

**A Happy Memorable BALLAD, *On the Fight near Audenard, between the Duke of Marlborough, of Great-Britain; and the Duke of Vendosme, of France. As also the strange and wonderful Manner how the Princes of the Blood Royal of France, were found in a Wood.***  
***In allusion to the Unhappy Memorable Song commonly call'd CHEVY-CHACE.***



The Valiant Duke to Heaven had swore,  
*Vendosme* shou'd pay full dear,  
 For *Ghent* and *Bruges*, e'er his Fame  
 Should reach his Master's Ear.

And now with Eighty Thousand bold,  
 And chosen Men of Might;  
 He with the *French* began to wage  
 A sharp and bloody Fight.

The Gallant *Britains* swiftly ran,  
 The *French* away to Chase;  
 On *Wednesday* they began to fight,  
 When Day-light did decrease.

And long before high-Night, they had  
 Ten Thousand *Frenchmen* slain;  
 And all the Rivers Crimson flow'd,  
 As they were dy'd in grain.

The *Britains* thro' the Woods pursu'd,  
 The nimble *French* to take;  
 And with their Cries the Hills and Dales,  
 And every Tree did shake.

The Duke then to the Wood did come,  
 In hopes *Vendosme* to meet;  
 When lo! the Prince of *Carignan*  
 Fell at his Grace's Feet.

Oh! Gentle Duke forbear, forbear,  
 Into that Wood to shoot;  
 If ever pity mov'd your Grace,  
 But turn your Eyes and look:

See where the Royal Line of *France*,  
 Great *Lewis's* Heirs do lie;  
 And sure a Sight more pitious was  
 Ne'er seen by Mortal Eye.

What Heart of Flint but must relent,  
 Like Wax before the Sun:  
 To see their Glory at an end,  
 E'er yet it was begun.

Whenas our General found your Grace,  
 Wou'd needs begin to Fight:  
 As thinking it wou'd please the Boys,  
 To see so fine a Sight.

He straightway sent them to the Top  
 Of yonder Church's Spire;  
 Where they might see, and yet be safe  
 From Swords and Guns, and Fire.

But first he took them by the Hand,  
 And kiss'd them e'er they went;  
 Whilst Tears stood in their little Eyes,  
 As if they knew th' Event.

Then said, he would with Speed return,  
 Soon as the Fight was done;  
 But when he saw his Men give Ground,  
 Away he basely run,

And left these Children all alone,  
 As Babes wanting Relief;  
 And long they wandred up and down,  
 No Hopes to cheer their Grief.

Thus Hand in Hand they walk'd, 'till  
 At last this Wood they spy'd;  
 And when they saw the Night grow dark,  
 They here lay down and cry'd.

At this the Duke was inly mov'd,  
 His Breast soft Pity beat;  
 And so he straightway ordered  
 His Men for to Retreat.

And now, but that my Pen is blunt,  
 I might with ease relate;  
 How Fifteen Thousand *French* were took,  
 Besides what found their Fate.

Nor should the Prince of *Hannover*  
 In silence be forgot;  
 Who like a Lyon fought on Foot,  
 After his Horse was shot.

And what strange Chance likewise befel,  
 Unto these Children dear:  
 But that your Patience is too much  
 Already tir'd, I fear.

And so God Bless the Queen and Duke,  
 And send a lasting Peace:  
 That Wars and foul Debate henceforth  
 In all the World may cease.