

Barbara Allen-crd

C G7 C
 'Twas in the merry month of May

 F C
 When green buds all were swelling,

 F C Am
 Sweet William on his death bed lay

 C G7 C
 For love of Barbara Allen.

Lyrics

'Twas in the merry month of May
 When green buds all were swelling,
 Sweet William on his death bed lay
 For love of Barbara Allen.

He sent his servant to the town
 To the place where she was dwelling,
 Saying you must come, to my master dear
 If your name be Barbara Allen.

So slowly, slowly she got up
 And slowly she drew nigh him,
 And the only words to him did say
 Young man I think you're dying.

He turned his face into the wall
 And death was in him welling,
 Good-bye, good-bye, to my friends all
 Be good to Barbara Allen.

When he was dead and laid in grave
 She heard the death bells knelling
 And every stroke to her did say
 Hard-hearted Barbara Allen.

Oh mother, oh mother go dig my grave
 Make it both long and narrow,
 Sweet William died of love for me
 And I will die of sorrow.

And father, oh father, go dig my grave
 And make it both long and narrow,
 Sweet William died on yesterday
 And I will die tomorrow.

Barbara Allen was buried in the old churchyard
 Sweet William was buried beside her,
 Out of sweet William's heart, there grew a rose
 Out of Barbara Allen's a briar.

They grew and grew in the old churchyard
 Till they could grow no higher
 At the end they formed, a true lover's knot
 And the rose grew round the briar.