

BONNY BARBARA ALLAN.

IT was in and about the Martimas time,
When the green leaves were a falling,
That Sir John Graeme in the west country
Fell in love with Barbara Allan.

He sent his man down through the town,
To the place where she was dwelling,
O haste, and come to my master dear,
Gin ye be Barbara Allan.

O hooly, hooly rose she up.
To the place where he was lying,
And when she drew the curtain by,
Young man, I think you're dying.

O it's I'm sick, and very sick,
And 'tis a' for Barbara Allan,
O the better for me ye's never be,
Tho' your heart's blood were a spilling.

O dinna ye mind, young man, said she,
When ye was in the tavern a drinking,
That ye made the healths gae round & round
And slighted Barbara Allan.

He turn'd his face unto the wall,
And death was with him dealing;
Adieu, adieu, my dear friends all,
And be kind to Barbara Allan.

And slowly, slowly rose she up,
And slowly, slowly left him;
And sighing, said, she could not stay,
Since death of life had reft him.

She had not gane a mile but twa,
When she heard the death-bell ringing,
And every jow that the dead-bell gied,
It cry'd, Wo to Barbara Allan.

O mother, mother, make my bed,
O make it saft and narrow,
Since my love dy'd for me to-day,
I'll die for him to-morrow.