

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 5 9 5 7 5 9 7 5 7 9 7 7 7 6 7 6

B

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 7 9 5 7 9 7 9 5 7 9 7 9 7 9 5 5

B

A7 D Bm E7 A A#07

in the mer - ry month of May, When greenbuds 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 -

T 9 5 7 5 9 7 5 7 9 7 7 7 6 7 6

B

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 7 9 5 7 9 7 9 5 7 9 7 9 7 9 5

B