The Bonny Boy

The Pentangle

The trees they grow so high and the leaves they grow so green
The day is past and gone, my love, that you and I have seen
It's a cold winter's night, my love, when I must bide alone
For my bonny boy is young but a-growing

As I was out a-walking by yonder garden wall
I saw four and twenty boys a-playing at the ball
I asked for my own true love but they'd not let him come
For my bonny boy is young, but a-growing

'O father, dearest father, you've done to me much wrong
You've tied me to a boy when you know he is too young.'
'O daughter, dearest daughter, if you'll wait a little while
A lady you will be, while he's growing

'We'll send your love to college, all for a year or two
And then perhaps in time the boy will be a man for you

I'll buy you white ribbons to tie about his waist
To let the ladies know that he's married'

So early in the morning at the dawning of the day
They went out into the hayfield to have some sport and play
And all they did there, she never would declare
But she never more complained of his growing

And at the age of sixteen he was a married man
And at the age of seventeen she brought to him a son
And at the age of eighteen the grass grew over him
And that soon put an end to his growing
I'll make my love a shroud of the Holland so fine
And every stitch I put in it, the tears come a-trickeling down
For once I had my own true love, but now I've ne'er one
But I'll watch o'er his son while he's growing

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