

## Barbara Allen

Jerry Reed

In Scarlet town where I was born  
There was a fair maid dwelling  
And every youth cried well away  
For her name was Barbara Allen

T'was in the merry month of May  
The green buds were a swelling  
Sweet William on his deathbed lay  
For the love of Barbara Allen

He sent his servant to the town  
To the place where she was dwelling  
Cried : « Master bid you to his side  
If your name be Barbara Allen »

Slowly slowly she got up  
Slowly she went to nigh him  
And when she pulled the curtain back  
Said « Young man I think you're dying »

"Oh yes I'm sick, I'm very sick  
And I will be no better  
Until I've had the love of one  
The love of Barbara Allen"

"Father father go dig my grave  
Dig it deep, deep and narrow  
Sweet William died for me today  
I'll die for him tomorrow"

They buried her in the old courtyard  
Sweet William's grave was nigh her  
And from his heart there grew a rose  
And from her heart grew a briar

They grew and grew up the courtyard wall  
Till they could grow no higher  
Then grew as one to part no more  
The red red rose and the briar  
The red red rose and the briar