

# Sarah Brightman, The Trees They Grow So High

The trees they grow so high and the leaves they do grow green,  
And many a cold winter's night my love and I have seen.  
Of a cold winter's night, my love, you and I alone have been,  
Whilst my bonny boy is young, he's a-gowing.  
Growing, growing,  
Whilst my bonny boy is young, he's a-gowing.

O father, dearest father, you've done to me great wrong,  
You've tied me to a boy when you know he is too young.  
O daughter, dearest daughter, if you wait a little while,  
A lady you shall be while he's growing.  
Growing, growing,  
A lady you shall be while he's growing.

I'll send your love to college all for a year or two  
And then in the meantime he will do for you;  
I'll buy him white ribbons, tie them round his bonney waist  
To let the ladies know that he's married.  
Married, married,  
To let the ladies know that he's married.

I went up to the college and I looked over the wall,  
Saw four and twenty gentlemen playing at bat and ball.  
I called to my true love, but they would not let him come,  
All because he was a young boy and growing.  
Growing, growing,  
All because he was a young boy and growing.

At the age of sixteen, he was a married man  
And at the age of seventeen he was a father to a son,  
And at the age of eighteen the grass grew over him,  
Cruel death soon put an end to his growing.  
Growing, growing,  
Cruel death soon put an end to his growing.

And now my love is dead and in his grave doth lie,  
The green grass grows o'er him so very, very high.  
I'll sit and I'll mourn his fate until the day I die,  
And I'll watch o'er his child while he's growing.  
Growing, growing,  
And I'll watch o'er his child while he's growing.