

Irish Song Lyrics

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RED IS THE ROSE

cho: Red is the rose that in yonder garden grows,
And fair is the lily of the valley;
Clear is the water that flows from the Boyne
But my love is fairer than any.

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

'Twas down by Killarney's green woods that we strayed
And 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.

It's not for the parting tht 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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