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## A Red, Red Rose

BY ROBERT BURNS

O my Luvie is like a red, red rose  
That's newly sprung in June;  
O my Luvie is like the melody  
That's sweetly played in tune.

So fair art thou, 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;  
I will love thee still, my dear,  
While the sands o' life shall run.

And fare thee weel, my only luvie!  
And fare thee weel awhile!  
And I will come again, my luvie,  
Though it were ten thousand mile.

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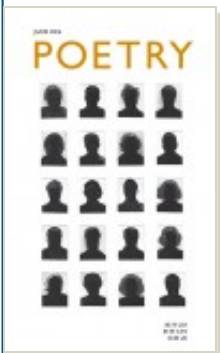
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