

Long A-Growing

(a)

[The trees they do grow high and the leaves they do grow green. The day is gone and
past my love that you and I have seen. It is a cold and win-ters night that
you and I have seen, for my bon - ny boy is young and a grow - ing.] etc

(a) Variant

'Dear father, dear father to me you have done wrong,
To marry me to my true love. You know he was too young.'
[For he is only sixteen years and I am twenty-one,
My bonny boy is young but a-growing.]

Dear daughter, dear daughter I'll tell you what I'll do.
I'll send your love to a college school for another year or two.
All a-round his scotch cap, we'll pin the ribbon blue
To let all the la-dies know that he's married.

Now as I was a-walking all by the college wall
I saw four and twenty college boys a-playing of a ball
And there I spied me own true love, was the fairest of them all
And I said he was a long time a-growing.

Now the age of sixteen he was a married man
The age of seventeen he was the father of a son
The age of eighteen all on his grave the grass grewed green
And it soon put an end to his growing.

Now I'll buy my love a coffin, the best of Erin brown
And while they are making it, those tears they will flow down
I'll weep for him, I'll mourn for him, until the day I'll die
And I'll rear his loving son while he's growing.

Source: Sung by Harry Brazil, Gloucester. Collected by Gwilym Davies 27 November 1977.

Notes: Words in brackets previously collected from Harry by Peter Shephard.