

HUNTING

GOD bless you and your family

and give you health and

OF

Chievy Chace

AN HEROIC BALLAD.



Edinburgh, Printed by J. Murray.

CHIEVY CHACE.

GOD prosper long our noble King,
 our lives and safeties all,
 A woeful hunting once their did
 in Chievy-chace besal.
 To hunt the deer with hound and horn,
 Earl Piercy took his way.
 The child may see 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 Chievy chace,
 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 his sport,
 The English earl not fearing this,
 did to the woods resort.
 With twenty hundred bowmen bright,
 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 take the fallow deer,
 On Monday they began to hunt,
 when day light did appear.
 And long before high noon, they had
 and hundred fat bucks slain:
 And having din'd, the drovers went
 to to rouse them up again.
 The bowmen muster'd on the hill,
 well able to endure,

Their hackfides all, with special care
 that day were guarded sure.
 The hounds ran swiftly through the woods, has
 the nimble deer to take, his salt ran
 And with their cries the hills and dales, son saw
 an echo shrill did make.
 Earl Piercy to the qustrey went, to view
 the fallow deer; Quoh 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 gettleman,
 thus to the earl did saye
 Lo! yonder doth lord Douglas come,
 his men in armond bright,
 Full fifteen hundred Scottish spears,
 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 couatrymen,
 your courage to advance
 There was ne'er a champion born yet
 in Scotland or in in France,
 There 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 me ye be,
 that hunt so boldly here;

That without my consent do chace,
and kill my fallow dear?
The first man that did answer make,
was noble Piercy he,
Who said, we list not to declare,
and shew who's 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're I shall thus outraved be,
one of us two shall die.
I know the well, an earl thou art,
lord Piercy, so am I.
But rust me Piercy, pity 'twere
and great offence to kill
These innocent men on either side,
for they have done no ill.
Let thee and me the battle try,
and set our men aside.
Accurst be he, said earl Piercy,
by whom it is deny'd.
Then stept a gallant 'squire forth,
Withrington was his name,
Who said, he would not have told
to Henry our king for shame.
That e'er my captain fought on foot,
and stood looking on.
You be two lords, 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 a sword,
I'll fight with heart and hand.
The Scottish archers bent their bows,
their hearts were good and true,

At the first flight of arrows sent, on the first
 fourscore of English flew.
 To drive the deer with hound and horn,
 Douglas bade on the bent,
 Both captians mov'd with meikle pride,
 their spears in shivers went.
 They clos'd full fast on either side,
 no slackness there was found,
 And many a gallant gentleman,
 lay gasping on the ground.
 Oh! but it was grief to see,
 and likewise for to hear
 The cries of men lying in their gore,
 and scattered here and there.
 At last these two stout earls did meet,
 like chieftans of great might,
 Like lions mov'd, they feared no lord,
 they made a gallant fight.
 They fought until they both did sweat,
 with swords of tempered steel,
 Until the blood like drops of rain,
 they trinkling did fall.
 Yield thee, Lord Piercy, Douglas said,
 in truth I will thee bring,
 Where thou shalt high advanced be,
 by James our noble king.
 Thy ransom I will freely give,
 and this report of thee,
 Thou art the most couragious knight
 that ever I 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 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,
 Saying, 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 Doualas die,
 Who straight in wrath did vow revenge,
 upon the earl Piercy,
 Sir Hugh Montgomery he was called,
 who with a spear full bright,
 Well mounted on a gallant steed,
 rode fiercely through the fight.
 He past the English archers all,
 without either dread or fear,
 And through earl Piercy's body then,
 he thrust his boldful 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 the nobles die,
 whose courage none could stain:
 An English archer then perceiv'd,
 his noble lord was slain;
 e 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 wing that was thereon,
 and his heart's blood was wet.
 This fight did last from break of day,
 till setting of the sun.
 For when the evening bells were rung
 the battle scarce was done.
 With the lord Piercy there was slain,
 Sir John of Ogerton,
 Sir Robert Ratchiff, and Sir John,
 Sir James that bold baron;
 Sir George, and also good Sir Hugh,
 both knights of good account;
 Good Sir Ralph Rabby there was slain,
 who's prowess did surmount.
 For Withrington I needs must wail,
 as one in doleful dumps,
 For when his legs were smitten off,
 he fought upon his stumps.
 With the earl Douglas there was slain,
 Sir Hugh Montgomery;
 Sir Charles Murray, that from the field
 on foot would never flee.
 Sir Charles Murray of Ratchiff too,
 his sister's son was he,
 Sir Davis Lamb so well esteem'd,
 yet saved could not be.
 And the lord Maxwell in likewise,
 did with earl Douglas die.
 Fifteen hundred Scottish spears,
 went home but sixty-three;
 Of twenty hundred Englishmen,
 scarce fifty-five did flee.

The rest were slain at Chievy chace,
 under the green-wood tree.
 Next day did many widows come,
 their husbands to bewail :
 They wash'd their wounds in briny tears,
 but all could not prevail.
 Their bodies bath'd in purple gore,
 they bore with them away ;
 They kiss'd them dead a thousand times,
 when they were cold as clay.
 The news was 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 will no better be,
 I trust I have in my realm,
 five hundred as good as he.
 These tidings to king Henry came,
 within as short a space.
 That Piercy of Northumberland,
 was slain at Chievy chace.
 O heavy news! King Henry cries,
 England can witness be.
 I have not any captain more,
 of such account as he.
 Now of the rest of small account,
 did many hundred die.
 Thus ends the battle of Chievy 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.

E I N I S.