

Red is the Rose

Traditional Irish

$\text{♩} = 180$

N.C. C

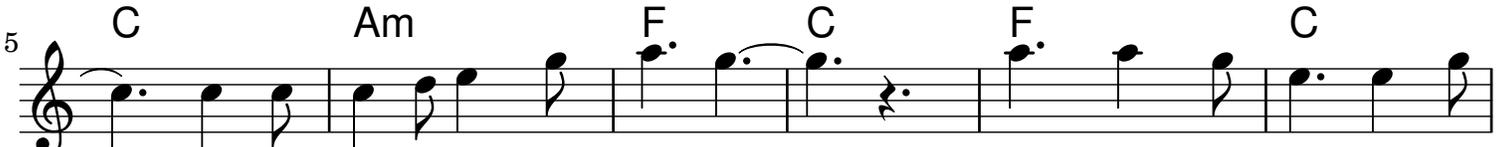
Am

F

G⁷



Come o- ver the hills my bonn- ie I- rish lass Come
down by Killarney's green woods that we strayed The
not for the part- ing that my sis- ter pains It's



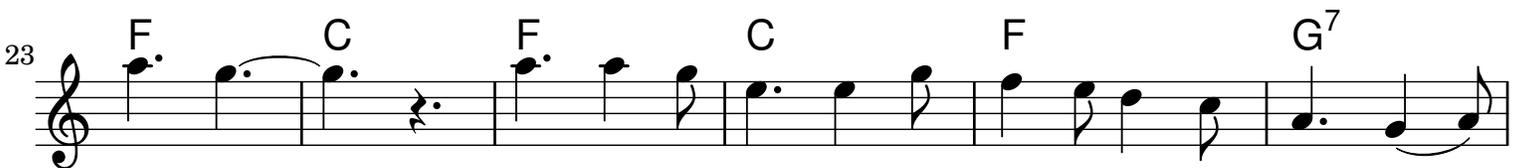
o- ver the hills to me dar- ling You choose the road love and
moon and the stars they were shin- ing The moon shone its rays on her
not for the grief of my mo- ther Tis all for the loss of my



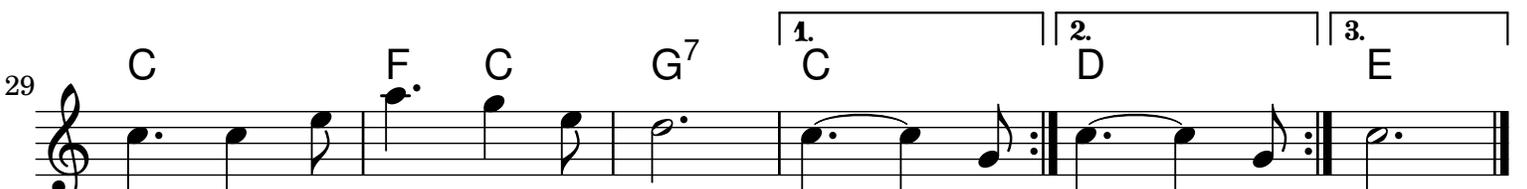
I'll make the vow and I'll be your true love for- e- ver
locks of gold- en hair She swore she'd be my love for- e- ver
bonnie Irish lass that my heart is break- ing for- e- ver



Red is the rose that in yon- der gar den grows Fair is the li ly of the



val- ley Clear is the wa- ter that flows from the Boyne but



my love is fair- er than a- ny Twas ny It's ny