

"Chevy Chase: Traditional Ballad,"

*from Ballads and Poems Illustrating English History,
edited by Frank Sidgwick (Cambridge: University Press, 1908).*

*It fell about the Lammas tide,
When the muir-men win their hay,
The doughty Douglas bound him to ride Into England,
To drive a prey.*

*He chose the Gordons and the Graemes,
With them the Lindesays, light and gay;
But the Jardines wald nor with him ride,
And they rue it to this day.*

*And he has burn'd the dales of Tyne,
And part of Bambrough shire:
And three good towers on Reidswire fells,
He left them all on fire.*

*And he march'd up to Newcastle,
And rode it round about:
"O wha's the lord of this castle?
Or wha's the lady o't?"*

*But up spake proud Lord Percy then,
And O but he spake hie!
"I am the lord of this castle,
My wife's the lady gaye."*

*"If thou'rt the lord of this castle,
Sae weel it pleases me!
For, ere I cross the Border fells,
The tane of us sall die."*

*He took a lang spear in his hand,
Shod with the metal free,
And for to meet the Douglas there,
He rode right furiouslie.*

*But O how pale his lady look'd,
Frae aff the castle wa',
When down, before the Scottish spear,
She saw proud Percy fa'.*

*"Had we twa been upon the green,
And never an eye to see,
I wad hae had you, flesh and fell;
But your sword sall gae wi' mee."*

*"But gae ye up to Otterbourne,
And wait there day is three;
And, if I come not ere three day is end,
A fause knight ca' ye me.*

*"The Otterbourne's a bonnie burn;
'Tis pleasant there to be;
But there is nought at Otterbourne,
To feed my men and me.*

*"The deer rins wild on hill and dale,
The birds fly wild from tree to tree;
But there is neither bread nor kale,
To feed my men and me.*

*"Yet I will stay in Otterbourne,
Where you shall welcome be;
And, if ye come not at three day is end,
A fause lord I'll ca' thee.*

*"Thither will I come," proud Percy said,
"By the might of Our Ladye!!! -
"There will I bide thee," said the Douglas,
"My troth I plight to thee.*

*They lighted high on Otterbourne,
Upon the bent sae brown;
They lighted high on Otterbourne,
And threw their pallions down.*

*And he that had a bonnie boy,
Sent out his horse to grass,
And he that had not a bonnie boy,
His ain servant he was.*

*But up then spake a little page,
Before the peep of dawn:
"O waken ye, waken ye, my good lord,
For Percy's hard at hand."*

*"Ye lie, ye lie, ye liar loud!
Sae loud I hear ye lie:
For Percy had not men yestreen,
To fight my men and me.*

*"But I have dream'd a dreary dream,
Beyond the Isle of Skye;
I saw a dead man win a fight,
And I think that man was I."*

*He belted on his guid braid sword,
And to the field he ran;
But he forgot the helmet good,
That should have kept his brain.*

*When Percy wi the Douglas met,
I wat he was fu fain!
They swakked their swords, till sair they swat,
And the blood ran down like rain.*

*But Percy with his good broad sword,
That could so sharply wound,
Has wounded Douglas on the brow,
Till he fell to the ground.*

*Then he calld on his little foot-page,
And said - "Run speedillie,
And fetch my ain dear sister's son,
Sir Hugh Montgomery.*

*"My nephew good," the Douglas said,
"What reeks the death of ane!
Last night I dreamd a dreary dream,
And I ken the day's thy ain.*

*"My wound is deep; I fain would sleep;
Take thou the vanguard of the three,
And hide me by the braken bush,
That grows on yonder lilye lee.*

*"O bury me by the braken-bush,
Beneath the blooming brier;
Let never living mortal ken
That ere a kindly Scot lies here."*

*He lifted up that noble lord,
Wi the saut tear in his e'e;
He hid him in the braken bush,
That his merrie men might not see.*

*The moon was clear, the day drew near,
The spears in flinders flew,
But many a gallant Englishman
Ere day the Scotsmen slew.*

*The Gordons good, in English blood,
They steepd their hose and shoon;
The Lindsays flew like fire about,
Till all the fray was done.*

*The Percy and Montgomery met,
That either of other were fain;
They swapped swords, and they twa swat,
And aye the blood ran down between.*

*"Yield thee, now yield thee, Percy," he said,
"Or else I vow I'll lay thee low!"
"To whom must I yield," quoth Earl Percy,
"Now that I see it must be so?"*

*"Thou shalt not yield to lord nor loun,
Nor yet shalt thou yield to me;
But yield thee to the braken-bush,
That grows upon yon lilye lee!"*

*"I will not yield to a braken-bush,
Nor yet will I yield to a brier;
But I would yield to Earl Douglas,
Or Sir Hugh the Montgomery, if he were here. "*

*As soon as he knew it was Montgomery,
He stuck his sword's point in the gronde;
The Montgomery was a courteous knight,
And quickly took him by the honde.*

*This deed was done at Otterboume,
About the breaking of the day;
Earl Douglas was buried at the braken bush,
And the Percy led captive away.*