

Off By Heart

ROBERT BURNS - A Red, Red Rose

**O, my luve's like a red, red rose,
That's newly sprung in June.**

**O, my luve's like the melodie,
That's sweetly play'd in tune.**

**As fair art thou, 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!
O, I will luve thee still, my Dear,
While the sands o' life shall run.**

**And fare thee weel, my only Luve,
And fare thee weel a while!
And I will come again, my Luve,
Tho' it were ten thousand mile!**