

- 4. So slowly, slowly rase she up,
 And slowly she came nigh him,
 And when she drew the curtain by—
 "Young man, I think you're dyin'."
- "O it's I am sick and very very sick,
 And it's all for Barbara Allen."—
 O the better for me ye'se never be,
 Tho' your heart's blood were a-spillin'!
- 6. "O dinna ye mind, young man," says she, "When the red wine ye were fillin', That ye made the healths go round and round, And slighted Barbara Allen?"

- 7. He turned his face unto the wall,
 And death was with him dealin':
 "Adieu, adieu, my dear friends all,
 And be kind to Barbara Allen!"
- 8. As she was walking o'er the fields, She heard the dead-bell knellin'; And every jow the dead-bell gave Cried "Woe to Barbara Allen."
- "O mother, mother, make my bed,
 O make it saft and narrow:
 My love has died for me today,
 I'll die for him tomorrow."
- 10. "Farewell," she said, "ye virgins all, And shun the fault I fell in: Henceforth take warning by the fall Of cruel Barbara Allen."

C A^m,
In Scarlet town, where I was born,
C G

There was a fair maid dwellin',

Made every youth cry Well-a-way! \mathbf{A}^{m7} \mathbf{G}^{7} \mathbf{C}

Her name was Barb - ara Allen.

All in the merry month of May, When green buds they were swellin', Young Jemmy Grove on his death-bed lay, For love of Barbara Allen.

He sent his man in to her then, To the town where she was dwellin'; "O haste and come to my master dear, If your name be Barbara Allen."

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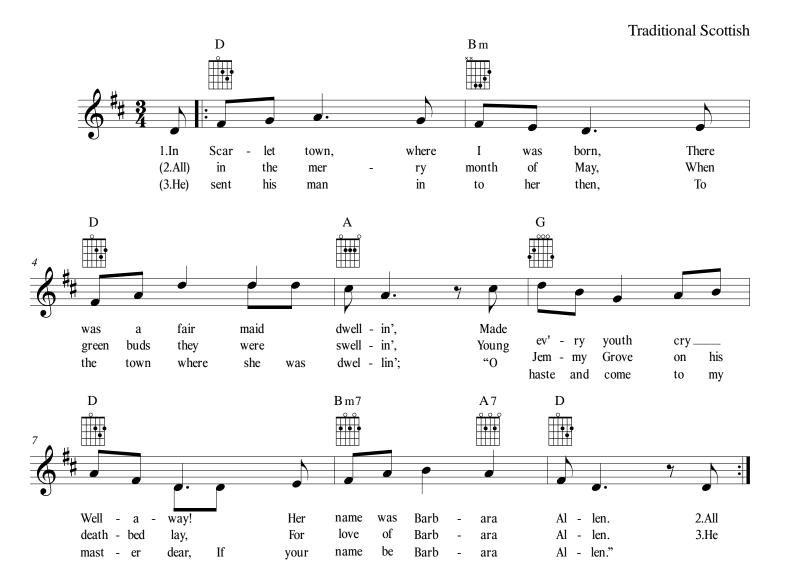
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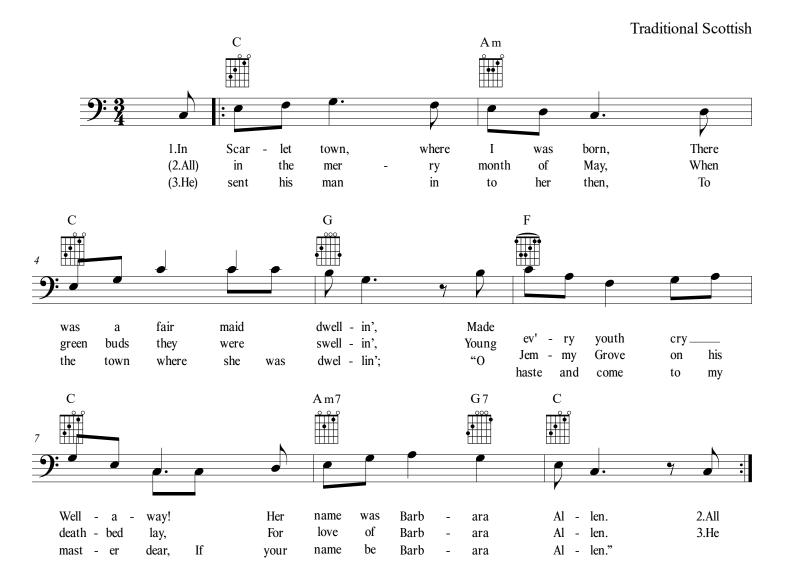
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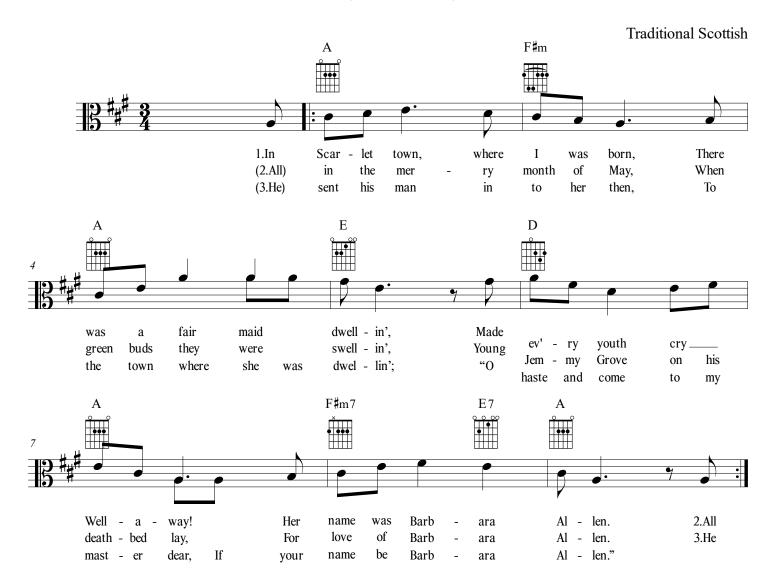
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Ukulele





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