

My Love Is Like a Rose

TBB Men's Voices A Cappella

ROBERT BURNS

EUGENE BUTLER

Flowing $\text{♩} = \text{about } 56$

mf

Tenor

My love is like a red, red rose that's new - ly sprung in

mf

Baritone

My love is like a red, red rose that's new - ly sprung in

mf

Bass

My love is like a red, red rose that's new - ly sprung in

mf (for rehearsal only)

Piano

June. My love is like a mel - o - dy that's sweet - ly played in

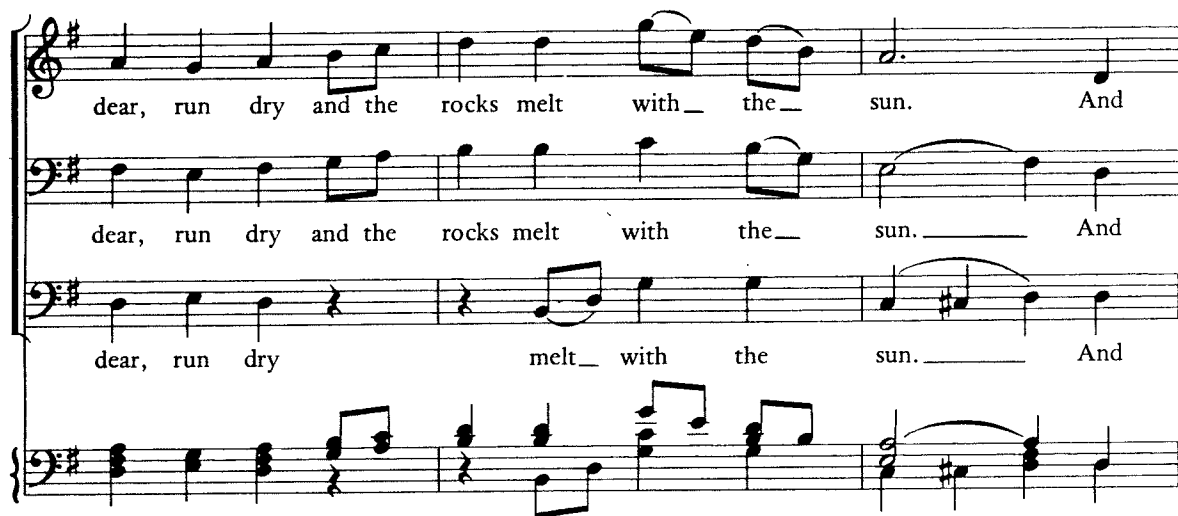
June. My love is like a mel - o - dy that's sweet - ly played in

June. My love is like a mel - o - dy that's sweet - ly played in

tune. As fair as thou, my bon - nie lass, so

deep in love am I. And I will love thee

still, my dear, till the seas run dry. Till the seas run dry, my



dear, run dry and the rocks melt with the sun. And

dear, run dry and the rocks melt with the sun. And

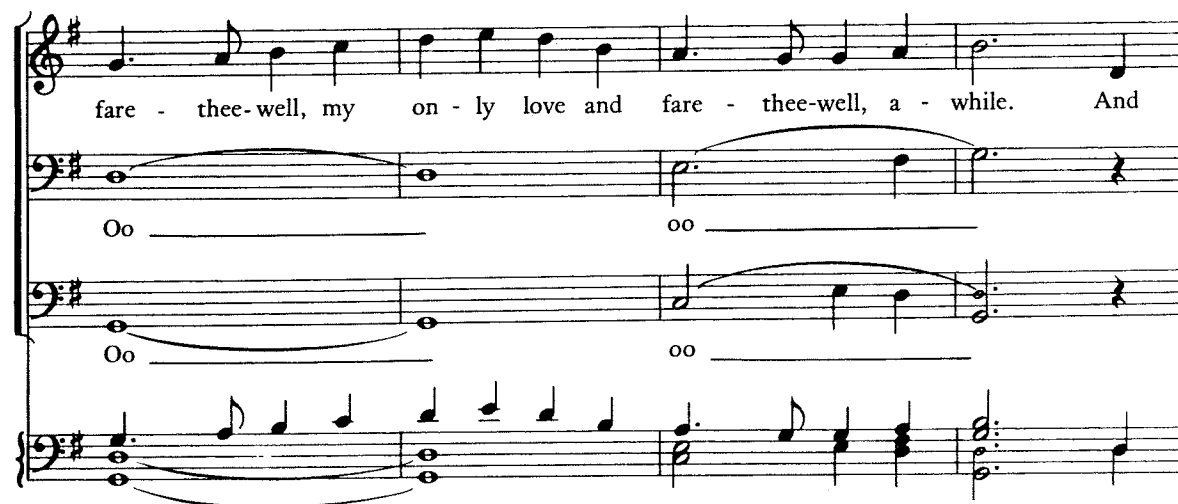
dear, run dry melt with the sun. And



I will love thee still, my dear, till the seas run dry. And

I will love thee still, my dear, seas run dry.

I will love thee still, my dear, seas run dry.



fare - thee-well, my on - ly love and fare - thee-well, a - while. And

Oo

Oo

I will come a - gain, my love, thou it were ten thou - sand

Oo oo

mile. As fair as thou, my bon - nie lass, so

As fair as thou, my bon - nie lass, so

As fair as thou, my bon - nie lass, so

deep in love am I. And I will love thee

deep in love am I. Oo

deep in love am I. Oo

still, my dear, till the seas run dry. Till the seas run dry, my
 seas run dry. Till the seas run dry, my
 seas run dry. Till the seas, my

dear, run dry, till the rocks melt with the sun. And
 dear, run dry, till the rocks melt with the sun. And
 dear, run dry, melt with the sun. And

I will love thee still, my dear, till the seas run
 I will love thee still, my dear, seas run
 I will love thee still my dear, seas run

pp

dry. Till the seas run dry, my dear, run dry, till the

pp

dry. Till the seas run dry, my dear, run dry, till the

pp

dry. Till the seas, my dear, run dry,

pp

rocks melt with the sun. And I will love thee

rocks melt with the sun. And I will love thee

melt with the sun. And I will love thee

Alternate ending

still, my dear, till the seas run dry. dry.

still, my dear, seas run dry. dry.

still, my dear, seas run dry. dry.