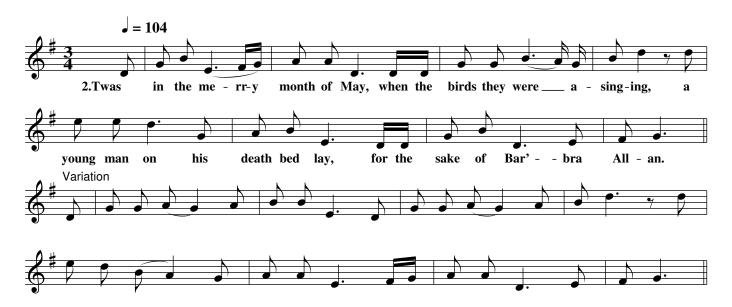
(Bonnie) Barbara Allan



- 1. In Scarlet town where I was born A fair maid there was dwelling I picked her out to be my wife Her name was Barbara Allan.
- 2. All in the merry month of May When birds were a-singing A young man on his death bed lay For the love of Barbara Allan.
- 3. He sent his servant man to her
 To the house where she was dwelling.
 He says, 'Young girl, to my master come
 If your name be Barbara Allan.'
- 4. So slowly, slowly she put on
 So slowly she came to him
 And when she came to his bedside
 Says 'Young man, I think you're dying.'
- 5. 'Not dying, love, that ne'er can be. One kiss from you would cure me.' 'One kiss from me you ne'er shall have.' Said cruel Barbara Allan.
- 6. As I was walking across the fields I heard the bells a-tolling And every time they seemed to say 'O Cruel Barbara Allan.'

- 7. As I was walking down the street I saw his corpse a-coming 'Pray stand him down, you six young men That I might gaze upon him.'
- 8. They more she gazed, the more she laughed Till she came nearer to him.
 Till all her friends cried out 'For shame!
 Hard-hearted Barbara Allan.'
- 9. 'O Mother dear come make my bed For I shall die tomorrow'. The young man died of a broken heart Barbara Allan died of sorrow.
- 10. On the young man's grave there grew a rose
 On Barbara Allan's growed a briar
 They grew and they grew to the tall steeple top
 Till they couldn't grow any higher
 (repeat tune of last 2 lines) And formed themselves into a true lover's knot
 For lovers true to admire.

Source: Sung by Thomas Bunting, Sherborne. Learnt from his father, James Bunting, 50 years previously. Collected by James Madison Carpenter between 1928 and 1930.

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