

# 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 side She leant her back up against a thorn  
Low down in the valley  
And there she had two pretty babies born  
Down by the greenwood side But 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 side And 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 side As 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 side Oh 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 side Dear mother, dear mother, when we were thine  
Low down in the valley .  
Oh you didn't have time to dress us up in fine  
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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