

French word for expedition is 'chevauchee' which means literally a riding out on horse back. This got corrupted into 'Chevy Chase'

Chivy Chase.

The Percy out of Northumberland, and soon to Gai made he

that he would hunt in the mountains of Cheviot within days three,

(in spite) In the maugre of doughty Douglas and all that ever with him be,

The fastest harts in all Cheviot he said he would kill and carry them away.

"By my faith," said the doughty Douglas again,

"I will let that hunting if that may!" (if possible)

Then the Percy out of Bamborough came, with him a mighty meany;

With fifteen hundred archers, bold of blood and bone, they were chosen out of shires three.

This began on a Monday, at morn, in Cheviot, the hills so hie.

The child may rue that is unborn, it was the <sup>more</sup> pite.

The Drivers thorough the woods went for to raise the deer;

Bowmen <sup>made a noise</sup> bickered upon the <sup>sandy hill</sup> bent with their broad arrows clear,

Then the wild thorough the groves <sup>darted</sup> glent for to kill their deer.

v. 8

This began in Cheviot, the hills above, early on a  
Monday.

By that it drew to the hour of noon a hundred foot  
harts dead there lay.

They blew a most upon the bent; they scuttled on  
sidi, shear, (different side) (breaking up)

To the quarry then the Percy went, to see the bit-  
ting of the deer.

He said, "It was the Douglas' promise this day to  
meet me here;

But I wist he would fail, verament" - a great oath  
the Percy swore.

At the last a squire of Northumberland looked at  
his hand full might.

He was ware of the doughty Douglas coming with  
him a mighty many,

Both with spear, bi, and brand, <sup>sword</sup> it was a mighty  
sight to see.

Hardie men <sup>both</sup> of heart nor hand were not in  
Christiantie.

They were borne along by the water of Tweed, i' the  
bounds of Tivisdale.

"Leave off the bittling of the deer," he said

"and to you bows look ye take good heed  
For never sith ye were of your mothers born had

ye never so mickle need"

The doughty Douglas on a steed <sup>he</sup> rode all his men  
before,

His armour glittered as did a <sup>live-coal</sup> glade, a bolde,  
baron baron was never born.

"Tell me whose men ye are" he says, "or whose  
men that ye be;

"Who gave you leave to hunt in this Chevy Chase  
to <sup>the</sup> spite of mine and of me?"

The first man that <sup>gave</sup> him an answer made, it  
was the Lord Percy.

"We will not tell thee whose men we are," he says  
"nor whose men that we be;

But we will hunt here in this Chase to the spite of  
thine & of thee.

The fattest harts in all Chevy we have killed  
and cast to carry them away."

"By my troth," said the doughty Douglas again,  
"therefore the town of us shall die this day."

Then said the doughty Douglas unto the Lord  
Percy.

"To kill all these guiltles men alas! it <sup>were</sup> was  
great pity.

But, Percy, thou art a lord of land, I am an  
earl called within my country.

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apart.

Let all our men upon a parti stand, and do the  
battle of thee and of me."

"Now Christ's curse on his crown," said the Lord  
Percy, "whosoever thereto say nay!

By my troth, doughty Douglas," he says, "thou  
shalt never see that day!"

Neither in England, Scotland, nor France, nor for  
no man or a woman born,  
but + fortunate be my chance, I dare meet him,  
one man for one."

Then bespake a squire of Northumberland, Richard  
Witherington was his name,

"It shall never be told in South England," he  
says "to King Harry the fourth, for shame.

I am not you be great lord's tier, I am a poor  
squire of land;

I will never see my captain fight on a field  
+ stand myself + look on;

But while I may my weapon wield I will fight  
with heart + hand."

That day, that day, that dreadful day: the first  
fytte here I find,

And you will hear any more of the hunting of  
the Cheviot, yet to there more behind.