

## 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.