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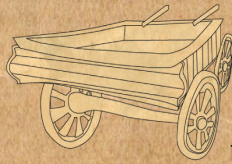The whole document is fully searchable.
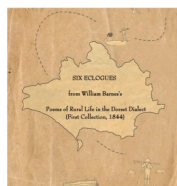
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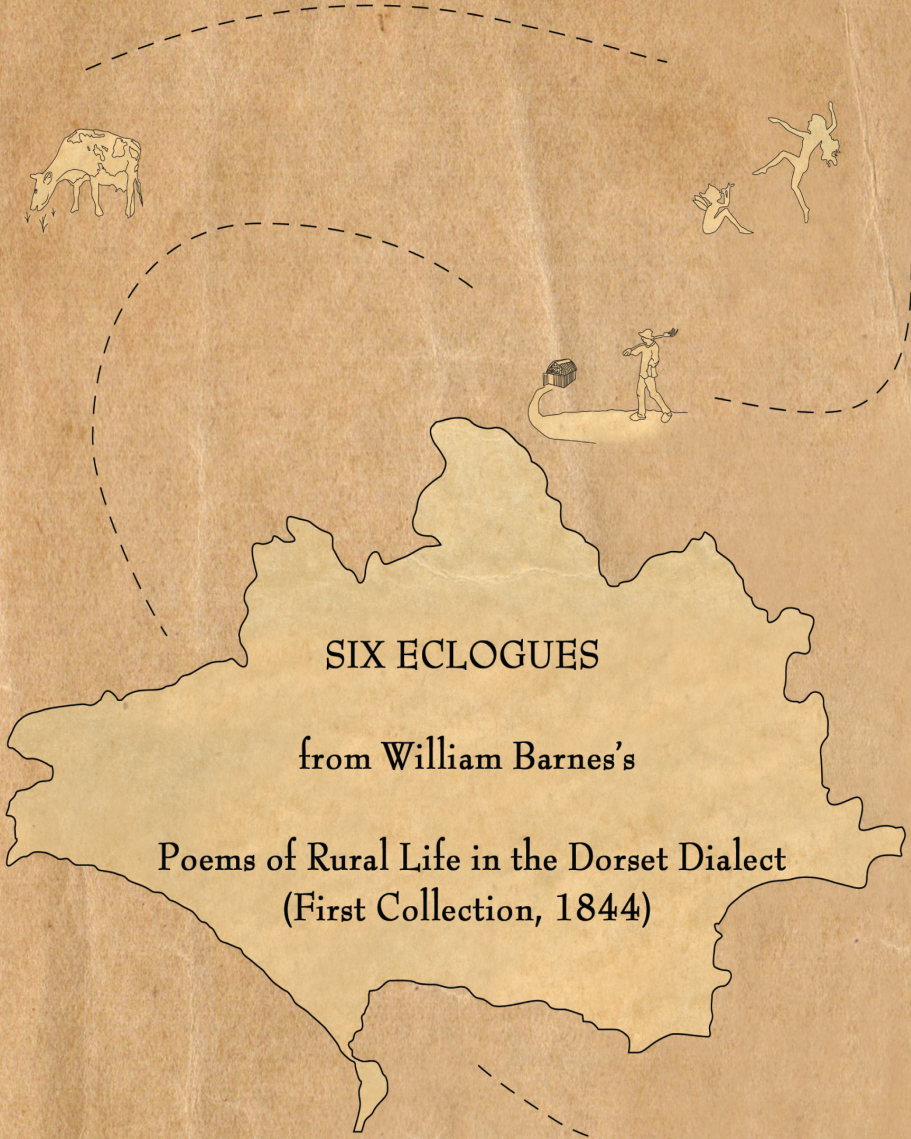
SIX ECLOGUES

from William Barnes's

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

with Phonemic Transcripts by T. L. Burton

and

An Audio Recording from the 2010 Adelaide Fringe

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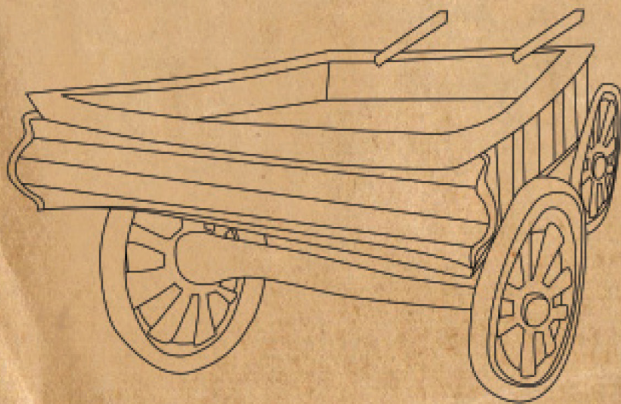
The audio files are available for download from the University of Adelaide Press website: **adelaide.edu.au/press/burton**.

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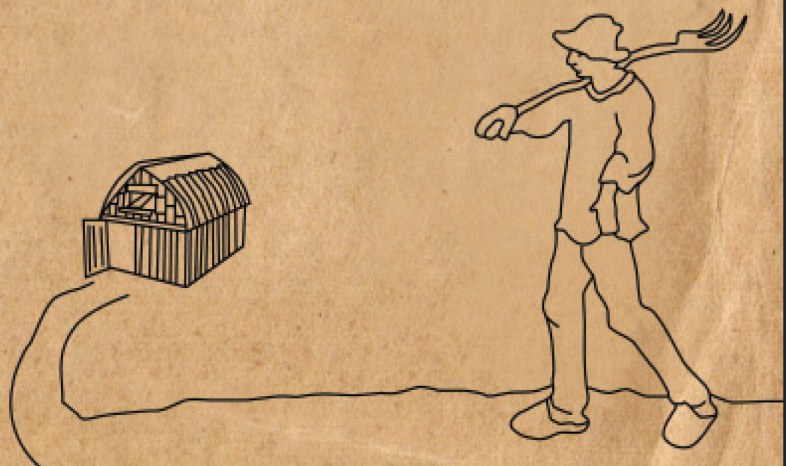
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This book is also available in a free PDF edition from **adelaide.edu.au/press** with fully searchable text.

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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ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

PREFACE

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

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

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

These poems cry out to be performed. This reading, in reconstructed 19th-century dialect pronunciation, features five from the original series of eight eclogues (numbers 1, 4, 5, 6, and 7), in the revised form in which they were subsequently republished in Barnes's first collection of *Poems of Rural Life in the Dorset Dialect* (1844); and to these five is added a sixth, "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).[1] Parentheses around a phonetic character indicate that it may be either sounded or silent; those around a length mark indicate that the preceding character may be either long or short. The symbols are a selection from amongst those offered by the International Phonetic Association, along lines similar to the usage in the *Oxford English Dictionary*, with some modifications. 'GenAm' = General American pronunciation.

