

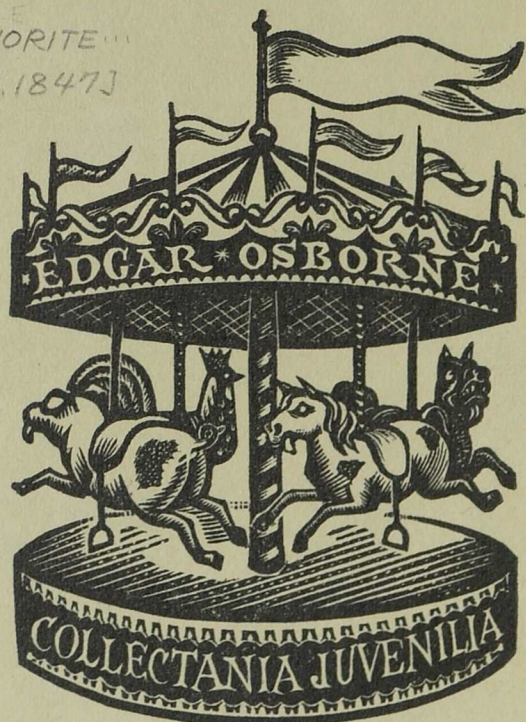
THE HOME TREASURY

FAVORITE  
BALLADS

CHAPMAN AND HALL



P  
FAVORITE  
[ca. 1847]



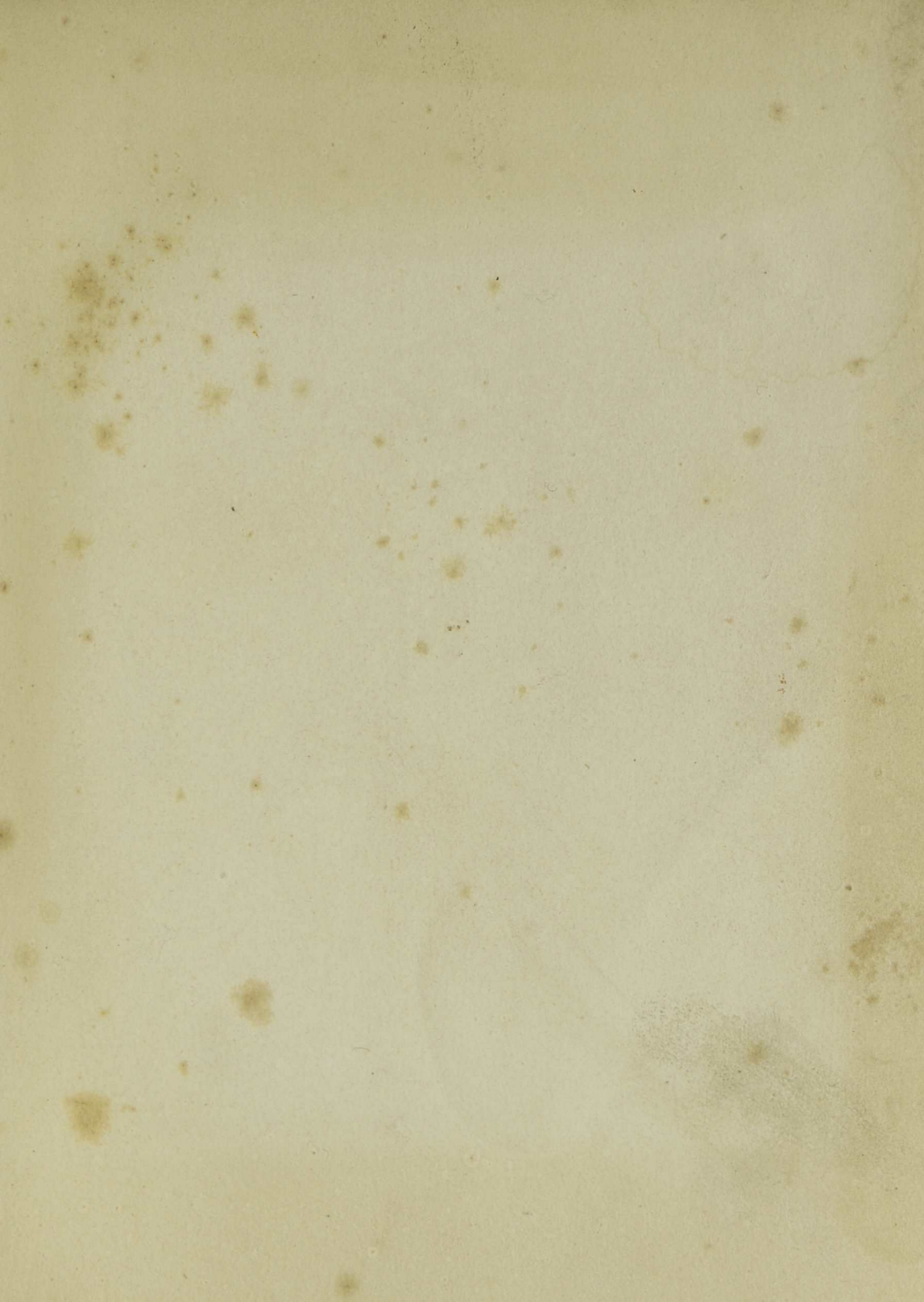
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# The Home Treasury.

