

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