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A SELECTION FROM
POEMS OF RURAL LIFE IN THE
DORSET DIALECT

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- THE LIGHT OF ASIA. By Sir EDWIN ARNOLD.
- THE SONG CELESTIAL. By Sir E. ARNOLD.
- ORIENTAL POEMS. Selected from the Works of Sir E. ARNOLD, by J. M. WATKINS.
- THE DHAMMAPADA. Translated by SAMUEL BEAL.
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- SELECTED POEMS. By Lady LINDSAY.
- THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD. By OLIVER GOLD-SMITH. With a Preface and Notes by AUSTIN DOBSON. This Edition has been Revised, and contains an Appendix on the sale of "The Vicar of Wakefield."
- SELECTED POEMS IN THE DORSET DIALECT. By WILLIAM BARNES.

SELECTION FROM
POEMS OF RURAL LIFE
IN THE
DORSET DIALECT

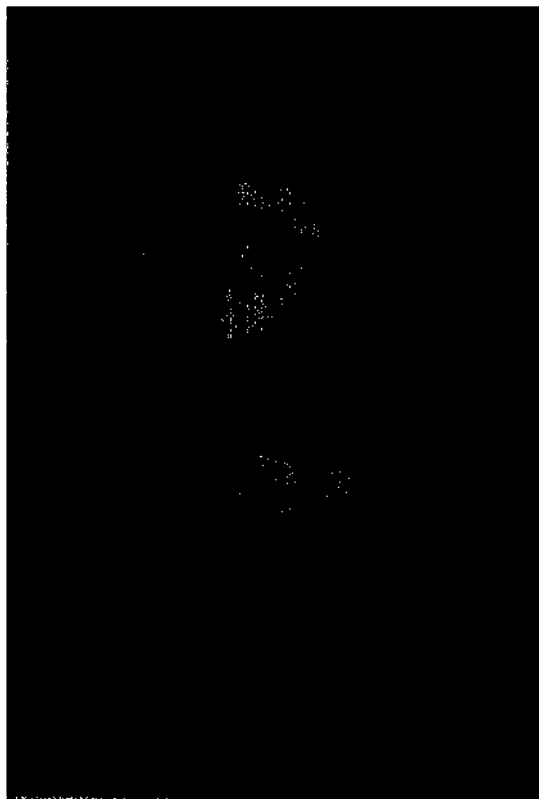
BY
WILLIAM BARNES

EDITED BY HIS SON



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A glossary of Dorset words will be found printed in the complete edition of the Poems, with some notes on the pronunciation of the Dorset dialect. Crown 8vo, 6s.

FOREWORD

I AM much indebted to the Lord Bishop of Salisbury, the Lord Bishop of Durham, Dr. Lock, Warden of Keble College, Oxford; Mr. C. Moule, Senior Fellow and Librarian of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge; the Rev. C. L. Sanctuary, Mr. H. Pouncy, and others, for help in various ways in making this selection from my father's Dorset poems.

Two lists of poems selected by the late Prof. F. T. Palgrave (Professor of Poetry in the University of Oxford), have also been of service.

W. M. B.

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THE SPRING

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

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

An' God do meake His win' to blow
An' rain to vail vor high an' low,
An' bid His mornen zun to rise
Vor all alike, an' groun' an' skies
Ha' colours vor the poor man's eyes :
 An' in our trials He is near,
 To hear our mwöan an' zee our tear,
 An' turn our clouds to zunsheen.

An' many times when I do vind
Things all goo wrong, an' vo'k unkind,
To zee the happy veedèn herds,
An' hear the zingèn o' the birds,
Do soothe my sorrow mvvöre than words ;
 Vor I do zee that 'tis our sin
 Do meäke woone's soul so dark 'ithin,
 When God would gi'e woone zunsheen.

EASTER ZUNDAY

LAST Easter Jim put on his blue
Frock cwoat, the vu'st time—vier new ;
Wi' yollow buttons all o' brass,
That glitter'd in the zun lik' glass ;
An' pok'd 'ithin the button-hole
A tutty he'd a-begg'd or stole.
A span-new wes'co't, too, he wore,
Wi' yollow stripes all down avore ;
An' tied his breeches' lags below
The knee, wi' ribbon in a bow ;
An' drow'd his kitty-boots azide,
An' put his laggfens on, an' tied
His shoes wi' strings two vingers wide,
Because 'twer Easter Zunday.

An' after mornen church wer out
He come back hwomc, an' stroll'd about
All down the vields, an' drough the leiine,
Wi' sister Kit an' cousin Jeane,

A-turnen proudly to their view
His yollow breast an' back o' blue.
The lambs did play, the grounds wer green,
The trees did bud, the zun did sheen ;
The lark did zing below the sky,
An' roads wer all a-blown so dry,
As if the zummer wer begun ;
An' he had sich a bit o' fun !
He meade the pnaidens squeal an' run,
Because 'twer Easter Zunday.

THE MILK-MAID O' THE FARM

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

An' Poll don't zit up half the night,
Nor lie vor half the day abed ;
An' zoo her eyes be sparklen bright,
An' zoo her cheeks be bloomen red.

In zummer morncMis, when the lark
Do rouse the litty lad an' lass
To work, then she's the vu'st to mark
Her steps along the dewy grass.

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

6 THE MILKMAID O' THE FARM

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

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

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

An' in the barken or the ground,
The chaps do always do their best
To milk the vu'st their own cows round
An' then help her to milk the rest.

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

EVENEN IN THE VILLAGE

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

An' the men be at hwome vrom ground ;
An' the bells be a-zenden all down the Coombe
From tower, their mwoansome sound.

An' the wind is still,
An' the house-dogs do bark,
An' the rooks be a-vied to the elems high an'
dark,
An' the water do roar at mill.

An' the flickeren light drough the window-
peine

Vrom the candle's dull flëame do shoot,
An' young Jemmy the smith is a-gone down
leäne,

A-playen his shriil-vaiced flute.

An' the miller's man
Do zit down at his ease
On the seat that is under the cluster o' trees,
Wi' his pipe an' his cider can.

BOB THE FIDDLER

OH ! Bob the fiddler is the pride
O' chaps an' maidens vur an' wide ;
They can't keep up a merry tide,
But Bob is in the middle.
If merry Bob do come avore ye,
He'll zing a zong, or tell a story ;
But if you'd zee en in his glory,
Jist let en have a fiddle.

Aye, let en tuck a crowd below
His chin, an' gi'e his vist a bow,
He'll dreve his elbow to an' fro¹,
An' plaý what you do please.
At Maypolen, or feast, or feair,
His eärm wull zet off twenty peäir,
An' meäke em dance the groun' dirt-beäre,
An' hop about lik' vleys.

Long life to Bob ! the very soul
O' me'th at merry feäst an' pole ;
Vor when the crowd do leäve his jowl,
 They'll all be in the dumps.
Zoo at the dance another year,
At *Shillinston* or *Hazelbur'*,
Mid Bob be there to meäke em stir,
 In merry jigs, their stumps !'

JOHN

Well, he shan't kiss ye, then; you shan't be
kiss'd

By his girt ugly chops, a lanky houn'!

If I do zee'n, I'll jist wring up my vist

An' knock en down.

I'll squot his girt pug-nose, if I don't miss en ;

I'll warn I'll spweil his pretty lips vor kiss&n !

FANNY

Well, John, I'm sure I little thought to vind

That you had ever sidi a jealous mind.

What then ! I s'pose that I must be a dummy,

An' mussen goo about nor wag my tongue

To any soul, if he's a man, an' young ;

Or else you'll work yourself up mad wi' passion,

An' talk away o' gi'en vo'k a drashen,

An' breakin bwones, an' beäten heads to

pummy I

If you've a-got sich jealous ways about ye,

I'm sure I should be better off 'ithout ye.

JOHN

Well, if girt Jemmy have a-won your heart,

We'd better break the coortship off, an' peärt.

FANNY

He won my heart! There, John, don't talk sich
stuff;

Don't talk noo mwore, vor you've a-zaid enough.

If I'd a-lik'd another mwore than you,

I'm sure I shoulden come to meet ye 200 ;

Vor I've a-twold to father many a storry,

An' took o' mother many a scwolden vor ye.

[weeping.]

But 'twull be over now, vor you shan't zee me

Out wi' ye noo mwore, to pick a quarrel wi' me.

JOHN

Well, Fanny, I woon't zay noo mwore, my dear.

Let's meäke it up. Come, wipe off thik there
tear.

Let's goo an' zit o' top o' theäse here stile,

An' rest, an' look about a little while.

FANNY

Now goo away, you crabbed jealous chap !

You shan't kiss me,—you'shan't! I'll gi' ye a
slap.

JOHN

Then you look smilen ; don't you pout an' toss

Your head so much, an' look so very cross.

FANNY

Now, John ! don't squeeze me roun' the middle
zoo.

I woon't stop here noo longer, if you do.

Why, John ! be quiet, wull ye? Fie upon it!

Now zee how you've a-wrump'l'd up my bonnet!

Mother 'ill zee it after I'm at hwome,

An' gi'e a guess directly how it come.

JOHN

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

FANNY

I wull: vor you fo jealous, Mister Jahnnny.

There's zomebody a-comèn down the groun'

Towards the stile. Who is it? Come, get
down.

I must run hwome, upon my word then, now ;

If I do stay, they'll kick up sich a row.

Good night. I can't stay now.

JOHN

Then good night, Fanny !

Come out a-bit to-morrow evenen, can ye ?

SLEEP DID COME WI' THE DEW

O W H E N our zun's a-zinkèn low,
How soft's the light his feâce do drow
Upon the backward road our mind
Do turn an' zee a-left behind ;
When we, in childhood's days did vind
Our jay among the gil'cup flow'rs,
All drough the zummer's zunny hours ;
An' sleep did come \vi' the dew.

An' afterwards, when we did zweet
A tweilèn in the zummer het,
An' when our daily work wer done
Did meet to have our evenèn fun :
Till up above the zettèn zun
The sky wer blushèn in the west,
An' we laid down in peace to rest,
An' sleep did come wi' the dew.

