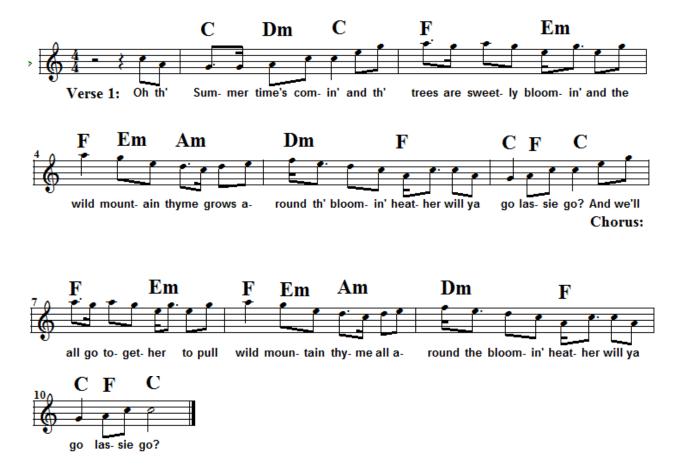
## Wild Mountain Thyme



### Verse 2:

I will build my love a bower, by yon clear crystal fountain, And on it I will pile all the flowers of the mountain, will ya go lassie go?

### Break

Verse 3:

I will range through th' wilds, and the deep land so dreary, and return with the spoils to the bower o' my dearie, will ya go lassie go?

# Verse 4:

If my true love she'll not come, then I'll surely find another, to pull wild mountain thyme all around the purple heather, will ya go lassie go?

# Chorus: