

15.—“THE GIRT WOAK TREE THAT’S IN THE DELL.”<sup>1</sup>

The girt woak tree that’s in the dell !  
 There’s noo tree I do love so well ;  
 Vor times an’ times when I wer young,  
 I there’ve a-climb’d, an’ there’ve a-zwung,  
 An’ pick’d the eäcorns green, a-shed 5  
 In wrestlèn storms vrom his broad head.  
 An’ down below’s the eloty brook  
 Where I did vish with line an’ hook,  
 An’ beät, in play’some dips an’ zwims,  
 The foamy stream, wi’ white-skinn’d lim’s. 10  
 An’ there my mother nimbly shot  
 Her knittèn-needles, as she zot  
 At evenèn down below the wide  
 Woak’s head, wi’ father at her zide.  
 An’ I’ve a play’d wi’ many a bwoy, 15  
 That’s now a man an’ gone away ;  
 Zoo I do like noo tree so well  
 ’S the girt woak tree that’s in the dell.

An’ there, in leäter years, I roved  
 Wi’ thik poor maïd I fondly lov’d,— 20  
 The maïd too feäir to die so soon,—  
 When evenèn twilight, or the moon,  
 Cast light enough ’ithin the pleäce  
 To show the smiles upon her feäce,  
 Wi’ eyes so clear’s the glassy pool, 25  
 An’ lips an’ cheäks so soft as wool.  
 There han’ in han’, wi’ bosoms warm,  
 Wi’ love that burn’d but thought noo harm,  
 Below the wide-bough’d tree we past  
 The happy hours that went too vast ; 30  
 An’ though she’ll never be my wife,  
 She’s still my leäden star o’ life.  
 She’s gone : an’ she’ve a-left to me  
 Her mem’ry in the girt woak tree ;  
 Zoo I do love noo tree so well 35  
 ’S the girt woak tree that’s in the dell.

<sup>1</sup> In Dorsetshire dialect.