Ah ! zome do turn—but tidden right—
 The night to day, an' day to night;
 But we do zee the vu'st red streak
 O' mornen, when the day do break ;
 Zoo we don't grow up peäle an' weak,
 But we do work wi' health an' strength,
 Vrom mornfen drough the whole day's length,
 An' sleep do come wi' the dew.

An' when, at last, our e'thly light
 Is jist a-drawèn in to night,
 We mid be sure that God above,
 If we be true when He do prove
 Our stedvast faith an' thankvul love,
 Wull do vor us what mid be best,
 An' teàke us into endless rest,
 As sleep do come wi' the dew.

THE BEST MAN IN THE VIELD

Sam and Bod.

SAM

THAT'S slowish work, Bob. What'st a-been about?

Thy pookèn don't goo on not over sprack.
Why I've a-pook'd my weäle, lo'k zee, clear out,
An' here I be ageän a-turnèn back.

BOB

I'll work wi' thee then, Sammy, any day,
At any work dost like to teäke me at,
Vor any money thou dost like to lay.
Now, Mister Sammy, what dost think o' that?
My weäle is nearly twice so big as thine,
Or else, I warnt, I shouldden be behin\

SAM

Ah ! hang thee, Bob! don't tell sich whoppèn
lies.

My weäle's the biggest, if do come to size.
'Tis jist the seäme whatever bist about;
Why, when dost goo a-teddèn grass, you sloth,
Another hand's a-fwo'c'd to teäke thy zwath,
An' ted a half way back to help thee out;
An' then a-reaken rollers, bist so slack,
Dost keep the very bwoys an' women back.
An' if dost think that thou canst challenge I
At any thing,—then, Bob, we'll teäke a pick
a-piece,
An' woonce theäse zummer, goo an' try
To meäke a rick a-piece.
A rick o' thine wull look a little funny,
When thou'st a-done en, I'll bet any money.

DOB

You noggerhead ! last year thou mead'st a rick,
An' then we had to trig en wi' a stick.
An'what did John that tipp'd en zay? Why
zaid
He stood a-top o'en all the while in dread,
A-thinkèn that avore he should a-done en,
He'd tumble'over slap wi' him upon en.

SAM

You yoppfen clog! I warnt I meiide my rick
 So well's thou 'meäd'st thy lwoad o' hay last
 week.

They'hadden gotã hundred yardsto haul en,"
 An' then they vound 'twer best to have en boun',
 Vor if they hadden, 'twould a-tumbl'd down ;
 An' after that I zeed en all but vallèn,
 An' trigg'd en up \vi' woone o'm's pitchen pick,
 To zee if I could meäke en ride to rick ;
 An'when they had the dumpy heap unboun',
 He veil to pieces flat upon the groun'.

BOB

Do shut thy lyen chops ! What, dosten mind
 Thy pitchen tome out in Gully-plot,
 A-meaken o' me wait (wast zoo behind)
 A half an hour vor ev'ry pitch I got ?
 An' how didst groun' thy pick ? an' how didst
 quirk
 To get en up on end ? Why hadst hard work
 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 vo'k will beat thee hollor.

SAM

You snub-nos'd flopperchops! I pitch'd so
 quick,
 That thou dost know thou hadst a hardish job
 To teäke in all the pitches off my pick;
 An' dissen zee me groun' en, nother, Bob.
 An' thou bist stronger, thou dost think, than I?
 Girt bandy-lags ! I jist should like to try.
 We'll goo, if thou dost like, an' jist zee which
 Can heave the mwest, or car the biggest nitch.

BOB

There, Sam, do meäke me zick to hear thy
 braggen !
 Why bisseen strong enough to car a flagon.

SAM

You grinnen fool! why I'd zet thee a-blown,
 If thou wast wi' me vor a day a-mowin.
 I'd wear my cwoat, an' thou midst pull thy rags
 off,
 An' then in half a zwath I'd mow thy lags off.

BOB

Thee mow wi' me! Why coossen keep up wi'
 me:
 Why bisseen fit to goo a-vield to skimray,

Or mow down docks an' thistles ! Why I'll bet
A shillèn, Samel, that thou cassen whet.

SAM

Now don't thee zay much mwore than what'st
a-zaid,
Or else I'll knock thee down, heels over head.

BOB

Thou knock me down, indeed ! Why cassen gi'e
A blow half hard enough to kill a bee.

SAM

Well, thou shalt veel upon thy chops and snout.

BOB

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

READEN OV A HEAD-STWONE

AS I wer readen ov a stwone
In Grenley church-yard all alwone,
A little maid ran up, wi' pride
To zee me there, an' push'd a-zide
A bunch o' bennets that did hide
A verse her father, as she zaid,
Put up above her mother's head,
To tell how much he loved her.

The verse wer short, but very good,
I stood an' larn'd en where I stood : —
" Mid God, dear Meäry, gi'e me greäce
To vind, lik' thee, a better pleäce,
Where I woonce mwore mid zee thy feace ;
An' bring thy childern up to know
His word, that they mid come an' show
Thy soul how much I lov'd thee."

" Where's father, then," I zaid, " my chile ?"
" Dead too," she answer'd wi' a smile ;
" An' I an¹ brother Jim do bide
At Betty White's, o' t'other zide
O' road." " Mid He, my chile," I cried,
" That's father to the fatherless,
Become thy father now, an' bless,
An' keep, an' leäd, an' love thee."

Though she've a-lost, I thought, so much,
Still He don't let the thoughts o't touch
Her litsome heart by day or night ;
An' zoo, if we could teäke it right,
Do show He'll meäke his burdens light
To weaker souls, an' that his smile
Is sweet upon a harmless chile,
When they be dead that lov'd it.

A ZONG OV HARVEST HWOME

THE ground is clear. There's nar a ear
O' stannen corn a-left out now,
Vor win' to blow or rain to drow ;
'Tis all up seäfe in barn or mow.
Here's health to them that plough'd an' zow'd;
Here's health to them that reap'd an¹ mow'd,
An' them that had to pitch an' lwoad,
Or tip the rick at Harvest Hworaë.
The happy sight,—the merry night
The metis delight,—the Harvest Hworne.

An' mid noo harm o' vire or storm
Beval the farmer or his com ;
An' ev'ry zack o' zeed gi'e back
A hunderd-vwold so much in barn.
An' mid his Meäker bless his store,
His wife an' all that she've a-bore,
An' keep all evil out o' door.
Vrom Harvest Hwome to Harvest Hwome.
The happy sight,—the merry night,
The men's delight'—the Harvest Hwome.

Mid nothen ill betide the mill,
 As day by day the miller's wheel
 Do dreve his clacks, an' heist his zacks,
 An' vill his bins wi' show'ren meal:
 Mid's water never overflow
 His dousty mill, nor zink too low,
 Vrom now till wheat ageän do grow,
 An' we've another Harvest Hwome.
The happy zight, ~-the merry nighty
The metis delight,—the Harvest Hwome.

Drough cisterns wet an' malt-kiFs het,
 Mid barley pay the maker's pains ;
 An' mid noo hurt bevall the wort,
 A-bweilen vrom the brewer's grains.
 Mid all his beer keep out o' harm
 Vrom bu'sted hoop or thunder storm,
 That we mid have a mug to warm
 Our merry hearts nex' Harvest Hwome.
The happy zight,—the merry night,
The men's delight,—the Hari'est Hwome,

Mid luck an' jay the beäker pay,
 As he do hear his vier roar,
 Or nimby catch his hot white batch,
 A-reekfcn vrom the oven door.

An' mid it never be too high
 Vor our vew zixpences to buy,
 When we do hear our childern cry
 Vor bread, avore nex' Harvest Hwome.
The happy sight,—the merry night,
The meris delight,—the Harvest Hivome.

Wi' jäy o' heart mid shooters start
 The whirren pa'tridges in vlocks ;
 While shots do vlee drough bush an' tree,
 An' dogs do stan' so still as stocks.
 An' let em ramble round the farms
 Wi' guns 'ithin their bended eärms,
 In golden zunsheen free o' storms,
 Reja cen vor the Harvest Hwome.
The happy zight,—the merry nighty
The meris delight,—the Harvest Hwome.

THE WEATHER-BEATEN TREE

THE woaken tree, a-beät at night
By stormy winds wi' all their spite,
Mid toss his lim's, an' ply, an' mwoan,
Wi' unknown struggles all alwone ;
An' when the day do show his head,
A-stripp'd by winds at last a-laid,
How vew mid think that didden zee,
How night-time had a-tried thik tree.

**An' happy vo'k do seldom know
How hard our unknown storms do blow,
The while our heads do slowly bend
Below the trials God do zend,
Like shiv'rtbn bennets, beäre to all
The dreven winds o' dark'nfen fall.
An' zoo in tryen hardships we
Be, lik' the weather-beaten tree.**

But He will never meake our sheare
O' sorrow mwore than we can bear,
But meake us zee, if 'tis His will,
That He can bring us good vrom ill;
As after winter He do bring,
In His good time, the zunny spring,
An' leaves, an' young vo'k vull o' glee
A-dancen roun' the woaken tree.

True love's the ivy that do twine
Unwith'rfen roun' his mossy rine,
When winter's zickly zun do sheen
Upon its leaves o' glossy green,
So patiently a-holden vast
Till storms an'cwold be all a-past,
An' only liven vor to be
A-meåted to the woaken tree.

WHAT DICK ANT I DID

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

Zoo, wi' the ladder vrom the rick,
We stole towards the house,
An' crope in roun' behind en, lik'
A cat upon a mouse.
Then, lookèn roun', Dick whisper'd " How
Is theäse job to be done, min :
Why we do want a faggot now,
Vor stoppèn up the tun, min."

"Stan' still," I answerM ; " I'll teake ceare
 0' that: why dussen zee
 The little grinden stwone out there,
 Below the apple-tree ?
 Put up the ladder j in a crack
 Shalt zee that I wuil run, min,
 An' teäke en up upon my back,
 An' soon stop up the tun, min."

