

A RED, RED ROSE

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 bonnie 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; 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' it were ten thousand mile.

BY ROBERT BURNS