

## BARBARY ALLEN.

1. In Scarlet Town, where I was born, There was a fair maid

dwelin' And every youth cried well awa'; Her name was Barbary

Al-len, Her name was Barbary Al-len, Her name was Barbary

Al-len. All in the merry month of may, When green buds they were

swelling, Young Jemmy Grove on his death bed lay For love of Barbary  
Allen.

## SONG BOOK.

- 2 He sent his man unto her then,  
To the town where she did dwell in  
Saying you must come to my master,  
If your name be Barbary Allen;  
For death is printed on his face,  
And o'er his heart is stealin',  
Then haste away to comfort him,  
O! lovely Barbary Allen.
- 3 Though death be printed on his face,  
And o'er his heart be stealin',  
Yet little better shall he be'  
For bonny Barbary 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 your dying!
- 4 He turn'd his face unto her straight,  
With deadly sorrow sighing,  
Oh! pretty maid come pity me,  
I'm on my death-bed lying.  
If on your death-bed you do lie,  
What needs the tale your tellin',  
I cannot keep you from your death;  
Farewell! said Barbary Allen.
- 5 He turn'd his face unto the wall,  
And death was with him dealin',  
Adieu, adieu, my friends all  
Adieu to Barbary Allen.  
As she was walking o'er the fields,  
She heard the bells a kneelin',  
And every stroke did seem to say,  
Unworthy Barbary Allen.
- 6 She turned her body round about,  
And spied the corps a coming,  
Lay down, lay down, the corpse she said,  
That I may look upon him.  
With scornful eyes she looked down;  
Her cheeks with laughter swellin',  
Whilst all her friends cried out amain,  
Unworthy Barbary Allen!
- 7 When he was dead and in his grave,  
Her heart was struck with sorrow,  
O mother, mother, make my bed,  
For I shall die to-morrow.  
Hard-hearted creature, him to slight,  
Who loved me so dearly,  
O! that I'd been more kind to him,  
When he was alive and near me.
- 8 She on her death-bed as she lay,  
Begg'd 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 Barbary Allen.