

# Well Below The Valley

Christy Moore

Green grows the lily-o  
Right among the bushes-o  
A gentleman was passing by  
And he asked for a drink as he was dry  
At the well below the valley-o  
Green grows the lily-o  
Right among the bushes-o  
My cup is full up to the brim  
And if I were to stoop I might fall in  
At the well below the valley-o  
Green grows the lily-o  
Right among the bushes-o  
If your true love was passing by  
You'd fill him a drink if he was dry  
At the well below the valley-o  
Green grows the lily-o  
Right among the bushes-o  
She swore by grass, she swore by corn  
Her true love had never been born  
At the well below the valley-o  
Green grows the lily-o  
Right among the bushes-o  
He said to her you're swearing wrong  
Six fine children you've had born  
At the well below the valley-o  
Green grows the lily-o  
Right among the bushes-o  
If you be a man of noble fame  
You'll tell to me the father of them  
At the well below the valley-o  
Green grows the lily-o  
Right among the bushes-o  
There's one of them by your brother John  
At the well below the valley-o  
One of them by your Uncle Don  
At the well below the valley-o  
Two of them by your father dear  
At the well below the valley-o  
Green grows the lily-o  
Right among the bushes-o  
If you be a man of noble fame  
You'll tell to me what did happen to them  
At the well below the valley-o  
Green grows the lily-o  
Right among the bushes-o  
There's one of them buried beneath the tree  
At the well below the valley-o  
Another two buried beneath the stone  
At the well below the valley-o  
Two of them outside the graveyard wall  
At the well below the valley-o  
Green grows the lily-o  
Right among the bushes-o  
If you be a man of noble fame  
You'll tell to me what will happen myself  
At the well below the valley-o  
Green grows the lily-o

Right among the bushes-o  
You'll be seven years a-ringing a bell  
At the well below the valley-o  
And seven years a-burning in hell  
At the well below the valley-o  
I'll be seven years a-ringing a bell  
But the Lord above may save my soul  
From burning in hell at the well below the valley-o  
Green grows the lily-o  
Right among the bushes-o  
Green grows the lily-o  
Right among the bushes-o