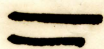


Saturday Market



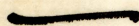
Bury your heart in some deep green thorn
or hide it up on a kind old tree
Better still, give it the swallow
when she goes over the sea



In Saturday Market there's eggs a' plenty
And dead-alive ducks with their legs tied down -
Gays old gaffers & boys of twenty -
Girls & the wares of the town -
Pitches & sugar-sticks, ribbons & laces
Posies & whips & dicker-birds' seed,
Silver pieces & smiling faces,
In Saturday Market they've all they need.



What were you showing in Saturday Market
That set it grinning from end to end
Girls & gaffers & boys of twenty -?
Cover it close with your shawl, my friend -
Hasten your home with the laugh behind you,
Over the door - out of sight,
Fasten your door, though no one will find you,
No one will look on a Market night.



See you, the shawl is wet, take it from under
the red, dead thing. In the white of the moon
on the flag does it stir again? Well, & no wonder—

Best make an end of it, bury it soon.
If there is blood on the heathen who's know it,?
or blood on the slaw's,
When a murder is over & done why show it?
In Saturday Market nobody cares.

Then lie you straight as you lie for a short short weeping,
And sleep for a long, long rest.
There's never a one in the town so sure of sleeping
As you, in the house on the down, with a tide in your breast.

Think no more of the Swallow,
Forget you, the sea,
Never again remember the deep green hollow,
or the top of the kind red tree.

Charlotte Mew.

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