

Schelmish

"Twa Corbies"

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As I was walking all alane
I heard twa corbies makin' a mane
The tane untae the tither did say-o
Where shall we gang and dine the day-o
Where shall we gang and dine the day

In behint yon auld feel dyke
I wat there lies a new slain knight
And naebody kens that he lies there-o
But his hawk and his hound and his lady fair-o
But his hawk and his hound and his lady fair

His hound is tae the hunting gane
His hawk tae fetch the wild-fowl hame
His lady's ta'en anither mate-o
So we maun make our dinner sweet-o
So we maun make our dinner sweet

He'll sit on his white hause-bane
And I'll pike out his bonny blue een
Wi mony a lock o his gowden hair-o
We'll theek our nest when it grows bare-o
We'll theek our nest when it grows bare

Mony 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 for ever mair-o
The wind shall blow for ever mair

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