

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, 5
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, 10
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 15
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.' 20