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Enjoy.
SIX ECLOGUES

from William Barnes’s

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

with Phonemic Transcripts by T. L. Burton
and
An Audio Recording from the 2010 Adelaide Fringe
Six Eclogues from William Barnes’s Poems of Rural Life in the Dorset Dialect
(First Collection, 1844)

with Phonemic Transcripts by T. L. Burton and An Audio Recording from the 2010 Adelaide Fringe

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

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

The audio files are available for download from the University of Adelaide Press website: adelaide.edu.au/press/burton.

In association with the Chaucer Studio

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The University of Adelaide Press
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Poems of Rural Life in the Dorset Dialect
(First Collection, 1844)
This book is also available in a free PDF edition from adelaide.edu.au/press with fully searchable text.

Please use the electronic edition to serve as an index.

Audio Recordings from the 2010 Adelaide Fringe

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

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II Burton, T. L. (Tom L.), 1944–
III Adelaide Fringe Inc.

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

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

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

1. Rusticus Dolens: Inclosures of Common, 2 January 1834
2. Rusticus Gaudens: The Allotment System, 9 January 1834
3. Rusticus Narrans: A Cousin down from Lonon, 3 April 1834
4. Rusticus Emigrans: Emigration, 20 November 1834
5. Rusticus Rixans: The Best Man in the Field, 25 December 1834
6. Rusticus Domi: Faether Come Huom, 5 February 1835
7. Rusticus Procus: A Bit o Sly Coorten, 31 December 1835

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

Except where otherwise stated, words used in this key to illustrate the sounds are assumed to have the same pronunciation as in RP (the ‘Received Pronunciation’ of Standard English). Parentheses around a phonetic character indicate that it may be either sounded or silent; those around a length mark indicate that the preceding character may be either long or short. The symbols are a selection from amongst those offered by the International Phonetic Association, along lines similar to the usage in the Oxford English Dictionary, with some modifications. ‘GenAm’ = General American pronunciation.

CONSONANTS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Symbol</th>
<th>sounds</th>
<th>Example</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>b</td>
<td>as in bin</td>
<td>p</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>d</td>
<td>as in din</td>
<td>r</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>dʒ</td>
<td>as in judge, gin</td>
<td>s</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>f</td>
<td>as in fin</td>
<td>ʃ</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>g</td>
<td>as in get</td>
<td>t</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>h</td>
<td>as in bot</td>
<td>ʧ</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>j</td>
<td>as in yet</td>
<td>θ</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>k</td>
<td>as in cat</td>
<td>ɵ</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>l</td>
<td>as in let</td>
<td>v</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>m</td>
<td>as in mat</td>
<td>w</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>n</td>
<td>as in net</td>
<td>z</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>n̩</td>
<td>as in sing</td>
<td>ʒ</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>n̩g</td>
<td>as in finger</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

SHORT VOWELS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Symbol</th>
<th>sounds</th>
<th>Example</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>a</td>
<td>as in French madame</td>
<td>i</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ɑ</td>
<td>as in GenAm bot</td>
<td>ɔ</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ɒ</td>
<td>as in pot</td>
<td>ʌ</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ɛ</td>
<td>as in pet</td>
<td>u</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>i</td>
<td>as in French si</td>
<td>u</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
LONG VOWELS

a:  as in German Tag or Australian ear park
ε:  as in German fährte
e:  as in German Schnee
i:  as in bean
ɔ:  as in burn
ɔː as in born, dawn
ɔː as in German Sohn
u:  as in boon

DIPHTHONGS AND GLIDES

æː as in Australian g’day, mate
iə as in fear
εə as in fair
jaː as in German ja, Jahr
je as in yet
jeː as in German jährlich
jɛ as in vair
uə combines /u/ with /ə/
əə between buy and boy, with a long first element
əu as in know, with a long first element

ALTERNATIVE PRONUNCIATIONS

As in Standard English, many common words may be pronounced in more than one way in Barnes’s dialect. Wherever convenient, as with the final /d/ of and, ground, etc., or the initial /h/ of when, where, etc., parentheses are used to show that a character may be either silent or sounded. Where this is not possible, as in the case of alternative vowel pronunciations, different readers may opt for different pronunciations, as may the same reader on different occasions. The commonest examples are collected in the table on the following page. The defining factor is often (but not necessarily) a matter of stress: column 2 shows the pronunciation that is most probable when the word is stressed; column 3 shows the pronunciation when it is unstressed or lightly stressed. In many instances readers may wish to substitute the alternative form for the form used in the transcripts of the poems that follow the table.
TABLE OF COMMON ALTERNATIVES

