

# MacFeck, Twa Corbies

As I was walking a' a lane, I heard twa corbies a making their mane.  
The tane unto the tithter did say &quot;Whaur shall we gang and dine the day?&quot;

&quot;In behint yon auld fail dyke, I wot there lies a new-slain knight  
And nobody kens that he lies there but his hawk and his hound and his lady  
fair.&quot;

&quot;His hound is to the huntin' gane, his hawk to fetch the wild-fowl hame,  
His lady's ta'en another mate, sae we may mak' our dinner sweet.&quot;

&quot;Ye'll sit on his white hause-bane, and I'll pike out his bonnie blue e'en,  
Wi'ae lock o' his gowden hair we'll theek our nest whar it grows bare&quot;

&quot;Mony's the ane for him maks mane, but nane sall ken whar he is gane  
Owre his white banes, when they are bare, the wind sall blaw for evermair&quot;