Barbara Allen

John Travolta

'Twas in the merry month of May
When green buds all were swellin'
Sweet William on his death bed lay
For the love of Barbara AllenHe sent his servant to the town
To the place where she was dwellin'
Saying, "You must come to my master dear,
If your name be Barb'ry Allen"So slowly, slowly she got up,
And slowly she drew nigh to him,
And the only words to him did say
"Young man, I think you're dying"He turned his face unto the wall
And death was in him welling
Goodbye, goodbye to my friends all
Be kind to Barb'ry AllenWhen he was dead and laid in grave
She heard the death bells knellin'
And every stroke to her did say
"Hard-hearted Barb'ry Allen""Oh mother, oh mother, go dig my grave
Make it both long and narrow
Sweet William died of love for me
And I will die of sorrow""Oh father, oh father, go dig my grave
Make it both long and narrow
Sweet William died on yesterday
And I will die tomorrow"Barb'ry Allen was buried in the old church-yard
Sweet William was buried beside her
Out of Sweet William's heart there grew a rose
Out of Barb'ry Allen's, a briarThey grew and gew in the old church-yard
'Til they could grow no higher
At the end they formed a true lovers' knot
And the rose grew 'round the briar

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