

A Red, Red Rose By Robert Burns

O, my love is like a red, red rose,  
That's newly sprung in June.  
O, my Love is like the melody,  
That's sweetly played in tune.

As fair thou art, my bonnie lass,  
So deep in love am I:  
And I will love thee still, my dear,  
Till all the seas go dry:

Till all the seas go dry, my dear,  
And the rocks melt with the sun;  
I will love thee still my dear,  
While the sands of life shall run.

And fare thee well, my only Love,  
And fare thee well a while!  
And I will come again, my Love,  
Though it were ten thousand mile.

A \_\_\_\_\_, \_\_\_\_\_ By \_\_\_\_\_

O, my \_\_\_\_\_ is like a \_\_\_\_\_,  
That's \_\_\_\_\_ly \_\_\_\_\_(ed) in \_\_\_\_\_.  
O, my \_\_\_\_\_ is like the \_\_\_\_\_,  
That's \_\_\_\_\_ly \_\_\_\_\_(ed) in \_\_\_\_\_

.As \_\_\_\_\_ thou art, my \_\_\_\_\_,  
So deep in \_\_\_\_\_ am I:  
And I will \_\_\_\_\_ thee still, my dear,  
Till all the \_\_\_\_\_ go \_\_\_\_\_:

Till all the \_\_\_\_\_ go \_\_\_\_\_, my \_\_\_\_\_,  
And the \_\_\_\_\_ with the \_\_\_\_\_;  
I will \_\_\_\_\_ thee still my \_\_\_\_\_,  
While the \_\_\_\_\_ shall \_\_\_\_\_.

And fare thee well, my only \_\_\_\_\_,  
And fare thee well a while!  
And I will \_\_\_\_\_ again, my \_\_\_\_\_,  
Though it were ten thousand mile.