CONSONANTS

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

SHORT VOWELS

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

Long Vowels

aː	as in German *Tag* or Australian *car park*	əː	as in *burn*
ɛː	as in German *fährt*	ɔː	as in *born, dawn*
eː	as in German *Schnee*	oː	as in German *Sohn*
iː	as in *bean*	uː	as in *boon*

Diphthongs and Glides

æɪ	as in Australian *g'day, mate*	jɛə	as in *yair*
iə	as in *fear*	uə	combines /u/ with /ə/
ɛə	as in *fair*	əːɪ	between *buy* and *boy*, with a long first element
jaː	as in German *ja*, *Jahr*		
jɛ	as in *yet*	əːu	as in *know*, with a long first element
jɛː	as in German *jährlich*		

ALTERNATIVE PRONUNCIATIONS

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

TABLE OF COMMON ALTERNATIVES

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

Word	Marked	Unmarked
as	az	əz
at	at	ət
but	bʌt	bət
do	duː	də
dost	dʌst	dəst
for (*var*, *vor*)	var	vər
from	vrɒm	vrəm
ha' (= have)	ha	hə
he, 'e	(h)iː	ə
must	mʌs(t)	məs(t)
nor	nar	nər
or	ar	ər
so (= to that extent)	soː	sə
some	sʌm	səm
than	ðan	ðən
that	ðat	ðət
the	ði (before a vowel)	ðə (before a consonant)
their	ðɛər	ðər
there	ðɛər	ðər
to	tu(ː)	tə
wher	(h)wɛər	(h)wər
year	jəːr	jiər
you (*you*, *ya*)	juː	jə
your	juər	jər

ECLOGUES

WITH

PHONEMIC TRANSCRIPTS

ECLOGUE.

THE COMMON A-TOOK IN.

—

THOMAS AN' JOHN

—

THOMAS.

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

JOHN.

Ees, Thomas, ees.   *yes*
I fear I must get rid ov ev'ry goose
An' goslin I've a-got; an' what is woose,   *worse*
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'?   *for*
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   *enclose*
An' 'twull be soon begun upon;
Zoo I must zell my bit o' stock to year,   *this year*
Bekiase tha woon't have any groun' to run upon.

THOMAS.

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

6

ɛklɒg

ðə kɒmən ətʊk ɪn

tɒməs ən dʒɑn

THOMAS
gʊd mɑːrn tʃiː dʒɑn həːu bjiː həːu bjiː
zuː jə biː gwæɪn tə mɑːrkɪt əːɪ də ziː
(h)wəːɪ juː biː kwəːɪt əluədɪd wi jər giːs

JOHN
iːs tɒməs iːs
əːɪ fiər əːɪ məs(t) gɛt rɪd əv ɛvri guːs
ən gɒzlɪn əːɪv əgɒt an (h)wɒt ɪz wuːs
əːɪ fiər ðət əːɪ məs(t) zɛl məːɪ lɪtəl kəːu

THOMAS
həːu zuː ðɛn dʒɑn (h)wəːɪ (h)wɒts ðə matər nəːu
(h)wɒt kɛːnt iː gɛt əlɒŋ bjiː rʌn əgrəːun
ən kɛːnt pæɪ twɛnti ʃɪlənz vər ə pəːun
(h)wɒt kɛːnt iː pʌt ə luəf ɒn ʃɛlf

JOHN
iːs nəːu
bʌt əːɪ də fiər əːɪ ʃant ɪðəːut məːɪ kəːu
noː ðeː biː gwæɪn tə kluəz ðə kɒmən əːɪ də hiər
an twʊl biː suːn bigʌn əpɒn
zuː əːɪ məs(t) zɛl məːɪ bɪt ə stɒk tə jiər
bɪkjɛz ðeː wu(ː)nt hav ɛni grəːun tə rʌn əpɒn

THOMAS
(h)wəːɪ (h)wɒt djiː tɛl o əːɪ biː vɛri zari
tə hiər (h)wɒt ðeː biː gwæɪn əbəːut

7

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 *th*ing
To have a bit o' common, I da know,
To put a little cow upon in spring,
The while oon's bit ov archet grass da grow.   *orchard*

JOHN.

Ees, that's the *th*ing ya zee: now I da mow
My bit o' grass, an' miake a little rick,   *haystack*
An' in the zummer, while da grow,
My cow da run in common var to pick
A bliade ar two o' grass, if she can vind 'em,
Var t'other cattle don't leäve much behind 'em.
Zoo, in the evemen, we da put a lock
O' nice fresh grass avore the wicket;   *gate*
An' she da come at vive ar zix o'clock,   *five or six*
As constant as the zun, to pick it.
An' then bezides the cow, why we da let
Our geese run out among the emmet hills;   *ant-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   *carry*
To gentlevo'ks, var we do'nt oft avvuord   *afford*
To put a goose a-top ov ouer buoard;   *table*

bʌt iːt əːɪ spoːz ðɛərl biː ə lɒtmənt var iː
(h)wɛn ðeː də kʌm tə maːrk ɪt əːut

JOHN

noː nɒt var əːɪ əːɪ fiər an ɪf ðər ʃʊd
(h)wəːɪ twʊdən biː sə handi az tɪz nəːu
var tɪz ðə kɒmən ðat də duː əːɪ gʊd
ðə rʌn vər məːɪ vjuː giːs ar vər məːɪ kəːu

THOMAS

iːs ðats ðə dʒɒb (h)wəːɪ tɪz ə handi ðɪŋ
tə hav ə bɪt ə kɒmən əːɪ də noː
tə pʌt ə lɪtəl kəːu əpɒn ɪn sprɪŋ
ðə (h)wəːɪl (w)uːnz bɪt əv aːrtʃət graːs də groː

JOHN

iːs ðats ðə ðɪŋ jə ziː nəːu əːɪ də moː
məːɪ bɪt ə graːs an mjɛk ə lɪtəl rɪk
an ɪn ðə zʌmər (h)wəːɪl də groː
məːɪ kəːu də rʌn ɪn kɒmən var tə pɪk
ə bljɛd ər tuː ə graːs ɪf ʃiː kən vəːɪn(d) əm
var tʌðər katəl doːnt liəv mʌtʃ bihəːɪn(d) əm
zuː ɪn ði iːvmən wiː də pʌt ə lɒk
ə nəːɪs frɛʃ graːs əvuər ðə wɪkɪt
ən ʃiː də kʌm ət vəːɪv ar zɪks əklɒk
az kɒnstənt əz ðə zʌn tə pɪk ɪt
an ðen bɪzəːɪdz ðə kəːu (h)wəːɪ wiː də lɛt
əːuər giːs rʌn əːut əmɒŋ ði ɛmət hɪlz
an ðen (h)wɛn wiː də plʌk əm wiː də gɛt
zəm vɛðərz var tə zɛl ən kwɪlz
an ɪn ðə wɪntər wiː də fat əm wɛl
ən kaːr əm tə ðə maːrkɪt vər tə zɛl
tə dʒɛntəlvoːks var wiː doːnt ɒft əvuərd
tə pʌt ə guːs ətɒp əv əːuər buərd

9

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

THOMAS.

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

JOHN.

