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Peter, Paul & Mary "Three Ravens"

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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 down

The one of them said to his mate "What shall we for our breakfast take?" With a down, derry, derry Derry down, down

Down in yonder green field Down-a-down, hey, down-a-down There lies a knight slain Under his shield, with a down

Down there comes a fallow doe As great with young as she might go With a down, derry, derry Derry, down, down

She lifted up his bloody head Down-a-down, hey, down-a-down And kissed his wounds That were so red, with a down

She got him up across her back And carried him to the earthen lack With a down derry, derry Derry down, hmm

She buried him before his prime Down-a-down, hey, down-a-down She was dead herself Every evening time, with a down

God send every gentlemen Fine hawks, fine hounds and such a loved one With a down derry, derry Derry down, hmm

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