

Corbies

Steeleye Span

Traditional

As I was walking all alane
I heard Twa Corbies making a main
And tane untae the tither did say O
Where sall we gang and dine the day
In behint yon auld fell dyke
I wat there lies a new slain knight
And naebody kens that he lies there O
But his hawk and hound and his lady fair

His hound is tae the hunting gane
His hawk tae fetch a wild fowl hame
His lady's taen another mate O

So we maun make our dinner sweet

Ye'll sit on his white hause bane
And I'll pike out his bonny blue een
Wi' many a lock of his gowden hair O
We'll theek our nest when it grows bare

Many a one for him makes mane
But nane shall ken where he is gane
O'er his white bones when they are bare O
The wind shall blow forever mare
The wind sall blow forever mair