An' then, when I got nothen else to do,
Why I can tiake my hook an' gloves, an' goo
To cut a lot o' vuzz an' briars   *furze (gorse)*
Vor hetèn ovens, or var lightèn viers.   *heating*
An' when the childern be too young to yarn   *earn*
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,   *seen*
That if a poor man got a bit o' bread
They'll try to tiake it vrom en.   *from him*
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.   *or*

bʌt wi: də gɛt ə:uər fiəst var wi: bi: jɛbəl
tə klap ðə dʒɪblɪts ʌp ətɒp ə tjɛbəl

THOMAS
an ə:ɪ do:nt no: ə mɛni bɛtər ðɪŋs
ðən gi:sɪz hɛdz ən gɪzərdz lagz ən wɪŋs

JOHN
an ðɛn (h)wɛn ə:ɪ gɒt nʌθɛn ɛls tə du:
(h)wə:ɪ ə:ɪ kən tjɛk mə:ɪ hʊk ən glʌvz an gu:
tə kʌt ə lɒt ə vʌz ən brə:ɪərz
vər hɛtən ʌvənz ar vər lə:ɪtən və:ɪərz
an (h)wɛn ðə tʃɪldərn bi: tu: jʌŋ tə jə:rn
ə pɛni ðe: kən gu: ə:ut ɪn drə:ɪ wɛðər
an rʌn əbə:ut an gɛt təgɛðər
ə bag ə kə:u dʌŋ var tə bə:rn

THOMAS
tɪz handi tə lɪv niər ə kɒmən
bʌt ə:ɪv ə:zi:d an ə:ɪv əzɛd
ðat ɪf ə pu(:)ər man gɒt ə bɪt ə brɛd
ðe:l trə:ɪ tə tjɛk ɪt vrɒm ən
bʌt ə:ɪ wər tuəld bak tʌðər de:
ðat ðe: bi: gɒt ɪntu ə we:
ə lɛtən bɪts ə grə:un ə:ut tə ðə pu(:)ər

JOHN
wɛl ə:ɪ də ho:p tɪz tru: ə:ɪm ʃu(:)ər
an ə:ɪ də ho:p ðət ðe: wʊl du: ɪt hiər
ar ə:ɪ məs(t) gu: tə wə:rkhə:us ə:ɪ də fiər

11

ECLOGUE.

VIAIRIES.

———

SIMON AN' SAMEL.

———

SIMON.

THERE'S what the vo'kes da cal a viairy ring,   *folks; fairy*
Out *th*er lo'k zee. Why 'tis an oddish *th*ing.   *look*

SAMEL.

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

SIMON.

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

SAMEL.

An' who d'ye *th*ink 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: *never*
But tha da plây upon a little pipe
A-miade o' kexes ar o' strā's, dead ripe, *hemlock stalks;[2] straws*

12

ɛklɒg

vjɛəriz

sə:ɪmən ən saməl

SIMON
ðɛərz (h)wɒt ðə vo:ks də ka:l ə vjɛəri rɪŋ
ə:ut ðər lʊk zi: (h)wə:ɪ tɪz ən ɒdɪʃ ðɪŋ

SAMEL
i:s tɪz tu ə:ɪ ə:ɪ wʌndər hə:u də kʌm
(h)wɒt ɪz ɪt ðat də mjɛk ɪt ə:ɪ də wʌndər

SIMON
bi: haŋd ɪf ə:ɪ kən tɛl ə:ɪm ʃu(:)ər bət zʌm
də ze: də kʌm b(ə:)ɪ lə:ɪtnən (h)wɛn də θʌndər
an zʌm də ze: sɪtʃ rɪŋz əz ðɪk rɪŋ ðɛər ɪz
də gro: ɪn dɛ:nsən traks ə lɪtəl vjɛəriz
ðat ɪn ðə nə:ɪts ə zʌmər ar ə sprɪŋ
də kʌm b(ə:)ɪ mu:nlə:ɪt (h)wɛn nu: ʌðər vi:t
də trɛd ðə djuːi gra:s bʌt ðɛərz an mi:t
ən dɛ:ns əwə:ɪ təgɪðər ɪn ə rɪŋ

SAMEL
an hu: dji: ðɪŋk də wə:rk ðə fɪdəlstɪk
ə lɪtəl vjɛəri tu: ar ɛls (w)uəld nɪk

SIMON
(h)wə:ɪ ðe: də ze: ðət at ðə vjɛəriz ba:l
ðərz na:r ə fɪdəl ðəts əhɪərd ət a:l
bət ðe: də plæɪ əpɒn ə lɪtəl pə:ɪp
əmjɛd ə kɛksɪz ar ə strɛ:z dɛd rə:ɪp

13

A-stuck in row, (zome shart an' longer zome),   *short*
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.   *beheaded tree[3]*

SAMEL.

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

SIMON.

Oh! they ha jigs to fit ther little veet: *have; feet*
They woodden dānce, ya know, at ther fine bal,
The dree an' vow'r han' reels that we da spra'l   *three; four; sprawl*
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 theösem gambols.   *these*

SIMON.

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

SAMEL.

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

SIMON.

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

əstʌk ɪn roː zʌm ʃaːrt ən lʊŋgər zʌm
wi sləːɪm ə snæɪlz ar bɪts ə plʌmtriː gʌm
an mjɛk sɪtʃ mjuːzɪk ðat tə hiər ɪt səːun(d)
jəd stɪk sə stɪlz ə pɒlaːrd tə ðə grəːun(d)

SAMEL
(h)wɒt duː əm deːns tɪz plæɪn b(əː)ɪ ðiəz griːn (h)wiːlz
ðeː doːnt frɪsk ɪn ən əːut ɪn driːhan(d) riːlz
var ɛls ɪnstɛd ə ðiəs hiər gəːrt rəːun oː
ðeːd kʌt əs əːut ə fɪgərv æɪt djiː noː

SIMON
oː ðeː ha dʒɪgz tə fɪt ðər lɪtəl viːt
ðeː wʊdən deːns jə noː ət ðər fəːɪn baːl
ðə driː ən vəːuər han riːlz ðət wiː də spraːl
ən kɪk əbəːut ɪn (h)wen wiː men də miːt

SAMEL
an hav zʌm fɛlərz ɪn ðər mɪdnəːɪt rambəlz
əkatʃt ðə vjɛəriz ðen ɪn ðiəzəm gambəlz

SIMON
(h)wəːɪ iːs bʌt ðeː biː ɒf lɪk ɛni ʃɒt
sə suːnz ə manz əkʌmən niər ðə spɒt

SAMEL
bʌt ɪn ðə deːtəːɪm (h)wər də vjɛəriz həːɪd
(h)wər biː ðər huəmz ðen (h)wər də vjɛəriz bəːɪd

SIMON
oː ðeː də gɪt əwəːɪ dəːun ʌndər grəːun
ɪn hɒlər pljɛzən (h)wər ðeː kɛːnt biː vəːun
bət stɪl məːɪ gramfər mɛni jiərz əguː

15

('E liv'd at Grenley farm, an' milk'd a diairy,)
If what the vo'kes da tell is true,
Oone marnen yerly voun' a viairy.   *morning; early*

                    SAMEL.
An' did er stop then wi' the good wold buoy?   *he/she/it*
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,   *said*
Avore the vire wer cuold, an' dānce an hour   *fire*
Ar two at dead o' night upon the vlour,   *floor*
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,   *draw; narrow*
That they can vlee droo keyholes lik' an arra.   *fly through; arrow*
An' zoo oone midnight, when the moon did drow   *throw*
His light droo winder roun' the vlour below,   *window*
An' crickets roun' the bricken heth did zing,   *brick hearth*
Tha come an' dānced about the hal in ring;
An' tapp'd, droo little holes noo eyes cood spy,
A kag o' poor ānt's meäd a-stannèn by;   *keg*
An' oone ō'm drink'd so much 'e coodden mind   *one of them; remember*
The word 'e wer to zae to make en smal,   *say*
'E got a-dather'd zoo that ā'ter al   *confused*
Out t'others went an' left en back behind.
An' ā'ter he'd a-beät about his head
Agen the keyhole, till 'e wer hafe dead,   *half*
'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)   *saw*
Bolt out o' door, an' down the road lik lightenèn.

