

THE BUNCH OF THYME

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Come all you maidens young and fair,
All you that are blooming in your prime
And always beware to keep your garden fair,
Let no man steal away your thyme!

For thyme it is a precious thing
And thyme brings all things to my mind
Thyme with all its flavours, along with all its joys,
Thyme brings all things to my mind.

Once I had a bunch of thyme
I thought it never would decay
Then came a lusty sailor, who chanced to pass my way,
And stole my bunch of thyme away.

Come all ye, etc.

The sailor gave to me a rose
A rose that never would decay
He gave it to me to keep me reminded
Of when he stole my thyme away.

Come all ye, etc.