SECTION B

Marri’d and Other Verses (1910)

B1 MARRI’D

It’s sing’in’ in an’ out,
An’ feelin’ full of grace;
Here ’n’ there, up an’ down,
An’ round about th’ place.

It’s rollin’ up your sleeves,
An’ whit’nin’ up the hearth,
An’ scrubbin’ out th’ floors,
An’ sweepin’ down th’ path;

(1896) Copy-text: MV Collated states: CM (December 1897), p. 4 as THE HOUSEWIFE, unsigned (1)
Bn, 1 October 1903, Red Page (a) Clp, 21 May 1904, p. 1, signed Mary Gilmore; in Bulletin (c) NewI (May 1904), p. 985 (2) Bkfw, 14 February 1907, p. 19 (c) Stevens2 (r) Wr, 4 August 1910, p. 21 (c) Hansen (a) Wr, 6 February 1913, p. 11, signed Mary Gilmore (in “Marri’d, and Other Verses”) (i) Murdoch (j) Serle (k) SV (l) Bn, 1 February 1950, p. 29 (m) Murdoch2 reprints (j)

Not otherwise recorded: In all instances where the copy-text has ‘An’/’an’ or ‘n’,
I has ‘And’/’and’; I also has ‘. . . ing’ for all instances of copy-text ‘. . . in’.

1 It’s] (reprinted from Cosme evening Notes)]] It’s A It’s B EFFK out.]] A B D E F M 2 feelin’ full of grace;] round about the place, A-E E F M 3 there.]] N’ here E M 3 ’n’] an’ A-F E M ’n’ I there.]] there, an’ A B there an’ C there . . . D there, ’n’ A-F M down.]] A-B F M 4 An’] N’ E M 4 round . . . place] feelin’ full of grace A feelin’ full o’ grace B C E F M feelin’ full . . . D th’] the I place; . . . E . . . D 6 whit’nin’] whitening E-F M whitening L hearth[,] hear[. . . D 7 th’] the A-F L M floors[ . . . D floor E M 8 th’] the A-F L M path[. . . A F M

1 I acknowledges prior publication in CEN, but the copy including the HOUSEWIFE does not survive.
2 Unique copy of D (at ML) is damaged, thus the lacunae in lines 1–7. See A45 n. 1.
3 Apart from L, the closest correspondence to the copy-text in the collated states occurs in G, H, I and K, the last three of which make acknowledgement to MV. The variants of A–F and M form a cluster against the copy-text, with the very close correspondence between A and M suggesting that the later Bn printing depended for its text on Stevens’s anthology rather than I, the 1903 Bn printing. Variants within the group A–F are probably the result of variations in the MSS supplied by MG.
It’s bakin’ tarts an’ pies,  
An’ shinin’ up th’ knives;  
An’ feelin’ ’s if some days  
Was worth a thousand lives.

It’s watchin’ out th’ door,  
An’ watchin’ by th’ gate;  
An’ watchin’ down th’ road,  
An’ wonderin’ why he’s late;

An’ feelin’ anxious-like,  
For fear there’s something wrong;  
An’ wonderin’ why he’s kep’,  
An’ why he takes so long.

It’s comin’ back inside  
An’ sittin’ down a spell,  
To sort o’ make believe  
You’re thinkin’ things is well.

It’s gettin’ up again  
An’ wand’rin’ in an’ out;  
An’ feelin’ wistful-like,  
Not knowin’ what about;
You are there,
'N' I am here—
What's it matter?
Tell me, Dear!

Side by side,
Or far away,
Love can always
Find the way.

(cont. overleaf)
So I send
The lovin’-word
Spoken soft
As though you heard.

Just a word
Across the sea
Whispered lightly
“You an’ Me.”

Send it back,
O sweet-an’-true,
Just as whispered,
“Me an’ you.”

Cupid lost himself to-day
Straying out amid the May;¹
Sat him down and wept forlorn
Underneath the fairy thorn.

Cupid laid his bow at rest,
Slept with head upon his breast;
But the maidens of the day
Wept that Cupid was away.

¹ The hawthorn (cf. line 4) Crataegus oxyacantha, called the May for when it blossoms in the Northern spring; a traditional symbol of blooming and one’s prime.
BY THE GLENELG

I SUNSET
Within his tree the magpie trolled,
    Full-noted, all his song, and sweet;
While on the wind that murmured by
    The muffled traffic of the street
Came to me watching where, aglow,
    The red Ross road, a ribbon lay
Across the hill and caught, from off
    One radiant cloud, the sun’s last splendid ray.

II TWILIGHT
I heard the trees, leaf unto leaf,
    Like dumb hands talking in the night;
Each to the other as the hour
    Drew to its close, and waned the light.
I heard the waters whispering;
    And far across the Southern sky
In lines of black the ibis trailed;
    And out of Silence came his cry.

III RECOLLECTION
Once in Asunción,
Long, long ago in Paraguay,
I woke to hear the sentries’ call,
The hours of night go by.

(21 September 1909) Copy-text: MV Collated states: Dubois as by Wannon and
Glenelg (a) Hansen (b) Stable (c)
Not otherwise recorded: a retains the part numbering of the copy-text, but has only
two part headings, Evening and Night (respectively before Pts 1 and 1n).
2 Full-noted, Full-throated a song,] ~ a 3 While] ~ b c 4 b 5 ~, b c
6 Noss] Ross a road,] ~ a lay] ~ a 7–8 Across] the] And caught from
off one radiant cloud/ The a 9 trees,] ~ a leaf,] ~ a 10 night,] ~ a
12 light,] ~ a 13 whispering,] —— A 14 Southern] amber a 16 And
Asunción ~ c 18 ago] ~ A 19 sentries’] sentries a call,] ~ A
Clear through the silent air
Challenge and answer, whistled sweet,
Drew near and nearer, louder grown,
Marking my very street.

Passed and grew fainter, call
And counter shrill, in dwindling rounds
That lessened till they sank and died
In silence out of bounds.

