

THE  
HUNTING  
OF  
CHEVY-CHACE.

---

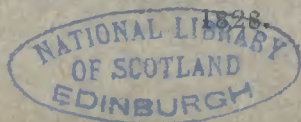
A SCOTS BALLAD.

---

Containing an interesting Account of a bloody fray, fought between Percy of Northumberland with 2000 English, and the gallant Earl of Douglas with 1500 brave Scots; in which the latter kept the field, and the English rode off with only fifty-five out of two thousand.



GLASGOW;  
Printed for the Booksellers.



## THE HUNTING OF CHEVY-CHACE.

God prosper long our noble King,  
Our lives and safeties all,  
A woful hunting once there did,  
In Chevy-Chace befall.  
To drive the deer with hound and horn,  
Earl Percy took his way;  
The child may rue that is unborn,  
The hunting of that day.

The stout Earl of Northumberland,  
A vow to God did make,  
His pleasure in the Scottish woods,  
Three summer days to take;  
The choicest harts of Chevy-Chace,  
To kill and bear away,  
These tidings to the Earl Douglas came,  
In Scotland where he lay.

Who sent Lord Percy present word,  
He would prevent his sport —  
The English Earl not fearing him,  
Did to the woods resort.  
With twenty hundred bowmen bold,  
All chosen men of might;  
Who knew full well in time of need,  
To aim their shafts aright.

The gallant greyhounds quickly ran,  
To chace the fallow deer;  
On Monday they began to hunt,  
When day-light did appear.  
And long before high noon they had  
An hundred fat bucks slain;  
Then having din'd, the rovers rose  
To rouse them up again.

The bowmen muster'd on the hill,  
 We'll able to endure,  
 Their backsides all with special care,  
 That day were guarded sure,  
 The hounds ran swiftly thro' the wood,  
 The nimble deer to take :  
 And with their cries the hills and dales  
 An echo shrill did make.

Earl Percy to the Quarry went,  
 To view the fallow deer ;  
 Quoth the Earl, Douglas promis'd  
 This day to meet me here ;  
 But if I thought he would not come,  
 No longer would I stay :  
 With that a brave young gentleman,  
 Thus to the Earl did say—

Lo yonder doth Earl Douglas come !  
 His men in armour bright,  
 Full fifteen hundred Scottish spears,  
 All marching in his sight :  
 All pleasant men of Teviotdale,  
 Dwell by the river Tweed,  
 Then cease your sport, Earl Percy said,  
 And take your bows with speed.

Lord Douglas on a milk-white steed,  
 Most like a baron bold,  
 Rode foremost of the company,  
 Whose armour shone like gold.  
 Shew me, said he, whose men ye be,  
 That hunt so boldly here,  
 That without my consent to chace,  
 And kill my fallow deer.

The first man that did answer make,  
 Was noble Percy he,

Who said, We list not to declare,  
 Nor show whose men we be ;  
 Yet we will spend our dearest blood,  
 The choicest hearts to slay,  
 Then Douglas swore a solemn oath,  
 And thus in rage did say.

Ere thus I will out-braved be,  
 One of us two shall die;  
 I know thee well, an Earl thou art,  
 Lord Percy, so am I.  
 But, trust me, Percy, pity it were,  
 And great offence to kill,  
 Any of these our harmless men,  
 For they have done no ill.

Let me and thee the battle try,  
 And set our men aside ;  
 Accurs'd be he, said Lord Percy,  
 By whom this is deny'd.  
 Then stept a noble Squire forth,  
 Witherington by name ;  
 Who said he would not have it told,  
 To Henry his king for shame,  
 That e'er my Captain fought on foot,  
 And I stood looking on ;  
 You be two Earls said Witherington,  
 And I a square alone,  
 I'll do the best that I may do,  
 While I have power to stand ;  
 While I have power to wield my sword,  
 I'll fight with heart and hand.

Our Scottish archers bent their bows,  
 Their hearts were good and true ;  
 At the first flight of arrows sent,  
 They fourscore English slew.

To drive the deer with hound and horn,  
 Douglas bade on the bent,  
 A Captain mov'd with meikle pride,  
 Their spears in shivers went.

The Chiefs did fall on every side,  
 No slackness there was found,  
 And many a gallant gentleman  
 Lay gasping on the ground.  
 O! but it was a grief to see,  
 And likewise for to hear,  
 The cries of men lying in their gore,  
 And scatter'd here and there.

