

The Trees They Do Grow High

The Pentangle

The trees they grow high, the leaves they do grow green
Many is the time my true love I've seen
Many an hour I have watched him all alone
He's young, but he's daily growing

Father, dear father, you've done me great wrong
You have married me to a boy who is too young
I'm twice twelve and he is but fourteen
He's young, but he's daily growing

Daughter, dear daughter, I've done you no wrong
I have married you to a great lord's son
He'll be a man to you when I am dead and gone
He's young, but he's daily growing

Father, dear father, if you see fit
We'll send him to college for another year yet
I'll tie blue ribbons all around his head
To let the maidens know that he's married

One day I was looking o'er my father's castle wall
I spied all the boys a-playing at the ball
My own true love was the flower of them all
He's young, but he's daily growing

At the age of fourteen, he was a married man
At the age of fifteen, the father of a son
At the age of sixteen, on his grave the grass was green
Cruel death had put an end to his growing

I'll buy my love some flannel and I will make a shroud
With every stitch I put in it, the tears they will pour down
With every stitch I put in it, how the tears will flow
Cruel fate has put an end to his growing