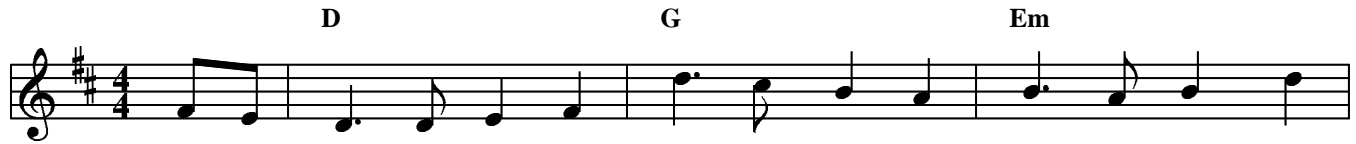


# A Red, Red Rose

Traditional/Burns



O my Luv - 's like a red, red rose, That's new - ly sprung in  
Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear, And the rocks melt wi' the



June: O m - y Luv - 's like the mel - od - ie, That's sweet - ly play'd in  
sun; And I will luv thee still, my dear, While th' sands o' life shall



tune. As fair art thou, my bon - ie lass, So deep in luv am I; A - nd  
run. And fare - thee - weel, my on - ly Luv! And fare - thee - weel, a while! A - nd



I will luv thee still, my dear, Till a' the seas gang dry.  
I will come a - gain, my Luv, Tho' 'twere ten thou - sand mile!