

A Bunch Of Thyme

Ireland

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1. 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.

2. 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.
3. 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.
4. 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.