

The Well Below the Valley

James Olin Oden

A gentlemen was passing by,
He asked for a drink as he got dry,
(refrain)

At the well below the valley-O
Green grows the Lilly-O,
Right among the bushes-O.

Me cup is filled up to the brim,
If I was to stoup I might fall in.

If your true love was passing by,
Youâ€™d hand him a cup if he got dry.

She swore be grass, she swore be corn,
That her true love had never been born.

He said â€œYoung maid your swearing wrong,
For six fine children you have born.â€•

She said, â€œIf you be a man of noble deed,
Youâ€™ll tell to me the father of them.

Thereâ€™s two be your uncle Dan.

Thereâ€™s two be your brother John.

Thereâ€™s two be your father dear.

I you be a man of noble â€˜steem,
Youâ€™ll tell to me what did happen to them.

Thereâ€™s two buried neath the stable door.

Thereâ€™s two buried neath the kitchen door.

Thereâ€™s two buried beneath the well.

If you be a man of noble deed,
Youâ€™ll tell to me what will happen me self.

Youâ€™ll spend seven years a ringing the bell.

Youâ€™ll spend seven more a portinâ€™ in Hell.

Iâ€™ll spend seven years a ringing the bell,

But the Lord above may save me soul,

From portinâ€™ in Hell,

At the well below the valley-O

Green grows the lilly-O,

Right among the bushes-O.

Lyrics submitted by James Olin Oden.

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