

The Bonny Boy

[G]The trees are growing high my love
 And the grass is growing green
 And many a cold and winter[C] night
 That I a[A]lone have [D]been
 It[G] is a cruel and bitter[Bm] night
 That I must lie a[Am]lone
 Oh! the[G] Bonny Boy is young
 But he is growing

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

Oh! daughter, dear daughter
 I did not do you wrong
 For to go and get you married
 To one that is so young
 He will be a match for you
 When I am dead and gone
 Oh! the bonny boy is young
 But he is 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
 For to let the ladies know
 That he's married

A year it went by
 And I passed the college wall
 And saw the young collegians
 A-playing at the ball
 I spied him in among them
 The fairest of them all
 Oh! my bonny boy was young
 And still growing

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'll buy my love a shroud
 Of the Holland linen brown
 And whilst they are making it
 The tears they will run down
 It's once I had a true love
 But now he's lying low
 And I'll nurse his bonny boy
 While he's growing

