

# Peter, Paul & Mary, Three Ravens

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, down

She buried him before his prime  
Down-a-down, Hey! Down-a-down,  
She was dead herself, ere 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, Hmmm

(\*lack means lake. It is an ancient pronunciation.)