Zoo up I clomb upon the thatch,
 An' clapp'd en on ; an' slided
 Right down ageän, an' run drough hatch,
 Behind the hedge, an' hided.
 The vier that wer clear avore,
 Begun to spweil their fun, min ;
 The smoke all rolt'd toward the door,
 Vor I'd a-stopp'd the tun, min.

The maidens cough'd or stopp'd their breath,
 The men did hauk an' spet;
 The wold vo'k bundled out from he'th
 Wi' eyes a-runnen wet.
 "'Pool choke us all," the wold man cried,
 " Whatever's to be done, min ?
 Why zomeliat is a-vell inside
 0' chimney drough the tun, min.

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

Then off he zet, an' come so quick
'S a lamplighter, an' brote
The little ladder in vrom rick,
To clear the chimney's droat.
While I, a-chucklen at the joke,
A-slided down, to run, min,
To hidelock, had a-left the vo'k
As bad as na'r a tun, min.

THE SETTLE AN' THE GIRT
WOOD VIER

A H ! naighbour John, since I an' you
Wer youngsters, ev'ry thing is new.
My father's viers wer all o' logs
O' cleft-wood, down upon the dogs
Below our clavy, high, an' brode
Enough to teáke a cart an' lwoad,
Where big an' little all zot down
At bwoth zides, an' bevore, all roun\
An' when I zot among em, I
Could zee all up ageiin the sky
Drough chimney, where our vo'k did hitch
The zalt-box an' the beacon vlich,
An' watch the smoke on out o' vier,
All up an' out o' tun, an' higher.
An' there wer beacon up on rack,
An' pleates an' dishes on the tack ;
An' roun' the walls wer hearbs a-stowed
In peapern bags, an' blathers blowed.

An' just above the clavy-bwoard
 Wer father's spurs, an' gun, an' sword ;
 An' there wer then, our girtest pride,
 The settle by the vier zide.

Ah ! gi'e me, if I wer a squier,
 The settle an' the girt wood vier.

But they've a-wall'd up now wi' bricks
 The vier pleâce vor dogs an' sticks,
 An' only left a little hole
 To teiike a little greiite o' coal,
 So small that only twos or drees
 Can jist push in an' warm their knees.
 An' then the carpets they do use,
 Bĕn't fit to tread wi' ouer shoes ;
 An' chairs an' couches be so neat,
 You mussen teake em vor a seat ;
 They be so fine, that vo'k mus' pleâce
 All over em an' outer cease,
 An' then the cover, when 'tis on,
 Is still too fine to loll upon.

Ah ! gi'e me, if I wer a squier,
 The settle an' the girt wood vier.

Carpets, indeed ! You coulden hurt
The stwone-vloor wi' a little dirt;

34 THE SETTLE AN' THE GIRT WOOD VIER

Vor what **wer** brought in doors by men,
The women soon mopp'd out ageän.
Zoo we did come vrom muck an' mire,
An' walk in straight avore the vier ;
But now, a man's a-kept at door
At work a pirty while, avore
He's screap'd an' rubb'd, an' clean and fit
To goo in where his wife do zit.
An' then if he should have a whiff
In there-, 'twould only breed a miff:
He can't smoke there, vor smoke woon't goo
'Ithin the footy little flue.

Ah ! gi'e me, if I wer a squier,
The settle an' the girt wood vier.

MEARY-ANN'S CHILD

MEARY-ANN wer alvvone wi' her beäby in
eärms,

In her house wi' the trees over head,
Vor her husban' wer out in the night an' the
storms,

In his business a-tweilèn vor bread ;
An' she, as the wind in the elems did roar,
Did grievy vor Robert all night out o' door.

An' her kinsvo'k an' nai'bours did zay ov her
chile,

(Under the high elem tree),
That a prettier never did babble or smile
Up o' top ov a proud mother's knee ;
An' his mother did toss en, an' kiss en, an'
call
En her darlèn, an' life, an' her hope, an' her
all

But she vound in the evenen the chile werden
well,

(Under the dark elem tree),

An' she thought she could gi'e all the worold to
tell,

Vor a truth what his ailfen mid be ;

An' she thought o'en last in her prayërs at
night,

An' she look'd at en last as she put out the
light.

An' she vound en grow wo'se in the dead o' the
night,

(Under the dark elem tree),

An' she press'd en ageän her warm bosom so
tight,

An' she rock'd en so sorrowfully;

An' there laid a-nestlèn the poor little bwoy,

Till his struggles grew weak, an' his cries died
away.

An' the moon wer a-sheenen down into the
pleäcè,

(Under the dark elem tree),

An' his mother could zee that his lips an' his
feäce

Wer so white as cleän axen could be ;

An' **her** tongue wer a-tied an' her still heart did
 zwell,
Till her senses come back wi' the vu'st tear that
 veil.

Never mwore can she veel his warm feâce in
 her breast,
 (Under the green elem tree),
Vor his eyes be a-shut, an' his hands be at rest,
 An' he's now vrom his pain a-zet free ;
Vor his soul, we do know, is to heaven a-vled,
Where noo pain is a-known, an' noo tears be
 a-shed.

FATHER COME HWOME

John, Wife, an' Child.

CHILD

O MOTHER, mother! be the teäties done?
Here's father now a-com[^]n down the track.
Hes got his nitch o' wood upon his back,
An' s^uch a speäker in en ! I'll be bound,
He's long enough to reach vrom ground
Up to the top ov ouer tun ;
'Tis jist the very thing vor Jack an' I
To goo a-colepecksen wi' by an' by.

WIFE

The teäties must be ready pretty nigh ;
Do teäke woone up upon the fork an' try.
The ceake upon the vier, too, 's a-burnen,
I be afeärd : do run an' zee, an' turn en.

JOHN

Well, mother! here I be woonce mwore, at
hwome.

WIFE

Ah ! I be very glad you be a-come.
You be a-tired an' cwold enough, I s'pose ;
Zit down an' rest your bwones, an' warm your
nose.

JOHN

Why I be nippy : what is there to eat ?

WIFE

Your supper's nearly ready. I've a got
Some teaties here a-doen in the pot ;
I wish wi' all my heart I had some meat.
I got a little céäke too, here, a-beäken o'n
Upon the vier. 'Tis done by this time though.
He's nice an' moist; vor when I wer a-meäken o'n
I stuck some bits ov apple in the dough.

CHILD

Well, father ; what d'ye think ? The pig got out
This mornen ; an' avore we zeed or heard en,
He run about, an' got out into geärden,
An' routed up the groun' zoo wi' his snout!

JOHN

Now only think o' that! You must contrive
To **keep** en in, or else he'll never thrive.

CHILD

An' father, what d'ye think ? I voun' to-day
The nest where thik wold hen ov pur's do lay :
'Twer out in orcha'd hedge, an' had vive aggs.

WIFE

Lo'k there : how wet you got your veet an' lags !
How did ye get in such a pickle, Jahn ?

JOHN

I broke my hoss, an' been a-fwo'ced to stan'
All's day in mud an' water vor to dig,
An' meäde myzelf so wetshod as a pig.

CHILD

Father, teäke off your shoes then, come, and I
Will bring your wold woones vor ye, nice an' dry.

WIFE

An' have ye got much hedgen mwore to do ?

JOHN

Enough to last vor dree weeks mwore or zoo.

WIFE

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

JOHN

O ees, there'll be some mwore : vor after that,
I got a job o' trenchen to goo at;
An' then zomé trees to shroud, an' wood to veil,—
Zoo I do hope to rub on pretty well
Till zummer time ; an' then I be to cut
The wood an' do the trenchèn by the tut.

CHILD

An' nex' week, father, I'm a-gwain to goo
A-pickèn stwones, d'ye know, vor Farmer True.

WIFE

An' little Jack, you know, 's a-gwain to eärn
A penny too, a-keepèn birds off corn.

JOHN

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

WIFE

She dreppence vor a day, an' 'twopence he.

JOHN

Well, Polly ; thou must work a little spracker
When thou bist out, or else thou wu'ten pick
A dungpot Iwoad o' stwones up very quick.

CHILD

Oh ! yes I shall. But Jack do want a clacker:
An' father, wull ye teäke an' cut
A stick or two to meike his hut.

JOHN

You wench ! why you be always up a-baggèn.
I be too tired now to-night, I'm sure,
To zet a-doèn any mwore :
Zoo I shall goo up out o' the way o' the waggon.

THE MAID VOR MY BRIDE

AH ! don't tell o' maidens ! the woone vor my
bride

Is little lik' too many maïdens bezide,—

Not bran ðen, nor spitevul, nor wild ; sheVe a
mind

To think o' what's right, an' a heart to be kind.

She's straight an' she's slender, but not over
tall,

Wit' lim's that be lightsome, but not over small;

The goodness o' heaven do breathe in her feäce,

An' a queen, to be steätely, must walk wi' her
peäce.

Her frocks be a-meäde all becomen an' plain,

An' cleän as a blossom undimm'd by a stain ;

Her bonnet ha' got but two ribbons, a-tied

Up under her chin, or let down at the zide.

When she do speak to woone, she don't ste&re
 an' grin;
 There's sense in her looks, vrom her eyes to her
 chin,
 An' her words be so kind, an' her speech is so
 meek,
 As her eyes do look down a-beginn&n to speak.

Her skin is so white as a lily, an' each
 Ov her cheäks is so downy an' red as a peach ;
 She's pretty a-zitten ; but oh ! how my love
 Do watch her to madness when woonce she do
 move.

An' when she do walk hwome vrom church
 drough the groun'.
 Wi' woone eärm in mine, an' wi' woone a-hung
 down,
 I do think, an' do veel mwore o' sheáme than o'
 pride,
 That do meake me look ugly to walk by her zide.

Zoo don't talk o' maidens ! the woone vor my
 bride
 Is but little lik' too many maidens bezide,—
 Not branten, nor spitevul, nor wild; she've a mind
 To think o' what's right, an' a heart to be kind.

