

Songs

BY

ARTHUR FOOTE.

<u>O my love's like a red, red rose</u>35
I'm wearing awa' to the land o' the leal25
Love took me softly by the hand40
Go, lovely Rose50
Love's Philosophy40
When icicles hang by the wall40
If was a lover and his lass25
The pleasant summer's come35
Milkmaid's Song35
Ho! pretty page, with dimpled chin60
If you become a Nun dear35
Ask me no more35
Ojala! would she carry me!40
Elaine's Song, "Sweet is true love" <i>Sop. & min.</i>35
<i>M. Sop. & min.</i>	

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TO MISS ALICE LOCKE PITMAN.

"O MY LUVE'S LIKE A RED, RED ROSE."

(WORDS BY ROBERT BURNS)

ARTHUR FOOTE.

Op. 13, No. 1.

Allegretto grazioso. *dolce*

O my love's like a red, red rose That's

rit. *mf* *p tempo*

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

espress.

new - ly sprung in June; Oh my love's like the mel - o - die That's

p

Ped. *

p tempo.

sweet - ly played in tune. As fair art thou, my bon - nie lass, So

pp *p*

p animato.

cresc.

deep in love am I: And I will love thee still, my dear, And

animato.

dim.

p

mf

I will love thee still, my dear, Till a' the seas, till a' the seas, Till

cresc.

f

cresc.

f

Ped.



Ped.



a' the seas gang dry: Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear, And the rocks melt wi' the

p

ten.

p

f

p

Ped.



Ped.



dolce

espress.

sun; And I will love thee still, my dear, While the sands of life shall

p

pp

Ped.



pp *espress.* *animato.* *p*

run. And fare thee weel, my on - ly luvè! And fare thee weel a - while! And *animato*

pp *dim.* *pp*

esce. *esce.*

I will come a - gain, my luvè, And I will come a - gain, my luvè, Tho' it

esce. *mf* *Ped.* *

f *animato*

were ten thou - sand mile; Tho' it were ten thousand mile; And

sf *mf* *Ped.* *

esce.

I will come a - gain, my luvè, Tho' it were ten thou - sand mile.

esce. *colla voce* *f* *mf* *Ped.* *