

## A RED, RED ROSE

1

O, my luve's like a red, red rose,  
That's newly sprung in June,  
O, my luve's like a melodie,  
That's sweetly play's in tune.

2

As fair art thou, my bonie lass,  
So deep in luve am I,  
And I will luve thee still, my Dear,  
Till a' the seas gang dry.

3

Till a' the seas gang dry, my Dear,  
And the rocks melt wi' the sun!  
O I will luve thee still, my Dear,  
While sands o' life shall run.

4

And fare thee weel, my only Luve,  
And fare thee weel a while!  
And I will come again, my Luve,  
Tho' it were ten thousand mile!

*Robert Burns*  
1759 - 1796