

# Mediaeval Baebes, Till A' The Seas Gang Dry

O'my Luv'e's like a red, red rose, That's newly sprung in June: O'my Luv'e's like the melodie, That's  
As fair art thou, my bonnie lass, So deep in luv'e am I; And I will luv'e thee still, my dear, Till a' the s  
Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear, And the rocks melt wi' the sun; And I will luv'e thee still, my dear,  
And fare-thee-weel, my only Luv'e! And fare-thee-weel, a while! And I will come again, my Luv'e, Th