THE TREES THEY DO GROW HIGH

traditional celtic music



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 have watched him all alone He's young but he's daily growing

Father, dear, father you've done me great wrong You've 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 make a lord for you to wait upon He's young but he's daily growing

Father, dear father, if you see fit We'll send him to college for one 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 with 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, his grave it was green And death had put an end to his growing