

The Sprig of Thyme

Am

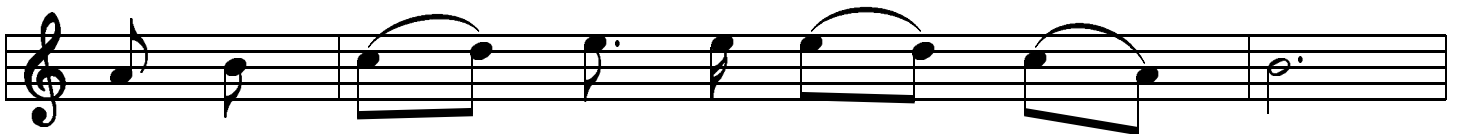


1. 'Twas ear - ly in the Spring - time of the year,
2. Thyme, Thyme, it is a prec - ious, prec - ious thing;
3. And, while that I had Thyme all for my own,
4. And now my Thyme is per - ish - ed and gone,
5. Rue, Rue, it is a runn - ing, runn - ing root,
6. Stand up, oh! Stand you up, my joll - y oak!

F

Am

G



1. When the sun did be - gin to shine,
2. It's a root that the sun shines on;
3. It did flour - ish by night and day,
4. And I nev - er shall plant it moe,
5. And it runs all too fast for me.
6. Stand you up, for you shall not die;

F

C

F

Am



1. Oh! I had three branch - es all for to choose but one,
2. And Time it will bring ev' ry thing un - to an end;
3. Till who cam a - long but my joll - y sail - or boy,
4. Since in - to the place where my Thyme did use to spring,
5. I'll dig up the bed where the Thyme of old was laid,
6. For I'll be so true to the one I love so dear,

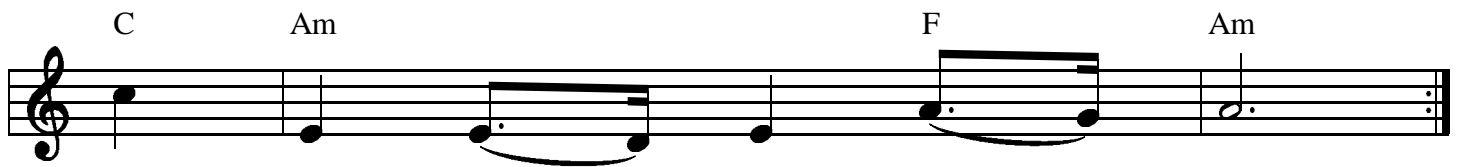
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1. And the first I chose was Thyme,
2. And so our Time goes on,
3. And stole my Thyme a - way,
4. Is grown a runn - ing Rue,
5. And plant there a brave oak tree.
6. As the stars shine bright in the sky,



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|--------|-------|-------|--------|-------|----------|
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| 2. And | so | our | Time | goes | on. |
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