The last verse, which is so often sung as "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 bonnie Irish lass, that my heart is breaking for ever." This has probably been misheard and handed down with the error. In the 1934 version of the song recorded by Josephine Beirne and George Sweatman the last verse is "It's not for the parting of my sister Kate, it's not for the loss of my mother. It's all for the loss of my bonnie Irish lass, that is leaving old Ireland for ever."

This makes sense and the girl is probably going away as her whole family are emigrating.

This arrangement uses the 1934 lyric for the last verse in a melancholy minor key.

Lyricist: Unknown
Tune taken from "The Bonnie Bonnie Banks Of Loch Lomond"

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T1.  Over the hills, my bonnie Irish lass. Come

T2.  Over the hills, my bonnie Irish lass. Come

Bar.  

B.  

Pno.  

T1.  Over the hills to your darling.

T2.  Over the hills to your darling.

Bar.  

B.  

Pno.  

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You choose the rose 
love and I'll make the vow 
and

You choose the rose 
love and I'll make the vow 
and

Pno.

T1.

T2.

Bar.

B.

You choose the rose 
love and I'll make the vow 
and

I'll be your true love for ever.

I'll be your true love for ever.

for ever.

for ever.

Pno.

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Red is the rose that in yon-der gar-den grows.

Red is the rose that in yon-der gar-den grows.

Red is the rose that in yon-der gar-den grows.

Red is the rose that in yon-der gar-den grows.

Red is the rose that in yon-der gar-den grows.

Red is the rose that in yon-der gar-den grows.

Red is the rose that in yon-der gar-den grows.

Fair is the li-ly of the val-ley.

Fair is the li-ly of the val-ley.

Fair is the li-ly of the val-ley.

Fair is the li-ly of the val-ley.

Fair is the li-ly of the val-ley.

Fair is the li-ly of the val-ley.

Fair is the li-ly of the val-ley.
Clear is the water that flows from the Boyne, but

Clear is the water that flows from the Boyne, but

Clear is the water that flows from the Boyne, but

Clear is the water that flows from the Boyne, but

my love is fairer than a ny.

my love is fairer than a ny.

my love is fairer than a ny.

my love is fairer than a ny.

Twas

Twas

Twas

Twas

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down by Killarney's green woods that we strayed, when the

were shining. The

down by Killarney's green woods that we strayed, when the

were shining. The
moon shone it's rays on her locks of golden hair and she

swore she'd be my love forever.
T1. Red is the rose that in yonder garden grows.

T2. Red is the rose that in yonder garden grows.

Bar. Red is the rose that in yonder garden grows.

B. Red is the rose that in yonder garden grows.

Pno. Red is the rose that in yonder garden grows.

T1. Fair is the lily of the valley.

T2. Fair is the lily of the valley.

Bar. Fair is the lily of the valley.

B. Fair is the lily of the valley.

Pno. Fair is the lily of the valley.

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Clear is the water that flows from the Boyne, but
Clear is the water that flows from the Boyne, but
Clear is the water that flows from the Boyne, but
Clear is the water that flows from the Boyne, but

my love is fairer than a
my love is fairer than a
my love is fairer than a
my love is fairer than a

It's
It's
It's
It's

But
But
But
But

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not for the parting of my sister Kate and it's
not for the parting of my sister Kate and it's
not for the parting of my sister Kate and it's
not for the parting of my sister Kate and it's
not for the parting of my sister Kate and it's
not for the parting of my sister Kate and it's
not for the parting of my sister Kate and it's
not for the parting of my sister Kate and it's
not for the parting of my sister Kate and it's
not for the parting of my sister Kate and it's
not for the loss of my mother. 'Tis
not for the loss of my mother. 'Tis
not for the loss of my mother. 'Tis
not for the loss of my mother. 'Tis
not for the loss of my mother. 'Tis
not for the loss of my mother. 'Tis
not for the loss of my mother. 'Tis
not for the loss of my mother. 'Tis
not for the loss of my mother. 'Tis
not for the loss of my mother. 'Tis
all for the loss of my bonny Irish lass, that is

all for the loss of my bonny Irish lass, that is

all for the loss of my bonny Irish lass, that is

leaving old Ireland for ever. And

leaving old Ireland for ever. And

leaving old Ireland for ever. And

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A Tempo ($l = 62$)

**T1.**  
\[
\begin{align*}
\text{red is the rose that in yon - der gar - den grows.}
\end{align*}
\]

**T2.**  
\[
\begin{align*}
\text{red is the rose that in yon - der gar - den grows.}
\end{align*}
\]

**Bar.**  
\[
\begin{align*}
\text{red is the rose that in yon - der gar - den grows.}
\end{align*}
\]

**B.**  
\[
\begin{align*}
\text{red is the rose that in yon - der gar - den grows.}
\end{align*}
\]

**Pno.**  
\[
\begin{align*}
\text{red is the rose that in yon - der gar - den grows.}
\end{align*}
\]

\[45\]

**T1.**  
\[
\begin{align*}
\text{Fair is the li - ly of the val - ley.}
\end{align*}
\]

**T2.**  
\[
\begin{align*}
\text{Fair is the li - ly of the val - ley.}
\end{align*}
\]

**Bar.**  
\[
\begin{align*}
\text{Fair is the li - ly of the val - ley.}
\end{align*}
\]

**B.**  
\[
\begin{align*}
\text{Fair is the li - ly of the val - ley.}
\end{align*}
\]

**Pno.**  
\[
\begin{align*}
\text{Fair is the li - ly of the val - ley.}
\end{align*}
\]

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Clear is the water that flows from the Boyne, but

my love is fairer than any.

Clear is the water that flows from the Boyne, but

my love is fairer than any.

Clear is the water that flows from the Boyne, but

my love is fairer than any.

Clear is the water that flows from the Boyne, but

my love is fairer than any.

Clear is the water that flows from the Boyne, but

my love is fairer than any.

Clear is the water that flows from the Boyne, but

my love is fairer than any.

Clear is the water that flows from the Boyne, but

my love is fairer than any.
T1. f
Red is the rose that in yonder garden grows.

T2. f
Red is the rose that in yonder garden grows.

Bar. f
Red is the rose that in yonder garden grows.

B. f
Red is the rose that in yonder garden grows.

Pno. f

T1. f
Fair is the lily of the valley.

T2. f
Fair is the lily of the valley.

Bar. f
Fair is the lily of the valley.

B. f
Fair is the lily of the valley.

Pno. f

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Clear is the water that flows from the Boyne but

Clear is the water that flows from the Boyne

Clear is the water that flows from the Boyne but
my love is fairer than any. Yes