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Barbara Allen

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In Scarlet Town, where I was born,
There was a fair maid dwellin',
Made ev'ry youth cry "Well-a-day!"
Her name was Barbara Allen.

All in the merry month of May
When green buds they were swellin',
Young Jemmy Grove on his deathbed lay
For love of Barb'ra Allen.

Then 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 dying."

As she was walking o'er the fields
She heard the death-bell knellin',
And ev'ry stroke the death-bell gave
Cried "Woe to Barbara Allen!"

When he was dead and laid in grave
Her hearty was struck with sorrow,
"O mother, mother, make my bed,
For I shall die tomorrow.

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