

# Barbara Allen

Arranged by Ron Zuckerman

D Bm D Bm F#m

1 0 0 0 0 0 0 2 0 0 2 2 0 0 5 5 4 4 4 4  
A 0 0 0 0 0 0 1 1 0 0 5 5 5 5 5 5  
D 0 2 3 4 3 2 1 0 1 2 4 7 7 6+ 4 6+

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## **Barbara Allen**

In Scarlet Town, where I was born,  
There was a fair maid dwellin'  
Made every youth cry well-a-day  
Her name was Barbara Allen.

All in the merry month of May  
When green buds they were swellin',  
Young Jeremy Grove on his deathbed lay  
For love of Barbara Allen.

He sent his man unto her then,  
To the town where she was dwellin'.  
"You must come to my master dear,  
If your name be Barbara Allen."

"For death is printed on his face  
And o'er his heart is stealin'.  
Then haste away to comfort him,  
O lovely Barbara Allen."

Though death be printed on his face  
And o'er his heart be stealin',  
Yet little better shall he be  
For bonny Barbara Allen.

So slowly, slowly, she came up  
And slowly she came nigh him,  
And all she said when there she came,  
"Young man, I think you're dyin'."

He turned his face unto her straight  
With deadly sorrow sighin'.  
"O lovely maid, come pity me;  
I'm on my deathbed lyin'."

"If on your deathbed you do lie  
What needs the tale you're tellin'?  
I cannot keep you from your death.  
Farewell," said Barbara Allen.

He turned his face unto the wall  
As deadly pangs he fell in.  
"Adieu! Adieu! Adieu to you all!  
Adieu to Barbara Allen!"

As she was walking o'er the fields  
She heard the bell a-knellin'  
And every stroke did seem to say,  
"Unworthy Barbara Allen."

She turned her body 'round about  
And spied the corpse a-comin'.  
"Lay down, lay down the corpse," she said,  
"That I may look upon him."

With scornful eye she looked down,  
Her cheek with laughter swellin',  
That all her friends cried out amaine,  
"Unworthy Barbara Allen."

When he was dead and laid in grave  
Her heart was struck with sorrow.  
"O mother, mother, make my bed  
For I shall die tomorrow.

Hard-hearted creature, him to slight  
Who loved me so dearly,  
O that I had been more kind to him,  
When he was live and near me!"

She on her deathbed, as she lay,  
Begged to be buried by him  
And sore repented of the day  
That she did e'er deny him.

"Farewell," she said, "ye virgins all,  
And shun the fault I fell in.  
Henceforth take warning by the fall  
Of cruel Barbara Allen."

Source: [http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Barbara\\_Allen\\_\(song\)](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Barbara_Allen_(song))