

## **“Barbara Allan”**

It was in and about the Martinmas time  
When the green leaves were a-falling,  
That Sir John Graeme, in the West Country,  
Fell in love with Barbara Allan.

He sent his men down through the town  
To the place where she was dwelling:  
"O hurry and come to my master dear,  
if you are Barbara Allan."

O slowly, slowly rose she up,  
To the place where he was lying.  
And when she drew the curtain by,  
"Young man, I think you're dying."

"O it's I'm sick, and very, very sick,  
And it's a' for Barbara Allan";  
"O the better for me ye's never be,  
Though your heart's blood were a-  
spilling.

"Don't you remember, young man," said she,  
"When the red wine' you were drinking  
That you were toasting to everyone's health,  
And slighted Barbara Allan?"

He turned his face unto the wall,  
And death was with him dealing;  
"Adieu, adieu, my dear friends all,  
And be kind to Barbara Allan."

And slowly, slowly raise she up,  
And slowly, slowly left him,  
And, sighing, said she could not stay,  
Since death was taking his life.

She had not gone but only two miles,  
When she heard the dead-bell ringing,  
And every stroke that the dead-bell gave  
It cried, "Woe to Barbara Allan!"

"O mother, mother, make my bed!  
O make my death bed (I am dying.)!  
Since my love died for me today,  
I'll die for him tomorrow."

They buried her in the old churchyard,  
And Sir John's grave was near her.  
And from his heart grew a red, red rose,  
And from her heart a brier.

They grew to the top o' the old church wall,  
Till they could go no higher,

Until they tied a true love's knot—  
The red rose and the brier.