At last these two great chiefs did meet,  
 Like Chieftains of great might;  
 Like lions mov'd they fear'd no Lord,  
 They made a cruel fight.

They fought until they both did sweat,  
 With sword of temper'd steel,  
 Until the blood like drops of rain,  
 They trickling down did feel.

Yield thee, Lord Percy, Douglas said,  
 In faith I will thee bring,  
 Where thou shalt high advanced be,  
 By James our Scottish King.  
 Thy ransom I will freely give,  
 And thus report of thee,  
 Thou art the most courageous Knight,  
 That ever I did see.

No, Douglas, quoth Lord Percy then,  
 The offer I do scorn,  
 I will not yield to any Scot,  
 That yet was born.  
 With that there came an arrow keen,  
 Out of an English bow,

Which struck Lord Douglas to the heart,  
A deep and deadly bow.

Who never spoke more words than these,  
Fight on my merry men all;  
For why my life is at end,  
Lord Percy sees me fall.

Then leaving life Lord Percy took  
The dead man by the hand,  
And said, Lord Douglas for thy life  
Woul' I had lost my land.

O but my very heart doth bleed  
With sorrow for thy sake;  
For sure a more renowned Knight  
Mischance did never take.  
A Knight among the Scots there was,  
Who saw Lord Douglas die,  
Who straight in wrath did vow revenge,  
Upon the Earl Percy.

Sir Hugh Montgomery he was call'd,  
Who with a spear so bright,  
Well mounted on a gallant steed,  
Rode fiercely through the fight.  
He pass'd the English archers all,  
Without any dread or fear,  
And through Earl Percy's body then  
He thrust his hateful spear.

With such a vehement force and might,  
His body he did gore,  
The spear went through the other side,  
A long cloth-yard and more.  
So thus did both these nobles die,  
Whose courage none could stain,  
An English archer then perceived  
His noble Lord was slain;

He had a bent bow in his hand,  
 Made of a trusty tree,  
 An arrow of a cloth-yard's length,  
 Unto the head drew he.  
 Against Sir Hugh Montgomery then,  
 So right his shaft he set  
 The grey goose-wings that were therein,  
 In his heart's blood were wet.  
 The fight did last from break of day  
 Till setting of the sun;  
 For when they rung the evening-bell,  
 The battle scarce was done.  
 With the Lord Percy there was slain,  
 Sir John of Agerton,  
 Sir Robert Ratcliff and Sir John,  
 Sir James that bold Baron.  
 Sir George, and also good Sir Hugh,  
 Both Knights of good account,  
 Good Sir Ralph Raby there was slain,  
 Whose prowess did surmount.  
 For Witherington I needs must wail,  
 As one in doleful dumps;  
 For when his legs were smitten off,  
 He fought upon his stumps.  
 And with Earl Douglas there was slain,  
 Sir Hugh Montgomery;  
 Sir Charles Murray that from the field,  
 One foot would never flee!  
 Sir Charles Murray of Ratcliff too,  
 His sister's son was he;  
 Sir David Lomb, so well esteem'd,  
 Yet saved could not be.  
 And the Lord Maxwell, him likewise  
 Did with Earl Douglas die,

Of fifteen hundred Scottish spears,  
 Went home but fifty-three.  
 Of twenty hundred Englishmen,  
 Scarce fifty-five did flee,  
 The rest were slain in Chevy-Chace,  
 Under the green wood tree.

The news were brought to Edinburgh,  
 Where Scotland's King did reign,  
 The brave Earl Douglas suddenly  
 Was with an arrow slain.

Now God be with him, said the King,  
 Sith it wil no better be;  
 I trust I have in my realm,  
 I've hundred good as he.

Like tidings to King Henry came,  
 Within as short a space,  
 That Percy of Northumberland  
 Was slain in Chevy-Chace.

O heavy news, King Henry said,  
 England can witness be,  
 I have not any Captain more  
 Of such account as he.

Now of the rest of small account  
 Did many hundreds die;  
 Thus ends the hunt of Chevy-Chace,  
 Made by the Earl Percy.  
 God save the King, and bless the land,  
 With plenty, joy, and peace;  
 And grant henceforth that foul debates,  
 'Twixt noblemen may cease.

FINIS.