The -es ending on plural nouns (when syllabic) may be either /iz/ or /əz/.
The -est ending on superlative adjectives may be either /ɪst/ or /əst/.
The ending -ess in -ness, -less, etc. may be either /ɪs/ or /əs/.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Word</th>
<th>Marked</th>
<th>Unmarked</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>as</td>
<td>az</td>
<td>əz</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>at</td>
<td>at</td>
<td>ət</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>but</td>
<td>bʌt</td>
<td>bət</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>do</td>
<td>duː</td>
<td>əʊ</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>dost</td>
<td>dʌst</td>
<td>əʊst</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>for (var, vor)</td>
<td>var</td>
<td>vər</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>from</td>
<td>vɹəm</td>
<td>vɾəm</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ha’ (= have)</td>
<td>ha</td>
<td>əʊ</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>he, ’e</td>
<td>(h)iː</td>
<td>ə</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>must</td>
<td>mʌst(t)</td>
<td>məst(t)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>nor</td>
<td>nər</td>
<td>ər</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>or</td>
<td>ər</td>
<td>ər</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>so (= to that extent)</td>
<td>soː</td>
<td>əʊ</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>some</td>
<td>səm</td>
<td>səm</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>than</td>
<td>ʌn</td>
<td>ən</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>that</td>
<td>ət</td>
<td>ət</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>the</td>
<td>əi (before a vowel)</td>
<td>əʊ (before a consonant)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>their</td>
<td>əʊər</td>
<td>əʊr</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>there</td>
<td>əʊər</td>
<td>əʊr</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>to</td>
<td>tuː(ː)</td>
<td>ə</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>wher</td>
<td>(h)wər</td>
<td>(h)wər</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>year</td>
<td>jər</td>
<td>jər</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>you (you, ya)</td>
<td>juː</td>
<td>jə</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>your</td>
<td>jʊər</td>
<td>jər</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
ECLOGUES

WITH

PHONEMIC TRANSCRIPTS
ECLOGUE.

THE COMMON A-TOOK IN.

THOMAS AN’ JOHN

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

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

THOMAS.
How zoo, then, John? Why, what’s the matter now?
What cān’t ye get along? B’ ye run a-groun’?
An’ cān’t pây twenty shillens var a poun’?
What cān’t ye put a luoaf on shelf?

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

THOMAS.
Why what d’ye tell o’? I be very zarry
To hear what they be gwâin about;
eklog

do kuconom etuk in

tomas on dzan

THOMAS

gud marrn tji: dzan hau bji: hau bji:
zu: ja bi: gwaen to markit ao de zi:
(h)wew ju: bi: kwociet eluel wi jor giis

JOHN

is tomas is
ao fiar ao mas(t) get rid ov evri gus
ao gazlibi au eqpt an (h)wot iz wus
ao fiar oto ao mas(t) zel now lill kaen

THOMAS

hau zu: den dzan (h)wew (h)wots do matar nau
(h)wot kempt i: get olaj bji: rau aerociu
an kempt puet twenti filon vor e paeu
(h)wot kempt i: pac e luaf an sef

JOHN

is nau
hut ao de fiar ao: jant idoxut mas eau
no: de: bi: gwaen to kluaz de kumone ao do hior
an twul bi: sun bigan epan
zu: as mas(t) zel nau hit e stok to jier
bikjez de: wu(;)nt hav eni gwaen to ral epan

THOMAS

(h)wew (h)wot dji: tel o ao bi: veri zari
to hior (h)wot de: bi: gwaem ojocut
But eet I s’pose there’ll be a ’lotment var ye yet; an’ allotment
When they da come to mark it out.

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

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

JOHN.
Ees, that’s the thing ya zee: now I da mow
My bit o’ grass, an’ miaeke a little rick,
An’ in the summer, while da grow,
My cow da run in common var to pick
A bliade ar two o’ grass, if she can vind ’em,
Var t’other cattle don’t leäve much behind ’em.
Zoo, in the evemen, we da put a lock
O’ nice fresh grass avore the wicket;
An’ she da come at vive ar zix o’clock,
As constant as the zun, to pick it.
An’ then besides the cow, why we da let
Our geese run out among the emmet hills;
An’ then when we da pluck em, we da get
Zome veathers var to zell, an’ quills;
An’ in the winter we da fat ’em well
An’ car ’em to the market var to zell
To gentlevo’ks, var we do’nt oft avvuord
To put a goose a-top ov ouer buoard;
JOHN

no: nort var ic: ir iftar an if dor sud
(h)wen ic: ic: handi az tiz nu
var tiz do kmun dat do du: ic: gud
do ran var ma: ic: vju: gi: ar ver ma: km: k:

THOMAS

is: dats do dshb (h)wen tiz: ic: handi din
to hav c bit c kmun: ac: do: no:
to pat e litel km: ap: in sprig
do (h)wen: (w)unj bit ev artset graz: do gro:

JOHN

is: dats do din je: nu: ac: do: mo:
ma: bit c graz: an mjek: e litel rik
an in do zamor (h)wen: do: gro:
ma: km: do: ran in kmun: var: to: pik
e bljed ar tu: c graz: if: j: kon vam:(d) om
var tad: katl do:ント li: ac: ma: biho: vam:(d) om
zu: in: do ivmon: wi: do: pat e lok
e nos: frej graz: avuer: do: wikit
e: j: do kam et vam: ar ziks aklok
az konstant e: do: zen: to: pik it
an den bizar: do: km: (h)wen: wi: do: let
avuer gi: is: ran: s: j: emaat hilz
zom ve: arz: var: to: zel: an kwilz
en kar om: to: do: markit: ver: to: zel
to: pat e gus: st: dp: ene: bu: erd
But we da get ouer feäst; var we be yable
to clap the giblets up a-top o’ tiable.

