

The Wild Mountain

Thyme

Skotsk folkesang, tekst og melodi:

Francis McPeake. Ca. 1957

1. 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, go?

Omkvæd:

And we'll all go together

to pluck wild mountain thyme

all around the blooming heather,

will you go, lassie, go?

2. I will build my love a tower

near yon pure crystal fountain,

and on it I shall pile,

all the flowers of the mountain.

Will you go, lassie, go?

Omkvæd: And we'll...

3. If my true love, she were gone,

I would surely find another

where the wild mountain thyme

grows around the blooming heather.

Will you go, lassie, go?

Omkvæd: And we'll...

4.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, go?

Omkvæd: And we'll....