

103. As falls the stately Mountain Oak
The Horrocks' pride and King
So fell the Knight and with this fall
His polished Arms did ring.

104. And frantic with his dying pain
The Knight was heard to call
"Venge my death upon the foe
"Or curse light on you all."

105. Sir Claret Vins who in the fight
Had been so sore oppressed
They with a ^{fell and fatal stab} deep and deadly thrust
Sent the proud Knight to rest.

106. The Wakefield Heroes gave a shout
Which did the Knights appall
Their courage drooped when they saw
Their noble Captain fall.

107. The Heroes then upon the Knights
So close their swords were laid
That many a valiant Holy Knight
Lay gasping on the plain.

108. The Knights now found the Heroes would
Not quarter give nor Day,
God wot, they cried, not one must scape
Hack and well a Day.

109. And now sorely galled on every side
The Knights were forced to yield
The Wakefield Heroes did remain
Solo Masters of the field.

110. With shouts the Heroes ~~count~~ the Shires
Their joy as great ^{it were} as
Their Hearts now joyful are
As when the Hunters have pursued
And killed a ^{the trembling} nimble Deer.

111. Good lack it was a piteous sight
To look upon the slain!
To see so many valiant Knights
Extended on the plain!

112. Of six score Knights who marched out
To brave the foe to fight
But twenty scaped: the rest were sent
Down to the shades of Night.

113. Of ^{sixty three score} fifty Wakefield Heroes bold
Who fought this bloody Day
Twice ten were wounded five were killed
And five did run away.

104+ 'Twas on the Day of Lammas tide
This bloody fight was won
Nor did they end their said Day's work
But with the setting Sun.

105 The Castle gates ^{doors they} now opened wide
And a free entrance gives:
In marched the Heroes and the place
Now a new Lord receives.
The End of the third part,

6 A bloodier Battle neer was fought
Than this, by mortal Men
Nor e'er a bloodier fight than this
Will Newland see again.

The End of the 3.^d part

The Battle of Newland part the fourth showing
the manner of interring the slain, the return of the
victorious, how their friends and Neighbours receed them as
~~they return from battle~~ with their triumphal Entry into
Wales, & the manner how King Henry receed the News &
~~requir'd their valour~~ ^{with a} ~~concluded the History~~ ^{with a}
many folks through ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~country~~ ^{country} ~~with~~ ^{with} ~~much~~ ^{much} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~long~~ ^{long}.

107 Sir Richard bads his Men to seek
Young Percivall out with care
I'nters the youth with Honour due
The Heroes ^{warriors did} next

108 The Body borne upon a new
A sable pall thrown o'er
On that the Bow and bright broad sword
Which he in Battle wore.

109 Twice six young ^{Heroes} ~~young~~ ~~hoonors~~ marched before
Their Arms reversed were
Twice three support the sable pall
The rest marched in the rear.

110 While Drums and Trumpets flutes and Horns
In mournful Accents sound
Silent and sad with solemn pace
They bore him to the ground.

111 " Now fare thee well," the Captain sayd
" Thy fame shall spread around
" Whilst thy remains o' gallant youth
" Lie mould'ring in the ground."

112 A more accomplished Gentleman
Did Warfield never see
A Soldier Scholar Deutious Son
And sincere friend was he.

113 The Mourners had now reached to
Near to a solemn lonely grove
Of Beech and Poplar shade
The Heroes made our common grave
And there the Knights were laid.

117. 124 An Obelisk of Marble Stone
Upraised thereon they place
With awful grandeur long it stood
In ^{with} ornamental grace.

120. In
With well wrought Characters of Gold
Which glittered in the Sun
The Warriors next inscribed thus
The Monumental Stone.

126. " Stay Passenger! who'er thou art
" And look upon this Stone
" Thou good ~~stranger~~ ^{stranger} thou art bound
" Stay not — go — quick passon.

127. " But if on lawless errand bent
" I stop, thyself to save
" ^{least} Or thou like us shall ^{too soon do} justly meet
" With an untimely grave. "

128. The News had now reached to the Town
Althow all the Knights were slain
And that the Wakefield Warriors were
Returning home again.

129. The Townsfolks all with one accord
To meet them did prepare
Without the Town they happy met
With Shouts they rent the Air.

130. They placed Sir Richard in a Car
Bedecked with gold around
And with a Wreath of Laurel green
They next the Hero crown'd.

126. 131 Nor did the Damsels of the Town
Neglect their favourite Doars
A true blue Skirt with Laurel set
Each favoured Warrior wears.

137. The Banners broad and Streamers gay
First in the Throng appear
The Warriors next in order march
Their bright drawn Swords they bear.

138. Proceeded by a Warlike Band
Of Music sounding loud
The Hero next drawn in the Car
Was soon above the Crowd

136. Drawn by twelve strong and stout Yeomen
Who wreaths of Laurel wear
And next the Yeomen of the Town
On Horseback closed the Rear

With shouts they marched ^{all round} through all the Town
The merry Bells did ring
The people never were more glad
At crowning of a King.

138 It was resolved by them all
To send to London Town
To claim the Honours of the fight
And make the wonders known.

Two Mofongers did strait set off
All in a Chariot faire rare,
With streamers flying at the Top
Like Wild Boats to a fair.

140 The Mofongers unto the King
To Court they did repair
Whore they before the King were brought
And Catherine so fair.

141 They told ^{the} tidings of the fight
How all the Knights were kill'd
The Castle taken and that by
The Heroes of Wakefield.

142 Right glad to hear it was the King
As he sat in his Chair
All his seat

With Catherine so fair.

143 Since thrice he stroked his manly Beard
Three times he shook his sacred Head
And then he shook his Head
Three times he stroked his Beard
And holding forth his Scepter bright
Those kindly Words were heard.

" Our thanks we send unto your Town
" Your Men and homewey
" We have not now within our Realm
" Such valiant Men as ye.

144 The goods and Chattles of the Knights
" Their Corn their Wine and Oil
" We freely give you for reward
" So fair divide the spoil."

145 But by St George such gallant Doods
" Are far more worth than Gains
" So every Man take to himself
" The Honour for his pains.

146 God save our Country and our King
" And grant that Wars may cease
" That we and all good quiet folks
" May end our Days in peace.

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