



# The Trees, They're So High

**Arranged by Caroline Price**





## ***The Full English***

The Full English was a unique nationwide project unlocking hidden treasures of England's cultural heritage by making over 58,000 original source documents from 12 major folk collectors available to the world via a ground-breaking nationwide digital archive and learning project. The project was led by the English Folk Dance and Song Society (EFDSS), funded by the Heritage Lottery Fund and in partnership with other cultural partners across England.

The Full English digital archive ([www.vwml.org](http://www.vwml.org)) continues to provide access to thousands of records detailing traditional folk songs, music, dances, customs and traditions that were collected from across the country. Some of these are known widely, others have lain dormant in notebooks and files within archives for decades.

The Full English learning programme worked across the country in 19 different schools including primary, secondary and special educational needs settings. It also worked with a range of cultural partners across England, organising community, family and adult learning events.

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Produced by the English Folk Dance and Song Society (EFDSS), June 2014  
Arranged by: Caroline Price

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## Introduction

This song comes from the singing of Mr Whitehead from Tunstall in Lancashire. It was collected by Anne G. Gilchrist in 1909.

Caroline Price chose to arrange this song, and several others, as part of The Full English community event held at The Met, Bury in on 8 March 2014. Over 50 singers came together to learn material that originated from the North West, led by Caroline and the *Stream of Sound* youth chorus from Stourbridge.

Scores of the other songs Caroline arranged are available for free download at [www.efdss.org/resourcebank](http://www.efdss.org/resourcebank)

## Caroline Price and Stream of Sound

Caroline Price is a dynamic choir leader and prolific arranger of folk material! She researched and arranged a variety of songs and warm ups for The Full English community event in Bury.

*Stream of Sound* is a youth chorus, led by Caroline, who sing a-cappella harmony, and founded on a variety of musical traditions from around the world. They are known for their energetic and inspiring performances, and aim to share their love of harmony with as many people as possible.

Together, Caroline and Stream of Sound run a variety of workshops and events to encourage people to sing.



Photo: Caroline teaching at The Met, Bury (taken by Frances Watt)

# The Trees, They're So High

Collected from Mr Whitehead by Anne G. Gilchrist, Tunstall, Lancashire, 1909

[www.vwml.org/record/AGG/3/63b](http://www.vwml.org/record/AGG/3/63b)

Roud Number: 31

Trad/Arr. Caroline Price

Introduction

Soprano  
Ooh

Tune  
Ooh

Bass  
Ooh

6 Verses

S.  
Ooh - - - - - The

A.  
Oh, the trees, they're so high, and the leaves, they're so green.

B.  
ooh

9

S.  
days are past and gone, my love, that you and I have seen. It's a

A.  
Ah It's a

B.  
It's a

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S. cold \_\_\_\_\_ win - ter's night that you and I must lie a-lone

A. cold \_\_\_\_\_ win - ter's night that I'm a - lone, For my

B. cold win - ter's night I'm a - lone,

13

S. ooh \_\_\_\_\_

A. bo - nne lad is young, but he's grow - ing.

B. ooh \_\_\_\_\_

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## ***The Trees, They're So High***

The trees, they're so high, and the leaves, they're so green.  
The days are past and gone, my love, that you and I have seen.  
It's a cold winter's night that you and I must lie alone,  
For my bonnie lad is young, but he's growing.

O father, dear father you've done me great wrong,  
You've tied me to a boy when you know he is too young.  
O daughter, dearest daughter, if you wait a little while,  
Then a lady you shall be while he's growing.

O, I'll send your love to college all for a year or two,  
And then perhaps in time, my dear, the boy will do for you.  
And we'll tie blue ribbons all around his bonnie waist,  
All to let the ladies know that he's married.

One day when I was looking o'er my father's castle wall,  
Four and twenty young men were playing bat and ball.  
And my own true love amongst them was the flower of them all.  
For my bonnie lad is young, but he's growing.

At the age of sixteen, well he was a married man,  
And at the age of seventeen the father of a son.  
And at the age of eighteen, the grass grew o'er him green:  
For death had put an end to his growing.

The trees, they're so high, and the leaves, they're so green.  
The days are past and gone, my love, that you and I have seen.  
It's a cold winter's night that you and I must lie alone,  
For my bonnie son is young, but he's growing.



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