

## Barbara Allen

Joan Baez

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 to the town  
To the place where she was dwelling,  
Saying you must come, to my master dear  
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.

He turned his face unto the wall  
And death was in him welling,  
Good-bye, good-bye, to my friends all  
Be good to Barbara Allen.

When he was dead and laid in grave  
She heard the death bells knelling  
And every stroke to her did say  
Hard hearted Barbara Allen.

Oh mother, oh mother go dig my grave  
Make it both long and narrow,  
Sweet William died of love for me  
And I will die of sorrow.

And father, oh father, go dig my grave  
Make it both long and narrow,  
Sweet William died on yesterday  
And I will die tomorrow.

Barbara Allen was buried in the old churchyard  
Sweet William was buried beside her,  
Out of sweet William's heart, there grew a rose  
Out of Barbara Allen's a briar.

They grew and grew in the old churchyard  
Till they could grow no higher  
At the end they formed, a true lover's knot  
And the rose grew round the briar.