## Robert Burns (1759-96)

## 9 A Red, Red Rose

O my luve s like a rea, rea rose,	
That's newly sprung in June:	
O my luve's like the melodie,	
That's sweetly played in tune.	
As fair art thou, my bonnie lass,	5
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;	10
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 awhile!	
And I will come again, my luve,	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)