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LILLYGAY.



THE VINE PRESS,
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five hundred and
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this copy is
number
445

LILLYGAY

YADY HILL

LILLYGAY :

AN ANTHOLOGY OF
ANONYMOUS POEMS.



THE VINE PRESS,
STEYNING.

THE VINE PRESS,
STEYNING.
MCMXX.

WELLYDAY

AN ANTHROPOLOGICAL

STUDY



UNIVERSITY OF
CALIFORNIA

THE VINE PRESS

STEYNING

MCMXX



DEDICATION

470426

Eng. I



DEDICATION

TO POETS

I love my Sal : and her brave
caresses ;
I love the lullabie songs that she
can croon ;
Her lilly-white breasts, and her
nut-brown tresses :
I could feed her lips on love with
a wooden spoon.

MONOGRAPH

OF THE

AMERICAN

PHYSICAL

SCIENCE

AND

INDUSTRY

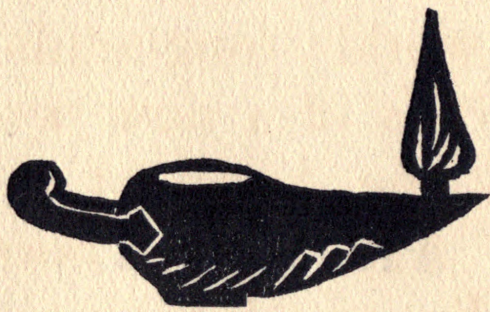
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LILLYGAY

YADY 101

PROLOGUE



PROLOGUE

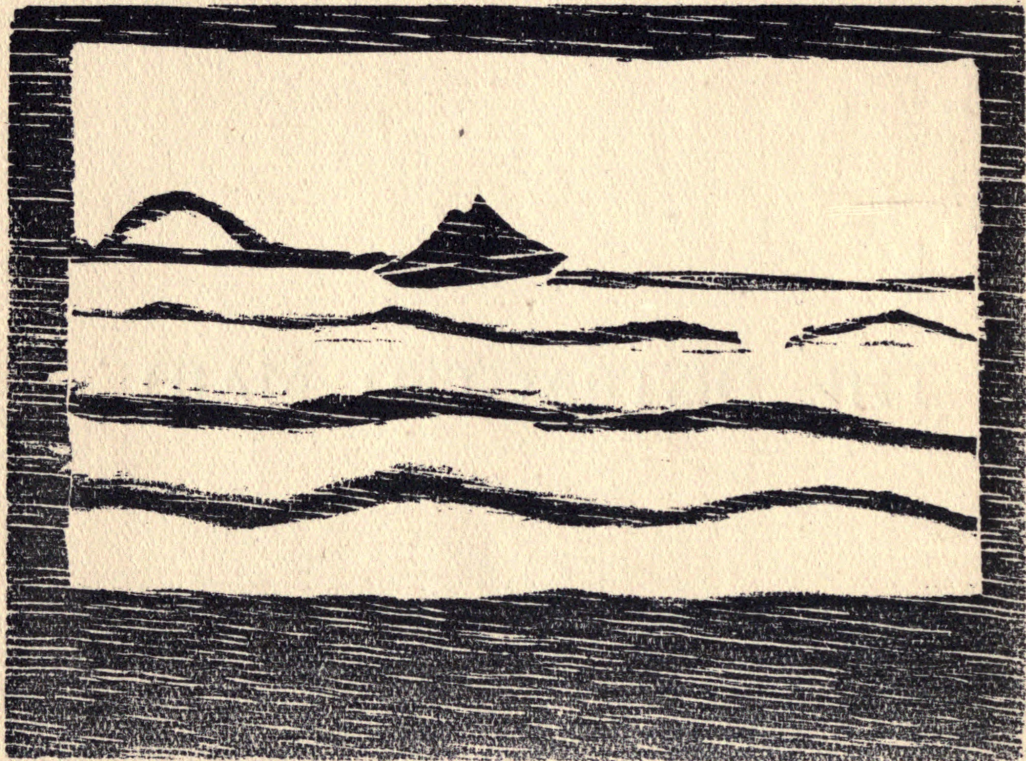
Songs of ripe-lipped love and of
honey-coloured laughter : old
lamps for new : ancient lights.

