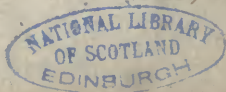


THE
HUNTING
OF
Chevy Chace.



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The hunting of Cheavy-Chace.

GOD prosper long our hoble king,
 our lives and fasties all,
 A woeful hunting once their did,
 in cheavy chace befall.
 To drive the deer with hound and horn,
 earl Piercy took his way,
 The babe 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 hearts of Cheavy-chace,
 to kill and bear away.
 These tidings to Lord Douglas came,
 in Scotland where he lay,
 Who sent earl Piercy present word,
 he would prevent their 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 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 see them up again,
 The bowmen muster'd on the hill,
 well able to endure,

Their back sides all with special care,
that day was 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-dear,
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 lord Douglas come,
his men in armour bright,
all fifteen hundred Scottish spears,
all marching in our fight,
all pleasant men of Tivotdale,
dwell by the river Tweed,
When cease your sport, earl Piercy said;
And take your bows with speed,
and now with me my countrymen,
your courage to advance,
for there was ne'er a champion born yet,
in Scotland or in France;
what ever did on horseback come,
but if my hap it were,
durst encounter man for man,
with him to break a spear,
lord Douglas on a milk white steed,
most like a Baron bold,
ode foremost of the company,
whose armour shone like gold,
hew me, said he, whose men ye be,
that hunt so boldly here.

4
That without my consent do chaste,
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 hearts to slay,
Then Douglas swore a solemn oath,
and thus in rage did say,
E're I shall thus out braved be,
one of us two shall die,
I know thou 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 the and I the battle try,
and let our men aside;
Acurst be he said earl Piercy,
by whom it is deny'd.
Then stept a gallant 'squire forth,
Withrington was his name,
Who said we would not have it told.
to Henry his king for shame,
That e're my captain fought on foot,
and I stood looking on,
You be two earl, said Withrington,
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 wield my sword,
I'll fight with heart and hand,
Our Scottish archers bent their bows,
their heart's 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 and shivers went,
 They clos'd full fast 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 ikewise for to hear,
 The cries of men laying in their gore,
 all scatter'd her and there,
 At last these two stout earls did meet,
 like chlesthians of great might,
 Like lion's mov'd they fear'd no lord,
 they made a gallant fight,
 They fought until they both did sweat,
 with sword's of temper'd steel,
 Until the blood like drops of rain,
 they trinkling down did fall
 Yield thee, lord Piercy, Douglas said,
 in faith I will the bring,
 Where thou shalt high advanced be,
 by James our Noble king.
 Thy ransome I will freely give,
 and this report of thee,
 Thou art the most courageous knight,
 that I ever yet did see.
 No Douglas, quoth lord Piercy then,
 thy proffer 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 Douglasto the heart
 a deep and deadly blow ;
 Who never spoke more words than those
 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 sake,
 would I had lost my land ;
 Oh ! 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.
 And 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 past 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 full 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 cloth yard's length,
 upon the head drew he ;
 Against Sir Hugh Montgomery then,
 so right his shaft he set,
 The gray goose wing that was thereon,
 in his hearts blood was 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 Piercy there was slain,
 Sir John of Ogerton,
 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 was smitten off,
 he still fought on his stumps,
 And with earl Douglas there was slain,
 Sir Hugh Montgomery :
 Sir Chareis Murray that from the field,
 one foot wou'd never see :
 Sir Charles Murray of Ratcliff too,
 his sisters son was he,
 Sir David Lamb so well esteem'd,
 yet could not saved 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 see,

The rest were slain at Chevy-Chafe,
 under the green wood tree,
 Next day did many widows come,
 there husbands to bewail,
 They wash'd their wonds in briny 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 Scotlands King did reign,
 That brave earl Douglas suddenly,
 was with an arrow slain,
 Now God be with him said our King,
 since it will no better be.
 Like tidings to King Henry came,
 within as short a space,
 That Piercy of Northumberland,
 was slain at Chevy-Chafe,
 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-Chafe,
 made by the earl Piercy.
 God save the King and bless the land,
 with plenty joy and Peace,
 And grant henceforth that foul debate,
 'twixt noblemea may cease.

FINIS.