

Dolly Parton

"Barbara Allen"

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twas in the merry month of may
when rosebuds were a swelling
sweet William on his death bed lay
for the love of Barbara Allen

he sent his servant to the town
the town where she was dwelling
said my masters sick
and sent for you
if your name be Barbara Allen

then slowly slowly
she got up
and slowly she went nye him
and all she said when she got there
young man I think you're dying

oh yes Im sick, Im very sick
I hear the death wind howling
no better no better
I never shall be
if I cant have
Barbara Allen

I cant forgive that jealous night
down at the logwood tavern
you drank and drank
with the ladies there
and you slighted Barbara Allen

she was on her long way home
she saw the hearse a comin
lay down lay down
your corpse of clay
that I may look upon him
the more she looked the more she mourned
til she fell to the ground in sorrow
sweet William died for me today
Ill die for him tomorrow

they buried her in the old church yard

and William's grave was nye her
on William's grave there grew red rose
on Barbara's grave a brier
they grew and grew
up the old church wall
till they could grow no higher
they lept and tied in a true love knot
with the rose wrapped round the middle

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