

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,
bud,

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

I
And*cresc.**dim.*

used to know the place where my thyme it did grow, But now it is cov - er'd with
oft - 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.
wil - low tree, Till I gain - ed the wil - low tree.

2. The
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

mf

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

dim. *p dolce*

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 —

sfz

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

cresc.

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.

Second time