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# LILLYGAY.



THE VINE PRESS,  
STEYNING.  
MCMXX.

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445

**LILLYGAY**

YADY HILL

# LILLYGAY :

AN ANTHOLOGY OF  
ANONYMOUS POEMS.



THE VINE PRESS,  
STEYNING.  
MCMXX.

WELLYDAY

AN ANTHROPOLOGICAL

STUDY

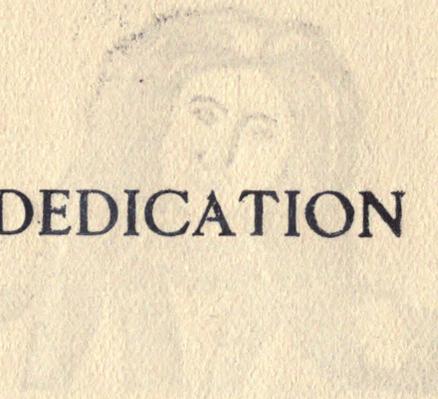


UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

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.

MEMORANDUM

TO :

FROM :

SUBJECT :

DATE :

BY :

1. The purpose of this memorandum is to

report on the results of the

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LILLYGAY

YADY 101

# PROLOGUE



## PROLOGUE

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

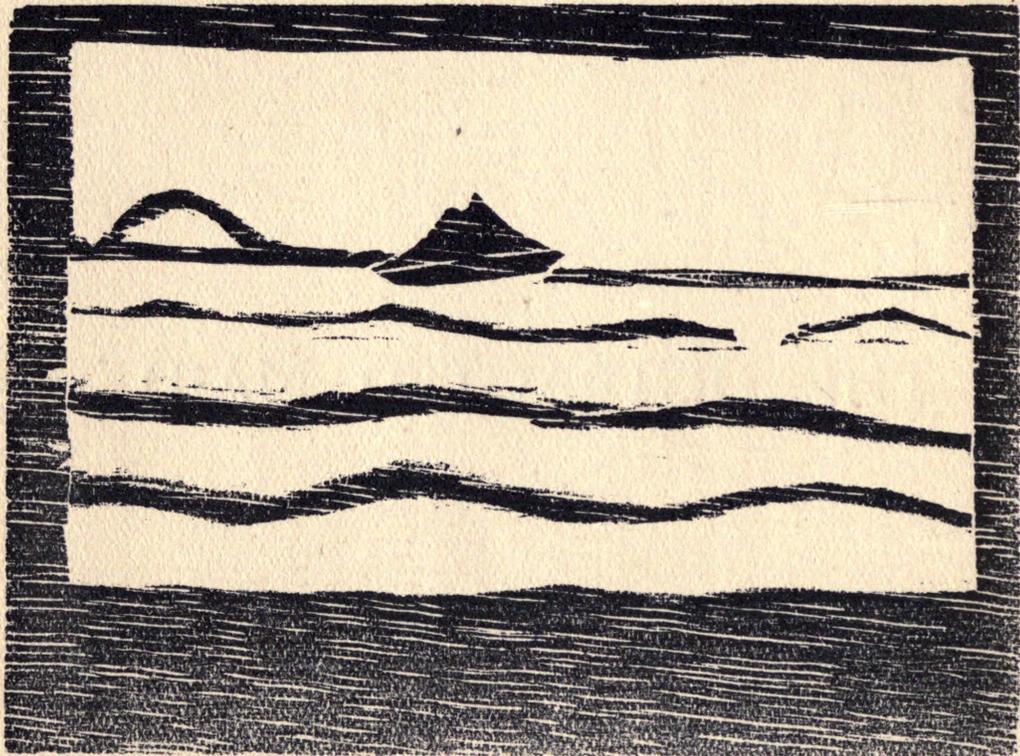
Herein are little mirrors, but they  
are of the world ; tonguefuls of words,  
but new words of a new world, newly  
coloured by the Angel of a new time.  
For a new Age is ever born from the  
past. The Future alone is ancient upon  
the Spiral.