IV AND PARALLEL
So in mine own land have
I heard, at night, the wakened bird
Among the gums that guard Glenelg,
Half in his sleep—yet stirred—
Warble his softened call
That nearer came, from tree to tree,
And passed, till all the river’s length
Was linked in melody.

1 Musical setting of Pt II by Florence Nicolson is held in ML 3/M.
2 NLA 8766 10/8/13 is annotated ‘The Paraguayan garrison towns are sentried & at intervals through the night is whistled a beautiful challenge & counter going all around, each part in tune, the whole town.’ See Appendix for manuscript locations and descriptions.

85 THE WOMAN

I drew the curtain back
That beat my window-pane;
I looked out on the night,
And heard the wind and rain.

1 Fryer copy of MIV is annotated in MG’s hand ‘It is curious that about the time that this was being written in Sydney, the whole thing was the experience of Mrs. Lear of Portland (Vic.) even to drawing the curtain & going to bring the woman in. In the morning the woman was gone without a word. My verse when published
MARRI’D AND OTHER VERSES (1910)

And where the light streamed out
And fell upon the street,
I saw a woman stand
Rain-soaked from head to feet.

Awhile I went away,
And then I came again,
And saw that still she stood
Beneath the wind and rain.

I could not see her face
Under her dripping hat;
But I knew why she stood
And waited, and for what.

I could not bear the thought
Of what her night might be,
Alone, within a street
To brutishness set free;

So drew my curtain close,
And turned away again,
Going to bring her in
Out of the wind and rain.

But, though I brought her in,
This woman o’ the street,
Who stood upon the kerb
Rain-soaked from head to feet,

I heard her, through the night,
Crying so bitterly,
It seemed that God must hear
And feel her agony.

Yet when the morning came
She rose and went away—
This victim of our gods—
The social laws—that slay.

(19 September 1893)  Copy-text: MV  Collated states: None

reminded Mrs. Lear who told her son George who, in Casterton [in] 1911 told it again to me.’ See also A28 n. 1.
I gang nae mair t’ lecture ha’,
I sit nae mair ‘neath Mistress Scott;*
I mak’ a dinner jist f’r twa,
An’ sit beside a bairnie’s cot.

I write, nae mair, discourses grave,
O’ things ‘at mak’ gude bodies1 stare;
I sit me doon an’ lilt a stave
To please a bairn that asks nae mair.

I speir2 nae questions, noo, o’ life,
Why that is sae, an’ that, an’ this!
I bide contentit jist a wife,
Wi’ ane dear bairn t’ guide an’ kiss.

* Miss Rose Scott.

(12 October 1903) Copy-text: MV Collated states: Clip, 7 November 1903, p. 1 as twa words (a) Wr, 14 November 1903, p. 3 as twa words (a) Wr, 13 January 1910, p. 21 as contentit (c)

Not otherwise recorded: 1 has an introductory heading ‘MOTHERHOOD VERSUS BALLOT.

To be able to drop a vote in the ballot-box is all very well; but most women would rather have a baby to drop into the cradle.” *Extract from a Letter*. 2 Ask.

1 Respectable persons. 2 Ask.
3 Rose Scott (1847–1925) was a founder of the Women’s Suffrage League (1891) and the Women’s Progressive Association (1902). Her Friday night ‘at-homes’ during the 1880s and 1890s were central in formulating contemporary campaigns for women’s rights. See also f138.
THE LOVER

He took me in his arms yesternight, yesternight—
The grass was hung with fairy dew,
The moon looked down upon us two,
He kissed me, did my lover true,
Yesternight, yesternight.

His hand lay near my heart yesternight, yesternight—
The wind went by us into space,
My hair blew backward out of place,
I felt his breath upon my face
Yesternight, yesternight.

And O the voice of him, yesternight, yesternight—
Ah! sweet the words my lover said—
His eyes they burned, his mouth was red;
Against my breast I laid his head
Yesternight, yesternight.

YOU SEND ME, DEAR, A ROSE

You send me, dear, a rose,
And with the rose a kiss—
And now I love each bud that blows
. . . Because of this.
B9  STRANGE, HOW THE HEART WILL LEAP

Strange, how the heart will leap
To see one face at the open door:
To hear one voice ring floating out,
One step upon the floor!

(n. d.)  Copy-text: MV  Collated states: SV as STRANGE HOW THE HEART WILL LEAP (i)

B10  YOU WILL THINK OF ME SOMETIMES, DEAR

You will think of me sometimes, dear,
When the fire leaps up in the night,
And the darkness seems to darken
For the flash of the moment’s light.
You will think of me sometimes, too,
When the wind cries low at the eaves,
Under the turf and under the grass,
And under the drifting leaves;
And come, sometimes, in the spring, dear,
When the monté* is green and red,
And the shadow creeps slowly down
Till it reaches my narrow bed;
And you’ll lie awake in the night, dear,
When the rain falls dreamingly still,
And think of me lying alone
By the side of the little hill.

* South American Spanish for “Forest.”

(1899)  Copy-text: MV  Collated states: None

16 hill.  Ed.  ~  x

1The untitled MS in NLA 7222 2/2/1 lists this as one of six poems sent to Falk[land] Is[lands] Magazine: not sighted.
2 In ADFA MS, line 10 is annotated “Monte.” In Paraguay land is either high &
heavily wooded (Monte) or low & treeless. About half the Paraguayan trees are
deciduous & the winter effect of the living leafless among the leaved is as of a gossamer
thrown over all. In Autumn one gets the red leaf & the yellow. M.G.

BII

DAT BOY BILLY

Two for me, an’ one for Dad,
Kissin’ on d’ mouth;
Guess d’ day dere ain’t no more,
All my heart’s a drouth!

Ain’t no chance t’ feel fo’lorn
While dat boy’s about;
Whistle, whistle all d’ day,
Trampin’ in an’ out!

Here’s his whip, ‘n’ dere’s his cart,
Tumbled out d’ door;
Dere’s his coat ‘n’ Sunday cap
Hangin’ on d’ floor.

