

The Woeful Chase

A joyful train had left Lucy's halls
At morning, cheered by bugle calls
But 'ere before eve, a mournful train
Had returned to Lucy's Halls again

They went with hound and bow and spear
And one fair daughter on her bier
Her prancing steed started wide
She galloped from Lord Lucy's side

Shining huntress gay and bold
And far away the quarry past her lovers view
He laid the chase with shrill halloo
Through breaks and firs, by stream and dell
Nor stopped until his quarry fell

Far out aloud, rang his horn
The triumphs, on the echoes born
Long 'ere the listening maid drew rein
To put it to her ear in vain

Bright as a phantom, far astray
Whilst before her lay
Wiltons highway and forest rude
And all of copeland solitude

Far off and farther rang the horn
Farther the echoes seemed to mourn
Now, my good steed thy frolic o're
Thy swiftest and thy best once more

By Hall of Haile she turned her steed
And coasted on by Yeortons mead
Glanced where St Bridget's hamlet stood
And on down into the coppice rode

And swinging on in gladness there
She passed beside the she wolfs lair
When, furious, from her startled young
The wild beast on Grunilda sprung

From Frightened steed, dragged low to ground
The she wolf with her cubs around
Made havoc of that fair form and heart
With bounding life so warm

Clearer rang out their horn
To cheer their lost one and
Proclaim their fear
Proudly the said, Grunildas eyes
Will shine, when she sees our prize

They found her but their words were woe
Woe to the bank, where thou liest low
Woe to the hunting of this day
That left thy limbs to beasts of prey

With downcast faces, eyeballs dim
They bore her up that bank to him
A mound of sorrow evermore
Too faithful to name it bore

They made in Bega's aisle her tomb
And laid her in the Convent gloom
And carved her effigy in stone
And hewed the she-wolfs form there on

In pity in this hour of wake
The pilgrims sorrowed for her sake
And he who blew the lively horn
And, expecting her, he came to mourn