Barbara Allen

traditional Scottish arranged by Eleanor Gow



All in the merry month of May, When green leaves they was swellin', Sweet William on his death-bed lay, For the love of Barb'ra Allen.

He sent a servant to the town, The place where she was dwellin': "My master's sick and bids you come, If you be Barb'ra Allen."

And as she crossed the wooded fields, She heard his death-bell knellin', And ev'ry stroke, it spoke her name, "Hard-hearted Barb'ra Allen."

"O mother, mother, make my bed, And make it long and narrow. Sweet William died for love of me. I'll die for him of sorrow."

"Farewell," she said, "ye maidens all And shun the fault I fell in. Henceforth take warning by the fall, Of cruel Barb'ra Allen.