

Pretty Barbara Allen

In Scot-land I was born and 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 Barb - - ba - ra All - en.

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. They buried him in the old church yard
And buried her in the choir
On the young man's grave there grew a rose
On Barbara Allan's grew a briar.

11. They grew and they grew to the tall steeple top
Till they couldn't grow any higher
And formed themselves into a true lover's knot
For lovers true to admire.

Source: Baring Gould's note "Air to which sung in Gloucestershire circa 1860. From a correspondent whose name and letter mislaid." Collected by Sabine Baring Gould.

Notes: Only one verse in the manuscript. The rest has been supplied from another Gloucestershire version.

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