

THE SPRIG OF THYME

Collected and arranged by
CECIL J. SHARP

Andante con moto

VOICE

1. O once I had thyme of my
June, there was a red - a - ro - sy

PIANO

mf

p

own, And in my own gar - den it grew; I
bud, And that seem'd the flow - er for me; And

cresc.

dim.

used to know the place where my thyme it did grow, But now it is cov - er'd with
off - en-times I snatch-ed at the red - a - ro - sy bud, Till I gain - ed the wil - low,

mf

rue, with rue, But now it is cov - er'd with rue. 2. The
wil - low tree, Till I gain - ed the wil - low tree. 5. O the

cresc.

rue it is a flour - ish - ing thing, It flour - ish - es by night and by
 wil - low, wil - low tree it will twist, And the wil - low, wil - low tree it will

day; So be - ware of a young man's flat - ter - ing tongue, He will
 twine; And so it was that young and false - heart - ed man When he

steal your thyme a - way, a - way, He will steal your thyme a -
 gain - ed this heart of mine, of mine, When he gain - ed this heart of

way. 3. I sow - ed my gar - den full of
 mine. 6. O thyme it is a pre - cious, pre - cious

seeds; But the small birds they car - ried them a - way In
 thing On the road that the sun shines up - on; But

A - pril, May, and in June like - wise, When the small birds sing all
 thyme it is a thing that will bring you to an end, And that's how my time has

day, all day, When the small birds sing all day. 4. In
 gone, has gone, And that's how my time has

gone.