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

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

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

JOHN.
Well I da hope ’tis true, I’m zure,
An’ I da hope that they wull do it here,
Ar I must goo to workhouse I da fear.
JOHN
an den (h)wen ac got navlen els tu du:
(h)wv an komjek man huk on glavz an gu:
tu kav c lot c vav on vroarz
var hetsen avonx ar var laiteten vorex
an (h)wen do tijiten bi: tu: jav ro jor
a peni de: kom gu: acut in rarmac weder
an ran abord an gedtegder
a bag c kalu dop var ro berc

THOMAS
tiz handi tu liv niar c koman
bat aciv azid an aciv azed
dat if c pu:ar man got c bit c bred
del traw tu tjek it vrom en
bat ac innerdu bak tador de:
dat de: bi: got intu a we:
a leten bits c gencro un te c do pu:ar

JOHN
wel ac do hop tiz tru: caim fu:ar
an ac do hop dat de: wul du: it hior
ar ac tiz mor(t) gu: t c weirkhaen a fef
ECLOGUE.

VIAIRIES.

SIMON AN’ SAMEL.

SIMON.
There’s what the vo’kes da cal a viairy ring,
Out ther lo’k zee. Why ’tis an oddish thing.

SAMUEL.
Ees ’tis to I. I wunder how da come.
What is it that da mæke it, I da wunder.

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

SAMUEL.
An’ who d’ye think da work the fiddlestick,
A little viairy too, ar else wold Nick?

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

vjeariz

same en samel

SIMON

dearz (h)wot do vo:ks do ka:l e vjeari ri:
aut do:ar luj zi: (h)wot tiz en aphip di:

SAMEL

is tiz tu ac ai wandor hou do kam
(h)wot iz it dat do mjek it ac do wandor

SIMON

bi: ha:id if aci kou tel am fu(;)or bok zam
do ze: do kam b(;)i la:itnon (h)wen de thander
an zam do ze: sitj rihz az dik ri:
dear iz
do gro: in denezan traks e littl vjeariz
dat in do neitz el zamor ar e sprir

do kam b(;)i mu:lnlont (h)wen nu: a:dor vix
do tred do djui gras dat dearz an mit
en denez oceu togider in e ri:

SAMEL

an hu: djii: di:jk do war:k do fid:lstik
e littl vjeari tu: ar els (w)old nik

SIMON

(h)wot de: do ze: dat at do vjeariz bai:
dearz nax e fidol dets ehierd et a:
bet de: do fleiz apud e littl reid
omjed e keksiz ar e streiz ded ri:

13
A-stuck in row, (zome shart an’ longer zome),
Wi’ slime o’ snâils, ar bits o’ plum-tree gum.
An’ miake sich music that to hear it sound
You’d stick so still’s a pollard to the ground.

SAMEL.
What do ’em dânce? ’tis plâin by theös green whêels
Tha don’t frisk in an’ out in three-hand reels;
Var else, instead o’ theös here girt roun’ O,
Tha’d cut us out a figure ’v 8 d’ye know.

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

SAMEL.
An’ have zome fellers, in ther midnight rambles,
A-catch’d the viairies then in theosem gambols.

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

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

SIMON.
O they da git awoy down under groun’
In holler plazan, wher tha cân’t be voun’;
But still my gramfer, many years agoo,
œstak in ro: zum faːt en lgœtœr zam
wi slœːm c nhœilz ar bœt o plæmtri: gamb
an mjœk sɪʃ mjœːzik 业态 tœ hœːr tœ sœːun(d)
jœd stik sœ stilz o polœːrd tœ dœ grœːun(d)

SAMEL
(h)wɒːt du: œm dems tiz plœːm b(æː)ɪ diœːz grœːn (h)wiːlz
dœ: donː frœkt in en œːut in draːn(d) riːlz
vœr elœ irœːd œ diœː hœːr grœːt rœːun ʊ:
dœːd kœːt œ œːut o fiːɣœːr æːt djiː nœ:

SIMON
ʊː dœː ha dʒœɡ tœ fιt dœː lœːl vιt
dœː wʊðœːn dems ñoː nœː at dœː fœːn bœːl
dœː draː nœːÆːr hœːn riːlz dœːt wœː dœ sprœːl
œn kœːk æbœːut in (h)wɛn wœː mœːn dœː mœːt

SAMEL
an hœːv zam fœːɻɛːz in dœː mœːnːæːt rœmːɛːlz
œkœːʃt dœː vjeːrœːz ñœːn in diœːzœːm gœmːɛːlz

SIMON
(h)wœːn ɪːʃ hœːt dœː biː nœː lɪk eniʃ ʃt
œn sœːnːz ʊ mœːn əkœːmːn nœːr dœː sœːt

SAMEL
hœːt in dœː dœːtœːm (h)wœː dœː vjeːrœːz hœːd
(h)wœː biː dœːr hœːʊːmːz ñœːn (h)wœː dœː vjeːrœːz hœːd

SIMON
ʊː dœː dœː gœːt æmæː dœːn æːm æːnder grœːːn
œn hœːlœː plœːzœːn (h)wœː dœː kœːnt biː vœːn
hœːt stil mœːn ɡrœmːfœːr mœːn jœːrœː æːŋu:

15
('E liv’d at Grenley farm, an’ milk’d a dairy.)
If what the vo’kes da tell is true,
Oone marnen yerly voun’ a viairy.

