

Heather Alexander, Twa Corbies

As I went a-walking all alane,
I heard twa corbies makin' mane;
The tane unto the tither did say-o,
"Where sall we gang an' dine the day-o?"

"In behint yon auld fail dyke,
I wot there lies a new-slain knight;
An' naebody kens that he lies there-o
But his hawk, an' his hound an' his lady fair-o"

"His hound is to the huntin gane,
His hawk tae fetch the wild fowl hame,
His lady's ta'en anither mate-o,
So we may mak our dinner sweet-o"

"Ye'll sit on his white hause-bane,
An' I'll pike out his bonny blue een,
An' wi' a lock of his gowden hair-o
We'll theek our nest when it grows bare-o."

"Mony a one for him maks mane,
But nane sall ken where he is gane;
Ower his white bones when they are bare-o
The wind sall blow for evermair-o."