


Red is the Rose


Irish Folk

D Bm G A



Come o'er the hills, my bon - ny I - rish lass,
'Twas down by Kil - lar - ney's green woods that we stayed, And the
It's not for the part - ing that my sis - ter pains, Its

D Bm G A G D



Come o'er the hills to your dar - ling, You choose the rose love and
moon and the stars they were shin - ing, The moon shone its rays on her
not for the grief of my moth - er, 'Tis all for the loss of my

G A D G A D




I'll make the vow, And I'll be your true love for - ev - er.
locks of gold - en hair, And she swore she'd love me for - ev - er.
bon - ny I - rish lass, That my heart is break - ing for - ev - er.

Bm G A D Bm G



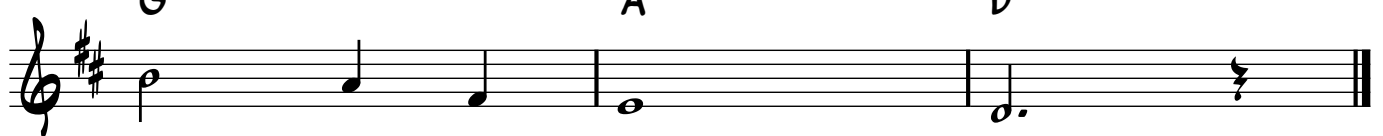
Red is the rose that in yon - der gar - den grows, and fair is the lily of the val -

A Bm D G A D



ley, Clear is the wa - ter that flows from the Boyne, But my love is

G A D



fair - er than an - y.