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

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

an did ar stop den wi oc gud (w)ould bwa
ar did ar sun kontraay to slip dwa

SIMON

(h)wen oc voiks war aI eli tebed oc vjeariz jest to kum az tizz azed
ar tu: oc pad oc an oc vloar oc var de: b(oc) i onli yer to war
tifarm kan kam dawen thimli lik a hord
ar dre: oc bodiz oc ot so lA oc narr oc
dat de: kAn vli: dru: kneh:lz lik oc arc
an zu: (w)un midnocyt (h)wen oc mun did dro:
hiz laut dru: winder rauj oc vloear bilo:
an krikits raun oc briken heh did ziy
dec kum an dennst abaut oc has iz rin
en tapt dru: liot holz nu: ciz kud spc:
c kag c pu(oc) er ents midz estanan baiz
an (w)un ocn drankt oc mat c kudan mocim(d)
oc war oc war oc ze: oc mjek en small
c ont adaord zu: dat e:tor aI
ont tadorz went an left oc bak bihoin(d)
an e:tor hid abiat abe:ut hiz hed
agen oc kneh:z til oc war hief ded
c led dawen aI cako que vloar
til granfar kamoin dawun unlokt oc du(oc)er
an(d) oc en c zid oc twer may te fre:ten oc
he:lt oc une oc kow oc lik le:ten

17
ECLOGUE.

FAETHER COME HUOME.

JOHN, WIFE, AN’ CHILE.

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

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

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

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

JOHN.
Why I be peckish: what is ther to eat?
eklog

fe'der kam huem

dzam wew jow

CHILE
o: mador mador bi: do tjetiz du
hiraz fe'dor nou ekamem doum do trak
e got hiz nif c ev wun qap do hiz bak
en sitf c spjekor in uel bi: huun
az luy nif to ritf vrem graen
ap o d daw av ene tan
zie dzist do veri dju var dzak en ac
to u: nd: c kholeksen wi wh ac

WIFE
do tjetiz mast bi: redi part ni: en
du: tjek (w)um ap arad do fark en trac
do kjeq apar do xeraj tuniz cver
enverce ac en bu: u: fajerd du: ran un zi: an tesc
e: en

JOHN
wel mador hior en bi: akam (w)um muer

WIFE
a: en bi: veri glad jo bi: em faj(u:)er
ja bi: eteor en kuqem mu fur spoz
zit denu e: iz jer buenj an wam jo

JOHN
(h)wam en bi: peki (h)wnt iz derr tu it
WIFE.
Yer supper’s nearly ready; I’ve a-got
Some tatties here a-doën in the pot;
I wish wi’ al my heart I had some meat.
I got a little kake too here, a-biakèn ō’n
Upon the vier. 'Tis done by this time though.
'E’s nice an’ moist; var when I wer a-miakèn ō’n,
I stuck some bits ov apple in the dough.

CHILE.
Well, faether, what d’ye think? The pig got out
This marnen; an’ avore we zeed ar heàrd en,
'E runned about an’ got out into giarden,
An’ routed up the groun’ zoo wi’ his snout!

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

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

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

JOHN.
I broke my hoss, an’ ben a-fuossed to stan’
Right in the mud an’ water var to dig,
An’ miade myself so watshod as a pig.
WIFE
jor saperz niérli redi cæ'n ægt
som tjetiz hiér òép in òo òot
òo wi a l'mo hárt òo had som mir
to òot c litel kjek tu: hiér abjekon òo
épade òa varéar tiz òan b(ò)ì òis te:ù mò òo:
òo zì nió òo mòast var (h)wen òo òo òemjekon òo
òo sták som bits òo apél in òo òo òo:

CHILE
wel fe:òer (h)wot dji: òijk òo pìg òot ñùt
dis marxon an énuùr òi: zid òr hiér òo
è randeùc òan òot ñùt into giérdon
òo ré:ùt òo òo ñuù òu: wi hiz snùcùt

JOHN
òoù (h)wot dji: òijk òo dat òo òast këntreùv
to kip òo in ar òels òo òenòr òòòùv

CHILE
òo fe:òer (h)wot dji: òijk òo òeùùn òaphèe:
òo òest (h)wèr òik (w)uél òen òo òeùùr òo òe: le:
twòr òut in artfòt hèdʒ òo òad òo àiv aqz

WIFE
lùk dèar hòùù wèt òo òot jòr vètt òo lágz
hòùù ðid òi: òut in sìtù òo pìkèl ñàùn

JOHN
ò òo brok mài hòùù òo òini àfùñst òo ònà
rèùt in òo òad òe òo wòttèr òa òo òig
òò mijèd màzèlf òe òa wàñò òa òe òig
CHILE.
Faether, tiake off yer shoes, an’ gi’e ’em to I:
Here be yer wold oones var ye, nice an’ dry.

WIFE.
An’ have ye got much hedgèn muore to do?

JOHN.
Enough to lèste var dree weeks muore ar zoo.  

WIFE.
An’ when y’ave done the job ya be about,
D’ye thing ya’ll have another vound ye out?

