

THE  
HUNTING

OF

**CHEVYCHASE,**

A Bloody Battle Fought by

Earls Douglas and Percy,

WHERE

Above Fourteen Hundred Scotsmen, and near  
Two Thousand Englishmen were  
slain in one day.



FALKIRK :

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# CHEVYCHASE.

God prosper lang our noble king,  
Our lives and safeties all  
A woeful hunting once there did  
In Chevy-chase befall.  
To drive the deer with hound and horn  
Earl Percy took his way,  
The child may rue that was 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 in Chevy-chase  
To kill and bear away.  
These tidings to Earl Douglas came,  
In Scotland where he lay;  
Who sent Earl Piercy present word,  
He would prevent the sport.  
The English Earl not fearing him,  
Did to the wood 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 grey-hounds swiftly ran,  
To chase 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 went  
To rouse them up again.

Earl Percy to the quarry went,  
 To view the fallow deer;  
 Quoth he, Earl Douglas promised  
 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 our sight;  
 All pleasant men of Tiviotdal,  
 Dwell on the river Tweed.  
 Then cease your sport, Earl Percy said,  
 And take your arms with speed:  
 And now, with me, my countrymen,  
 Your courage to advance;  
 For there was ne'er a champion yet,  
 In Scotland or in France,  
 That ever did on horseback come,  
 But, if my hap it were,  
 I durst encounter man for man,  
 With him to break a spear.  
 Lord Douglas, on a milk-white steed,  
 Most like a baron bold,  
 Rode foremost of his company,  
 Whose armour shone like gold.  
 Shew me, said he, whose men you be,  
 That hunt so boldly here;  
 That without my consent, do chase,  
 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 harts to slay,  
 Then Douglas swore a solemn oath,  
 And thus in rage did say,  
 E'er 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 Earl Percy,  
 By whom this is deny'd,  
 Then stept a gallant '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 'squire alone;  
 I'll do the best that I may do,  
 While I have power to stand,  
 Whilst I have power to weild 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,  
 The spears in shivers went.  
 They elos'd full fast on every side,  
 No slaekness 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 eries of men lying in their gore,  
 All scattered here and there.  
 At last these two stout Earls did meet,  
 Like chieftains of great might:  
 Like lions mov'd, they fear'd no lord,  
 They made a eruel fight.  
 They fought until they both did sweat,  
 With swords of temper'd steel,  
 Until the blood like drops of rain,  
 They triking down did feel.  
 Yield thee, Perey, Douglas said;  
 In faith I will thee bring,  
 Where thou shalt high advaneed be,  
 By James our Seottish king,  
 Thy ransom I will freely give,  
 And this report of thee,  
 Thou art the most courageous knight,  
 That ever I did see.  
 Nay, Douglas, quoth Lord Pieray then,  
 Thy proffer I do scorn,  
 I will not wield to any Scot  
 That ever 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 blow :  
 Who never spoke more words than these,  
 Fight on my merry men all ;  
 For why, my life is at an end ;  
 Lord Piercy sees me fall.  
 Then leaving life, Lord Piercy took  
 The dead man by the hand,  
 And said, Lord Douglas, for thy life  
 Would 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 Earl Douglas die,  
 Who straight, in wrath, did vow revenge,  
 Upon the Earl Piercy.  
 Sir Hugh Montgomery he was call'd,  
 Who with a spear full bright,  
 Well mounted on a gallant steed,  
 Rode fiercely through the fight.  
 He pass'd the English archers all,  
 Without e'er dread or fear,  
 And through Earl Piercy's body then,  
 He thrust his hateful spear,  
 With such a vehement force and might  
 He did his body 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 perceiv'd  
 His noble lord was slain,

He had a bow bent 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 hearts blood were wet.  
 The fight did last from break of day  
 T'ill setting of the sun;  
 For when they rung the evening bell,  
 The battle scarce was done.  
 With the Lord Piercy there was slain,  
 Sir John of Ogerton,  
 Sir Robert Rateliff, and Sir John,  
 Sir James the bold Baron;  
 Sir George and also good Sir Hugh,  
 Botli knights of good account;  
 Good Sir Ralph Raby there was slain,  
 Whose powers 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 fly:  
 Sir Charles Murray of Rateliff too,  
 His sister's son was he:  
 Sir David Lamb, so well esteem'd,  
 Yet saved could not be.  
 And Lord Maxwell, in likewise,  
 Did with Earl Douglas die.

Of fifteen hundred Scottish men,  
 Went home but fifty three,  
 Of twenty hundred Englishmen,  
 Scarce fifty five did flee;  
 The rest was slain at Chevy-chase,  
 Under the green-wood tree.  
 Next day did many widows come,  
 Their husbands to bewail,  
 They washed their wounds in brinish tears,  
 But all could not prevail.  
 Their bodies bath'd in purple blood,  
 They carried them away,  
 They kiss'd them dead a thousand times,  
 When they were cold as clay.  
 The news were brought to Edinburgh,  
 Where Scotland's king did reign,  
 That brave Earl Douglas suddenly  
 Was with an arrow slain.  
 Now, God be with him, said our king,  
 Sith 'twill no better be;  
 I trust I have in my realm,  
 Five hundred good as he.  
 Like tidings to king Henry came,  
 Within as short a space,  
 That Percy of Northumberland,  
 Was slain at Chevy-chase.  
 Of 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 Battle of Chevy-chase,  
 Made by the Earl Piercy.