THE BONNY BOY

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Oh the trees are growing high, my love, and the grass is growing green

And many's the cold and bitter night since I my love have seen

It is a cold and bitter night that I must lie alone Oh the Bonny Boy is young, but he's growing!

Oh father, dear father, I think you did me wrong For to go and get me married to one who is so young For he is but sixteen and I am twenty-one Oh the bonny boy is young but he's growing.

Oh daughter, dear daughter, I did not do you wrong For to go and get you married to one who is so young He will be a match for you when I am dead and gone Oh the bonny boy is young but he's growing

Oh father, dear father, I'll tell you what I'll do I'll send my love to college for another year or two And all around his college cap I'll bind a ribbon blue To show the other girls that he's married

'Twas at the age of sixteen years he was a married man And at the age of seventeen, the father of a son But at the age of eighteen, o'er his grave the grass grew green Cruel death put an end to his growing

I will buy my love a shroud of the finest Holland brown And whilst I am a weaving it, the tears they will flow down For once I had a true love, but now he's lying low And I'll nurse his bonny boy while he's growing!