

The Twa Corbies (based on [The Three Ravens](#))

As I was walking al alane,
I heard twa corbies making a mane;
The tane unto t'other say,
"Where sall we gang and dine to-day?"

"In behint yon auld fail dike,
I wot there lies a new slain knight;
And naebody kens that he lies there,
But his haw, 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.

"Many a one for him makes mane,
But nane sall ken where he is gane;
O'er his white banes, when they are bare,
The wind sall blaw for evermair."

-Anonymous, c. 15th Century