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

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

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

JOHN.
O brave! What wages do er meän to gi’e?
CHILE
feːdɔɾ tʃek uf jɔr ʃuːz an gi: əm tu əːi
hɪəɾ.bi: jɔr (w)uːld (w)uːnəz var iːn ʃiːn eŋ dʒr əːp

WIFE
ən hav iː gɔn mətʃ hɛdʒən muəɾ tə duː

JOHN
məŋ tə lɛːst vər drə: wi(k)əs muəɾ ær zəː

WIFE
ən (h)wɛn jəɾ dən ə dʒuːb jə biː əbəːt
dʒiː: dɪŋk jəɬ həv ənədər vəːun(d) iː əbət

JOHN
ə: iːs dɛrɬ biː əm muəɾ (h)wɛn aː iː dən dæt
əː ɣɔn ə dʒuːb ə tɹɛntʃən tə ɡuː æt
ən dɛn zəm tɹɪz tə ʃrɔːpən æn wʊd tə væl
zəː əi də hɔip tə rəb ŋən pərti wəl
tɪl zəməɾ təːim æn dɛn əi biː tə kæt
də wʊd æn duː ə ɹɛntʃən b(o)i ə tə tæt

CHILE
an neks wi(k) feːdɔɾ əː biː gwəɪ ni tə guː
apɪkən stuːɛnz joː əʊ ʋər færəm truː

WIFE
ən lɪtəɬ dʒək əʊ nəː iz gwəɪ ni tə jərn
ə peni k(ə)pən bɔːrdz əf vɹəm hɪz kærn

JOHN
ə: bɾəʃəv (h)wət wʒɛdʒiːz duː ər mıən tə giː
WIFE.
She dreppence var a day, an’ twopence he.

JOHN.
Well, Polly, thee must work a little spracker more quickly
When thee bist out, ar else thee wu’ten pick won’t
A dungpot luoad o’ stuones not very quick.

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

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

ji: dereons vɔr o de: en tapons hi:

JOHN

wel poli di: mɔst wɔrk o litel sprakɔr
(h)wen di: bist æut ar ɛls di: wutən pík
ə dæŋt luəp ə stuənz nɔt veri kwik

CHILE

ɔ: i:s æi šul bat dζak do wɔnt o klakɔr
an fədɔr wuł i: tjєk an kʌt
ə stik ɔr tu: tɔ mjєk hiz hʌt

JOHN

jɔ litel wentʃ (h)wən iə: bist a:lwɛz baŋɔn
ə bi: tu: tə:tərd tənən tənən tənən tənən ʃu(ː)ər
tɔ zɛt əŋuɛn əŋuɛn
zu: nɔp wɔgs o ə əm o ə əm o ə əm o ə əm o ə əm o ə əm o ə əm
ECLOGUE.

THE BEST MAN IN THE VIELD.

SAM AND BOB.

[For Barnes’s explanation of the technical terms of haymaking used in this eclogue—

* pook, wiale, ted, roller, tip, ground the pick, skim(my), etc.— see note 11, p. 51 below.]

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

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

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

ðe best man in ðo vi:l(d)

sam ðn(d) ðab

SAM
dats sloiʃ wəːrk ðab (h)wəts əbən əbəːut
ðəː pukən donːt gu: ðə nɔt əːvər sprak
(h)wəː ɪəː vəːŋ upkət məː wəl lʊk zɪː kliər əːt
ən hıər əː ðə ɡət ənˈdəʊər tərnən bak

BOB
əːl wəːrk wiː ðiː dən sami eni de:
ət eni wəːrk bɪst məːnɨd tə guː at
vər eni mənə dìː dəst lɔːk tə leː
dənʊ mɪstər sami (h)wət dəst dɪŋk ðə dət
məː gəːrt wəl hɪər iz tʊəːs sə bɪg æ əːkən
ər əls æ ə wiəɾnd æ ə ʃʊðən əːː biː biːhəːn

SAM
dənʊ daŋ ðiː ðab donːt tɛl sɪtʃ wəpən ləːɪz
məː wəl iz bɪgɪst ɪf də kəm tə səːɪz
tɪz dʒɪst ðə sjem (h)wətəʊər bɪst əbəːut
(h)wəː (h)wən bɪst tɛdən grɑs jə ljezi sɬəθ
zəməðəɪ iz əfəʊst tə tjen ðəː ɪzəwəθ
ən tɛd ə hɛːf wəːɪ bak tə help ðiː æːt
ən (h)wən bɪst tʃəkən rələrz bɪst sə sˈlæk
dət ðiː dəst kɪp ðə bəːɪz æn wʊmɪn bak
An’ if dost think that thee canst challenge I,
At any thing then, Bob, we’ll tiake a pick apiece,
An’ oonce theös zummer, goo an’ try
To miake a rick apiece.
A rick o’ thine wull look a little funny,
When thee’s a-done en, I’ll bet any money.

