HEEDLESS O' MY LOVE

OH! I vu'st knew o' my true love
 As the bright moon up above,
 Though her brightness wer my pleasure
 She wer heedless o' my love.

30 vew] few.

40 læiser] gleaner.

Tho' 'twere 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, 10
 Though her zingèn wer my pleasure
 'Twer noo zong she zung to me.

Though her sweet väice that wer nigh
 Meäde my wild heart to beät high,
 She noo mwore thought upon my thoughts
 Than the birds on passers' by.

Oh! I vu'st knew her a-weepèn
 As a räin-dimm'd mornèn sky,
 Though her teär-drops dimm'd her blushes
 They wer noo drops I could dry. 20

Ev'ry bright tear that did roll
 Wer a keen pain 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,
 I've her best smiles that mid playë,
 I've her me'th when she is gayë, 30
 When her tear-drops be a-rollèn
 I can now wipe em awayë.

CHANGES

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 whiten grass,
 The summer flow'rs do brighten grass;
 Vor zome things we do lose wi' pain
 We've mwore that mid be jaÿ to gain,
 An' my dear life do seem the seäme
 While at my zide 10
 There still do bide
 Your welcome feäce an' hwomely neäme.

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; 20
 But my dear life do seem the seäme
 While I can hear
 A-soundèn near
 Your answ'rèn vaïce an' long-call'd neäme.

S mid be jaÿ] may be joy.

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.

In our deep hollow where the zun
 Did eärly leäve the smoky tun, 10
 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.

O' leäte upon the misty pläin
 I stay'd vor shelter vrom the räin,
 Where sharp-leav'd ashès' heads did twist
 In hufflèn wind, an' driftèn mist, 20
 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.

10 tun] chimney. 20 hufflèn] gusty.

An' I've a house wi' thatchèn ridge
 Below the elems by the bridge:
 Wi' small-peän'd windows, that do look
 Upon a knap, an' ramblèn brook;
 An' small's my house, my rwof is low,
 But then who mid it have to show 30
 But Fanny Deäne so good an' feäir?
 'Tis fine enough if she is there!

THE WIND AT THE DOOR

As day did darken on the dewless grass,
 There, still, wi' nwone a-come by me
 To stay a-while at hwome by me
 Within the house, all dumb by me,
 I zot me sad as the eventide did pass.

An' there a win'blast shook the rattlèn door,
 An' seemed, as win' did mwoan without,
 As if my Jeäne, alwone without,
 A-stannèn on the stwone without,
 Wer there a-come wi' happiness oonce mwore. 10

I went to door; an' out vrom trees above
 My head, upon the blast by me,
 Sweet blossoms wer a-cast by me,
 As if my Love, a-past by me,
 Did fling em down—a token ov her love.

‘Sweet blossoms o’ the tree where I do murn,’
 I thought, ‘if you did blow vor her,
 Vor apples that should grow vor her,
 A-vallen down below vor her,
 O then how happy I should zee you kern!’ 20

But no. Too soon I voun my charm a-broke.
 Noo comely soul in white like her—
 Noo soul a-steppèn light like her—
 An’ nwone o’ comely height like her
 Went by; but all my grief ageän awoke.

WHITE AN’ BLUE

My Love is o’ comely height an’ straight,
 An’ comely in all her ways an’ gait;
 In feäce she do show the rwose’s hue,
 An’ her lids on her eyes be white on blue.

When Elemley clubmen walk’d in Mäj,
 An’ vo’k come in clusters, ev’ry waj,
 As soon as the zun dried up the dew,
 An’ clouds in the sky wer white on blue,

She come by the down, wi’ trippèn walk,
 By deäsies, an’ sheenèn banks o’ chalk, 10
 An’ brooks, where the crowvoot flow’rs did strew
 The sky-tinted water, white on blue.

She nodded her head as play’d the band;
 She dapp’d wi’ her voot as she did stand;
 She danced in a reel, a-weären new
 A skirt wi’ a jacket, white wi’ blue.

20 kern] set; turn from flower to fruit.

I singled her out vrom thin an' stout,
 Vrom slender an' stout I chose her out ;
 An' what, in the evenèn, could I do,
 But gi'e her my breast-knot, white an' blue? 20

JOY PASSING BY

WHEN ice all melted to the sun,
 And left the wavy streams to run,
 We longed, as summer came, to roll
 In river foam, o'er depth and shoal ;
 And if we lost our loose-bow'd swing,
 We had a kite to pull our string ;

Or, if no ball

Would rise or fall

With us, another joy was nigh
 Before our joy all pass'd us by.

10

If leaves of trees, that wind stripp'd bare
 At morning, fly on evening air,
 We still look on for summer boughs
 To shade again our sunburnt brows ;
 Where orchard-blooms' white scales may fall
 May hang the apple's blushing ball ;

New hopes come on

For old ones gone,

As day on day may shine on high,
 Until our joys all pass us by.

20

My childhood yearn'd to reach the span
Of boyhood's life, and be a man ;
And then I look'd, in manhood's pride,
For manhood's sweetest choice, a bride ;
And then to lovely children, come
'To make my home a dearer home.

But now my mind

Can look behind

For joy, and wonder, with a sigh,
When all my joys have pass'd me by ! 30

Was it when once I miss'd a call
To rise, and thenceforth seem'd to fall ;
Or when my wife to my hands left
Her few bright keys, a doleful heft ;
Or when before the door I stood
'To watch a child away for good ;

Or where some crowd

In mirth was loud ;

Or where I saw a mourner sigh ;
Where did my joy all pass me by ? 40

34 heft] weight.

II

DESCRIPTIVE AND MEDITATIVE

VELLÈN THE TREE

Aye, the gre't elem tree out in little hwome groun'
Wer a stannèn this mornèn, an' now's a-cut down.
Aye, the gre't elem tree, so big roun' an' so high,
Where the mowers did goo to their drink, an' did lie
In the sheäde ov his head, when the zun at his
 heighth

Had a-drove em vrom mowèn, wi' het an' wi' drīth,
Where the hay-meäkers put all their picks an' their
 reäkes

An' did squat down to snabble their cheese an'
 their ceäkes

An' did vill vrom their flaggons their cups wi'
 their eäle, 9

An' did meäke theirzelves merry wi' joke an' wi' teäle.

Ees, we took up a rwope an' we tied en all round
At the top o'n, wi' woone end a-hangèn to ground,
An' we cut, near the ground, his gre't stem a'most
 drough,

An' we bent the wold head o'n wi' woone tug or two ;

1 elem] elm. hwome groun'] field nearest the homestead.
6 het] heat.

An' he sway'd all his limbs, an' he nodded his head,
Till he vell away down like a pillar o' lead:

An' as we did run vrom en, there, clwose at our backs,
Oh! his boughs come to groun' wi' sich whizzes
an' cracks;

An' his top wer so lofty that, now's a-vell down,
The stem o'n do reach a-most over the groun'. 20

Zoo the gre't elem tree out in little hwome groun'
Wer a-stannèn this mornèn, an' now's a-cut down.

EVENÈN IN THE VILLAGE

Now the light o' the west is a-turn'd to gloom,

An' the men be at hwome vrom ground;

An' the bells be a-zendèn all down the Coombe

From tower their mwoansome sound.

An' the wind is still,

An' the house-dogs do bark,

An' the rooks be a-vled to the elems high an' dark,

An' the water do roar at mill.

An' the flickerèn light drough the window-peäne

Vrom the candle's dull fleäme do shoot, 10

An' young Jemmy the smith is a-gone down leäne

A-playèn his shrill-vaiced flute.

An' the miller's man

Do zit down at his ease

On the seat that is under the cluster o' trees,

Wi' his pipe an' his cider can.

JENNY'S RIBBONS

JEAN ax'd what ribbon she should wear
 'tthin her bonnet to the feäir?
 She had woone white, a-gi'ed her when
 She stood at Meäry's chrissenèn;
 She had woone brown; she had woone red,
 A keepseäke vrom her brother dead,
 That she did like to wear, to goo
 To zee his greäve below the yew.

She had woone green among her stock,
 That I'd a-bought to match her frock; 10
 She had woone blue to match her eyes,
 'The colour o' the zummer skies,
 An' thik, though I do like the rest,
 Is he that I do like the best,
 Because she had en in her heäir
 When vu'st I walked wi' her at feäir.

The brown, I zaid, would do to deck
 Thy heäir; the white would match thy neck;
 The red would meäke thy red cheäk wan
 A-thinkèn o' the gi'er gone; 20
 'The green would show thee to be true;
 But still I'd sooner zee the blue,
 Because 'twere he that deck'd thy heäir
 When vu'st I walked wi' thee at feäir.

UNCLE AN' AUNT

How happy uncle us'd to be
 O' zummer time, when aunt an' he
 O' Zunday evenèns, eärm in eärm,
 Did walk about their tiny farm
 While birds did zing an' gnats did zwarm,
 Drough grass a'most above their knees,
 An' roun' by hedges an' by trees
 Wi' leafy boughs a-swaÿèn.

His hat wer broad, his cwoat wer brown,
 Wi' two long flaps a-hangèn down; 10
 An' vrom his knee went down a blue
 Knit stockèn to his buckled shoe;
 An' aunt did pull her gown-tail drough
 Her pocket-hole to keep en neat,
 As she mid walk, or teäke a seat
 By leafy boughs a-swaÿèn.

HAÿ-CARRÈN

'Tis merry ov a zummer's day,
 When vo'k be out a-haulèn haÿ,
 Where boughs, a-spread upon the ground,
 Do meäke the staddle big an' round;
 An' grass do stand in pook, or lie
 In long-backed weäles or parsels, dry.

Haÿ-carrèn] carrying hay to rick. 4 staddle] stack-base.
 5 in pook] in heaps. 6 weäles] ridges. parsels] outspread
 patches.

