

# Red is the Rose

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Come over the hills, my bonny Irish lass  
Come over the hills to your darling  
You choose the road, love, and I'll make the vow  
And I'll be your true love forever.

*Red is the rose that in yonder garden grows  
Fair is the lily of the valley  
Clear is the water that flows from the Boyne  
But my love is fairer than any.*

'Twas down by Killarney's green woods that we strayed  
When the moon and the stars they were shining  
The moon shone its rays on her locks of golden hair  
And she swore she'd be my love forever.

*Red is the rose that in yonder garden grows  
Fair is the lily of the valley  
Clear is the water that flows from the Boyne  
But my love is fairer than any.*

It's not for the parting that my sister pains  
It's not for the grief of my mother  
Tis all for the loss of my bonny Irish lass  
That my heart is breaking forever.

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Fair is the lily of the valley  
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