

Oh, the summertime is comin',
And the trees are sweetly blooming,
And the WILD MOUNTAIN THYME
Grows around the blooming heather
Chorus:

**Will ye go, laddie, will ye go?
And we'll all go together
To pick wild mountain thyme
All around the blooming heather.
Will ye go, laddie, will ye go?**



I will build my love a bower
By yon crystal flowing fountain
And on it I will pile
All the flowers of the mountain.

Chorus

If my true love will not go
I can surely find another

Where the wild mountain thyme
Grows around the blooming heather.

Chorus

