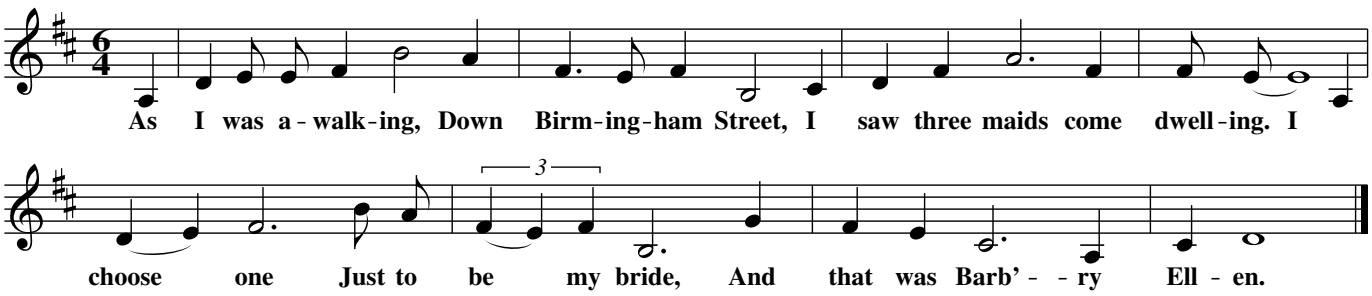
Barb'ry Allen



[Look over, look over in yonders field,
You-ll see some cows a-feeding;
For they are mine they are left for thine,
They are left for Barbary Allen.]

-Oh mother dear, look above my head
You-ll see my gold watch hanging
You give it to the one I really love best
And that is Barb-ry Ellen.

[Look down look down at the foot of my bed,
You-ll see a basin standing;
A basin of blood from my heart I-ve shed,
For you my Barbary Allen.]

Oh mother dear, come and make my bed
You make it long and narrow
For I want to lay down and die
For the sake of Barb-ry Ellen.-

[Oh parson dear dig me a grave,
Dig it neat and narrow,
And on my bosom place a red rose,
And on Johnny-s a sweet briar.]

[They growed and growed to the top of the chunch,
Til they couldn-t grow any higher,
And they turned back in a true love-s knot,
The rose around the briar.]

Source: Sung by Wiggy Smith at The Victoria pub, Cheltenham, 9 October, 1994.
Recorded by Gwilym Davies and Paul Burgess.

Notes: Wiggy only sang 3 verses. The words in brackers have been supplied from a version sung by Danny Brazil.