Barbara Allen (Traditional / Jim Moray)  Key C

C  G7   C
Twas in the merry month of May
   F    C
When green buds all were swelling,
   F    C    Am    F
Sweet William on his death bed lay
C  G7   C
For love of Barbara Allen.

C  G7   C
He sent his servant to the town
   F    C
To the place where she was dwelling,
   F    C    Am    F
Saying you must come, to my master dear
C  G7   C
If your name be Barbara Allen.

C  G7   C
So slowly, slowly she got up
   F    C
And slowly she drew nigh him,
   F    C    Am    F
And the only words to him did say
C  G7   C
Young man I think you're dying.

C  G7   C
He turned his face unto the wall
   F    C
And death was in him welling,
   F    C    Am    F
Good-bye, good-bye, to my friends all
C  G7   C
Be good to Barbara Allen.

C  G7   C
When he was dead and laid in grave
   F    C
She heard the death bells knelling
   F    C    Am    F
And every stroke to her did say
C  G7   C
Hard hearted Barbara Allen.

C  G7   C
Oh mother, oh mother go dig my grave
   F    C
Make it both long and narrow,
   F    C    Am    F
Sweet William died of love for me
C  G7   C
And I will die of sorrow.

C  G7   C
And father, oh father, go dig my grave
   F    C
Make it both long and narrow,
   F    C    Am    F
Sweet William died on yesterday
C  G7   C
And I will die tomorrow.

C  G7   C
Barbara Allen was buried in the old churchyard
   F    C
Sweet William was buried beside her,
   F    C    Am    F
Out of sweet William's heart, there grew a rose
C  G7   C
Out of Barbara Allen's a briar.

C  G7   C
They grew and grew in the old churchyard
   F    C
Till they could grow no higher
   F    C    Am    F
At the end they formed, a true lover's knot
C  G7   C
And the rose grew round the briar.
Barbara Allen (Traditional / Jim Moray)  Key G

G   D7   G
Twas in the merry month of May
    C    G
When green buds all were swelling,
    C    G    Em    C
Sweet William on his death bed lay
G   D7   G
For love of Barbara Allen.

G   D7   G
He sent his servant to the town
    C    G
To the place where she was dwelling,
    C    G    Em    C
Saying you must come, to my master dear
G   D7   G
If your name be Barbara Allen.

G   D7   G
So slowly, slowly she got up
    C    G
And slowly she drew nigh him,
    C    G    Em    C
And the only words to him did say
G   D7   G
Young man I think you're dying.

G   D7   G
He turned his face unto the wall
    C    G
And death was in him welling,
    C    G    Em    C
Good-bye, good-bye, to my friends all
G   D7   G
Be good to Barbara Allen.

G   D7   G
When he was dead and laid in grave
    C    G
She heard the death bells knelling
    C    G    Em    C
And every stroke to her did say
G   D7   G
Hard hearted Barbara Allen.