Barbara Allen

Piney Gir

Twas round and about last Mai in the (side?)
When the green leaves were swellin?
That Young Jimmy Grove of the West Country
Fell in love with Barbrie Allen

He sent his men into the town
To the place where she was dwellin?
Oh will ye come to my master, dear
If ye name be Barbrie Allen

Then slowly, slowly got she up
And slowly came she nigh him;
And all she said when e'er 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 will revive me again
Oh lovely Barbrie 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 Barbrie Allen?"

And death was printed on his face
And all his heart(?) was stealin'
And he cried when she left his side,
"Hard-hearted Barbrie Allen!"

She was going over the field
She heard the death bell tollin'
And every sound the death bell gave

"Hard-hearted Barbrie 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.

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