

## Bunch of Thyme

Christy Moore

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

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  
Thyme, brings all things to my mind

Once I had a bunch of thyme  
I thought it never would decay  
Then came a lusty sailor  
Who chanced to pass my way  
And stole my bunch of thyme away

The sailor gave to me a rose  
A rose that never would decay  
He gave it to me to keep me reminded  
Of when he stole my thyme away

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