

Pentangle, The Trees They Do Grow High

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

Father, dear Father,
You've done me great wrong
You've married me to a boy who is too young
I am 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've married you to a brave 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 my love to college for another year yet
Tie blue ribbons all around his head
To let the ladies know that he's married

One day I was looking o'er my father's castle wall
Saw'r all the boys a playin' with a 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
Age of fifteen the father of a son
Age of sixteen on his grave the grass was green
Cruel death had put an end to his growing

I'll make my love a shroud of holland so fine
Every stitch I put in it the tears come trickling down
Once I had a true love but now I've ne'er one
But I'll watch o'er his son while he's growing...