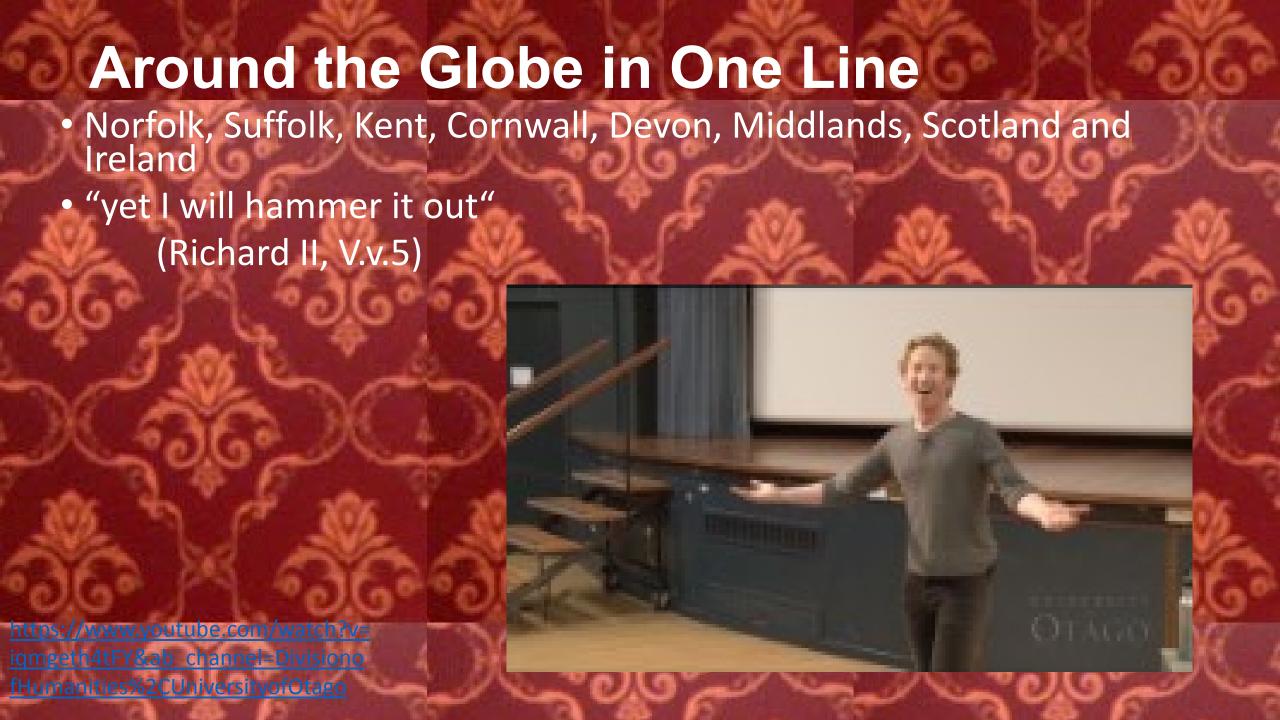


How OP changes the play

- Faster and less reverential than RP
- Earthier accent, guttural sounds
- Makes actors move differently
- Makes more sense:
 - 'Tis but an hour ago since it was nine,
 - And after one hour more 'twill be eleven.
 - And so from hour to hour we ripe and ripe,
 - And then from hour to hour we rot and rot;
 - And thereby hangs a tale.'

(As You Like It, II.vii.14–28)



Some Characteristics of OP

- Rhotic accent
- "trippingly upon the tongue" (Hamlet, III. ii. 2)
- The mouth lexical set started with the schwa, or neutral vowel [ə], resulting in [əʊ]
 - Examples: out, loud, noun, count, crowd, bough



 The goat, near, square, face, and cure sets were more monophthongal in EME. We would have heard [goːt, fiː-, skmεː-, fɛːs, kçuː-]



- Examples: goat, home, near, beer, square, bare, bear, face, stay, fatal, cure, tour, poor
- The bath and start sets together, telling us that [a] is the target
 - Examples: staff, path, brass, blast, ask, master, basket, AND start, heart, barn, sergeant

76

Fuller soundings of -sion and -tion spellings [siən] instead of [ʃən]

Some Characteristics of OP

Weak forms and elisions: and [ən], as [əz], being [bɪn, bən], for [fə-], he [ə], I [a], my [mɪ], mine [mɪn], thine [ðɪn], must [məs], of [ə], or [ə], them [əm], thou [ðə], thee [ðɪ], thy [ðɪ], to [tə]



- Initial /h/ on he, he's, him, his, him, her, hers, in unstressed positions will be dropped.
- Medial /v/ and voiced /th/ [ð] consonants in some common words will be elided. Hence: heaven [hεĕn], even [iĕn], seven [sεĕm], eleven [əlεĕm], devil [diːĕł], hither [hιǝ-], thither [ðιǝ-]



- -ing suffixes should be reduced to [in]: calling [kalin], singing [siŋin], praying [puɛɪin].
- /wh/ should be aspirated in words like which [mitʃ], when [mεn], why
 [məi], whither [miðə-], whence [mεns]

Sonnet 116

Let me not to the marriage of true minds

Admit impediments. Love is not love

Which alters when it alteration finds,

Or bends with the remover to remove.

O no! it is an ever-fixed mark

That looks on tempests and is never shaken;

It is the star to every wand'ring bark,

Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken.

Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks

Within his bending sickle's compass come;

Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,

But bears it out even to the edge of doom.

If this be error and upon me prov'd,

I never writ, nor no man ever lov'd.





