

A Bunch Of Thyme

Ireland

Come all, ye maid - ens young and fair, all
you that are bloom - ing in your prime.
Al - ways be - ware and keep your gar - den fair. Let
no man steal a - way your thyme.

Come all, ye maidens young and fair,
all you that are blooming in your prime.
Always beware and 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,
oh, thyme brings all things to my mind.

Once I had a sprig of thyme,
I thought it never would decay,
until a saucy sailor chanced upon my way.
He stole away my bonny bunch of thyme.

This sailor, he gave to me a rose,
I thought it never would decay.
He gave it to me to keep me well-minded
of the night he stole my bonny bunch of thyme.