

Like a Red, Red Rose

Words: Robert Burns

Music: Ephrem Feeley

Tenderly (♩ = 70)

Voice

1. My Luve's ___ like a red, red rose, that's
2. Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear, and the

Piano

mp dolce *simile*

5

new - ly sprung in June; ___ O my Luve's ___ like the me - lo - die that's ___
rocks melt with the sun; ___ and I will luve thee still, my dear, while the

Pno.

9

sweet - ly played in tune. As fair art thou, my bon-nie, bon-nie lass, so
sands o' life shall run. And fare - thee-weel, my on - ly, on - ly Luve! And

Pno.