Herein are little mirrors, but they
are of the world ; tonguefuls of words,
but new words of a new world, newly
coloured by the Angel of a new time.
For a new Age is ever born from the
past. The Future alone is ancient upon
the Spiral.


The rainbow and the waterfall,
the waving Tree and the flaming Sword
are one with Man, and these songs are
songs of his soul.

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THE DISTRACTED MAID.

ne morning very early, one morning in
the spring,
I heard a maid in Bedlam who
mournfully did sing ;
Her chains she rattled on her hands while sweetly
thus sung she :
“ I love my love, because I know my love loves
me.

“ Oh, cruel were his parents who sent my love to
sea !
And cruel, cruel was the ship that bore my love
from me ;
Yet I love his parents, since they're his,
although they've ruin'd me ;
And I love my love, because I know my love
loves me.

“ Oh, should it please the pitying powers to call
me to the sky,
I'd claim a guardian angel's charge around my
love to fly ;
To guard him from all dangers how happy should
I be !
For I love my love, because I know my love loves
me.

" I'll make a strawy garland, I'll make it wondrous
fine,
With roses, lilies, daisies I'll mix the eglantine ;
And I'll present it to my love when he returns
from sea ;
For I love my love, because I know my love loves
me.

" Oh, If I were a little bird to build upon his
breast !
Or if I were a nightingale to sing my love to
rest !
To gaze upon his lovely eyes all my reward
should be ;
For I love my love, because I know my love loves
me.

" Oh, If I were an eagle to soar into the sky !
I'd gaze around with piercing eyes where I my
love might spy ;
But ah ! unhappy maiden, that love you ne'er
shall see :
Yet I love my love, because I know my love loves
me."

ELORÉ LO



ELORÉ LO



In a garden so green of a May morning,
Heard I my lady pleen of paramours ;
Said she, " My love so sweet, come ye not
yet, not yet,
Hight you not me to meet amongst the flowers ?
Eloré! Eloré! Eloré! Eloré!
I love my lusty love, Eloré lo !

" The light upspringeth, the dew down dingeth,
The sweet lark singeth her hours of prime ;
Phœbus up spenteth, joy to rest wenteth,
So lost is mine intents, and gone is the time.
Eloré! Eloré! Eloré! Eloré!
I love my lusty love, Eloré lo !

" Danger my dead is, false fortune my feid is,
And languor my lead is, but hope I despair,
Disdain my desire is, so strangeness my fear is,
Deceit out of all ware ; adieu, I fare.
Eloré! Eloré! Eloré! Eloré!
I love my lusty love, Eloré lo !"

Then to my lady blyth did I my presence kyth,
Saying, " My bird, be glad! am I not yours ?"
So in my arms t^o did I the lusty jo,
And kissed her times mo than night hath hours.
Eloré! Eloré! Eloré! Eloré!
I love my lusty love, Eloré lo!

" Live in hope, lady fair, and repel all despair,
Trust that your true love shall you not betray ;
When deceit and langour is banisht from your bower,
I'll be your paramour and shall you please ;
Eloré! Eloré! Eloré! Eloré!
I love my lusty love, Eloré lo!

" Favour and duty unto your bright beauty ;
Confirmed has lawtie obeyed to truth ;
So that your soverance, heartilie but variance,
Mark in your memorance mercy and ruth.
Eloré! Eloré! Eloré! Eloré!
I love my lusty love, Eloré lo!

“ Yet for your courtesie banish all jealousie ;
Love for love lustily, do me restore ;
Then with us lovers young true love shall rest and
reign,
Solace shall sweetly sing for ever more ;
Eloré! Eloré! Eloré! Eloré!
I love my lusty love, Eloré lo !”

BONFIRE SONG



BONFIRE SONG



The bonny month of June is crowned
With the sweet scarlet rose ;
Each grove and meadow all around
With lovely pleasure flows.

And I walked out to yonder green
One evening so fair,
All where the fair maids might be seen
Playing at the bonfire.

Hail! lovely nymphs, be not too coy,
But freely yield your charms ;
Let love inspire with mirth and joy
In Cupid's lovely arms.

Bright Luna spread her light around
The gallants for to cheer,
As they lay sporting on the ground
At the fair June bonfire.