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THE FAVORITE BALLADS OF

## CHEVY CHASE & SIR HORNBOOK.

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WITH COLOURED PICTURES BY EMINENT ARTISTS.

EDITED BY

FELIX SUMMERLY.




LONDON :  
CHAPMAN AND HALL, 186, STRAND.





# THE MORE MODERN BALLAD OF CHEVY CHASE.

OD prosper long our noble king,  
Our lives and safeties all ;  
A woeful hunting once there did  
In Chevy-Chase befall :

To drive the deer with hound and horn, 5  
Earl Percy took his way,  
The child may rue that is unborn  
The hunting of that day.

The stout Earl of Northumberland  
A vow to God did make, 10  
His pleasure in the Scottish woods  
Three summer's days to take ;

The chiefest harts in Chevy-Chase  
To kill and bear away.  
These tidings to Earl Douglas came, 15  
In Scotland where he lay :

*The modern Ballad*

Who sent Earl Percy present word,  
He would prevent his sport.  
The English earl, not fearing that,  
Did to the woods resort,

20

With fifteen hundred bowmen bold ;  
All chosen men of might,  
Who knew full well in time of need  
To aim their shafts aright.

The gallant greyhounds swiftly ran,  
To chase the fallow deer :  
On Monday they began to hunt,  
Ere day-light did appear ;

25

And long before high noon they had  
An hundred fat bucks slain ;  
Then having dined, the drovers went  
To rouse the deer again.

30

The bowmen mustered on the hills,  
Well able to endure ;  
Their backsides all, with special care,  
That day were guarded sure.

35.



*of Chevy Chase.*

Their hounds ran swiftly through the woods,  
The nimble deer to take,\*  
That with their cries the hills and dales  
An echo shrill did make.

40

Lord Percy to the quarry went,  
To view the slaughter'd deer;  
Quoth 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 gentleman  
Thus to the Earl did say:

45

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\* The Chiviot Hills and circumjacent wastes are at present void of deer, and almost stript of their woods: but formerly they had enough of both to justify the description attempted here and in the ancient ballad of "Chevy Chase." Leyland in the reign of Hen. VIII., thus describes this county: "In Northumberland, as I heare say, be no forests, except Chivet Hills; where is much brushe-wood, and some okke; grownde ovargrowne with linge, and some with mosse. I have harde say that Chivet-Hills stretchethe xx miles. There is greate plenté of redde-dere, and roo bukkes." Itin. vol. vii. p. 56. This passage, which did not occur when the ballad was printed off, confirms the accounts there given of the "stagge" and the "roe."

*The modern Ballad*

“ Lo, yonder doth Earl Douglas come,  
His men in armour bright ; 50  
Full twenty hundred Scottish spears,  
All marching in our sight ;

All men of pleasant Tivydale,  
Fast by the river Tweed :”  
“ O cease your sports,” Earl Percy said, 55  
“ And take your bows with speed :

And now with me, my countrymen,  
Your courage forth advance ;  
For there was never champion yet,  
In Scotland nor in France, 60

That ever did on horseback come,  
But if my hap it were,  
I durst encounter man for man,  
With him to break a spear.”

Earl Douglas on his milk-white steed, 65  
Most like a baron bold,  
Rode foremost of his company,  
Whose armour shone like gold.









