

**Bluegrass Songs - Lyrics**  
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**Barbara Allen**

In scarlet Town where I was born  
There was a fair maid dwelling  
Made many a youth cry well a day  
Her name was Barbara Allen

It was in the memrry month of May  
When green buds they were swelling  
Sweet William came from the west country  
And he courted Barbara Allen

He sent his servant unto her  
To the place where she was dwelling  
Said my master's sick, bids me call for you  
If your name be Barbara Allen

Well, slowly, slowly got she up  
And slowly went she nigh him  
But all she said as she passed his bed  
Young man I think you're dying

Then lightly tripped she down the stairs  
She heard those church bells tolling  
And each bell seemed to say as it tolled  
Hard hearted Barbara Allen

O, mother, mother go make my bed  
And make it long and narrow

Sweet William died for me today  
I'll die for him tomorrow

They buried Barbara in the old church yard  
They buried Sweet William beside her  
Out of his grave grew a red, red rose  
And out of hers a briar

They grew and grew up the old church wall  
Till they could grow no higher  
And at the top twined a lover's knot  
The red rose and the briar