

## *Twa Corbies*

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(The Scots poet R.M. Blythman set it to this marvellously sombre old Breton tune, *Al Alar'ch, The Swan*, learned from the Breton folk-singer Zaig Montjarret.

As I was walking all alane, I met 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 old 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 make our dinner swate, O,  
So we may make our dinner swate.

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