

## 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