

Art Garfunkel "Barbara Allen"

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Barbara Allen
Unknown Author

All in the merry month of May,
When green buds all were swellin',
Sweet William on his deathbed lay,
For love of Barbara Allen.

He sent his servant to the town,
The place where she did dwell in,
Saying, "Master dear has sent me here,
If your name be Barbara Allen."

Then slowly, slowly she got up,
And slowly she went to him.
And all she said, when there she came,
Was "Young man I think you're dyin'."

"Don't you remember the other night,
When we were in the tavern?
You drank a toast to the ladies there,
And slighted Barbara Allen."

He turned his face unto the wall;
He turned his back upon her.
"Adieu, adieu, to all my friends,
And be kind, be kind to Barbara Allen."

As she was wand'ring o'er the fields,
She heard the death bell knellin'.
And every note did seem to say,
"Hard-hearted Barbara Allen!"

The more it tolled, the more she grieved.
She bursted out a-cryin',
"Oh pick me up, and carry me home;
I fear that I am dyin'."

They buried Willie in the old church yard,
And Barbara in the new one.
And from William's grave there grew a rose,
From Barbara's a green briar.

They grew and grew in the old church yard,
'Till they could grow no higher.
And there they tied in a true lover's knot,
The red rose and the briar.

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