

Pentangle

"Let No Man Steal Your Thyme"

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Come all you fair and tender girls that flourish in your
prime,
Beware, beware, keep your garden fair
Let no man steal your thyme, Let no man steal your
thyme.

For when your thyme it is past and gone
He'll care no more for you,
And every place where your garden was waste
With spread all over with rue, With spread all over with
rue

A woman is a branchy tree And a man a single wand,
wand

And from her branches carelessly He takes what he
can find. He takes what he can find He takes what he
can find

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