

The Trees Do Grow So High

David Pajo

The trees grow so high
The leaves they are green
The times they are past
That we have seen
In the long winter's night
It's he that lies alone
He's young but he's daily growing
O daughter dearest daughter
I have done you no wrong
I wed you to none other
Than a wealthy man's son
And he will be a man to you
When I am dead and gone
He's young but he's daily growing
Well one day as I was walking
Down by the old schoolyard
I saw the boys they were
Playing at the ball
And my own true love
Was the fairest of them all
He's young but he's daily growing
At the age of sixteen years
He was a married man
By the age of seventeen
He was the father of a son
At the age of eighteen years
Round his grave the grass grew long
Cruel death had put an end to his growing
Springtime is coming later now
And summer's coming on
Great ornaments and veils
The ladies all have on
Well once I had a true love
But now I have none
But I watch his blue eyed son while he's growing