

Barbara Allen

Frank Turner

It being the springtime of the year
The flowers were freshly blooming
A young man from my home country
Fell in love with Barbara Allen

This young man took sick and went to bed
And he called out for Barbara Allen
She came to him and softly said:
Young man I think you are dying

I am not dying! the young man said
One kiss from you would cure me
One kiss from me you'll never see
Though I thought that you're heart was breaking

Or do you not remember last Sunday night
Out in the ballroom dancing
You danced all night with the village whore
And you slighted Barbara Allen

So she went back to her father's house
And she heard the church bell tolling
And each toll that the bell did ring
Called out for Barbara Allen

Now she'd not gone back so very far
When she saw the funeral coming
Lay down, lay down the corpse she cried
So that I may gaze upon him

Oh father, father, dig my grave
And dig it deep and narrow
A young man died for me today
I shall die for him tomorrow

So they both were buried in the old churchyard
But she was buried higher
And from her grave a red rose grew
And from his grave a brier