

Fall 2014 Prose & Poetry Recitation

For each season of the year we commit some verse or a prose selection to memory. There's no better way to relish the beauty and power of our native tongue or reflect with delight on the truth that makes us free.

Our fall selection is Scottish poet Robert Burns's immortal *A Red, Red Rose*.

A Red, Red Rose

Robert Burns (1759--1796)

O my luve's like a red, red rose,
That's newly sprung in June;
O my luve's like the melodie
That's sweetly played in tune.

As 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:
O 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.