

Greenwood Side

Bellowhead

There was a lady, a lady of York
Low down in the valley
And she fell courting in her father's park
Down by the greenwood sideShe leant her back up against a thorn
Low down in the valley
And there she had two pretty babies born
Down by the greenwood sideBut she had nothing to wrap them in
No silks of gold no gown of green
But she had a penknife sharp and keen
Down by the greenwood sideAnd she didn't care how much it hurt
Low down in the valley
She stabbed them there right through the heart
Down by the greenwood side
She wiped her penknife all in the sludge
Low down in the valley
And the more she wiped it the more blood showed
Down by the greenwood sideAs she was walking in her father's hall
Where the long grass grows by an old stone wall
She spied two pretty babies playing at ball
Down by the greenwood sideOh pretty babies if you were mine
Low down in the valley
I'd dress you up in silks so fine
Down by the greenwood side, the greenwood sideDear mother, dear mother, when we were thine
Low down in the valley .
Oh you didn't have time to dress us up i•ne
Down by the greenwood side, the greenwood Side
And now we two in heaven dwell
Where the angels ring the redemption bell
While you must burn in the fires of hell
Down by the greenwood side

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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