

*for my wife Linda*

Robert Burns

# A red,red rose

trad. arr Martin Johnson

$\text{♩} = 50$

Soprano

Alto

Tenor

Bass

O my luve's like a red, red rose, That's new - ly sprung in June; O my luve 's like the me - lo - dy, That's

O my luve's like a red, red rose, That's new - ly sprung in June; O my luve's like the me-lo - dy, That's

5

$mf$

As fair art thou my bon - nie lass, So deep in luve am I, And

$mf$

As fair art thou my bon - nie lass, So deep in luve am I, And

sweet - ly play'd in tune.

And

sweet-ly play'd in tune.

8

$mf$

I will luve thee still my lass, Till a' the seas gang dry. Till a' the seas gang dry till

$mf$

I will luve thee still my lass, Till a' the seas gang dry. Till a' gang dry till

$mf$

I will luve thee still my lass, Till a' the seas gang dry. Till a' the seas gang dry, my luve, Till

$mf$

Till a' gang dry, Till

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a' gang dry, And I will luv thee still, my dear, Till a' the seas gang dry  
a' the seas gang dry, And I will luv thee still, my dear, Till a' the seas gang dry. My luv is like a red,  
a' the seas gang dry, And I will luv thee dear, Till a' the seas gang dry.  
a' gang dry, And I will luv thee still, my dear, Till a' the seas gang dry. My luv is like a red,

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A red rose Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear, And the rocks melt in the sun, O'  
red rose, a red rose O  
A red rose O  
red, red, rose. Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear, And the rocks melt in the sun, O

19

I will love thee still, my dear, While the sands o' life shall run.  
I will love thee still, my dear, While the sands o' life shall run. And fare thee weel my on - ly Luve, And  
I will love thee still, While sands o' life shall run. And fare thee weel my on - ly Luve, And  
I will love thee still, While sands o' life shall run. And

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And I will come a-gain, my Luve, Tho' 'twere ten thou sand mile! Tho'  
fare thee weel a - while, And I will come a-gain, my Luve, Tho' 'twere ten thou - sand mile! Tho'  
fare thee weel a - while, And I will come a-gain, my Luve, Tho' 'twere ten thou - sand mile! Tho'  
fare thee weel And I will come a-gain, my Luve, Tho' 'twere ten thou - sand mile! Tho'

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'twere ten thou - sand mile, my Luve, Tho' 'twere ten thou-sand mile, And I will come a-gain, my Luve, Tho'  
'twere ten thou - sand, thou - sand mile, And I will come a - gain, my Luve, Tho'  
'twere ten thou - sand, thou - sand mile, And I will come a gain, my Luve, Tho'  
'twere ten thou - sand, thou - sand mile, And I will come a - gain, Tho'

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'twere ten thou - sand mile. Tho' 'twere ten thou - sand mile.  
'twere ten thou - sand mile. Tho' 'twere ten thou - sand mile.  
'twere ten thou - sand mile. Tho' 'twere ten thou - sand mile.  
'twere ten thou - sand mile. Tho' 'twere ten thou - sand mile.