There I do vind it stir my heart
 To hear the frothèn hosses snort,
 A-haulèn on, wi' sleek heär'd hides,
 The red-wheel'd waggon's deep-blue zides. 10

The bwoy is at the hosse's head,
 An' up upon the waggon bed
 The lwoaders, strong o' eärm, do stan',
 At head, an' back at tail, a man,
 Wi' skill to build the lwoad upright
 An' bind the vwolded corners tight;
 An' at each zide õ'm, sprack an' strong,
 A pitcher wi' his long-stem'd prong,
 Avore the best two women now
 A-call'd to reäky after plough. 20

'Tis merry at the rick to zee
 How picks do wag, an' hay do vlee.
 While woone's unlwoadèn, woone do teäke
 The pitches in; an' zome do meäke
 The lofty rick upright an' roun',
 An' tread en hard, an' reäke en down,
 An' tip en, when the zun do zet,
 To shoot a sudden vall o' wet.
 An' zoo 'tis merry any day
 Where vo'k be out a-carrèn hay. 30

13 lwoaders] loaders. 17 sprack] strong. 18 pitcher]
 man who tosses. 20 to reäky] to rake. 22 picks] pitch-
 forks. 27 tip en] point the tip of it.

GRAMMER'S SHOES

I do seem to zee Grammer as she did use
 Vor to show us, at Chris'mas, her weddèn shoes,
 An' her flat spreadèn bonnet so big an' roun'
 As a gre't pewter dish a-turn'd upside down ;
 When we all did draw near
 In a cluster to hear
 O' the merry wold soul how she did use
 To walk and to dance wi' her high-heel shoes.

She'd a gown wi' gre't flowers lik' hollyhocks,
 An' zome stockèns o' gramfer's a-knit wi' clocks, 10
 An' a token she kept under lock an' key,—
 A small lock ov his heàir off avore't wer grey.
 An' her eyes wer red,
 An' she shook her head
 When we'd all a-look'd at it, an' she did use
 To lock it away wi' her weddèn shoes.

She could tell us such teäles about heavy snows,
 An' o' rains an' o' floods when the waters rose
 All up into the housen, an' carr'd away
 All the bridge wi' a man an' his little bwoy; 20
 An' o' vog an' vrost,
 An' o' vo'k a-lost,
 An' o' peärties at Chris'mas, when she did use
 Vor to walk hwome wi' gramfer in high-heel shoes.

10 gramfer's] grandfather's.

21 vog] fog.

Ev'ry Chris'mas she lik'd vor the bells to ring,
 An' to have in the zingers to hear em zing
 The wold carols she heärd many years a-gone,
 While she warm'd em zome cider avore the bron';
 An' she'd look an' smile
 At our dancèn, while 30
 She did tell how her friends now a-gone did use
 To reely wi' her in their high-heel shoes.

Ah! an' how she did like vor to deck wi' red
 Holly-berries the window an' wold clock's head,
 An' the clavy wi' boughs o' some bright green leaves,
 An' to meäke twoast an' eäle upon Chris'mas eves;
 But she's now, drough greäce,
 In a better pleäce,
 Though we'll never vorget her, poor soul, nor lose
 Gramfer's token ov heäir, nor her weddèn shoes. 40

THE WEEPÈN LEÄDY

WHEN, leäte o' nights, above the green
 By thik wold house, the moon do sheen,
 A leädy there, a-hangèn low
 Her head, 's a-walkèn to an' fro
 In robes so white's the driven snow,
 Wi' woone eärm down, while woone do rest
 All lily-white athirt the breast
 O' thik poor weepèn leädy.

28 bron'] brand. 32 reely] dance reels. 35 clavy]
 mantel-beam. 2 thik wold] that old. 7 athirt] across.

The whirlèn wind an' whis'lèn squall
 Do sheäke the ivy by the wall, 10
 An' meäke the plyèn tree-tops rock,
 But never ruffle her white frock ;
 An' slammèn door an' rattlèn lock,
 'That in thik empty house do sound,
 Do never seem to meäke look round
 Thik ever downcast leädy.

A leädy, as the teäle do goo,
 That woonce liv'd there, an' lov'd too true,
 Wer by a young man cast azide,
 A mother sad, but not a bride ; 20
 An' then her father, in his pride
 An' anger, offer'd woone o' two
 Vull bitter things to undergoo
 To thik poor weepèn leädy :

That she herzelf should leäve his door,
 To darken it ageän noo mwore ;
 Or that her little play'some chile,
 A-zent away a thousand mile,
 Should never meet her eyes to smile
 An' play ageän ; till she, in sheäme, 30
 Should die an' leäve a tarnish'd neäme,
 A sad vorseäken leädy.

'Let me be lost,' she cried, 'the while
 I do but know vor my poor chile ;'
 An' left the hwome ov all her pride
 To wander drough the worold wide,

Wi' grief that vew but she ha' tried :
 An' lik' a flow'r a blow ha' broke
 She wither'd wi' the deadly stroke,
 An' died a weepèn leädy.

40

An' she do keep a-comèn on
 'To zee her father dead an' gone,
 As if her soul could have noo rest
 Avore her teary cheäk 's a-prest
 By his vorgivèn kiss. Zoo blest
 Be they that can but live in love,
 An' vind a pleäce o' rest above
 Unlik' the weepèn leädy.

CHRISTMAS INVITATION

COME down to-morrow night ; an' mind,
 Don't leäve thy fiddle-bag behind ;
 We'll sheäke a lag an' drink a cup
 O' eäle, to keep wold Chris'mas up.

You won't meet any stranger's feäce,
 But only naighbours o' the pleäce,
 An' Stowe, an' Combe ; an' two or dree
 Vrom uncle's up at Rookery.

An' thou wu'lt vind a rwoisy feäce,
 An' peäir ov eyes so black as sloos,
 'The prettiest woones in all the pleäce,—
 I'm sure I needen tell thee whose.

10

†† teary cheäk 's] tearful check is.

We got a back-bran', dree gre't logs
 So much as dree ov us can car ;
 We'll put em up athirt the dogs,
 An' meäke a vier to the bar.

An' ev'ry woone shall tell his teäle,
 An' ev'ry woone shall zing his zong,
 An' ev'ry woone wull drink his eäle
 To love an' frien'ship all night long. 20

We'll snap the tongs, we'll have a ball,
 We'll sheäke the house, we'll lift the ruf,
 We'll romp an' meäke the maidens squall,
 A catchèn o'm at blind-man's buff.

THE WOLD WAGGON

THE gre't wold waggon uncle had,
 When I wer up a hardish lad,
 Did stand, a-screen'd vrom het an' wet,
 In zummer at the barken geäte,
 Below the elems' spreädèn boughs,
 A-rubb'd by all the pigs an' cows.
 An' I've a-clom his head an' zides,
 A-riggèn up or jumpèn down
 A-playèn, or in happy rides
 Along the leäine or drough the groun'. 10

16 bar] the cross-bar from which the chimney-crook hangs.
 2 up a hardish lad] stiffening to manhood. 4 barken geäte]
 cow-yard gate. 8 A-riggèn] clambering.

An' many souls be in their greäves
 That rod' together on his reäves ;
 An' he, an' all the hosses too,
 'V a-ben a-done vor years agoo.

Upon his head an' tail wer pinks,
 A-painted all in tangled links ;
 His two long zides wer blue,—his bed
 Bent slightly upward at the head ;
 His reäves rose zwellèn in a bow
 Above the slow hind-wheels below. 20
 Vour hosses wer a-kept to pull
 The gre't wold waggon when 'twere vull :
 The black meäre *Smiler*, strong enough
 To pull a house down by herzuf,
 So big, as took my biggest strides
 To straddle halfway down her zides ;
 An' champèn *Vilet*, sprack an' light,
 That foam'd an' pull'd wi' all her might ;
 An' *Whitevoot*, leäzy in the treäce,
 Wi' cunnèn looks an' snow-white feäce ; 30
 Besides a baj woone, short-tail *Jack*,
 That wer a treäce-hoss or a hack.

How many lwoads o' vuzz, to scald
 The milk, thik waggon have a-haul'd !
 An' wood vrom copse, an' poles vor rails,
 An' bavèns wi' their bushy tails ;

12 reäves] side-ledges. 14 'V a-ben a-done] have been out-
 worn. 24 herzuf] herself. 27 sprack] brisk. 32 treäce-
 hoss] trace-horse. 33 vuzz] furze. 36 bavèns] faggots.

An' loose-ear'd barley, hangèn down
 Outside the wheels a'most to groun',
 An' lwoads o' hay so sweet an' dry,
 A-builed straight, an' long, an' high ; 40
 An' hay-meäkers a-zittèn roun'
 The reäves, a-ridèn hwome vrom groun',
 When Jim gi'ed Jenny's lips a smack,
 An' jealous Dicky whipp'd his back ;
 An' maidens scream'd to veel the thumps
 A-gi'ed by trenches an' by humps.
 But he, an' all his hosses too,
 'V a-ben a-done vor years agoo.

THE VAICES THAT BE GONE

WHEN evenèn sheädes o' trees do hide
 A body by the hedge's zide,
 An' twitt'rèn birds, wi' play'some flight,
 Do vlee to roost at comèn night,
 'Then I do saunter out o' zight
 In orcha'd, where the pleäce woonce rung
 Wi' laughs a-raised an' zongs a-zung
 By vaices that be gone.

'There's still the tree that bore our swing,
 An' others where the birds did zing ; 10
 But long-leav'd docks do overgrow
 'The groun' we trampled beäre below

Wi' merry skippens to an' fro
 Bezide the banks, where Jim did zit
 A-playèn o' the clarinit
 To vaices that be gone.

How mother, when we us'd to stun
 Her head wi' all our naisy fun,
 Did wish us all a-gone vrom hwome:
 An' now that zome be dead, an' zome 20
 A-gone, an' all the pleäce is dum',
 How she do wish, wi' useless tears,
 To have agein about her ears
 The vaices that be gone!

Vor all the maïdens an' the bwoys
 But I, be married off' all woys,
 Or dead an' gone; but I do bide
 At hwome, alwone, at mother's zide,
 An' often, at the evenèn-tide,
 I still do saunter out, wi' tears, 30
 Down drough the orcha'd, where my ears
 Do miss the vaices gone.

THE HIWOMESTEAD A-VELL INTO HAND

THE house where I wer born an' bred,
 Did own his woaken door, John,
 When vu'st he shelter'd father's head,
 An' gramfer's long avore, John.
 An' many a ramblèn happy chile,
 An' chap so strong an' bwold,
 An' bloomèn maïd wi' playsome smile,
 Did call their hwome o' wold
 Thik rwof so warm,
 A-kept vrom harm 10
 By elem trees that broke the storm.

