

## **Pentangle, The**

### **"When I Was In My Prime"**

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When I was in my prime I flourished like a vine  
There came along a false young man come stole the  
heart of mine  
Come stole the heart of mine.

The gardener standing by, three offers he made to me  
The pink, the violet and red rose, which I refused all  
three  
Which I refused all three.

The pink's no flower at all, for it fades away to soon  
And the violet is too pale a hue, I think I'll wait 'til June  
I think I'll wait 'til June.

In June the red rose blooms, that's not the flower for  
me  
For then I'll pluck the red rose off and plant a willow  
tree  
And plant a willow tree.

And the willow tree shall weep, and the willow tree shall  
whine  
I wish I was in the young man's arms that stole the  
heart of mine  
That stole the heart of mine.

If I'm spared for one year more, and God should grant  
me grace  
I'll weep a bowl of crystal tears to wash his deceitful  
face  
To wash his deceitful face.

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