## Barbara Allen (In scarlet town, where I was born)

Trad. / Pattern: 1 \_ 2 & 3 &

In Scarlet Town, where I was born, 5 4 6 5 4 AmEmthere was a fair maid dwellin'. 4 5 6 7 7 F Made every youth cr-y well-a-day her 7 6 5 6 6 6 5 4 F G7 C name was Barbara Al-len. 6 5 <u>4</u> 4 6 6

All in the merry month of May when green buds they were swellin', young Jeremy Grove on his deathbed lay for love of Barbara Allen.

He sent his man unto her then, to the town where she was dwellin'. "You must come to my master dear, if your name be Barbara Allen.

For death is printed on his face and o'er his heart is stealin'. Then haste away to comfort him, O lovely Barbara Allen."

Though death be printed on his face and o'er his heart be stealin'. Yet little better shall he be for bonny Barbara Allen.

So slowly, slowly, she came up and slowly she came nigh him, and all she said when there she came, "Young man, I think you're dyin'."

He turned his face unto her straight with deadly sorrow sighin'. "O lovely maid, come pity me; I'm on my deathbed lyin'."

"If on your deathbed you do lie what needs the tale you're tellin'? I cannot keep you from your death. Farewell," said Barbara Allen.

He turned his face unto the wall as deadly pangs he fell in. "Adieu! Adieu! Adieu to you all! Adieu to Barbara Allen!"

As she was walking o'er the fields she heard the bell a-knellin' and every stroke did seem to say, "Unworthy Barbara Allen."

She turned her body 'round about and spied the corpse a-comin'.

"Lay down, lay down the corpse," she said, "That I may look upon him."

With scornful eye she looked down, her cheek with laughter swellin', that all her friends cried out amaine, "Unworthy Barbara Allen."

When he was dead and laid in grave her heart was struck with sorrow. "O mother, mother, make my bed for I shall die tomorrow.

Hard-hearted creature, him to slight who loved me so dearly, o that I had been more kind to him, when he was live and near me!"

She on her deathbed, as she lay, begged to be buried by him and sore repented of the day that she did e'er deny him.

"Farewell," she said, "ye virgins all, and shun the fault I fell in. Henceforth take warning by the fall of cruel Barbara Allen."