Barbara Allen, a traditional Scottish ballad
Key of A, Capo 2

G(A) **D(E)** **G(A)** **Em(F#m)** **D(E)**
In Scarlet town where I was born there was a fair maid dwellin'
C(D) **G(A)** **Em(F#m)** **G(A)** **D(E)** **G(A)**
Made every youth cry well a day. Her name was Barbara Allen.

G(A) **D(E)** **G(A)** **Em(F#m)** **D(E)**
'Twas in the merry month of May when green buds all were swellin'
C(D) **G(A)** **Em(F#m)** **G(A)** **D(E)** **G(A)**
Sweet William on his deathbed lay for love of Barbara Allen.

G(A) **D(E)** **G(A)** **Em(F#m)** **D(E)**
He sent his servant to the town the place where she was dwellin'
C(D) **G(A)** **Em(F#m)** **G(A)** **D(E)** **G(A)**
Sayin' master dear has sent me here if your name be Barbara Allen."

G(A) **D(E)** **G(A)** **Em(F#m)** **D(E)**
Then slowly, slowly she got up and slowly she drew nigh him
C(D) **G(A)** **Em(F#m)** **G(A)** **D(E)** **G(A)**
And all she said when she passed his bed, “Young man, I think you're dyin.’”

G(A) **D(E)** **G(A)** **Em(F#m)** **D(E)**
Oh I am sick, so very sick with love my head is achin'
C(D) **G(A)** **Em(F#m)** **G(A)** **D(E)** **G(A)**
One kiss from you will cure me well. You'll keep my heart from breakin'

G(A) **D(E)** **G(A)** **Em(F#m)** **D(E)**
Do you remember that night, she said, when we were in the tavern?
C(D) **G(A)** **Em(F#m)** **G(A)** **D(E)** **G(A)**
You drank a toast to the ladies there, and slighted Barbara Allen

G(A) **D(E)** **G(A)** **Em(F#m)** **D(E)**
He turned his face unto the wall and bursted out a-cryin'
C(D) **G(A)** **Em(F#m)** **G(A)** **D(E)** **G(A)**
Adieu, adieu to my friends all. Be kind to Barbara Allen.

G(A) **D(E)** **G(A)** **Em(F#m)** **D(E)**
As she was wandering o'er the fields, she heard the death bell knellin'
C(D) **G(A)** **Em(F#m)** **G(A)** **D(E)** **G(A)**
And every note it seemed to say "Hard-hearted Barbara Allen."

G(A) **D(E)** **G(A)** **Em(F#m)** **D(E)**
Father, O father, go dig my grave. Make it both long and narrow
C(D) **G(A)** **Em(F#m)** **G(A)** **D(E)** **G(A)**
Sweet William died of love for me, and I shall die of sorrow

G(A) **D(E)** **G(A)** **Em(F#m)** **D(E)**
They buried her in the old church yard, Sweet William buried by her
C(D) **G(A)** **Em(F#m)** **G(A)** **D(E)** **G(A)**
And from his heart grew a red red rose. From Barbara's a green brier

G(A) **D(E)** **G(A)** **Em(F#m)** **D(E)**
They grew and grew in the old church yard, till they could grow no higher
C(D) **G(A)** **Em(F#m)** **G(A)** **D(E)** **G(A)**
And there they tied in a true lover's knot, the red rose and the brier.

The earliest known reference to Barbara Allen is in a diary entry in 1666. It eventually travelled to America both orally and in print, where it became a popular folk song.