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THE  
**HUNTING**  
OF  
**CHEVY-CHACE.**

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



**STIRLING:**  
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# The Hunting of Chevy-Chace.

GOD prosper long our noble King,  
Our lives and safeties all,  
A woeful hunting once their did,  
In Chevy-Chace besall.

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 skill and bear away.

These tidings to Earl Douglas came,  
In Scotland where he lay

Who sent Lord Percy present word,  
He would prevent his spoote—  
The English Earl not fearing him,  
Did to the woods resort.

With twenty hundred bow men bold,  
All chosen men of might;  
Who knew full well in time of need,  
To aim their shafts aright

The gallant grey hounds swifly 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 went,  
To rouse them up again.

The bow-men mustered on the hill,  
 Well 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 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 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 do 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 harts to slay,  
 Then Douglass 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,  
 Withington by name,  
 Who said he would not have it told,  
 To Henry his king, for shame.  
 That e'er by Captain fought on foot,  
 And I stood looking on,  
 You be two Earls and Withington,  
 And I a Squire alone,  
 I'll do the best that I may do,  
 While I have pow'r to stand;  
 While I have pow'r 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 stow.



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To drive the deer with hound and horn,  
Douglas bade on the bent,  
A Captain moved with meikle pride,  
Their spears in shivers went.  
The Chiefs did fall on every side,  
No slackness there was found.  
And many a gallant gentlemen,  
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 scattered here and there,  
At last thir two great chiefs did meet,  
Like Chieftains of great might:  
Like lions mov'd they fea'd no Lord,  
They made a cruel fight.  
They fought until they both did sweat,  
With swords of temper'd steel,  
Until the blood like drops of rain,  
They thinking 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.  
The ransom I will freely give,  
And this 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 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 Percy sees me fall.  
 Then leaving life Lord Percy 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 my sake:  
 For, sure a more renowned Knight  
 Mischance did never take.  
 A Knight among the Scots there was,  
 Who saw Lord Percy die,  
 Who straight in wrath did vow revenge  
 Upon the Earl Percy.  
 Sir Hugh Montgomery he has call'd,  
 Who with a spear full bright,  
 Well mounted on a gallant steed,  
 Rode fiercely through the fight.  
 He past the English archers all,  
 Without 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 see,  
 An English archer then perceived  
 His noble Lord was slain;

He had a bent bow in his hand, and none so  
 Made of a trusty tree, and named it  
 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 rang the evening-bell,  
 The battle scarce was done.  
 With the Lord Piercy there was slain,  
 Sir John of Ogerton,  
 Sir Robert Ratcliff, and Sir John,  
 Sir James that bold Baroa;  
 Sir George and also, good Sir Hugh,  
 Both Knights of good account,  
 Good Sir Ralph Raby there was slain,  
 Whose prowess did surmount  
 For Widdrington needs must wail,  
 As one in doleful stumps;  
 For when his legs were smitten off,  
 He fought upon the stumps.  
 And with Earl Douglas, there was slain,  
 Sir Hugh Montgomery;  
 Sir Charles Murray that from the field,  
 Our foot would never flee;  
 Sir Charles Murray of Ratcliff too,  
 His sister's son was he;  
 Sir David Lamb, 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 English men,  
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,

That brave Earl Douglas suddenly  
Was with an arrow slain.

Now God be with him, said our King,  
Sith it will no better be;

I trust I have in my realm,  
Five hundred good as he.

Like tidings to King Henry came,  
Within a short a space,

That Piercy of Northumberland  
Was slain in Chevy Chace.

O heavy news! King Henry came,  
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 Piercy.

God save the King, and bless the land,  
With plenty joy, and peace;

And grant henceforth that foul debates,  
Twixt noblemen may cease.