Here’s his boots, ‘n’ dere’s his socks,
Lawn! what socks dey is!
Guess I wouldn’t men’ dem holes,
If dey wasn’t his!

[cont. overleaf]

(n. d.) Copy-text: MV Collated states: HWE, 4 October 1902, p. 4 (A) WR, 11
May 1911, p. 7 as DAT BOY BILLY, headed FOR THE BARNS, signed From “Marri’d
and Other Verses,” by Mary Gilmore (A)

Not otherwise recorded: With the exception of line 7, A has ‘de’ in all cases where
copy-text has ‘d’.

1 Cf. A52 n. 1.
Pants’s all split, ’n’ shirt’s all tore—
   Bought ’em new, las’ week;
Braces ain’t nowhere to find,
   Lost ’em down d’ creek.

Knees dat won’t get clean, nohow;
   Han’s dat’s like d’ pot;
Jes’ you wait till Aunty comes,
   Won’t he catch it hot!

But O, d’ lovin’ ways of him
   Kissing on d’ mouth;
Guess d’ day he goes away,
   All my heart’s a drouth!²

¹ Fryer copy of MV is annotated ‘There had been sports out of the town. At evening the populace returned to their homes, and almost as one the columns of smoke from fires lit to get the tea rose in columns from one end to the other. The air being clear & no wind they all stood upright as they ascended. It was a remarkable & almost uncanny sight. M.G.’
MARRI'D AND OTHER VERSES (1910)

Then, twilight, deep'ning gently down;
And lo, upon the calm,
A child's voice rising, sweet and clear,
Singing an evening psalm.

God, Who hast made us all, when comes
The call and I must go,
Give me the quiet evening hour,
And the kind sun, sinking low!

(27 September 1909) Copy-text: MV Collated states: Wr, 4 August 1910, p. 21
(no variants)³
³See B19 n. 1.

B13 LILIES AND VIOLETS

I wait in a garden sweet,
Lilies are there and violets
And in the midst (O, heart a-beat!) She whom I love . . . who me forgets
Walking amid her violets.

(5 June 1905) Copy-text: MV Collated states: None

B14 BEREFT

Yea, in the night I lift mine eyes to see afar
The silver lamp of Mary shining, yet unburned,
And stars that are the eyes of women backward turned
Toward the earth—where children are.

(4 November 1903) Copy-text: MV Collated states: Wr, 13 January 1910, p. 21
(n. t.) (c)³ Adv, 15 November 1923, p. 3 (b) SF (c)
³Included in 'Australian Poems Selected by their Authors' with an incorrect attribution of its first publication to "The Sunrise," the Melbourne Labor souvenir. Three other poems (B17, B111 and B120) are similarly attributed but do not appear in the (unique) copy of this booklet at the State Library of Victoria.
B15 SING SWEET, LITTLE BIRD

Sing sweet, little bird, sing sweet, sing sweet!
Throb lifted heart, and beat!
Swell little throat of the mellow note!
Sing sweet, O Bird, sing sweet!

Love came to me yesternight, O Bird,
Came with a kiss and a whispered word;
Crowned me (sing!) with a golden ring,
Sing, then, O sing, thou Bird!

Love came to me yesternight, (sing on!)
Dear were his eyes where the love-light shone;
Dear was his mouth in its burning drouth—
Sing, sing, O Bird, sing on!

(18 April 1903) Copy-text: MV Collated states: Bn, 1 October 1903, Red Page (n. t.) (A) Wr, 13 January 1910, p. 21 (n. t.) (B)2

1 ADFA MS places this as the second part of B114 and is annotated ‘Copyright to Clutsam in “Six Songs from the South”.’ Copies of the Clutsam settings are held in NLA 727 series 4.
2 The Wr Editor adds this to Gilmore’s choice of ‘Australian Poems Selected by their Authors’ as ‘showing a lyrical capacity that is not so evident in the specimens chosen by herself’.

B16 THE WATCHER

Out of the whirling depths of night
There trembles a gust of air;
A cloth that lies on a dead man’s face
Is lifted, leaving it bare.
MARRI’D AND OTHER VERSES (1910)

The clouds have broken athwart a moon
That is pale as is the dead;
Her light, through cracks in the old slab wall,
Has straggled across the bed;

And over the broken, earthen floor
A mystic pattern it weaves,
Of ragged shadow, and tattered light,
Swept under the old bark eaves.

A mopoke cries from the neighb’ring scrub
As the curlew wails and pleads,
From the hills, far off, an answer floats,
While a woman tells her beads.

The candles flicker with ghostly flare,
And the woman lifts her head;
She draws back the face cloth from the face,
And slowly kisses the dead.

Ah! lonely, lonely, each of these twain,
When the veil is fall’n between,
One in a world grown cold and strange,
And one in the world unseen.

(revised 29 April 1893) Copy-text: MV Collated states: Qbr, 13 May 1893, p. 881
as alone with the dead, signed E. J. A.

Not otherwise recorded: A section break is inserted between the penultimate and final stanzas of A.

7 have] are A
7 old rough A 8 straggled A bed] ~ A
neighb’ring] a neighbouring A 14 As... pleads] (The scrub where the adder breeds) A
17 candles flicker] candle flickers A ghostly flare A
18 And... lifts] The woman raises A head] ~ A
19 She... face] She A
20 And slowly] Then A
21–4 Ah!... unseen] She shrinks from the lips so icy cold, A That are, A
22, oh, so firmly set] Then lays her cheek to the dead man’s brow—/ For Love is her
master yet—/ “And this is the end, O love of mine—/ Dear one so near my
heart—/ A lingering touch, half-uttered words:/ A kiss, and then—apart?” A
My children cry to me for bread,
And I! what can I do?
I cannot bear that they should starve:
You who reproach, could you?
I cannot bear to see them sink
And die before my eyes:
And cling to me with shrunken hands
And stab me with their cries,
"Mamma! Mamma!" day and night—
And just outside, the street!
How can I help it? Let me go!
They must have bread to eat.

