

# 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?

