Trees They Do Grow High

Maggie Reilly

The trees they do 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 a-playing at the ball My own true love 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 out into the hayfield 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 a 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 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