

## Green Grow The Rashes, O

Andy M. Stewart

Chor. - Green grow the rashes, O;  
Green grow the rashes, O;  
The sweetest hours that e'er I spend,  
Are spent among the lasses, O.

There's nought but care on ev'ry han',  
In ev'ry hour that passes, O:  
What signifies the life o' man,  
An' 'twere na for the lasses, O.  
Green grow, &c.

The war'ly race may riches chase,  
An' riches still may fly them, O;  
An' tho' at last they catch them fast,  
Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them, O.  
Green grow, &c.

But gie me a cannie hour at e'en,  
My arms about my dearie, O;  
An' war'ly cares, an' war'ly men,  
May a' gae tapsalteerie, O!  
Green grow, &c.

For you sae douce, ye sneer at this;  
Ye're nought but senseless asses, O:  
The wisest man the warl' e'er saw,  
He dearly lov'd the lasses, O.  
Green grow, &c.

Auld Nature swears, the lovely dears  
Her noblest work she classes, O:  
Her prentice han' she try'd on man,  
An' then she made the lasses, O.  
Green grow,