

# BARBARA ELLEN

Collected and arranged by  
CECIL J. SHARP

Allegretto

VOICE

1. In— Scot - land I — was  
 2. He — sent his ser - vant  
 3. So — slow - ly she — put  
 4. A — dy - ing man! — O

PIANO

*cresc.*

born and bred, In Scot - land I was dwell - ing, When a  
 to her house To the place where she was dwell - ing, Say - ing:  
 on her clothes, So slow - ly she came to him, And  
 don't say so, For one kiss from you will cure me. One

*cresc.*

young man on — his death - bed lay For the sake of Bar - b'ra El - len.  
 You must come to my mas - ter's house, If your name is Bar - b'ra El - len.  
 when she came — to his bed - side, She — said: Young man, you're dy - ing.  
 kiss from me — you nev - er shall have While — your poor heart is break - ing.

*dim.*

*p*

*dim.*

*p colla voce*

5. If— you look up— at my bed-head You will see my watch a - hang-ing; Here's  
 6. If— you look down at my bed's-foot You will see a bowl a - stand-ing, And  
 7. As— I was walk-ing down the fields, I heard some birds a - sing-ing; And  
 8. As— I was walk-ing down the lane, I heard some bells a - tol-ling; And

my gold ring— and my gold chain I— give to Bar - b'ra El - len.  
 in it is— the blood I've shed For the sake of Bar - b'ra El - len.  
 as they sang— they seem'd to say: Hard— heart-ed Bar - b'ra El - len.  
 as they toll'd— they seem'd to say: Hard— heart-ed Bar - b'ra El - len.

9.

As I was walking up the groves  
 And met his corpse a-coming:  
 Stay, stay, said she, and stop awhile,  
 That I may gaze all on you.

10.

The more she gazed, the more she smiled,  
 Till she burst out a-laughing;  
 And her parents cried out: Fie, for shame,  
 Hard hearted Barb'ra Ellen.

11.

Come, mother, come, make up my bed,  
 Make it both long and narrow;  
 My true love died for me yesterday,  
 I'll die for him tomorrow.

12.

And he was buried in Edmondstone,  
 And she was buried in Cold Harbour;  
 And out of him sprang roses red,  
 And out of her sweet briar.

13.

It grew and grew so very high  
 Till it could grow no higher;  
 And around the top grew a true lover's knot  
 And around it twined sweet-briar.