Oh, the summer time is coming,

*End`lig kom du varme sommer*

And the trees are sweetly blooming,

*Nu står hvert et træ med blomster*

And the wild mountain thyme

*Snart på hedens tæppe kommer*

Grows around the blooming heather.

*Lyngens duft og lilla farver*

\* Will you go, lassie, will you go?

*Kom min kære, kom nu med*

And we'll all go together

*Tag min hand og lad os vandre*

To pull wild mountain thyme

*Vi vil plukke blomster sammen*

All around the blooming heather,

*I det skønne lilla tæppe*

Will you go, lassie, go?

*Kom min kære, kom nu med.*

I will build my love a bower

*Jeg vil bygge dig en hytte*

By yon clear and crystal fountain,

*Her ved bækkens klare strømme*

And all around the bower,

*Skal et bjerg af smukke drømme*

I'll pile flowers from the mountain.

*Vil jeg sprede bjergets blomster*

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,

Hvis min kær`ste sku gå fra mig

I will surely find another

Fandt jeg nok en anden ven

To pull wild mountain thyme

Og blev snart mig selv igen

All around the blooming heather.

Midt I lyngens lilla tæppe

Oh, the summertime is coming

And thre trees are blooming

And the wild mountain thyme

Grows around the blooming heather.