An' in the orcha'd out behind,
 The apple-trees in row, John,
 Did sway wi' moss about their rind
 Their heads a-noddèn low, John.
 An' there, bezide zome groun' vor corn,
 'Two strips did skirt the road;
 In woone the cow did toss her horn,
 While tother wer a-mow'd,
 In June, below 20
 The lofty row
 Ov trees that in the hedge did grow.

a-vell into hand] lapsed to the lord of the manor. 2 woaken]
 oak. 8 o' wold] of old. 9 Thik rwof] That roof.

Ov eight good hwomes, where I can mind

Vo'k liv'd upon their land, John,

But dree be now a-left behind ;

'The rest ha' vell in hand, John.

An' all the happy souls they ved

Be scatter'd vur an' wide,

An' zome o'm be a-wantèn bread,

Zome, better off, ha' died ;

30

Noo mwore to ho

Vor hwomes below

The trees a-swaÿen to an' fro.

An' I could leäd ye now all round

'The parish, if I would, John,

An' show ye still the very ground

Where vive good housen stood, John.

In broken orcha'ds near the spot

A vew wold trees do stand ;

But dew do vall where vo'k woonce zot

40

About the burnèn brand

In housen warm,

A-kept vrom harm

By elems that did break the storm.

THE GIRT WOLD HOUSE O' MOSSY STWONE

THE girt wold house o' mossy stwone,
 Up there upon the knap alwone,
 Had woonce a bleäzèn kitchèn-vier,
 That cook'd vor poor-vo'k an' a squier.
 An' if I wer a squier, I
 Should like to spend my life, an' die
 In thik wold house o' mossy stwone,
 Up there upon the knap alwone.

The girt wold house o' mossy stwone
 Had wings vor either sheäde or zun: 10
 Woone where the zun did glitter drough,
 When vu'st he struck the mornèn dew;
 Woone feäced the evenèn sky, an' woone
 Push'd out a pworch to zweaty noon:
 Zoo woone stood out to break the storm,
 An' meäde another lew an' warm.
 An' there the timber'd copse rose high,
 Where birds did build an' heäres did lie,
 An' beds o' greygles in the lew
 Did deck in Maÿ the ground wi' blue. 20
 An' there wer hills an' slopèn grounds
 That they did ride about wi' hounds;
 An' drough the meäd did creep the brook
 Wi' bushy bank an' rushy nook,

1 girt wold] great old. 2 knap] hillock. 7 thik] that.
 16 lew] sheltered from wind. 19 greygles] wild hyacinths.

Where perch did lie in sheädy holes
 Below the alder trees, an' shoals
 O' gudgeon darted by, to hide
 Theirzelves in hollows by the zide.
 An' there by leänes a-windèn deep
 Wer mossy banks a-risèn steep; 30
 An' stwonèn steps, so smooth an' wide,
 To stiles an' vootpaths at the zide;
 An' there, so big 's a little ground,
 The geärden wer a-wall'd all round:
 An' up upon the wall wer bars
 A-sheäped all out in wheels an' stars,
 Vor vo'k to walk an' look out drough
 Vrom trees o' green to hills o' blue.
 An' there wer walks o' peävement, broad
 Enough to meäke a carriage-road, 40
 Where steätely leädies woonce did use
 To walk wi' hoops an' high-heel shoes,
 When yonder hollow woak wer sound,
 Avore the walls wer ivy-bound,
 Avore the elems met above
 The road between em, where they drove
 Their coach all up or down the road
 A-comèn hwome or gwain abroad.
 The zummer air o' theäse green hill
 'V a-heav'd in bosoms now all still, 50
 An' all their hopes an' all their tears
 Be unknown things ov other years.

33 ground] field. 48 gwain] going. 49 theäse] this.
 50 'V a-heav'd] has heaved.

A FATHER OUT, AN' MOTHER HWOME

'THE snow-white clouds did float on high
 In shoals avore the sheenèn sky,
 An' runnèn weäves in pon' did cheäse
 Each other on the water's feäce,
 As hufflèn win' did blow between
 The new-leav'd boughs o' sheenèn green.
 An' there, the while I walked along
 The path, drough leäze, above the drong,
 A little maïd, wi' bloomèn feäce,
 Went on up hill wi' nimble peäce, 10
 A-leänèn to the right-han' zide,
 To car a basket that did ride
 A-hangèn down, wi' all his heft,
 Upon her elbow at her left.
 An' yet she hardly seem'd to bruise
 The grass-bleädes wi' her tiny shoes,
 That pass'd each other, left an' right,
 In steps a'most too quick vor zight.
 But she'd a-left her mother's door
 A-bearèn vrom her little store 20
 Her father's welcome bit o' food,
 Vor he wer out at work in wood ;
 An' she wer bless'd wi' mwore than zome—
 A father out, an' mother hwome.

5 hufflèn win'] gusty wind.
 pasture. drong] lane.

8 drough leäze] through the
 13 his heft] its weight.

An' there, a-vell'd 'ithin the copse,
 Below the timber's new-leav'd tops,
 Wer ashen poles, a castèn straight
 On primrrose beds their langthy waight;
 Below the yollow light a-shed
 Drough boughs upon the vi'let's head 30
 By climèn ivy, that did reach
 A-sheenèn roun' the dead-leav'd beech.
 An' there her father zot, an' meäde
 His hwomely meal beside a gleäde;
 While she, a-croopèn down to ground,
 Did pull the flowers, where she vound
 The droopèn vi'let out in blooth,
 Or yollow primrrose in the lewth,
 That she mid car em proudly back,
 An' zet em on her mother's tack; 40
 Vor she wer bless'd with mwore than zome—
 A father out, an' mother hwome.

A father out, an' mother hwome,
 Be blessèns soon a-lost by zome;
 A-lost by me!—an' zoo I pray'd
 They mid be speär'd the little maïd.

35 a-croopèn] squatting. 37 blooth] bloom. 38 lewth]
 shelter. 39 mid car] might carry. 40 tack] shelf,
 46 speär'd] spared.

CHILDHOOD

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

Then the housen seem'd high that be low,
 An' the brook did seem wide that is narrow, 10
 An' time, that do vlee, did goo slow,
 An' veelèns now feeble wer strong,
 An' our worold did end wi' the neämes
 Ov the Sha'sbury Hill or Bulbarrow ;
 An' life did seem only the geämes
 That we play'd as the days rolled along !

THE STWONEN BWOY UPON THE PILLAR

Wi' smokeless tuns an' empty halls,
 An' moss a-clingèn to the walls,
 In ev'ry wind the lofty tow'rs
 Do teäke the zun, an' bear the show'rs :
 An' there, 'ithin a geät a-hung,
 But vasten'd up, an' never swung,

1 tuns] chimneys. 4 teäke] catch. 5 geät] gate.

Upon the pillar, all alwone,
 Do stan' the little bwoy o' stwone,
 'S a poppy bud mid linger on,
 Vorseäken, when the wheat's a-gone. 10
 An' there, then, wi' his bow let slack,
 An' little quiver at his back,
 Drough het an' wet, the little chile
 Vrom day to day do stan' an' smile
 When vu'st the light, a-risen weak,
 At break o' day, do smite his cheäk,
 Or while, at noon, the leafy bough
 Do cast a sheäde athirt his brow;
 Or when at night the warm-breath'd cows
 Do sleep by moon-belighted boughs. 20
 An' there the while the rooks do bring
 Their scroff to build their nest in spring,
 Or zwallows in the zummer day
 Do cling their little huts o' clay
 'Ithin the rainless sheädes, below
 The steadvast arches' mossy bow;
 Or when, in Fall, the woak do shed
 The leaves, a-wither'd, vrom his head,
 An' western win's, a-blowèn cool,
 Do dreve em out athirt the pool, 30
 Or Winter's clouds do gather dark
 An' wet, wi' raïn, the elem's bark,
 You'll zee his pretty smile betwixt
 His little sheäde-mark'd lips a-fix'd;

13 Drough het] through heat.

18 athirt] athwart.

22 scroff light fragments of wood-refuse.

As there his little sheäpe do bide
 Drough day an' night, an' time an' tide,
 An' never change his size or dress,
 Nor overgrow his prettiness.

But, oh! thik child, that we do vind
 In childhood still, do call to mind 40
 A little bwoy a-call'd by death,
 Long years agoo, vrom our sad he'th;
 An' I, in thought, can zee en dim
 'The seäme in feäce, the seäme in lim'.
 My heäir mid whiten as the snow,
 My limbs grow weak, my step wear slow,
 My droopèn head mid slowly vall
 Above the han'-staff's glossy ball,
 An' yeet, vor all a wid'nèn span
 Ov years mid change a livèn man, 50
 My little child do still appear
 'To me wi' all his childhood's gear;
 'Ithout a beard upon his chin,
 'Ithout a wrinkle in his skin,
 A-livèn on, a child the seäme
 In look, an' sheäpe, an' size, an' neäme.

39 thik] that.
 And yet, although.

42 he'th] hearth.

49 An' yeet, vor all]

THE WOLD VO'K DEAD

MY days, wi' wold vo'k all but gone,
 An' childern now a-comèn on,
 Do bring me still my mother's smiles
 In light that now do show my chile's;
 An' I've a-sheär'd the wold vo'ks' me'th,
 Avore the burnèn Chris'mas he'th,
 At friendly bboards, where feäce by feäce,
 Did, year by year, gi'e up its pleäce,
 An' leäve me here, behind, to tread
 The ground a-trod by wold vo'k dead. 10

But wold things be a-lost vor new,
 An' zome do come, while zome do goo:
 As wither'd beech-tree leaves do cling
 Among the nesh young buds o' spring;
 An' frettèn worms ha' slowly wound,
 Droo beams the wold vo'k lifted sound,
 An' trees they planted little slips
 Ha' stems that noo two eärms can clips;
 An' grey an' yollow moss do spread
 On buildèns new to wold vo'k dead. 20

The backs of all our zilv'ry hills,
 The brook that still do dreve our mills,
 The roads a-climèn up the brows
 O' knaps, a-screen'd by meäple boughs,

5 a-sheär'd] shared. me'th] mirth. 6 he'th] hearth.
 14 nesh] tender. 16 Droo] Through. 18 clips] clasp.
 24 knaps] hillocks.

