Red is the Rose

\[ \text{Come over the hill, my bonny Irish lass -} \]
\[ \text{Come over the hill to your lover.} \]
\[ \text{You choose the road, love, and I'll make the vow,} \]
\[ \text{And I'll be your true love forever.} \]

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.
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.

Chorus

'Tis not for the parting of my sister Kate;
'Tis not for the grief for my mother;
'Tis all for the loss of my bonnie Irish lass
That my heart is breaking forever.

Chorus