



A Bunch of Thyme

Come all ye maidens young and fair
And you that are blooming in your prime
Always beware and keep your garden fair
Let no man steal away your thyme
Let no man steal away your thyme

For when your thyme is past and gone
He'll care no more for you
And every place where your thyme was waste
Will all spread o'er with rue
Will all spread o'er with rue

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