

## **Eddy Arnold** **"Barbara Allen"**

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In Scarlet Town where I was born there was a fair maid  
dwelling  
And every youth cried Well Away her name was  
Barbara Allen

Tw'as in the merry month of May when all green buds  
were swelling  
Young William on his death bed lay for the love of  
Barbara Allen

He sent his servant into town to the house where she  
was dwelling  
Said you must come to my Master if your name'd be  
Barbara Allen

So slowly slowly she got up and slowly she came nigh  
him  
But the only thing she said to him young man I think  
you're dying

Oh I am sick so very sick and death is on me dwelling  
No better I will ever be if I can't have Barbara Allen  
As she walked slowly toward her home she heard the  
death bells tolling  
And every bell appeared to say how hard is Barbara  
Allen

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

Upon her grave there grew a rose on William's grave  
were briars  
They twine and twine in a true love's knot and the rose  
grew round the briar

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