

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 Scot-land I was born an raised In Scot-land I was dwell-ing



And there I court - ed a fair pretty maid and her name was



Barb - a - ra All - en, All - en And her name was Bar - ba - ra All - en.

1. 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.
2. I courted her twelve months and a day
In mirth and youth past telling
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."
4. 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."
5. 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."
6. "If you upon your death bed lie,
What needeth it the tellin'
I cannot stay, and see you die.
Farewell," said Barbara Allen.
7. 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.
9. "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."
10. 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.
11. 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."
13. 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."