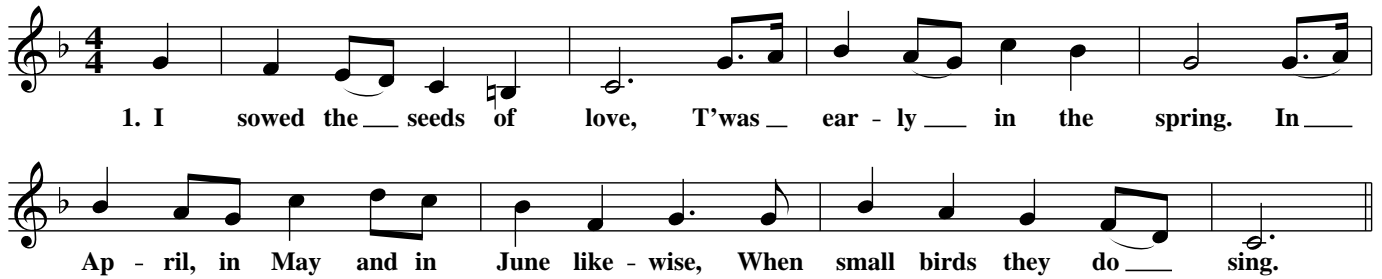


Sprig of Thyme



1. I sowed the ___ seeds of love, T'was ___ ear - ly ___ in the spring. In ___
Ap - ril, in May and in June like - wise, When small birds they do ___ sing.

2. My garden is planted well
With flowers everywhere,
But I had not the liberty to choose for myself
Of the flowers that I loved dear.
3. My gardener he stood by,
I asked him to choose for me.
He chose me the violet, the lily and the pink,
But these I refused all three.
4. The violet I forsook,
Because it fades so soon.
The lily and the pink I did overlook
And I vowed I'd stay till June.
5. For in June there is a red rosebud,
And that's the flower for me.
So I pulled and I pluckèd at the red rosebud
Till I gainèd the willow tree.
6. For the willow tree will twist,
And the willow tree will twine;
I wish I was in a young man's arms
That once had this heart of mine.
7. My gardener he stood by
And he told me to take good care;
For in the middle of the red rosebud
There grew a sharp thorn there.
8. I told him I'd take no care
Until I felt the smart;
I pulled and I pluckèd at the red rosebud
Till it peirced me to my heart.
9. I locked up my garden gate,
Resolving to keep the key,
But a young man came a'courting me
And he stole my heart away.

10. My garden is over-run,
No flowers in it grew,
For the beds that was once covered by sweet thyme
They are now over-run with rue.

11. Come all you false young men
That leave me here to complain.
For the grass that is now trodden underfoot
In time it will rise again.

Source: Tune sung by John Fry, Tormarton. Collector Cecil Sharp on 03 April 1907.
Words sung by Joseph Alcock, Sibford Gower, Oxon, 15 Sept 1922, coll. C. Sharp.

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