

A Red, Red Rose

Camera Obscura

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