

111- Red Is The Rose

Scottish Folk

D h e G D h G A
Come o - ver the hills, my bon-nie I-rish lass Come o - ver the hills to your dar - ling

5 G h e G D G A7 D
You choose the road, love, and I'll_ make the vow And I'll be your true love for - ev - er.

9 D h e G D h G A
Red is the rose that in yon - der gar - den grows Fair is the li-ly of the val - ley

13 G h e G D G A7 D
Clear is the wa - ter that flows from the Boyne But my love is fa - irer than a - ny

**Down by Killarney's green woods that we strayed
When the moon and the stars they were shining
The moon shone its rays on his locks of golden waves
And he swore he'd be my love forever.**

**Tw'as not for the parting with my sister came
Tw'as not for the grief of my mother
It's all for the loss of my bonnie Irish lass
Now my heart is broken forever.**