

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 -	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.*