

Once I had a sprig of thyme

^C Once I had a ^F sprig of ^C thyme -
^{Am} It grew by night and by day,
^{Am} 'Til a false young man came a-courting to me, ^F ^{Dm7}
^G And he stole all me thyme away. ^{G2} ^C

Thyme, it is a precious thing,
And thyme it will grow on,
And thyme it will bring all things to an end,
And so does my thyme grow on.

Once I had a sprig of thyme -
It grew by night and by day,
'Til a false young man came a-courting to me,
And he stole all me thyme away.

The gardener was standing by,
I bid him choose for me,
He chose me the lily, aye the violet and the pink,
Ah but surely I refused them all three.

Once I had a sprig of thyme -
It grew by night and by day,
'Til a false young man came a-courting to me,
And he stole all me thyme away.

And it's very well a-drinking ale,
And it's nice just to have a drop of wine,
Ah but I like sitting by the young man's side
That's gained this heart of mine.

Once I had a sprig of thyme -
It grew by night and by day,
'Til a false young man came a-courting to me,
And he stole all me thyme away.