Well away Cruel Barbara Allen
ON Hawrite Jong WELSH
SUNG BY MASTER WELSH
OMPOSED by MPHOOK.

Print Hall Middle at Milwin Willer's Massifications. 22 (April 48 feet)





He turnd his Face unto her fitrait, With deadly forrow fighing, O lovely Maid fome pity fhow, Im on my Death bed lying. Well away Ac.

If on your Death bed you do lie,
What needs the tale your telling,
Without one Tear without one figh,
Farewell faid BARBARA ALLEN.
Well away &c.

When he was laid in his cold grave, Her heart was ftruck with forrow, To day you died for me fhe faid, For you I'll die tomorrow. Well away &c.

Farewell the faid ye Virgins all, Oh thun the fault I felt in, Henceforth take warning by the fall, Of crue! BARBARA ALLEN. Well away &c.