

St. Patrick's Day "Wild Mountain Thyme"

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Oh, the summer time is coming,
And the trees are sweetly blooming,
And the wild mountain thyme
Grows around the blooming heather.

Will you go, lassie, will you 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 and crystal fountain,
And all around the bower,
I'll pile flowers from the mountain.

I will roam the country o'er
Through that dark land so dreary;
And all the spoils I find,
I'll bring to my darling dearie.

If my true love, she won't have me,
I will surely find another
To pull wild mountain thyme
All around the blooming heather.

Oh, the summertime is coming
And thre trees are blooming
And the wild mountain thyme
Grows around the blooming heather.

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