Twa Corbies

As I was walking all alane,
I heard twa corbies makin' a mane.
The tane intae the tither did say, O,
"Whaur sall we gang and dine the day, O,
whaur sall we gang and dine the day?"

"It's in ahint you auld fail dyke,
I wot there lies a new slain knight,
an 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 to the haunting gane,
his hawk to fetch the wild-fowl hame,
his lady's ta'en anither mate, O,
so we may mak our dinner swate".

"Ye'll sit on his white hause-bane,
and I'll pike oot his bonny blue e'en,
we'll theek oor nest when it grows bare, O,
we'll theek oor nest when it grows bare".

There's mony a ane for him maks mane,
but nane sall ken whaur he is gane,
o'er his white banes when they are bare, O,
the wind sall blaw for evenmair, O,
the wind sall blaw for evenmair.

The Two Crows

As I was walking all alone,
I heard two crows (or ravens) making a moan;
One said to the other,
"Where shall we go and dine today?"

"In behind that old turf wall,
I sense there lies a newly slain knight;
And nobody knows that he lies there,
But his hawk, his hound and his lady fair."

"His hound is to the hunting gone,
His hawk to fetch the wild-fowl home,
His lady's has taken another mate,
So we may make our dinner sweet."

"You will sit on his white neck-bone,
And I'll peck out his pretty blue eyes;
With one lock of his golden hair
We'll thatch our nest when it grows bare."

"Many a one for him is moaning,
But nobody will know where he is gone;
Over his white bones, when they are bare,
The wind will blow for evermore."