

# Twa Corbies

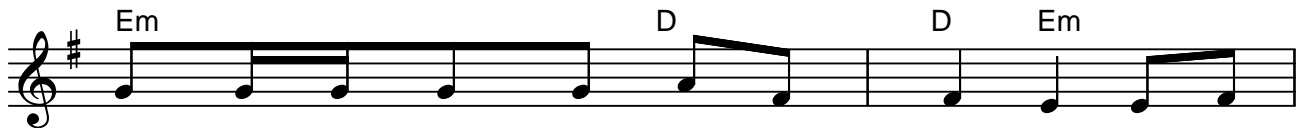
Scots Trad (ca. 1600)



As I was walk-in' all a - lone I heard twa cor - bies mak - in'  
 In - be - hind yon auld fell dyke I wot there lies a new - slain  
 His hound is to the hunt - ing gone His hawk to fetch the wild fowl  
 Ye'll - sit on his white hawse - bane, And I'll pluck out his bonny blue  
 Man - y a man for him makes moan, But none shall ken where he is



moan And one un - to t'oth - er did say - o - -  
 knight, And no - one kens that he lays there - o But his  
 home. His la - dy's taken a - noth - er mate - o, So -  
 e'en. With many a lock of his gold hair - o, We'll -  
 gone. Through his white bones, when they are bare - o, The -



Where shall we go and dine the day - o? - -  
 hawk and his hound and his la - dy fair - o, - His  
 we may - make our din - ner sweet - o, - -  
 thick our - nest when it grows bare - o, We'll -  
 wind shall - blow for - ev - er mair - o The -



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 hawk and his hound and his la - dy fair.  
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