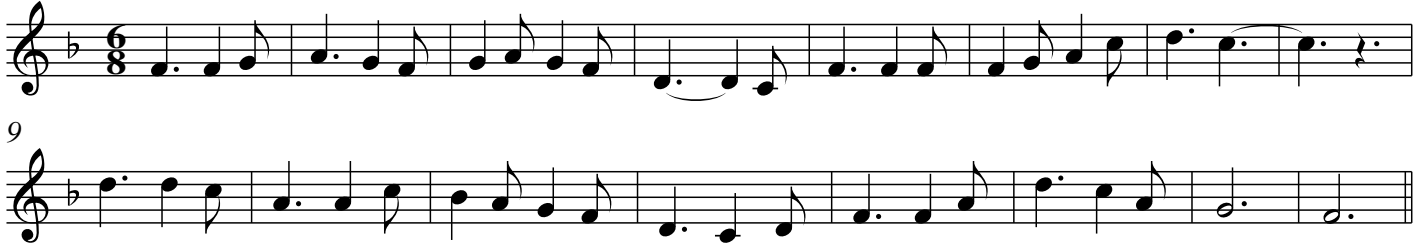


# Red is the Rose

*ireland*

♩. = 100



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

## Chorus:

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.

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.

It is not for the loss of my own sister Kate  
It is not for the loss of my mother,  
It is all for the loss of my bonnie blue-eyed lass  
That I'm leaving my homeland forever.