

For Emma

# A Red, Red Rose

Robert Burns

Jack Brookes

♩ = c.72

Soprano  
My luvè is like a Red, red rose, that's new-ly sprung in June,

Alto  
My luvè is like a Red, red rose, that's new-ly sprung in June,

Tenor  
My luvè is like a Red, red rose, that's new-ly sprung in June,

Bass  
My luvè is like a Red, red rose, that's new-ly sprung in June,

5

S.  
— My luvè is like a me - lo - die, that's sweet-ly played in tune. — As fair art

A.  
— My luvè is like a me - lo - die, that's sweet-ly played in tune. — As fair art

T.  
— My luvè is like a me - lo - die, that's sweet-ly played in tune. — As fair art

B.  
— My luvè is like a me - lo - die, that's sweet - ly played in tune. — As fair art

10

S. thou my bo - nie lass, so deep in luv<sup>e</sup> am I, \_\_\_\_\_ And I will luv<sup>e</sup> thee still, my

A. thou, my bo-nie lass, so deep in luv<sup>e</sup> am I, am I, And I will luv<sup>e</sup> thee still, my\_

T. thou, my bo-nie lass, so deep in \_\_\_\_\_ luv<sup>e</sup> am I, \_\_\_\_\_ And I will luv<sup>e</sup> thee still, my\_

B. thou, my bo-nie lass, so deep in luv<sup>e</sup> am I, \_\_\_\_\_ And I will luv<sup>e</sup> thee still, my

15

S. dear, till\_ a' the seas gang dry. \_\_\_\_\_ Till a' the seas gang dry, my

A. dear, till\_ a' the seas gang dry. \_\_\_\_\_ Till a'\_ the seas gang dry, my

T. dear, till a' the seas gang dry. \_\_\_\_\_ Till a'\_ the\_ seas gang dry, my

B. dear, till a'\_ the\_ seas gang dry. \_\_\_\_\_ Till a' the seas gang dry, my

19

S. dear, And the rocks melt wi' the sun! \_\_\_\_\_ And I\_ will luv<sup>e</sup> thee still, my

A. dear, And the rocks melt wi' the sun! \_\_\_\_\_ And I will luv<sup>e</sup> thee still, my

T. dear, And the rocks\_melt wi' the sun! \_\_\_\_\_ And I will luv<sup>e</sup> thee still, my

B. dear, And the rocks melt wi' the sun! \_\_\_\_\_ And I will luv<sup>e</sup> thee still, my

23

S. dear, while the sands o' life shall run. And fare thee weel, my on-ly

A. dear, while the sands o' life shall run. And fare thee weel, my on-ly

T. dear, while the sands o' life shall run. And fare thee weel, my on-ly

B. dear, while the sands o' life shall run. And fare thee weel, my on-ly

27

S. luvè, and fare thee weel a while! And I will come a -

A. luvè, and fare thee weel a while! And I will come a -

T. luvè, and fare thee weel a while! And I will come a -

B. luvè, and fare thee weel a while! And I will come a -

31 **molto rit.**

S. gain, my luvè, Tho'it were ten thou-sand mile!

A. gain, my luvè, Tho'it were ten thou-sand mile! Ah

T. gain, my luvè, Tho'it were ten thou-sand mile! Ah

B. gain, my luvè, Tho'it were ten thou-sand mile!