Wer all a-mark'd in sheäde an' light
 Avore our wolder fathers' zight,
 In zunny days, a-gied their hands
 For happy work, a-tillèn lands
 That now do yield their childern bread
 Till they do rest wi' wold vo'k dead. 30

But livèn vo'k a-grievèn on,
 Wi' lwonesome love, vor souls a-gone,
 Do zee their goodness, but do vind
 All else a-stealèn out o' mind ;
 As air do meäke the vurthest land
 Look feäirer than the vield at hand,
 An' zoo, as time do slowly pass,
 So still 's a sheäde upon the grass,
 Its wid'nèn speäce do slowly shed
 A glory roun' the wold vo'k dead. 40

CULVER DELL AND THE SQUIRE

THERE 's noo pleäce I do like so well,
 As Elem Knap in Culver Dell,
 Where timber trees, wi' lofty shouds,
 Did rise avore the western clouds ;
 An' stan' ageän, wi' veathery tops,
 A-swayèn up in North-Hill Copse.
 An' on the east the mornèn broke
 Above a dewy grove o' woak ;

26 wolder fathers'] forefathers'.

3 shouds] boughs. 5 stan' ageän] also stand.

An' noontide shed its burnèn light
 On ashes on the southern height; 10
 An' I could vind zome teäles to tell,
 O' former days in Culver Dell.

An' all the vo'k did love so well
 The good wold squire o' Culver Dell,
 That used to ramble drough the sheädes
 O' timber, or the burnèn gleädes,
 An' come at evenèn up the leäze
 Wi' red-ear'd dogs beside his knees;
 An' hold his gun, a-hangèn drough
 His eärmpit, out above his tooe, 20
 Wi' kindly words upon his tongue
 Vor vo'k that met en, wold an' young;
 Vor he did know the poor so well
 'S the richest vo'k in Culver Dell.

An' while the woäk, wi' spreadèn head,
 Did sheäde the foxes' verny bed;
 An' runnèn heäres, in zunny gleädes,
 Did beät the grasses' quiv'rèn' bleädes;
 An' speckled pa'tridges took flight
 In stubble yields a-feädèn white; 30
 Or he could zee the pheasant strut
 In sheädy woods, wi' painted cwoat;
 Or long-tongued dogs did love to run
 Among the leaves, beside his gun;

17 leäze] pasture. 19 drough] through. 20 tooe] toe.
 26 verny] ferny. 30 a-feädèn] fading.

We didden want vor call to dwell
 At hwome in peace in Culver Dell.

But now I hope his kindly feäce
 Is gone to vind a better pleäce ;
 But still, wi' vo'k a-left behind
 He'll always be a-kept in mind, 40
 Vor all his springy-vooted hounds
 Ha' done o' trottèn round his grounds,
 An' we have all a-left the spot,
 To teäke, a-scatter'd, each his lot ;
 An' even Father, lik' the rest,
 Ha' left our long vorseäken nest ;
 An' we should vind it sad to dwell
 Ageän at hwome in Culver Dell.

The äiry mornèns still mid smite
 Our windows wi' their rwozy light, 50
 An' high-zunn'd noons mid dry the dew
 On growèn groun' below our shoe ;
 The blushèn evenèn still mid dye
 Wi' viry red the western sky ;
 The zunny spring-time's quicknèn power
 Mid come to open leaf an' flower ;
 An' days an' tides mid bring us on
 Woone pleasure when another's gone.
 But we must bid a long farewell
 To days an' tides in Culver Dell. 60

35 didden want vor call] did not require a reason. 49 mid] may. 57 tides] anniversaries.

OUR BE'THPLACE

How dear 's the door a latch do shut,
 An' geärden that a hatch do shut,
 Where vu'st our bloomèn cheäks ha' prest
 The pillor ov our childhood's rest;
 Or where, wi' little tooes, we wore
 The paths our fathers trod avore;
 Or clim'd the timber's bark aloft,
 Below the zingèn lark aloft,
 The while we heärd the echo sound
 Drough all the ringèn valley round. 10

A lwonesome grove o' woak did rise
 To screen our house, where smoke did rise
 A-twistèn blue, while yeet the zun
 Did langthen on our childhood's fun;
 An' there, wi' all the sheäpes an' sounds
 O' life, among the timber'd grounds,
 The birds upon their boughs did zing,
 An' milkmaids by their cows did zing,
 Wi' merry sounds that softly died
 A-ringèn down the valley zide. 20

By river banks wi' reeds a-bound,
 An' sheenèn pools wi' weeds a-bound,
 The long-neck'd gander's ruddy bill
 To snow-white geese did cackle sh'll;

An' stridèn peewits heästen'd by,
 O' tiptooe wi' their screamèn cry;
 An' stalkèn cows a-lowèn loud,
 An' struttèn cocks a-crowèn loud,
 Did rouse the echoes up to mock
 Their mingled sounds by hill an' rock. 30

The stars that clim'd our skies all dark,
 Above our sleepèn eyes all dark,
 An' zuns a-rollèn round to bring
 The seasons on vrom spring to spring,
 Ha' vled, wi' never-restèn flight,
 Drough green-bough'd day, an' dark-tree'd night;
 Till now our childhood's pleäces there
 Be gay wi' other feäces there,
 An' we ourselves do vollow on
 Our own vorelivers dead an' gone. 40

MILKÈN TIME

'TWER when the busy birds did vlee,
 Wi' sheenèn wings, vrom tree to tree,
 To build upon the mossy lim'
 Their hollow nestes' rounded rim;
 The while the zun, a-zinkèn low,
 Did roll along his evenèn bow,
 I come along where wide-horn'd cows,
 'Ithin a nook a-screen'd by boughs,

40 vorelivers] forefathers.

Did stan' an' flip the white-hoop'd pails
 Wi' heäiry tufts o' swingèn tails; 10
 An' there wer Jenny Coom a-gone
 Along the path a vew steps on,
 A-beären on her head, upstraight,
 Her pail, wi' slowly-ridèn waight,
 An' hoops a-sheenèn, lily-white,
 Ageän the evenèn's slantèn light;
 An' zo I took her pail, an' left
 Her neck a-free'd vrom all its heft;
 An' she a-lookèn up an' down,
 Wi' sheäply head an' glossy crown, 20
 Then took my zide, an' kept my peäce
 A-talkèn on wi' smilèn feäce,
 An' zettèn things in sich a light,
 I'd fäin ha' heär'd her talk all night;
 An' when I brought her milk avore
 The geäte, she took it in to door,
 An' if her pail had but allow'd
 Her head to vall, she would ha' bow'd,
 An' still, as 'twere, I had the zight
 Ov her sweet smile throughout the night. 30

14 waight] weight.
pace.

18 its heft] its burden.

21 peäce]

WAYFEÄREN

THE sky wer clear, the zuusheen glow'd
 On droopèn flowers drough the day,
 As I did beät the dowsty road
 Vrom hinder hills, a-feädèn gray ;
 Drough hollows up the hills,
 Vrom knaps along by mills,
 Vrom mills by churches' tow'rs, wi' bells
 That twold the hours to woody dells.

An' when the windèn road do guide
 The thirsty vootman where mid flow 10
 The water vrom a rock bezide
 His vootsteps, in a sheenèn bow ;
 The hand a-hollow'd up
 Do beät a goolden cup
 To catch an' drink it, bright an' cool,
 A-vallèn light 'ithin the pool.

Zoo when, at last, I hung my head
 Wi' thirsty lips a-burnèn dry,
 I come bezide a river-bed
 Where water flow'd so blue 's the sky ; 20
 An' there I meäde me up
 O' coltsvoot leaf a cup,
 Where water from his lip o' gray
 Wer sweet to sip thik burnèn day.

4 hinder hills] hills behind. 6 knaps] elevations. 10
 mid] may. 14 beät] excels. 16 A-vallèn light] falling
 lightly. 23 his lip o' gray] its gray edge.

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

30

A PLEÄCE IN ZIGHT

As I at work do look aroun'
 Upon the groun' I have in view,
 To yonder hills that still do rise
 Avore the skies, wi' backs o' blue ;
 'Ithin the ridges that do vall
 An' rise roun' Blackmwore lik' a wall,
 'Tis yonder knap do teäke my zight
 Vrom dawn till night the mmost ov all.

An' there I now can dimly zee
 The elem-tree upon the mound, 10
 An' there meäke out the high-bough'd grove
 An' narrow drove by Redcliff ground ;
 An' there by trees a-risèn tall,
 The glowèn zunlight now do vall,
 Wi' shortest sheädes o' middle day,
 Upon the gray wold house's wall.

28 sheädes o' lim's] shadows of branches.

2 groun'] field.

7 knap] hillock.

12 drove] hedged

trackway. ground] field.

An' I can zee avore the sky
 A-risèn high the churches speer,
 Wi' bells that I do goo to swing,
 An' like to ring, an' like to hear; 20
 An' if I've luck upon my zide,
 They bells shall sound bwoth loud an' wide,
 A peal above they slopes o' gray,
 Zome merry day wi' Jeäne a bride.

THE BWOAT

WHERE cows did slowly seek the brink
 O' *Stour*, drough zunburnt grass, to drink;
 Wi' vishèn float, that there did zink
 An' rise, I zot as in a dream.
 The dazzlèn zun did cast his light
 On hedge-row blossom, snowy white,
 Though nothèn yet did come in zight
 A-stirrèn on the strajèn stream;
 Till, out by sheädy rocks there show'd
 A bwoat along his foamy road, 10
 Wi' thik feäir maïd at mill, a-row'd
 Wi' Jeäne behind her brother's oars.
 An' steätely as a queen o' vo'k,
 She zot wi' floatèn scarlet cloak,
 An' comèn on, at ev'ry stroke,
 Between my withy-sheäded shores.

18 speer] spire, sometimes tower.

3 vishèn] fishing.
queen of a people.

11 thik] that.

13 queen o' vo'k]

The broken stream did idly try
 To show her sheäpe a-ridèn by,
 The rushes' brown-bloom'd stems did ply,
 As if they bow'd to her by will. 20
 The rings o' water, wi' a sock,
 Did break upon the mossy rock,
 An' gi'e my beätèn heart a shock,
 Above my float's up-leäpèn quill.

Then, like a cloud below the skies,
 A-drifted off, wi' less'nèn size,
 An' lost, she floated vrom my eyes,
 Where, down below, the stream did wind;
 An' left the quiet weäves woonce mwore
 To zink to rest, a sky-blue'd vloor, 30
 Wi' all so still's the clote they bore,
 Aye, all but my own ruffled mind.

