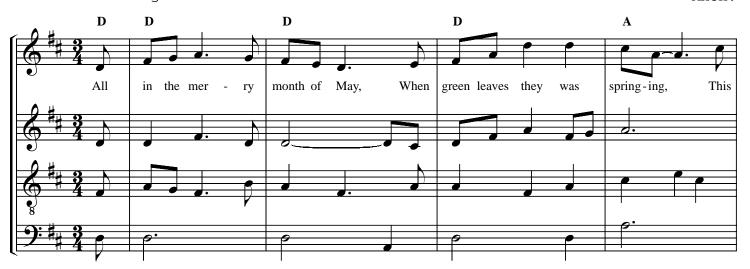
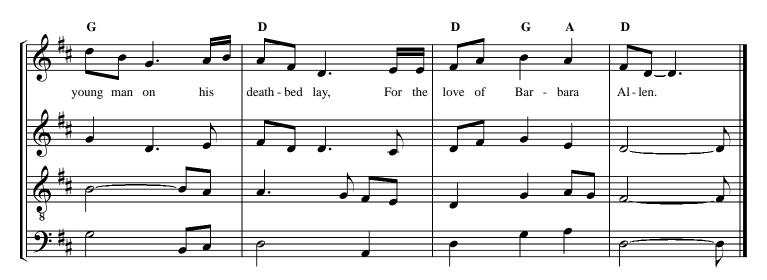
Barbara Allen's Cruelty

from the Roxburgh collection of ballads

Anon.





He sent his man unto her then, To the town where she was dwelling: 'You must come to my master dear, If your name be Barbara Allen.

So slowly, slowly she got up, And so slowly she came to him, And all she said when she came there, Young man, I think you are a dying.

He turnd his face unto her then: `If you be Barbara Allen, My dear,' said he, `come pitty me, As on my death-bed I am lying.'

`If on your death-bed you be lying, What is that to Barbara Allen? I cannot keep you from [your] death; So farewell,' said Barbara Allen. He turnd his face unto the wall, And death came creeping to him: `Then adieu, adieu, and adieu to all, And adieu to Barbara Allen!'

When he was dead, and laid in grave, Then death came creeping to she: `O mother, mother, make my bed, For his death hath quite undone me.

`A hard-hearted creature that I was,
To slight one that lovd me so dearly;
I wish I had been more kinder to him,
The time of his life when he was near me.'

So this maid she then did dye, And desired to be buried by him, And repented her self before she dy'd, That ever she did deny him.