

light = lungs of animals.

Second Fytte.

The English men had their bow y bent, their hearts
were good now;

The first of arrows that they shot off, seven score
Spearmen their slowe.

Yet bides the Earl Douglas upon the bent, a captain
good now,

And that was sene vrament, for he wrought them
both wo and wrough. (Expression of evil)

The Douglas parted his host in thre like a chief
chieftain of pride,

With swar spears of mighty kee they come in on
every side,

Through our English archery gave many a wound
full wide;

Many a doughty they ^{caused} gare to die, which gainied
them no pride.

The Englishmen let their bows be and pulled out
brands that were bright;

It was a heavy sight to see bright swords on

covering
for the head

basnet's light

a covering for the arm

Thorough rich mail and manople many stern they
struck down straight,

Many a freke chat was full free there under foot
did light.

At last the Douglas and the Percy met, like to
captains of might and of main;

They swapt together till they both swat, with
swords that were of pine Midan.

These worthy frekis for its fight thereto they were
full fair,

Till the blood out of their basnets spent as ever
did hail and rain.

"Yield thee, Percy," said the Douglas, "and in
faith I shall thee bring

Where thou shalt have an earl's wage of Jany
our Scottish King.

Thou shalt have thy ransom free, I hight ^{there} ~~thee~~
this thing,

For manfullest man yet art thou that we I
conquered in field fighting."

"Nay," said the Lord Percy, "I told it thee before,
That I would never yielded be to no man of a
woman born."

With that there came an arrow hastily for the fa

mighty wone;

It has stricken the Earl Douglas in at the breast-
bone.

Through liver and lungs both the sharp arrow is
gone,

That never after in all his life-days he spoke no
wordis but one,

That was, "Fight ye, my merry men, whilist ye
may, for my life-days be gone!"

The Percy leaped on his brand and saw the
Douglas die;

He took the dead man by the hand, and said,
"No is one for thee!"

To have saved thy life I would have parted ^{with}
my lands for years three,

For a better man of heart nor hand was not in
all the north country."

Of all that see, a Scottish knight, was called Sir
Hugh the Montgomery,

He saw the Douglas to the death was light, he
spended a spear a trusty tree,

He rode upon a courser through a hundred
archery

He never stinled nor never blame till he came to the
good Lord Percy.

He set upon the Lord Percy a dint that was full sore;
With a swar spear of a mighty hee clean thorough
the body he the Percy bore

On the toke side that a man might see a large
cloth yard and more.

Two better captains were not in Christiantie than
that day slain were there.

An archer of Northumberland saw slain was the
Lord Percy,

He bare a bent bow in his hand was made of
brusty tre,

An arrow that a cloth yard was long to the hand
steel halid he,

A dint that was both sad & sore he sat on Sir
Hugh the Montgomery.

The dint it was both sad & sore that he on
Montgomery set,

The swan-feathers that his arrow bare, with his
heart-blood they were wet.

There was never a frecke one ^{foot} would fle, but

still in ston stand,
 Hewing on each other while they might see with
 many a baleful brand.

The battle began in Cheviot an hour before the
 noon,

And when evening bell was rang the battle was
 not-half done.

They took on either hand by the light of the moon
 Many had no strength for to stand in Cheviot the
 hills boon

Of fifteen hundred archers of England ^(away) went
 but seventy + three,

Of twenty hundred spearmen of Scotland but even
 five and fifty;

But all were slain Cheviot within, they had no
 strength to stand on by;

The chief may rue that is unborn, it was
 no more pity.

There was slain with the Lord Percy Sir John of
 Agerstone,

Sir Roger the kinde Hartley, Sir William the
 bold Herone,

Sir George the worthy Lumley, a Knight of great
renown,

Sir Ralph the rich Rusby, with dints were beaten
down;

For Witherington my heart was wo, that woe he
slain should be,

For when both his legs were heven in two, yet
he knelled and fought on his knee.

There was slain with the doughty Douglas Sir
Hugh the Montgomerie;

Sir Davy Lewdale, that worthy was, his sister's son
was he;

Sir Charles of Murray in that place that never a foot
would flee;

Sir Hugh Maxwell, a lord he was, with the Douglas
did he see.

So on the morrow they made them biers of birch
and hazel so gay;

Many widows with weeping tears came to fetch
their marks away.

Tivydale may cry of care, for Thumberland may
make great moan,

For his such captains as slain were then on the
March parti shall never be none.

Word is comen to Edinburgh to Jany the
Scottish King,

That Douglas Douglas, lieutenant of the Marches,
he lay slain Cheviot within.

His handis did he weal and wring; he said, "Mos!
and woe is me:

Such another Captain Scotland within" he said
"yea faith should never be."

Word is comen to lovely London, to the fourth
Harry our King,

That Lord Percy, lieutenant of the Marches, he
lay slain Cheviot within.

"God have mercy on his soul," said King Harry

"good Lord, if thy will it be,

I have a hundred captains in England" he said,

"as good as ever was he;

But Percy, as I brook my life, thy death will
shall be." ^{quite}

As our noble King made his vow, like a noble
prince of renown,

For the death of the Lord Percy he did the battle
 of Hornildown,
 Where six and thirty Scottish Knights ^{Edwy} on a
 were beaten down;

Glendale glittered on their armour bright, over
 castle, tower, & town.

This was the hunting of the Cheviot; that then
 began this spurn;

Old men that knowen the ground well enough
 it the battle of Otterburn.

At Otterburn began this spurn upon a ^{Monday} ^{call}

There was the doughty Douglas slain, the Percy
 never went away.

There was never a time on the March part's seen
 the Douglas & the Percy met,

But it is marvell and the red blood run
 not as the rain does in the rest.

Jesu Christ our bolis bete, and to the bliss us
 bring!

Thus was the hunting of Cheviot, God send
 us all good ending!

The Cheviot chase もしくは Chevy Chase

"Tell me whose men ye are" he says "or whose men dost ye be"

"Who sowe you have to hunt wth this Cheviot Chase in ^{the} spite of mine + of me?" Cheviot Chase.