## **Barbara Allen**

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

## Jerry Reed