Red is the Rose

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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

   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.

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 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.

Joe Heaney, via Helen Schneyer & Lucy Simpson
DC