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<sup>o</sup> 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

**B**urd 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.

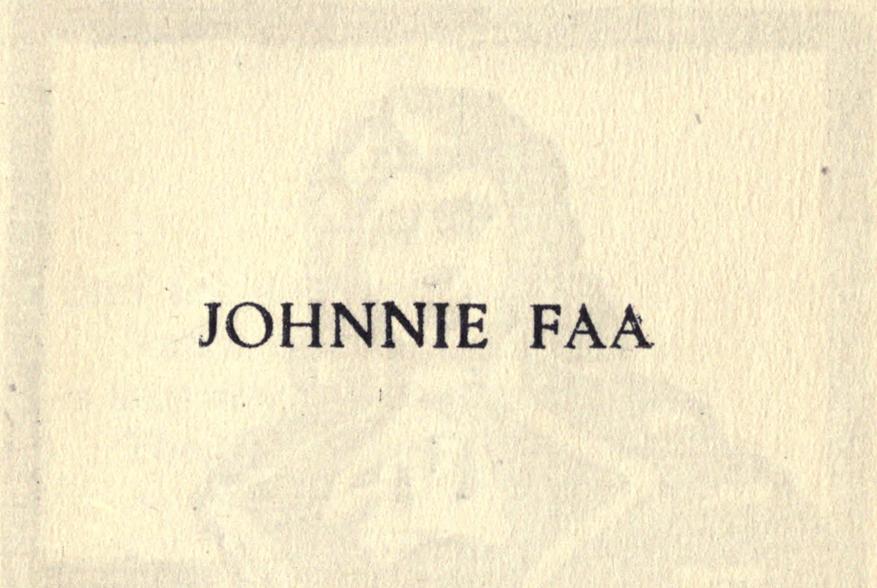
Violets her eyes are,  
Her hands are valley-lillies,  
Her eyes are like the skies are,  
Her breasts are daffodillies.

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.

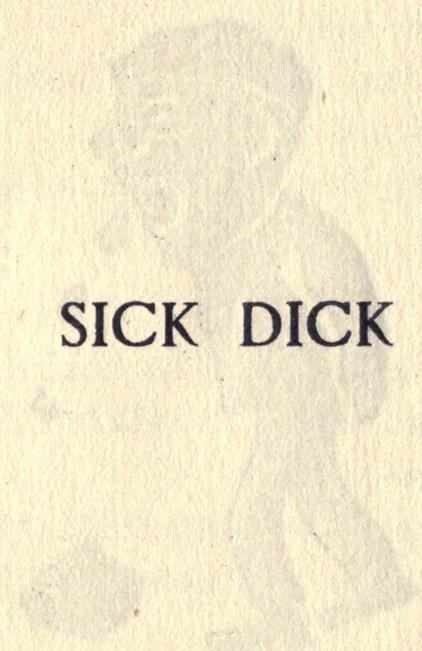
And when our lord cam' hame at e'en,  
And speired for his fair ladie,  
The tane she cried, and the other replied,  
She's awa' wi' the Gypsie laddie.

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.

