

## Barbara Allen

Frank Turner

It being the springtime of the year  
The flowers were freshly blooming  
A young man from my home country  
Fell in love with Barbara Allen

This young man took sick and went to bed  
And he called out for Barbara Allen  
She came to him and softly said:  
Young man I think you are dying

I am not dying! the young man said  
One kiss from you would cure me  
One kiss from me you'll never see  
Though I thought that you're heart was breaking

Or do you not remember last Sunday night  
Out in the ballroom dancing  
You danced all night with the village whore  
And you slighted Barbara Allen

So she went back to her father's house  
And she heard the church bell tolling  
And each toll that the bell did ring  
Called out for Barbara Allen

Now she'd not gone back so very far  
When she saw the funeral coming  
Lay down, lay down the corpse she cried  
So that I may gaze upon him

Oh father, father, dig my grave  
And dig it deep and narrow  
A young man died for me today  
I shall die for him tomorrow

So they both were buried in the old churchyard  
But she was buried higher  
And from her grave a red rose grew  
And from his grave a brier