

# Altan, I Wish My Love Was A Red Red Rose

I wish my love was a red, red rose growing in yon garden fair  
And I to be the gardener of her I would take care  
There's not a month throughout the year, that my love I'd renew  
I'd garnish her with flowers fine, sweet William, Thyme and Rue  
I wish I was a butterfly, I'd light on my love's breast  
And if I was a blue cuckoo, I'd sing my love to rest  
And if I was a nightingale, I'd sing the daylight clear  
I'd sit and sing for you, Molly, for once I loved you, dear  
I wish I was in Dublin town and seated on the grass  
In my right hand, a jug of punch and on my knee, a lass  
I'd call for liquor freely and I'd pay before I'd go  
I'd roll my Molly in my arms, let the wind blow high or low