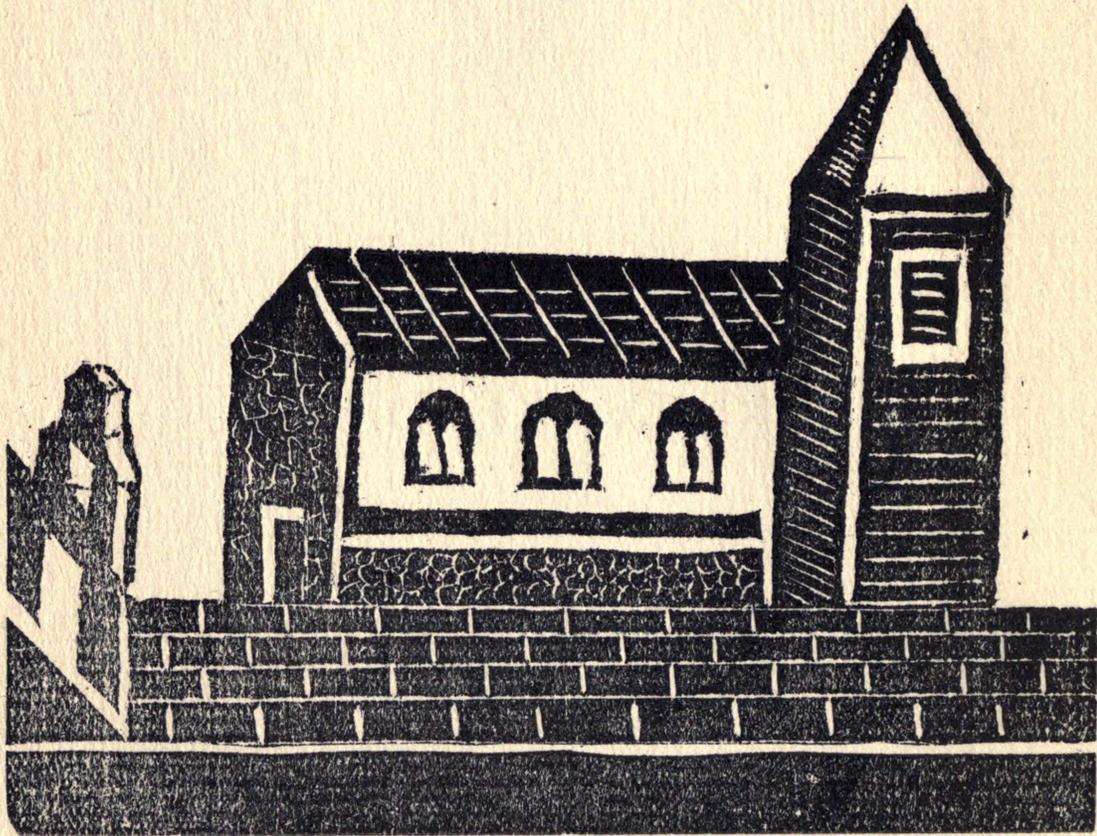
He swilled and swallowed like some old sow,  
With a colley-walley-walley-walley-  
walley-walley-wabbles ;  
Till he belched and bellowed like our milch-cow,  
And Dick was sick all over the cobbles.





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



his 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.

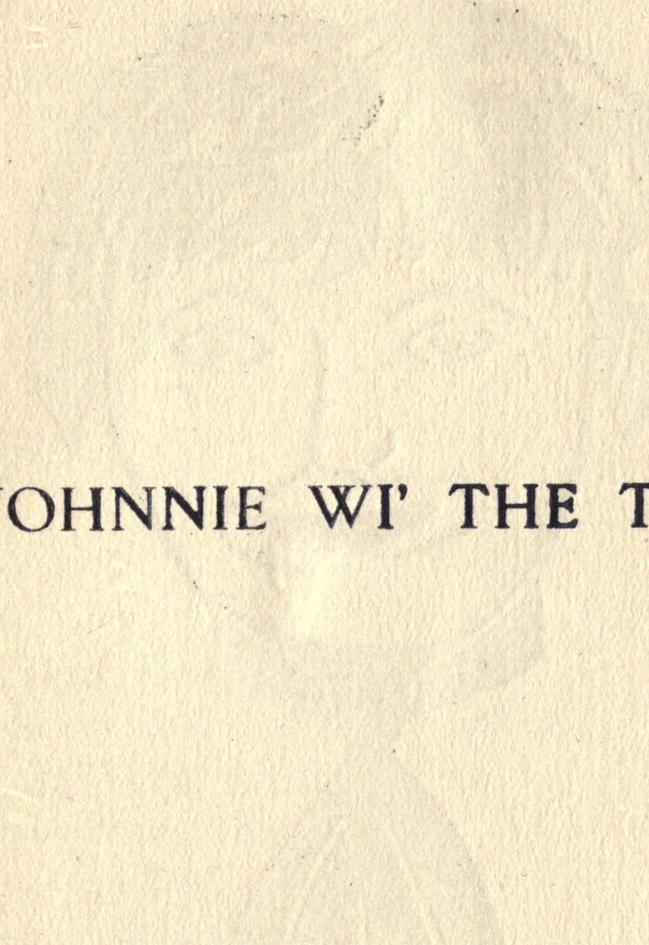
From Brigg o' Dread when thou mayst passe,  
Everie nighte and alle,  
To Purgatory Fire thou comest at last,  
And Christe receive thy saule.

