

Barbara Allen

Child Ballad 84

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In Scarlet Town where I was born,

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There was a fair maid dwelling,

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Made many a youth cry well a day,

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Her name was Barbara Allen.

It was in the merry 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 in a lovers' knot

The red rose and the briar.