Thyme It is a Precious Thing

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Thyme it is a precious thing
Thyme brings all things to your mind
Thyme with all its labors, along with all its joys
And its thyme brings all things to an end

Once I had a sprig of thyme
I thought it never would decay
Until a saucy sailor chanced upon my way
He stole away my bonny bunch of thyme

This sailor, he gave to me a rose
I thought it never would decay
He gave it to me to keep me well-minded
Of the night he stole my bonny bunch of thyme

So come all you maidens brisk and gay
All you that flourish in your prime
Beware and take care and keep your garden fair
And let no man steal your bonny bunch of thyme

sung by John and Tony on Spencer the Rover
DC