

The Trees they do grow high Collected RVW July 22nd 1907 "Ginger" Clayton, in Meldreth



The trees they do grow high and the leaves they do grow green
The days are gone & past my love that you and I have seen
It's a cold winter's night my love that I must lay alone
My bonny lad is young but agrowing.
O father dear father you have done to me much wrong
You've married me to a boy and I fear he is too young
O daughter dearest daughter if you'll stay along with me
A lady you will be while he's growing.
We'll send him to a college all for a year or two
And then perhaps in time my love the boy will do for you.
We'll buy him white ribbons to tie around his waist
To let the ladies know that he's married.
I went unto the college and looked over the wall
I saw four & twenty gentlemen a-playing at the ball
One of them was my own true love, but they would not let him come
Because he was a young lad a-growing.
At the age of 16 he was a married man
And at the age of 17 the father of a son
And at the age of 18 on his tomb the grass grows green
Cruel death had put an end to his growing.
I'll make my love a shroud of the holland cloth so fine
And every stitch she put in it the tears came tricking down
I'll sit and mourn all over him until the day I die
But I'll watch all over his child while he's growing.
O he is dead & buried and in church yard do lie
The green grass grows over him so very high
O once I had a sweetheart but now I have got never a one
So fare you well my true love for ever.