

for The 2020 Arizona Seal of the Arts

A Red, Red Rose for Three Voices

Robert Burns

Logan Severson Willson



A Red, Red Rose

(1794)

Robert Burns
(1759 - 1796)

O my Luve is like a red, red rose
That's newly sprung in June;
O my Luve is like the melody
That's sweetly played in tune.

So fair art thou, my bonnie lass,
So deep in luve am I;
And I will luve thee still, my dear,
Till a' the seas gang dry.

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
And the rocks melt wi' the sun;
I will love thee still, my dear,
While the sands o' life shall run.

And fare thee weel, my only luve!
And fare thee weel awhile!
And I will come again, my luve,
Though it were ten thousand mile.

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A Red, Red Rose

Robert Burns

for Three Voices

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Gentle Sway ♩ = 72

mp

Part 1
O my Luv^e is a red, red rose That is new - ly sprung in June;

mp

Part 2
O my Luv^e is a red, red rose That is new - ly sprung in June;

mp

Part 3
O my Luv^e is a red, red rose That is new - ly sprung in June;

5

mf

O my Luv^e is the mel o - dy That is sweet - ly sung in tune. So

mf

O my Luv^e is the mel - o - dy That is sweet - ly sung in tune. So

mf

O my Luv^e is the mel - o - dy That is sweet - ly sung in tune. So

fair art_thou, my bon-nie lass, So deep in luv... So deep in luv am

fair art thou, my bon - nie_lass, So deep in_ luv... So deep in luv_ am

fair art thou my bon - nie lass, So deep in luv... So deep in_ luv am

ff
I;- And I will luv thee still, my dear, Till_ a' theseas gang

ff
I;- I will luv thee still my dear,_ Till a' the seas gang

ff
I;- I will luv thee still my_ dear, Till a' theseas gang

17

mp *mf*

dry. And the rocks melt wi' the sun; I will luv thee

mp *mf*

dry, my dear, And the rocks melt wi' the sun; I will luv thee

mp *mf*

dry. And the rocks melt wi' the sun; I will luv thee

21

still, my dear, While the sands o' life shall run.

still, my dear, While the sands o' life shall run.

still, my dear, While the sands o' life shall run.

24 *p*

And faretheeweel, my— on - ly— luvè! And— fare thee a - while!—

p

And faretheeweel, my— on - ly luvè!— Andfarethee a - while!—

p

...faretheeweel, my— on - ly luvè! And farethee a - while!—

28

And I willcome a-gain, my— luvè, Though it were ten thou - sand mile.

And I willcome a-gain, my— luvè,— Though it were ten thousand mile.

I willcome a-gain, my— luvè, Though it were ten thousand mile.