

Altan, I Wish My Love Was A 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