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

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

BOB.
Do shut thy lyèn chops. What dosten mind
Thy pitchèn to me out in Gully-plot?
A-miakèn o’ me wât (wast zoo behind)
A hafe an hour var ev’ry pitch I got.
an if døst ðyñk ðat ði: kænst tʃaɪnʤ æn
æ eñi ðyñ ðen bøb wi'l tjek æ rɪk æpiːs
æn (w)üns ðiːs zʊmɔr qu: æn trɔː
tɔ mʃɛk æ rɪk æpiːs:
æ rɪk æ dɔːɪŋ wʊl lʊk æ lɪtɔl fæni
(h)wɛn dɪːz əpæn æn æil bet eni mæni

BOB
jɔ nɔɡərɛd lɛst jɪər dɪ: mjɛdɔst æ rɪk
æn wi: wɔr fʊnst tɔ tɾɪg æn wi æ stɪk
æn (h)wɔt dɪd dʒæn ðæt tɪpt æn ze: (h)wɛn zɛd
æ sʊd ɔtɔp æn æl ɔ: (h)wɔl ɪn ˈdrɛd
æmɪŋkən ðæt ə ʃʊp æn ʃʊrænæ
æ toʊmbɔlækən slæp wi ɦi: ˈnɒdæ
æ

SAM
jɔ lɔːsiŋ ɬɛzɪ dɪʃ æn ˈwɔrŋd mæ rɪk
wɔr bɛtɔr ðɔn ðæː lʊpæ æ hæɔ læst wɪk
dæ: hædɔn ɡot æ hændɔɹd jɑːrdz tɔ hæil æn
æn ðen ðeː wɔr əfʊnst tɔ hæb æn bæznæ
væ ɪf ðeː hædɔn twʌp æ tɔmbɔldɔpæn
æn ætəɾ ðæt æ n ˈziː p æn ˈəvælæn
æn pʊʃt æɡən æn wi mæ n pɪtʃən rɪk
to kɪp æn æp ˈdʒɪst tɪl wiː goʊ tø rɪk
æn (h)wɛn ɗɔ hæmptɪdɔmpti wɔr ænˈbænæ
ænæŋæ pɛl tɔ pɪsɪz dəpæ ænæɡæp pæ ðiːnæ
æ

BOB
duː ʃæt ðæː lɔːsiŋ tʃɔps (h)wɔt dɔsæn mæiːn(d)
dæː n pɪtʃə n tɔ miː ˈʃæt ɪn ɡʌliplət
æmʃɛkən æ miː ˈwæt wʊst ʐuː ˈbihæiːn(d)
æ hɛːf æn ˈʃɪp ˈfɹɪn ˈjɜːnæ æn ɡʊt
An’ then how thee didst goun’ thy pick, an’ blow,
An’ quirk to get en up on end, dost know;
To rise a pitch that wer about so big
’S a goodish crow’s nest, or a wold man’s wig.
Why bist so weak, dost know, as any roller.
Zome o’ the women vō’kes wull beât thee holler.

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

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

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

BOB.
Thee mow wi’ I! why coossen keep up wi’ me.
Why bissen fit to goo a-vield to skimmy,
Or mow the docks an’ tistles: why I’ll bet
A shillèn, Samel, that thee cassen whet.
an ñen hær ñi: ñidst græun ña: pik an blo: ña kwærk ño get ña ñp ña end ñast ño: ñe rær ñ ñitf ñet wær ñær ut ñe ñig z ñ gudif kro:z ñest ar ñ (w)ueld manz wïg (h)wœn bist ña wïk ñast ño: ñœ ñøi rañø zam ñ ño wœmøn voiks wul biñt ñi: hœlar

SAM

BOB
ðœr ñam ñœ mjek œ: zik ño hœær ñœ bëgøn (h)wœn ñœm strong èñøf ño kær ñ œ flagøn

SAM

BOB
ði: mo: wœ œi (h)wœn kœœñ ki(c)œ œ wœ mi: (h)wœn bœœn fit ño gu: œvïl(d) œ skïmi ar mo: ñœ dœks œn ñìœlæz (h)wœn œ:ìl ñet œ sîlœn samœl ñat ñi: kœœñ (h)wœt

31
SAM.
Now don’t thee zae much muore than what’st a-zaid
Or else I’ll knock thee down, heels auver head.

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

SAM.
Well thee sha’t veel upon thy chops and snout.

BOB.
Come on then, Samel, let’s jist have oone bout.
SAM
non don't di: ze: mats muør dan (h)watst ozed
ar els ø:l nok di: drun hilz øvør hed

BOB
di: nok ø: drun jo ful (h)ø:ø: kasøn hit
ø blo: hef har'd maf to kil ø nit

SAM
wel di: jat vi:l opøn dø:ø: tføps øn(d) snøut

BOB
kam øn døn samøl lets døist hav (w)ø:n bø:øt
ROBERT.
Well Richat, zoo ’tis true what I do hear
That you be guoin to Dieman’s Land to-year.

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

ROBERT.
And how d’ye zend your children and your women?

RICHARD.
We got a lightish waggon to clap them in.

ROBERT.
And how d’ye get up yourzelves, you men?
eklog

emigræsfon

robord on(d) ritfot

ROBERT
wel ritfot zu: tiz tru: (h)wort a: i po hior
doju: bi: gwæm te dömenz lan(d) tajer

RICHARD
is a: jol never iit emadær pandun(d)
a zult in england hier (h)war a: i war bærn
nar dig amadær spit a inglæf graun(d)
nar kaf a bit muer inglæf gras a: kaern
is wi: mos(t) get to laanøn nu: neks(t) zande:
æuord de: jip dat iz to kaer a:
var if de wædær ju: ræitfis var a:
wi jol pat ouf to si: a manæd:
zu: æør vju: tu:iz ænd klo:z vor wi: mæst kaer a:
do wi: kæn get b(a)i laanøn ar b(a)i bagøn
hier tæder de: æu pakt æp in æ bærol
an(d) zent æm na to laanøn b(a)i de wægon

ROBERT
an(d) hæu dji: zënd jær tældærn an(d) jær woomin

RICHARD
wi: got æ lætifi wægon to klap (d)æm æn

ROBERT
an(d) hæu dji: get æp jærzelvz ju: men
RICHARD.
O we shall walk and ride oonce now and then
When we do meet wi’ any driv[ê]n lads
Wi’ lightish luoads to tiake us up vor cads.

