

Simon & Garfunkel, Barbriallen

It was in the merry month of May
When green bugs were a-swelling
Sweet William on his death bed lay
For the love of Barbriallen

He sent his servant to the town
The place where she'd been dwelling
Say master dear has sent me here
If your name be Barbriallen

And slowly, slowly she got up
And slowly she went to him
And all she said when she got there
Young man I think you are dying

Oh, don't you remember the other day
When we where in a tavern
You drank your health to the ladies there
And you slided Barbriallen

He turned his face unto the wall
He turned his back upon her
Adieu, adieu to all my friends
Be kind to Barbriallen

She looked to the east, she looked to the west
She saw his corpse a-coming
Oh, put him down for me she cried
That I may gaze upon him

The more she looked, the more she grieved
She bursted it out in crying
Oh, pick me up and carry me home
For I feel like I am dying

They buried sweet Willy in the old church yard
And Barbara in the new one
From Willy's grave there grew a rose
From Barbara's a green briar

They grew and they grew on the old church wall
And could not grow no higher
And there they tied in a true love's knot
The rose bush and the briar