                    16

i: lɪvd ət grɛnli faːrm ən mɪlkt ə djɛəri
ɪf (h)wɒt ðə voːks də tɛl ɪz truː
(w)uːn maːrnən jəːrli vəːun ə vjɛəri

SAMEL

an dɪd ər stɒp ðɛn wi ðə gʊd (w)uəld bwəːɪ
ar dɪd ər suːn kəntrəːɪv tə slɪp əwəːɪ

SIMON

(h)wəːɪ (h)wɛn ðə voːks wər aːl əsliːp əbɛd
ðə vjɛərɪz juːst tə kʌm az tɪz əzɛd
əvuər ðə vəːɪər wər kuəld ən dɛːns ən əːuər
ar tuː ət dɛd ə nəːɪt əpɒn ðə vləːuər
var ðeː b(əː)ɪ oːnli ʌtərən ə wəːrd
ər tʃaːrm kən kʌm dəːun tʃɪmli lɪk ə bəːrd
ar drɛː ðər bɒdiz əːut sə lɒŋ ən narə
ðat ðeː kən vliː druː keːhoːlz lɪk ən arə
an zuː (w)uːn mɪdnəːɪt (h)wɛn ðə muːn dɪd droː
hɪz ləːɪt druː wɪndər rəːun ðə vləːuər biloː
an krɪkɪts rəːun ðə brɪkən hɛθ dɪd zɪŋ
ðeː kʌm ən dɛːnst əbəːut ðə haːl ɪn rɪŋ
ən tapt druː lɪtəl hoːlz nu: əːɪz kʊd spəːɪ
ə kag ə pu(ː)ər ɛːnts miəd əstanən bəːɪ
an (w)uːn oːm drɪŋkt sə mʌtʃ ə kʊdən məːɪn(d)
ðə wəːrd ə wər tə zeː tə mjɛk ən smaːl
ə gɒt ədaðərd zuː ðat ɛːtər aːl
əːut tʌðərz wɛnt an lɛft ən bak bihəːɪn(d)
an ɛːtər hiːd əbiət əbəːut hɪz hɛd
agen ðə keːhoːl tɪl ə wər hɛːf dɛd
ə lɛd dəːun aːl əlɒŋ əpɒn ðə vləːuər
tɪl granfər kʌmən dəːun ʌnlɒkt ðə du(ː)ər
an(d) ðɛn ə ziːd ən twər mʌf tə frəːɪtən ən
boːlt əːut ə duər ən dəːun ðə roːd lɪk ləːɪtənən

17

ECLOGUE.

FAETHER COME HUOME.

———

JOHN, WIFE, AN' CHILE.

———

CHILE.   *child*

O MOTHER, mother, be the tiaties done?   *potatoes*

Here's faether now a-comèn down the track.

'E got his nitch o' wood upon his back,   *bundle*[4]

An' sich a spyeker in en! I'll be boun'   *long pole*

E's long enough to reach vrom groun'

Up to the top ov ouer tun!   *chimney-top*[5]

Tis jist the very *th*ing var Jack an' I   *for*

To goo a colepecksen wi' by an' by.   *beating down unpicked apples*[6]

WIFE.

The tiaties must be ready pirty nigh;   *pretty nearly*

Do tiake oone up upon the fark, an' try.   *fork*

The kiake upon the vier too 's a-burnen   *fire*

I be afeärd: do run an' zee; an' turn en.   *it*

JOHN.

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

WIFE.

Ah! I be very glad ya be, I'm sure;

Ya be a-tired, an' cuold enough, I s'pose.

Zit down, an' ease yer buones, an' warm yer nose.

JOHN.

Why I be peckish: what is ther to eat?

18

ɛklɒg

fɛːðər kʌm huəm

dʒɑn wəːf ən tʃəːɪl

CHILE
oː mʌðər mʌðər biː ðə tjɛtiz dʌn
hiərz fɛːðər nəːu əkʌmən dəːun ðə trak
ə gɒt hɪz nɪtʃ ə wʊd əpɒn hɪz bak
ən sɪtʃ ə spjɛkər ɪn ɪn əːɪl biː bəːun
əz lɒŋ ɪnʌf tə riːtʃ vrəm grəːun
ʌp tə ðə tɒp əv əːuər tʌn
tɪz dʒɪst ðə veri ðɪŋ vər dʒak ən əːɪ
tə guː ə koːlpɛksən wi bəːɪ ən bəːɪ

WIFE
ðə tjɛtiz mʌst biː rɛdi pəːrti nəːɪ
duː tjɛk (w)uːn ʌp əpɒn ðə faːrk ən trəːɪ
ðə kjɛk əpɒn ðə vəːɪər tuːz əbəːrnən
əːɪ biː əfɪərd duː rʌn ən ziː an təːrn ən

JOHN
wɛl mʌðər hiər əːɪ biː əkʌm (w)uːns muən

WIFE
aː əːɪ biː veri glad jə biː əːɪm ʃu(ː)ər
jə biː ətəːɪərd ən kuəld ɪnʌf əːɪ spoːz
zɪt dəːun ən iːz jər buənz an waːrm jər noːz

JOHN
(h)wəːɪ əːɪ biː pɛkɪʃ (h)wɒt ɪz ðər tu iːt

WIFE.

Yer supper's nearly ready; I've a-got
Some tiaties here a-doèn in the pot;
I wish wi' al my heart I had some meat.
I got a little kiake too here, a-biakèn ō'n   *of it*
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 *th*ink? The pig got out
This marnen; an' avore we zeed ar heärd en,   *morning; saw or*
'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 *th*ink? I voun' to-day
The nest wher *th*ik wold hen ov our's da lay: *that old*
'Twer out in archet hedge, an' had vive aggs.   *orchard; five eggs*

WIFE.

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

JOHN.

I broke my hoss, an' ben a-fuossed to stan'   *hedger's platform;[7] forced*
Right in the mud an' water var to dig,
An' miade myzelf so watshod as a pig.   *wet-shod*

20

WIFE

jər sʌpərz niərli rɛdi əːɪv əgɒt
səm tʃɛtiz hiər əduːən ɪn ðə pɒt
əːɪ wɪʃ wi aːl məːɪ haːrt əːɪ had səm miːt
əːɪ gɒt ə lɪtəl kjɛk tuː hiər əbjɛkən oːn
əpɒn ðə vəːɪər tɪz dʌn b(əː)ɪ ðɪs təːɪm ðoː
əz nəːɪs ən məːɪst var (h)wɛn əːɪ wər əmjɛkən oːn
əːɪ stʌk səm bɪts əv apəl ɪn ðə doː

CHILE

wɛl fɛːðər (h)wɒt dji: ðɪŋk ðə pɪg gɒt əːut tuːɪ
ðɪs maːrnən an əvuər wi: ziːd ər hiərd ən
ə rʌnd əbəːut an gɒt əːut ɪntə giərdən
ən rəːutɪd ʌp ðə grəːun zuː wi hɪz snəːut

JOHN

nəːu (h)wɒt dji: ðɪŋk ə ðat jə mʌst kəntrəːɪv
tə kiːp ən ɪn ar ɛls əl nɛvər θrəːɪv

CHILE

ən fɛːðər (h)wɒt dji: ðɪŋk əːɪ vəːun tədeː
ðə nɛst (h)wər ðɪk (w)uəld hɛn əv əːuərz də leː
twər əːut ɪn aːrtʃət hɛdʒ ən had vəːɪv agz

WIFE

lʊk ðɛər həːu wɛt jə gɒt jər viːt ən lagz
həːu dɪd i: gɪt ɪn sɪtʃ ə pɪkəl dʒɒn

JOHN

əːɪ broːk məːɪ hɒs ən bɪn əfʊɒst tə stan
rəːɪt ɪn ðə mʌd ən wɔːtər var tə dɪg
ən mjɛd məːɪzɛlf sə watʃɒd əz ə pɪg

CHILE.