UNCLE OUT O' DEBT AN' OUT O'
DANGER

EES ; uncle had thik small hwomcstead,
The leiizes an' the bits o' mead,
Besides the orcha'd in his prime,
An' copse-wood vor the winter time.
His wold black meäre, that draw'd his cart,
An' he, wer seldom long apeärt;
Vor he work'd hard an' päid his woy,
An' zung so iitsom as a bwoy,
 As he toss'd an' work'd,
 An' blow'd an' quirk'd,
" I'm out o' debt an' out o' danger,
An' I can feäce a friend or a stranger ;
I've a vist vor friends, an' I'll vind a peá'ir
Vor the vu'st that do meddle wi' me or my
 meare."

His metre's long vlexy vetlocks grow'd
Down roun' her hoofs so black an' brode ;
Her head hung low, her tail reach'd down
A-bobbèn nearly to the groun\

The cwoat that uncle mmostly wore
 Wer long behind an' straight avore,
 An' in his shoes he had girt buckles,
 An' breeches button'd round his huckles 5
 An' he zung wi¹ pride,
 By's wold meare's zide,
 " I'm out o' debt an' out o' danger,
 An' I can feäce a friend or stranger ;
 I've a vist vor friends, an' I'll vind a pe&ir
 Vor the vu'st that do meddle wi' me or my
 meare."

An' he would work,—an' lwoad, an' shoot,
 An' spur his heaps o' dung or zoot;
 Or car out haÿ, to sar his vew
 Milch cows in corners dry an' lew ;
 Or dreve a zyve, or work a pick,
 To pitch or meake his little rick ;
 Or thatch en up wi' straw or zedge,
 Or stop a shard, or gap, in hedge ;
 An' he work'd an' flung
 His eärms, an' zung
 " Pm out 0' debt an' out o' danger,
 An' I can feaee a friend or stranger ;
 I've a vist vor friends, an' I'll vind a peair
 Vor the vu'st that do meddle wi' me or my
 meare."

An' when his méare an' he'd a-done
 Their work, an' tired evVy bwone,
 He zot avore the vier, to spend
 His evenen wi' his wife or friend ;
 An' wi' his lags out-stratch'd vor rest,
 An' woone hand in his wes'coat breast,
 While burnen sticks did hiss an' crack,
 An' fleämes did bleäzy up the back,
 There he zung so proud
 In a bakky cloud,
 " I'm out o' debt an' out o' danger,
 An' I can feäce a friend or stranger ;
 I've a vist vor friends, an' **I'll** vind a peäir
 Vor the vu'st that do meddle wi' me or **my**
 meare."

From market how he used to ride,
 Wi' pot's a-bumpen by his zide
 Wi' things a-bought—but not vor trust,
 Vor what he had he paid vor vu'st;
 An' when he trotted up the yard,
 The calves did bleäry to be sar'd,
 An' pigs did scoat all drough the muck,
 An' geese did hiss, an' hens did cluck ;
 An' he zung aloud,
 So pleased an' proud,

" I'm out o' debt an' out o' danger,
 An' I can feâce a friend or stranger ;
 Pve a vist vor friends, an' I'll vind a peäir
 Vor the vu'st that do meddle wi' me or my
 meare."

When he wer joggèn hwome woone night
 Vrom market, after candle-light,
 (He mid a-took a drop o' beer,
 Or midden, vor he had noo fear,)
 Zome ugly, long-lagg'd, herrèn ribs,
 Jump'd out an' ax'd en vor his dibs ;
 But he soon gi'ed en such a mawlèn,
 That there he left en down a-sprawlèn,
 While he jogg'd along
 Wi' his own wold zong,
 " I'm out o' debt an' out o' danger,
 An' I can feâce a friend or stranger ;
 Pve a vist vor friends, an' I'll vind a peair
 Vor the vu'st that do meddle wi' me or my
 meare."

THE VAICES THAT BE GONE

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

**There's still the tree that bore our swing,
An' others where the birds did zing ;
But long-leav'd docks do overgrow
The groun' we trampled beäre below,
Wi' merry skippèns to an' fro
Beside the banks, where Jim did zit
A-playèn o' the clarinit
To vaices that be gone.**

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

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

JEANE O' GRENLEY MILL

WHEN in happy times we met,
Then by look an' deed I show'd
How my love wer all a-zet

In the smiles that she bestow'd.
She mid have, o' left an' right,
Maidens feairest to the zight ;
I'd a-chose among em still,
Pretty Jeine o' Grenley Mill.

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

Jeäne—a-checkfn ov her love—

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

Me she know'd she lik'd the best.
He wer wild, an' soon run drough
All that he'd a-come into,
Heartlessly a-treaten ill
Pretty Jefne o' Grenley Mill.

Oh ! poor Jenny ! thou'st a-tore

Hopen love vrom my poor heart,
Losen vrom thy own small store,

All the better, sweeter peärt
Hearts a-slighted must vorseäke
Slighters, though a-doom'd to break ;
I must scorn, but love thee still,
Pretty Jeäne o' Grenley Mill.

Oh ! if ever thy soft eyes

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

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

A WITCH

THERE'S thik wold hag, Moll Brown, look
zee, jus' past !

I wish the ugly sly wold witch

Would tumble over into ditch ;

I woulden pull her out not very vast.

No, no. I don't think she's a bit belied,

No, she's a witch, aye, Molly's evil-eyed.

Vor I do know o' many a-withrèn blight

A-cast on vo'k by Molly's muttered spite ;

She did, woone time, a dreadvul deil o' harm

To Farmer GrufTs vo'k, down at Lower Farm.

Vor there, woone day, they happened to offend

her,

An' not a little to their sorrow,

Because they woulden gi'e or lend her

Zome'hat she come to bag or borrow ;

An' zoo, they soon began to vind

That she'd agone an' left behind

Her evil wish that had such pow'r,

That she did meake their milk an' eàle turn zour,

An' addle all the aggs their vovls did lay;
 They coulden vetch the butter in the churn,
 An' all the cheese begun to turn
 Ail back ageän to curds an' whey;
 The little pigs, a-rannen wi' the zow,
 Did zicken, zomehow, noobody know'd how,
 An' vail, an' turn their snouts towkrd the sky.
 An' only gi'e woone little grunt, and die;
 An' all the little ducks an' chicken
 Wer death-struck out in yard a-pickèn
 Their bits o' food, an' veil upon their head,
 An' flapp'd their little wings an' drapp'd down
 dead.
 They coulden fat the calves, they woulden
 thrive;
 They coulden seäve their lambs alive ;
 Their sheep wer all a-coath'd, or gi'ed noo wool;
 The hosses veil away to skin an' bwones,
 An' got so weak they coulden pull
 A half a peck o' stwones :
 The dog got dead-alive an' drowsy,
 The cat veil zick an' woulden mousy;
 An³ every time the vo'k went up to bed,
 They wer a-hag-rod till they wer half dead.
 They us'd to keep her out o' house, 'tis true,
 A-nailen up at door a hosses shoe;
 An' I've a-heard the farmer's wife did try

To dawk a needle or a pin
In drough her wold hard wither'd skin,
An' draw her blood, a-comen by :
But she could never vetch a drap,
For pins would ply an' needless snap
Ageän her skin ; an' that, in coo'se,
Did mäake the hag bewitch em woo'se.

BLACKMWORE MAIDENS

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

**If you could zee their comely gait,
An' pretty feaces' smiles,
A-trippèn on so light o' waight,
An' steppèn off the stiles ;
A-gwain to church, as bells do swing
An' ring 'ithin the tow'r,
You'd own the pretty maidens' pleâce
Is Blackmwore by the Stour.**

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

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

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

THE WAGGON A-STOODED

Dree o'm a-laken eft.

- (1) **W**ELL, here we be, then, wi' the vu'st
poor lwoad
O' vuzz we brought, a-stooded in the road.
- (2) The road, George, no. There's na'r a road.
Triads wrong.
If we'd a road, we mid ha' got along.
- (1) Noo road ! Ees 'tis, the road that we do goo.
- (2) Do goo, George, no. The pleâce we can't
get drough.
- (1) Well, there, the vu'st lwoad we 've a-haul'd
to day
Is here a-stoodèd in theäse bed 0' clay.
Here's rotten groun'! an' how the wheels do
cut!
The little woone's a-nmk up to the nut.
- (3) An' yeet this rotten groun' don't reach a lug.
- (1) Well, come, then, gi'e the plow another tug.

- (2) They meäres wull never pull the waggon out,
A-lwoaded, an' a-stooded in thik rout.
- (3) We'll try. Come, *Smiler*, come! Cup,-
Whitevoot, gee !
- (2) White-voot wi' lags all over mud! Hee!
Hee!
- (3) T'woon't wag. We shall but snap our gear,
An' overstrain the meäres. 'T'woon't wag,
'tis clear.
- (1) That's your work, William. No, in coo'se,
't'woon't wag.
Why did ye drëve en into theäse here quag ?
The vore-wheels be a-zunk above the nuts.
- (3) What then? I coulden leäve the beäten
track,
To turn the waggon over on the back
Ov woone o' theäsem wheel-high emmet-
butts.
If you be sich a drëver, an' do know't,
You drëve the plow, then ; but you'll over-
draw 't.
- (1) I drëve the plow, indeed! Oh ! ees, what,
now

The wheels woon't wag, then, / mid drēve
the plow !

We'd better dig away the groun' below
The wheels. (2) There's na'r a speāde to
dig wi\

(1) An' teāke an' cut a lock o' frith, an' drow
Upon the clay. (2) Nor hook to cut a twig
wi'.

(i) Oh! here's a bwoy a-comèn. Here, my lad,
Dost know vor a'r a speāde, that can be
had?

(B) At father's. (1) Well, where's that? (Boy)
At Sam'el Riddick's.

(1) Well run, an' ax vor woone. Fling up your
heels,
An' mind : a speāde to dig out theiisem
wheels,
An' hook to cut a little lock o' widdicks.

(3) Why, we shall want zix ho'ses, or a dozen,
To pull the waggon out, wi' all theāse
vuzzen.

(1) Well, we mus' lighten en; come, Jeāmes,
then, hop
Upon the lwoad, an' jus' fling off the top.

