

## **A Red, Red Rose**

**-Robert Burns, 1794**

O my Luve's like a red, red rose,  
That's newly sprung in June:  
O my Luve's like the melodie,  
That's sweetly play'd in tune.

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.

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

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