

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.