

Omnia, The Well

Green grows the lily oh
Right among the bushes oh

A gentleman was passing by
And he stopped for a drink
As he was dry

At the well below the valley oh
Green grows the lily oh
Right among the bushes oh

My pack is full unto the brim
And if I were to stop
I might fall in

If your true love was passing by
You'd fill him a drink if he were dry

She swore by grass
She swore by corn
Her true love had never been born

He said: young girl
You're swearing wrong
Six fine children you've born

If you be the man of noble fame
You'll tell to me the father of them

There's two of them by your brother John
Another two by your uncle Dan
Another two by your father dear
Green grows the lily oh

If you be the man of noble fame
You'll tell to me what happened to them

There's two buried 'neath the kitchen door
Another two near the stable door
Another two just beside the well
All of them outside the graveyard wall

If you be the man of noble fame
You'll tell to me what'll happen to me

You'll be seven years of ringing a bell
At the well below the valley oh

Seven years of burning in hell

I'll be seven years of ringing a bell
But the Lord above might save my soul
From burning in hell...