Barbara Allen

Art Garfunkel

All in the merry month of May,
When green buds all are swellin'.
Sweet William on his deathbed lay for love of Barbara Allen.He sent his servant to the town,
The place where she did dwell in.
Saying, "Master dear has sent me here if your name be Barbara Allen."Then slowly, slowly she got up and slowly she went to him,
And all she said when there she came was, "Young man, I think you're dying."Don't you remember the other night when we were in the tavern?
You drank a toast to the ladies there and slighted Barbara Allen."He turned his face unto the wall,
He turned his back upon her.
"Adieu, adieu, to all my friends.
And be kind, be kind to Barbara Allen."As she was wandering on the fields she heard the death bell knellin'.
And every note, it seemed to say,
"Hard-hearted Barbara Allen!"The more it tolled the more she grieved,
She bursted out a-crying.
"Oh, pick me up and carry me home.
I fear that I am dying."They buried Willy in the old church yard and Barbara in the new one,
And from William's grave, there grew a rose, from Barbara's, a green briar.They grew and grew in the old church yard,
Till they could grow no higher,
And there they tied in a true lover's knot,
The red rose and the briar.

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