*of Chevy Chase.*

“Show me,” said he, “whose men you be,  
That hunt so boldly here, 70  
That, without my consent, do chase  
And kill my fallow-deer.”

The first man that did answer make,  
Was noble Percy he ;  
Who said, “We list not to declare, 75  
Nor shew whose men we be :

Yet we will spend our dearest blood,  
Thy chiefest harts to slay.”  
Then Douglas swore a solemn oath,  
And thus in rage did say, 80

“Ere thus I will outbraved be,  
One of us two shall die :  
I know thee well, an earl thou art,  
Lord Percy, so am I.

But trust me, Percy, pity it were, 85  
And great offence to kill  
Any of these our guiltless men,  
For they have done no ill.

*The modern Ballad*

Let thou and I the battle try,  
And set our men aside." 90  
"Accurst be he," Earl Percy said,  
"By whom this is denied."

Then stept a gallant squire forth,  
Witherington was his name,  
Who said, "I would not have it told 95  
To Henry our king for shame,

That ere my captain fought on foot,  
And I stood looking on.  
You be two earls," said Witherington,  
"And I a squire alone : 100

I'll do the best that do I may,  
While I have power to stand:  
While I have power to wield my sword  
I'll fight with heart and hand."

Our English archers bent their bows, 105  
Their hearts were good and true ;  
At the first flight of arrows sent,  
Full fourscore Scots they slew.



*of Chevy Chase.*

[Yet bides Earl Douglas on the bent,  
As chieftain stout and good. 110  
As valiant captain, all unmoved  
The shock he firmly stood.

His host he parted had in three,  
As leader ware and tried,  
And soon his spearmen on their foes 115  
Bare down on every side.

Throughout the English archery  
They dealt full many a wound :  
But still our valiant Englishmen  
All firmly kept their ground : 120

And throwing straight their bows away,  
They grasp'd their swords so bright :  
And now sharp blows, a heavy shower,  
On shields and helmets light.]

They closed full fast on every side, 125  
No slackness there was found ;  
And many a gallant gentleman  
Lay gasping on the ground.

*The modern Ballad*

O Christ ! It was a grief to see,  
And likewise for to hear 130  
The cries of men lying in their gore,  
And scattered here and there.

At last these two stout earls did meet,  
Like captains of great might :  
Like lions wild, they laid on loud, 135  
And made a cruel fight :

They fought until they both did sweat,  
With swords of temper'd steel ;  
Until the blood, like drops of rain,  
They trickling down did feel. 140

“ Yield thee, Lord Percy,” Douglas said :  
“ In faith I will thee bring,  
Where thou shalt high advanced be  
By James our Scottish king :

Thy ransom I will freely give, 145  
And this report of thee,  
Thou art the most courageous knight,  
That ever I did see.”









*of Chevy Chase.*

“No, Douglas,” quoth Earl Percy then,  
 “Thy proffer I do scorn ;  
 I will not yield to any Scot,  
 That ever yet was born.”

With that, there came an arrow keen  
 Out of an English bow,  
 Which struck Earl Douglas to the heart, 155  
 A deep 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 Percy sees my fall.”

160

Then leaving life, Earl Percy took  
The dead man by the hand ;  
And said, “ Earl Douglas, for thy life  
Would I had lost my land.

O Christ! my very heart doth bleed  
With sorrow for thy sake;  
For sure, a more redoubted knight  
Mischance could never take."

*The modern Ballad*

A knight among the Scots there was  
Which saw Earl Douglas die, 170  
Who straight in wrath did vow revenge  
Upon the Lord Percy :

Sir Hugh Montgomery was he call'd,  
Who, with a spear most bright,  
Well mounted on a gallant steed, 175  
Ran fiercely through the fight ;

And pass'd the English archers all,  
Without all dread or fear ;  
And through Earl Percy's body then  
He thrust his hateful spear ; 180

With such a vehement force and might  
He did his body gore,  
The staff ran through the other side  
A large cloth-yard, and more.

So thus did both these nobles die, 185  
Whose courage none could stain :  
An English archer then perceived  
The noble earl was slain ;



*of Chevy Chase.*

He had a bow bent in his hand,  
 Made of a trusty tree ;  
 An arrow of a cloth-yard long  
 Up to the head drew he :

Against Sir Hugh Montgomery  
So right the shaft he set,  
The grey goosewing that was thereon  
In his heart's blood was wet.

