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"

Arrangement by
David Loring of
Mayo Male Voice Choir

Come
Come

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

I’ll be your true love for ever.
Red is the rose that in yon-der gar-den grows.

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

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
Were shining
moon and the stars they were shining. The
Were shining
down by Killarney's green woods that we strayed, when the moon and the stars they were shining. The
Were shining
moon and the stars they were shining. The
Were shining
moon shone it's rays on her locks of golden hair and she

swore she'd be my love forever.

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

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

my love is fairer than a ny. It's

Clear is the water that flows from the Boyne, but

my love is fairer than a ny. It's

Clear is the water that flows from the Boyne, but

my love is fairer than a ny. It's

Clear is the water that flows from the Boyne, but

my love is fairer than a ny. It's

Clear is the water that flows from the Boyne, but

my love is fairer than a ny. It's

Clear is the water that flows from the Boyne, but

my love is fairer than a ny. It's

Clear is the water that flows from the Boyne, but

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my love is fairer than a ny. It's

Clear is the water that flows from the Boyne, but

my love is fairer than a ny. It's

Clear is the water that flows from the Boyne, but

my love is fairer than a ny. It's

Clear is the water that flows from the Boyne, but

my love is fairer than a ny. It's

Clear is the water that flows from the Boyne, but

my love is fairer than a ny. It's

Clear is the water that flows from the Boyne, but

my love is fairer than a ny. It's

Clear is the water that flows from the Boyne, but

my love is fairer than a ny. It's
not for the part-ting of my sis-ter Kate and it's
not for the part-ting of my sis-ter Kate and it's
not for the part-ting of my sis-ter Kate and it's
not for the part-ting of my sis-ter Kate and it's

not for the loss of my mo-ther. 'Tis
not for the loss of my mo-ther. 'Tis
not for the loss of my mo-ther. 'Tis
not for the loss of my mo-ther. 'Tis
all for the loss of my bonny Irish lass, that is

leaving old Ireland for ever. And

Accel.

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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.

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.

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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

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 any.

my love is fairer than any.

my love is fairer than any.

my love is fairer than any.

my love is fairer than any.

my love is fairer than any.

my love is fairer than any.

my love is fairer than any.
Red is the rose that in yon-der gar-den grows.

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

Arr ©2017 David Loring. You may freely copy and distribute this arrangement. CC BY-NC-SA 4.0
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

Clear is the water that flows from the Boyne but
my love is fair - er than a - ny. Yes

my love is fair - er than a - ny. Yes

my love is fair - er than a - ny. Yes

my love is fair - er than a - ny. Yes

ritardando (a tempo -> 50 bpm)