

King Robert Bruce's  
GARLAND.

An Heroic Ballad.

OR THE  
HISTORY OF THE FAMOUS  
BATTLE OF  
BANNOCKBURN.

Fought on the 24th June, 1314, by K.  
R. BRUCE, with an army of 30,000,  
against K. EDWARD II, with an army  
of 300,000 men.

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ALSO,

The Famous Battle of

Chevy-Chace,

Fought between Earl Percy with 2000  
English: and Earl Douglas with 1500  
Scots: in which both these Earls and  
most of their men were slain.

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*Both to the Tune of Chevy-Chace.*

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STIRLING:

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THE  
BATTLE  
OF  
Bannockburn.

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IN days of yore our Scottish bards  
did our heroes' acts proclaim,  
And among the chief was Robert Bruce  
a King of noble fame.

After the death of Wallace wight,  
(butcher'd at London town)  
The English overpow'r'd the land,  
and claim'd the Scottish crown.

Most of the Forts were in their hands,  
Stirling, Bothwel, and Dunbar,  
And nothing could redeem the land,  
but hot and bloody war.

Our noble King was still defeat,  
and to the woods banish'd;  
Till fortune's wheel turn'd up her spake,  
and s' wonted courage rais'd.

But the desperadoes of the land  
unto their king have flown,  
And vow'd to die thro' sweet revenge,  
than bear the English frown.

The king's bold brother, Edward Bruce,  
 in Galloway did reside,  
 Assisted by the brave Douglass,  
 whatever did betide.

The forts and castles they retook,  
 made many English dree,  
 Rutherglen's stout Peel they did reduce  
 and after took Dundee.

Bold Moubray Stirling Castle kept,  
 (a place of noted fame)  
 And when the Scots laid siege there  
 he would not yield the same.

At last a treaty did conclude,  
 for twelve months and a day,  
 If Edward did not him relieve,  
 he then should march away.

Thus peace proclaim'd on ev'ry side,  
 both did their freedom use;  
 And Moubray did to London ride,  
 and told the king the news.

And is the Scots so mad, he said,  
 to give so long a time,  
 I trust, e'er half that time o'ergero,  
 they shall be slaves of mine.

England and Ireland, by decree,  
 were armed for this deed;  
 Wales, and likewise Normandy  
 prepared all with speed.

It's said two hundred thousand men  
 King Edward did procure ;  
 Which he march'd north to Bannockburn  
 and 'camped on Pleanmuir.

Fell many an English merchant came  
 the captive Scots to buy,  
 With waggons full of ropes and chains,  
 to bind them fear they'd fly.

King Robert south from Stirling pitch'd  
 his standard fix'd in stone,  
 Which yet for a memorial stands  
 the same hill-top upon.

Between St Ninians and Chartersha',  
 as on the road you pass,  
 Where the royal pavilion stood,  
 before the battle was.

To him there came the men of Bute,  
 of Carrick and of Kyle,  
 With many gallant Highland chiefs  
 collect from isle to isle.

His chief leaders were Edward Bruce,  
 Randolph, Earl of Murray,  
 Doughty Douglas and Walter Stuart,  
 well us'd in such a fray.

His brother Edward led the right,  
 the Earl of Murray the left ;  
 Brave Douglas and Sir Walter Stuart  
 the main body has taught.

With whom the king in person rode,  
 charg'd towards to retire,  
 For none should fight with him that day  
 who death at least did fear.

Between them and their foes they made  
 into the boggy ground,  
 Ditches and pits, with sharpen'd stakes,  
 the Southrons to confound.

With cramp-irons and crow-toes straw'd  
 among the grafs so green,  
 And rushes floating on the mud,  
 deceiv'd the English keen.

Upon a rising ground they stood,  
 view'd how the English came,  
 All shining like the rising sun,  
 their army seem'd a flame.

The hills and dales did echo make,  
 their trumpets loud did blow,  
 Whilst ev'ry blast predicted death,  
 and Scotland's overthrow.

The king by chance looking about  
 he, wondering, did spy,  
 Eight hundred mounted cap-apee,  
 who did on horseback fly.

Below St Ninians, cross the burn,  
 in sight for Stirling town.  
 He called Earl Murray with speed,  
 who was charg'd to keep that ground.

“ A rose is from your chaplet fallen,  
 — on yonder ground doth lie,  
 Redeem your honor now with grace ;—  
 see how the English fly.

