

Barbara Allen

Judy Collins

It was in the merry month of May
When the green buds were swelling
A young man on his death bed lay
For love of Barbara Allen

He sent his servant to the town
Sent him to her dwelling
My master's sick and he sends for you
If you are Barbara Allen

So slowly, slowly she got up
Slowly she would nigh him
And all she said when she got there was
"My true love you're dying?"

He turned his face unto the wall
Death was in him dwelling
Adieu, adieu to my sweet friends all
Be kind to Barbara Allen

When he was dead and laid in grave
She heard the death bells knelling
And every stroke to her did say
Hard hearted Barbara Allen

As she walked down the road to home
She saw his hearse a-comin'
"Oh, lay him down on the cold, cold ground
That I may gaze upon him"

Oh mother, mother, make my bed
Make it soft and narrow
For my true love has died today
I'll die for him tomorrow

They buried her by the old church tower
In there lay beside her
And from her grave grew red, red rose
And from his grave grew brier

They grew to the top of the old church tower
Till they could grow no higher
And there they tied in a true love's knot
The red, red rose and the brier