- (2) If I can clim' em ; but 'tis my consait,
That I shall overzet en wi' my wai'ght.
- (1) You overzet en ! No, Jeämes, he won't vail;
The lwoad's a-built so firm as any wall.
- (2) Here ! lend a hand or shoulder vor my knee
Or voot. I'll scramble to the top an' zee
What I can do. Well, here I be, among
The fakkets, vor a bit, but not vor long.
Heigh, George ! Ha ! ha ! Why this wull
never stand.
Your firm 's a wall, is all so loose as zand ;
'Tis all a-come to pieces. Oh ! Teäke
ceiire !
Ho ! I'm a-vallèn, yuzz an' all ! Haö !
There !
- (1) Lo'k there, thik fellor is a-vell lik' lead,
An' half the fuzzen wi 'n, heels over head !
There's all the vuzz a-lyen lik' a staddle,
An' he a-deftb'd wi' mud. Oh ! Here's a
caddie !
- (3) An' zoo you soon got down zome vuzzen,
Jimmy.
- (2) Ees, I do know 'tis down, I brought it wi'
me.

(3) Your Iwoad, George, **wer** a rather slick-built thing,
 But there, 'twer prickly vor the hands!
 Did sting!

(1) Oh ! ees, d'ye teäke me vor a nincompoop,
 No, no. The Iwoad wer up so firm 's a rock,
 But two o' theäsem emmet-butts would
 knock
 The tightest barrel nearly out o' hoop.

(3) Oh ! now then, here 's the bwoy a-bringfen
 back
 The speäde. Well done, my man. *That*
 idden slack.

(2) Well done, my lad, sha't have a ho'se to ride
 When thou'st a meäre. (Boy) Next neverV
 tide.

(3) Now let's dig out a spit or two
 O' clay, a-vore the little wheels ;
 Oh ! so's, I can't pull up my heels,
 I be a-stogg'd up 'over shoe.

(1) Come, William, dig away! Why you do
 spuddle
 A'most so weak's a child. How you do
 muddle 1

Gi'e me the speäde a-bit. A pig would rout
It out a'most so nimbly wi' his snout.

(3) Oh ! so's, d'ye hear it, then. How we caa
thunder!

How big we be, then George ! what next I
wonder ?

(1) Now, William,. gi'e the waggon woone
mwore twitch.

The wheels be free, an' 'tis a lighter nitch.

(3) Come, *Smiler*, gee! Cup, *White-voot*. (1)
That wull do.

(2) Do wag. (1) Do goo at last. (3) Well
done. 'Tis drough.

(1) Now, William, till you have mwore ho'ses'
lags,

Don't drêve the waggon into théasem quags.

(3) You build your Iwoads up tight enough to
ride.

(1) I can't do less, d'ye know, \vi' you vor guide.

FATHERHOOD

LET en zit, wi' his dog an' his cat,
Wi' their noses a-turn'd to the vier,
An' have all that a man should desire ;
But there idden much reädship in that.
Whether vo'k mid have childern or no,
Wou'dden meäke mighty odds in the main ;
They do bring us mwore jaÿ wi' mwore ho,
An' wi' nwone we've less jaÿ wi' less pain.
We be all lik' a zull's idle sheäre out,
An' shall rust out, unless we do wear out,
Lik' clo-nothèn, rue-nothèn,
Dead alive dumps.

As vor me, why my life idden bound
To my own heart alwone, among men ;
I do live in myzelf, an' ageän
In the lives o' my childern all round :
I do live wi' my bwoy in his play,
An' agean wi' my maid in her zongs ;

An' my heart is a-stirr'd wi' their jay,
 An' would burn at the zight o' their wrongs.
 I ha' hine lives, an' zoo if a half
 O'm do cry, why the rest o'm mid laugh
 Ali so playvully, jaÿvully,
 Happy wi' hope.

T'other night I come hwome a long road,
 When the weather did sting an' did vreeze ;
 An' the snow—vor the day had a-snow'd—
 Wer avroze on the boughs o' the trees ;
 An' my tooes an' my vingers wer num',
 An' my veet wer so lumpy as logs,
 An' my ears wer so red's a cock's cwom' ;
 An' my nose wer so cwold as a dog's ;
 But so soon's I got hwome I vorgot
 Where my limbs wer a-cwold or wer hot,
 When wi' loud cries an' proud cries
 They coll'd me so cwold.

Vor the vu'st that I happen'd to meet
 Come to pull my girtcwoat vrom my eärm,
 An' another did rub my feâce warm,
 An' another hot-slipper'd my veet;
 While their mother did cast on a stick,
 Vor to **keep the red** vter alive ;

An' they all come so busy an' thick
 As the bees vlee-èn into their hive,
 An' they meäde me so happy an' proud,
 That my heart could ha' crowed out a-loud ;
 They did tweil zoo, an' smile zoo,
 An' coll me so cwold.

As I zot wi' my teacup, at rest,
 There I pull'd out the tays I did bring ;
 Men a-kickèn, a-wagg'd wi' a string,
 An' goggle-ey'd dolls to be drest;
 An' oh ! vrom the childern there sprung
 Such a charm when they handled their tay's,
 That vor pleasure the bigger woones wrung
 Their two hands at the zight o' their jay's ;
 As the bwoys' bigger vaices veil in
 Wi' the maidens a-titteren thin,
 An' their dancèn an' prancèn,
 An' little mouth's laughs.

Though 'tis hard stripes to breed em all up,
 If I'm only a-blest vrom above,
 They'll meäke me amends wi' their love,
 Vor their pillow, their pleäte, an' their cup ;
 Though I shall be never a-spweil'd
 Wi' the sarvice that money can buy ;

Still the hands ov a wife an' a child
 Be the blessens ov low or ov high ;
An' if there be mouths to be ved,
He that zent em can zend me their bread,
 An' will smile on the chile
 That's a-new on the knee.

THE YOUNG THAT DIED IN
BEAUTY

IF souls should only sheen so bright
In heaven as in e'thly light,
An' nothen better wer the cease,
How comely still, in sheäpe an' feäce,
Would many reach thik happy pleäce,—
The hopeful souls that in their prime
Ha' seem'd a-took avore their time —
The young that died in beauty.

But when woone's lim's ha' lost their strangh.
A-tweilen drough a lifetime's langth,
An' over cheeks a-grownen wold
The slowly-weasten years ha' rolled,
The deep'nen wrinkle's hollow vwold ;
When life is ripe, then death do call
Vor less ov thought, than when do vail
On young vo'ks in their beauty.

But pinèn souls, wi' heads a-hung
 In heavy sorrow vor thè young,
 The sister ov the brother dead,
 The father wi' a child a-vled,
 The husband when his bride ha' laid
 Her head at rest, noo mwore to turn,
 Have all a-vound the time to murn
 Vor youth that died in beauty.

An' yeet the church, where prayer do rise
 Vrom thoughtvul souls, wi' downcast eyes.
 An' village greens, a-beiit half beäre
 By dancers that do meet, an' weftr
 Such merry looks at feäst an' feäir,
 Do gather under leättest skies,
 Their bloomèn cheäks an' sparklèn eyes,
 Though young ha' died in beauty.

But still the dead shall mwore than keep
 The beauty ov their early sleep ;
 Where comely looks shall never weär
 Uncomely, under tweil an' ceare.
 The feäir at death be always feäir,
 Still feäir to livers' thought an' love,
 An' feäirer still to God above,
 Than when they died in beauty.

MINDEN HOUSE

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

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

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

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

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

How strangely things be brought about
By Providence, noo tongue can tell,
She minded house, when vole wer out,
An' zoo mus' bid the house farewell;
The bees mid hum, the clock mid call
The lwonesome hours 'ithin the hall,
But in behind the woaken door,
There's now noo mwore a Fanny Deane.

OUR FATHERS' WORKS

AH ! I do think, as I do tread
Theäse path, wi' elems overhead,
A-climen slowly up vrom Bridge,
By easy steps, to Broadwoak Ridge,
That all theäse roads that we do bruise
Wi' bosses' shoes, or heavy lwoads ;
An' hedges' bands, where trees in row
Do rise an' grow aroun' the lands,
Be works that we've a-vound a-wrought
By our vorefathers' ceäre an' thought.

They clear'd the groun' vor grass to teäke
The pleäce that bore the brembie breäke,
An' dra'in'd the fen, where water spread,
A-lyen dead, a beane to men ;
An' built the mill, where still the wheel
Do grind our meal, below the hill ;
An' turn'd the bridge, wi' arch a-spread,
Below a road, vor us to tread.

They vound a pleâce, where we mid seek
The gifts o' greâce vrom week to week ;
An' built wi' stwone, upon the hill,
A tow'r we still do call our own ;
With bells to use, an' me&ke rejaice, .
Wi' giant va'ice, at our good news :
An' lifted stwones an' beams to keep
The rain an' cwold vrom us asleep.

Zoo now mid nwone ov us vorget
The pattern our vorefathers zet ;
But each be fain to underteäke
Some work to meäke vor others' gain,
That we mid leäve mwore good to sheiire
Less ills to bear, less souls to grieve,
An' when our hands do vail to rest,
It mid be vrom a work a-blest.

BLEAKE'S HOUSE IN BLACKMWORE

JOHN BLEÄKE he had a bit o' ground
Come to en by his mother's zide ;
An' after that, two hunderd pound
His uncle left en when he died ;
" Well now," cried John, " my mind's a-bent
To build a house, an' pay noo rent."
An' Meary gi'ed en her consent.
" Do, do,"—the maidens cried ;
" True, true,"—his wife replied.
" Done, done,—a house o' brick or stwone,"
Cried merry Bleäke o' Blackmwore.

Then John he call'd vor men o' sk
An' builders answer'd to his call ;
An' met to reckon, each his bill ;
Vor vloer an' window, ruf an' wall.
An' woone did mark it on the groun',
An' woone did think, an' scratch his crown,
An' reckon work, an' write it down :

" Zoo, zoo,"—woone treädesman cried,
 " True, true,"—woone mwore replied.
 " Aye, aye,—good work, an' have good pay,"
 Cried merry Bleäke o' Blackmwore.

