Poor Barbara

William Shield
(1748-1829)

My mother had a maid call'd Bar-ba-ra, my mother had a maid call'd Bar-ba-ra,

She was in love; she was in love, and he she lov'd prov'd false and did for-sake her.

She had a song of wil-low; an old thing 'twas, but it ex-press'd her
A S S
for-tune, and she di-ed sing-ing it. That song to-night will not go from my mind,
for-tune, and she di-ed sing-ing it. That song to-night will not go from my mind,
for-tune, and she di-ed sing-ing it.
That song to-night will not go from my mind.
I've much a do, I've much a
do not to go hang my head all o' one side and sing it like poor
And sing it like poor
And sing it like poor