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Schottische Lieder No. 11
Barbara Allen

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Joseph Haydn



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2. He sent his man down through the town,
To the place where she was dwelling:
0 haste and cum to my master dear,
Gin ye be Barbara Allen.

3. 0 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.

4. I am sick, and very sick,
And 'tis a' for Barbara Allen:
0 the better for me ye's never be,
Tho' your heart's blood were a spilling.

5. 0 dinna ye mind, young man, said she,
When ye the cups was fillin
That ye made the healths gae round and round,
And slighted Barbara Allen.

6. He turn'd bis face unto the wa',
And death was wi' him dealing:
Adieu, adieu, my dear friends a',
And be kind to Barbara Allen.

7. And slowly, slowly raise she up,
And slowly, slowly left him;
And sighing, said, she cou'd not stay,
Since death of life had reft him.

8. She had nae gane a mile but twa,
When she heard the dead-bell knelling,
And ev'ry jow that the dead-bell gied,
It cry'd, woe to Barbara Allen.

9. 0 mither, mither, mak my bed,
0 mak if saft and narrow,
Since my love died for me to-day,
I'll die for him to-morrow.

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Type: Sheet music

Título: Scottish Songs, No. 11 "Barbara Allen"

Compositor: (Franz) Joseph Haydn

Época: Clasicismo

Tema: .Misceláneas

Categoría: Canciones escocesas

Dificultad: Leicht bis mittel

Instrumentación Grupo: Voz sola con ensamble/orquesta

Arrangement: Solo>sop+Piano+Vl

Instrumentación: *Piano = Pno(1),*Canto solo>soprano(1),Violín = Vl(1)