The work begun, an' trowels rung,
 An' up the brickèn wall did rise,
 An' up the slantèn refters sprung,
 Wi' busy blows, an' lusty cries I
 An' woone brought planks to meäke a vloor,
 An' woone did come wi' durns or door,
 An' woone did zaw, an' woone did bore.
 " Brick, brick,—there down below,
 Quick, quick,—why b'ye so slow ? "
 " Lime, lime,—why we do weiiste the time,
 rry Bleäke o' Blackmwore."

ver up vrom gróan' to tun,
 agean the rainy sky,
 to the noonday zun,
 e rushy Stour do wander by.
 'n coo'se he had a pworch to screen
 The inside door, when win's wer keen,
 An' out avore the pworch, a green.
 " Here ! here ! "—the childern cried :
 " Dear ! dear ! "—the wife replied

" There, there,—the house is perty feair,"
Cried merry Bleake o' Blackmwore.

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

Then John, a-prais'd, flung up his crown,
All back a-laughen in a roar.
They prais'd his wife, an' she look'd down
A-simperen towards the vloor.
Then up they sprung a-dancen reels,
An' up went tooes, an' up went heels,
A-winden roun' in knots an' wheels.
" Brisk, brisk,"—the maidens cried ;
" Frisk, frisk,"—the men replied ;
" Quick, quick,—there wi' your fiddle-stick,"
Cried merry Bleake o' Blackmwore,

An' when the morrow's zun did sheen,
John Bleäke beheld, wi' jaÿ an' pride,
His brickèn house, an' pworch, an' green,
Above the Stour's rushy zide.

The zwallows left the Iwonesome groves,
To build below the thatchèn oves

An' robins come vor crumbs o' lwoaves :

" Tweet, tweet,"—the birds all cried ;

" Sweet, sweet,"—John's wife replied ;

" Dad, dad,"—the childern cried so glad,

To merry Bleake o' Blackmwore.

THE SLANTEN LIGHT O' FALL

AH ! Jeäne, my maid, I stood to you,
When you wer christen'd, small an' light,
Wi' tiny eärms o' red an' blue,
A-hangèn in your robe o' white.
We brought ye to the hallow'd stwone,
Vor Christ to teiike ye vor his own,
When harvest work wer all a-done,
An' time brought round October zun—
The slantèn light o' Fall.

An' I can mind the wind wer rough,
An' gather'd clouds, but brought noo storms,
An' you did nessel warm enough,
'Ithin your smißen mother's eärms.
The whindlèn grass did quiver light,
Among the stubble, feäded white,
An' if at times the zunlight broke
Upon the ground, or on the vo'k,
'Twer slanten light o' Fall.

An' when we brought ye drough the door
 O' Knapton Church, a child o' greäce,
 There cluster'd round a'most a score
 O' vo'k to zee your tiny feäce.
 An' there we all did veel so prou'd,
 To zee an' op'nen in the cloud,
 An' then a stream o' light break drough,
 A-sheen'en brightly down on you—
 The slantfen light o' Fall.

But now your time's a-come to stand
 In church, a-blushen at my zide,
 The while a bridegroom vrom my hand
 Ha' took ye vor his faithvul bride.
 Your christen neäme we gi'd ye here,
 When Fall did cool the weasten year ;
 An' now, agean, we brought ye drough
 The doorway, wi' your surneäme new,
 In slanten light o' Fall.

An' zoo vur, Jeane, your life is feair,
 An' God ha' been your steadvast friend,
 An' mid ye have mwore ja'y than ceäre,
 Vor ever, till your journey's end'

*An' I've a-watch'd ye on wi' pride,
But now I soon mus' leave your zide,
Vor you ha' still life's spring-tide zun,
But my life, Jeäne, is now a-run
To slanten light o' Fall.*

THE SHY MAN

AH ! good Meäster Gwillet, that you mid ha'
know'd,

Wer a-bred up at Coomb, an' went little abroad ;
An' if he got in among strangers, he velt
His poor heart in a twitter, an' ready to melt ;
Or if, by ill luck, in his rambles, he met
Wi' zome maidens a-titt'rèn, he burn'd wi' a het,
That shot all drough the linVs o'n, an' left a
cwold zweet,

The poor little chap wer so shy,
He wer ready to drap, an' to die.

But at last Hwer the lot o' the poor little man
To vail deeply in love, as the best ov us can ;
An' 'twer noo easy task vor a shy man to tell
Sich a dazzlèn feàir maid that he loved her so
well ;
An' jwoone day when he met her, his knees
nearly smote

Woone another, an¹ then wi' a struggle he bro't
A vew vords to his tongue, wi' some mwore in
his droat.

But she, 'ithout doubt, could soon vind
Vrom two words that come out, zix behind.

Zoo at iangth, when he vound her so smilen an'
kind,
Why he wrote her zome lains, vor to tell her his
mind,
Though 'twer then a hard task vor a man that
wer shy,
To be married in church, wi' a crowd stannèn
by.
But he twold her woone day, " I have housen an'
lands,
We could marry by licence, if you don't like
banns,"
An' he cover'd his eyes up wi' woone ov his ban's,
Vor his head seem'd to zwim as he spoke,
An' the air look'd so dim as a smoke.

Well! he vound a good naighbour to goo in his
pleäce
Vor to buy the goold ring, vor he hadden the
feace.

An' when he went up vor to put in **the banns**,
He did sheake in his lags, an' did sheake in his
han's.

Then they ax'd vor her neäme, an' her parish or
town,

An' he gi'ed 'em a leaf, wi' her neäme a-wrote
down;

Vor he coulden ha' twold 'em outright, vor a
poun',

Vor his tongue wer so weak an' so loose,
When he wanted to speak 'twere noo use.

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

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

He could all but ha' wish'd that he hadden a-
come.

The bride wer a-smilfen as fresh as a rrose,
An' when he come wi' her, an' show'd his poor
nose,

All the little bwoys shouted, an' cried " There he
goes,"

" There he goes." Oh I vor his peart he velt
As if the poor heart o'n would melt.

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

FALSE FRIENDS-LIKE

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

THE BACHELOR

NO ! I don't begrudge en his life,
Nor his goold, nor his housen, nor lands ;
Teake all o't, an' gi'e me my wife,
A wife's be the cheapest ov hands.
Lie alwone ! sigh alwone ! die alwone !
Then be vorgot.
No ! I be content wi' my lot.

Ah ! where be the vingers so feäir,
Vor to pat en so soft on the feäce,
To mend ev'ry stitch that do tear,
An' keep ev'ry button in pleäce ?
Crack a-tore ! brack a-tore ! back a-tore !
Buttons a-vled!
Vor want ov a wife wi' her thread.

Ah ! where is the sweet-perty head
 That do nod till he's gone out o' zight ?
 An' where be the two eärms a-spread,
 To show en he's welcome at night ?
 Dine alwone! pine alwone ! whine alwone!
 Oh ! what a life !
 Til have a friend in a wife.

An' when vrom a meeten o' me'th
 Each husban''do leäd hworne his bride,
 Then he do slink hwome to his he'th,
 Wi' his earm a-hung down his cwold zide.
 Slinken on ! blinken on ! thinkfen on !
 Gloomy an' glum ;
 Nothèn but dullness to come.

An' when he do onlock his door,
 Do rumble as hollow's a drum,
 An' the vearies a-hid roun' the vloor,
 Do grin vor to see en so glum.
 Keep alwone I sleep alwone I weep alwone !
 There let en bide,
 I'll have a wife at my zide.

But when he's a-laid on his bed

In a zickness, O, what wull he do !

Vor **the** hands that would lift up his head,

An' sheake up his pillor anew.

Ills to come ! pills to come ! bills to come!

Noo soul to sheäre

The trials the poor wratch must bear.

THE WIFE A-LOST

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

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

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

Since I do miss your vaice an' feiice
In pray'er at eventide,
I'll pray wi' woone said vaice vor greäce
To goo where you do bide ;
Above the tree an' bough, my love,
Where you be gone avore,
An' be a-waiten vor me now,
To come vor evermwore.

VO'K A-COMEN INTO CHURCH

THE church do zeem a touchen zight,
When vo'k, a-comen in at door,
Do softly tread the long-ail'd vloer
Below the pillar'd arches' height,
Wi' bells a-peaten,
Vo'k a-kneelèn,
Hearts a-healen, wi' the love
An' peace a-zent 'em vrom above.

**An' there, wi' mild an' thoughtvul feãce,
Wi' downcast eyes, an' va'ices dum',
The wold an' young do slowly come,
An' teake in stillness each his pleace,
A-zinken slowly,
Kneeten lowly,
Seeken holy thoughts alwone,
In pray'r avore their Meaker's throne.**

An' there be sons in youthvul pride,
An' fathers weak wi' years an' pain,
An' daughters in their mother's train,
The tall wi' smaller at their zide ;
Heads in murnèn
Never turnèn,
Cheäks a-burnèn, wi' the het
O' youth, an' eyes noo tears do wet.

There friends do settle, zide by zide,
The knower speechless to the known ;
Their vaice is there vor God alwone
To flesh an' blood their tongues be tied.
Grief a-wringèn,
Jaÿ a-zingèn,
Pray'r a-bringèn welcome rest
So softly to the troubled breast.

GAMMONY GAY

OH ! thik Gammony Gay is so droll,
That if he's at hwome by the he'th,
Or wi' vo'k out o' door, he's the soul
C the meeten vor antics an' me'th ;
He do cast off the thoughts ov ill luck
As the water's a-shot vrom a duck ;
He do zing where his naighbours would cry—
He do laugh where the rest o's would sigh :
Noo other's so merry o' feice,
In the pleâce, as Gammony Gay.

An' o' workèn days, Oh ! he do wear
Such a funny roun' hat—you mid know't—
Wi' a brim all a-strout roun' his heàir,
An' his glissenèn eyes down below't ;
An' a cwoat wi' broad skirts that do vlee
In the wind ov his walk, round his knee ;

An' a peair o' girt pockets lik' bags,
 That do swing an' do bob at his lags :
 While me'th do walk out drough the pleâce,
 In the feâce o' Gammony Gaÿ.