(15 April 1894) Copy-text: MV Collated states: None

1 See A28 n. 1.

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So! Is it death at last
Coming so gentle-wise?
A dropping of weary hands?
A closing of tired eyes?
A slipping away in peace,
Simply a letting go?
A falling asleep, asleep,
Peacefully, dreamily, . . . so?

(20 June 1905) Copy-text: MV Collated states: NewI (February 1908), p. 86 as death (\)

1 Is [is, t] death] Death, t last[~ , t] ~, t 3 hands?] ~, t 5 peace, t ~ t
8 Peacefully] Thankfully t dreamily, . . . ] ~ t
MARRI’D AND OTHER VERSES (1910)

B19  A SWEEPING WIND, AND
A BLINDING RAIN

A sweeping wind and a blinding rain,
And a brown bee caught in the clover;
A sudden breath and a cry of pain,
And a parting of loved and lover.

A sky blown blue and a wind swung high,
And a dead bee out in the clover;
A quivering lip, and a long-drawn sigh,
And a sob for a dream that’s over.

(3 September 1903) Copy-text: MV Collated states: Wr, 11 August 1910, p. 21 as A SWEEPING WIND . . . (no variants)1

1 B19 appears in Wr with B38, B44, B105 and B109 under the heading ‘VERSES BY MARY GILMORE.’ From the abundant store of good things in “Marri’d, and Other Verses” Page Twenty-One makes a second selection’. The first selection was that of 4 August 1910, when B12, B20 and B112 appeared, also on p. 21.

B20  GOOD NIGHT

Good night . . . My darling sleeps so sound,
She cannot hear me where she lies;
White lilies watch the closed eyes,
Red roses guard the folded hands.

[cont. overleaf]

(9 April 1892) Copy-text: MV Collated states: Qlr, 17 December 1892, p. 1169 as “GOOD NIGHT!”, signed EM JACQ (a) Bkfw, 25 March 1899, p. 18 as GOOD-NIGHT, signed M.J.C.1 (a) Clp, 14 May 1904, p. 1 as GOOD-NIGHT, signed M.J.C. (Mary Gilmore), in BOOKFELLOW (c) Stevens1 as GOOD-NIGHT (d) Wr, 4 August 1910, p. 21 (e) Stevens2 reprints a 1 Good night . . . ] (WRITTEN FOR THE QUEENSLANDER.)// Good night! a
GOOD-NIGHT! . . . b d Good-Night! . . . c My] my d sound,] = a b d e
3 closed[ closed i-c

1 Bkfw, 29 April 1899, noted ‘The Queenslander tells me that the “Bookfellow’s Verses” by “M.J.C.” in the March number were printed in that paper some years ago. The authoress (Mrs. Gilchrist) is now married, and lives in the New Australian colony at Coone, Paraguay: her Australian friend who forwarded the verses as unpublished
Good night! O woman who once lay
Upon my breast so still, so sweet,
That all my pulses throbbing beat,
I cannot even touch you now.

Good night, mine own! God knows we loved
So well, that all things else seemed slight;
We part forever in the night;
We two poor souls who loved so well.

It’s O the loving ways of him
Who plays beside me all day long;
Who lies at night against my heart
And fills my life as with a song.

(31 August 1902)
MARRI'D AND OTHER VERSES (1910)

US TWO

It's us two when it's morning,
   And us two when it's night;
And us two when it's troubled,
   And us two when it's bright;
And us two don't want nothing
   To make life good and true,
And lovin'-sweet, and happy,
   While us two's got us two.

(1896) Copy-text: MV Collated states: CEN, 18 December 1898, p. 1 as wedded, signed M. L. G. (A) CM (January 1899), p. 4 as wedded (B)

LIFE

The river goes a-winding down
   (Winding on, winding on!)
Out by valley, hill and town,
   (Winding by, winding on!)
Down the river, day by day,
   (Sailing on, sailing by!)
Love goes with it, all the way,
   (Sailing down, sailing by!)

(22 April 1903) Copy-text: MV Collated states: NewI (March 1908), p. 150 as A song (A)
COLLECTED VERSE: SECTION B

Love, and Life, and Hope, my dear,
(Twining in, twining out!)
Sappy twig and leaf in sere,
(Trailing in, trailing out!)
So; the river winding down
(Singing low, singing by!)
Takes my heart to you in town—
(Winding on, winding by!)

Out by meadow, dale, and down,
(Twining on, twining by!)

TWO SOULS

Out in the dark last night,
Two souls went forth to look
For God, one sad and stained,
One glad and wondrous white.

And one went far, and, lo!
He came, at last, to where
The starry angels stand
And watch for souls they know.

But one stood still and wept;
And our Dear Lord, asleep,
While God kept watch, half-turned
And murmured as He slept.
MARRI'D AND OTHER VERSES (1910)

Then he who neared the throne,
   Lo! when he saw the Face
Of Him asleep, stood back
   Ashamed. "I came alone,
   “Who knew the way,” he wept;
   “Lord, I will go again
And bring my Brother in”—
      And Christ smiled as He slept.

B25 IF WE ONLY COULD

Ah! if we only could
   Blot out the bitter thought,
Make life the thing we should,
   And shape it as we ought.

Turn back the brooding eyes
   From things long, long gone by;
And looking upward, rise
   Toward a clearer sky;

Hold fast each other's hands—
   Nor loosely let them go—
Until each understands,
   And, loving, learns to know.

(n. d.) Copy-text: MV Collated states: Wr, 22 November 1902, p. 3 as AH, IF WE ONLY COULD! (a) Hansen (b) T&C, 22 November 1916, p. 37 as FROM "AH, IF WE ONLY COULD!" (c)

1 Ah! [For The Worker.]// Ah! \(-, c\) we only\] only we \(-, a\) should\] would \(-, a\)
4 ought\] \(-, a\) \((5-8)\) Turn \ldots sky;\] Om. c \(-, a\) \(-, a\) long
6 going\] \(-, a\) by;\] \(-, a\) \((7)\) And\] \(-, a\) \(-, a\) \(-, a\) \(-, a\) \(-, a\) \(-, a\)
10 Nor loosely\] Not, loosely, \(-, a\)
GRIEF

It’s aye i’ th’ mirk o’ th’ gloamin’,
When the bairnie lies asleep,
I sit wi’ th’ ghaist o’ a sorrow,
An’ eyne that canna weep.

