

# Barbara Allen

N.C. E B<sup>7</sup>/D<sup>#</sup> E B E C<sup>#</sup>m<sup>7</sup> F<sup>#</sup>7 B

In Scar - let town, where I was born, There was a fair maid dwell - in', Made  
 And death is print - ed on his face, And o'er his heart is steal - in', Then  
 When he was dead and in his grave, Her heart was struck with sor - row; "O

A E/G<sup>#</sup> E/B A/B B<sup>7</sup> E

ev - 'ry youth cry "well - a - way;" Her name was Bar - b'ra Al - len. All  
 haste a - way to com - fort him, O love - ly Bar - b'ra Al - len. So  
 moth - er, moth - er, make my bed, For I shall die to - mor - row. Fare -

B<sup>7</sup> E C<sup>#</sup>m F<sup>#</sup>7 B B<sup>#</sup>0<sup>7</sup>

in the mer - ry month of May, When green buds then were swell - in'; Young  
 slow - ly, slow - ly she came up, And slow - ly she came nigh him; And  
 well," she said, "ye vir - gins all, And shun the fault I fell in; Hence -

C<sup>#</sup>m F<sup>#</sup>m E C<sup>#</sup>m A B<sup>7</sup> E

Jem - my Grove on his death-bed lay, For love of Bar - b'ra Al - len.  
 all she said, when there she came, "Young man, I think you're dy - ing."  
 forth take warn - ing by the fall Of cru - el Bar - b'ra Al - len