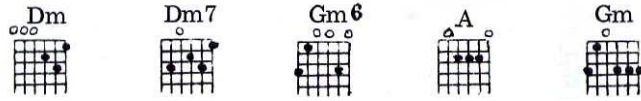


Three Ravens
Peter, Paul and Mary



Dm Dm7 Gm6 A
4 3 2 1 5 3 2 1 5 2 6 5 3 2 1

There were three ravens s-at o-n a tree

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

Dm Dm7 Gm6 Gm F A
And they were black as they might be, with a down

F A
The one of them said to his mate,

Dm Dm7 Gm6 A
“What shall we for our breakfast take”?

Dm A Dm Dm7 Gm6 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 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