

## **Emmylou Harris** **"Barbara Allen"**

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Was in the merry month of May  
When all gay flowers were a bloomin',  
Sweet William on his death-bed lay  
For the love of Barbara Allen.

He sent his servant to the town  
To the place where she was dwelling  
Said, "You must come to my master's house,  
If your name be Barbara Allen."

So slowly, slowly she gets up,  
And to his bedside going  
She drew the curtains to one side  
And says, "Young man, you're dying."

"I know, I'm sick and very low,  
And sorrow dwells within me  
No better, no better I never will be.  
Til I have Barbara Allen."

"Don't you remember last Saturday night  
When I was at the tavern,  
You gave your drinks to the ladies there  
But you slighted Barbara Allen?"

He reached up his pale white hands  
Intending for to touch her  
She turned away from his bedside  
And says, "Young man I won't have you."

He turned his cheek into the wall  
And bursted out a crying  
"What I do to thee I do to all  
And I do to Barbara Allen."

She had not walked and reached the town  
She heard the death bells ringing  
And as they rolled they seemed to say,  
"Hard-hearted Barbara Allen."

"Oh Mother, oh mother go make my bed  
Make it both long and narrow

Sweet William died for me today  
I'll die for him tomorrow."

Sweet William was buried in the old church yard  
And Barbara there anigh him,  
And out of his grave grew a red, red rose,  
And out of hers, a briar.

They grew and grew to the old churchyard,  
Where they couldn't grow no higher,  
And there they tied in a true love's knot.  
The rose wrapped around the briar.

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