All on the pleasant dewy mead
They shared each other's charms,
Till Phoebus' beams began to spread,
And coming day alarms.

Whilst larks and linnets sing so sweet
To cheer each lovely swain,
Let each prove true unto their love,
And so farewell the plain.

BURD ELLEN AND
YOUNG TAMLANE



BURD ELLEN AND YOUNG TAMLANE

Burd Ellen sits in her bower windowe,
With a double laddy double, and for the
double dow,
Twisting the red silk and the blue,
With the double rose and the May-hay.

And whiles she twisted, and whiles she twam,
With a double laddy double, and for the
double dow,
And whiles the tears fell down amang,
With the double rose and the May-hay.

Till once there cam' by Young Tamlane,
With a double laddy double, and for the
double dow,
"Come light, oh light, and rock your young son!"
With the double rose and the May-hay.

“ If ye winna rock him, ye may let him rair,
“ With a double laddy double, and for the
double dow,
“ For I ha’e rockit my share and mair!
“ With the double rose and the May-hay.”

Young Tamlane to the seas he’s gane,
With a double laddy double, and for the
double dow,
And a’ women’s curse in his company’s gane!
With the double rose and the May-hay.

THE GOWANS SAE GAE



THE GOWANS SAE GAE



Fair lady Isabel sits in her bower sewing,
Aye as the gowans grow gay ;
There she heard an elf-knight blawing his
horn
The first morning in May.

If I had yon horn that I hear blawing,
Aye as the gowans grow gae ;
And yon elf-knight to sleep in my bosom
The first morning in May !

This maiden scarce these words had spoken,
Aye as the gowans grow gae,
Till in at her window the elf-knight has luppen
The first morning in May.

It's a very strange matter, fair maiden, said he,
Aye as the gowans grow gae,
I canna' blaw my horn but ye call on me
The first morning in May.

But will ye go to the greenwood side,
Aye as the gowans grow gay?
If ye canna' gang I will cause ye to ride
The first morning in May.

He leapt on a horse and she on another,
Aye as the gowans grow gae,
And on they rode to the greenwood together
The first morning in May.

Light down, light down, lady Isabel, said he,
Aye as the gowans grow gay,
We are come to the place where you are to dee
The first morning in May.

Ha'e mercy, ha'e mercy, kind sir, on me,
Aye as the gowans grow gay,
Till ance my dear father and mother I see
The first morning in May.

Seven kings' daughters here ha'e I slain,
Aye as the gowans grow gay,
And ye shall be the eighth o' them
The first morning in May.

O sit down a while, lay your head on my knee,
Aye as the gowans grow gay,
That we may ha'e some rest before that I dee
The first morning in May.

She stroak'd him sae fast the nearer he did creep,
Aye as the gowans grow gay,
Wi' a sma' charm she lull'd him fast asleep
The first morning in May.

Wi' his ain sword sae fast as she ban' him,
Aye as the gowans grow gay,
Wi' his ain dag-durk sae sair as she dang him
The first morning in May.

If seven kings' daughters here ye ha'e slain,
Aye as the gowans grow gay,
Lye ye here, a husband to them a'
The first morning in May.

LILLY-WHITE



LILLY-WHITE



lilly-white her hands are,
Lilly-white her thighs,
Little starry strands are
The locks above her eyes.

Violets her eyes are,
Her hands are valley-lillies,
Her eyes are like the skies are,
Her breasts are daffodillies.

Violet and lilly-gold,
Petalled daffodills,
She's joyous as the hilly gold
Upon the Gorsy Hills.

I'll pluck her valley-lillies,
 And steal her violets,
I'll turn her daffodillies
 To gold-lipped triolets.

I'll cross the hills beyond ; oh !
 I'll seek her in the sun ;
I'll sing to her my rondeau
 Until her heart is won.

And oh ! her hands are lillies,
 And lilly-white her thighs,
But still her softest thrill is
 Beneath her violet eyes.



JOHNNIE FAA



JOHNNIE FAA



he gypsies cam' to our gude Lord's gate,
And wow! but they sang sweetlie ;
They sang sae sweet and sae very complete
That doun cam' the fair ladie.

And she cam' tripping doun the stair,
And a' her maids before her ;
As soon as they saw her weel-faured face
They cuist the glamour o'er her.

