

# Alan Stivell, The Trees They Grow High

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 for 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 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, his grave it was green  
And death had put an end to his grow ing  
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