

Maiden's Lament

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Mmm! *on my...*

Come all you maids wher'er you be, who flourish in your prime, Be
 wise, beware, keep your garden clear, let no man steal your thyme, let
 no man steal your thyme.

2) For when your thyme, is pulled and gone,
 They care no more for you,
 There is not a place your thyme goes waste
 But it spreads all o'er with rue. (Repeat last line of each verse).

3) When I was a maid, both fair and coy,
 I flourished in my prime,
 Till a proper, tall young man came and
 He stole this heart of mine. (Repeat.)

4) My parents being angry
 At my being led astray,
 But many a dark and cloudy morn
 Brings forth a pleasant day. (Repeat.)

5) The gardener's son being standing by,
 Three gifts he gave to me,
 The bitter rue, the violet blue,
 And the red rose, it was three. (Repeat.)

6) I'll cut off the red rose top,
 And I'll plant on the willow tree,
 That the whole world will plainly see
 How my love slighted me. (Repeat.)

7) The begotten virgins, they must live,
 Although they live in pain.
 But the grass that is mown on yonder hill,
 In time will bloom again. (Repeat.)

8) There are fine boats sailing here, my dear,
 And more on the river Thine,
 But for me to be held in the arms of my love,
 And for him to be held in mind. (Repeat.)

C.W.