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

An' when he do whissel or hum,
 'Tthout thinken o' what he's a-doen,
 He'll beät his own lags vor a drum,
 An' bob his gay head to the tuèn ;
 Añ' then you mid zee, 'etween whiles,
 His feâce all alive wi' his smiles,
 An' his gay-breathen bozom do rise,
 An' his me'th do sheen out ov his eyes :
 An' at last to have praise or have bleäme,
 Is the seäme to Gammony Gaÿ.

When he drove his wold cart out, an' broke
 The nut o' the wheel at a butt,
 There wer " woo'se things," he cried, wi' a joke,
 " To grieve at than crackfen a nut."
 An' when he tipp'd over a lwoad
 Ov his reed-sheaves woone day on the rwoad,
 Then he spet in his han's, out o' sleeves,
 An' whissel'd, an' flung up his sheaves,
 As very vew others can wag,
 Eärm or lag, but Gammony Gay.

He wer wi' us woone night when the band
 Wer a-come vor to gi'e us a hop,
 An' he pulVd Grammer out by the hand
 All down drough the dance vrom the top ;
 An' Grammer did hobble an' squall,
 Wi' Gammon a-leaden the ball;
 While Gammon did sheäke up his knee
 An' his voot, an' zing " Diddle-ee-dee !"
 An' we laugh'd ourzelves all out o' breath
 At the me'th o' Gammony Gay.

When our tun wer' o' vier he rod
 Out to help us, an' meäde us sich fun,
 Vo'he clomb up to dreve in a wad
 O' wet thorns, to the he'th, vrom the tun ;

An' there he did stamp wi' his voot,
To push down the thorns an' the zoot,
Till at last down the chimney's black wall
Went the wad, an' poor Gammon an' all:
An' seafe on the he'th, wi' a grin
On his chin pitch'd Gammony Gay.

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

PRAISE O' DO'SET

WE Do'set, though we mid be hwomely,
Be'nt asheäm'd to own our pleäce ;
An' we've zome women not uncomely;
Nor asheäm'd to show their feäce :
We've a meäd or two wo'th mowèn,
WéVe an ox or two wo'th showèn,
In the village,
At the tillage,
Come along an' you shall vind
That Do'set men don't sheäme their kind.
Friend an' wife,
Fäthers, mothers, sisters, brothers,
Happy, happy, be their life !
Vor Do'set dear,
Then gi'e woone cheer;
D'ye hear ? woone cheer !

If you in Do'set be a-roamèn,
An' ha' business at a farm,

Then woon't ye zee your eale a-foamen !

Or your cider down to warm ?

Woon't ye have brown bread a-put ye,

An' some vinny cheese a-cut ye ?

Butter?—rolls o't!

Cream ?—why bowls o't !

Woon't ye have, in short, your vill,

A-gi'ed wi' a right good will ?

Friend an' wife,

Fathers, mothers, sisters, brothers,

Happy, happy, be their life !

Vor Do'set dear,

Then gi'e woone cheer ;

D'ye hear ? woone cheer !

An' woon't ye have vor ev'ry shillen,

Shilten's wo'th at any shop,

Though Do'set chaps be up to zellen,

An' can meäke a tidy swop ?

Use 'em well, they'll use you better ;

In good turns they woon't be debtor.

An' so comely,

An' so hwomely,

Be the maidens, if your son

Took woone o'm, then you'd cry " Well done !"

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

If you do zee our good men travel,
 Down a-voot, or on their metres,
 Along the windfen leanes o' gravel,
 To the markets or the feäirs,—
 Though their ho'ses cwoats be ragged,
 Though the men be muddy-lagged,
 Be they roughish,
 Be they gruffish,
 They be sound, an' they will stand
 By what is right wi' heart an' hand.
 Friend an' wife,
 Fathers, mothers, sisters, brothers,
 Happy, happy, be their life !
 Vor Do'set dear,
 Then gie' woone cheer ;
 D'ye hear? woone cheer !

WOAK HILL

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

IN THE SPRING

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

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

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

O light-rollen wind blow me hither
The vaice ov her talken,
Or bring vrom her veet the light doust
She do tread in the Spring.

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

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

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

THE CHILD AN¹ THE MOWERS

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

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

Then they laid en there-right on the ground,
 On a grass-heap, a-zweltren wr¹ het,
 Wi' his heäir all a-wëtted around
 His young feece, wi' the big drops o' zweat;
 In his little left palm he'd a-zet,
 Wi' his right hand, his vore-vinger's tip,
 As for zome'hat he woulden vorget,—
 Aye I zome thought that he woulden let slip.

Then they took en in hworne to his bed,
 An' he rose vron his pillow noo mwore,
 Vor the curls on his sleek little head
 To be blown by the wind out o' door.
 Vor he died while the häy russled grey
 On the staddle so leately begun :
 Lik' the mown-grass a-dried by the day,—
 Aye ! the zwath-flow'r's a-killed by the zun.

THE HUMSTRUM

WHY woonce, at Chris'mas-tide, avore
The wold year wer a-reckon'd out'
The humstrums here did come about,
A-soundèn up at ev'ry door.

But now a bow do never screiipc

A hum strum, any where all round,
An¹ zome can't tell a humstrum's sheiipc,

An' never heärd his jinglèn sound.
As *ing-an-ing* did ring the string,
As *ang-an-ang* the wires did clang.

The strings a-tighten'd lik' to crack

Athirt the canister's tin zide,
Did reach, a glitt'rèn, zide by zide,
Above the humstrum's hollow back.

An' there the bwoy, wr' bended stick,

A-strung wi' heäir, to meäke a bow,
Did dreve his elbow, light'nèn quick,

Athirt the strings from high to low.
As *ing-an-ing* did ring the string,
As *ang-an-ang* the wires did clang.

The mother there did stan' an' hush
Her child, to hear the jinglea sound,
The merry maid, a-scrubbèn round
Her white-steaVd pail, did stop her brush.
The mis'ess there, vor wold time's seäke,
 Had gifts to gi'e, and smiles to show,
An' meäster, too, did stan' an' sheäke
 His two broad zides, a-chucklèn low,
While *ing-an-ing* did ring the string,
While *ang-an-ang* the wires did clang.

The players' pockets wer a-strout,
Wi' wold brown pence, a-rottlèn in,
Their zwangèn bags did soon begin,
Wi' brocks an' scraps, to plim well out.
The childern all did run an' poke
 Their heads vrom hatch or door, an' shout
A-runnèn back to woider vo'k.
 Why, here ! the humstrums be about!
As *ing-an-ing* did ring the string,
As *ang-an-ang* the wires did clang.

MY LOVE IS GOOD

MY love is good, my love is feäir,
She's comely to behold, O,
In ev'rything that she do wear,
Altho' 'tis new or wold, O.
My heart do leäp to see her walk,
So straight do step her veet, O,
My tongue is dura' to hear her talk,
Her vaice do sound so sweet, O.
The flow'ry groun' wi' floor o' green
Do bear but vew, so good an' true.

When she do zit, **then she do seem**
The feäirest to my zight, O,
Till she do stan' an' I do deem,
She's feäirest at her height, O.
An' she do sefem 'ithin a room
The feäirest on a floor, O,
Till I ageän do zee her bloom
Still feäirer out o' door, O.
Where flow'ry groun' wi' floor o' green
Do bear but vew, so good an' true.

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

I wish I had my own free land
 To keep a hò'se to ride, O,
I wish I had a ho'se in hand
 To ride en at her zide, O.
Vor if I wer as high in rank
 As any duke or lord, O,
Or had the goold the richest bank
 Can shovel from his horde, O,
I'd love her still, if even then
She wer a leaser in a glen.

DONT CEÄRE

AT the feäst, I do mind very well, all the vo'ks
Wer a-took in a happerèn storm,
But we chaps took the maidens, an' kept 'em wi'
clokes

Under shelter, all dry an' all warm ;
An' to my lot veil Jéane, that's my bride,
That did titter, a-hung at my zide ;
Zaid her aunt, " Why the vo'k 'ull talk finely o'
you,"
An', cried she, " I don't ceäre if they do."

When the time o' the feäst wer ageän a-come
round,

An' the vo'k wer a-gather'd woonce mwore,
Why she guess'd if she went there, she'd soon
be a-vound

An' a-took seäfely hwome to her door.
Zaid her mother, " 'Tis sure to be wet."
Zaid her cousin, "'T'ull raïn by zunzet."

Zaid her aunt, " Why the clouds there do look
black an' blue,"

An', said she, " ! don't ceare if they do."

An' at last, when she own'd I mid mesike her
my bride,

Vor to help me, an' sheäre all my lot,
An' wi' faithvulness keep all her life at my zide,
Though my way mid be happy or not.

Zaid her naighbours, " Why wedlock's a clog,
An' a wife's a-tied up lik' a dog."

Zaid her aunt, " You'll vind trials enough vor to
rue,"

An', zaid she, " I don't ceäre if I do."

Now she's married, an' still in the midst ov her
tweils

She's as happy's the daylight is long,
She do goo out abroad wi' her feice vull o' smiles,
An' do work in the house wi' a zong.

An', zays woone, "She don't grieve, you can tell."

Zays another, " Why, don't she look well!"

Zays her aunt, " Why the young vo'k do envy
you two,"

An', zays she, " i don't ceäre if they do."

Now vor me I can zing in my business abrode,
Though the storm do beät down on my poll,
There's a wife-brighten'd vier at the end o' my
road,

An' her love vor the jaÿ o' my soul.
Out o' door I wi' rogues mid be tried :
Out o' door be brow-beäten wi' pride ;
Men mid scowl out o' door, if my wife is but
true—

Let em scowl, " I don't ceäre if they do."

