

Robert Burns, My Love Is Like A Red Red Rose

My Love is Like a Red, Red Rose
(Robert Burns)

O, my luvie is like a red, red rose,
that's newly sprung in June.

O, my love is like a melodie,
that's sweetly play'd in tune.

As fair thou art, my bonnie lass,
so deep in luvie am I,

And I will luvie 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 luvie thee still, my dear,
while the sands of life shall run.

And fare the weel, my only luvie!
And fare the well awhile!

And I will come again, my love.

Tho it were ten thousand mile!

Tune:Major Graham's Red Red Rose (453)

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play.exe REDREDRO

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