The earl, abash'd at this rebuke,  
 in rage he rode away,  
 Two hundred warriors, horseman all,  
 the bold Clifford to stay.

He got between them and the town,  
 Bewest from Livilands.  
 Where two stones as a memorial  
 unto this day there stands.

Now Clifford, as an art in war,  
 enclō'd the Scots about,  
 While Murray order'd bask to back,  
 his horse were not so stout.

With spear and lance did rudely prance  
 Where the bold Clifford stood,  
 And bore him briefly to the ground,  
 and under foot him trode.

A dust rose from the horles' feet,  
 whilst blood and sweat did smoke,  
 As cover'd them all with a cloud of mist,  
 so dreadful was the shock.

The king beheld from a hill-top,  
 and thought brave Murray gone,  
 Douglas implored him to risk,  
 but the king said, Let alone.

But yet at length he gave consent,  
 and e'er he got half thro',  
 The English horse in scores came off,  
 toom saddles not a few.

Then Douglas stopt and gave a cheer,  
 when Murray turn'd again,  
 Who laid bold Clifford on the field,  
 with most part of his men.

But ere they reach'd the king again  
 the English van was come  
 To view the field on their south front,  
 led by the sam'd Bohun.

The king afraid they should perceive  
 his crafty trap too soon,  
 Across the field in person rode  
 on purpose to be known.

Then Bohun on a courser bright,  
 in furious rage came on ;  
 Seeing the king so poorly clad,  
 and by himself alone,

Thro' strength of arm and of his horse  
 thought soon to end the strife ;  
 But wit and craft assist the weak,—  
 herein he lost his life.

The king perceiving well his aim,  
 and check'd his horse aside,  
 O then improv'd his battle axe,  
 his helmet could not bide,

But clove him to the very tee-n,  
 the blood and brains out flew,  
 Bohun fell gasping to the ground  
 in both the armies' view,

The troops he led return'd again,  
 Judging the omen ill,  
 The king cry'd shaft my battle-axe,  
 we've yet more blood to spill.

With prayers and hymns and orisons  
 Scots camp that night did ring,  
 While English oaths from side to side  
 for sweet revenge did spring.

Both armies long'd for break of day,  
 although the night was short,  
 The Scots took solemn sacrament,  
 before this bloody sport :

Prepared thus to live or die,  
 and be with fate content,  
 They kneel'd unto the crucifix,  
 before one bow was bent.

The English host perceiving this,  
 they thought they fainting were,  
 But soon convinc'd by arrows keen,  
 there was no fainting there.

The first charge on the left began,  
 with English horse on flight,  
 Where hundreds tumbled in the ditch,  
 to Scots a pleasant fight.



Then Murray fiercely on them set,  
 and did no mercy shew,  
 While men and horse stuck in the mire,  
 and could no further go.

A body of archers Murray past,  
 who on the king's flank fell,  
 So artfully did aim their shafts,  
 the Scots could not repel,

Till Edward Bruce with spearmen came,  
 and clos'd them up behind,  
 Or sickerly the Scots had lost,  
 they were so fierce inclin'd.

Then came the flow'r of English troops,  
 all mounted cap-a-pee,  
 Which joined a confused croud,  
 and fought promiscuously.

The doughty Scots were near undone,  
 they had too much ado,  
 Till Murray had his battle done,  
 and came to their rescue.

The battle now in general was,  
 and spreading o'er the land,  
 Fresh English troops still marching on,  
 by their fierce king's command.

When on the top of Gillies-craig,  
 appeared in their fight,  
 A crowd like twenty thousand men,  
 which were no men of might.

But wives and old decrepp'd men,  
 some lasses and young boys,  
 With plaids and sheets waving on poles,  
 they made a warlike noise.

The English soon perceived this,  
 on all the terror fell,  
 And judg'd their safety was in flight,  
 so would no more repel.

Their king in Stirling would have staid,  
 but Moubray told him "No,  
 For there in haste you'll be inclos'd,  
 and find your overthrow.

Your safety's home to England flee,  
 and thro' yon carse to ride,  
 Go, while the fighting still goes on,  
 I'll with you fend a guide."

The battle yet was obstinate,  
 stood firm on ev'ry side,  
 Till Hereford fled with all he led,  
 yet Gloucester he staid.

And rallied when he'd fled a mile,  
 head of his vassal troops,  
 But th' enraged Scots enclos'd about,  
 and let not one escape.

This was bewest the Saughen Ford,  
 died Gloucester the bold;  
 That ground unto this very day,  
 is call'd the "Fighting Fold."

