Barbara Allen

It was late in the year,
The green leaves they were falling,
When young Johnny rose from his own country,
Fell in love with Barbara Allen.

“Get up, get up,” her mother said,
“Get up and go and see him.”
“Oh, mother dear, do you not mind the time
You told me how to slight him?”

“Get up, get up,” her father said,
“Get up and go and see him.”
“Oh, father dear, do you not mind the time
You told me how to shun him?”

Slowly, slowly she got up
And slowly went to see him,
Slowly she went to his bedside
And slowly looked upon him.

“You’re lying low, young man,” she says,
“And nearly close to dyin’.”
“One word from you would bring me to,
If you be Barbara Allen.”

“One word from me you never will hear,
Nor any young man breathin’,
For the better of me you never will be,
Though your heart’s blood was a-spillin’.”

“Look down, look down at my bed foot,
It’s there you’ll find them lyin’,
Bloody sheets and bloody shirts,
I sweat them for you, Allen.

Look up, look up at my bed head,
It’s there you’ll find them hangin’,
My gold watch and my gold chain,
I bestow them to you, Allen.”

As she went back to her mother’s house,
She heard the death-bell ringin’,
And every clap that the death-bell gave,
It was woe be to you, Allen.

As she went back to her father’s house,
She saw the funeral comin’,
“Lay down, lay down that weary corpse,
Till I get lookin’ at him.”

She lifted the lid up off of the corpse,
And bursted out with laughin’,
And all his weary friends around
Cried “Hard-hearted Barbara Allen.”

She went into her mother’s house,
“Make my bed long and narrow,
For the death-bell did ring for my true love today,
It’ll ring for me tomorrow.”

And from one grave there grew a red rose,
And from the other a briar,
They both twisted into a true lovers’ knot,
And there remained forever.