## The Three Ravens

Adapted from Thomas Ravenscroft's Melismata, 1611' by Sadhbh inghean Duinn



His Hawks they fly so eagerly There's no fowl dare him come night Down there comes a fallow doe As great with young as she might go. And carried him to earthen lake.

She lift up his bloody head, And kissed his wounds that were so red She was dead herself ere evensong time She got him up upon her back,

She buried him before the prime, God send every gentleman Such hawks, such hounds, and such a Leman