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

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

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

o: wi: söl wek an(d) rö:ph (w)un:s na:n an(d) den
(h)wen wi: de mi:t wi eni dre:vən ladz
wi lə:stʃ luədz tə tʃək øː up vər kadz

ROBERT

an(d) hau dʒiː viːl naːu rɪfət mə jər mə:n(d)
tə liːv jər bəθpljes ənd jər fre(n(d)z bihə:n(d)

RICHARD

(h)wən ən də ðiŋk ã bi:ən pjaːrtɪd
vrəm æl mən fre(n(d)z vər evər æː kud kɹæː
bat vər ðə sʃem æ bi:ən səː sɔft hərtɪd
hɪəɾ biː ðə trɪːz də əː dɪd jʊːz tə klim ɪn
hɪəɾ ɪz ðə brʊk dət əː dɪd jʊːz tə zwin ɪn
hɪəɾ biː ðə grəun(d) (h)wər æːn awəːrkt an(d) pləɪd
hɪəɾ ɪz ðə hæt dət əː wər bɑːrn an(d) bɾəd ɪn
hɪəɾ ɪz ðə lɪtəl tʃɜːrtʃ (h)wər wɪːn əpræɪd
an(d) tʃɜːrtʃjərd dət məː kinzvoːks buoːn bɪː lɛd in
an(d) æː m(ə)ɪzəlf jʊː nəː jʊd ləːk tə lɛː
əm tʊː (h)wen æː ə də kɑːm tə dəːi
bot tɪːz nuː jʊːs tə hæv zɪtʃ fuːʃiʃ wɪʃɪz
əː ʃəl biː tɔs t i mɛi biː tə əː vɪʃɪz

ROBERT

tɪːz hɑːrd æ mən kɛnt ɡət ðə luəf tə viːd ən
əpən ðə plʃəs (h)war loːf wər vɔst ə gɪd ən
tɪːz hɑːrd ˈdæt əf hiːd wɔːk ðerz nuː wɔːk væːn
ar ˈdæt hɪz wɔːk wʊ(ː)nt bɾiŋ inaf æ mənɪ
tə ki(ː)læŋ ə ˈdəː læn(d) ɪz vʊl æ kɑːrn
ən(d) kætəl an(d) ə fɑː ˈwiː mlɪk ən(d) hæni
RICHARD.
Why ees, ’tis rather hardish, oone ca’nt doubt it,
But ’tis’n any use to tak about it; talk
There’s noo work here at huome that I can come at,
And zoo I’ll goo abroad and try var some’hat.

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

RICHARD.
Eees ’twull be voorteen weeks, I s’puose, or muore,
‘Forever we shall stratch our lags ashore.

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

RICHARD.
I don’t mind that, var a’ter I be dead
I shan’t be zoo a puzzled to get bread.
They that ’ave got the world’s goods, noo doubt on’t,
Do like it, and ben’t willing to goo out on’t:
There’s nothin here var I but want and zorrow,
Zoo I don’t mind o’ leaven it to-morrow.
If ’twerden var my children and my wife,
I wou’dent gi’ a zixpence var my life.
ROBERT.
Ah! we must stay till GOD is pleased to take us;
If we do do our best he won’t forsake us.
Good bye, and if I shou’dent zee ye agaen,
GOD bless you, Richat, drough your life.

RICHARD.
Amen.
ROBERT
a: wi: mos(t) staer til god iz plaezd te tjek es
if wi: de du: euer best hi: wu(?)nt vorsjek es
god biec en(d) if e: juden(t) zi: i: ajen
god bles ju: ritlot dru: jor lo:if

RICHARD
amen
A BIT O’ SLY COORTÈN

JOHN AND FANNY.

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

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

JOHN.
I thought ya mid be out wi’ Jemmy Bliake.

FANNY.
Why should I be wi’ he var goodness’ siake?

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

c bi c sclu kuaro

dzan on(d) fanj

JOHN

nau fani tiz tu: bad jo te:zen mauj
hau ljet jo bi: akam (h)war hav i: stari
hau luj jo hav amjed mi: warf abe
le do: jo wa: wargwem to kw mi egen
le ha: c mawin(d) to qu: bak huwar egen
dis iden (h)wen jo promist to kw mi: ut

FANNY

nau tu:en eni juis to mjek c rau
var pau mau re: war kum tli nau
le bi: akpt in a: do de: b(a:i) ma:de
le war: kabe: (w)am little dpag en ta:b:cr
if ju: do want to gu: do: don:nt i: sta.e
var en en mi: mint lap:u en e: en e: e:

JOHN

le do: c mi: bi: c:ut wi dzemi bje:k

FANNY

(h)war in: sud en bi: wi hi: var gudnis sjek

JOHN

jo we:kt e zan:de: ivmaen wi en dji: no:
j: went vam tja: e: hipst wat in hiz jarr

43
FANNY.
Well, if I did, that weren any harm;
Lauk! that is zome’hat to tiake nodice o’.

JOHN.
’E took ye roun’ the middle at the stile,
An’ kiss’d ye twice ’ithin the hafe a mile.

