

# 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.