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THE TWA CORBIES

(Old Ballad)

As I was walking all alane, I heard twa corbies making a mane. The tane unto the tother say: Where sall we gang and dine today?

In behint you auld fail dike
I wot there lies a new-slain knight.
Naebody kens that he lies there
But his hawk, his hound, and his lady fair.

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.

I'll sit on his white hause-bane, Ye'll pick out his bonny blue een, Wi' ae lock o' his gowden hair We'll theek our nest when it grows bare.

Mony a one for him makes mane, But nane sall ken where he is gane. O'er his white banes, when they are bare, The wind sall blaw for evermair.