

Bonnie Boy Is Young

Judy Collins

The trees they grow tall, the grass is growing green;
Many a cold and winter night that I alone have been.
It is a cold and cruel night when I must lie alone,
The Bonny Boy is young, but he is growing.

Oh! father, dear father I think you done me wrong
To go and get me married to one who is so young.
For he is only sixteen years and I am twenty-one.
The bonny boy is young but he's growing.

Oh! daughter, dear daughter, I did not do you wrong
For I have married you to a rich man's son
And he shall be a match for thee when I am dead and gone.
He is young, but he is daily growing.

Oh! father, dear father, I'll tell you what I'll do;
I'll send the boy to college for another year or two;
And all around his college cap, I'll bind a ribbon blue,
For to let the ladies know that he's married.

A year it went by and I passed the college wall
And saw the young collegians a-playing at the ball;
Amidst them was my own true love, the fairest of them all,
He was young but he was daily growing.

At the age of sixteen he was a married man,
And at the age of seventeen he was the father of a son,
At the age of eighteen, his grave had all grown green;
And the death put an end to his growing.

I'll make my love a shroud of ornamental brown;
And whilst I am a making it, the tears they will run down;
For once I had my own love, now he's lying low,
And I'll nurse his bonny boy while he's growing.