And I think o’ ane in a kirk-yard,
Where the rain fa’s drearilie;
An’ but for th’ wee bit bairnie,
I think that I wad dee.

MY HEART IS FULL OF TEARS

My heart is full of tears
That know not how to fall;
And far, across the night,
I hear you call and call.

We can touch hands no more,
The sport of grinning fate:
I think we have lived too long,
Now we have met too late.
THE WAIL OF THE BABY

There is room for the sheep and cattle;
    There is room for the wasp and bee;
There is room for the clover-blossom,
    But there seems no room for me.

The world grows greater and wider,
    As it conquers both land and sea;
It places the constellations—
    But it has no place for me.

It builds up palace and mansion,
    And it “flats” to the thirty-three;¹
While down in the earth, deep deepens—
    But there’s nowhere found for me.

I wait in the outer Darkness,
    And I watch for the Time to Be—
I fear I may keep on waiting,
    For there seems no room for me.

¹ By c. 1906 the Singer building in New York had reached a height of 40 storeys; the tallest in Sydney in 1904 had 13. The inverted commas underline the verbal oxymoron of flat storeys (an obsolete meaning of ‘flats’) in a tall building and hint at a social perversion (cf. M₄₂).
SHIVERY, SHIVERY, SHAKY, O!

Shivery, shivery, shaky, O!
O, but d’ water’s cold-e-o!
Dis little chap don’t like him ba’f,
Tickle ’im, tickle-up, mak’ him laff.
Jump him about, ’n’ souse him down,
Up wiv’ d’ water over his crown;
Over his forehead, ’n’ mouf, ’n’ nose,
Into his ears, ’n’ down to his toes!

Shivery, shivery, shaky, O!
What if d’ water’s cold-e-o!
Dis little chap, he like him ba’f,
See him a-splashin’ an’ hear him laff.

Out of d’ ba’f, in towel he go,
Rub him ’n’ scrub him,’n’ make him glow;
Pink as a rose, ’n’ as rosy sweet,
Could eat him wiv kisses, ’n’ eat, ’n’ eat.

(21 March 1903) Copy-text: MV Collated states: Wr, 30 July 1914, p. 11, signed MARY GILMORE, in “Marri’d, and other Verses.” (t)
3 chap] ~, t 6 wiv’] wi’ 13 go,] ~; t

IN POVERTY AND TOIL.¹

I ANGER

Git up an’ out, you lazy lump,
I’ll give y’ late a-bed!—
The fire to make, the cows to milk,
The chickens to be fed;

(n. d.) Copy-text: MV Collated states: Wr, 3 January 1903, p. 3 (t) Clip, 31 January 1903, p. 8, signed M. GILMORE, in WORKER (t) Pizer, Pt II only (c)
0 1’t ANGER] (For The Worker.) & Om. b c (1–12) Git . . . hour! Om. c
1 out,] ~ a b 2 y’] you a b a-bed!—] abed; t b 3 cows] cow a 4 fed;]
~. a b
MARRI’D AND OTHER VERSES (1910)

The children waiting to be dressed,
   The table to be laid;
The floor to sweep, the beds to air,
   The breakfast to be made;
The bread to mix, the clothes to sort,
   The churn to scald and scour—
An’ I’ve to come an’ call you,
   Though it’s daylight near an hour!

II CONTRITION

Be up an’ out of bed, my girl,
   As quick as you can be;
There ain’t no morning rest, my girl,
   For such as you an’ me.
It’s workin’ early, workin’ late,
   Year in, year out, the same;
Until we seem but work-machines,
   An’ women but in name.

Life grinds the sweetness out of us,
   Life makes us hard an’ cold;
We kiss shame-faced, an’ grow uncouth;
   Unlovely—young and old.
Kind speaking dies for lack of use,
   Soft ways mean only grief;
And in the lash of biting words
   We find a half relief.

1 ML MS 123 (Correspondence 1955) holds a musical setting by C. Castan.
COLLECTED VERSE: SECTION B

So up, and out to work, my girl,
We have no time to waste,
Our lot, the bitter bread of life,
We eat in bitter haste.

SING, SING I’ TH’ MORNING!

Sing, sing i’ th’ morning!
Sweet singer, sing thou!
The bud is a blossom,
The leaf’s to th’ bough;
And my heart is a-throb
For a word, a word—
Then sing i’ th’ morning
O Bird! O Bird!

O throat o’ th’ morning!
I, too, have a song:
Love found me and bound me,
A word for a thong.
Love found me and bound me
(My heart hath th’ word),
Then sing i’ th’ morning,
O Bird! O Bird!

AI! AI!

My beloved caught my hands
And laid them on his heart—
“Henceforth our ways are one,” he said,
“No more we walk apart.”
And then he kissed me (O, my God!)  
And held me, palm to palm:—  
Ai! for my life’s tranquillity!  
Ai! for its virgin calm!

(27 August 1902) Copy-text: MV  Collated states: None

THE BIRTHDAY

This is my wish to thee—  
God bless thee, and God keep—  
Blessed be thy life by land or sea,  
In waking or in sleep.  
All good be with thee, dear,  
Child of my mother’s heart;  
And let life gain, though falls the tear  
For those who are—apart.

(n. d.) Copy-text: MV  Collated states: WWE, 14 February 1903, p. 3 (4)

r-2 This . . . keep—] “God bless thee, and God keep thee,/ This is my wish to thee,”  
3 be] Om.  
4 waking] ~,  
5 sleep.] sleep.// “Fair be thy path and fair/ Thy lot: God’s gifts be thine/ To keep—so that life lingers where/ Love makes itself divine.”  
6 heart:] ~, ~

HE SLEEPS!

