

# Red Is the Rose

DAD

		D	Bm	Em	G	A7
	Come	o - ver the	hills, my	bon - nie I - rish	lass, Come	
T	4 5	0 0 0	0 0 0	1 1 1 1	3 4 5	
A	0 0	0 0 0	1 1 1	1 1 1 1	1 0 0	
B	0 0	0 0 1	2 1 0	1 2 1 0	0 0 0	

	D	Bm	G	A
	o - ver the	hills to your	dar -	lin'
T	0 0 0	0 0 0 0	0 0 0	3 3
A	0 0 0	1 1 1 1	3 3 3	2 2
B	0 0 0	0 0 2 4	5 7 5	4 4

	G	F#m	G	Em	G
	You choose the	road, love, and	I'll make a	vow That I'll	
T	3 3 3	2 2 2	3 3 1 1	0 0 0	
A	3 3 3	2 2 2	3 3 1 1	1 1 1	
B	5 5 4	2 2 4	3 2 1 0	0 1 0	

	D	Bm	G	F#m	Em	D
	be your true	love for	e -	er		
T	0 0 0	3 2 2	1 1 1	0		
A	0 1 1	3 2 2	1 1 1	0		
B	0 2 4	5 4 2	1 2 1	0		

## RED IS THE ROSE

1. Over the mountains and down in the glen  
To a little thatched cot in the valley  
where the thrush and the linnet sing their  
ditty and their song  
And my love's leaning over the half-door

2. Down by the seashore on a cool  
summer's eve  
With the moon rising over the heather  
The moon it shown fair on her head of  
golden hair  
And she vowed she'd be my love forever.

3. It's not for the partin' from my sister Kate,  
and it's not for the grief of my mother,  
it's all for the loss of my bonny Irish lass,  
that my heart is breaking forever.

4. 'Twas down by Killarney's green woods  
that we strayed, where the moon and the  
stars, they were shining.  
The moon shone its rays o'er her locks of  
golden hair, and she swore she'd be my  
love forever.

### **chorus 1**

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

### **chorus 2**

Red is the rose that in yonder garden grows  
Fair is the lily of the valley  
Clear are the waters that flow in yonder  
stream  
But my love is fairer than any.

## LOCH LOMOND

*By yon bonnie banks and by yon bonnie  
braes, where the sun shines bright on Loch  
Lomond,  
Where me and my true love would ever  
want to go, on the bonnie, bonnie banks of  
Loch Lomond.*

*I mind where we parted, in yon shady glen,  
on the steep, steep, side of Ben Lomond,  
Where in deep purple hues the highland  
hills we viewed, and the moon comin', out in  
the gloamin'.*

### **chorus**

*Oh you take the high road and I'll take the  
low road, and I'll be in Scotland afore ye,  
Where me and my true love will never meet  
again, on the bonnie, bonnie banks of Loch  
Lomond.*