

Green grow the rashes , O;

1: There's nought but care on ev'ry han' ,
In ev'ry hour that passes, O:
What signifies the worth of man,
That twas na for the lasses, O.

Green grow the rashes , O;
Green grow the rashes , O;
The sweetest hours that e'er I spent,
Were spent among the lasses, O.

Backings:
Ooooo....

2: The wordly race may riches chase, -
An' riches still may fly them, O;
An' when at last, they catch them fast,
Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them, O.

Green grow the rashes , O;
Green grow the rashes , O;
The sweetest hours that e'er I spent,
Were spent among the lasses, O.

Backings:
Ooooo....

3: But gie me a cannie hour at e'en ,
My arms about my dearie, O;
An' wordly cares, an' worldly men,
May a' gae tapsalteeie , O!

ALL: 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 the rashes , O;
Green grow the rashes , O;
The sweetest hours that e'er I spent,
Were spent among the lasses, O.
[x2]

Backings:
Ooooo....

CANON: Dee da, hm day [x8]