

Robert Burns (1759-96)

9 *A Red, Red Rose*

O my luvè's like a red, red rose,
That's newly sprung in June:
O my luvè's like the melodie,
That's sweetly played in tune.
As fair art thou, my bonnie lass, 5
So deep in luvè am I:
And I will luvè 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; 10
I will luvè thee still, my dear,
While the sands o' life shall run.
And fare thee weel, my only luvè!
And fare thee weel awhile!
And I will come again, my luvè, 15
Though it were ten thousand mile.

1794

(From *The Life and Works of Robert Burns*. Vol. 4. Ed. Robert Chambers. Edinburgh: William and Robert Chambers, 1851-52)