

Long a-Growing – collected from Gloucestershire gypsy singer Harry Brazil by Gwilym Davies – 1979.



*[Oh the trees they do grow high and the leaves they do grow green
And the day is gone and past my love that you and I have seen
It's a cold winter's night, my love, and I must lie alone
For my bonny boy is young but a-growing.]*

Oh, father, oh father, to me you have done wrong
To marry me to a college boy although he is too young
For he is only sixteen years and I am twenty-one
And they say he is a long time a-growing.

Oh, 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
And all around his scotch cap we'll tie a ribbon blue
To let all the ladies know that he's married.

As I was a-walking down by the college wall
I saw four and twenty college boys a-playing of the ball
And there I saw my own true love, he was the flower of them all
And they say he is a long time a-growing.

Now at the age of sixteen he was a married man
And at the age of seventeen the father of a son
And at the age of eighteen years on his grave the grass grew green
Cruel death soon put an end to his growing.

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