This fight did last from break of day,  
Till setting of the sun ;  
For when they rung the evening-bell,  
The battle scarce was done.

With stout Earl Percy, there was slain  
Sir John of Egerton,  
Sir Robert Ratcliff, and Sir John,  
Sir James that bold Baròn :

And with Sir George and stout Sir James, 205  
Both knights of good account,  
Good Sir Ralph Raby there was slain,  
Whose prowess did surmount.

*The modern Ballad*

For Witherington needs must I wail,  
As one in doleful dumps ; 210  
For when his legs were smitten off,  
He fought upon his stumps.

And with Earl Douglas, there was slain  
Sir Hugh Montgomery,  
Sir Charles Murray, that from the field 215  
One foot would never flee.

Sir Charles Murray, of Ratcliff, too,  
His sister's son was he ;  
Sir David Lamb, so well esteem'd,  
Yet saved could not be. 220

And the Lord Maxwell in like case  
Did with Earl Douglas die ;  
Of twenty hundred Scottish spears,  
Scarce fifty-five did fly.

Of fifteen hundred Englishmen, 225  
Went home but fifty-three ;  
The rest were slain in Chevy Chase,  
Under the green-wood tree.



*of Chevy Chase.*

Next day did many widows come,  
Their husbands to bewail ; 230  
They washed their wounds in brinish tears,  
But all would not prevail.

Their bodies, bathed in purple gore,  
They bare with them away :  
They kiss'd them dead a thousand times, 235  
Ere they were clad in clay.

The news was brought to Edinburgh,  
Where Scotland's king did reign,  
That brave Earl Douglas suddenly  
Was with an arrow slain : 240

"O heavy news," King James did say,  
"Scotland may witness be,  
I have not any captain more  
Of such account as he."

Like tidings to King Henry came, 245  
Within as short a space,  
That Percy of Northumberland  
Was slain in Chevy Chase:

*The modern Ballad of Chevy Chase.*

“Now God be with him,” said our king,

“Sith it will no better be ;

I trust I have within my realm

Five hundred as good as he :

Yet shall not Scots nor Scotland say,

But I will vengeance take :

I'll be revenged on them all,

255

For brave Earl Percy's sake.”

This vow full well the king perform'd

After, at Humbledown ;

In one day, fifty knights were slain,

With lords of great renown :

260

And of the rest, of small account,

Did many thousands die :

Thus endeth the hunting of Chevy Chase,

Made by the Earl Percy.

God save our king, and bless this land

265

With plenty, joy, and peace ;

And grant henceforth, that foul debate

'Twixt noblemen may cease.











## SIR HORNBOOK.

### I.



'ER bush and brier Childe LAUNCELOT  
sprung  
With ardent hopes elate,  
And loudly blew the horn that hung  
Before Sir HORNBOOK's gate.

The inner portals opened wide,  
And forward strode the chief,  
Arrayed in paper helmet's pride,  
And arms of golden leaf.

"What means," he cried, "this daring noise,  
That wakes the summer day?  
I hate all idle truant boys:  
Away, Sir CHILDE, away!"

*Sir Hornbook.*

“ No idle truant boy am I,”  
Childe LAUNCELOT answered straight ;  
“ Resolved to climb this hill so high,  
I seek thy castle gate.

“ Behold the talisman I bear,  
And aid my bold design :”  
Sir HORNBOOK gazed, and written there,  
Knew EMULATION’s sign.

“ If EMULATION sent thee here,”  
Sir Hornbook quick replied,  
“ My merry men all shall soon appear,  
To aid thy cause with shield and spear,  
And I will head thy bold career,  
And prove thy faithful guide.”

Loud rung the chains ; the drawbridge fell ;  
The gates asunder flew ;  
The knight thrice beat the portal bell,  
And thrice he call’d “ HALLOO.”









*Sir Hornbook.*

And out, and out, in hasty rout,  
By ones, twos, threes, and fours ;  
His merry men rushed the walls without,  
And stood before the doors.

II.

Full six and twenty men were they,  
In line of battle spread :  
The first that came was mighty A,  
The last was little Z.

Six VOCAL men Sir HORNBOOK had<sup>1</sup>,  
Four DOUBLE men to boot<sup>2</sup>,  
And four were LIQUIDS soft and sad<sup>3</sup>,  
And all the rest were MUTE<sup>4</sup>.