THE PLEÄCE OUR OWN AGEÄN

WELL! thanks to you, my faïthful Jeäne,
 So worksome wi' your head an' hand,
 We seäved enough to get ageän
 My poor forefathers' plot o' land.
 'Twer folly lost, an' cunnèn got,
 What should ha' come to me by lot.
 But let that goo; 'tis well the land
 Is come to hand, by be'th or not.

19 ply] bend. 21 sock] sob-like sound. 31 clote] water-
 lily.

8 be'th] birth.

An' there the brook, a-windèn round
 The parrick zide, do run below 10
 The grey-stwon'd bridge wi' gurglèn sound,
 A-sheüded by the arches' bow ;
 Where former days the wold brown meäre,
 Wi' father on her back, did wear
 Wi' heavy shoes the grav'ly leäne,
 An' sheäke her meäne o' yollor heäir.

An' many zummers there ha' glow'd,
 'To shrink the brook in bubblèn shoals,
 An' warm the doust upon the road
 Below the trav'ler's burnèn zoles. 20
 An' zome ha' zent us to our bed
 In grief, an' zome in jaÿ ha' vled ;
 But vew ha' come wi' happier light
 'Than what's now bright above our head.

THE HEDGER

UPON the hedge theäse bank did bear,
 Wi' lwonesome thought untwold in words,
 I woonce did work, wi' no sound there
 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
 'The äir, an' hook an' axe wer still.

10 parrick] paddock.

8 hook] bill-hook.

Along the wold town-path vo'k went,
 An' met unknown, or friend wi' friend, 10
 The maïd her busy mother zent,
 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,
 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,
 An' meäple stems o' ribby brown; 20
 An' in the lewth o' theäse tree heads,
 Wer primrwose beds a-sprung in blooth,
 An' here a geäte, a-slammèn to,
 Did let the slow-wheel'd plough roll droo.

Ov all that then went by, but vew
 Be now a-left behind, to beät
 The mornèn flow'rs or evenèn dew,
 Or slam the woakèn vive-bar'd geäte;
 But woone, my wife, so litty-stepp'd,
 That have a-kept my path o' life, 30
 Wi' her vew errands on the road,
 Where woonce she bore a mother's lwoad.

21 lewth] shelter. 22 blooth] bloom. 24 plough] wagon.
 29 litty-stepp'd] light-footed.

THE FLOOD IN SPRING

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

But, oh! so cwold below the darksome cloud
 Soon the night-wind roar'd, 10
 Wi' räiny storms that zent the zwollèn streams
 Over ev'ry vword.
 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 rrose
 Shone the mornèn sky,
 An' roun' the woak, the wind a-blowèn weak
 Softly whiver'd by, 20
 Though drown'd wer still the deäisy bed
 Below the flood, its feäce instead
 O' flow'ry groun', below our shoes
 Show'd feäirest views o' skies o'er head.

1 lew] shelter. 5 gil'cups'] buttercups'. 6 vwold] fold.
 12 vword] ford. 20 whiver'd] quivered.

COMÈN HWOME

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

There hills do screen the timber's bough,
 The trees do screen the leäze's brow, 10
 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 zedgè,
 An' sparklèn weäves did glide.

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; 20
 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.

10 leäze's] pasture's.
 sloping. teäke] hold.

15 hufflèn] gusty.
 21 beät] paced.

19 hangèn]
 24 Wold] Old.

THE RWOSE IN THE DARK

In zummer, leäte at evenèn tide,
 I zot to spend a moonless hour
 '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'-blown beech-tree softly sound, 10
 On higher ground, a-swayèn slow
 On drough my happy hour below.

An' tho' the darkness then did hide
 The dewy rwoze's blushèn bloom,
 He still did cast sweet air inside
 To Jeäne, a-chattèn in the room ;
 An' though the gloom did hide her feäce,
 Her words did bünd me to the pleäce.

An' there, while she, wi' runnèn tongue,
 Did talk unzeen 'ithin the hall, 20
 I thought her like the rwoze that flung
 His sweetness vrom his darken'd ball
 'Ithout the wall ; an' sweet's the zight
 Ov her bright feäce, by mornèn light.

THE NEW HOUSE A-GETTÈN WOLD

AH! when our wedded life begun,
 Theäse clean-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-hill'd worold's flow'ry ground.

An' we've a-vound it weather-brown'd,
 As spring-tide blossoms open'd white,
 Or Fall did shed, on zunburnt ground,
 Red apples vrom their leafy height: 10
 Their leafy height, that winter soon
 Left leafless to the cool-feäced moon.

An' rain-bred moss ha' stain'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.

The bloom that woonce did overspread
 Your rounded cheäk, as time went by, 20
 A-shrinkèn to a patch o' red,
 Did feäde so soft's the evenèn sky:
 The evenèn sky, my faïthful wife,
 O' days as feäir's our happy life.

2 Theäse] This.
 17 axan] ashes.

9 Fall] Autumn.
 24 feäir's] fair as.

16 peaks] points.

ZUMMER STREAM

AH! then the grassy-meäded Maÿ
 Did warm the passèn year, an' gleam
 Upon the yollow-grounded stream,
 'That still by beech-tree sheädes do straj.
 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. 10

There by the path, in grass knee-high,
 Wer butternvees in giddy flight,
 All white above the deäsies 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. 20

Vrom yonder window, in the thatch,
 Did sound the maïdens' merry words,
 As I did stand, by zingèn birds,
 Bezide the elem-sheäded hatch.

'Tis good to come back to the pleâce,
 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. 30

THE CHILD AN' THE MOWERS

O, AYE! they had woone chile bezide,
 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.

He went out to the mowers in meäd,
 When the zun wer a-rwose to his height, 10
 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 wi' eäle-horns too deep,
 'Till his thoughts wer a-drown'd in a swoon;
 Aye! his life wer a-smother'd in sleep.

28 A-mentèn] resembling.

11 sneäd] scythe-handle.

14 eäle-horns] ale-horns.

Then they laid en there-right on the ground,
 On a grass-heap, a-zweltrèn wi' het,
 Wi' his heäir all a-wetted around
 His young feäce, wi' the big drops o' zweet; 20
 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.
 Then they took en in hwome to his bed,
 An' he rrose vrom his pillow noo mwore
 Vor the curls on his sleek little head
 To be blown by the wind out o' door.
 Vor he died while the häy russled grey
 On the staddle so leätely begun: 30
 Lik' the mown-grass a-dried by the day,—
 Aye! the zwath-flow'r's a-kill'd by the zun.

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 gil'cups did quiver among
 The white deäsies, a-spread in a sheet,
 There a quick-trippèn maïd come along,—
 Aye, a girl wi' her light-steppèn veet.

17 there-right] where they were. 25 en in hwome] him
 indoors. 30 staddle] rick-stand. 32 zwath] swath.
 4 popples] pebbles. 5 gil'cups] buttercups.

An' she cried 'I do pray, is the road
 Out to Lincham on here, by the meäd?' 10
 An' 'oh! yes,' 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.'

'Then you don't seem a-born an' a-bred,'
 I spoke up, 'at a pleäce here about;'
 An' she answer'd, wi' cheäks up as red
 As a piny but leäte a-come out, 20
 '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.'

I'm asheäm'd 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;
 Then wi' blushes o' zunrisèn morn,
 She replied, 'that it midden be known, 30
 Oh! they zent me away to be born,—¹
 Aye, they hid me when zome would be shown.'

¹ Words once spoken to the writer.

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 away to be born!—
 Aye, to hide her where others be shown! 40

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.

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.

Within the copse, below the zunless sky,
 I heärd a nightengeäle, a-warblèn high 10
 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 open door,
 I heärd the merry words, an' hearty laugh,
 O' zome feäir maïd, as eet unknown to me.

5 knap] rising ground.

16 eet] 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. 20

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

An' then a butternlee, in zultry light,
 A-wheelèn on about me, vier-bright,
 Did show the gajest colors to my eye,
 But still did bring noo vaice around to me.

I met the merry laughter on the down,
 Beside her mother, on the path to town, 30
 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.

24 athirt the ground] across the field.

33 mid] may.

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. 10

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. 20

1 mwold] mould. bars] rails of a stile. 14 'S a-lost] is missed.

TWEIL.

THE rick ov our last zummer's haulèn

Now vrom grey's a-feäded dark,
An' off the barken rail's a-vallèn,

Day by day, the rotten bark.—
But short's the time our works do stand,
As 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, 10
Still do tweil an' tweil ageän.

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 childern'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, 20
They a-smilèn, an' a-tweilèn,
Still did work an' work ageän.

Now their little limbs be stronger,
Deeper now their vaïce do sound;
An' their little veet be longer,
An' do tread on other ground;

2 's a-feäded] has faded. 3 barken] cow-yard. 8 spweil]
spoil. 10 a-ruèn] rueing.

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; 30
 But still as I did leäbor then
 Vor love of all them childern small,
 Zoo now I'll tweil an' tweil ageän.

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, a-risèn tall,
 An' bright did break 'ithin the brook,
 Down rocks, the watervall.

There deep 'ithin my pworches bow
 Did hang my heavy woaken door, 10
 An' in beyond en, on the vloor,
 The evenèn dusk did gather slow;
 But bright did gleäre the twinklèn spwokes
 O' runnèn carriages, as vo'ks
 Out east did ride along the road,
 Bezide the low-bough'd woaks.

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 jay, to zee
 His beams a-shed, wi' stratchèn sheäde,
 On east-ward wall an' tree.

20

NANNY'S NEW ABODE

Now day by day, at lofty height,
 O' zummer noons, the burnèn zun
 'Ve a-shown avore our eastward zight
 The sky-blue zide ov Hambledon,
 An' shone ageän, on new-mown 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.

10

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,

22 jay] joy.

3 'Ve a-shown avore] has shown up to. 6 in pook] in
 heaps. 7 leäzes] pastures. bennet] bent. 8 a-vell]
 fallen. hook] sickle. 10 leänèn] sloping. 11 leäter] later.
 Fall] autumn. 13 oves] eaves.

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, 20
 The boughs, half beäre, do bend above
 The bulgèn banks in Fall.