The English now were fairly beat,  
 and Edward fled away,  
 Whom Douglas with two troops of horse  
 chac'd forty miles that day.

So eagerly he was pursued,  
 and got to him so near,  
 He was on point of being ta'en,  
 but got into Dunbar.

A castle kept by Earl of March,  
 then on the English side :  
 Here Edward made a solemn vow,  
 but did not long abide.

To Barwick in a fishing-boat,  
 they scull'd him away,  
 While to be kept from wrath of Scots  
 he earnestly did pray.

And if from Douglas' paw he got,  
 (more dreadful than the fiend)  
 He would build a Religious House,  
 the gospel to befriend.

Hereford to Bothwell castle fled,  
 and there was soon brought out,  
 The only gen'ral left alive  
 of all king Edward's rout.

And ransom'd was for Robert's queen,  
 and his sweet daughter dear,  
 Who'd captive long in London been,  
 fed on mean English cheer.

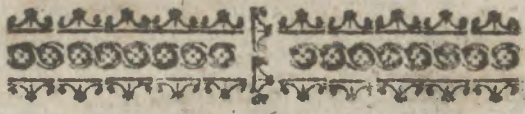
Glocester and Lord Clifford's corpse  
 were home to England sent,  
 And there inter'd in solemn sort,  
 while thousands did lament.

The fatal expedition  
 which on the Scots was made,  
 Where fifty thousand lives were lost,  
 of nobles, seven hundred.

Who rush'd against the Scottish swords  
 and did disdain to flee:  
 O heavy news to England came,  
 of their sad destiny.

Of Scots that day lay on the field  
 four thousand men and more,  
 Yet gain'd their fame by sword & shield  
 was lost long time before.

The End.



# CHEVY-CHACE.



An excellent old Ballad describing  
the woeful hunting on Chevy-Chace;  
and the bloody fight between the Earls  
Piercy and Douglas.

God prosper long our noble king,  
our lives and safeties all,  
A woeful hunting once there did  
in Chevy-Chace befall.

To drive the deer with hound and horn,  
Earl Piercy took his way,  
The child may rue that is unborn,  
the hunting of that day.

The Earl of Northumberland,  
a vow to God did make,

His pleasure in the Scottish woods,  
three summers days to take,

The chiefest harts in Chevy-chace,  
to kill and bear away ;  
The tidings to Earl Douglas came,  
in Scotland where he lay,

Who sent Barl Piercy present word,  
he would prevent his sport :  
The English earl not tearing this,  
did to the woods resort.

With fifteen hundred bowmen bold,  
all chosen men of might,  
Who knew full well in time of need  
to aim their shafts aright,

The greyhounds they full swiftly ran,  
to chase the fallow deer :  
On Monday they began to hunt,  
when daylight did appear.

And long before high noon they had,  
a hundred fat bucks slain ;

They having dis'd the rover's went,  
to route them up again.

The bowmen muster'd on the hill,  
well able to endure,  
Their backfides all with special care,  
that day were guarded sure.

The hounds ran swiftly thro' the woods  
the nimble deer to take,  
And with their cries the hills and dales  
an echo shrill did make.

Lord Fiercy to the quarry went,  
to view the tender deer,  
Quoth he, Earl Douglas promised  
this day to meet me here;

If that I thought he would not come,  
no longer would I stay,  
Then stept a brave young gentleman,  
and to the Earl did say,

Lo! yonder cometh Earl Douglas,  
his men of armour bright;

Full twenty hundred Scottish speare,  
all marching in our fight,

All men of pleasant Tiviotdale,  
fast by the river Tweed:  
Then cease your sport, Earl Piercy said,  
and take your bows with speed.

And now with me, my countrymen,  
your courage forth advance,  
For never was there 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.

Earl Douglas on a milk white steed,  
much 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,



And without my consent do chace  
and kill my fallow deer?

The first that did an answer make,  
was Earl Piercy, he  
Did say we list not to declare,  
or shew whole men we be,

Yet will we spend our dearest blood;  
the chiefest hartis to slay.  
Then Douglas swore a solemn oath,  
and in a rage did say,

Before I will out-braved be,  
one of us two shall die,  
I know thee well, an Earl thou art,  
Lord Piercy, so am I;

But trust me Piercy, I think it were,  
a great offence to kill  
Any of these our harmless men,  
for they have done no ill;

Let thou and I the battle try,  
and set our men aside,

Accurst be he, Lord Pierey said,  
by whom this is deny'd.