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

WIFE.

An' have ye got much hedgèn muore to do?

JOHN.

Enough to lēste var dree weeks muore ar zoo.   *last; three*

WIFE.

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

JOHN.

O ees, there'll be some muore: when I done that   *yes*
I got a job o' trenchèn to goo at:
An' then zome trees to shroud, an' wood to vell;   *prune; fell*
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.   *as piece-work*[8]

CHILE.

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

WIFE.

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

JOHN.

O brave! What wages do er meän to gi'e?   *he; give*

22

feːðər tjɛk ɒf jər ʃuːz an giː əm tu əːɪ
hiər biː jər (w)uəld (w)uːnz var iː nəːɪs ən drəːɪ

ən hav iː gɒt mʌtʃ hɛdʒən muər tə duː

ɪnʌf tə lɛːst vər driː wi(ː)ks muər ər zuː

an (h)wɛn jəv dʌn ðə dʒɒb jə biː əbəːut
dji: ðɪŋk jəl hav ənʌðər vəːun(d) iː əːut

oː iːs ðərl biː səm muər (h)wɛn əːɪ dʌn ðat
əːɪ gɒt ə dʒɒb ə trɛntʃən tə guː at
an ðen zəm triːz tə ʃrəːud ən wʊd tə vɛl
zuː əːɪ də hoːp tə rʌb ɒn pəːrti wɛl
tɪl zʌmər təːɪm an ðen əːɪ biː tə kʌt
ðə wʊd ən duː ðə trɛntʃən b(əː)ɪ ðə tʌt

an nɛks wi(ː)k feːðər əːɪ biː gwæɪn tə guː
apɪkən stuənz jə noː vər faːrmər truː

an lɪtəl dʒak jə noː ɪz gwæɪn tə jaːrn
ə pɛni ki(ː)pən bəːrdz ɒf vrəm hɪz kaːrn

oː brjɛv (h)wɒt wjɛdʒɪz duː ər miən tə giː

WIFE.

She dreppence var a day, an' twopence he.   *threepence*

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*[9]
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*[10]

24

ʃiː drɛpəns vər ə deː ən tʌpəns hiː

wɛl pɒli ðiː məst wəːrk ə lɪtəl sprakər
(h)wɛn ðiː bɪst əːut ar ɛls ðiː wʊtən pɪk
ə dʌŋpɒt luəd ə stuənz nɒt vɛri kwɪk

oː iːs əːɪ ʃʊl bʌt dʒak də wɒnt ə klakər
an fɛːðər wʊl iː tjɛk an kʌt
ə stɪk ər tuː tə mjɛk hɪz hʌt

jə lɪtəl wɛntʃ (h)wəːɪ ðiː bɪst aːlweːz bagən
əːɪ biː tuː təːɪərd nəːu tənəːɪt əːɪm ʃu(ː)ər
tə zɛt əduːən ɛni muər
zuː əːɪ ʃəl guː ʌp əːut ə ðə wəːɪ ə ðə wagən

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 pookèn don't goo on not auver sprack.   *very quickly*
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,   *day*
At any work bist minded to goo at,   *you are*
Var any money thee dost like to lae.   *lay (bet)*
Now, Mister Sammy: what dost *th*ink o' that?
My girt wiale here is twice so big as thine;
Or else, I warnd, I shoodden be behine.   *warrant*

SAM.

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

ɛklɒg

ðə bɛst man ɪn ðə viːl(d)

sam ən(d) bɒb

SAM

ðats sloːɪʃ wəːrk bɒb (h)wɒts əbɪn əbəːut
ðəːɪ pʊkən doːnt guː ɒn nɒt ɔːvər sprak
(h)wəːɪ əːɪv əpʊkt məːɪ wjɛl lʊk ziː kliər əːut
an hiər əːɪ gɒt ənʌðər təːrnən bak

BOB

əːɪl wəːrk wi ðiː ðɛn sami ɛni deː
ət ɛni wəːrk bɪst məːɪndɪd tə guː at
vər ɛni mʌni ðiː dəst ləːrk tə leː
nəːu mɪstər sami (h)wɒt dəst ðɪŋk ə ðat
məːɪ gəːrt wjɛl hiər ɪz twəːɪs sə bɪg əz ðəːɪn
ar ɛls əːɪ waːrnd əːɪ ʃʊdən biː bihəːɪn

SAM

nəːu daŋ ðiː bɒb doːnt tɛl sɪtʃ wɒpən ləːɪz
ziːes məːɪ wjɛl ɪz bɪgɪst ɪf də kʌm tə səːɪz
tɪz dʒɪst ðə sjɛm (h)wɒtɛvər bɪst əbəːut
(h)wəːɪ (h)wɛn bɪst tɛdən graːs jə ljɛzi slɒθ
zʌmbɒdi ɪz əfʊɒst tə tjɛk ðəːɪ zwɒθ
ən tɛd ə hɛːf wəːɪ bak tə hɛlp ðiː təːut
an (h)wɛn bɪst rjɛkən rɒlərz bɪst sə slak
ðat ðiː dəst kɪp ðə bwəːɪz ən wʊmɪn bak

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An' if dost *th*ink that thee canst challenge I,
At any thing then, Bob, we'll tiake a pick apiece,   *pitchfork*
An' oonce theös zummer, goo an' try   *this*
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.   *it*

BOB.

Ya noggerhead; laste year thee miade'st a rick,   *blockhead*
An' we wer fuoss'd to trig en wi' a stick: *prop it up*
An' what did John that tipp'd en zae? Why zed   *tipped*[12]
'E stood a-top ō'en al the while in dread,   *on top of it*
A-*th*inkèn that avore 'e shood a-done en   *have finished it*
'E'd tumble auver slap wi' he upon en.   *with it upon him*

SAM.

Ya lyèn liazy *th*ief. I warnd my rick
Wer better than thy luoad o' hây laste wik.   *week*
Tha hadden got a hunderd yards to hal en,   *haul it*
An' then tha wer a-fuoss'd to hab'n boun,   *have it bound*
Var if tha hadden 'twood a-tumbl'd down:
An' ā'ter that I zeed 'e wer a-valèn,   *saw it was falling*
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   *shapeless mass*[13]
'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 wâit (wast zoo behind)
A hafe an hour var ev'ry pitch I got.

an ɪf dəst ðɪŋk ðət ði: kənst tʃalɪndʒ ə:ɪ
ət ɛni ðɪŋ ðɛn bɒb wi:l tjɛk ə pɪk əpi:s
ən (w)u:ns ðiəs zʌmər gu: ən trə:ɪ
tə mjɛk ə rɪk əpi:s
ə rɪk ə ðə:ɪn wʊl lʊk ə lɪtəl fʌni
(h)wɛn ði:z ədʌn ən ə:ɪl bɛt ɛni mʌni

BOB

jə nɒgərhɛd lɛ:st jiər ði: mjɛdst ə rɪk
an wi: wər fuɒst tə trɪg ən wi ə stɪk
an (h)wɒt dɪd dʒan ðət tɪpt ən ze: (h)wə:ɪ zɛd
ə stʊd ətɒp o:n a:l ðə (h)wə:ɪl ɪn drɛd
əðɪŋkən ðat əvuər ə ʃʊd ədʌn ən
əd tʌmbəl ɔ:vər slap wi hi: əpɒn ən

