

# Colin Meloy, Barbara Allen

It was round and about last Martinmas tide  
When the green leaves were swellin'  
That young Jimmy Grove of the West Country  
Fell in love with Barb'ry Allen

He sent his men into the town  
To the place where she was dwellin'  
"Oh will you come to my master, dear,  
If your name be Barb'ry Allen?"

And slowly, slowly got she up  
And slowly came she nigh him  
And all she said when there she came  
"Young man, I think you're dyin'"

"Oh, yes, I'm sick, I'm very sick  
Indeed I think I'm dyin'  
But a word from you would revive me again  
Oh lovely Barb'ry Allen"

"Do you recall, young man," she said,  
"When the red wine you were spillin',  
How you made the ladies' health go round  
And you slighted Barb'ry Allen?"

And death is printed on his face  
And all his heart is stealin'  
And again he cried as she left his side  
"Hard-hearted Barb'ry Allen!"

As she was goin' over the field  
She heard the death bells tollin'  
And every sound that death bell gave:  
"Hard-hearted Barb'ry Allen!"

"Oh mother, mother make me a bed  
Oh make it soft and narrow  
Since Jimmy died for me today  
I'll die for him tomorrow"