Oh, Come wi' me, says Johnnie Faa,
Oh, Come wi' me, my Dearie,
For I vow and I swear by the hilt o' my sword
That your lord shall nae mair come near
ye.

Then she gied them the red red wine,
And they gied her the ginger ;
But she gied them a far better thing,
The gowd ring frae her finger.

Gae tak' frae me this gae mantle,
And bring to me a plaidie,
For if kith and kin and a' had sworn,
I'd follow the gypsy laddie.

Yestreen I lay in a weel-made bed
Wi' my gude lord beside me ;
This night I'll be in a tenant's barn
Whatever shall betide me.

Come to your bed, says Johnnie Faa,
Come to your bed, my Dearie,
For I vow and I swear by the hilt o' my sword
That your lord shall nae mair come near
ye.

I'll go to bed to my Johnnie Faa,
I'll go to bed to my Dearie,
For I vow and I swear by the fan in my hand
That my lord shall nae mair come near
me.

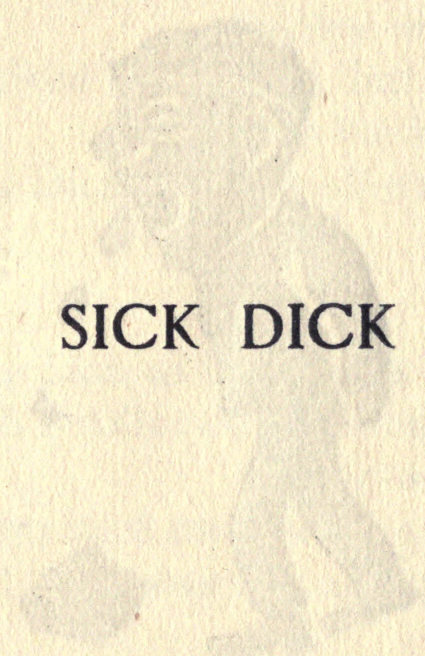
I'll make a hap to my Johnnie Faa,
I'll make a hap to my Dearie,
And he's get a' the sash gaes round,
And my lord shall nae mair come near
me.

And when our lord cam' hame at e'en,
And speired for his fair ladie,
The tane she cried, and the other replied,
She's awa' wi' the Gypsie laddie.

Gae saddle to me the black black steed,
Gae saddle and mak' him ready ;
Before that I either eat or sleep
I'll gae seek my fair ladie.

And we were fifteen weel-made men,
Although we were na bonnie,
And we were a' put down but ane
For a fair young wanton ladie.

There were fifteen Gypsies in a gang,
 Brisk but never bonnie,
And a' but ane's in a row to hang
 For the Earl o' Cassilis' ladie.

A faint, light-colored illustration of a man in a suit, possibly a historical figure, is centered on the page. The man is depicted from the waist up, facing slightly to the left. The illustration is very light and blends into the textured background of the paper.

SICK DICK



SICK DICK ;
OR, THE DRUNKARD'S TRAGEDY.

Dick was sick last night, good lack !
With a colley-walley-walley-walley-
walley-walley-wabbles ;
He walked to the Lion, but they carried
him back,
And Dick was sick all over the cobbles.

He walked to the Lion as lordly as a lecher,
With a colley-walley-walley-walley-
walley-walley-wabbles ;
But they bore him back on a home-made stretcher,
And Dick was sick all over the cobbles.

He swilled and swallowed like some old sow,
With a colley-walley-walley-walley-
walley-walley-wabbles ;
Till he belched and bellowed like our milch-cow,
And Dick was sick all over the cobbles.

The ale at the Lion is bright and old,
 With a colley-walley-walley-walley-
 walley-walley-wabbles ;
And that's what made Dick overbold,
 And Dick was sick all over the cobbles.

Dick grew loving as it grew late,
 With a colley-walley-walley-walley-
 walley-walley-wabbles ;
And he gave a hug to Slommicky Kate,
 And Dick was sick all over the cobbles.

But when he tried to kiss Jane Trollop,
 With a colley-walley-walley-walley-
 walley-walley-wabbles ;
He went to the floor with a whack and a wallop,
 And Dick was sick all over the cobbles.

