

## RED IS THE ROSE

Irish Folk Song

1. Come o - ver the hills, my bon - nie I - rish lass, Come  
 2. 'Twas down by Kil - lar - ney's green woods that we strayed When the  
 3. It's not for the part - ing that my sis - ter pains; It's—

o - ver the hills to your dar - ling. You choose the rose, love, and  
 moon and the stars they were shin - ing. The moon shone its rays on her  
 not for the grief of my moth - er. 'Tis all for the loss of my

I - 'll make the vow, And I'll be your true love for - ev - er.  
 locks of gold - en hair And she swore she'd be my love for - ev - er.  
 bon-nie I - rish lass That my heart is break - ing for - ev - er.

Red is the rose that in yon-der gar-den grows; Fair is the lil-y of the val - ley;

Clear is the wa-ter that flows from the Boyne But my love is fair-er than an - y.—