He sleeps!  
Let none approach with hasty tread;  
Lay flowers at his feet, lay flowers at his head.  
Draw down the blind; the quiet, here,  
Needs neither sun nor star, knows neither hope nor fear.  
For lo!

One took him in His arms, and laid His hand  
Upon the weary brow, and closed the tired eyes;  
Took from him pain, and all the stir and strife  
Of things that make or mar, that fall or stand,
COLLECTED VERSE: SECTION B

And with each waking day in-thread,
The dream that men call Life.
Through suns that set, and stars that rise
(He sleeps!)
Still will he sleep.
O blessed hollow of God’s hand!
O plenitude of Peace! O, happy Dead!

(22 June 1908) Copy-text: MV Collated states: None

B35 DOWN BY THE SEA

The sea has soddened the baby clothes,
The flannel, the shirt, the band;
The rats have bitten the baby face,
And eaten the baby hand.1

* * * *

It lay at my breast and cried all night
As through the day it had done;
I held it tight and rose with stealth
When the day and the night were one.

And on through the city streets I crept—
(But the hand of fear is strong!)

(1 September 1893) Copy-text: MV Collated states: Wr, 28 April 1894, p. 2 as “AND DOWN BY THE SEA”, signed M.J.C. (A) SY (B)
Not otherwise recorded: Lines 25, 29 and 33 are not in italics in A. B adds this unsignalled note: “This happened at the Quay in about 1890, when to be the mother of an “illegitimate” child was to be an outcast. The poor girl in this case, having accidentally or intentionally dropped her baby into the water, in the night, was seen at sunrise near the place. She watched for three days, and then the police questioned and arrested her after the little body had been found.”

1 Fryer copy of MV is annotated by MG: “This happened in Sydney a year or so before I went to Paraguay. The papers gave details of what the fish had done. The
And they mocked my steps with echoing,
They mouthed as I went along—
Past houses, where mothers like me slept warm,
And babies like mine were born;
Where it was not sin to have loved as I,
And motherhood meant not scorn.

And they drove me fast, those leering streets;
They took up my baby’s cry,
And tossed it about, and flung it up
Till it seemed to go God-high.

But the cry came back to the mother-heart,
Knowing that it would hear;
I gathered my baby close and close—
What was it I seemed to fear?

And down by the sea the sun crept up—
Did you hear a baby cry?
I know where one lies beside the quay,
But I will not tell—not I!

And down by the sea the sun crept up—
There’s a child’s cry seems to come
From the darkness, there, beyond the wall—
But I know the dead are dumb!

And down by the sea the sun crept up...
O THE VOICE OF HER, AND THE FACE OF HER!

O the voice of her, and the face of her,
The heart of her and the grace of her;
And the throat of her, and the mouth of her,
And my heart a-thirst for drouth of her;

And the ways of her, and the pride of her,
And the clinging hands beside of her—
But, O, the love, the love of her,
So far surpassing all.

TIME GOES ON SWIFTLY

Time goes so swiftly, ah! my God—
Good-bye comes soon, so soon.
In nights to be, with all they bring
Thou wilt sit sad, remembering;
And in thine eyes the stars shall drown,
And in thy tears the moon.

OUTCAST

She weeps and no one heeds.
She leans her head upon
A stone—old, ragged, sick,
And full of woe that pleads
MARRI’D AND OTHER VERSES (1910)

Incessantly.
Our men
Go by, our women pass;
Our girls go up and down—
So near that sometimes when
She hears them come she shrinks
And draws away.
And they—
They have no hearts for one
Like this, who sins and sinks;
Who weeps and no one heeds.

I SHALL NOT SLEEP

I shall not sleep,
I cannot sleep—
He kissed me twice to-day;
He took me in his arms,
I could not say him nay.
He took me in his arms—
O God! the flash of light!
I cannot sleep, I will not sleep,
I shall not sleep to-night!

(4 July 1903) Copy-text: MV Collated states: Clip, 18 July 1903, p. 4 as joyous insomnia (.)

1 I] (For the CLIPPER.)// 1–2 sleep, I] ~, ~ 2 sleep—~. 4 arms, arms, he did, 5–6 nay, He] ~. 6 arms—] arms, did he, 7 O] ~, ~ the flash of] how flashed the ~ light! ~. 9 shall] dare ~
WHEN SIMMER THRAWNS TH’ SILLER THREID

When simmer thraws th’ siller threid,
An’ Autumn stooks the bairley, O,
A bonnie lass comes doon th’ way,
An’ ca’s the cattle early, O.

Her e’en are blue, her cheeks are red,
Her teeth are like the pearlie, O,
An’ aye she’s such a saucy queen
My hert is stricken sairly, O.

I tell’t her yince, I tell’t her twicet,
I lo’ed her maist sincerely, O,
She laucht at me, an’ aye sin’ syne,
My life has gane maist drearly, O.

O gin for me th’ day wad daw
That I micht win her fairly, O,
I’d tak’ her wi’ maist lichtsome heart,
A’though she used me sairly, O.

For, O, she is the dearest lass,
Wi’ e’en that glint sae rarely, O,
Wi’ mouth o’ joy, where smiles rin oot,
Aye, oot an’ in sae rarely, O—

An’ sic a way th’ lassie has—
It ca’s me late an’ airly, O.
An’ aye I follow tho’ she laucht,
An’ used me maist unfairly, O.

(3 April 1907) Copy-text: MV Collated states: None

1 Summer twines the silver thread or cord of life (as in Ecclesiastes 12.6, where its snapping indicates death).

2 She laughed at me, and since that time.
B41 RIDE ON A FOOT SONG

Dere’s a little boy,
    My, O My!
Nebber see him like,
    You or I!
Mighty fine he is,
    Eb’ry way;
Mighty sweet he is,
    Hey! Hey! Hey!
So ketch him on d’ chin,
    An’ ketch him on d’ fis’,
An’ ketch him on d’ mouf,
    Wiv a big, big kiss.

