

My Love Is Like a Red, Red Rose

Lyrics: Robert Burns (1759–1796)

Music: Trad. Scotland
Arr.: Markus Fricker
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Solo ad lib

S My love is like a red, red rose that's newly sprung, hae my love:

A Ah, Ah,

T B Ah, ah, Ah,

5 love is like the meadow's sweets, which are as sweet as honey, and as pure as dew. As

Ah,

9 fair than my bonny lass, so deep in love am I; And I will love thee

Ah, Ah, Ah,



14

still, my dear, till a' the seas gang dry.

ah. _____

ah. _____ a' the seas gang

18

ah, _____ ah, _____ ah, _____ I will love thee

ah, _____ ah, _____ ah, _____ I will love thee

dry, my dear, and the _____ melt with the sun; and _____ I will love thee

22

still, my dear, while _____ of life shall run. And fare thee well, my on-ly love and

still, my dear, while the sands of life shall run. _____ And fare thee well, my on-ly love and

still, my dear, while the sands of life shall run. _____ And fare thee well, my on-ly love and



poco rit.

27

fare the well a while! And I will come a - gain, my love, though it were ten thou - sand

fare the well a while! And I will come a - gain, love, though it were ten thou - sand

fare the well a while! And I will come a - gain, my love, though it were ten thou - sand

32

mile. Though it were ten thou - sand miles, my love, though it were ten thou - sand

mile. Though it were ten thousand miles, my love, though it were ten thou - sand

mile. Though it were ten thousand miles, my love, though it were ten thou - sand

poco rit.

36

mile, and I will come a - gain, my love, though it were ten thou - sand mile.

mile, and I will come a - gain, my love, though it were ten thou - sand mile.

mile, and I will come a - gain, my love, though it were ten thou - sand mile.

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