FALL TIME

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

The rick's a-tipp'd an' weather-brown'd,
 An' thatch'd wi' zedge a-dried an' dead; 10
 An' orcha'd apples, red half round,
 Have all a-happer'd down, a-shed
 Underneath the trees' wide head.
 Lathers long,
 Rong by rong, to clim' the tall
 Trees, be hung upon the wall.

12 a-happer'd down] fallen hopping.

The crumpled leaves be now a-shed
 In mornèn winds a-blowèn keen ;
 When they were green the moss wer dead,
 Now they be dead the moss is green. 20
 Low the evenèn zun do sheen
 By the boughs,
 Where the cows do swing their tails
 Over merry milkers' pails.

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 milkmaid by her wide-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, 10
 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 yeet, the evenèn stars
 Did twinkle in the sky.

20

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.

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.

10

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.

17 bars] rails of a stile.
 shadow fell.

19 yeet] yet.

22 sheäde vell]

5 eegrass] aftermath.

6 leäze] pasture.

8 cloty] water-

lilied. 10 Athirt] across.

11 jaÿ] joy.

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.

20

Vor she wer gone vrom e'thly eyes
 To be a-kept in darksome sleep
 Until the good ageän do rise
 A jay to souls they left to weep.
 The rwose wer doust that bound her brow ;
 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
 Along the leäzes beäten track.

30

THE FALL

THE length o' days ageän do shrink
 An' flowers be thin in meäd, among
 The eegrass a-sheenèn bright, along
 Brook upon brook, an' brink by brink.

Noo starlèns do rise in vlock on wing—
 Noo goocoo in nest-green leaves do sound—
 Noo swallows be now a-wheelèn round—
 Dip after dip, an' swing by swing.

15 mid] may.

18 Come] came.

26 ceäpe] cape.

The wheat that did leätely rustle thick
 Is now up in mows that still be new, 10
 An' yollow bevore the sky o' blue—
 'Tip after tip, an' rick by rick.

While now I can walk a dusty mile
 I'll teäke me a day, while days be clear,
 To vind a vew friends that still be dear,
 Feäce after feäce, an' smile by smile.

THE MORNING MOON

'Twas when the op'ning dawn was still,
 I took my lonely road, up-hill,
 Towards the eastern sky, in gloom,
 Or touch'd with palest primrose bloom;
 And there the moon, at morning break,
 Though yet unset, was gleaming weak,
 And fresh'ning air began to pass
 All voiceless, over darksome grass,
 Before the sun
 Had yet begun 10
 To dazzle down the morning moon.

By Maycreech hillock lay the cows,
 Below the ash-trees' nodding boughs,
 And water fell, from block to block
 Of mossy stone, down Burncleeve rock,
 By poplar-trees that stood as slim
 'S a feather, by the stream's green brim;

And down about the mill, that stood
 Half darken'd off below the wood,
 The rambling brook, 20
 From nook to nook,
 Flow'd on below the morning moon.

At mother's house I made a stand,
 Where no one stirr'd with foot or hand;
 No smoke above the chimney reek'd,
 No winch above the well-mouth creak'd;
 No casement open'd out, to catch
 The air below the eaves of thatch;
 Nor down before her cleanly floor
 Had open'd back her heavy door; 30
 And there the hatch,
 With fastened latch
 Stood close, below the morning moon.

And she, dear soul, so good and kind,
 Had holden long, in my young mind,
 Of holy thoughts the highest place
 Of honour, for her love and grace.
 But now my wife, to heart and sight,
 May seem to shine a fuller light;
 And as the sun may rise to view, 40
 To dim the moon, from pale to blue,
 My comely bride
 May seem to hide
 My mother, now my morning moon.

III
HUMOROUS

ECLOGUE

A BIT O' SLY COORTÈN

John and Fanny

JOHN

Now, Fanny, 'tis too bad, you teazèn maïd!
How leäte you be a'come! Where have ye stay'd?
How long you have a-meäde me wait about!
I thought you werden gwain to come ageän;
I had a mind to goo back hwome ageän.
This idden when you promis'd to come out.

FANNY

Now 'tidden any good to mcäike a row,
Upon my word, I cooden come till now.
Vor I've a-been kept in all day by mother,
At work about woone little job an' t'other. 10
If you do want to goo though, don't ye stay
Vor me a minute longer, I do pray.

4 werden] were not.
is not.

6 idden] is not.

7 'tidden] it

JOHN

I thought ye mid be out wid Jemmy Bleäke.

FANNY

An' why be out wi' him, vor goodness' seäke?

JOHN

You walk'd o' Zunday evenen wi'n, d'ye know,
You went vrom church a-hitch'd up in his eärm.

FANNY

Well, if I did, that werden any harm.
Lauk! that *is* zome'at to teäke notice o'.

JOHN

He took ye roun' the middle at the stile,
An' kiss'd ye twice i'thin the ha'f a mile. 20

FANNY

Ees, at the stile, because I shoulden vall,
He took me hold to help me down, that 's all;
An' I can't zee what very mighty harm
He could ha' done a-lendèn me his eärm.
An' as vor kissèn o' me, if he did,
I didden ax en to, nor zay he mid:
An' if he kiss'd me dree times, or a dozen,
What harm wer it? Why idden he my cousin?
An' I can't zee, then, what there is amiss
In Cousin Jem's jist gi'èn me a kiss. 30

13 mid] might.
vall] fall.

15 wi'n] with him.

21 Ees] yes.

26 didden] did not.

JOHN

Well, he shan't kiss ye, then; you shan't be kiss'd
 By his gre't ugly chops, a lanky houn'!
 If I do zee'n, I'll jist wring up my vist
 An' knock en down.
 I'll squot his gre't pug-nose, if I don't miss en;
 I'll warn I'll spweil his pretty lips vor kissèn!

FANNY

Well, John, I'm sure I little thought to vind
 That you had ever sich a jealous mind.
 What then! I s'pose that I must be a dummy,
 An' mussen goo about nor wag my tongue 40
 To any soul, if he's a man, an' young;
 Or else you'll work yourzelf up mad wi' passion,
 An' talk away o' gi'èn vo'k a drashèn,
 An' breakèn bwones, an' beäten heads to pummy!
 If you've a-got sich jealous ways about ye,
 I'm sure I should be better off 'ithout ye.

JOHN

Well, if gre't Jemmy have a-won your heart,
 We'd better break the coortship off, an' peärt.

FANNY

He won my heart! There, John, don't talk sich
 stuff;
 Don't talk noo mwore, vor you've a-zaid enough. 50

32 gre't] great. 33 zee'n] see him. 35 squot] flatten.
 36 warn] warrant. spweil] spoil. 43 drashèn] thrashing.
 44 pummy] pomace.

If I'd a-liked another mwore than you,
 I'm sure I shoulden come to meet ye zoo;
 Vor I've a-twold to father many a story,
 An' took o' mother many a scwolden for ye.

[weeping]

But 'twull be over now, vor you shan't zee me
 Out wi' ye noo mwore, to pick a quarrel wi' me!

JOHN

Well, Fanny, I woon't zay noo mwore, my dear.
 Let's meäke it up. Come, wipe off thik there tear.
 Let's goo an zit o' top o' theäse here stile,
 An' rest, an' look about a little while. 60

FANNY

Now goo away, you crabbed jealous chap!
 You shan't kiss me, - you shan't! I'll gi' ye a slap.

JOHN

Then you look smilèn; don't you pout an' toss
 Your head so much, an' look so very cross.

FANNY

Now, John! don't squeeze me roun' the middle zoo.
 I woon't stop here noo longer, if you 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 after I'm at hwome,
 An' gi'e a guess directly how it come. 70

58 thik] that.

59 theäse] this.

JOHN

Then don't you zay that I be jealous, Fanny.

FANNY

I wull: vor you *be* jealous, Mister Jahnnny.
 There's zomebody a-comèn down the groun'
 Towards the stile. Who is it? Come, get down.
 I must run hwome, upon my word then, now;
 If I do stay, they'll kick up sich a row.
 Good night. I can't stay now.

JOHN

Then good night, Fanny!
 Come out a-bit to morrow evenen, can ye?

ECLOGUE

THE VEÄIRIES

Simon an' Samel

SIMON

THERE's what the vo'k do call a veäiry ring
 Out there, lo'k zee. Why, 'tis an oddish thing.

SAMEL

Ah! zoo do seem. I wonder how do come!
 What is it that do meäike it, I do wonder?

73 groun'] field.

3 zoo do seem] so it seems.

SIMON

Be hang'd if I can tell, I'm sure! But zome
 Do zay do come by lightnèn when do thunder;
 An' zome do zay sich rings as thik ring there is,
 Do grow in dancèn-tracks o' little veäiries,
 That in the nights o' zummer or o' spring
 Do come by moonlight, when noo other veet 10
 Do tread the dewy grass but their's, an' meet
 An' dance away together in a ring.

SAMEL

An' who d'ye think do work the fiddlestick?
 A little veäiry too, or else wold Nick!

SIMON

Why, they do zay, that at the veäiries' ball,
 There's nar a fiddle that's a heär'd at all;
 But they do play upon a little pipe
 A-meäde o' kexes or o' straws, dead ripe
 A-stuck in row (zome short an' longer zome)
 Wi' slime o' snails, or bits o' plum-tree gum, 20
 An' meäke sich music that, to hear it sound,
 You'd stick so still's a pollard to the ground.

SAMEL

What do em dance? 'Tis plain, by theäse green wheels,
 They don't frisk in an' out in dree-hand reels;
 Vor else, instead o' theäse here gre't round O,
 They'd cut us out a figure aight (8), d'ye know.

7 thik] that. 16 nar a] never a. 18 kexes] dry stalks.
 25 theäse here gre't] this great.

SIMON

Oh! they ha' jigs to fit their little veet.
 They woulden dance, you know, at their fine ball,
 The dree an' vow'r hau' reels that we do sprawl
 An' kick about in, when we men do meet. 30

SAMUEL

An' zoo have zome vo'k, in their midnight rambles,
 A-catch'd the veäiries, then, in theäsem gambols?

SIMON

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

SAMUEL

But in the day-time where do veäiries hide?
 Where be their hwomes, then? where do veäiries bide?

