

A Red, Red Rose

Robert Burns

for Three Voices

Logan Severson Willson



A Red, Red Rose

(1794)

Robert Burns

(1759 - 1796)

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

So fair art thou, my bonnie lass,
So deep in luv am I;
And I will luv 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 luv!
And fare thee weel awhile!
And I will come again, my luv,
Though it were ten thousand mile.

A Red, Red Rose

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Gentle, Sway ♩ = 72

mp

O my Luvie is a red, red rose That is new-ly sprung in June;

O my Luvie is a red, red rose That is new-ly sprung in June;

O my Luvie is a red, red rose That is new-ly sprung in June;

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

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

O my Luvie 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,

ff
I; I will luv thee still my dear,

ff
I; I will luv thee still my dear,

mp
Till a' the seas gang dry. And the rocks melt wi' the sun;

mp
Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear, And the rocks melt wi' the sun;

mp
Till a' the seas gang dry. And the rocks melt wi' the sun;

20 *mf*

I will luv thee still, my dear, While the sands o' life shall run.

mf

I will luv thee still, my dear, While the sands o' life shall run.

mf

I will luv thee still, my dear, While the sands o' life shall run.

24 *p*

And fare thee weel, my on - ly luv! And fare thee a - while!

p

And fare thee weel, my on - ly luv! And fare thee a - while!

p

...fare thee weel, my on - ly luv! And fare thee a - while!

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And I will come a-gain, my luv, Though it were ten thou - sand mile.

And I will come a-gain, my luv, Though it were ten thou - sand mile.

I will come a-gain, my luv, Though it were ten thou - sand mile.