

John Barrowman

"Red, Red Rose"

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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.

Thou art fair, my bonnie lass,
So deep in love am I;
And I will love thee still, my dear,
Till all the seas run dry.

Till 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.

Till 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;
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