

Wild Mountain Thyme

Francis McPeake

O the summer time is coming
 And the trees are sweetly blooming
 And wild mountain thyme
 Grows around the blooming heather
 Will you go, lassie, go?

And we'll all go together
 To pull wild mountain thyme
 All around the blooming heather
 Will you go, lassie, go?

I will build my love a bower
 By yon clear crystal fountain
 And round it I will pile
 All the flowers of the mountain
 Will you go, lassie, go?

And we'll all go together
 To pull wild mountain thyme
 All around the blooming heather
 Will you go, lassie, go?

I will range through the wilds
 And the deep land so dreary
 And return with the spoils
 To the bower o' my dearie
 Will you go, lassie, go?

And we'll all go together
 To pull wild mountain thyme
 All around the blooming heather
 Will you go, lassie, go?

If my true love she'll not come
 Then I'll surely find another
 To pull wild mountain thyme
 All around the blooming heather

Will you go, lassie, go?

And we'll all go together
 To pull wild mountain thyme
 All around the blooming heather
 Will you go, lassie, go?

