

Twa Corbies

Scots Trad (ca. 1600)



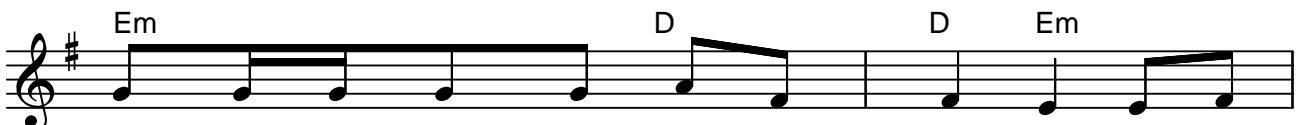
Em Em D Em D

As I was walk-in' all a - lone I heard twa cor - bies mak - in'
In - be - hind yonauld 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



Em G G D

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 -



Em D D Em

Where hawk shall we go and dine the day - o? - -
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 -



Em D Em

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