

**Barbara Allen**

D                    A                    D                    A                    D  
In Scarlet Town where I was born there was a fair maid dwelling  
                  Bm                    F#m                    A                    G                    D  
And many lads cried: Well-a-day! for love of Barb'ry Allen  
                  (D)                    A                    D                    A                    D  
And in the merry month of May when green buds they are swelling  
                  Bm                    F#m                    A                    G                    D  
Sweet William on his death-bed lay for love of Barb'ry Allen

(Bm F#m A G D)

Now he sent his servant into town to the place she was dwelling  
My master's sick and he calls for you if your name be Barb'ry Allen  
Well, slowly, slowly rose she up and slowly drew she nigh him  
And the only words to him she said, "Young man, I think you're dyin'

Now as she walked her long way home she heard the death-bell knelling  
And every stroke did seem to say: Hard-hearted Barb'ry Allen!  
Now mother, mother, go make my bed, make it soft and narrow  
Sweet William died for me today, I'll die for him tomorrow

They buried William in the old church-yard,  
                  they buried Barb'ryin the choir  
And from his breast grew a red, red rose, and from hers grew a briar