Twa Corbies

Bert Jansch

As I was a-walking all alane
I saw twa corbies makkin a mane
And the tain untae the tither did say-o
Where shall we gang and dine the day-o
Where shall we gang and dine the day?

It's in ahint yon auld fail dyke
I wot there lies but a new-slain knight
And naebody kens he lies there-o
But his hawk and his hound and his lady fair-o
Hawk and his hound and his lady fair
His hound is tae the huntin gane
His hawk tae fetch the wildfowl hame
His lady's ta'en another mate

We may mak our dinner sweet-o
We may mak our dinner sweet

Now ye'll sit on his white hause-bane
And I'll pike out his bonny blue een
And will ae lock o his golden hair-
We'll theek our nest when it grows bare-o
We'll theek our nest when it grows bare

There's mony a ane for him maks mane
And nane sall ken where he is gane
O'er his white bones when they are bare-o
The wind shall blow for evermair-o
The wind shall blow for evermair

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