

Green Grow The Rashes O

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

(nothing, hand)

(if it were not)

Chorus:

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

(among)

The warly 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.
Chorus

(worldly)

But gie me a canny hour at e'en,
My arms about my Dearie, O;
An' warly cares, an' warly men,
May a' gae tapsalteerie, O!
Chorus

(give, quiet, evening)

(worldly)

(topsy-turvy)

For you sae douse! 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.
Chorus

(so grave)

(nothing)

(world)

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.
Chorus

(hand)