

Young But Daily Growin'

Traditional

As performed by Bob Dylan during The Basement Tapes sessions, and in the Carnegie Chapter Hall, Nov 4, 1961

But he's young and he's daily growin'

G D G C G C/g G
 Daughter, dearest daughter, I have done you no wrong
 Em G D
 I've wed you to non other than a wealthy man's son
 G C G Em C G C/g G
 And he will be a man to you when I am dead and gone
 G D G C/g G
 He's young but he's daily growin'

Ah, one day as I was walking all alone down by the schoolwall
 I saw the boys, they were playing at the ball
 And my own true love was the fairest of them all
 He was young, but he was daily growin'.

At the age of sixteen years he was a married man
 at the age of seventeen he was the father of a son
 At the age of eighteen years, 'round his grave the grass grew long
 Cruel death had put an end to his growin'

Oh, the springtime is leavin' now, and summer's comin' on
 With ornaments and fans the ladies all pass on
 Oh yes, once I had a true love, but now I have none.
 But I'll watch his bonnie son, while he's growin.

G C D G C G
 Oh the trees they do grow tall and the leaves are green.
 G C G/b D
 And there's many a day that you and I have seen.
 G C G Em C G
 But once I had a true love, but now I walk alone.
 G D G
 He's a bonny lad, he's daily growing.

C . . | C/b . /a | G . . | . . . | D . . | . . . | . . . | . . .

Oh father, dearest father, you've done me great wrong.
 You've married me to a boy who is much too young.
 Oh I am twice twelve, and he is but fourteen
 He's a bonnie lad, he's young but he's growing.

Oh father, dearest father, oh and if it pleases you.
 I'll send my man on to a school for a year or two.
 And on top of his college cap, he'll wear a ribbon bow
 so that the other girls might know that he's married.

One day when I was walking all alone down by the schoolwall,
 Em C G D
 I saw the boys were playing at the bouncing of the ball.
 And my own true love was the fairest of them all.
 He's a bonny lad 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 on his grave the grass grew green.
 Cruel death had put an end to his growing.

I'll buy my love a shroud of ornamental ground
 and place it on his grave. Oh the tears come tripping down.
 For once I had a true love but now I have not.

But I'll watch his bonny son while he's a-growing.