

# Red Rose

[Cecile Corbel](#)

My luve's like a red rose  
That's newly sprung in June  
My luve's like a melodie  
That's sweetly play'd in tune  
As fair as thou, my bonnie lass  
So deep in luve am I  
And I will love thee still, my dear  
Fare thee well, my only luve  
And fare thee well a while  
And I will come again, my luve  
Tho' it ware ten thousand mile  
As fair as thou, my bonnie lass  
So deep in luve am I  
And I will love thee still, my dear  
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  
My luve's like a red rose  
That's newly sprung in June  
My luve's like a melodie  
That's sweetly play'd in tune  
As fair as thou, my bonnie lass  
So deep in luve am I  
And I will love thee still, my dear  
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