

My love is like a red, red rose

Words by Robert Burns (1759-1796)

Scottish Strathspey "Major Graham" by Neil Gow
arrangement © Neil V. Hawes June 2005

$\text{♩} = 76$ Unhurried

f My _ love is like a red, red rose That's new - ly sprung in June, O my _ *mf*

love is like the me - lo - dy That's sweet - ly played in tune. Ah _ *mp* As
Ah _

fair art thou, my bon - nie lass, *cresc.* So deep in love am I, _ *f* And _

I will love thee still, my dear, *dim.* 'Till all the seas gang dry. 'Till *mp*
T & B Unison
mf

all the seas gang dry, my dear, And the rocks melt with the

sun, O I will love thee still, my dear, While the

cresc. *mf* *f*

sands of life shall run. And fare thee well, my on-ly love, And

pp *T* *B*

fare thee well a while! And I will come a-gain my love, Tho' it

cresc. *mf* *dim.* *p*

pp
 were ten thou - sand mile. Tho' it were ten thou - sand mile, my love, tho' it
 (T & B) Ah _____

rall. *a tempo* (Some sopranos)
cresc. *mf* *cresc.* *f*
 were ten thou - sand mile, And I will come a - gain my love, Tho' it
 Ah _____

Slower *molto rall.*
p *pp* *ppp*
 were ten thou - sand mile. Ah _____ Ah _____ Ah _____