

# Wild Mountain Thyme

ca. 1822

Arr. by Ann Carden

Trad.

*Verse*

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

bloom - in' And the wild moun-tain thyme Grows a -

round the pur-ple hea-ther Will ye go, Lass-ie, go? And we'll

all go to -geth-er To pull wild moun-tain thyme All a -

round the bloom-in' hea-ther Will ye go, Lass-sie go?

2. I will [D] build my love a [G] bower, by yon cool crystal [D] fountain.  
And round [G] it [F#m] I will [Bm] pile, all the [Em] flowers o' the [G] mountain.  
Will ye [D] go, [G] Lassie, [D] go? [CHORUS]

3. I will [D] range through the [G] wilds, and the deep glen sae [D] dreamy.  
And re- [G] turn [F#m] wi' their [Bm] spoils, tae the [Em] bower o' my [G] dearie.  
Will ye [D] go, [G] Lassie, [D] go? [CHORUS]

4. If my [D] true love, she'll not [G] come, then I'll surely find a- [D] nother.  
To pull [G] wild [F#m] mountain [Bm] thyme, all a- [Em] round the purple [G] heather.  
Will ye [D] go, [G] Lassie, [D] go? [CHORUS]

5. Oh, the [D] Autumn time is [G] comin', and the leaves will soon be [D] fallin'.  
And the [G] blossoms [F#m] o' the [Bm] summer, will soon [Em] wither on the [G] mountain.  
Will ye [D] go, [G] Lassie, [D] go? [CHORUS]