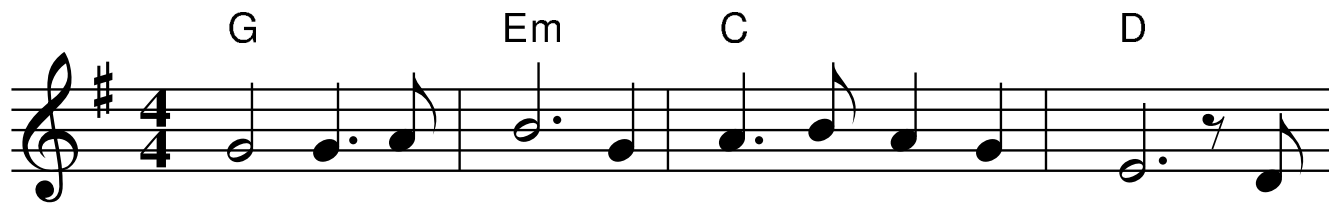
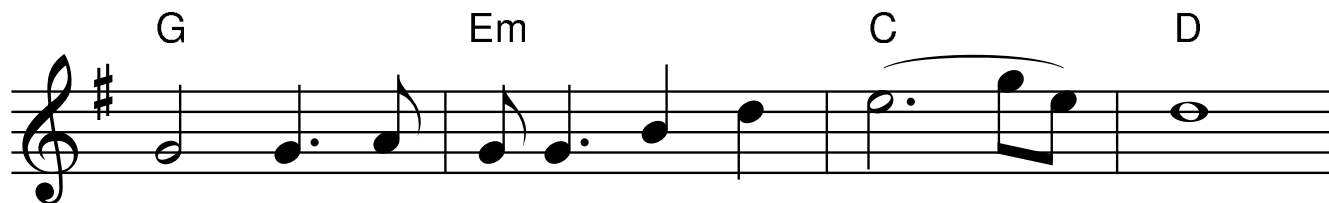


Red Is The Rose



Red is the rose by yon-der gar-den grows. And



fair is the li-ly of the va - - lley.



Clear is the wa - ter that flows from the Boyne. But



my love is fair - er than a - - ny

Come over the hills, my bonnie 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.
~ Chorus ~

'Twas down in 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.
~ Chorus ~

It's not for the parting with my sister Kate
It's not for the death of my mother
'Tis all for the loss of my bonny Irish lass
That my heart is breaking forever.
~ Chorus ~