

Barbara Allen

Violin

Scottish folksong

♩ = 140

D G A Bm A D Bm E



In Scar - let town, where I was born; There was a fair maid
 'Twas in the mer - ry month of may; When green buds they were
 He sent a ser - vant to the town, The place where she was
 And as she crossed the wood - ed fields, She heard his death - bell
 O Moth - er, Moth - er, make my bed, And make it long and
 "Fare - well," she said, "ye maid - ens all, And shun the fault I

A A7 G A7 D A D G A D



dwel - in', Made ev - 'ry youth cry — Wel - a - day! Her name was Bar - b'ra Al - len.
 swell - in', Sweet Wil - liam on his — death - bed lay For love of Bar - b'ra Al - len.
 dwell - in', "My mas - ter's sick and — bids you come If you be Bar - b'ra Al - len."
 knell - in', And ev - 'ry storke, it — spoke her name, "Hard - heart - ed Bar - b'ra Al - len."
 nar - row. Sweet Wil - liam died for — love of me; I'll die for him of sor - row."
 fell in: Hence - forth take warn - ing — by the fall Of cru - el Bar - b'ra Al - len.