

Colin Meloy, Barbara Allen

It was round and about last Martinmas tide
When the green leaves were swellin'
That young Jimmy Grove of the West Country
Fell in love with Barb'ry Allen

He sent his men into the town
To the place where she was dwellin'
"Oh will you come to my master, dear,
If your name be Barb'ry Allen?"

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

"Oh, yes, I'm sick, I'm very sick
Indeed I think I'm dyin'
But a word from you would revive me again
Oh lovely Barb'ry Allen"

"Do you recall, young man," she said,
"When the red wine you were spillin',
How you made the ladies' health go round
And you slighted Barb'ry Allen?"

And death is printed on his face
And all his heart is stealin'
And again he cried as she left his side
"Hard-hearted Barb'ry Allen!"

As she was goin' over the field
She heard the death bells tollin'
And every sound that death bell gave:
"Hard-hearted Barb'ry Allen!"

"Oh mother, mother make me a bed
Oh make it soft and narrow
Since Jimmy died for me today
I'll die for him tomorrow"