

Long A-Growing

'Dear fa-ther, dear fa-ther to me you have done wrong, to ma-rry me to my true love. You
(a)
know he was too young.' Dear dau - - ghter, dear
dau - ghter I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll send your love to a
coll-ege school for an - oth-er year or two. All a-round his scotch cap, we'll
pin the ri-bbon blue to let all the la-dies know that he's ma - rried.
(a) Tune for 3rd verse onwards
Now as I was a - - walk - ing all by the coll - ege wall...etc

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: The first verse is only 2 lines long. The second verse starts at "Dear daughter..."