Wild Mountain Thyme

Francis McPeake

Oh the summer time has come
And the trees are sweetly bloomin'
And the wild mountain thyme
Grows around the bloomin' heather
Will ye go, Lassie, go?

And we'll all go together
To pull wild mountain thyme
All around the bloomin' heather
Will ye go, Lassie, go?

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

I will range through the wilds
And the deep glen sae dreamy
And return wi' their spoils
To the bower o' my dearie
Will ye go, Lassie, go?