Red is the Rose

ireland

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.