<sup>1</sup> Of these are vowels, a. e. i. o. u. y.

<sup>2</sup> Four are double letters, j. w. x. z.

<sup>3</sup> Four are liquids, l. m. n. r.

<sup>4</sup> And twelve are mutes, b. c. d. f. g. h. k. p. q. s. t. v.

*Sir Hornbook.*

“ My brother’s home is any where<sup>10</sup>,  
At large and undefined ;  
But I a preference ever bear<sup>11</sup>  
For one fix’d spot, and settle there ;  
Which speaks my constant mind.”

“ What ho ! Childe LAUNCELOT ! seize them there  
And look you have them sure !”  
Sir HORNBOOK cried, “ my men shall bear  
Your captives off secure.”

The twain were seized : Sir HORNBOOK blew  
His bugle loud and shrill :  
His merry men all, so stout and true,  
Went marching up the hill.



*Sir Hornbook.*

IV.

And now a wider space they gained,  
A steeper, harder ground,  
Where by one ample wall contained,  
All earthly *things* they found<sup>6</sup>:

All *beings*, rich, poor, weak, or wise,  
Were there, full strange to see,  
And *attributes* and *qualities*  
Of high and low degree.

<sup>6</sup> A NOUN is the name of whatsoever *thing* or *being* we see or discourse of. Nouns are of two kinds, SUBSTANTIVES and ADJECTIVES. A noun SUBSTANTIVE declares its own meaning, and requires not another word to be joined with it to show its signification ; as, *man*, *book*, *apple*. A noun ADJECTIVE cannot *stand alone*, but always requires to be joined with a substantive, of which it shows the nature or quality, as, “ *a GOOD girl*,” “ *a NAUGHTY boy*.”

*Sir Hornbook.*

Before the circle stood a knight,  
Sir SUBSTANTIVE his name,  
With ADJECTIVE, his lady bright,  
Who *seemed* a portly dame ;

Yet only *seemed* ; for whensoever  
She strove to *stand alone*,  
She proved no more than smoke and air,  
Who looked like flesh and bone.

And therefore to her husband's arm  
She clung for evermore,  
And lent him many a grace and charm  
He had not known before ;

Yet these the knight felt well advised,  
He might have done without ;  
For lightly foreign help he prized,  
He was so staunch and stout.

Five sons had they, their dear delight,  
Of different forms and faces ;



*Sir Hornbook.*

And *two* of them were NUMBERS bright<sup>7</sup>,  
And *three* they christened CASES.

Now loudly rung Sir HORNBOOK's horn;  
Childe LAUNCELOT poised his spear;  
And on they rushed, to conquest borne,  
In swift and full career.

Sir SUBSTANTIVE kicked down the wall:  
It fell with furious rattle:  
And earthly *things* and *beings* all,  
Rushed forth to join the battle.

But earthly *things* and *beings* all,  
Though mixed in boundless plenty,  
Must one by one dissolving fall  
To HORNBOOK's six-and-twenty.

Childe LAUNCELOT won the arduous fray,  
And, when they ceased from strife,

<sup>7</sup> Nouns have two NUMBERS, singular and plural:—and three CASES: nominative, possessive, and objective.

*Sir Hornbook.*

Led stout Sir SUBSTANTIVE away,  
His children, and his wife.

Sir HORNBOOK wound his horn again,  
Full long, and loud, and shrill :  
His merrymen all, a warlike train,  
Went marching up the hill.

V.

Now when Sir PRONOUN look'd abroad<sup>8</sup>,  
And spied the coming train,  
He left his fort beside the road,  
And ran with might and main.

Two cloth-yard shafts from I and U,  
Went forth with whizzing sound :

<sup>8</sup> A PRONOUN is used instead of a noun, and may be considered its *locum tenens*, or deputy : as, “ *The King is gone to Windsor, HE will return to morrow.*”









*Sir Hornbook.*

Like lightning sped the arrows true,  
Sir PRONOUN pressed the ground :  
But darts of science ever flew  
To conquer, not to wound.

His fear was great : his hurt was small :  
Childe LAUNCELOT took his hand :—  
“ Sir KNIGHT,” said he, “ though doomed to fall  
Before my conquering band,

“ Yet knightly treatment shall you find,  
On faith of cavalier :  
Then join Sir SUBSTANTIVE behind,  
And follow our career.”

