

Craig Herbertson

"Twa Corbies"

Visit "[Twa Corbies](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](https://www.motolyrics.com)

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?'

'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 hound, and lady fair.

'His hound is to the hunting gane,
His hawk to fetch the wild-fowl hame,
His lady's ta'en another mate,
So 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.

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 sall blaw for evermair.

Visit [Craig Herbertson](#) page on [MotoLyrics.com](https://www.motolyrics.com), to get more lyrics and videos.