SAM

jə lə:ɪən ljɛzi ði:f ə:ɪ wa:rnd mə:ɪ rɪk
wər bɛtər ðən ðə:ɪ luəd ə hæɪ lɛ:st wɪk
ðe: hadən gɒt ə hʌndərd ja:rdz tə ha:l ən
an ðɛn ðe: wər əfuɒst tə hab ne bə:un
var ɪf ðe: hadən twʊd ə tʌmbəld də:un
ən ɛ:tər ðat ə:ɪ zi:d ə wər əva:lən
ən pʊʃt əgen ən wi mə:ɪ pɪtʃən pɪk
tə kɪp ən ʌp dʒɪst tɪl wi: gɒt tə rɪk
an (h)wɛn ðə hʌmptidʌmpti wər ʌnbə:un
ə vɛl tə pi:sɪz də:un əpɒn ðə grə:un

BOB

du: ʃʌt ðə:ɪ lə:ɪən tʃɒps (h)wɒt dʌsən mə:ɪn(d)
ðə:ɪ pɪtʃən tə mi: ə:ut ɪn gʌliplɒt
əmjɛkən ə mi: wæɪt wɒst zu: bihə:ɪn(d)
ə hɛ:f ən ə:uər vər ɛvri pɪtʃ ə:ɪ gɒt

An' then how thee didst groun' thy pick, an' blow,
An' quirk to get en up on end, dost know;   *puff* [14]
To rise a pitch that wer about so big   *raise (lift) a forkful*
'S a goodish crow's nest, or a wold man's wig.   *old*
Why bist so weak, dost know, as any roller.
Zome o' the women vō'kes wull beät thee holler.   *hollow*

SAM.

Ya snubnos'd flobberchops. I pitch'd so quick   *filthy-face*
That thee dost know thee had'st a hardish job
To tiake the pitches in vrom my slow pick,
An' dissèn zee I groun' en, nother, Bob.   *didn't see me*
An' thee bist stronger, thee dost *th*ink, 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.   *bundle*

BOB.

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

SAM.

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

BOB.

Thee mow wi' I! why coossen keep up wi' me.   *couldn't*
Why bissèn fit to goo a-vield to skimmy,
Or mow the docks an' *th*istles: why I'll bet
A shillèn, Samel, that thee cassen whet.   *can't sharpen (a scythe)*

an ðɛn həːu ðiː dɪdst grəːun ðəːɪ pɪk an bloː
ən kwəːrk tə gɛt ən ʌp ɒn ɛnd dʌst noː
tə rəːɪz ə pɪtʃ ðət wər əbəːut sə bɪg
z ə gʊdɪʃ kroːz nɛst ar ə (w)uəld manz wɪg
(h)wəːɪ bɪst sə wiːk dʌst noː əz ɛni rɒlər
zʌm ə ðə wʊmɪn voːks wʊl bɪət ðiː hɒlər

SAM

jə snʌbnoːzd flɒbərtʃɒps əːɪ pɪtʃt sə kwɪk
ðat ðiː dəst noː ðiː hadst ə haːrdɪʃ dʒɒb
tə tjɛk ðə pɪtʃɪz ɪn vrəm məːɪ sloː pɪk
an dɪsən ziː əːɪ grəːun ən nʌðər bɒb
ən ðiː bɪst strɒŋgər ðiː dəst ðɪŋk ðən əːɪ
gəːrt bandilagz əːɪ dʒɪst ʃʊd ləːɪk tə trəːɪ
wiːl guː ɪf ðiː dəst ləːɪk an dʒɪst ziː (h)wɪtʃ
kən hiːv ðə muəst ər kaːr ðə bɪgɪst nɪtʃ

BOB

ðər sam də mjɛk əːɪ zɪk tə hiər ðəːɪ bragən
(h)wəːɪ bɪsən strɒŋ ɪnʌf tə kaːr ə flagən

SAM

jə grɪnən fuːl əːɪ waːrnd əːɪd zɛt ðiː bloːən
ɪf ðiː wəst wi miː var ə deː əmoːən
əːɪd wɛər məːɪ kuət an ðiː ʃʊst pʊl ðəːɪ ragz ɒf
an ɪn tɛn mɪnɪts (h)wəːɪ əːɪd moː ðəːɪ lagz ɒf

BOB

ðiː moː wi əːɪ (h)wəːɪ kʊsən ki(ː)p ʌp wi miː
(h)wəːɪ bɪsən fɪt tə guː əviːl(d) tə skɪmi
ar moː ðə dɒks ən ðɪsəlz (h)wəːɪ əːɪl bɛt
ə ʃɪlən saməl ðat ðiː kasən (h)wɛt

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SAM.

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

BOB.

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

SAM.

Well thee sha't veel upon thy chops and snout.   *you'll feel (it)*

BOB.

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

SAM

nə:u do:nt ði: ze: mʌtʃ muər ðan (h)wɒtst əzɛd
ar ɛls ə:ıl nɒk ði: də:un hi:lz ɔ:vər hɛd

BOB

ði: nɒk ə:ı də:un jə fu:l (h)wə:ı kasən hıt
ə blo: hɛ:f ha:rd ınʌf tə kıl ə nıt

SAM

wɛl ði: ʃat vi:l əpɒn ðə:ı tʃɒps ən(d) snə:ut

BOB

kʌm ɒn ðɛn saməl lɛts dʒıst hav (w)u:n bə:ut

ECLOGUE.

EMIGRATION.

———

ROBERT AND RICHARD.

———

ROBERT.

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

RICHARD.

Ees, I shall never eat another pound   *yes*
O' zalt in England here, where I wer barn;   *salt; born*
Nor dig another spit o' English ground;   *spade's worth* [16]
Nor cut a bit moore English grass or carn.   *corn*
Ees, we must get to Lon'on now next Zunday
Abuoard the Ship that is to car us,   *carry*
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   *few*
That we can get by buyen, or by baggen),   *begging*
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?

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εklɒg

εmɪgræɪʃən

rɒbərd ən(d) rɪtʃət[15]

ROBERT

wεl rɪtʃət zu: tɪz tru: (h)wɒt əɪ də hiər
ðət ju: bi: gwæɪn tə di:mənz lan(d) təjiər

RICHARD

i:s əɪ ʃəl nεvər i:t ənʌðər pə:un(d)
ə zɒlt ɪn ɪŋgland hiər (h)wər əɪ wər ba:rn
nar dɪg ənʌðər spɪt ə ɪŋglɪʃ grə:un(d)
nar kʌt ə bɪt muər ɪŋglɪʃ gra:s ər ka:rn
i:s wi: məs(t) gεt tə lʌnən nə:u nεks(t) zʌnde:
əbuərd ðə ʃɪp ðat ɪz tə ka:r əs
var ɪf ðə wεðər ʃud bi: rə:ɪtʃ va:r əs
wi: ʃəl pʌt ə:ut tə si: ə mʌnde:
zu: ə:uər vju: tu:lz ənd klo:z vər wi: məst ka:r a:l
ðət wi: kən gεt b(ə:)ɪ bə:ɪən ar b(ə:)ɪ bagən
hiər tʌðər de: əɪ pakt ʌp ɪn ə barəl
an(d) zεnt əm ɒn tə lʌnən b(ə:)ɪ ðə wagən

ROBERT

an(d) hə:u dji: zεnd jər tʃɪldərn an(d) jər wʊmɪn

RICHARD

wi: gɒt ə lə:ɪtɪʃ wagən tə klap (ð)əm ɪn

ROBERT

an(d) hə:u dji: gεt ʌp jərzεlvz ju: mεn

RICHARD.

O we shall walk and ride oonce now and then
When we do meet wi' any driv[è]n lads   *driving*[17]
Wi' lightish luoads to tiake us up vor cads.   *unbooked passengers*[18]

ROBERT.

