

# Thyme



When I was young and in my prime, I flour-ished like a vine. There came a-long a—



young man and stole a-way my thyme, thyme, and stole a-way my thyme.

Come, all you pretty fair maids  
Who flourish in your prime,  
Be sure to keep your garden clear,  
Let no man steal your thyme, thyme,  
Let no man steal your thyme.

Note: This is all I ever heard my father sing of this song. I heard him sing it when he was an old man over seventy, and he sang it to my sister and me.