**The Twa Corbies**

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*