Barbara Allen

Traditional Scottish

C

Am

1. In Scarlet town, where I was born, There
(2. All) in the mer - ry month of May, When
(3. He) sent his man in to her then, To

C

G

F

was a fair maid dwell - in', Made
green buds they were swell - in', Young ev'ry youth cry
the town where she was dwel - lin'; "O haste and come to my

C

Am7

G7

C

Well - a - way! Her name was Barb - ara Al - len. 2. All
death - bed lay, For love of Barb - ara Al - len. 3. He
mast - er dear, If your name be Barb - ara Al - len.

4. So slowly, slowly rase she up,
And slowly she came nigh him,
And when she drew the curtain by—
"Young man, I think you're dyin'."

5. "O it's I am sick and very sick,
And it's all for Barbara Allen."—
O the better for me ye'se never be,
Tho' your heart's blood were a-spillin'!

6. "O dinna ye mind, young man," says she,
"When the red wine ye were fillin',
That ye made the healths go round and round,
And slighted Barbara Allen?"

7. He turned his face unto the wall,
And death was with him dealin':
"Adieu, adieu, my dear friends all,
And be kind to Barbara Allen!"

8. As she was walking o'er the fields,
She heard the dead-bell knellin';
And every jow the dead-bell gave
Cried "Woe to Barbara Allen."

9. "O mother, mother, make my bed,
O make it saft and narrow:
My love has died for me today,
I'll die for him tomorrow."

10. “Farewell,” she said, “ye virgins all, And shun the fault I fell in:
Henceforth take warning by the fall Of cruel Barbara Allen.”

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1. In Scarlet town, where I was born, There was a fair maid dwellin';
   (2. All) in the merry month of May, Made young ev'ry youth cry
   (3. He) sent his man in to her then, To the town where she was dwellin';

Well away! Her name was Barbara Allen. 2. All death-bed lay, For love of Barbara Allen.
Mast'er dear, If your name be Barbara Allen. 3. He

4. So slowly, slowly rase she up, And slowly she came nigh him, And when she drew the curtain by— “Young man, I think you're dyin'.”

5. “O it's I am sick and very very sick, And it's all for Barbara Allen.”— O the better for me ye'se never be, Tho' your heart's blood were a-spillin'!

6. “O dinna ye mind, young man,” says she, “When the red wine ye were fillin', That ye made the healths go round and round, And slighted Barbara Allen?”

7. He turned his face unto the wall, And death was with him dealin': “Adieu, adieu, my dear friends all, And be kind to Barbara Allen!”

8. As she was walking o'er the fields, She heard the dead-bell knellin'; And every jow the dead-bell gave Cried “Woe to Barbara Allen.”

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Barbara Allen

Traditional Scottish

1. In Scarlet town, where I was born, There
(2. All) in the merry month of May, When
(3. He) sent his man in to her then, To

2. All was a fair maid dwellin', Made
3. He green buds they were swellin', Young ev'ry youth cry
4. the town where she was dwellin'; "O Jemmy Grove on his
5. Well away! Her name was Barb-ara Al-len.
6. death-bed lay, For love of Barb-ara Al-len.
7. mast-er dear, If your name be Barb-ara Al-len.”

4. So slowly, slowly rase she up,
And slowly she came nigh him,
And when she drew the curtain by—
"Young man, I think you’re dyin’."

5. “O it’s I am sick and very sick,
And it’s all for Barbara Allen.”—
O the better for me ye’se never be,
Tho’ your heart’s blood were a-spillin’!

6. “O dinna ye mind, young man,” says she,
“When the red wine ye were fillin’,
That ye made the healths go round and round,
And slighted Barbara Allen?”

7. He turned his face unto the wall,
And death was with him dealin’:
“Adieu, adieu, my dear friends all,
And be kind to Barbara Allen!”

8. As she was walking o’er the fields,
She heard the dead-bell knellin’;
And every jow the dead-bell gave
Cried “Woe to Barbara Allen.”

