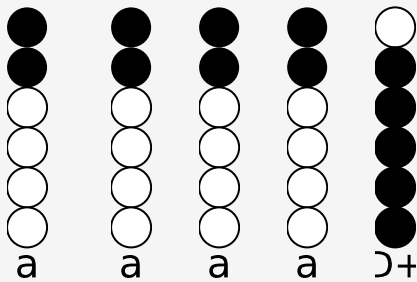
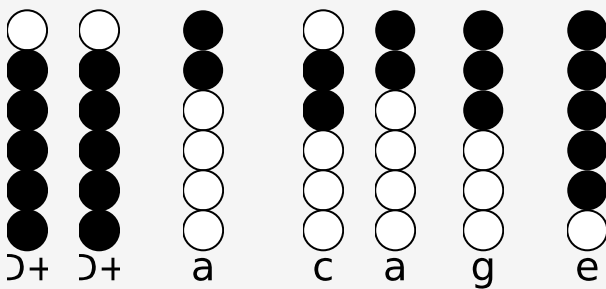


Tin whistle tabs for: The Trees They Do Grow High

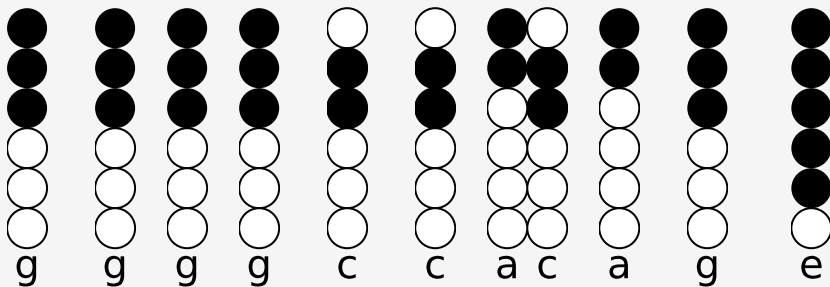
Genre: folk



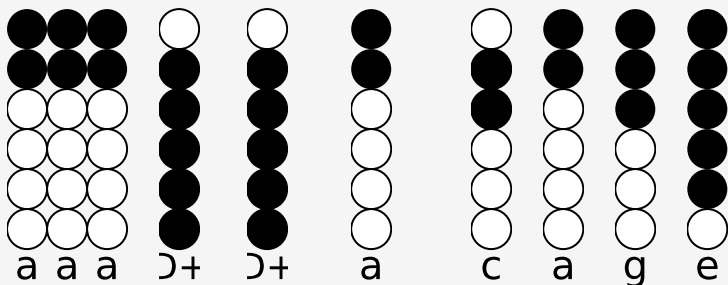
The trees they grow high,



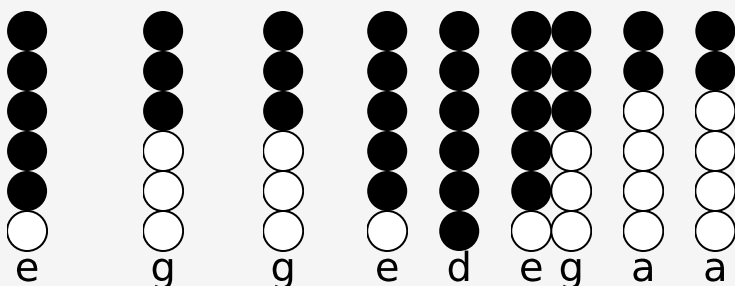
And the leaves they do grow green



Ma-ny is the time my true love I've seen



Ma-ny an hour I've watched him all a-lone



He's young, but he's dai-ly grow-ing

Father, dear father,
you've done me great wrong
You have married me to a boy who is too young
I'm twice twelve and he is but fourteen
He's young,
but he's daily growing
Daughter, dear daughter,
I've done you no wrong
I have married you to a great lord's son
He'll make a lord for you to wait upon
He's young,
but he's daily growing
Father, dear father, if you see fit
We'll send him to college for one year yet
I'll tie blue ribbons all around his head
To let the maidens know that he's married
One day I was looking o'er my father's castle wall
I spied all the boys as playing with the ball
My own true love was the flower of them all
He's young, but he's daily growing
At the age of fourteen, he was a married man
At the age of fifteen, the father of a son
At the age of sixteen, his grave it was green
And death had put an end to his growing