Poor Barbara

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
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,
that song to-night will not go from my mind. I've much a do,
that song to-night will not go from my mind. I've much a do,

I've much a do,
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