



## Scottish Songs



### **The Twa Corbies**

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?'

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.

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.

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.

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