(13 March 1903) Copy-text: MV Collated states: None

B42 D’ CHILDREN

D’ children, Lord, d’ children, dey’s weepin’ all day long;¹
Dere ain’t no little laffin’ laffs, no liltin’ up o’ song;
But d’ earth, O Lord, am wet, am wet an’ salt wi’ tears,
For d’ children, Lord, d’ children, dey’s weepin’ all dey years.

Down in d’ city alleys, out in d’ far fa’m lan’s,
Dey’s workin’, workin’, workin’—poo’ little fretted han’s;
Dey’s blanchin’ in d’ mill-room, dey’s broken wid d’ hoe—
Lord God! d’ soun’ of weepin’ a-trailin’ to an’ fro!

(19 July 1904) Copy-text: MV Collated states: Wr, 10 September 1904, p. 3 as SONGS OF CHILDREN (4)

1 D’ [for the worker] // D’ a long:] ~: A 2 Dere] Dey a 3 Lord,]
~]: A an’] ‘n’ A 4 For d’ children] Fr’ d’ children 5 Lord, d’ children] Lord A
dey] de A 5 fa’m] f’m A 6 poo’] poor A 7 wid] wi’ A 8 of] ’f A

¹ See A52 n. 1 and cf. B82.
Dey's weepin', Lord! dey's weepin'—d' birds, dey sing so sweet,
D' green grass am a glory, d' gol' am on d' wheat;
Thy name by bud an' blossom is flung abroad like song,
An' yet, O Lord! d' children, dey's weepin' all day long.

Her lips are pale, poor soul, poor soul!
Life marked her with unloving eye,
Touched her with fingers thin and cold,
Then stepped aside and passed her by.

O God! how sweet it is to hear,
Unvexed by tired hours,
The bird above the pine-tree tall,
The bee above the flowers;

(30 April 1903) Copy-text: MV Collated states: None

(30 April 1903) Copy-text: MV Collated states: Wr, 22 August 1903, p. 3 as a song of rest (a)
Wr, 11 August 1910, p. 21 (b)
1 O] (For The Worker.)// Oh, a
4 flowers] flow'rs. a
MARRI'D AND OTHER VERSES (1910)

To hear, as one who needs not haste,
The wind among the hills,
To watch the river winding by,
To rest by singing rills;
To feel the plenitude of life,
The quiet of its ways,
To leave behind a little while
The strain of weary days;
To know the springtime in its prime,
To see day stretch to eve,
To watch the shadows lengthen out—
The tracery they weave;
To lie at peace if but a day—
O God! O God! how sweet!—
To rest in Nature's lap an hour
And hear her great heart beat!

THE WAY T' BURNIE

'Twas a' the way t' Burnie,
I tuk' my fiddle hame;
I played my way before me
To fill an empty wame.1

1 See B 19 n. 1.

(19 January 1909)  Copy-text: MV  Collated states: None
1 a' Ed.] 'a' x

1Belly.
The bairnies they cam’ trippin’
Upon the fairy flure—
The grassy way t’ Burnie
That rins frae dure t’ dure—
An’ aulder folk cam’ lauchin’,
They tuk’ a step or twa—
They did the twa-some rarely,
They did the four-some a’.
An’ sae, the way t’ Burnie
I felt nae hunger-thrang,²
F’r a’ th’ bonnie, bonnie way,
Th’ liltin’ fiddle sang.

² ADFA MS is annotated ‘Not quite sure what “thrang” means but presume it is “pang”. The verses are only trifling, but I never read them or think of them without seeing the singer skipping & fiddling his way along the road that leads from “dure to dure” in a land of romance & wonder, children & hearty old folk who dance & laugh. M.G.’

**DONALD MACDONELL¹**

Donald says, “Hold up your head,
Don’t go round a-mope;
Fill your mind with cheerful thoughts,
Feed your heart on hope.

“Lift your eyes toward the hills,
Don’t forget to smile;
Try to do a kindly deed
Ev’ry little while.

“If the Devil comes your way,
Let him come—and go;
MARRI'D AND OTHER VERSES (1910)

Don’t get watchin’ up the road
Wond’rin’ why he’s slow!

“If you’ve troubles, so have all—
Don’t neglect the fact;
Help your neighbour, and forget
In the kindly act.”

Donald speaks as Donald feels,
Donald’s great of heart—
Sees the truth because he’s true,
Tries to do his part.

Donald’s courage helps us all—
Kindly, through and through—
Helps us even when we fall;
Donald! Here’s to you.

(13 November 1902) Copy-text: MV Collated states: None

MY BONNIE LOVE

O, ha’e ye seen my bonnie love,
My bonnie ane, my dearie, O!
O, ha’e ye seen my bonnie ane
Come doon th’ way sae cheerie, O!

His e’en are clear, his airm is strang,
He’s braid across th’ shouther;
His bonnie breast, it shelters me
Against a’ stormy weather.

He gaes t’ wark at peep o’ day;
He greets th’ mornin’ airly;
He wields sae free th’ singin’ blade
That cuts th’ bearded barley.

He swings an axe, he guides the pleugh—
He min’s na win’ nor weather;
COLLECTED VERSE: SECTION B

He comes, he goes; he reaps, he sows,
   An' hauds th' hoose tegether;
An' when at eve he turns f'r hame
   The bairnie rins t' meet him,
An' a' my heart loups at his voice—
   My heart that loves t' greet him.
An' when I meet him at th' dure,
   O, wha sae bricht an' cheerie!
His very shadow on th' flure
   Is dear t' me—the dearie.
An' when he tak's me in his airms
   He gies nae why nor whether—
What matter a' the warl', my dear,
   Sae we twa hae each ither!
Then did ye see my bonnie love,
   My bonnie ane, my dearie, O!
O did ye see my bonnie ane,
   Come doon th' way sae cheerie, O!

