

In scar-let town, where I was born, there was a fair maid dwel-ling made  
 ev'-ry youth cry well-a-day! Her name was Bar - b'ra Al-len.

In Scarlet Town, where I was born,  
 There was a fair maid dwellin'  
 Made every youth cry well-a-day  
 Her name was Barbara Allen.

He sent his man unto her then,  
 To the town where she was dwellin'.  
 "You must come to my master dear,  
 If your name be Barbara Allen,

Though death be printed on his face  
 And o'er his heart be stealin',  
 Yet little better shall he be  
 For bonny Barbara Allen.

He turned his face unto her straight  
 With deadly sorrow sighin'.  
 "O lovely maid, come pity me;  
 I'm on my deathbed lyin'."

He turned his face unto the wall  
 As deadly pangs he fell in.  
 "Adieu! Adieu! Adieu to you all!  
 Adieu to Barbara Allen!"

She turned her body 'round about  
 And spied the corpse a-comin'.  
 "Lay down, lay down the corpse,"  
 she said,  
 "That I may look upon him."

When he was dead and laid in grave  
 Her heart was struck with sorrow.  
 "O mother, mother, make my bed  
 For I shall die tomorrow.

She on her deathbed, as she lay,  
 Begged to be buried by him  
 And sore repented of the day  
 That she did e'er deny him.

All in the merry month of May  
 When green buds they were swellin',  
 Young Jeremy Grove on his deathbed lay  
 For love of Barbara Allen.

For death is printed on his face  
 And o'er his heart is stealin'.  
 Then haste away to comfort him,  
 O lovely Barbara 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 you're dyin'."

"If on your deathbed you do lie  
 What needs the tale you're tellin'?  
 I cannot keep you from your death.  
 Farewell," said Barbara Allen.

As she was walking o'er the fields  
 She heard the bell a-knellin'  
 And every stroke did seem to say,  
 "Unworthy Barbara Allen."

With scornful eye she looked down,  
 Her cheek with laughter swellin',  
 That all her friends cried out amaine,  
 "Unworthy Barbara Allen."

Hard-hearted creature, him to slight  
 Who loved me so dearly,  
 O that I had been more kind to him,  
 When he was live and near me!"

"Farewell," she said, "ye virgins all,  
 And shun the fault I fell in.  
 Henceforth take warning by the fall  
 Of cruel Barbara Allen."