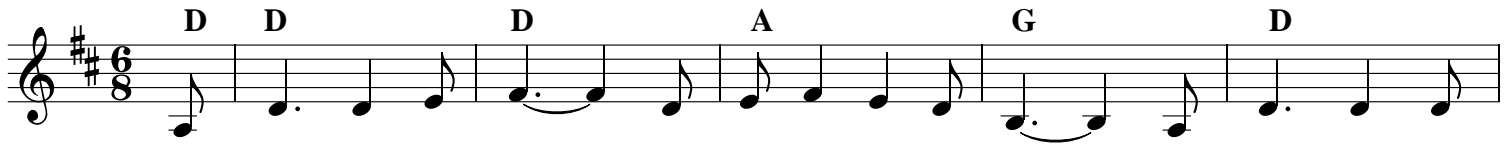


# Red is the Rose

Scottish/Irish Folk Song

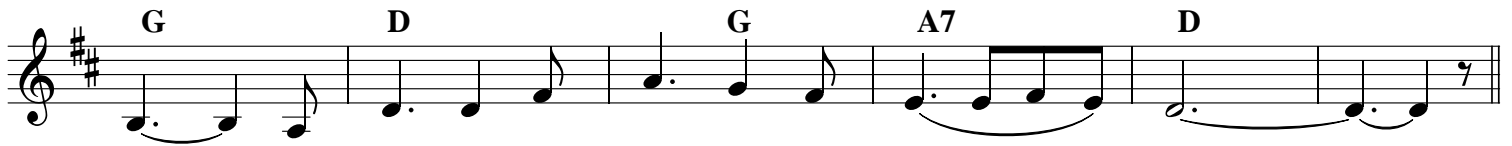
Key = D



1. Come ov- er the hills, my bon- ny Ir- ish lass, Come ov- er the  
2. 'Twas down by Kil- lar- ney's green woods that we strayed, And the moon and the  
3. It's not for the part- ing that my - sis- ter pains, It's not for the



1, hills to your darl- ing; You choose the rose, love, and I'll - make the  
2. stars they were shin- ing; The moon shone its rays on her locks of gold- en  
3. grief of my moth- er, "Tis all for the loss of my bon- ny Ir- ish



1. vow, And I'll be your true love for- ev- er.  
2. hair, And she swore she'd be my love for- ev- er.  
3. lass, That my heart is break- ing for- ev- er.

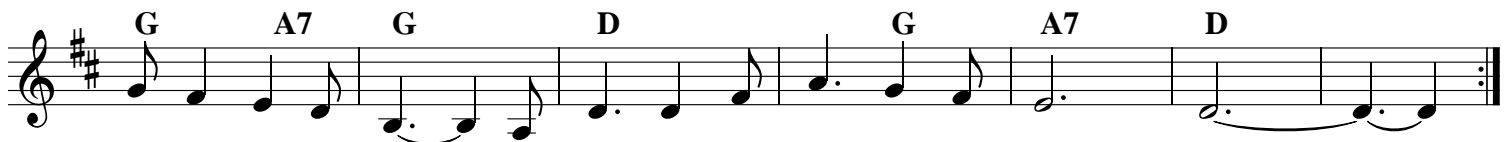
## Refrain



Red is the rose that in yond- er gard- en grows, And 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 a- ny.