

THE
HUNTING
OF
CHEVY-CHACE.



PAISLEY:

Printed by J. NEILSON,

1811.

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DUNBURG

The Hunting of Chevy-Chase.

GOD prosper long our noble King,
 our lives and fateties all,
 A woful hunting once there did
 in Chevy Chase befall.
 To drive the deer with hound and horn,
 Earl Piercy took his way,
 The child may rue that was born,
 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 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 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 swiftly 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 rest them up again.

The bow-men muster'd on the hill,
 well able to endure;
 Their backsides all, with special care,
 that day were guarded sure.
 The hounds ran swiftly through the wood,
 the nimble deer to take:
 And with their cries the hills and dales
 an echo shrill did make.
 Earl Piercy 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,
 O! yonder doth Earl Douglas come,
 his men in armour bright,
 all fifteen hundred Scottish spears,
 all marching in our fight;
 all pleasant men of Teviotdale,
 dwell by the river Tweed.
 When cease your sport, Earl Piercy cry'd,
 and take your bows with speed;
 and now with me, my countrymen,
 your courage forth 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,
 almost like a Baron bold,
 rode foremost of the company,
 whose armour shone like gold.

Show me, said he, whose men we 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 Piercy 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,
 Ere thus 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, 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, Lord Piercy said,
 by whom this is denied.
 Then stept a gallant 'Squire forth,
 Withrington 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 Withrington,
 and I a 'Squire alone;
 I'll do the best that I can 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 bound and horn,
 Douglas bade on the bent;
 A Captain mov'd with meikle pride,
 the spears in shivers went:
 They clos'd full fast on every side,
 no slackness there was found,
 Add 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 stout lords did meet,
 like chieftans 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 swords of temper'd steel,
 Until the blood, like drops of rain,
 they trickling down did feel.
 Yield thee, Lord Piercy, Douglas said,
 in faith I will thee bring,
 Where thou shalt high advanced be,
 by James our Scottish King.
 My ransom I will freely give,
 and this report of thee,
 Thou art the most courageous Knight
 that ever I did see.
 O, Douglas, quoth Lord Piercy then,
 thy profer 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;
 or why my life is at an end,
 Lord Piercy sees me fall.

When leaving life, Lord Piercy took
 the dead man by the hand,
 and said, Lord Douglas, for thy life,
 would I had lost my land.

! but my very heart doth bleed
 with sorrow for thy sake;
 or sure a more renowned Knight
 mischance did never take.

Knights among the Scots there was
 who saw Earl Douglas die,
 Who straight in wrath did vow revenge
 upon the Earl Piercy.

One Hugh Montgomery he was 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 a dread or fear,
 and through Earl Piercy'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 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's yard length
 unto the head drew he;
 Against Sir Hugh Montgomery then,
 so right his shaft he set,
 The grey goose wings that were thereon,
 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 Fiercy there was slain,
 Sir John of Ogorton,
 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 Withrington I needs must wail,
 as one in doleful dumps;
 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
 one foot would never fly.
 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 in 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.
 Next day did many widows come,
 their husbands to bewail,
 They waih'd their wounds in brinish tears,
 but all could not prevail.
 Their bodies bath'd in purple blood,
 they carry'd 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,
 since it cannot 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 Piercy of Northumberland
 was slain at 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 Piercy.
 God save the King, and bless the Land,
 with plenty, joy, and peace,
 And grant henceforth that foul debates,
 'twixt noblemen may cease.