

## **The Three Ravens**

(arr. Edward T. Chapman)

Source: "There is Sweet Music", *The Cambridge Singers* directed by John Rutter;  
Collegium Records, 1986

There were three rav'ns sat on a tree  
    *Down a down, hey down,*  
There were three rav'ns sat on a tree  
    *With a down,*  
There were three rav'ns sat on a tree  
They were as black as they might be  
*With a down, derry, derry, derry down, down*

Then one of them said to his mate,  
O, where shall we our breakfast take?  
Down, down in yonder green field,  
There lies a knight slain 'neath his shield.

His hounds they lie down at his feet,  
So well do they their master keep,  
His hawks they fly so eagerly  
There's no fowl that dare him come nigh.

Down there comes a fallow doe,  
As great with young as she might go.  
She lifted up his bloody head,  
And kissed his wounds that were so red.

She got him up upon her back,  
And carried him to earthen lake.  
She buried him before the prime,  
She was dead herself ere evensong time.

God send ev'ry gentleman,  
Such hawks and hounds and such a loved one.

### **The Three Ravens**

*Source: "English Folksongs & Lute Songs", Andreas Scholl/Andreas Martin;  
Harmonia Mundi, 1996*

There were three ravens sat on a tree,  
Down a down, hey down, hey down,  
They were as black as they might be,  
With a down...

The one of them said to his mate,  
Where shall we now our breakfast take?  
With a down, derry, derry, derry down, down.

Down in yonder green field,  
Down a down, hey down, hey down,  
There lies a knight slain, under his shield.  
With a down...

His hounds they lie down at his feet.  
So well do they their master keep.  
With a down, derry, derry, derry down, down.

His hawks they fly so eagerly,  
Down a down, hey down, hey down,  
There's no fowl that dare him come nigh.  
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, hey down,  
And kiss'd his wounds that were so red,  
With a down...

She got him up upon her back,  
And carried him to the earthen lake.  
With a down, derry, derry, derry down, down.

She buried him before the prime,  
Down a down, hey down, hey down,  
God send every gentleman  
Such hawks, such hounds, as such a leman [lov'd one]  
With a down, derry, derry, derry down, down.

**Lord Rendall**

Source: "English Folksongs & Lute Songs", Andreas Scholl/Andreas Martin; Harmonia Mundi, 1996

Where have you been all the day  
Rendall my son?  
Where have you been all the day  
My pretty one?  
I've been to my sweetheart, mother  
I've been to my sweetheart, mother  
Make my bed soon for I'm sick to my heart  
And I fain would lie down.

What have you been eating  
Rendall my son?  
What have you been eating  
My pretty one?  
Oh dills and eel broth, mother  
Oh dills and eel broth, mother  
Make my bed soon for I'm sick to my heart  
And I fain would lie down.

Where did she get them from  
Rendall my son?  
Where did she get them from  
My pretty one?  
From hedges and ditches, mother  
From hedges and ditches, mother  
Make my bed soon for I'm sick to my heart  
And I fain would lie down.

What was the colour of their skin  
Rendall my son?  
What was the colour of their skin  
My pretty one?  
Oh spicked and sparkled, mother  
Oh spicked and sparkled, mother  
Make my bed soon for I'm sick to my heart  
And I fain would lie down.

What will you leave your father  
Rendall my son?  
What will you leave your father  
My pretty one?  
My land and houses, mother  
My land and houses, mother  
Make my bed soon for I'm sick to my heart  
And I fain would lie down.

What will you leave your mother  
Rendall my son?  
What will you leave your mother  
My pretty one?  
My gold and silver, mother

**Lord Randal**

"O where ha you been, Lord Randal, my son!  
And where ha you been, my handsome young man!"  
"I ha been at the greenwood; mother, mak my bed soon,  
For I'm wearied wi hunting, and fain wad lie down."

"An wha met ye there, Lord Randal, my son?  
An wha met you there, my handsome young man?"  
"O I met wi my true-love; mother, mak my bed soon,  
For I'm wearied wi hunting, and fain wad lie down."

"And what did she give you, Lord Randal, my son?  
And what did she give you, my handsome young man?"  
"Eels fried in a pan; mother, mak my bed soon,  
For I'm wearied wi hunting, and fain wad lie down."

"And wha gat your leavins, Lord Randal, my son?  
And wha gat your leavins, my handsome young man?"  
"My hawks and my hounds; mother, mak my bed soon,  
For I'm wearied wi hunting, and fain wad lie down."

"And what becam of them, Lord Randal, my son?  
And what becam of them, my handsome young man?"  
"They stretched their legs out and died; mother, mak my bed soon,  
For I'm wearied wi huntin, and fain wad lie down."

"O I fear you are poisoned, Lord Randal, my son!  
I fear you are poisoned, my handsome young man!"  
"O yes, I am poisoned; mother, mak my bed soon,

<p>My gold and silver, mother Make my bed soon for I'm sick to my heart And I fain would lie down.</p> <p>What will you leave your brother Rendall my son? What will you leave your brother My pretty one? My cow and horses, mother My cow and horses, mother Make my bed soon for I'm sick to my heart And I fain would lie down.</p> <p>What will you leave your lover Rendall my son? What will you leave your lover My pretty one? A rope to hang her, mother A rope to hang her, mother Make my bed soon for I'm sick to my heart And I fain would lie down.</p>	<p>For I'm sick at the heart, and I fain wad lie down."</p>
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