THE TURNSTILE

AH ! sad wer we as we did peâce
The wold church road, wi' downcast feâce,
The while the bells, that mwoan'd so deep
Above our child a-left asleep,
Wer now a-zingēn all alive
Wi' t'other bells to meake the vive.
But up at woone pleâce we come by,
'Twer hard to keep woone's two eyes dry :
On Stean-cliff road, 'ithin the drong,
Up where, as vo'k do pass along,
The turnēn stile, a-painted white,
Do sheen by day an' show by night.
Vor always there, as we did goo
To church, thik stile did let us drough,
Wi' spreadēn earms that wheel'd to guide
Us each in turn to t'other tide.
An' vu'st ov all the train he took
My wife, wi' winsome gait an' look ;
An' then zent on my little maid,
A-skippen onward, overjay'd

To reach ageän the pleáce o' pride,
Her comely mother's left han' zide.
An' then, a-wheelèn roun', he took
On me, 'ithin his third white nook.
An' in the fourth, a-sheákèn wild,
He zent us on our giddy child.
But eesterday he guided slow
My downcast Jenny, vull o' woe,
An' then my little maid in black,
A-walkèn softly on her track ;
An' after he'd a-turn'd ageän,
To let me goo along the lerine,
He had noo little bwoy to vill
His last white efirms, an' they stood still.

JOHN BLOOM IN LON'ON

{All true}

JOHN BLOOM he wer a jolly soul,
A grinder o' the best o' meal,
Beside a river that did roll,
Vrom week to week, to push his wheel.
His flour wer all a-meäde o' wheat;
An' fit for bread that vo'k mid eat;
Vor he would starve avore he'd cheat.
" 'Tis pure," woone woman cried ;
" Aye, sure," woone mwore replied ;
" You'll vind it nice. Buy woonce, buy twice,"
Cried worthy Bloom the miller.

Athirt the chest he wer so wide
As two or dree ov me or you.
An' wider still vrom zide to zide,
An' I do think still thicker drough.
Vail down, he coulden, he did lie
When he wer up on-zide so high
As up on-end or perty nigh.

" Meike room," woone naighbour cried ;
 " 'Tis BlooIn," woone mwore replied ;
 " Good morn t'ye all, bwoth girt an' small/'
 Cried worthy Bloom the miller.

Noo stings o' conscience ever broke
 His rest, a-twitèn o'n wi' wrong,
 Zoo he did sleep till morn&n broke,
 An' birds did call en wi' their zong.
 But he did love a harmless joke,
 An' love his evenèn whiff o' smoke,
 A-zittèn in his cheiir o' woak.
 " Your cup," his daughter cried ;
 " Vill'd up," his wife replied ;
 " Aye, aye ; a drap avore my nap,"
 Cried worthy Bloom the miller.

When Lon'on vo'k did meäke a show
 O' their girt glassen house woone year,
 An' people went, bwoth high an' low,
 To zee the zight, vrom vur an' near,
 "O well," cried Bloom, "why I've a right
 So well's the rest to zee the zight;
 I'll goo, and teäke the rail outright."
 " Your feare," the booker cried ;
 " There, there," good Bloom replied ;

" Why this June het do meäke woone zweet,"
Cried worthy Bloom the miller.

Then up the guard did whissle sh'ill,
An' then the engine pank'd a-blast,
An' rottled on so loud's a mill,
Avore the train, vrom slow to vast.
An' oh ! at last how they did spank
By cuttfn deep, an' high-cast bank
The while their iron ho'se did pank.
" Do whizzy," woone o'm cried ;
" I'm dizzy," woone replied ;
" Aye, here's the road to hawl a Iwoad,"
Cried worthy Bloom the miller.

In Lon'on John zent out to call
A tidy trap, that he mid ride
To zee the glassen house, an' all
The lot o' things a-stow'd inside.
" Here, Boots, come here," cried he, " I'll dab
A sixpence in your han' to nab
Down street a tidy little cab."
" A feäre," the boots then cried ;
" I'm there," the man replied.
" The glassen pleâce, your quickest peâce,"
Cried worthy Bloom the miller.

The steps went down wi' rottlèn slap,
The zwingèn door went open wide :
Wide ? no ; vor when the worthy chap
Stepp'd up to teàke his pleàce inside,
Breast-foremost, he wer twice too wide
Vor thik there door. An' then he tried
To edge in woone an' t'other zide.
" 'Twon't do," the drever cried ;
" Can't goo," good Bloom replied ;
"That you should bring theäse vooty thing !"
Cried worthy Bloom the miller.

" Come," cried the drever. " Pay your feäre
You'll teàke up all my time, good man."
"Well," answer'd Bloom, "to meàke that square,
You teàke up me, then, if you can."
" I come at call," the man did nod.
"What then?" cried Bloom, " I han't a-rod,
An' can't in thik there hodmadod."
" Girt lump," the drever cried ;
" Small stump," good Bloom replied ;
" A little mite, to meàke so light,
O' jolly Bloom the miller."

" You'd best be off now perty quick,"
Cried Bloom, " an' vind a lighter lwoad,

Or else I'll vetch my voot, an' kick

The vooty thing athirt the road."

"Who is the man?" they cried, "meiike room/"

"A halfstatv'd Do'set man," cried Bloom ;

"You be ? " another cried ;

"Hee ! Hee !" woone mwore replied.

"Aye, shrunk so thin, to bwone an' skin,"

Cried worthy Bloom the miller.

A LOT O' MAÏDENS A-RUNNEN
THE VIELDS'

"COME on. Be sprack, a-laggèn back."
" Oh ! be there any cows to hook ? "

" Lauk she's afraid, a silly maid, "

Cows ? No, the cows be down by brook.

" O here then, oh ! here is a lot. "

" A lot o' what? what is it? what? "

" Why blackberries, as thick

As ever they can stick. "

" I've dewberries, oh ! twice

As good as they ; so nice. "

" Look here. Thease boughs be all but blue

Wi' snags. "

" Oh ! gi'e me down a vew. "

" Come here, oh ! do but look. "

" What's that ? what is it now ? "

" Why nuts a-slippèn shell. "

' The idea, though but little of the substance, of **this poem**, will be found in a little Italian poem called *Caccia*, written by Franco Sacchetti.

" Hee ! hee ! pull down the bough."

" I wish I had a crook."

" There, zome o'm be a-vell."

(One sings)

" I wish I was on Bimport Hill,
I would zit down and cry my vill."

" Hee ! hee ! there's Jenny zomewhere nigh,
A-zingen that she'd like to cry."

(Jenny sings)

" I would zit down and cry my vill
Until my tears would dreve a mill."

" Oh ! here's an ugly crawlen thing,
A sneake." " A sloworm ; he won't sting."

" Hee ! hee ! how she did squal an' hop,
A-spinnen roun' so quick's a top."

" Look here, oh ! quick, be quick."

" What is it? what then? where?"

" A rabbit." " No, a heare."

" Ooh ! ooh ! the thorns do prick."

" How he did scote along the ground
As if he wer avore a hound."

" Now, mind the thistles." " Hee, hee, hee,
Why they be knapweeds."

" No." "They be."

" I've zome'hat in my shoe."

" Zit down, an' sheiike it out."

" Oh ! emmets, oh ! ooh, ooh,

A-crawl6n all about."

" What bird is that ? O barken, hush.

How sweetly he do zing."

" A nightingeäle." " La ! no, a drush."

" Oh ! here's a funny thing."

" Oh ! how the bull do hook,

An' blette, an' fling the dirt."

" Oh ! won't he come athirt?"

" No, he's beyond the brook."

' O lauk ! a hornet rose

Up clwose avore my nose."

" Oh ! what wer that so white

Rush'd out o' thik tree's top ?"

" An owl." " How I did hop,

How I do sheäke wi' fright."

" A musherom." " O lau !

A twoadstool! Pwoison ! Augh."

" What's that, a mouse ?"

" O no,

Teäke ceäre, why 'tis a shrow."

" Be sure don't let en come

An' run athirt your shoe

He'll meake your voot so numb

That you won't veel a tooe." '

" Oh ! what wer that so loud

' The folklore is, that if a shrew-mouse run over a person's foot, it will lame him.

A-rumblèn ? " " Why, a clap
 O' thunder. Here's a cloud
 O' rain. I veel a drap."
 " A thunderstorm. Do rain.
 Run hwome wi' might an' main."
 " Hee ! hee ! oh ! there's a drop
 A-trickled down my back. Hee ! hee !"
 " My head's as wet's a mop."
 " Oh ! thunder." "There's a crack. Oh ! Oh !"
 " Oh ! I've a-got the stitch, Oh !"
 " Oh ! I Ve a-lost my shoe, Oh ! "
 "There's Fanny into ditch, Oh !"
 " I'm wet all drough an' drough, Oh !"

THE MOTHER'S DREAM

I'D a dream to-night
As I veil asleep
Oh! the touchèn zight
Still do meiike me weep,—
Ov my little bwoy
That's a-took away ;
Aye, about my joy
I wer not to keep.

As in heaven high
I my child did seek,
There, in train, come by
Children feäir an' meek ;
Each in lilywhite,
Wi' a lamp alight
Each wer clear to zight,
But noo words did speak.

Then a-lookèn sad

 Come my child in turn ;

But the lamp he had

 Oh ! he didden burn ;

He, to clear my doubt,

Zaid, a-turn'd about,

Your tears put en out ;

 Mother, never murn.

THE GEATE A-VALLEN TO

IN the sunsheen of our summers
Wi' the hay time now a-come,
How busy wer we out a-vield
Wi' vew a-left at hwome,
When waggons rumbled out ov yard
Red wheeled, wi' body blue,
And back behind 'em loudly slamnVd
The geate a-vallen to.

Drough day sheen for how many years
The geäte ha' now a-swing,
Behind the veet o' vull-grown men
And vootsteps of the young
Drough years o' days it swung to us
Behind each little shoe,
As we tripped lightly on avore
The geäte a-vallèn to.

In evenèn time o' starry night
How mother zot at hworne
And kept her blazing vier bright
Till father should ha' come,
And how she quickened up and smiled,
And stirred her vier anew,
To hear the trampèn hosses' steps
And geäte a-vailèn to.

There's moonsheen now in nights o' Fall
When leaves be brown vrom green,
When to the slammèn of the geäte
Our Jenney's ears be keen,
When the wold dog do wag his tail,
And Jeän could tell to who,
As he do come in drough the geäte
The geäte a-vallèn to.

And oft do come a saddened hour
When there must goo away
One well-beloved to our heart's core,
Vor long, perhaps vor aye,
And oh ! it is a touchèn thing
The lovèn heart must rue
To hear behind his last farewell
The geäte a-vallèn to.

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