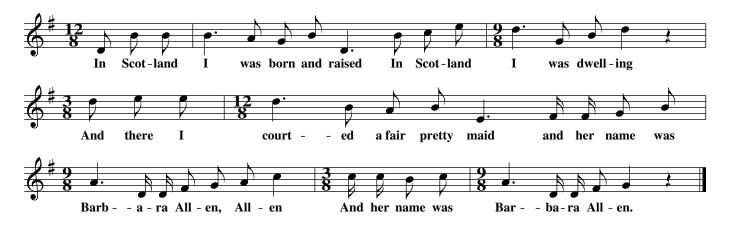
Pretty Barbara Allen



- 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.
- 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 growed 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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