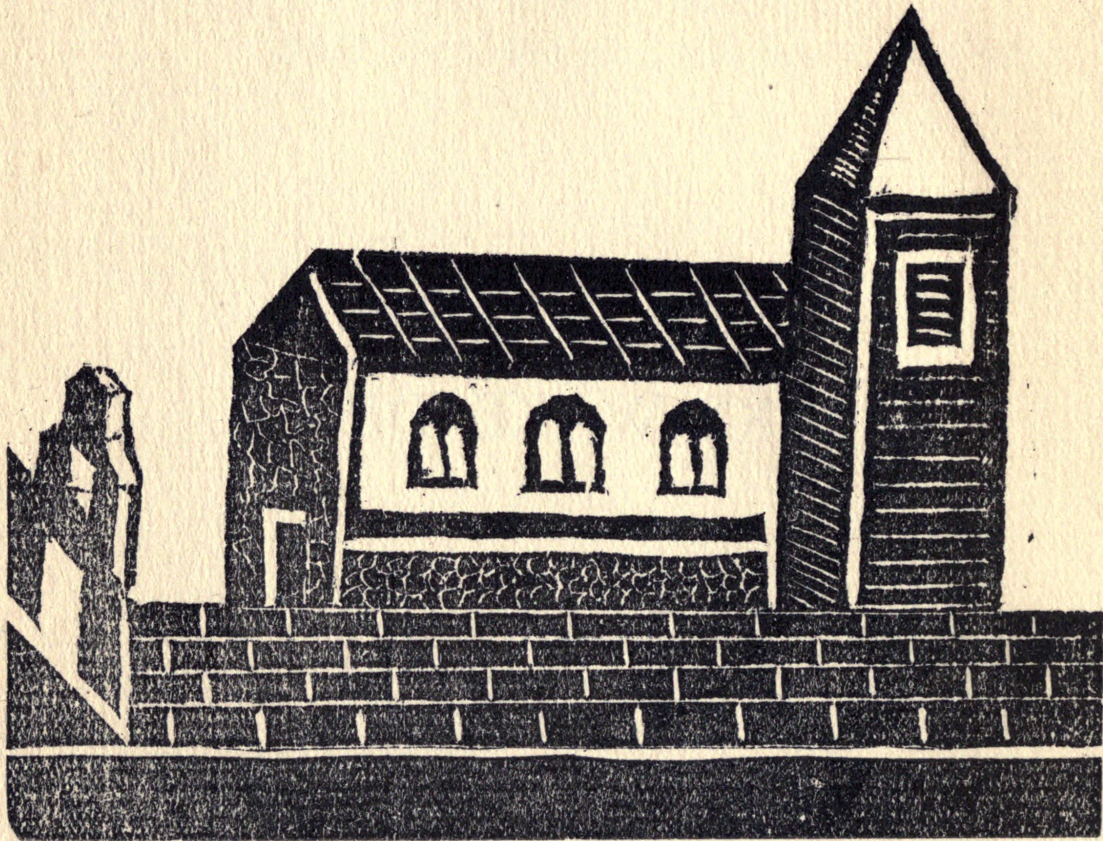
For he bussed Jane Trollop bang in the eye,
 With a colley-walley-walley-walley-
 walley-walley-wabbles ;
While her Cullie Claude was standing by,
 And Dick was sick all over the cobbles.

And Cullie Claude is a surly swain,
 With a colley-walley-walley-walley-
 walley-walley-wabbles ;
For when Dick got up he downed him again,
 And Dick was sick all over the cobbles.

So we set Dick up upon a chair,
 With a colley-walley-walley-walley-
 walley-walley-wabbles ;
And wiped the saw-dust from his hair,
 And Dick was sick all over the cobbles.

And he's better today, and says, Gød Lack,
 With a colley-walley-walley-walley-
 walley-walley-wabbles ;
Take me on a stretcher and I'll walk back,
 And Dick was sick all over the cobbles.

A LYKE-WAKE DIRGE



A LYKE-WAKE DIRGE



This ae nighte, this ae nighte,
Everie nighte and alle,
Fire, and sleete, and candle-lighte,
And Christe receive thy saule.

When thou from hence away art past,
Everie nighte and alle,
To Whinnie-muir thou comest at last,
And Christe receive thy saule.

If ever thou gavest hosen and shoon,
Everie nighte and alle,
Sit thee down and put them on,
And Christe receive thy saule.

