

Meav Ni Mhaolchatha

"I Wish My Love Was A Red Red Rose"

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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, but 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 with 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

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