

The Sprig of Thyme (from Songs of the Four Seasons)

trad arr RVW, arr CH

Come all you pret-ty maid-ens all, And young men in your prime, I would
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have you keep your gar-dens clean, And let no - one steal your thyme.
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My garden was planted full
Of flowers everywhere;
But for myself I would not choose
The flower I held so dear.

The primrose I did refuse
Because it came too soon;
The lily and the pink I overlooked,
And vowed I would wait till June.

In June came the rose so red,
And that's the flower for me;
But when I gathered the rose so dear
I gained but the willow tree.

My garden is now run wild.
When shall I plant it new?
And my bed that once was filled with thyme
Is all overrun with rue.

Green willow it will twist,
Green willow it will twine;
And I wish I was in that young man's arms
That once had this heart of mine.