

# The Three Ravens

Trad. England  
Arr. Mae McAllister

Tune:

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2. Down in yonder green field,  
Down-a-down, Hey! Down-a-down,  
There lies a knight slain 'neath 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

3. 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 lake  
With a down derry derry derry down, down

4. 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