

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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Barbara Allen (5)

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It being late, all in the year,
the green leaves they were fallin'
when young Johnny rose from his own country,
fell in love with Barbara Allen.

Get up, get up, her mother says,
Get up and go and see him,
Oh, mother dear, do ye not mind the time
That you told me how to slight him.

Get up, get up, her father says,
Get up and go and see him,
Oh, father dear, do ye not mind the time
That you told me how to shun him.

Slowly, slowly she got up,
and it's slowly she put on her,
Slowly she went to his bedside,
And slowly looked upon him.

You're lyin' low, young man, she says,
And almost near a-dyin'
One word from you will bring me to,
If you be Barbara Allen.

One word from me you never will get,
Nor any young man breathin',
For the better of me you never will be,
Though your heart's blood was a-spillin'.

Look down, look down, at my bed foot,
It's there you'll find them lyin'
Bloody sheets and bloody shirts
I sweat them for you, Allen

Look up, look up to my bed head,
and there you'll find them hangin'
my gold watch and my gold chain
I bestow them to you, Allen

As she was goin' home to her father's hall,
she heard the death-bell ringin'

And every clap that the death-bell gave,
It was "Woe be to you, Allen"

As she was goin' home to her mother's hall,
She saw the funeral comin'
Lay down, lay down that weary corpse,
'Til I get lookin' on 'im

She lifted up the lid off the corpse,
and bursted out with laughin'
and all his weary friends around
Cried "hard hearted Barbara Allen"

She went into her mother's house
Make my bed long and narrow
For the death-bell did ring for my true love today
It will ring for me tomorrow

Out of one grave there grew a red rose
Out of the other a briar
And they both twisted into a true lover's knot,
And there remained forever

Sung by Johnny Moynihan on the album "Selected Songs, Reels,
and Jigs" by DeDanaan

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