848  MY LITTLE MAID

Thou dear, thou jewel of my heart,
   Come sit upon my knee,
And I will tell thee of a maid,
   The sweetest maid can be.
For she hath eyes so blue, my dear,
   They are such eyes as thine,

(30 March 1907)  Copy-text: MV  Collated states: None
22  wha Ed.] wha x
  1Leaps – a Northern form (OED).

(2 October 1903)  Copy-text: MV  Collated states: NewI (May 1904), p. 985 (a)1
  4 sweetest] fairest a can] could a 5 eyes . . . dear,] laughing eyes so blue— a
  6 thine,] ~; a
  1See A45 n. 1.
MARRI’D AND OTHER VERSES (1910)

And she hath curls like these, dear one,
Whereon the sun doth shine.
And she hath smiles that, hide and seek,
Play round about her mouth,
And cheeks a-flush like any rose
That knows nor heat, nor drouth;
And O, the mouth of her, my sweet,
And O, the dainty chin,
And O, the dimple in her cheek
Where smiles run out and in!
And list, thou little maid o’ love,
She is so dear to me,
That I have giv’n to her my heart,
For hers, eternally.

AND IT’S WHISTLE, WHISTLE, WHISTLE

And the grandmother said: “In the 50’s and 60’s
men knew how to whistle. But now-a-days . . .”

And it’s whistle, whistle, whistle,
You can hear the old man come,1
’Way up among the gullies
When the teams are comin’ home.

[cont. overleaf]

1 Fryer copy of MV is annotated: ‘My grandfather, Hugh Beattie.’
You can hear the harness rattle,
And the cracking of the whips;
And the jingle of the trace chain,
When the off-side leader slips—
All the younger men come singing,
Over sand, and ridge, and loam;
But the old man always whistles
When the teams are comin' home.

"ADIOS, AMIGO!"
To Dr. F. A. Newman.¹

Adios, Amigo!
Far across the sea
Lies a little island
Known to you and me.
There the Shamrocks glisten
When the morn is new,
There the thorn is shining
In its web of dew;
There the song is lifted—
Ah! my heart, be still!
Though I never see it
Yet another will—

¹ Expanded dedication in ADFA MS is ‘To Dr. F. A. Newman when going to Ireland’ while the title is annotated in NLA 876/10/113 ‘Adios Amigo—Lit. Go with God, friend, equivalent to God be with you or Goodbye’. According to a print clipping supplied by the Casterton Historical Society and dated 25 February 1909, Dr Francis Alexander Newman (1876–1940) practised in Casterton for ‘close on nine years’ before departing overseas ‘for professional purposes’. He later practised in Portland; see his obituary, Portland Guardian, 13 May 1940.
MARRI’D AND OTHER VERSES (1910)

There the story lingers,
    There the fairies play
When the netted moonlight
    Ripples in the Bay.
There, in graves the greenest,
    There our fathers lie—
We have not forgotten
    Have we, you and I?
There you go to-morrow;
    Go, with God, I say!
“Adios, Amigo,”
    Let us ever pray!

(17 February 1909)  Copy-text: MV  Collated states: None

TO MY SON

God blessed me when He gave me thee,
He set the diadem of Life upon
My brow, and made it holy in
The gift of Motherhood.
    O little son,
He gave thee unto me to make
A haven where the heart might quiet rest,
And Life lay down its burden for
    A little while, to linger, blest.

(5 June 1904)  Copy-text: MV  Collated states: None
O, singer in brown!
O, bird o' th' morn!
O, heart of delight
In th' deep o' th' thorn!

Glad, glad is thy song
Thou joy o' th' morn,
Thou palpitant throat
In the heart o' th' thorn.

Thy song of a nest,
O, sweet o' th' morn!
A nest and an egg
In the thick o' th' thorn.

(Copy-text: MV Collated states: NewI (July 1904), p. 24 as bird song (d) Mackeesie as O singer in brown (e) SY as O singer in brown (f) Not otherwise recorded: Except at line 8, a and b have 'o' the' and d has 'of the' where copy-text has 'o' th'.

1 O,] (Written for “The New Idea.”)]/ O a ~ d 2 O,] ~ A D 3 O,] ~ A D 4 In th'] In the A B D 5 song] ~, A B 6 morn,] ~! B 7 throat] ~, A 8 o' th'] of the A D o' the B thorn.] ~— A ~! B C ~; D 10 O,] ~ A D

CUPID CAME TO ME TO-DAY

Singing down the meadow way
Cupid came to me to-day,
Took my hand, with laughing eye,
Spoke of summer by-and-by.

Kissed me, palm, and cheek, and throat
(Sing! O, bird of mellow note!)
Kissed me, cheek, and throat, and brow
(Love! my lover! callest thou?)
MARRI’D AND OTHER VERSES (1910)

Kissed me, throat, and cheek, and mouth,
(Ah, if love could cool the drouth!)
Then he laughed and went away,
Singing down the meadow way.

(8 August 1903)  Copy-text: MV  Collated states: None

THE SPINNER

I PRISONED—

I have not heard at early morn
   The singing of the lark,
Nor seen the lowly violet
   That nestles in the dark.

The little birds that sing for me
Sing ever in a cage;
The only flowers that glad my sight
Lie on a printed page.

Ever the whirring loom makes play,
Ever the spindles fly;
The work-room is for me the world,
The roof, above, my sky.

II —AND FREE

The green fields stretch toward the sea,
The daisies to the sun;
The wild bee haunts the clover, where
The little children run.

(cont. overleaf)

(20 August 1902)  Copy-text: MV  Collated states: Wr, 18 April 1903, p. 3 as at MORN (4)

0.1 ‘t prisoner—) (For The Worker.)  2 lark,
   a  4 dark.] dark.// I have not heard the calves, new-born,/ Calling across the mead;/ Nor watched the ducks go winding by/ To pluck the yellow weed.  a  6 birds] bird  a
   sing] sings  a  me] −  6 Sing] Sings  a  9–12 Ever . . . sky.] Om.  a
12.1 ‘t —AND FREE] AT NOON  a  14 The daisies to] Daisies toward  a
   sun;] −  4