The Maidens Lament 2

The Maidens Lament 2

a variant of LET NO MAN STEAL YOUR THYME

Come all you maids wheree'er you be
Who flourish in your prime
Be wise, beware, keep your garden clear
Let no man steal your thyme
Let no man steal your thyme

For when your thyme is pulled and gone
They care no more for you
There is not a place your thyme goes waste
But it spreads all o'er with rue
It spreads all o'er with rue

When I was a maid both fair and coy
I flourished in my prime
Till a proper, tall young man came and
He stole this heart of mine
He stole this heart of mine

My parents they were angry
At my being led astray
But there's many a dark and cloudy morn
Brings forth a pleasant day
Brings forth a pleasant day

The gardener's son being standing by
Three gifts he gave to me
The bitter rue, the violet blue,
And the red rose it was three
And the red rose it was three

Now I'll cut off the red rose top
And I'll plant on the willow tree
That this whole world will plainly see
How my love slighted me
How my love slighted me

The begotten virgins they must live
Although they live in pain
And the grass that is mown on yonder hill
Through time will bloom again

Through time will bloom again

There are fine boats sailing here my dear
And more on the river thine
But for me to be held in the arms of my love
And for him to be held in mine
And for him to be held in mine

parts of Let No Man steal Your Thyme and Seed of Love

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