A Red, Red Rose

By Robert Burns

O my Luve is like a red, red rose
   That’s newly sprung in June;
O my Luve is like the melody
   That’s sweetly played in tune.

So fair art thou, my bonnie lass,
   So deep in luve am I;
And I will luve 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 awhile!
And I will come again, my luve,
   Though it were ten thousand mile.

Robert Burns is considered the unofficial national poet of Scotland. He wrote some poetry in standard English, but his poems and songs in Scottish dialect are better remembered. His patriotic poem “Scots Wha Hae” stirs Scottish sentiment to this day, and his song “Auld Lang Syne” is synonymous with New Year’s Eve.

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