Irish Folksongs
"A BUNCH OF THYME"

Visit "A BUNCH OF THYME" on MotoLyrics.com

Come all ye maidens young and fair
And you that are blooming in your prime
Always beware and keep your garden fair
Let no man steal away your thyme

Chorus:
For thyme it is a precious thing
And thyme brings all things to my mind
nlyme with all its flavours, along with all its joys
Thyme, brings all things to my mind

Once I and a bunch of thyme
i thought it never would decay
Then came a lusty sailor
Who chanced to pass my way
And stole my bunch of thyme away

Chorus

The sailor gave to me a rose
A rose that never would decay
He gave it to me to keep me reminded
Of when he stole my thyme away

Chorus

Visit Irish Folksongs page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.