

/Poor/ comy accents odd,

To Mr. Hans Seitz.

3

O My Love's Like a Red, Red Rose.

ROBERT BURNS.

LOUISE GEIER.

Allegretto.

O my Love's like a red, red rose, That's
new - ly sprung in June, O my Love's like the mel - o -
die, That's sweet - ly play'd in tune. As

O my

girl

fair thou art, my bon - nie lass, So deep in love am

rit.

I, And I will love thee still, my dear, Till

Slower.

a' the seas gang dry; Till a' the seas gang dry, my

mf a tempo.

a tempo.

dear, And the rocks melt wi' the sun; I will

cresc.

cresc.

O my

zeier

rit
love_ thee_ still my dear, While the sands_ o'_ life_ shall_



run, And fare - - thee-well, my on - ly Love, And



fare - thee - well a - while, And I_ will_ come a -



gain, my Love, Tho' it were ten thou - sand mile. —

f Slower.

Slower.

