

1-14-66 Carolyn Ball
"Borderline Falkland"
hardout

TWA CORBIES Ch 26 b

As I was walking all alane, / I heard twa corbies making a mane;
The tane unto the t'other say, / "Where shall we gang and dine to-day?"

"In behint yon auld fail dyke, / I wot there lies a new-slain knight;
And naebody kens that he lies there, / But his hawk, his hound, and his 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 make 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.

"Mony a one for him makes mane, / But none sall ken whare he is gane;
O'er his white banes, when they are bare, / The wind shall blaw for evermair."

SIR PATRICK SPENS----- Ch 58 a (stanzas 9 and 10)

O lang, lang may their ladies sit, / Wi thair fans into their hand,
Or eir they se Sir Patrick Spence / Cum sailing to the land.

O lang, lang may the ladies stand, / Wi thair gold kems in their hair,
Waiting for thair ain deir lords, / For they'll se thame na mair.

THE SONG OF WANDERING AENGUS W. B. Yeats 1897

I went out to the hazel wood,
Because a fire was in my head,
And cut and peeled a hazel wand,
And hooked a berry to a thread,
And when the white moths were on the wing,
And moth-like stars were flickering out,
I dropped the berry in a stream
And caught a little silver trout.

When I had laid it on the floor
I went to blow the fire a-flame,
But something rustled on the floor,
And someone called me by my name:
It had become a glimmering girl
With apple blossoms in her hair
Who called me by my name and ran
And faded through the brightening air.

Though I am old with wandering
Through hollow lands and hilly lands,
I will find out where she has gone,
And kiss her lips and take her hands;
And walk among long dappled grass,
And pluck, till time and times are done,
The silver apples of the moon,
The golden apples of the sun.