

Pentangle

"Trees They Do Grow High"

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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 aplaying 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

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