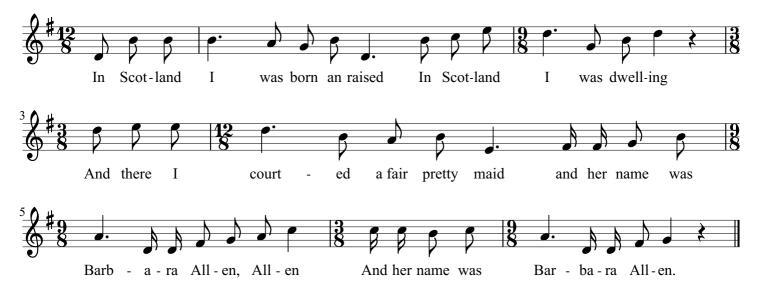
## SBG/1/2/618 Pretty Barbara Allen

(Tune only. Words from SBG/1/2/617)

Air to which sung in Gloucestershire circa 1860. From a correspondent whose name and letter mislaid. Copied as sent.



- In Scotland I was born and raised In Scotland I was dwelling, And there I courted a fair pretty maid And her name was Barbara Allen.
- I courted her twelve months and a day In mirth and youth past tellling Till false she grew, t'was I feared true O cruel Barbara Allen.
- 3. There came a man the other day To the town where she was dwellin' "You must go to your own true love Who dies for Barbara Allen."
- So slowly she put on her clothes, So slowly she went nigh him. And when she came to his bedside, She said, "Young man your dying."
- He turned his face unto the maid With sorrow he was sighing.
  "Oh fair pretty maid, have pity" he said, I'm on my death bed dying."
- "If you upon your death bed lie, What needeth it the tellin' I cannot stay, and see you die. Farewell," said Barbara Allen.
- He turned his face toward the wall He turned his back toward her (His heart with sorrow swellin') "I cannot stay and see you die. Farewell," said Barbara Allen.
- 8. "O put your hand to my bed head And there you'll find a napkin With three gold rings tied in a knot I bought for Barbara Allen.
- "O put your hand to my bed foot And there you'll find another With three gold rings tierd in a knot I bought them for my lover."
- So slowly she was walking home (went thro' the wood) She heard the birds' notes swellin' And every note they seemed to say Was false hearted Barbara Allen.
- So slowly she walked down the mead She heard the bells a dolin' (knellin') And every dole did seem to say (knell) False hearted Barbara Allen.
- 12. She turn-ed round and walk-ed back And met the funeral comin' "Put down, put down, ye mourners all, That I may look upon him."
- The more she looked the more she smiled, At length with laughter swellin'. Her parents dear, with many a tear, Cried "Cruel Barbara Allan."
- 14. "O mother! Mother! Make my bed And make it long and narrow, For my true love he died today, And I'll die on the morrow.
- 15. "And bury me in grave with him, For that was his desire And on my grave plant him a rose, And plant for me a briar.
- 16. "And they shall grow to the church top And grow up to the spire And there shall weave a true love knot The red rose and white briar."