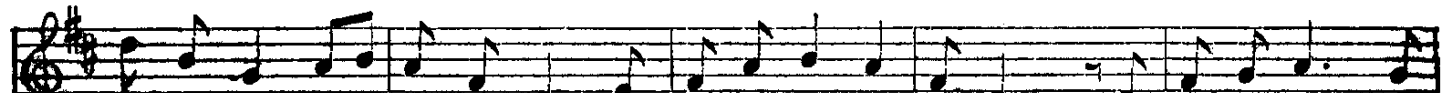


Barbara Allen

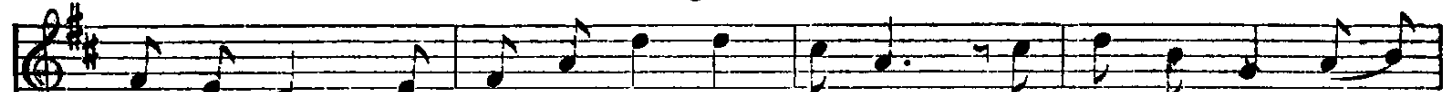
Old Song

Andante

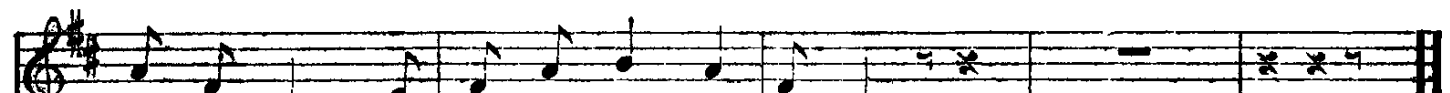
1. In Scar - let town, where I was born, There was a fair maid dwell - in', Made
 2. And death is print - ed on his face, And o'er his heart is steal - in', Then
 3. When he was dead and in his grave, Her heart was struck with sor - row; "O



ev - 'ry youth cry "well - a - way;" Her name was Barb'ra Al - len. All in the mer - ry
 haste a - way to com - fort him, O love - ly Bar - b'ra Al - len. So slow - ly, slow - ly
 moth - er, moth - er, make my bed, For I shall die to - mor - row. Fare - well," she said, "ye



month of May, When green buds then were swell - in', Young Jem - may Grove on his
 she came up, And slow - ly she came nigh him; And all she said, when
 vir - gins all, And shun the fault I fell in; Hence - forth take warn - ing



death - bed lay, For love of Bar - b'ra Al - len.
 there she came, "Young man, I think you're dy - ing."
 by the fall Of cru - el Bar - b'ra Al - len."

