

## Twa Corbies

Steeleye Span

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,  
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 honnd, and lady fair,  
His hawk, his honnd, and lady fair.

'His hound is to the hunting gane,  
His hawk to fetch the wild-fowl hame,  
His lady 'a ta'en another mate,  
So we may mak our dinner sweet,  
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,  
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 are bare,  
The wind sail blaw for evennair,  
The wind sail blaw for evennair.'