List	en to	o t	he	po	oem	and	l fill	in th	ese w	ords	S :	
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(You can read the whole poem on www.robertburns.org and also have a translation of the words)

A Red, Red Rose
O my Luve's a red, red rose, That's newly sprung June: O my Luve's like the melodie, sweetly play'd in tune.
As fair art, my bonie lass, So deep in luve I; And I will luve thee still, dear, ill a' the seas gang dry.
a' the seas gang dry, my dear, the rocks melt wi' the sun; And will luve thee still, my dear, While sands o' life shall run.
And fare-thee-weel, only Luve! And fare-thee-weel, a while! And will come again, my Luve, Tho' 'twere thousand mile!

fill_rose 03-10-03