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 on the page. 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 background of the paper.

JOHNNIE WI' THE TYE



## JOHNNIE WI' THE TYE



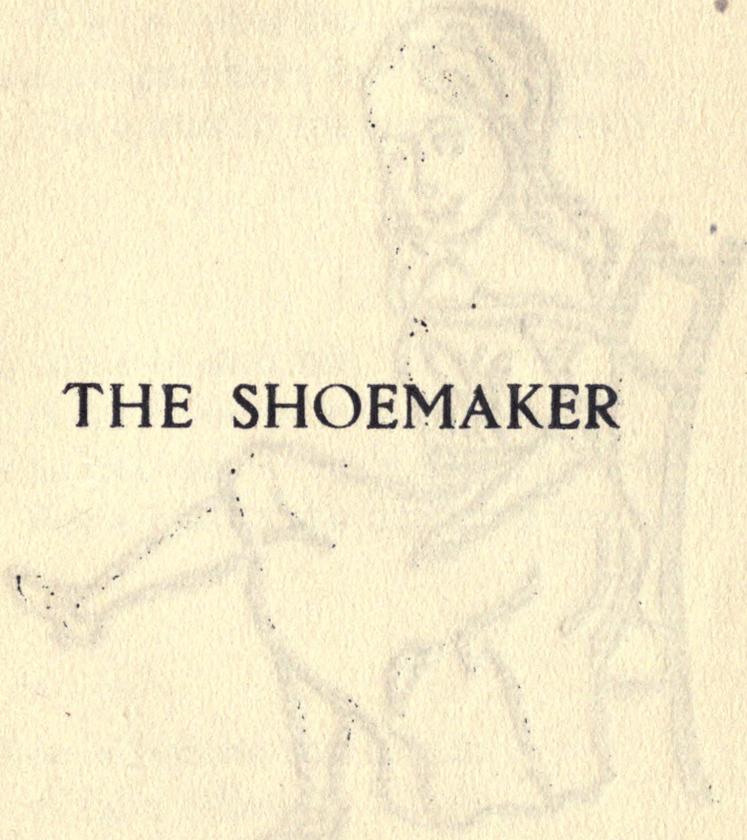
Johnnie cam' to our toun,  
To our toun, to our toun,  
Johnnie cam' to our toun,  
The body wi' the tye ;  
And O as he kittl'd me,  
Kittl'd me, kittl'd me,  
O as he kittl'd me -  
But I forgot to cry.

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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PHYSICS



**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 fallie,  
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 fallie,  
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.