Sir SUBSTANTIVE, that man of might,  
Felt knightly anger rise ;  
For he had marked Sir PRONOUN's flight  
With no approving eyes.

“ Great SUBSTANTIVE, my sovereign liege !”  
Thus sad Sir PRONOUN cried,

*Sir Hornbook.*

“ When you had fallen in furious siege,  
Could I the shock abide ? ”

“ That all resistance would be vain,  
Too well, alas ! I knew :  
For what could I, when you were ta'en,  
Your poor *lieutenant*, do ? ”

Then louder rung Sir HORNBOOK's horn,  
In signals loud and shrill :  
His merry men all, for conquest born,  
Went marching up the hill.



*Sir Hornbook.*

VI.

Now steeper grew the rising ground,  
And rougher grew the road,  
As up the steep ascent they wound  
To bold Sir VERB's abode.<sup>9</sup>

Sir VERB was old, and many a year,  
All scenes and climates seeing,  
Had run a wild and strange career  
Through every mode of being.

And every aspect, shape, and change  
Of *action*, and of *passion* :  
And known to him was all the range  
Of feeling, taste, and fashion.

<sup>9</sup> A VERB is a word which signifies to BE, to DO, or to SUFFER : as,  
“ *I am, I love, I am loved.*”

*Sir Hornbook.*

He was an Augur, quite at home  
    *In all things present done*<sup>10</sup>,  
*Deeds past, and every act to come*  
    In ages yet to run.

Entrenched in intricacies strong,  
    Ditch, fort, and palisado,  
He marked with scorn the coming throng,  
    And breathed a bold bravado :

“ Ho ! who are you that dare invade  
    My turrets, moats, and fences ?  
Soon will your vaunting courage fade,  
When on the walls, in lines arrayed,  
You see me marshal undismay'd  
    My host of moods and tenses<sup>11</sup>.”

“ In vain,” Childe LAUNCELOT cried in scorn,  
    “ On them is your reliance ;”

<sup>10</sup> The two lines in *Italics* are taken from Chapman's Homer.

<sup>11</sup> Verbs have five moods : The INDICATIVE, IMPERATIVE, POTENTIAL, SUBJUNCTIVE, and INFINITIVE.



*Sir Hornbook.*

Sir HORNBOOK wound his bugle horn,  
And twang'd a loud defiance.

They swam the moat, they scaled the wall,  
Sir VERB, with rage and shame,  
Beheld his valiant *general* fall,  
INFINITIVE by name<sup>12</sup>.

INDICATIVE *declar'd* the foes<sup>13</sup>  
Should perish by his hand ;  
And stout IMPERATIVE arose<sup>14</sup>  
The squadron to *command*.

POTENTIAL<sup>15</sup> and SUBJUNCTIVE<sup>16</sup> then  
Came forth with *doubt*<sup>15</sup> and *chance*<sup>16</sup> :

<sup>12</sup> The INFINITIVE mood expresses a thing in a *general* and unlimited manner : as, “ *To love, to walk, to be ruled.* ”

<sup>13</sup> The INDICATIVE mood simply *indicates* or *declares* a thing, as, “ He loves : ” “ he is loved : ” or asks a question ; as, “ Does he love ? ” — “ Is he loved ? ”

<sup>14</sup> The IMPERATIVE mood *commands* or *entreats* : as, “ Depart : ” “ Come hither : ” — “ Forgive me. ”

<sup>15</sup> The POTENTIAL mood implies *possibility* or *obligation* : as, “ It may rain : ” — “ They *should* learn. ”

<sup>16</sup> The SUBJUNCTIVE mood implies *contingency* : as, “ If he *were* good, he would be happy. ”

*Sir Hornbook.*

All fell alike, with all their men,  
Before Sir HORNBOOK's lance.

ACTION and PASSION nought could do  
To save Sir VERB from fate ;  
Whose doom poor PARTICIPLE knew<sup>17</sup>,  
He must *participate*.

Then ADVERB, who had skulk'd behind<sup>18</sup>,  
To shun the mighty jar,  
Came forward, and himself resign'd  
A prisoner of war.

Three children of IMPERATIVE,  
Full strong, though somewhat small,  
Next forward came, themselves to give  
To conquering LAUNCELOT's thrall.

