

# Robert Burns, My Love Is Like A Red Red Rose

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

O, my luve 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 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 of life shall run.

And fare the weel, my only luve!

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)

filename[ REDREDRO

play.exe REDREDRO

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