Then stept a gallant squire forth,  
Witherington by name,  
Who said, I would not have it told,  
to Henry our king for shame.

That e'er my captain fought on foot,  
and I stood looking on,  
You are two earls, said Witherington,  
and I a squire alone,

I'll do the best that do I may,  
while I have power to stand,  
While I have strength to wield my sword  
I'll fight with heart and hand,

The English archer bent their bows,  
their hearts were good and true :  
At the first flight of arrows sent,  
full threescore Scots they slew,

To drive the deer with hound and horn,  
earl Douglas had been bent,

The captains mov'd with muckle pride,  
their spears in shivers sent.

They clos'd full fast on every side,  
no slackneis could be found.  
Whilst many a gallant gentlemen,  
lay gasping on the ground.

Oh, Christ! it was a grief to see,  
and likewise for to hear,  
The groans of men lying in their gore,  
and scatter'd here and there,

At last these two bold earls did meet,  
like captains of great might,  
Like lions mov'd they laid on blows,  
and made a bloody fight,

They fought until they both did sweat,  
with swords of temper'd steel,  
Until the blood like drops of rain,  
they tickling down did feel;

Yield thee, Earl Piercy, Douglas said,  
in faith I will thee bring,

Where thou shalt hig<sup>h</sup> 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.

To the earl Douglas Piercy said,  
thy proffers 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 Earl Douglas to the heart  
a deep and dead'y blow.

Who never spoke words more than these  
fight on my merry men all,  
For now my life is at an end,  
Lord Piercy sees me fall.

Then leaving life, earl Piercy took  
the dead man by the hand,

And said, earl Douglas for thy sake,  
would I had lost my land.

Oh Christ! 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 brave Douglas die,  
And straight in wrath did vow revenge,  
upon the Lord Piercy.

Sir Hugh Montgomery he was call'd,  
who with a spear most 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 the hateful spear,

With such vehement force and might,  
he did his body gore,

The spear went through the other side,  
a full cloth yard and more :

So did both these brave nobles die,  
whose courage none could stain ;  
An English archer then perceiv'd  
the noble earl was slain,

He had a bow bent in his hand,  
made of a trusty yew,  
An arrow of a cloth yard long,  
unto his head he drew,

Against Sir Hugh Montgomery,  
aright and shaft he set ;  
The grey goose wing that was thereon  
in his heart's blood was wet.

The fighting did last from break of day,  
till setting of the sun,  
For when they rung the evening bell,  
the battle scarce was done.

With earl Piercy there was slain,  
Sir John of Orgeton ;  
Sir Robert Radcliff, and Sir John,  
Sir James that bold barron.

With good Sir John, and good Sir James  
both knights of good account,

Good Sir Ralph Rabbain there was slain,  
whose powers did surmount;

For Witherington needs must I wail,  
as one of 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 Currel that from the field  
one foot would never flee.

Sir Charles Currel of Batcliff too,  
his sister's son was he,

Sir David Lamb tho so esteem'd,  
they saved could not be.

Of twenty hundred Scottish Peers,  
went home but fifty-three;

The rest were slain in Chevy-Chace,  
under the greenwood tree.

Next day did many widows come,  
their husbands to bewail,

They wash'd their wounds in briny tears  
yet all would not prevail.

Their bodies bath'd in purple gore,  
with them they bore away,

And kiss'd them dead a thousand times,  
when they were cold as clay.

The news was brought to Edinbro'

Where Scotland's king did reign,

That the earl Douglas suddenly,  
was with an arrow slain.

Oh! heavy news, king James did say,

Scotland can witness be,  
I have not any captain more,  
of such account as he.

Like tidings to king Henry came,  
within a little space,  
That Piercy of Northumberland,  
was slain in Chevy-Chace;

Then God be with him, said the king,  
since 'twill no better be,  
I trust I have in my realm,  
five hundred good as he;

Yet shall no Scot nor Scotland say,  
but I will vengeance take,  
And be revenged on them  
For my Lord Piercy's sake.

This vow the king full well perform'd,  
after at Thumbledown  
Where fifty Scottish Earls were slain,  
with men of great renown.

And of the rest of small account,  
did many thousands die,  
Thus ends the hunt of Chevy-Chace,  
made by the Lord Piercy,

God save the King, and bless his land,  
in plenty joy and peace,  
And grant henceforth that foul debates  
'twixt noblemen may cease.