<sup>17</sup> The PARTICIPLE is a certain form of the verb, and is so called from participating the nature of a verb and an adjective : as : “ *he is an ADMIRER character ; she is a LOVING child.*”

<sup>18</sup> The adverb is joined to verbs, to adjectives, and to other adverbs, to qualify their signification : as, “ *that is a REMARKABLY swift horse : it is EXTREMELY WELL done.*”



## Sir Hornbook.

CONJUNCTION press'd to join the crowd<sup>19</sup>;  
But PREPOSITION swore<sup>20</sup>,  
Though INTERJECTION sobb'd aloud<sup>21</sup>,  
That he would *go before*.

Again his horn Sir HORNBOOK blew,  
Full long, and loud, and shrill;  
His merry men all, so stout and true,  
Went marching up the hill.

<sup>19</sup> A CONJUNCTION is a part of speech chiefly used to connect words : as, “ *King AND constitution* ;” or sentences : as, “ *I went to the theatre, AND saw the new pantomime*.”

<sup>20</sup> A PREPOSITION is most commonly *set before* another word to show its relation to some word or sentence preceding : as, “ *The fisherman went DOWN the river WITH his boat*.”

*Conjunctions* and *Prepositions* are for the most part *Imperative moods* of obsolete verbs : Thus, AND signifies ADD ; “ John AND Peter — John *add* Peter : ” — “ The fisherman *with* his boat — The fisherman, *join* his boat.”

<sup>21</sup> INTERJECTIONS are words *thrown in* between the parts of a sentence, to express passions or emotions : as, “ Oh ! Alas ! ”

VII.

Sir SYNTAX dwelt in thick fir-grove<sup>22</sup>,  
All strown with scraps of flowers<sup>23</sup>,  
Which he had pluck'd to please his love,  
Among the MUSES' bowers.

His love was gentle PROSODY<sup>24</sup>,  
More fair than morning beam ;  
Who liv'd beneath a flowering tree,  
Beside a falling stream.

And these two claim'd, with high pretence,  
The whole Parnassian ground,

<sup>22</sup> SYNTAX is that part of grammar, which treats of the agreement and construction of words in a sentence.

<sup>23</sup> I allude to the poetical fragments with which syntax is illustrated.

<sup>24</sup> PROSODY is that part of grammar which treats of the true pronunciation of words, and the rules of versification.



*Sir Hornbook.*

Albeit some little difference  
Between their taste was found :  
Sir SYNTAX he was all for sense,  
And PROSODY for sound.

Yet in them both the MUSES fair  
Exceedingly delighted ;  
And thought no earthly thing so rare,  
That might with that fond twain compare,  
When they were both *united*.

“ Ho ! yield, Sir SYNTAX ! ” HORNBOOK cried,  
“ This youth must pass thy grove,  
Led on by me, his faithful guide,  
In yonder bowers to rove.”

Thereat full much Sir SYNTAX said,  
But found resistance vain :  
And through his grove Childe LAUNCELOT sped,  
With all Sir HORNBOOK’s train.

They reach’d the tree where PROSODY  
Was singing in the shade :

*Sir Hornbook.*

Great joy Childe LAUNCELOT had to see,  
And hear that lovely maid.

Now onward as they press'd along,  
Did nought their course oppose ;  
Till full before the martial throng  
The MUSES' gates arose.

There ETYMOLOGY they found<sup>25</sup>,  
Who scorn'd surrounding fruits ;  
And ever dug in deepest ground,  
For old and mouldy ROOTS.

Sir HORNBOOK took Childe LAUNCELOT's hand,  
And tears at parting fell :  
“ Sir Childe,” he said, “ with all my band  
I bid you here farewell.

“ Then wander through these sacred bowers,  
Unfearing and alone :

<sup>25</sup> Etymology is that part of grammar, which investigates the *roots*, and *derivation*, of words.



*Sir Hornbook.*

All shrubs are here, and fruits, and flowers,  
To happiest climates known."

Once more his horn Sir HORNBOOK blew,  
A parting signal shrill :  
His merry men all, so stout and true,  
Went marching down the hill.

Childe LAUNCELOT pressed the sacred ground,  
With hope's exulting glow ;  
Some future song perchance may sound  
The wondrous things which there he found,  
If you the same would know.



C. WHITTINGHAM, CHISWICK.



