

Re and Thyme

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The first system of musical notation is in 4/4 time. It consists of a treble clef staff with a melody and a guitar-style bass staff. The melody starts with a quarter note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, C5, and D5. The bass staff shows the corresponding fretting: 3-2 for G4, 0 for A4, 5-2-0 for B4, 2-5 for C5, 5 for D5, and 2 for E5. The system ends with a quarter rest followed by a quarter note G4.

The second system of musical notation continues the melody. The treble clef staff shows a quarter note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, C5, and D5. The bass staff shows the fretting: 0 for G4, 3-0 for A4, 5-0-2 for B4, 3-2-0 for C5, 5-2 for D5, 3-2 for E5, 0-0-3 for F5, 0-2-5 for G5, and 0 for A5. The system ends with a quarter note G4.

Beware, young maids, beware;
Beware, and read my rhyme;
And see that you keep your garden well,
And let no one steal your thyme.

Oh, when my thyme was new,
It flourished both night and day,
Till by there came a false young man,
And he stole my thyme away.

And now my thyme's all gone,
And I can plant no new,
And the very place where my thyme was set
Is all o'ergrown with re.

And re runs over all,
And nothing can it stop;
But there grows a flower in my father's garden
They call it the fair maid's hope.

"Now spring up hope," said I,
"And be not afraid of re ;
And if ever that young man come again,
He'll surely find me tre."

The gardener standing by,
I bade him choose for me;
He choose me the lily violet, and the pink,
But these I refused all three.

The lily I refused
Because it fades so soon;
The violet and the pink I did them overlook,
And vowed I would wait till June.

In June the red rose buds,
And that is the flower for me;
But in laying my hand on the red rose bush,
I thought of the willow tree.

The willows they grow long,
The willows they grow strong;
And the whole world over may very well know
That false love has done me wrong.

It's good to be drinking the beer,
It's good to be drinking the wine;
But it's better far to be on the bonny laddie's knee
That's stolen this heart of mine.

Farewell to all fading flowers,
Farewell to young lovely June,
For the grass that was once trodden under foot,
Perhaps it may rise again.