

A Red, Red Rose

Andy M. Stewart

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 sung in tune

As fair art thou, my bonie 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 Luve
And the rocks melt wi' the sun
And 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' 'twere ten thousand mile

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That's newly sprung in June
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That's sweetly sung in tune

As fair art thou, my bonie lass
So deep in luve am I
And I will luve thee still, my dear
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* Tekst piosenki to wiersz XVIII- wiecznego szkockiego poety Roberta Burnsa