If hosen and shoon thou gavest nane,
Everie nighte and alle,
The whinnes shall pricke thee to the bare bane,
And Christe receive thy saule.

From Whinnie-muir when thou mayst passe,
Everie nighte and alle,
To Brigg o' Dread thou comest at last,
And Christe receive thy saule.

From Brigg o' Dread when thou mayst passe,
Everie nighte and alle,
To Purgatory Fire thou comest at last,
And Christe receive thy saule.

If ever thou gavest meate or drinke,
Everie nighte and alle,
The fire shall never make thee shrinke,
And Christe receive thy saule.

If meate or drinke thou gavest nane,
Everie nighte and alle,
The fire will burn thee to the bare bane,
And Christe receive thy saule.

This ae nighte, this ae nighte,
Everie nighte and alle,
Fire, and sleete, and candle-lighte,
And Christe receive thy saule.

A faint, circular illustration of a man's face is centered in the background. The man has a mustache and is wearing a suit jacket and a tie. The illustration is very light and blends into the textured, yellowish-brown paper.

JOHNNIE WI' THE TYE



JOHNNIE WI' THE TYE



Johnnie cam' to our toun,
To our toun, to our toun,
Johnnie cam' to our toun,
The body wi' the tye ;
And O as he kittl'd me,
Kittl'd me, kittl'd me,
O as he kittl'd me -
But I forgot to cry.

He gaed thro' the fields wi' me,
The fields wi' me, the fields wi' me,
He gaed thro' the fields wi' me,
And doun amang the rye ;
Then O as he kittl'd me,
Kittl'd me, kittl'd me,
Then O as he kittl'd me -
But I forgot to cry.

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THE SHOEMAKER



THE SHOEMAKER



Shoemaker, shoemaker, are ye within ?
A fal a falladdie fallee ;
Hae ye got shoes to fit me so trim,
For a kiss in the morning early ?

O fair may, come in and see,
A fal a falladdie fallee,
I've got but ae pair and I'll gi'e them to thee
For a kiss in the morning early.

He's ta'en her in behind the bench,
A fal a falladdie fallee,
And there he has fitted his own pretty wench
With a kiss in the morning early.

When twenty weeks war come and gane,
A fal a falladdie fallee,
The maid cam' back to her shoemaker then,
For a kiss in the morning early.

Oh, says she, I can't spin at a wheel,
A fal a falladdie fallee,
If ye can't spin at a wheel, ye may spin at a rock,
For I go not to slight my own pretty work
That was done in the morning early.

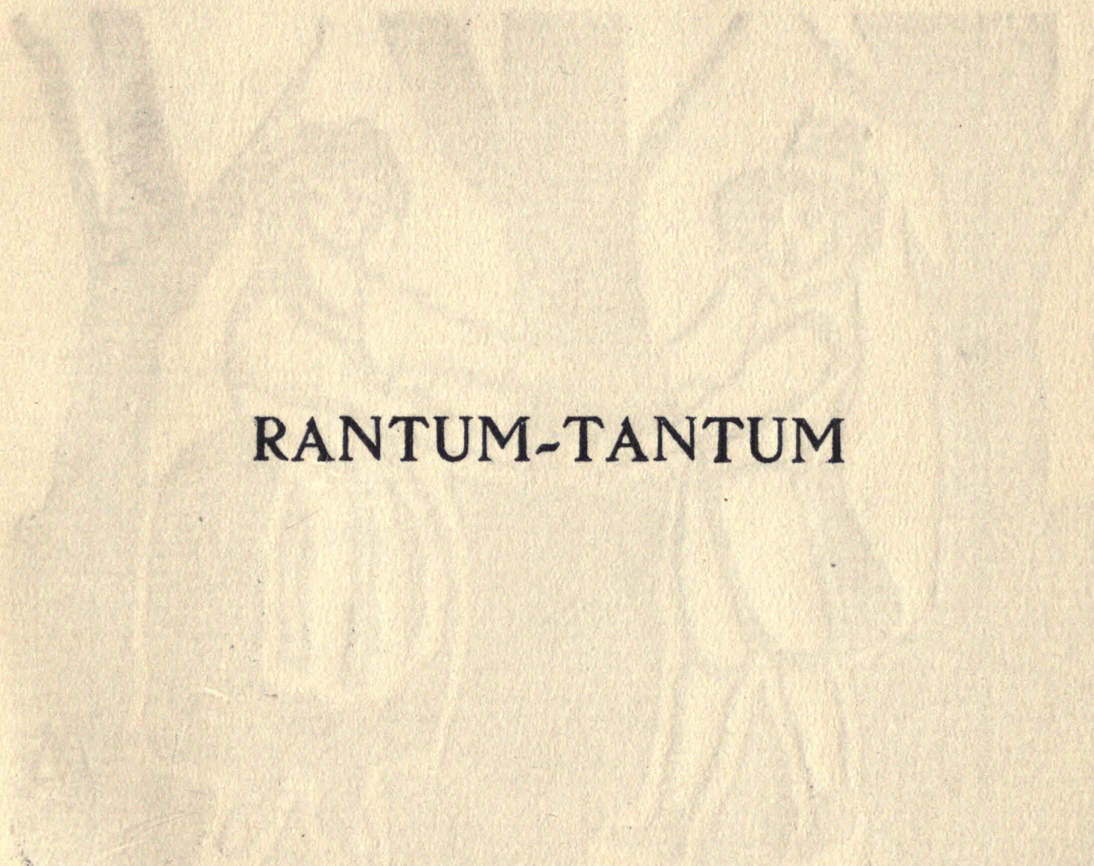
When twenty weeks war come and gone,
A fal a falladdie fallee,
The maid she brought forth a braw young son,
For her kiss in the morning early.

