

My Love Is Like a Red Red Rose

Mist Of Thyme

My love is like a red, red rose
That's newly sprung in June
 My love is like a melody
 So sweetly played in tune
As fair art thou my bonnie lass
 So deep in love am I
And I would love thee still my dear
 Though all the seas gone dry
Though all the seas gone dry my dear
 And the rocks melt with the sun
 I would love thee still my dear
Though the sands of time may run
 So fare thee well my bonnie lass
 And fare thee well awhile
 And I would come to you again
Though we were ten thousand miles
Though we were ten thousand miles my dear
 Though we were ten thousand miles
 I would come to you again
Though we were ten thousand miles

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