SIMON

Oh! they do get away down under ground,
 In hollow pleäzen where they can't be vound.
 But still my gramfer, many years agoo,
 (He liv'd in Grenley farm, an' milk'd a deäiry), 40
 If what the wolder vo'k do tell is true,
 Woone mornen eärly vound a veäiry.

SAMUEL

An' did he stop, then, wi' the good wold bwoy?
 Or did he soon contrive to slip away?

SIMON

Why, when the vo'k wer all asleep, a-bed,
 The veäiries us'd to come, as 'tis a-zaid,
 Avore the vire wer cwold, an' dance an hour
 Or two at dead o' night upon the vloor;
 Var they, by only utterèn a word
 Or charm can come down chimney lik' a bird; 50
 Or draw their bodies out so long an' narrow,
 That they can vlee drough keyholes lik' an arrow.
 An' zoo woone midnight, when the moon did drow
 His light drough window, roun' the vloor below,
 An' crickets roun' the bricken he'th did zing,
 They come an' danced about the hall in ring;
 An' tapp'd, drough little holes noo eyes could spy,
 A kag o' poor aunt's meäd a-stannèn by.
 An' woone o'm drink'd so much, he couldnen mind.
 The word he wer to zay to meäke en small; 60
 He got a-dather'd zoo, that after all
 Out t'others went an' left en back behind.
 An' after he'd a-beät about his head
 Ageän the keyhole till he were half dead,
 He laid down all along upon the vloor
 Till gramfer, comen down, unlocked the door:
 An' then he zeed en ('twere enough to frighten èn)
 Bolt out o' door, an' down the road lik' lightenèn.

47 vire] fire. 49 Var] for. 53 zoo] so. drow] throw.
 55 bricken he'th] brick hearth. 58 kag] keg. a-stannèn]
 standing. 61 got a-dather'd] got so dazed. 63 a-beät]
 beaten.

WILAT DICK AN' I DID

LAST week the Browns ax'd nearly all
 The naighbours to a randy,
 An' left us out o't, gre't an' small,
 Vor all we liv'd so handy;
 An' zoo I zaid to Dick, 'We'll trudge,
 When they be in their fun, min;
 An' car up zome'hat to the rudge,
 An' jis' stop up the tun, min.'

Zoo, wi' the ladder vrom the rick,
 We stole towards the house, 10
 An' crope in roun' behind en, lik'
 A cat upon a mouse.

Then lookèn roun', Dick whisper'd 'How
 Is theäse job to be done, min:
 Why we do want a faggot now,
 Vor stoppèn up the tun, min.'

'Stan' still,' I answer'd; 'I'll teäke ceäre
 O' that: why dussun zee
 The little grindèn-stwone out there,
 Below the apple-tree? 20
 Put up the ladder; in a crack
 Shalt zee that I wull run, min,
 An' teäke en up upon my back,
 An' soon stop up the tun, min.'

2 randy] party. 4 Vor all] although. handy] near. 6 min]
 you know. 7 car] carry. rudge] ridge. 8 jis'] just. tun]
 chimney. 11 crope] crept. 18 dussun zee] dost not see.

Zoo up I clomb upon the thatch,
 An clapp'd en on; an' slided
 Right down ageän, an' ran drough hatch,
 Behind the hedge, an' hided.

The vier that wer clear avore,
 Begun to spweil their fun, min; 30
 The smoke all roll'd toward the door,
 For I'd a stopp'd the tun, min.

The maidens cough'd or stopp'd their breath,
 The men did hauk an' spet;
 The wold vo'k bundled out from he'th
 Wi' eyes a runnèn wet.
 'T'ool choke us all,' the wold man cried,
 'Whatever's to be done, min?'
 Why zome'hat is a-vell inside
 O' chimney drough the tun, min.' 40

Then out they scamper'd all, vull run,
 An' out cried Tom, 'I think
 The grindèn-stwone is up on tun,
 Vor I can zee the wink.
 This is some kindness that the vo'k
 At Woodley have a-done, min;
 I wish I had em here, I'd poke
 Their numskulls down the tun, min.'

27 drough hatch] through the gate.

35 he'th] hearth.

37 T'ool] it will.

41 vull run] full speed.

43 grindèn-

stwone] grindstone.

44 wink] winch.

Then off he zet, an' come so quick
 'S a lamplighter, an' brote 50
 The little ladder in vrom rick,
 To clear the chimney's droat.
 An' when, at last, wi' much adoo,
 He thought the job a-done, min,
 His gre't sharp knees broke right in drough
 The thatch below the tun, min.

THE SETTLE AN' THE GRE'T WOOD VIRE

An! naighbour John, since I an' you
 Wer youngsters ev'ry thing is new.
 My father's vires were all o' logs
 O' cleft-wood, down upon the dogs
 Below our clavy, high an' brode
 Enough to teäke a cart an' lwoad,
 Where big an' little all zot down
 At bwoth zides an' bevore, all roun'.
 An' when I zot among em, I
 Could see all up ageän the sky 10
 Drough chimney, where our vo'k did hitch
 The zalt-box an' the beäcon-vlitch,
 An' watch the smoke on out o' vier,
 All up an' out o' tun, an' higher.
 An' there wer beäcon up on rack,
 An' pleätes an' dishes on the tack;

50 brote] brought. 52 droat] throat.

4 cleft-wood] cloven blocks. 5 clavy] mantel. 14 tun]
 chimney-top. 15 beäcon] bacon. 16 tack] shelf.

An' roun' the walls wer heärbs a-stowed
 In peäpern bags, an' blathers blowed.
 An' just above the clavy-bwoard
 Wer father's spurs, an' gun, an' sword; 20
 An' there wer then, our gre'test pride,
 The settle by the vier zide.
 Ah! gi'e me, if I wer a squier,
 The settle an' the gre't wood vier.

But they've a-wall'd up now wi' bricks
 The vier pleäce vor dogs an' sticks,
 An' only left a little hole
 To teäke a little greäte o' coal,
 So small that only twos or drees
 Can jist push in an' warm their knees. 30
 An' then the carpets they do use
 Bēn't fit to tread wi' ouer shoes;
 An' chairs an' couches be so neat
 You mussen teäke em vor a seat:
 They be so fine, that vo'k mus' pleäce
 All over em an outer ceäse,
 An' then the cover, when 'tis on,
 Is still too fine to loll upon.
 Ah! gi'e me if I wer a squier,
 The settle an' the gre't wood vier. 40

18 peäpern] paper. blathers] bladders. 19 clavy-bwoard]
 mantelshelf. 21 gre'test] greatest. 32 ouer] our. 36
 ceäse] covering.

A WITCH

SHE did, woone time, a dreadvul deäl o' harm
 To Farmer Gruff's vo'k, down at Lower Farm.
 Vor there, woone day, they happened to offend her,
 An' not a little to their sorrow,
 Because they woulden gi'e or lend her
 Zome 'hat she come to bag or borrow ;
 An' zoo, d'ye know, they soon begun to vind
 That she'd a-left her evil wish behind.
 She soon bewitch'd em, an' she had such pow'r,
 That she did meäke their milk an' eäle turn zour, 10
 An' addle all the aggs their vowls did lay ;
 They coulden vetch the butter in the churn,
 An' all the cheese begun to turn
 Ageän to curds an' whey ;
 The little pigs, a-runnèn wi' the zow,
 Did zicken, zomehow, noobody knew how,
 An' vall, an' turn their snouts towärd the sky,
 An' only gi'e woone little grunt, an' die ;
 An' all the little ducks an' chickèn
 Wer death-struck out in yard a-pickèn 20
 Their bits o' food, an' vell upon their head,
 An' flapp'd their little wings an' dropp'd down dead.
 They coulden fat the calves, they woulden thrive ;
 They coulden seäve their lambs alive ;
 Their sheep wer all a-coath'd, or gi'ed noo wool ;
 The hosses vell away to skin an' bwones,

6 bag] beg.

12 vetch] produce.

25 a-coath'd] diseased.

An' got so weak they coulden pull
 A half a peck o' stwones:
 The dog got dead-alive an' drowsy,
 The cat vell zick an' woulden mousy; 30
 An' every time the vo'k went up to bed,
 They wer a-hag-rod till they wer half dead.
 They us'd to keep her out o' house, 'tis true,
 A-nailèn up at door a hoss's shoe;
 An' I've a-heärd the farmer's wife did try
 To dawk a needle or a pin
 In drough her wold hard wither'd skin,
 An' draw her blood, a-comèn by:
 But she could never vetch a drap,
 For pins would ply an' needles snap 40
 Ageän her skin; an' that, in coo'se,
 Did meäke the hag bewitch em woo'se.

BLEÄKE'S HOUSE IN BLACKMWORE

JOHN BLEÄKE he had a bit o' ground
 Come to en by his mother's zide;
 An' after that, two hunderd pound
 His uncle left en when he died;
 'Well now,' cried John, 'it is my bent
 To build a house, an' pay noo rent.'
 An' Meäry gi'ed en her consent.

30 mousy] catch mice. 32 a-hag-rod] nightmared. 36
 dawk] thrust. 39 vetch a drap] bring out a drop. 42 woo'se]
 worse.

'Do, do,'—the maidens cried.

'True, true,'—his wife replied.

'Done, done,—a house o' brick or stwone,' 10
Cried merry Bleäke o' Blackmwore.

Then John he call'd vor men o' skill,

An' builders answer'd to his call ;

An' met to reckon, each his bill,

Vor vloor an' windor, rwof an' wall.

An' woone did mark it on the groun',

An' woone did think, an' scratch his crown,

An' reckon work, an' write it down :

'Zoo, zoo,'—woone treädesman cried ;

'True, true,'—woone mwore replied. 20

'Aye, aye,—good work, an' have good pay,'

Cried merry Bleäke o' Blackmwore

The work begun, an' trowels rung

An' up the brickèn wall did rise,

An' up the slantèn refters sprung,

Wi' busy blows, an' lusty cries ;

An' woone brought planks to meäke a vloor,

An' woone did come wi' durns or door,

An' woone did zaw, an' woone did bore.

'Brick, brick,—there down below. 30

Quick, quick,—why b'ye so slow ?'

'Lime, lime,—why we do weäste the time,

Vor merry Bleäke o' Blackmwore.'

15 rwof] roof.

18 reckon work] calculate the labour.

28 durns] doorposts.

