

Twa Corbies

Sol Invictus

As I was walking all alone
I heard twa corbies makin' a moan
The one unto the other did say-o
Where shall we go and dine today-o
Where shall we go and dine today ?

In behind yon old turf dyke
I know there lies a new-slain knight
And nobody knows that 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 to the hunting gone
His hawk to fetch the wildfowl home
His lady's taken another mate-o
So we may make our dinner sweet-o
We may make our dinner sweet.

You'll sit on his white neck bone
And I'll pike out his bonny blue een
With one lock of his golden hair-o
We'll thatch our nest when it grows bare-o.

Many a one for him makes moan
But none shall know where he is gone
Oo'er his white bones when they are bare-o
The wind shall blow for evermore-o
Wind shall blow for evermore.