

A red, red rose, by Robert Burns (1794)

My luv'e's like a red, red rose,
 That's newly sprung in June:
O my luv'e's like the melodie
 That's sweetly play'd in tune.

As fair art thou, my bonnie lass,
 So deep in luv'e am I:
And I will luv'e 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:
I will luv'e thee still, my dear,
While the sands o' life shall run.

And fare thee weel, my only luv'e,
 And fare thee weel a while!
And I will come again, my luv'e,
 Tho' it were ten thousand mile.

Translation into Cornish by Ken George

Ow melder yw 'vel rosen n rudh
 yn Hav blejowyz yr:
ow melder yw kepar ha ton
 yw senyz hweg ha kler.

Seul deg os sy, ow morenn deg,
 seul karav war neb kor,
ha hwath y'th karav jy, ow hweg,
 sygh erna vo an mor.

Sygh erna vo an mor, ow hweg,
 ha'n kerrek gyllyz teudh:
ha hwath y'th karav jy, ow hweg,
 dre'm bewnanz oll digeudh.

Duw genes sy, ow melder vy,
 Duw genes sy pols hir!
Dehwelez dhiz unn jydh a wrav
 kyn fo deg mil vildir.