

Blackmores Night

"Barbara Allen"

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Tw'as in the merry month of May
The green buds were a swelling
Sweet William on his death bed lay
For the love of Barbara Allen

He sent his servant unto her
To the place where she was dwelling
Saying you must come to his bedside now,
If your name be Barbara Allen

So slowly slowly she got up
And slowly she drew nigh him
And the only words to him she said
"Young man I think you're dying"

As she walked slowly o'er fields
She heard the death bell knelling
And with every stroke it seemed to say
Hardhearted Barbara Allen

Oh mother, mother make my bed
Make it long and narrow
Sweet William died for me today
I will die for him tomorrow

They buried her in the old churchyard
They buried him beside her
And from his grave grew a red red rose
And from her grave a green briar

They grew and grew to the steeple top
Till they could grow no higher
And there they tied in a true love's knot
Red rose around green briar

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