

Barbara Allen

Blackmore's Night

Twas in the merry month of May
When green buds all were swelling
Sweet William on his death bed lay
For love of Barbara Allen

He sent his servant unto her
To the place where she was dwelling
Saying you must come to his bedside now,
If your name be Barbara Allen

So slowly slowly she got up
And slowly she drew nigh him
And the only words to him did say
"Young man I think you're dying"

As she walked slowly o'er the field
She heard the death bells knelling
And with every stroke it seemed to say
Hard hearted Barbara Allen

Oh mother, oh mother make my bed
Make it both long and narrow
Sweet William died for me today
I will die for him tomorrow

They buried her in the old churchyard
They buried him beside her
And from his grave grew a red red rose
And from her grave a green briar

They grew and grew to the steeple top
Till they could grow no higher
And there they tied in a true love's knot
Red rose around green briar