

## Barbara Allen

Anonymous folk song and Child Ballad. It is thought that the song originated in Ireland or Scotland. A young man is dying of unrequited love for Barbara Allen. She dies of grief and sorrow soon after he dies. It was printed for the first time in England in 1780.

In Scarlet town where I was born,  
There was a fair maid dwellin'  
Made every youth cry "Well-a-day!"  
Her name was Barb'ra Allen.

All in the merry month of May,  
When green buds they were swellin'  
Young Jemmy Grove on his death-bed lay,  
For love of Barb'ra Allen.

Then slowly, slowly she came up,  
And slowly she came nigh him,  
And all she said when there she came:  
"Young man, I think you're dying!"

As she was walking o'ver the fields  
She heard the dead-bell knellin'  
And ev'ry stroke the dead-bell gave  
Cried "Woe to Barb'ra Allen!"

When he was dead and laid in grave,  
Her heart was struck with sorrow.  
"O, mother, mother, make my bed,  
For I shall die tomorrow."

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