9. “O mother, mother, make my bed,
O make it saft and narrow:
My love has died for me today,
I’ll die for him tomorrow.”

10. “Farewell,” she said, “ye virgins all, And shun the fault I fell in:
Henceforth take warning by the fall Of cruel Barbara Allen.”

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Barbara Allen

Traditional Scottish

1. In scar-let town, where I was born,
   There was a fair maid dwell-in',
   Well-a-way! Her name was Barbara Allen.

2. All in the mer-ry month of May,
   Made green buds they were swell-in',
   For love of Barbara Allen. 2. All

3. He sent his man in to her then,
   The town where she was dwell-in';
   Master dear, If your name be Barbara Allen. 3. He

4. So slowly, slowly rase she up,
   And slowly she came nigh him,
   “Young man, I think you’re dyin’.”

5. “O it’s I am sick and very sick,
   And it’s all for Barbara Allen.”—
   “O the better for me ye’se never be,
   Tho’ your heart’s blood were a-spillin’!

6. “O dinna ye mind, young man,” says she,
   “When the red wine ye were fillin’,
   That ye made the healths go round and round,
   And slighted Barbara Allen?”

7. He turned his face unto the wall,
   And death was with him dealin':
   “Adieu, adieu, my dear friends all,
   And be kind to Barbara Allen!”

8. As she was walking o’er the fields,
   She heard the dead-bell knellin';
   And every jow the dead-bell gave
   Cried “Woe to Barbara Allen.”

9. “O mother, mother, make my bed,
   O make it saft and narrow:
   My love has died for me today,
   I’ll die for him tomorrow.”

10. “Farewell,” she said, “ye virgins all, And shun the fault I fell in:
    Henceforth take warning by the fall Of cruel Barbara Allen.”

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Barbara Allen

Traditional Scottish

1. In Scarlet town, where I was born, There
did not mean to say, and now I am a-worn.

(2. All) in the merry month of May, When
I was born in May, in a town,

(3. He) sent his man to her then, To

did not wish to say, and now I am a-worn.

4. So slowly, slowly rase she up, And slowly she came nigh him,
And when she drew the curtain by— “Young man, I think you’re dyin’.”

5. “O it’s I am sick and very sick, And it’s all for Barbara Allen.”—
O the better for me ye’se never be, Tho’ your heart’s blood were a-spillin’!

6. “O dinna ye mind, young man,” says she, “When the red wine ye were fillin’,
That ye made the healths go round and round, And slighted Barbara Allen?”

7. He turned his face unto the wall, And death was with him dealin’:
“Adieu, adieu, my dear friends all, And be kind to Barbara Allen!”

8. As she was walking o’er the fields, She heard the dead-bell knellin’;
And every jow the dead-bell gave Cried “Woe to Barbara Allen.”

9. “O mother, mother, make my bed, O make it saft and narrow:
My love has died for me today, I’ll die for him tomorrow.”

10. “Farewell,” she said, “ye virgins all, And shun the fault I fell in: Henceforth take warning by the fall Of cruel Barbara Allen.”

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Barbara Allen

Traditional Scottish

So slowly, slowly raise she up,
And slowly she came nigh him,
And when she drew the curtain by—
"Young man, I think you're dyin'."

"O it's I am sick and very sick,
And it's all for Barbara Allen."
O the better for me ye'se never be,
Tho' your heart's blood were a-spillin'!

"O dinna ye mind, young man," says she,
"When the red wine ye were fillin',
That ye made the healths go round and round,
And slighted Barbara Allen?"

"Farewell," she said, "ye virgins all, And shun the fault I fell in:
Henceforth take warning by the fall Of cruel Barbara Allen."

He turned his face unto the wall,
And death was with him dealin':
"Adieu, adieu, my dear friends all,
And be kind to Barbara Allen!"

As she was walking o'er the fields,
She heard the dead-bell knellin';
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"O mother, mother, make my bed,
O make it saft and narrow:
My love has died for me today,
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