

Green Grow The Rashes

Dougie MacLean

There's nought but care on every hand
In every hour that passes o
What signifies the worth o' man
And 'twere 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

The wardly race may riches chase
And riches still may fly them o
When at last they catch them fast
Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them o

Green grow the rashes o
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The sweetest hours that e'er i spent
Were spent among the lasses o

Gie me a cannie hour at e'en
My arms about my dearie o
And wardly cares and wardly men
Can no' gae tapsalteerie 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