

RED RED ROSE

MY LOVE IS LIKE A RED, RED ROSE THAT'S BLOOM IS SPRUNG IN JUNE
MY LOVE IS LIKE A MELODY THAT'S SWEETLY PLAYED IN TUNE
SO FAIR ART THOU MY BONNIE LASS, SO DEEP IN LOVE AM I
THAT I WOULD LOVE THEE STILL MY DEAR 'TIL ALL THE SEAS RUN DRY

COME LIVE WITH ME AND BE MY LOVE MIDST VALLEYS, WOODS, AND FIELDS
AND WE WILL ALL THE PLEASURES PROVE THAT THIS BRIEF SUMMER YIELDS
AND WE WILL SIT UPON THE ROCKS BY SHALLOW WATER FALLS
AND LISTEN TO MELODIOUS FLOCKS OF BIRDS SING MADRIGALS

FAIR DAFFODILS WE WEEP TO SEE YOU HASTE AWAY SO SOON
AS YET THE EARLY MORNING SUN HAD NOT ATTAINED HIS NOON
SO GATHER ROSE BUDS WHILE YOU MAY FOR TIME IS STILL A-FLYIN'
AND THIS SAME FLOWER THAT SMILES TODAY, TOMORROW WILL BE DYING

THERE WAS A TIME WHEN GROVE AND STREAM AND EVERY COMMON SIGHT
HAD ALL THE FRESHNESS OF A DREAM AND RADIANCE SO BRIGHT
THOUGH NOTHING CAN BRING BACK THE HOUR OF SPLENDOR IN THE GRASS
THE LOVELINESS OF SUMMER FLOWER, ITS GLORY NOW IS PAST

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MY LOVE IS LIKE A MELODY THAT'S SWEETLY PLAYED IN TUNE
SO FAIR THEE WELL MY BONNIE LASS, SO FAIR THEE WELL AWHILE
AND I WILL COME TO YOU AGAIN, THOUGH IT BE TEN THOUSAND MILES

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**SHALOM, from
SPIKE and JAMIE**

