

Red Red Rose

John Barrowman

Oh my love's like a red, red rose,
That's newly sprung in June.
Oh my love's like a winsome melody,
Thou art fair, my bonnie lass,
So deep in love am I;
And I will love thee still, my dear,
'Til all the seas run dry.
'Til all the seas run dry, my dear,
And the rocks melt with the sun;
And I will love thee still, my dear,
While the sands of life shall run.
Fare-thee-well, my only Love!
Fare-thee-well for just a while!
For I will come again, my Love,
Though it were ten-thousand miles.
'Til all the seas run dry, my dear,
And the rocks melt with the sun;
And I will love thee still, my dear,
While the sands of life shall run.
Fare-thee-well, my only Love!
Fare-thee-well for just a while!
For I will come again my Love;
Though it were ten-thousand miles.
Oh my love's like a red, red rose,
That's newly sprung in June.
Oh my love's like a winsome melody,
That's sweetly play'd in tune.