

## Fresch uff - Geranium

2003

### Wie n'a roti Rosa

WIE N'A ROTI ROSA

A red, red Rose (Robert Burns)

Oh, my luve's like a red, red rose,  
That's newly sprung in June :  
Oh, my luve's like the melodie  
That's sweedly play'd in tune.

As fair art thou, my bonny lass,  
So deep in luve am I ;  
And I will luve thee still my dear,  
Till a'the the seas gang dry.

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,  
And the rocks melt in the sun :  
I will luve thee still, my dear,  
While the sands o'life shall run.

And fare thee weel, my only luve !  
And fare thee weel a while !  
And I will come again, my luve.  
Though it were ten thousand mile.

E ROTI, ROTI ROSE ( trad. Nathan Katz)

Wie n e roti, roti Rose n isch mi Schatz,  
Wu im Jüni prächtig bliehit.  
O mi Schatz isch wie n Melodie  
Wu listig durezieht.

Dü bisch so scheen, mi lieber Schatz,  
Ganz in Liebi bini di.  
Un i will di gàrn ha fir alli Zit,  
Bis d'Määr wàrde iträcknet si.

Bis alli Määr wàrde trocke si,  
Un d'Felse verschmälze mien.  
Un i will di gàrn ha so lang, lieber Schatz,  
Ass mr's Làbe de làbe tien.

Loss di Spinnrad läufe, mi häärlicher Schatz !

Spinn ne n e churzi Rung. -  
I chumm züe dr zruck, un wär i o furt  
So wit ass zehntäusig Stung.