

## Sarah Jarosz

### "Daily Growing"

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The trees, they grow high, and the leaves, they do  
grow green  
Many is the time my true love I've seen  
Many an hour I 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 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 have married you to a great lord's son  
And he will 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 a blue ribbon all around his head  
To let the maidens know that he is married

One day I was looking over my father's castle wall  
I spied all the boys playing with a ball  
And my own true love, he was the flower of them all  
He's young but he's daily growing

And so early in the morning at the dawning of the day  
They went into a hayfield for to have some sport and  
play  
And what they did there she never would declare  
But she never more complained of his growing

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

I'll buy my love some flannel, I'll make my love a  
shroud  
And every stitch I put in it, the tears, they'll pour down  
And every stitch I put in it, how the tears, they will flow

Cruel fate has put an end to his growing

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