Oh, the Trees are getting high.



1.

"Oh! the trees are getting high, and the leaves are getting green;
The time is gone and past, my love, that you and I have seen!
'Twas on a winter's evening, as I sat all alone,
There I spied a bonny boy, young, but growing.

2.

Oh mother! dear mother! you've done to me much wrong! You've married me to a bonny boy, his age it is so young! His age is only twelve, and myself scarcely thirteen!" Saying "My bonny boy is young, but a-growing."

8.

"It's daughter! dear daughter! I have done to you no wrong;
I have married you to a bonny boy, he is some rich lord's son,
And a lady he will make you, that's if you will be made,"
Saying "Your bonny boy is young, but a-growing."

4.

"Oh mother! dear mother! I'm but a child 'tis true,
I'll go back to my old college for another year or two;
I'll cut off my yellow hair, put my box upon my head,
And I'll gang along with it to the college."

8.

And at the age of thirteen he was a married man; And at the age of fourteen he was father of a son; And at the age of fifteen then his grave was growing green: So there was an end to his growing.

[Sung by MT Ede, 1896.]