

## Green Grow the Rushes

Celtic Woman

There's not but care on every hand  
In every hour that passes oh  
What signifies the life of man  
If it were not for the lassies oh

Green grow the rushes oh  
Green grow the rushes oh  
The sweetest hours that e'er I spent  
Are spent among the lassies oh

The worldly race may riches chase  
And riches still may fly them oh  
And though at last they catch them fast  
Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them oh

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Old nature swears the lovley dears  
Her noblest work she classes oh  
Her apprentice hand she tried on man  
Then she made the lassies oh

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