

# Three Ravens

Words & Music:  
Traditional British  
(Peter, Paul & Mary)

Dm Dm7 Gm6 A Dm Dm/C Dm/Bb A

Dm Dm7 Gm6 A  
There were three ravens sat on a tree.

Dm Dm7 Gm6 A  
Down-a-down, hey, down-a-down.

Dm Dm7 Gm6 A  
And they were black as they might be.

F A  
With a down -----.

F A Dm Dm7 Gm6 A  
The one of them said to his mate, "What shall we for our breakfast take?"

Dm A Dm Dm7 Gm A  
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 their 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 & carried him to the earthen lac.  
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 gentleman fine hawks, fine hounds & such a loving one.  
With a down--, derry, derry, derry down--, down.

Hmmmm...