

The Pentangle, Let No Man Steal Your Thyme

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 garden was waste
With spread all over with rue, With spread all over with rue
A woman is a branchy tree And a man a single wand, wand
And from her branches carelessly
He takes what he can find.
He takes what he can find
He takes what he can find