

# Barbara Ellen

Isobel Campbell

It was in the merry, merry month of May  
When the green buds, they were swelling  
Young William green on his deathbed lay  
For the love of Barbara Ellen

He sent his servant to her town  
To the place where she was dwelling  
Saying master's sick and he sends for you  
If your name is Barbara Ellen

So slowly, slowly she got up  
And slowly she came nigh him  
And all she said when she got there  
"Young man, I believe you're dying"

"Oh yes, I'm low, I am very low  
And death is on me dwelling  
No better, no better I ever will be  
For I can't get Barbara Ellen"

"Oh yes, you're low, you are very low  
And death is on you dwelling  
No better, no better you ever will be  
For you can't get Barbara Ellen"

Oh don't you remember in yonder's town  
In yonder's town a drinking  
You raised your glass all around  
And you slighted Barbara Ellen

Oh yes, I remember in yonder's town  
In yonder's town a drinking  
I gave my health to the ladies all around  
But my heart to Barbara Ellen

He turned his pale face to the wall  
For death was on him dwelling  
"Adieu, adieu, good neighbors all  
Adieu sweet Barbara Ellen"

As she was going across the fields  
She heard those death bells knelling  
And every stroke the dead-bell gave  
"Hard-hearted Barbara Ellen"

"Oh mother, Mother, make my bed  
Go make it long and narrow  
Young William's died for me today  
And I'll die for him tomorrow"

Oh, she was laid in the old church wall  
And he was buried nigh her  
And out of his bosom grew a red, red rose  
And out of hers a briar

They grew, they grew up the old church tower  
Till they could grow no higher

They locked and they tied in a true lover's knot  
The red rose around the briar