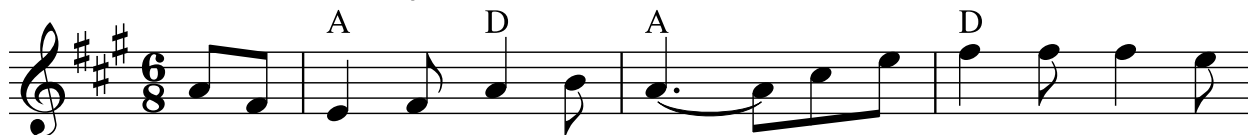


Nigel Gatherer's Scottish Collection

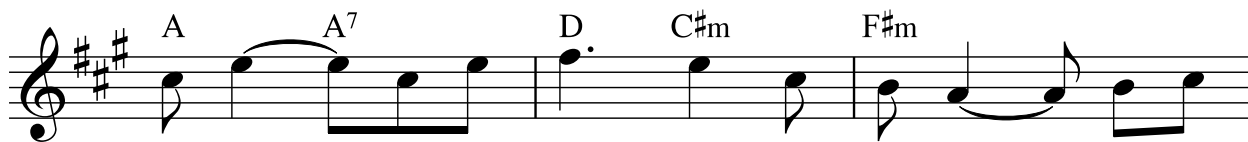


Wild Mountain Thyme (McPeake)

song air



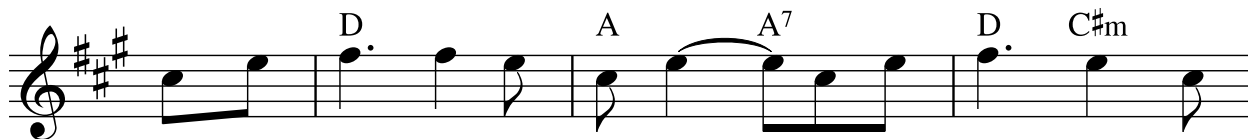
Oh the sum-mer-time has come, — And the trees are sweet-ly



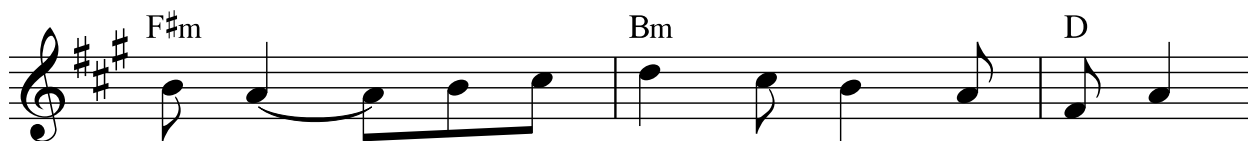
bloo-ming, — and the wild moun-tain thyme, — grows a -



round the bloo-ming hea-ther, will ye go, las-sie, go? —



And we'll all go to - ge - ther, — to pull wild moun-tain



thyme, — all a - round the bloo - ming hea-ther,



will ye go. las - sie, go? —



2. I will build my love a tower, by yon clear crystal fountain;
And on it I will build all the flowers of the mountain. Will ye go, lassie, go?

**Chorus: And we'll all go together, to pull wild mountain thyme,
All around the bloomin' heather, Will ye go, lassie, go?**

3. If my true love she won't come then I'll surely find another,
To pull wild mountain thyme all around the blooming heather.
Will ye go, lassie, go?

**Chorus: And we'll all go together, to pull wild mountain thyme,
All around the bloomin' heather, Will ye go, lassie, go?**



Based upon a Scottish song by Robert Tannahill (*The Braes o' Balquhiddy*), this is a reworking from Francis McPeake of Belfast in the early 1950s.

Wild Mountain Thyme