

## Barbara Allen

Dolly Parton

In London town where I was born  
There lived a fair maid dwellin'  
Made every youth cry well away  
And her name was Barbara Allen

I sent a servant to your town  
Where Barbara she was dwellin'  
My master sent and he sent for you  
If your name is Barbara Allen

T'was in the merry month of May  
When all the flowers were a-bloomin'  
A young man on his death bed lay  
For the love of Barbara Allen

Oh Nellie Mae on her way home  
Were the words so sweet love singin'  
And as they sang they seemed to say  
Hard hearted Barbara Allen

Oh the more she ran oh the more she mourned  
'Till she could not stop her cyin'  
Oh pick me up and take me home  
For I am surely a-dyin'

Oh father my father go dig my grave  
Go dig it long and narrow  
Sweet William died for me today  
So I'll die for him tomorrow

Oh they buried her in the old churchyard  
Buried sweet William down beside her  
On William's grave grew a red red rose  
On Barbara's grew a great briar

Oh it grew to the top of the old churchyard  
It grew till It could not grow no higher  
And there they tied in a true love's knot  
The red red rose 'round the briar