Barbara Allen

Blackmore's Night

Twas in the merry month of May When green buds all were swelling Sweet William on his death bed lay For love of Barbara Allen

He sent his servant unto her To the place where she was dwelling Saying you must come to his bedside now, If your name be Barbara Allen

So slowly slowly she got up
And slowly she drew nigh him
And the only words to him did say
"Young man I think you're dying"

As she walked slowly o'er the field She heard the death bells knelling And with every stroke it seemed to say Hard hearted Barbara Allen

Oh mother, oh mother make my bed Make it both long and narrow Sweet William died for me today I will die for him tomorrow

They buried her in the old churchyard They buried him beside her And from his grave grew a red red rose And from her grave a green briar

They grew and grew to the steeple top
Till they could grow no higher
And there they tied in a true love's knot
Red rose around green briar