

Traditional Grass

"Barbara Allen"

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In London town where I was born
There lived a fair maid dwellin'
Made every youth cry well away
And her name was Barbara Allen

I sent a servant to your town
Where Barbara she was dwellin'
My master sent and he sent for you
If your name is Barbara Allen

T'was in the merry month of May
When all the flowers were a-bloomin'
A young man on his death bed lay
For the love of Barbara Allen

Oh Nellie Mae on her way home
Were the words so sweet love singin'
And as they sang they seemed to say
Hard hearted Barbara Allen

Oh the more she ran oh the more she mourned
'Till she could not stop her cyin'
Oh pick me up and take me home
For I am surely a-dyin'

Oh father my father go dig my grave
Go dig it long and narrow
Sweet William died for me today
So I'll die for him tomorrow

Oh they buried her in the old churchyard
Buried sweet William down beside her
On William's grave grew a red red rose
On Barbara's grew a great briar

Oh it grew to the top of the old churchyard
It grew till it could not grow no higher
And there they tied in a true love's knot
The red red rose 'round the briar

