

The Well Below The Valley

Planxty

A gentleman was passing by
He asked for a drink as he got dry
At the well below below the valley o
Green grows the lily o
Right among the bushes o

Me cup is full up to the brim
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 as he got 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
That 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, Young maid, you're swearing wrong
For six fine children you 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 o' them
At the well below the valley o
Green grows the lily o
Right among the bushes o

There's two of them by your Uncle Dan
At the well below the valley o
Green grows the lily o
Right among the bushes o

Another two by your brother John
At the well below the valley o
Green grows the lily o
Right among the bushes o

Another two 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 esteem
You'll tell to me what has happened to them
At the well below the valley o
Green grows the lily o
Right among the bushes o

There's two buried 'neath the stable door
At the well below the valley o
Green grows the lily o
Right among the bushes o

Another two near the kitchen door
At the well below the valley o
Green grows the lily o
Right among the bushes o

Another two buried beneath the well
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'll happen mesel'
At the well below the valley o
Green grows the lily o
Right among the bushes o

You'll be seven years a-ringing the bell
At the well below the valley o
Green grows the lily o
Right among the bushes o

You'll be seven more a-portin' in Hell
At the well below the valley o
Green grows the lily o
Right among the bushes o

I'll be seven years a-ringing the bell
But the Lord above may save me soul
From portin' in Hell
At the well below the valley o
Green grows the lily o
Right among the bushes o.