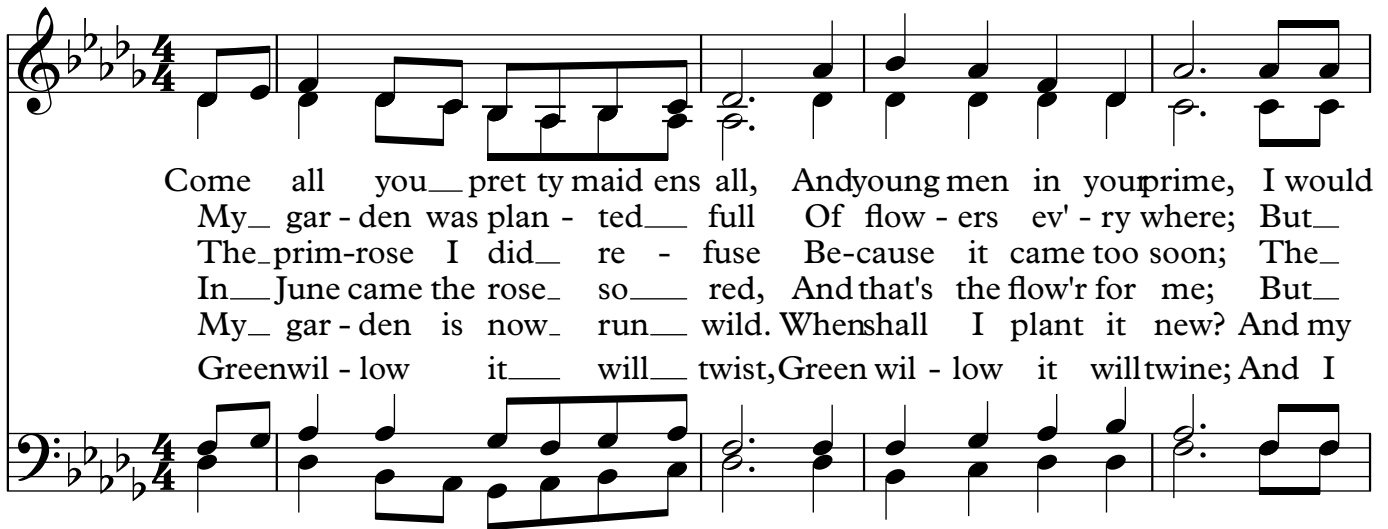


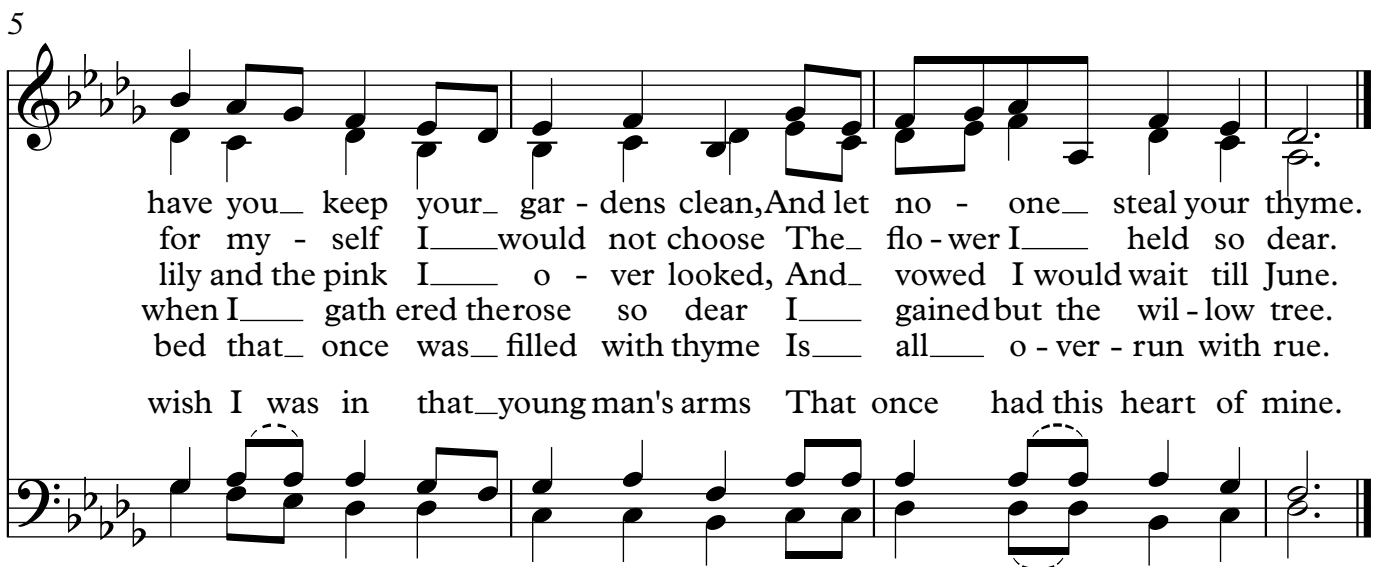
# The Sprig of Thyme (from Songs of the Four Seasons)

trad arr RVW, arr CH



Come all you pret ty maid ens all, And young men in your prime, I would  
My gar - den was plan - ted full Of flow - ers ev' - ry where; But  
The prim-rose I did re - fuse Be-cause it came too soon; The  
In June came the rose so red, And that's the flow'r for me; But  
My gar - den is now run wild. When shall I plant it new? And my  
Green wil - low it will twist, Green wil - low it will twine; And I

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have you keep your gar - dens clean, And let no - one steal your thyme.  
for my - self I would not choose The flo - wer I held so dear.  
lily and the pink I o - ver looked, And vowed I would wait till June.  
when I gath ered the rose so dear I gained but the wil - low tree.  
bed that once was filled with thyme Is all o - ver - run with rue.  
wish I was in that young man's arms That once had this heart of mine.