# Barbara Allen

**Eddy Arnold**

In Scarlet Town where I was born there was a fair maid dwelling
And every youth cried Well Away her name was Barbara Allen
Twas in the merry month of May when all green buds were swellin
g
Young William on his death bed lay for the love of Barbara Alle
n

He sent his servant into town to the house where she was dwelli
ng
Said you must come to my Master if your name'd be Barbara Allen
So slowly slowly she got up and slowly she came nigh him
But the only thing she said to him young man I think you're dyi
ng

Oh, I am sick so very sick and death is on me dwelling
No better I will ever be if I can't have Barbara Allen
As she walked slowly toward her home she heard the death bells
tolling
And every bell appeared to say how hard is Barbara Allen

Oh father, father dig my grave and dig it long and narrow
My William died for me today I'll die for him tomorrow
Upon her grave there grew a rose on William's grave were briars
They twine and twine in a true love's knot and the rose grew ro
und the briar...


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