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

RICHARD.

Why very queer, I do, I cant deny:
When I do think o' be'en piarted
Vrom al my friends var ever, I could cry
But var the shiame o' be'en so softhearted.
Here be the trees that I did use to clim in,   *climb*
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;   *such*
I shall be tossed, i' may be, to the vishes.

ROBERT.

'Tis hard a man can't get a luoaf to veed 'en   *feed himself*
Upon the pliace wher life wer vust a gied 'en;   *first given to him*
'Tis hard that if he'd work, there's noo work var'n,   *for him*
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.

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RICHARD

o: wi: ʃəl wɛːk ən(d) rəːɪd (w)uːns nəːu ən(d) ðɛn
(h)wɛn wi: də miːt wi ɛni dreːvən ladz
wi ləːɪtɪʃ luədz tə tjɛk əs ʌp vər kadz

ROBERT

an(d) həːu dji: viːl nəːu rɪtʃət ɪn jər məːɪn(d)
tə liːv jər bɛθpljɛs ənd jər frɛn(d)z bihəːɪn(d)

RICHARD

(h)wəːɪ veri kwiːr əːɪ du: əːɪ kɛːnt dɪnəːɪ
(h)wɛn əːɪ də ðɪŋk ə biːən pjaːrtɪd
vrəm aːl məːɪ frɛn(d)z var ɛvər əːɪ kʊd krəːɪ
bʌt vər ðə ʃjɛm ə biːən soː sɒft haːrtɪd
hiər bi: ðə triːz ðat əːɪ dɪd juːz tə klɪm ɪn
hiər ɪz ðə brʊk ðat əːɪ dɪd juːz tə zwɪm ɪn
hiər bi: ðə grəːun(d) (h)wər əːɪv əwəːrkt ən(d) plæɪd
hiər ɪz ðə hʌt ðət əːɪ wər baːrn ən(d) brɛd ɪn
hiər ɪz ðə lɪtəl tʃəːrtʃ (h)wər wi:v əpræɪd
an(d) tʃəːrtʃjaːrd ðət məːɪ kɪnzvoːks buənz bi: lɛd ɪn
an(d) əːɪ m(əː)ɪzɛlf jə no: ʃʊd ləːɪk tə ləːɪ
əmɒŋ əm tu: (h)wɛn əːɪ də kʌm tə dəːɪ
bət tɪz nu: juːs tə hav zɪtʃ fuːlɪʃ wɪʃɪz
əːɪ ʃəl biː tɒst ɪ mæɪ bi: tə ðə vɪʃɪz

ROBERT

tɪz haːrd ə man kɛːnt gɛt ə luəf tə viːd ən
əpɒn ðə pljɛs (h)wər ləːɪf wər vʌst ə giːd ən
tɪz haːrd ðat ɪf hiːd wəːrk ðərz nu: wəːrk vaːrn
ar ðat hɪz wəːrk wu(ː)nt brɪŋ ɪnʌf ə mʌni
tə kiː(ː)p ən ðo: ðə lan(d) ɪz vʊl ə kaːrn
ən(d) katəl an(d) də flo: wi mɪlk ən(d) hʌni

RICHARD.

Why ees, 'tis rather hardish, oone ca'nt doubt it,
But 'tis'n any use to tak about it;   *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 zome 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,   *fourteen*
'Forever we shall stratch our lags ashore.   *stretch our legs*

ROBERT.

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

RICHARD.

I don't mind that, var a'ter I be dead
I shan't be zoo a puzzled to get bread.
They that 'ave got the wordle's goods, noo doubt on't,   *world's*
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.

RICHARD

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

ROBERT

bʌt ju:l bi: zʌm tə:mɪ ə:ut əpɒn ði o:ʃən
jə wu(:)nt gɛt ɔ:vər vɛri kwɪk
an(d) ɪf ðə si: ɪz rʌf ðə vɛsəlz mo:ʃən
ə:ɪ spuəz wʊl mjɛk i: rɛ:ðər zɪk

RICHARD

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

ROBERT

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

RICHARD

ə:ɪ do:nt mə:ɪn(d) ðat var ɛ:tər ə:ɪ bi: dɛd
ə:ɪ ʃɑnt bi: zu: əpʌzəld tə gɛt brɛd
ðe: ðat əv gɒt ðə wə:rdəlz gʊdz nu: də:ut ɒnt
də lə:ɪk ɪt ənd be:nt wɪləŋ tə gu: ə:ut ɒnt
ðərz nʌθən hɪər vər ə:ɪ bət wɒnt ən(d) za(:)rə
zu: ə:ɪ do:nt mə:ɪn(d) əli:vən ɪt təma(:)rə
ɪf twə:rdən vər mə:ɪ tʃɪldərn ən(d) mə:ɪ wə:ɪf
ə:ɪ wʊdən(t) gi: ə zɪkspəns vər mə:ɪ lə:ɪf

ROBERT.

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

RICHARD.

Amen.

a: wi: məs(t) stæɪ tɪl gɒd ɪz pliəzd tə tjɛk əs
ɪf wi: də du: ə:uər bɛst hi: wu(:)nt vərsjɛk əs
gɒd bə:ɪ ən(d) ɪf ə:ɪ ʃʊdən(t) zi: i: əgɛn
gɒd blɛs ju: rɪtʃət dru: jər lə:ɪf

RICHARD

a:mɛn

ECLOGUE

A BIT O' SLY COORTÈN

———

JOHN AND FANNY.

———

JOHN.

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

FANNY.

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

JOHN.

I *th*ought 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.

ɛklɒg

ə bɪt ə sləːɪ kuərtən

dʒɑn ən(d) fɑni

JOHN

nəːu fɑni tɪz tuː bad jə teːzən mæɪd
həːu ljɛt jə biː əkʌm (h)wər həv iː stæɪd
həːu lɒŋ jə hav əmjɛd miː wæɪt əbəːut
əːɪ ðɔːt jə wəːrdən gwæɪn tə kʌm əgen
əːɪ had ə məːɪn(d) tə guː bak huəm əgen
ðɪs ɪdən (h)wen jə prɒmɪst tə kʌm əːut

FANNY

nəːu tɪdən ɛni juːs tə mjɛk ə rəːu
var pɒn məːɪ wəːrd əːɪ kudən kʌm tɪl nəːu
əːɪ bɪn əkɛpt ɪn aːl ðə deː b(əː)ɪ mʌðər
ət wəːrk əbəːut (w)uːn lɪtəl dʒɒb ən tʌðər
ɪf juː də wɒnt tə guː ðoː doːnt iː stæɪ
var əːɪ ə mɪnɪt lɒŋgər əːɪ də præɪ

JOHN

əːɪ ðɔːt jə mɪd biː əːut wi dʒɛmi bljɛk

FANNY

(h)wəːɪ ʃud əːɪ biː wi hiː vər gudnɪs sjɛk

JOHN

jə weːkt ə zʌndeː iːvmən wi ən djiː noː
jə went vrəm tʃəːrtʃ əhɪtʃt ʌp ɪn hɪz jaːrm

43

FANNY.

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

JOHN.

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

FANNY.

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

JOHN.

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

FANNY.

