

Barbara Allen

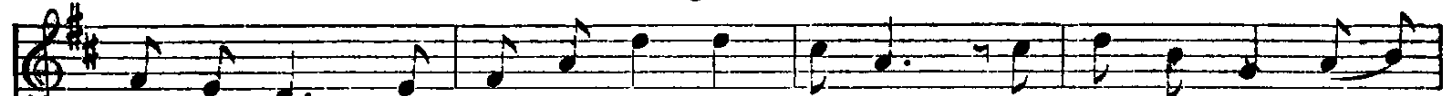
Old Song

Andante

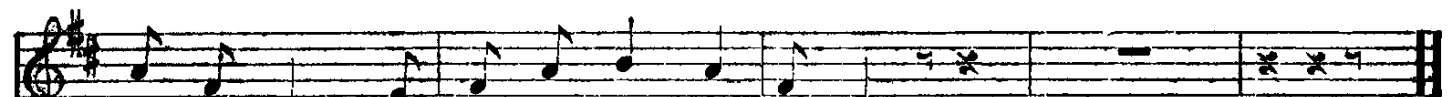
1. In Scar - let town, where I was born, There was a fair maid dwell-in', Made
 2. And death is print - ed on his face, And o'er his heart is steal-in', Then
 3. When he was dead and in his grave, Her heart was struck with sor - row; "O



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."

