

Come All Ye Pretty Maids

Informant/Performer:
Rosie Day
Rowan County, KY, 1930

Source:
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The Singin' Gatherin'
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Come all ye pret - ty maids, Who flour - ished in your prime.

Be sure you keep your gar - den clean, Let no - one take your thyme.

2. My thyme it is all gone,
I have none to plant a-new.
And in the place where my thyme stood,
It has all growed up in rue.
3. The rue it runs and spreads,
And no one can it stop;
I have a place in my garden yet,
I will plant a bunch of hope.
4. Stand up, you pretty hope,
Stand up and do not die.
And if any man comes to you,
Pick up your wings and fly.
5. The gardener standing by,
A-offering flowers to make
The pinks, primroses, and violets blue,
The three I did deny.
6. The pink's a pretty flower,
But it does bud too soon;
I have a violet of my own
I am sure it can wait till June.
7. In June the primrose buds,
But this is no flower for me.
I will pull up the primrose bush,
And plant a willow tree.
8. Green Willow I will wear,
With sorrow mixed among.
So the whole world may plainly see
I loved a false young man.