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

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

FANNY.
Well, John, I’m sure I little thought to vind
That you had sich a nasty jealous mind.
What, then! I s’pose that I must be a dummy,
An’ mussen goo about, nar wag my tongue
To any soul, if he’s a man, an young;
Ar else you’ll put yerzelf up in a passion,
An’ ta’k awoy o’ gi’èn vo’ke a drashèn,
An’ breakèn buones, an’ beätèn heads to pummy.
If you’ve a-got sich jealous woys about ye,
I’m sure I shoo’d be better off ’ithout ye.

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

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

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

FANNY.
Now goo awoy, ya nasty jealous chap,
Ya shon’t kiss I: ya shon’t: I’ll gi’ ye a slap.
tu eni soi if hiz e man on ja
ar els jul pat jorzelf ap in e pason
an tek owwe e go: e drafson
en brekken buonz on bioton hedz to pami
if jor nvo ap sitp tsels awaw siam i:
\[\text{JOHN}\]
wel if gort dzemi hov owind jor hart
wird betor breik do kuortship of an pja:rt

\[\text{FANNY}\]
hi: wind moci hort dear dzan dont tek sitp staff
dont tek nu: muor var jou ezed inw
if ac and olik olaon muor doon ju:
\[\text{[Weeping]}\]
bat twui bi: coven nu var ju: junt zi: mi:
tut wi i: nu: muor te pik e kwa(\text{\textregistered})rel wi mi:

\[\text{JOHN}\]
wel funi ci wu(\text{\textregistered})nt ze: nu: muor moci dior
lets mjek it ap kam warup of dik dear tiir
lets gu: an zit at dorp oci sio hior st:\il
\[\text{[I\text{-}ew]}\]
and(d) rest and(d) luk e:tte e tuweh e l:et (h)\text{\textregistered}w\text{\textregistered}

\[\text{FANNY}\]
nu nu nu ap: cewo jo nasti tsels tsap
jo junt kis i: jo junt ci: il gi: i: e slap
JOHN.
Then you look smilèn; don’t you pout an’ toss
Yer head at I, an’ look so very cross.

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

JOHN.
Then don’t ye zae that I be jealous, Fanny.

FANNY.
I wull: var you be jealous, Mister Jahnny.

JOHN.
If I be jealous you be rather fickle-ish.

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

JOHN.
Then good niight, Fanny
Come out a-bit to-marrer evemen, can ye?
JOHN

đen ju: luk smë:lan dont ju: pò:ut an tas
jër hed òt ò an luk so veri kras

FANNY

nënu ðzan dont skwi:z mi: rë:un ò: midel zu:
ài wu(ò)nt stop hia:r nu: lëngèr if jà du:
(h)wë:av ðzan bi: kwë:et wul i: fà:i ëp i
nënu zì: hë:u jù:n ëpmpëld ap dëm ëow:ës
madàr ël zì: it è:òt à:e ëm ët hù:n
ài gi: ë gues dërek(t)li hë:u ët kàm

JOHN

den dont i: ze: dòt èò bi: ðzelës fà:ni

FANNY

ài wul var jà bi: ðzelës mì:ter ðzani

JOHN

if èò bi: ðzelës ju: bi: rë:òòr fikli:ò

FANNY

ðzàn li:òv ëlou:m ëò:i nek èò bi: sò tìkli:ò
ò:èrz sàmbàdi akàmèn ðzàn dë ëgà:n
towardz ò:èò: sàçà:l hu: iz ët kàm gùt ðzàn
ài mòs(t) rin hù:n ëp ëm ëà:w ë:ò: ën ñà:n
if èò ëc ëò stë:i ë:èl kìk ëp së:tù ë c rà:e
ë:ò: ëà:n ëò ët ë:kànt stë:i ñà:n

JOHN

dëg ñà:ìt fà:ni
kàm à:ùt ë bït ëmàrër i:ìmè:n ënà: i:
Notes
A. S. = Anglo-Saxon; F. = French.


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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

10 Not glossed in 1844, but the 1847 Glossary explains, in a new entry, “Where the waggon can’t goo auver me.” Upstairs; in bed.’

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

17 drivën] driveén* DCC.*

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

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

A BIT O’ SLY COORTÈN

and other eclogues from William Barnes’s

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Cast (in order of appearance in the eclogues)

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

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

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

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

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

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

   Thomas:  Ben McCann
   John:     Mike Pole

2. *Viairies* (not from the original series; *1844*, pp. 134–37)
   Simon:   Kathryn Dineen
   Samel:   Pru Pole

   Chile:   Pru Pole
   Wife:    Kathryn Dineen
   John:    Tom Burton

   Sam:     Ben McCann
   Bob:     Mike Pole

5. *Emigration* (*DCC*, 4; not reprinted in *1844*)
   Robert:  Tom Burton
   Richard: Ben McCann

   John:    Mike Pole
   Fanny:   Pru Pole
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