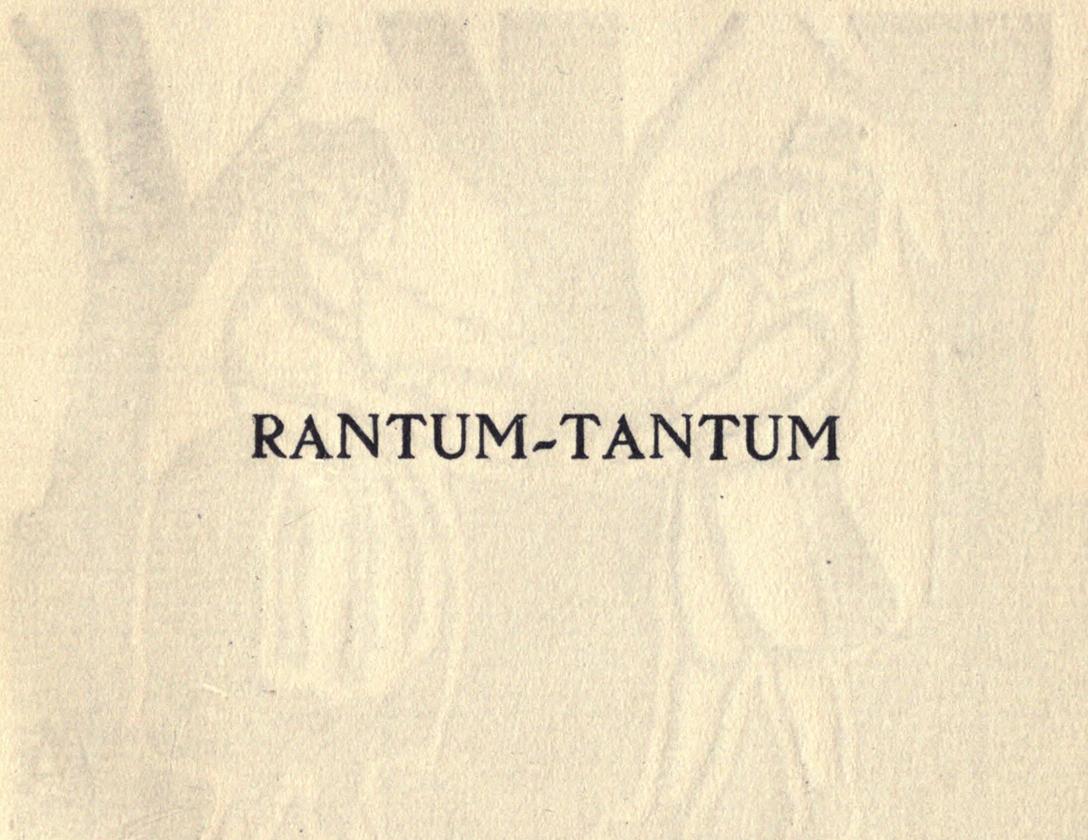
When twenty weeks war come and gone,  
A fal a falladdie fallie,  
The maid she brought forth a braw young son,  
For her kiss in the morning early.

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

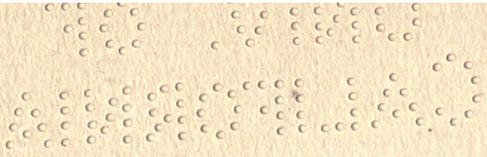
**N**ow all you young poets,  
come listen awhile :  
I'll sing you a song that will make you  
all smile ;  
It's about a young lady so fair and so tall  
Who married a man who had no heart  
at all !  
No heart at all !  
No heart at all !  
How could he love her with no  
heart at all ?

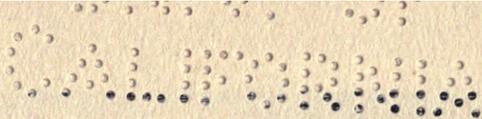
Now on the first evening, ere they had  
retired,  
She thought she would see if her love  
was desired,  
She sought for his passion - his passion  
was small ;  
She sought for his heart - he had no  
heart at all !  
No heart at all !  
No heart at all !  
How could he love her with no  
heart at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

**P**ale 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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Nineteen hundred & twenty.

The Wood-cuts are by  
Eric and Percy West.

AD MVSARVM  
ÆQVARVM  
GLORIAM  
LABOR  
SIT.



STEYNING.



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