

"Greggles Before Dimpsey"

The jingling bells of the packhorses breaks the silence
As movement starts up again, panniers full of goods to be transported from farm to market
Exposed on the high downs, or deep along the holloways, sheltered from the wintery blasts
The time of wassail is behind us, with greggles yet to come.
We wrap up warm against the weather, leaving the fireside to venture out.
The torpor of winter is no more, and we yearn for warmer times, still weeks away.
But there is work to be done, places to go, and all must be completed before the dimpsey day
Forces us back indoors, back into the warm, back into the light.

"Greggles" was an old Dorset term for bluebells used by Thomas Hardy in *The Mayor of Casterbridge*
Dimpsey - twilight