

# John Travolta, Barbara Allen

'Twas in the merry month of May  
When green buds all were swellin'  
Sweet William on his death bed lay  
For the love of Barbara Allen  
He sent his servant to the town  
To the place where she was dwellin'  
Saying, &quot;You must come to my master dear,  
If your name be Barb'ry Allen&quot;  
So slowly, slowly she got up,  
And slowly she drew nigh to him,  
And the only words to him did say  
&quot;Young man, I think you're dying&quot;  
He turned his face unto the wall  
And death was in him welling  
Goodbye, goodbye to my friends all  
Be kind to Barb'ry Allen  
When he was dead and laid in grave  
She heard the death bells knellin'  
And every stroke to her did say  
&quot;Hard-hearted Barb'ry Allen&quot;  
&quot;Oh mother, oh mother, go dig my grave  
Make it both long and narrow  
Sweet William died of love for me  
And I will die of sorrow&quot;  
&quot;Oh father, oh father, go dig my grave  
Make it both long and narrow  
Sweet William died on yesterday  
And I will die tomorrow&quot;  
Barb'ry Allen was buried in the old church-yard  
Sweet William was buried beside her  
Out of Sweet William's heart there grew a rose  
Out of Barb'ry Allen's, a briar  
They grew and gew in the old church-yard  
'Til they could grow no higher  
At the end they formed a true lovers' knot  
And the rose grew 'round the briar