

Rue

Dm F
Come all you fair and tender maids,
Dm
That flourish in your prime, prime,
F C Dm
Be ware, be ware, make your garden fair,
C Dm C
Let no man steal your thyme, thyme,
Dm Am C Dm
Let no man steal your thyme.

And when your thyme is past and gone,
He'll care no more for you, you,
And every day that your garden is waste,
Will spread all over with rue, rue,
Will spread all over with rue.

A woman is a branching tree,
And man a singing wynde, wynde,
And from her branches carelessly,
He'll take what he can find, find,
He'll take what he can find.