

The Trees They Do Grow High

The Longest Johns

The trees they do grow high and the leaves they do grow green
And many years have past, my love, that you and I have seen
The night is cold, and through it, you and I must spy alone
My bunny boy is young, but he's growing

Oh father, dear father, you done to me much wrong
To marry me onto a boy so immature and young
Oh he is only 15 years, and I am 21
My bunny boy is young, but he's growing

We'll send him off to college for a year or maybe two
And then perhaps, in time, my love, we'll see if that will do
I'll buy a bunch of ribbons why, to tie around his waist
To let the ladies know that he's married

One morning in the hay fields at the dawning of the day
They walked together, hand in hand to pass the hours away
And what they did as evening came she never would declare
But nevermore complained of his growing

At the age of 16, oh he was a married man
And at the age of 17, she brought to him a son
And the age of 18, oh, the grass grew over him
Cruel death put an end to his growing

The trees they grew so high and the leaves they grew so green
And many years have passed, my love, that you and I have seen
Oh married times may come again, but while I wait and see
I'll watch over this child while he's growing