

# Chevy Chace - song lyrics

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CHEVY CHACE.

Arranged by G. A. Macfarren.

A Celebrates Old Ballad of the Sixteenth Century.

God prosper long our noble king, our lives and safetyes all;  
A woeful diluting once there did in Chevy Chace befall;  
To drive the deer with hound And home, Erie Percye took his way;  
The child may rue that is unborne the hunting of that day;  
With fifteen hundred bowmen bold, all chosen men of might,  
Who knew full well in time of neede to ayme their shafts aright.  
And long before high noone they had an hundred fat buckes slaine;  
Then, having din'd, the drovers went to rouse the deare again.

Loel yonder doth Erie Douglas come, his men in armour bright;  
Full twenty hundred Scottish speres all marching in our sight;  
At last the two stout erles did meet, like captaines of great might;  
Like Lyons wode, they lay'd on lode, and made a cruefi fight.  
"Yield thee. Lord Percye," Douglas say'd, "in faith I will thee bringe  
Where thou shalt high advanced bee by James our Scottish king. " "  
"Noe, Douglas." quoth Erie Percye then, "thy proffer I doe scorne;  
I will not yeelde to any Scott that ever yott was borne."

With that there came an arrow keene out of an English bow,  
Which struck Erie Douglas to the heart, a deepe And deadly blow;  
Who never spake more words than these: "Fight on, my merry men all;  
For why. my life is at an end: Lord Percye sees my fall. '  
A knight among the Scots there was which saw Erie Douglas dye,  
Who straight in wrath did vow revenge upon the Lord Percye;  
And past the English archers all, without all dread or feare,  
And through Erie Percye's body then he thrust his hateful spere.

The news was brought to Edinborrow, where Scotland's king did raign,  
That brave Erie Douglas suddenlye was with an arrow slaine:  
"Oh, heavy newes," King James did say, "Scotland may witneese be,  
I have not any captaine more of such account as hee."  
Like tidings to King Henry came, within as short a space.  
That Percye of Northumberland was slaine in Chevy Chace:  
"Now God be with him," said our king, "sith 'twill no better bee;  
I trust I have within my realme five hundred as good as hee."