Well, John, I’m sure I little *th*ought 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

44

wɛl ɪf əːɪ dɪd ðat wəːrdən ɛni haːrm
lɔːk ðat ɪz zʌmət tə tjɛk noːdɪs ɔː

iː tʊk iː rəːun ðə mɪdəl ət ðə stəːɪl
an kɪst iː twəːɪs ɪðɪn ðə hɛːf ə məːɪl

iːs at ðə stəːɪl bikjɛz əːɪ ʃʊdən vaːl
iː tʊk miː hoːld tə hɛlp miː dəːun ðats aːl
ən əːɪ kɛːnt ziː (h)wɒt vɛri məːɪti haːrm
ə kʊd ha dʌn alɛndən miː hɪz jaːrm
an var hɪz kɪsən ə miː ɪf ə dɪd
əːɪ dɪdən aːks ən tu nar zeː ə mɪd
an ɪf ə kɪst miː driː təːɪmz ar ə dʌzən
(h)wɒt haːrm wər ɪt (h)wəːɪ ɪdən ər məːɪ kʌzən
an əːɪ kɛːnt ziː ðɛn (h)wɒt ðər ɪz əmɪs
ɪn kʌzən dʒɛmz dʒɪst giːən əːɪ ə kɪs

wɛl hiː ʃɑnt kɪs iː ðɛn jə ʃɑnt biː kɪst
bəːɪ hɪz gəːrt ʌgli tʃɒps ə laŋki həːun
ɪf əːɪ də ziː ən əːɪl dʒɪst rɪŋ ʌp məːɪ vɪst
an nɒk ən dəːun
əːɪl skwɒt hɪz gəːrt pʌg noːz ɪf əːɪ doːnt mɪs ən
əːɪl waːrnd əːɪl spwəːɪl hɪz pəːrti lɪps vər kɪsən

wɛl dʒan əːɪm ʃu(ː)ər əːɪ lɪtəl ðɔːt tə vəːɪn(d)
ðat juː had sɪtʃ ə nasti dʒɛləs məːɪn(d)
(h)wɒt ðɛn əːɪ spoːz ðat əːɪ məs(t) biː ə dʌmi
an mʌsən guː əbəːut nar wag məːɪ tʌŋ

45

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,   *thrashing*
An' breakèn buones, an' beätèn heads to pummy.   *crushed apples*[19]
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,   *say (talk)*
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   *story*
An' took o' mother many a scuoldèn var ye.
[*Weeping.*]
But 't'wull be auver now, var you shon't zee me
Out wi' ye noo muore to pick a quarrel wi' me.

          JOHN.
Well, Fanny, I woon't zae noo muore, my dear.
Let's miake it up. Come wipe off *th*ik *th*ere tear,   *that*
Let's goo an' zit o' top o' *th*eos here stile,   *this*
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 ɛni soːl ɪf hiːz ə man ən jʌŋ
ar ɛls juːl pʌt jərzɛlf ʌp ɪn ə paʃən
an tɛːk əwəːɪ ə giːən voːk ə draʃən
ən brɛːkən buənz ən biətən hɛdz tə pʌmi
ɪf juːv əgɒt sɪtʃ dʒɛləs wəːɪs əbəːut iː
əːɪm ʃu(ː)ər əːɪ ʃʊd biː bɛtər ɒf ɪðəːut iː

JOHN

wɛl ɪf gəːrt dʒɛmi həv əwɪnd jər haːrt
wiːd bɛtər brɛːk ðə kuərtʃɪp ɒf an pjaːrt

FANNY

hiː wɪnd məːɪ haːrt ðɛər dʒan doːnt tɛːk sɪtʃ stʌf
doːnt tɛːk nuː muər var jəv əzɛd ɪnʌf
ɪf əːɪd əlɪkt ənʌðər muər ðən juː
əːɪm ʃu(ː)ər əːɪ ʃʊdən kʌm tə miːt iː zuː
var əːɪv ətuəld tə fɛːðər mɛni ə staːri
ən tʊk ə mʌðər mɛni ə skuəldən vaːr iː
[*Weeping*]
bʌt twʊl biː ɔːvər nəːu var juː ʃant ziː miː
əːut wi iː nuː muər tə pɪk ə kwa(ː)rəl wi miː

JOHN

wɛl fani əːɪ wu(ː)nt zeː nuː muər məːɪ diər
lɛts mjɛk ɪt ʌp kʌm wəːɪp ɒf ðɪk ðɛər tiər
lɛts guː an zɪt ətɒp ə ðiəs hiər stəːɪl
an(d) rɛst ən(d) lʊk əbəːut ə lɪtəl (h)wəːɪl

FANNY

nəːu guː əwəːɪ jə naːsti dʒɛləs tʃap
jə ʃant kɪs əːɪ jə ʃant əːɪl giː iː ə slap

47

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'   *field*
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 night, Fanny
Come out a-bit to-marrer evemen, can ye?

JOHN

ðen juː lʊk sməːɪlən doːnt juː pəːut ən tɒs
jər hɛd ət əːɪ an lʊk sə vɛri krɒs

FANNY

nəːu dʒan doːnt skwiːz miː rəːun ðə mɪdəl zuː
əːɪ wu(ː)nt stɒp hiər nuː lɒŋgər ɪf jə duː
(h)wəːɪ dʒan biː kwəːɪət wʊl iː fəːɪ əpɒn ɪt
nəːu ziː həːu juːv ərʌmpəld ʌp məːɪ bɒnɪt
mʌðər əl ziː ɪt ɛːtər əːɪm ət huəm
ən giː ə gʊɛs dərek(t)li həːu ɪt kʌm

JOHN

ðen doːnt iː zeː ðət əːɪ biː dʒɛləs fani

FANNY

əːɪ wʊl var jə biː dʒɛləs mɪstər dʒani

JOHN

ɪf əːɪ biː dʒɛləs juː biː rɛːðər fɪklɪʃ

FANNY

dʒan liəv əluən məːɪ nɛk əːɪ biː sə tɪklɪʃ
ðərz sʌmbɒdi akʌmən dəːun ðə grəːun
təwaːrdz ðiəs stəːɪl huː ɪz ɪt kʌm gɪt dəːun
əːɪ məs(t) rɪn huəm əpɒn məːɪ wəːrd ðen nəːu
ɪf əːɪ də stæɪ ðeːl kɪk ʌp sɪtʃ ə rəːu
gʊd nəːɪt əːɪ kɛːnt stæɪ nəːu

JOHN

ðen gʊd nəːɪt fani
kʌm əːut ə bɪt təmarər iːvmən kan iː

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Notes

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

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

[2] 'Kecks or Kex. A dead stalk of hemlock or cow parsley.' (Quoted from the1844 Glossary. Other definitions given in these notes are from the same source, unless otherwise stated.)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

[13] 'Humpty-dumpty ... A humpy and dumpy or shapeless mass.'

[14] 'Quirk. To emit the breath forcibly after retaining it in violent exertion.'

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

[16] 'Spit. A. S. Spad, a spade. As much as is turned at once by a spade in digging.'

[17] drivèn] driveeń *DCC*.

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

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

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Cast (in order of appearance in the eclogues)

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

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

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

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

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

Casting of the individual eclogues

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

1. *The Common A-Took In* (*DCC*, 1; *1844*, pp. 172–75)
Thomas: Ben McCann
John: Mike Pole

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

3. *Faether Come Huome* (*DCC*, 6; *1844*, pp. 209–12)
Chile: Pru Pole
Wife: Kathryn Dineen
John: Tom Burton

4. *The Best Man in the Vield* (*DCC*, 5; *1844*, pp. 109–13)
Sam: Ben McCann
Bob: Mike Pole

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

6. *A Bit o' Sly Coortèn* (*DCC*, 7; *1844*, pp. 76–80)
John: Mike Pole
Fanny: Pru Pole

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