Three Ravens

Peter, Paul & Mary

There were three ravens sat on a tree
Down-a-down, hey, down-a-down
And they were black
As they might be, with a downThe one of them said to his mate
"What shall we for our breakfast take?"
With a down, derry, derry
Derry down, downDown in yonder green field
Down-a-down, hey, down-a-down
There lies a knight slain
Under his shield, with a downDown there comes a fallow doe
As great with young as she might go
With a down, derry, derry
Derry, down, downShe lifted up his bloody head
Down-a-down, hey, down-a-down
And kissed his wounds
That were so red, with a downShe got him up across her back
And carried him to the earthen lack
With a down derry, derry
Derry down, hmmShe buried him before his prime
Down-a-down, hey, down-a-down
She was dead herself
Ere evening time, with a downGod send every gentleman
Fine hawks, fine hounds and such a loved one
With a down derry, derry
Derry down, hmm

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