

The Byrds, Wild Mountain Thyme

Oh, the summer time is coming
And the leaves are sweetly turning
And the wild mountain thyme
Blooms across the purple heather
Will you go, lassie, go

If you will not go with me
I will surely find another
To pull wild mountain thyme
All across the purple heather
Will you go, lassie, go

And we'll all go together
To pull wild mountain thyme
All across the purple heather
Will you go, lassie, go

And we'll all go together
To pull wild mountain thyme
All across the purple heather
Will you go, lassie, go