The house wer up vrom groun' to tun,
 An' thatch'd ageän the räiny sky,
 Wi' windors to the noonday zun,
 Where rushy Stour do wander by.
 In coo'se he had a pworch to screen
 The inside door, when win's wer keen,
 An' out avore the pworch, a green. 40
 'Here! here!'—the childern cried;
 'Dear! dear!'—the wife replied;
 'There, there,—the house is perty feäir,'
 Cried merry Bleäke o' Blackmwore.

Then John he ax'd his friends to warm
 His house, an' they, a goodish batch,
 Did come alwone, or cärm in eärm,
 All roads, a-meäkèn vor his hatch:
 An' there below the clayv beam
 The kettle-spout did zing an' steam; 50
 An' there wer ceäkes, an' tea wi' cream.
 'Lo! lo!'—the women cried;
 'Ho! ho!'—the men replied;
 'Health, health,—attend ye wi' your wealth,
 Good merry Bleäke o' Blackmwore.'

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

Then up they sprung a-dancèn reels, 60
 An' up went tooes, an' up went heels,
 A-windèn roun' in knots an' wheels.
 'Brisk, brisk,'—the maidens cried ;
 'Frisk, frisk,'—the men replied ;
 'Quick, quick,—there wi' your fiddle-stick,'
 Cried merry Bleäke o' Blackmwore.

An' when the morrow's zun did sheen
 John Bleäke beheld, wi' jaÿ an' pride,
 His brickèn house, an' pworch, an' green,
 Above the Stour's rushy zide. 70
 The zwallows left the lwonesome groves
 To build below the thatchèn oves,
 An' robins come vor crumbs o' lwoaves :
 'Tweet, tweet,'—the birds all cried ;
 'Sweet, sweet,'—John's wife replied ;
 'Dad, dad,'—the childern cried so glad,
 To merry Bleäke o' Blackmwore.

But he twold her woone day, 'I have housen an'
lands,

We could marry by licence, if you don't like banns ;
An' he cover'd his eyes up wi' woone ov his han's,
Vor his head seem'd to zwim as he spoke,
An' the air look'd so dim as a smoke.

Well! he vound a good naighbour to goo in his
pleäce

Vor to buy the goold ring, vor he hadden the feäce.
An' when he went up vor to put in the banns, 30
He did sheäke in his lags, an' did sheäke in his han's.
Then they ax'd vor her neäme, an' her parish or
town,

An' he gi'ed em a leaf, wi' her neäme a-wrote down ;
Vor he coulden ha' twold em outright vor a poun'.
Vor his tongue wer so weak an' so loose,
When he wanted to speak 'twer noo use.

Zoo they went to be married, an' when they got
there

All the vo'k wer a-gather'd as if 'twer a feäir,
An' he thought, though his pleäce mid be pleasant
to zome, 39

He could all but ha' wish'd that he hadden a-come.
The bride wer a-smilèn as fresh as a rrose,
An' when he come wi' her, an' show'd his poor nose,
All the little bwoys shouted, an' cried 'There he
goes,

'There he goes.' Oh! vor his peärt he velt
As if the poor heart o'n would melt.

An' when they stood by the chancel together,
 Oh! a man mid ha' knock'd en right down wi' a
 veather,
 He did veel zoo asheäm'd that he thought he would
 rather
 He wërden the bridegroom, but only the father.
 But, though 'tis so funny to zee en so shy, 50
 Yet his mind is so lowly, his aïms be so high,
 That to do a meän deed, or to tell woone a lie,
 You'd vind that he'd shun mwore by half
 Than to stan' vor vo'ks fun, or their laugh.

FALSE FRIENDS-LIKE

WHEN I wer still a bwoy, an' mother's pride,
 A bigger bwoy spoke up to me so kind-like,
 'If you do like, I'll treat ye wi' a ride
 In theäse wheel-barrow here.' Zoo I wer blind-like
 To what he had a-workèn in his mind-like,
 An' mounted vor a passenger inside;
 An' comèn to a puddle, perty wide,
 He tipp'd me in, a-grinnèn back behind-like.
 Zoo when a man do come to me so thick-like,
 An' sheäke my hand, where woonce he pass'd me by,
 An' tell me he would do me this or that, 11
 I can't help thinkèn o' the big bwoy's trick-like.
 An' then, vor all I can but wag my hat
 An' thank en, I do veel a little shy.

19 wërden] was not.

2 so kind-like] kindly as it were.

9 so thick-like] confidentially as it were. 13 vor all] although.

GRUFFMOODY GRIM

AYE, a sad life his wife must ha' led,
 Vor so snappish he's leätely a-come
 That there's nothèn but anger or dread
 Where he is, abroad or at hwome;
 He do wreak all his spite on the bwones
 O' whatever do vlee, or do crawl;
 He do quarrel wi' stocks, an' wi' stwones,
 An' the rain, if do hold up or vall;
 There is nothèn vrom mornèn till night
 Do come right to Gruffmoody Grim. 10

Woone night, in his anger, he zwoore
 At the vier, that didden burn free:
 An' he het zome o't out on the vloor,
 Vor a vlanker it cast on his knee.
 'Then he kicked it vor burnèn the child,
 An' het it among the cat's heairs;
 An' then beät the cat, a-run wild
 Wi' a spark on her back, up the steairs;
 Vor even the vier an' fleäme
 Be to bleäme wi' Gruffmoody Grim. 20

Then he snarl'd at the tea in his cup,
 Vor 'twere all a-got cwold in the pot,
 But 'twere woo'se when his wife vill'd it up
 Vrom the vire, vor 'twere then sealdèn hot;

8 if do hold up] if it leave off.
 vlanker] spark.

13 het] knocked.

14

23 woo'se] worse.

'Then he growl'd that the bread wer sich stuff
 As noo hammer in parish could crack,
 An' flung down the knife in a huff;
 Vor the edge o'n wer thicker'n the back.
 Vor beäkers an' meäkers o' tools
 Be all fools wi' Gruffmoody Grim. 30

Oh! he's welcome, vor me, to breed dread
 Wherever his sheäde mid alight,
 An' to live wi' noo me'th round his head,
 An' noo feäce wi' a smile in his zight;
 But let vo'k be all merry an' zing
 At the he'th where my own logs do burn,
 An' let anger's wild vist never swing
 In where I have a door on his durn;
 Vor I'll be a happier man,
 While I can, than Gruffmoody Grim. 40

GAMMONY GAY

OH! thik Gammony Gay is so droll,
 That if he's at hwome by the he'th,
 Or wi' vo'k out o' door, he's the soul
 O' the meetèn vor antics an' me'th;
 He do cast off the thoughts ov ill luck
 As the water 's a-shot vrom a duck;

29 beäkers] bakers. 33 noo me'th] no mirth. 36 he'th]
 hearth. 37 vist] fist. 38 on his durn] on its post.
 I thik] that.

He do zing where his naïghbours would cry—
 He do laugh where the rest o's would sigh:
 Noo other's so merry o' feâce,
 In the pleâce, as Gammony Gay. 10

An' o' workèn days, oh! he do wear
 Such a funny roun' hat,—you mid know't—
 Wi' a brim all a-strout roun' his heàir,
 An' his glissenèn eyes down below't;
 An' a cwoat wi' broad skirts that do vlee
 In the wind ov his walk, round his knee;
 An' a peàir o' gert pockets lik' bags,
 That do swing an' do bob at his lags:
 While me'th do walk out drough the pleâce,
 In the feâce o' Gammony Gay. 20

An' if he do goo over groun'
 Wi' noo soul vor to greet wi' his words,
 The feâce o'n do look up an' down,
 An' round en so quick as a bird's;
 An' if he do vall in wi' vo'k,
 Why, tidden vor want ov a joke,
 If he don't zend em on vrom the pleâce
 Wi' a smile or a grin on their feâce:
 An' the young wi' the wold have a-heàrd
 A kind word vrom Gammony Gay. 30

12 mid] may. 17 gert] great. 23 feâce o'n] face of him.
 26 tidden] it is not.

An' when he do whissel or hum,
 'Ithout thinkèn o' what he's a-doèn,
 He'll beät his own lags vor a drum,
 An' bob his gay head to the tuèn ;
 An' then you mid zee, 'etween whiles,
 His feäce all alive wi' his smiles,
 An' his gay-breathèn bozom do rise,
 An' his me'th do sheen out ov his eyes :
 An' at last to have praise or have bleäme
 Is the seäime to Gammony Gay. 40

All the house-dogs do waggel their tails
 If they do but catch zight ov his feäce ;
 An' the hosses do look over rails,
 An' do whicker to zee'n at the pleäce ;
 An' he'll always bestow a good word
 On a cat or a whisselèn bird ;
 An' even if culvers do coo,
 Or an' owl is a-cryèn 'Hoo, hoo,'
 Where he is, there 's always a joke
 To be spoke, by Gammony Gay. 50

44 whicker to zee'n] neigh to see him.
 pigeons.

47 culvers] wood-

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.

An' there, the while the tree did sheäde
 Their gigglen heads, my knife's keen bleäde 10
 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.

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, 20
 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.

Come along an' you shall vind
 That Dorset men don't sheäme their kind. 10
 Friend an' wife,
 Fathers, mothers, sisters, brothers,
 Happy, happy, be their life!
 Vor Dorset dear
 Then gi'e woone cheer;
 D'ye hear? woone cheer!

If you in Dorset be a-roamèn,
 An' ha' business at a farm,
 Then woont ye zee your eäle a-foamèn,
 Or your cider down to warm! 20
 Woont ye have brown bread a-put ye,
 An' some vinny cheese a-cut ye!
 Butter?—rolls o't,
 Cream?—why bowls o't,
 Woont ye have, in short, your vill,
 A-gi'ed wi' a right good will!

If you do zee our good men travel,
 Down a-voot, or on their meäres,
 Along the windèn leänes o' gravel,
 To the markets or the feäirs,— 30
 Though their hosses' cwoats be ragged,
 Though the men be muddy-laggèd,
 Be they roughish,
 Be they gruffish,
 They be sound, an' they will stand
 By what is right wi' heart an' hand.

Friend an' wife,
Fathers, mothers, sisters, brothers,
Happy, happy, be their life!
Vor Dorset dear
Then gi'e woone cheer;
D'ye hear? woone cheer!

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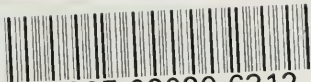
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