

John Mcdermott

"Wild Mountain Thyme"

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Wild mountain thyme : to the mcpeake family of belfast

Oh the summer time is coming
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 pluck wild mountain thyme?
All around the bloomin' heather
Will ye go lassie go

I will build my love a bower by yon pure crystal fountain

And on it I will pile all the flowers of the mountain
I will range throug the wild and the deep glen sae
dreary
And return wi' my spoils to the bower of my deary

If my true love she were gone I'd surely find another
Where the wild mountain thyme grows around the
bloomin' heather
Oh the summer time is comin' and the trees are
sweetly bloomin'
And the wild mountain thyme grows around the
bloomin' heather

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