

## Let No Man Steal Your Thyme

Anne Briggs

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 time was waste  
Will all spread all over with rue  
Will all spread all over with rue  
The gardeners son was standing by  
three flowers he gave to me  
the pink the blue and the violet true  
and the red red rosey tree  
and the red red rosey tree  
But i refused the red rose bush  
and gained the willow tree  
that all the world may plainly see  
how my love slighted me  
how my love slighted me