Oh, says her father, we'll cast it out,
A fal a falladdie fallée,
It is but the shoemaker's dirty clout,
It was got in the morning early.

Oh, says her mother, we'll keep it in,
A fal a falladdie fallée,
It was born a prince, and it may be a king,
It was got in the morning early.

When other maids gang to the ball,
A fal a falladdie fallée,
She must sit and dandle her shoemaker's awl,
For her kiss in the morning early.

When other maids gang to their tea,
A fal a falladdie falliee,
She must sit at hame and sing balillalee,
For her kiss in the morning early.



RANTUM-TANTUM



RANTUM-TANTUM



Who'll play at Rantum-tantum
Over the fields in May?
Oh, maidens fair, 'Od grant 'em
Rantum-tantum play!

The dawning fields are rimy,
White in the sun-rise way,
But oh! the fields smell thymy
Later in the day!

And oh! may the fields be pearly
With dawn and virgin dew,
And may my love come early!
And may my love be true!

Oh, the fields are green in day-time,
And the trees are white in May,
And Rantum-tantum May-time
's the time for lovers' play.

The little fern-fronds are curly,
And the apple-boughs are white,
And the steers are brown and burly,
And the birds sing for delight.

Oh, hey for Rantum-tantum !
Come out, my love, to see :
And for virgins, Oh, 'Od grant 'em
What virgins grant to me !

EPILOGUE

— ♥
(NAPOO.)

EPILOGUE

Now all you young poets,
come listen awhile :
I'll sing you a song that will make you
all smile ;
It's about a young lady so fair and so tall
Who married a man who had no heart
at all !
No heart at all !
No heart at all !
How could he love her with no
heart at all ?

Now on the first evening, ere they had
retired,
She thought she would see if her love
was desired,
She sought for his passion - his passion
was small ;
She sought for his heart - he had no
heart at all !
No heart at all !
No heart at all !
How could he love her with no
heart at all ?

Dear daughter, dear daughter, oh, don't
look so sad,
But treat him the same as I treated your
dad :
There's many a man will be willing to
call
And make love for the man who has no
heart at all !
No heart at all !
No heart at all !
Zounds to the man who has no
heart at all !

COLOPHON





COLOPHON

Pale lilies throned in silver jars,
White stars in red-gold skies,
Slim olivine wild nenuphars
Blowing broad melodies.

Grey horses in the hippodrome
of wheeling stars ; symposia
Of Hybla-scented honeycomb,
Violet-breathed ambrosia.

Or what you care, or what you will,
Or what you dare ; 'tis one :
Take every dewy daffodil
Of Art and Song and Sun.

Take what you will, and thrill and thrill
As thrill the windy skies ;
Guide the soul-steeds with skill, with
skill :
Rede well these harmonies.



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