

To Bobby Rothman

The trees they grow so high

Somerset Folk Song

original key

Arranged by
BENJAMIN BRITTEN

With movement (♩ = 76)

pp simply

The trees they grow so high and the leaves they do grow green, — And

5

man - y a cold win - ter's night my love and I — have seen. Of a cold win - ter's

10

night, my love, you and I a-lone have been, Whilst my bon - ny boy — is young, he's a - grow -

16

ing. Grow - ing, grow - ing, whilst my bon - ny boy is young he's a - grow - ing. — O

23 *sempre pp*

fa - ther, dear - est fa - ther, you've done to me great wrong, — You've tied me to a

ppp very smooth

28

boy — when you know he is — too young. O daugh - ter, dear - est daugh - ter, if you

(*express.*)

33

wait a lit - tle while, — A la - dy you_ shall be while he's grow - ing.

39

Grow - ing, grow - ing, — a la - dy you shall be while he's grow - ing. — I'll

dim.

45 *poco più f*

send your love to col - lege all for a year or two — And then in the

pp always smooth and expressive

50

mean - time — he will do — for you; I'll buy him white rib - bons, tie them

(*express.*)

round his bon - ny waist — To let the la - dies know that he's mar - -

ried. Mar - ried, mar - ried, to let the la - dies know that he's

mp more lively
mar - - ried. — I went up to the col - lege and I looked o - ver the

wall, — Saw four and twen - ty gen - tle - men play - ing at bat — and

74

ball. I called for my true love, but they would not let him

78

come, All be - cause he was a young boy and grow - - ing.

83

Grow - ing, grow - ing, all be - cause he was a young boy and grow - -

sust.

88

ing. At the age of six - teen, he was a mar - ried man And

poco f

93

cresc.

f

poco

at the age of sev - en - teen he was fa - ther to a son. And at the age of

cresc. *f* *express.*

98

a poco dim.

eight - een the grass grew o - ver him, Cru - el death soon put an end to his

dim.

103

p

grow - - ing, Grow - ing, grow - ing, cru - el death soon put an

p sempre più *marcato*

108

pp as at the start

end to his grow - - ing. And now my love is dead and

ppp as at the start

the bass dying away

113

in his grave doth lie. ——— The green grass grows o'er him so ver - y, ver - y

118

high. *dim.* I'll sit and I'll mourn his fate un - til the day I

dim.

122

die, and I'll watch all o'er — his child while he's grow - ing,

127

ppp *(in time)* Grow - ing, grow - ing and I'll watch all o'er his child while he's grow - ing.