Red is the Rose
Traditional Melody with Irish Lyrics
Arranged for Mountain Dulcimer by Jessica Comeau

Come over the hills, my bonny Irish lass, Come

Come 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.

Red is the rose that in yonder garden grows, And fair is the
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lily of the valley; Clear is the water that flows from the

Boyne, But my love is fairer than any.

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 that my sister pains
It's not for the grief of my mother,
Tis all for the loss of my bony Irish lass
That my heart is breaking forever.

www.JessicaComeauDulcimer.com