The Twa Corbies

1 As I was walking all alane,
I heard twa corbies making a mane;
The tane unto the t’other say,
‘Where sall we gang and dine to-day?’

2 ‘In behint yon auld fail dyke,
I wot there lies a new slain knight;
And naebody kens that he lies there,
But his hawk, his hound, and lady fair.

3 ‘His hound is to the hunting gane,
His hawk to fetch the wild-fowl hame,
His lady ’s ta’en another mate,
So we may mak our dinner sweet.

4 ‘Ye ’ll sit on his white hause-bane,
And I ’ll pike out his bonny blue een;
Wi ae lock o his gowden hair
We ’ll theek our nest when it grows bare.

5 ‘Mony a one for him makes mane,
But nane sall ken where he is gane;
Oer his white banes, when they are bare,
The wind sall blaw for evermair.’