Come over the hills | my bonnie Irish lass  
Come over the hills | to your darling  
You choose the road, love | and I'll make the vow  
And I'll be your true love | forever

Red is the rose | that in yonder garden grows  
Fair is the 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  
When 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

Red is the rose | that in yonder garden grows  
Fair is the lily | of the valley  
Clear is the water | that flows from the Boyne  
But my love is fairer | than any

It's not for the parting | that my sister pains  
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

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