

Barbara Allen

N.C. D A7/C# D A D Bm7 E7 A

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'

T								
A		0	2	0			2	2
B	0	4	0	2	0	4	2	0

G D/F# D/A G/A A7 D

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-

T								
A	0	0	0	2	0	2	0	2
B				4	0	2	4	0

A7 D Bm E7 A A#07

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 Hence-
well," she said, "ye vir-gins all, And shun the fault I fell in;

T								
A		0	2	0			2	2
B	4	0	2	0	4	2	0	2

Bm Em D Bm G A7 D

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

T								
A	0	0	0	2	0	2	0	2
B				4	0	2	4	0