

# Barbara Allen.

Violin

Slow

It was in and a--bout the Mar-tin-mas,

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time When the green-- leaves were a falling. That

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Sir John Graham in the west Country Fell in

9 6 3 3 6 9 8 6 6 6

love with Bar--ba--ra Al--len.

9 8 # 6 Fine

B A R B A R A A L L E N.

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IT was in and about the Martimas time,  
 When the green leaves were a falling,  
 That Sir John Graham, in the west country,  
 Fell in love with Barbara Allen.

He sent his man down through the town,  
 To the place where she was dwelling:  
 O! haste and cum to my master dear,  
 Gin ye be Barbara Allen.

O! hooly, hooly, rose she up,  
 To the place where he was lying,  
 And when she drew the curtain by,  
 Young man, I think you're dying.

O! I am fick, and very fick,  
 And 'tis a' for Barbara Allen:  
 O! the better for me ye's never be,  
 Tho' your heart's blood were a spilling.

O! dinna ye mind young man, said she,  
 When ye the cups was fillin,  
 That ye made the healths gae round and round,  
 And flighted Barbara Allen.

He turn'd his face unto the wa',  
 And death was wi' him dealing:  
 Adieu, adieu, my dear friends a',  
 And be kind to Barbara Allen.

And slowly, slowly, raise she up,  
 And slowly, slowly, left him;  
 And sighing said, she cou'd not stay,  
 Since death of life had reft him.

She had nae gane a mile but twa,  
 When she heard the dead-bell knelling,  
 And ev'ry jow that the dead-bell gied,  
 It cry'd, woe to Barbara Allen.

O! mither, mither, mak my bed,  
 O! mak it saft and narrow,  
 Since my love died for me to-day,  
 I'll die for him to-morrow.